Mother's Agenda
Vol. 1
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INTRODUCTION

When we have passed beyond humanity, then we shall be the Man.

Sri Aurobindo

This AGENDA ... One day, another species among men will pore over this fabulous document as over the tumultuous drama that must have surrounded the birth of the first man among the hostile hordes of a great, delirious Paleozoic. A first man is the dangerous contradiction of a certain simian logic, a threat to the established order that so genteelly ran about amid the high, indefeasible ferns – and to begin with, it does not even know that it is a man. It wonders, indeed, what it is. Even to itself it is strange, distressing. It does not even know how to climb trees any longer in its usual way – and it is terribly disturbing for all those who still climb trees in the old, millennial way. Perhaps it is even a heresy. Unless it is some cerebral disorder? A first man in his little clearing had to have a great deal of courage. Even this little clearing was no longer so sure. A first man is a perpetual question. What am I, then, in the midst of all that? And where is my law? What is the law? And what if there were no more laws? ... It is terrifying. Mathematics – out of order. Astronomy and biology, too, are beginning to respond to mysterious influences. A tiny point huddled in the center of the world's great clearing. But what is all this, what if I were 'mad'? And then, claws all around, a lot of claws against this uncommon creature. A first man ... is very much alone. He is quite unbearable for the pre-human 'reason.' And the surrounding tribes growled like red monkies in the twilight of Guiana.

One day, we were like this first man in the great, stridulant night of the Oyapock. Our heart was beating with the rediscovery of a very ancient mystery – suddenly, it was absolutely new to be a man amidst the diorite cascades and the pretty red and black coral snakes slithering beneath the leaves. It was even more extraordinary to be a man than our old confirmed tribes, with their infallible equations and imprescriptible biologies, could ever have dreamed. It was an absolutely uncertain 'quantum' that delightfully eluded whatever one thought of it, including perhaps what even the scholars thought of it. It flowed otherwise, it felt otherwise. It lived in a kind of flawless continuity with the sap of the giant balata trees, the cry of the macaws and the scintillating water of a little fountain. It 'understood' in a very different way. To understand was to be in everything. Just a quiver, and one was in the skin of a little iguana in

distress. The skin of the world was very vast. To be a man after rediscovering a million years was mysteriously like being something still other than man, a strange, unfinished possibility that could also be all kinds of other things. It was not in the dictionary, it was fluid and boundless – it had become a man through habit, but in truth, it was formidably virgin, as if all the old laws belonged to laggard barbarians. Then other moons began whirring through the skies to the cry of macaws at sunset, another rhythm was born that was strangely in tune with the rhythm of all, making one single flow of the world, and there we went, lightly, as if the body had never had any weight other than that of our human thought; and the stars were so near, even the giant airplanes roaring overhead seemed vain artifices beneath smiling galaxies. A man was the overwhelming Possible. He was even the great discoverer of the Possible. Never had this precarious invention had any other aim through millions of species than to discover that which surpassed his own species, perhaps the means to change his species – a light and lawless species. After rediscovering a million years in the great, rhythmic night, a man was still something to be invented. It was the invention of himself, where all was not yet said and done.

And then, and then ... a singular air, an incurable lightness, was beginning to fill his lungs. And what if we were a fable? And what are the means?

And what if this lightness itself were the means?

A great and solemn good riddance to all our barbarous solemnities.

Thus had we mused in the heart of our ancient forest while we were still hesitating between unlikely flakes of gold and a civilization that seemed to us quite toxic and obsolete, however mathematical. But other mathematics were flowing through our veins, an equation as yet unformed between this mammoth world and a little point replete with a light air and immense forebodings.

It was at this point that we met Mother, at this intersection of the anthropoid rediscovered and the 'something' that had set in motion this unfinished invention momentarily ensnared in a gilded machine. For nothing was finished, and nothing had been invented, really, that would instill peace and wideness in this heart of no species at all.

And what if man were not yet invented? What if he were not yet his own species?

A little white silhouette, twelve thousand miles away, solitary and frail amidst a spiritual horde which had once and for all decided that the meditating and miraculous yogi was the apogee of the species, was searching for the means, for the reality of this man who for a moment believes himself sovereign of the heavens or sovereign of a machine, but who is quite probably something completely different than his spiritual or material glories. Another, a lighter air was throbbing in that breast, unburdened of its heavens and of its prehistoric machines. Another Epic was beginning. Would Matter and Spirit meet, then, in a third PHYSIOLOGICAL position that would perhaps be at last the position of Man rediscovered, the something that had for so long fought and suffered in quest of becoming its own species? She was the great Possible at the beginning of man. Mother is our fable come true. 'All is possible' was her first open sesame.

Yes, She was in the midst of a spiritual 'horde,' for the pioneer of a new species must always fight against the best of the old: the best is the obstacle,

the snare that traps us in its old golden mire. As for the worst, we know that it is the worst. But then we come to realize that the best is only the pretty muzzle of our worst, the same old beast defending itself, with all its claws out, with its sanctity or its electronic gadgets. Mother was there for something else.

'Something else' is ominous, perilous, disrupting – it is quite unbearable for all those who resemble the old beast. The story of the Pondicherry 'Ashram' is the story of an old clan ferociously clinging to its 'spiritual' privileges, as others clung to the muscles that had made them kings among the great apes. It is armed with all the piousness and all the reasonableness that had made logical man so 'infallible' among his less cerebral brothers. The spiritual brain is probably the worst obstacle to the new species, as were the muscles of the old orangutan for this fragile stranger who no longer climbed so well in the trees and sat, pensive, at the center of a little, uncertain clearing. There is nothing more pious than the old species. There is nothing more legal. Mother was searching for the path of the new species as much against all the virtues of the old as against all its vices or laws. For, in truth, 'Something Else' ... is something else.

We landed there, one day in February 1954, having emerged from our Guianese forest and a certain number of dead-end peripluses; we had knocked upon all the doors of the old world before reaching that point of absolute impossibility where it was truly necessary to embark into something else or once and for all put a bullet through the brain of this slightly superior ape. The first thing that struck us was this exotic Notre Dame with its burning incense sticks, its effigies and its prostrations in immaculate white: a Church. We nearly jumped into the first train out that very evening, bound straight for the Himalayas, or the devil. But we remained near Mother for nineteen years. What was it, then, that could have held us there? We had not left Guiana to become a little saint in white or to enter some new religion. 'I did not come upon earth to found an ashram; that would have been a poor aim indeed,' She wrote in 1934. What did all this mean, then, this 'Ashram' that was already registered as the owner of a great spiritual business, and this fragile, little silhouette at the center of all these zealous worshippers? In truth, there is no better way to smother someone than to worship him: he chokes beneath the weight of worship, which moreover gives the worshipper claim to ownership. 'Why do you want to worship?' She exclaimed. 'You have but to become! It is the laziness to become that makes one worship.' She wanted so much to make them become this 'something else,' but it was far easier to worship and quiescently remain what one was. She spoke to deaf ears. She was very alone in this 'ashram.' Little by little, the disciples fill up the place, then they say: it is ours. It is 'the Ashram.' We are 'the disciples.' In Pondicherry as in Rome as in Mecca. 'I do not want a religion! An end to religions!' She exclaimed. She struggled and fought in their midst – was She therefore to leave this Earth like one more saint or yogi, buried beneath haloes, the 'continuatrice' of a great spiritual lineage? She was seventy- six years old when we landed there, a knife in our belt and a ready curse on our lips.

She adored defiance and did not detest irreverence.

No, She was not the 'Mother of the Pondicherry Ashram.' Then who was

She? ... We discovered Her step by step, as one discovers a forest, or rather as one fights with it, machete in hand – and then it melts, one loves, so sublime does it become. Mother grew beneath our skin like an adventure of life and death. For seven years we fought with Her. It was fascinating, detestable, powerful and sweet; we felt like screaming and biting, fleeing and always coming back: 'Ah! You won't catch me! If you think I came here to worship you, you're wrong!' And She laughed. She always laughed. We had our bellyful of adventure at last: if you go astray in the forest, you get delightfully lost yet still with the same old skin on your back, whereas here, there is nothing left to get lost in! It is no longer just a matter of getting lost – you have to CHANGE your skin. Or die. Yes, change species. Or become one more nauseating little worshipper – which was not on our program. 'We are the enemy of our own conception of the Divine,' She told us one day with her mischievous little smile. The whole time – or for seven years, in any event – we fought with our conception of God and the 'spiritual life': it was all so comfortable, for we had a supreme 'symbol' of it right there. She let us do as we pleased, She even opened up all kinds of little heavens in us, along with a few hells, since they go together. She even opened the door in us to a certain 'liberation,' which in the end was as soporific as eternity – but there was nowhere to get out: it WAS eternity. We were trapped on all sides. There was nothing left but these 4m2 of skin, the last refuge, that which we wanted to flee by way of above or below, by way of Guiana or the Himalayas. She was waiting for us just there, at the end of our spiritual or not so spiritual pirouettes. Matter was her concern. It took us seven years to understand that She was beginning there, 'where the other yogas leave off,' as Sri Aurobindo had already said twenty-five years earlier. It was necessary to have covered all the paths of the Spirit and all those of Matter, or in any case a large number geographically, before discovering, or even simply understanding, that 'something else' was really Something Else. It was not an improved Spirit nor even an improved Matter, but ... it could be called 'nothing,' so contrary was it to all we know. For the caterpillar, a butterfly is nothing, it is not even visible and has nothing in common with caterpillar heavens nor even caterpillar matter. So there we were, trapped in an impossible adventure. One does not return from there: one must cross the bridge to the other side. Then one day in that seventh year, while we still believed in liberations and the collected Upanishads, highlighted with a few glorious visions to relieve the commonplace (which remained appallingly commonplace), while we were still considering 'the Mother of the Ashram' rather like some spiritual super-director (endowed, albeit, with a disarming yet ever so provocative smile, as though She were making fun of us, then loving us in secret), She told us, 'I have the feeling that ALL we have lived, ALL we have known, ALL we have done is a perfect illusion ... When I had the spiritual experience that material life is an illusion, personally I found that so marvelously beautiful and happy that it was one of the most beautiful experiences of my life, but now it is the entire spiritual structure as we have lived it that is becoming an illusion! – Not the same illusion, but an illusion far worse. And I am no baby: I have been here for forty-seven years now!' Yes, She was eighty-three years old then. And that day, we ceased being 'the enemy of our own conception of the Divine,' for this

entire Divine was shattered to pieces – and we met Mother, at last. This mystery we call Mother, for She never ceased being a mystery right to her ninety-fifth year, and to this day still, challenges us from the other side of a wall of invisibility and keeps us floundering fully in the mystery – with a smile. She always smiles. But the mystery is not solved.

Perhaps this AGENDA is really an endeavor to solve the mystery in the company of a certain number of fraternal iconoclasts.

Where, then, was 'the Mother of the Ashram' in all this? What is even 'the Ashram,' if not a spiritual museum of the resistances to Something Else. They were always – and still today – reciting their catechism beneath a little flag: they are the owners of the new truth. But the new truth is laughing in their faces and leaving them high and dry at the edge of their little stagnant pond. They are under the illusion that Mother and Sri Aurobindo, twenty-seven or four years after their respective departures, could keep on repeating themselves – but then they would not be Mother and Sri Aurobindo! They would be fossils. The truth is always on the move. It is with those who dare, who have courage, and above all the courage to shatter all the effigies, to de-mystify, and to go TRULY to the conquest of the new. The 'new' is painful, discouraging, it resembles nothing we know! We cannot hoist the flag of an unconquered country – but this is what is so marvelous: it does not yet exist. We must MAKE IT EXIST. The adventure has not been carved out: it is to be carved out. Truth is not entrapped and fossilized, 'spiritualized': it is to be discovered. We are in a nothing that we must force to become a something. We are in the adventure of the new species. A new species is obviously contradictory to the old species and to the little flags of the already-known. It has nothing in common with the spiritual summits of the old world, nor even with its abysms – which might be delightfully tempting for those who have had enough of the summits, but everything is the same, in black or white, it is fraternal above and below. SOMETHING ELSE is needed.

'Are you conscious of your ceils?' She asked us a short time after the little operation of spiritual demolition She had undergone. 'No? Well, become conscious of your cells, and you will see that it gives TERRESTRIAL results.' To become conscious of one's cells? ... It was a far more radical operation than crossing the Maroni with a machete in hand, for after all, trees and lianas can be cut, but what cannot be so easily uncovered are the grandfather and the grandmother and the whole atavistic pack, not to mention the animal and plant and mineral layers that form a teeming humus over this single pure little cell beneath its millennial genetic program. The grandfathers and grandmothers grow back again like crabgrass, along with all the old habits of being hungry, afraid, falling ill, fearing the worst, hoping for the best, which is still the best of an old mortal habit. All this is not uprooted nor entrapped as easily as celestial 'liberations,' which leave the teeming humus in peace and the body to its usual decomposition. She had come to hew a path through all that. She was the Ancient One of evolution who had come to make a new cleft in the old, tedious habit of being a man. She did not like tedious repetitions, She was the adventuress par excellence – the adventuress of the earth. She was wrenching out for man the great Possible that was already beating there, in his primeval clearing, which he believed he had momentarily trapped with a few machines.

She was uprooting a new Matter, free, free from the habit of inexorably being a man who repeats himself ad infinitum with a few improvements in the way of organ transplants or monetary exchanges. In fact, She was there to discover what would happen after materialism and after spiritualism, these prodigal twin brothers. Because Materialism is dying in the West for the same reason that Spiritualism is dying in the East: it is the hour of the new species. Man needs to awaken, not only from his demons but also from his gods. A new Matter, yes, like a new Spirit, yes, because we still know neither one nor the other. It is the hour when Science, like Spirituality, at the end of their roads, must discover what Matter TRULY is, for it is really there that a Spirit as yet unknown to us is to be found. It is a time when all the 'isms' of the old species are dying: 'The age of Capitalism and business is drawing to its close. But the age of Communism too will pass ... 'It is the hour of a pure little cell THAT WILL HAVE TERRESTRIAL REPERCUSSIONS, infinitely more radical than all our political and scientific or spiritualistic panaceas.

This fabulous discovery is the whole story of the AGENDA. What is the passage? How is the path to the new species hewed open? ... Then suddenly, there, on the other side of this old millennial habit – a habit, nothing more than a habit! – of being like a man endowed with time and space and disease: an entire geometry, perfectly implacable and 'scientific' and medical; on the other side ... none of that at all! An illusion, a fantastic medical and scientific and genetic illusion: death does not exist, time does not exist, disease does not exist, nor do 'scar' and 'far' – another way of being IN A BODY. For so many millions of years we have lived in a habit and put our own thoughts of the world and of Matter into equations. No more laws! Matter is FREE. It can create a little lizard, a chipmunk or a parrot – but it has created enough parrots. Now it is SOMETHING ELSE ... if we want it.

Mother is the story of the free Earth. Free from its spiritual and scientific parrots. Free from its little ashrams as well – for there is nothing more persistent than those particular parrots.

Day after day, for seventeen years, She sat with us to tell us of her impossible odyssey. Ah, how well we now understand why She needed such an 'outlaw' and an incorrigible heretic like us to comprehend a little bit of her impossible odyssey into 'nothing.' And how well we now understand her infinite patience with us, despite all our revolts, which ultimately were only the revolts of the old species against itself. The final revolt. 'It is not a revolt against the British government which any one can easily do. It is, in fact, a revolt against the whole universal Nature!' Sri Aurobindo had proclaimed fifty years earlier. She listened to our grievances, we went away and we returned. We wanted no more of it and we wanted still more. It was infernal and sublime, impossible and the sole possibility in this old, asphyxiating world. It was the only place one could go to in this barbed-wired, mechanized world, where Cincinnati is just as crowded and polluted as Hong Kong. The new species is the last free place in the general Prison. It is the last hope for the earth. How we listened to her little faltering voice that seemed to return from afar, afar, after having crossed spaces and seas of the mind to let its little drops of pure, crystalline words fall upon us, words that make you see. We listened to the future, we touched the other thing. It was incomprehensible and yet filled with

another comprehension. It eluded us on all sides, and yet it was dazzlingly obvious. The 'other species' was really radically other, and yet it was vibrating within, absolutely recognizable, as if it were THAT we had been seeking from age to age, THAT we had been invoking through all our illuminations, one after another, in Thebes as in Eleusis as everywhere we have toiled and grieved in the skin of a man. It was for THAT we were here, for that supreme Possible in the skin of a man at last. And then her voice grew more and more frail, her breath began gasping as though She had to traverse greater and greater distances to meet us. She was so alone to beat against the walls of the old prison. Many claws were out all around. Oh, we would so quickly have cut ourself free from all this fiasco to fly away with Her into the world's future. She was so tiny, stooped over, as if crushed beneath the 'spiritual' burden that all the old surrounding species kept heaping upon her. They didn't believe, no. For them, She was ninety-five years old + so many days. Can someone become a new species all alone? They even grumbled at Her: they had had enough of this unbearable Ray that was bringing their sordid affairs into the daylight. The Ashram was slowly closing over Her. The old world wanted to make a new, golden little Church, nice and quiet. No, no one wanted TO BECOME. To worship was so much easier. And then they bury you, solemnly, and the matter is settled – the case is closed: now, no one need bother any more except to print some photographic haloes for the pilgrims to this brisk little business. But they are mistaken. The real business will take place without them, the new species will fly up in their faces – it is already flying in the face of the earth, despite all its isms in black and white; it is exploding through all the pores of this battered old earth, which has had enough of shams – whether illusory little heavens or barbarous little machines. It is the hour of the REAL Earth. It is the hour of the REAL man. We are all going there – if only we could know the path a little ...

This AGENDA is not even a path: it is a light little vibration that seizes you at any turning – and then, there it is, you are IN IT. 'Another world in the world,' She said. One has to catch the light little vibration, one has to flow with it, in a nothing that is like the only something in the midst of this great debacle. At the beginning of things, when still nothing was FIXED, when there was not yet this habit of the pelican or the kangaroo or the chimpanzee or the XXth century biologist, there was a little pulsation that beat and beat – a delightful dizziness, a joy in the world's great adventure; a little never-imprisoned spark that has kept on beating from species to species, but as if it were always eluding us, as if it were always over there, over there – as if it were something to become, something to be played forever as the one great game of the world; a who-knows-what that left this sprig of a pensive man in the middle of a clearing; a little 'something' that beats, beats, that keeps on breathing beneath every skin that has ever been put on it – like our deepest breath, our lightest air, our air of nothing – and it keeps on going, it keeps on going. We must catch the light little breath, the little pulsation of nothing. Then suddenly, on the threshold of our clearing of concrete, our head starts spinning incurably, our eyes blink into something else, and all is different, and all seems surcharged with meaning and with life, as though we had never lived until that very minute. Then we have caught the tail of the Great Possible, we are upon

the wayless way, radically in the new, and we flow with the little lizard, the pelican, the big man, we flow everywhere in a world that has lost its old separating skin and its little baggage of habits. We begin seeing otherwise, feeling otherwise. We have opened the gate into an inconceivable clearing. Just a light little vibration that carries you away. Then we begin to understand how it CAN CHANGE, what the mechanism is – a light little mechanism and so miraculous that it looks like nothing. We begin feeling the wonder of a pure little cell, and that a sparkling of joy would be enough to turn the world inside out. We were living in a little thinking fishbowl, we were dying in an old, bottled habit. And then suddenly, all is different. The Earth is free! Who wants freedom?

It begins in a cell.
A pure little cell.
Mother is the joy of freedom.
Joyous Agenda!

SATPREM
Nandanam
Deer House
August 19, 1977

Topographical Note

From the time of Sri Aurobindo's departure (1950) until 1957, we have only a few notes and fragments or rare statements noted from memory. These are the only landmarks of this period, along with Mother's *Questions and Answers* from her talks at the Ashram Playground. A few of these conversations have been reproduced here insofar as they mark stages of the Supramental Action.

From 1957, Mother received us twice a week in the office of Pavitra, the most senior of the French disciples, on the second floor of the main Ashram building, on some pretext of work or other. She listened to our queries, spoke to us at length of yoga, occultism, her past experiences in Algeria and in France or of her current experiences; and gradually, She opened the mind of the rebellious and materialistic Westerner that we were and made us understand the laws of the worlds, the play of forces, the working of past lives – especially this latter, which was an important factor in the difficulties with which we were struggling at that time and which periodically made us abscond. Mother would be seated in this rather medieval-looking chair with its high, carved back, her feet on a little tabouret, while we sat on the floor, on a slightly faded carpet, conquered and seduced, revolted and never satisfied – but nevertheless, very

interested. Treasures, never noted down, were lost until, with the cunning of the Sioux, we succeeded in making Mother consent to the presence of a tape recorder. But even then, and for a long time thereafter, She carefully made us erase or delete in our notes all that concerned Her rather too personally – sometimes we disobeyed Her.

But finally we were able to convince Her of the value inherent in keeping a chronicle of the route.

It was only in 1958 that we began having the first tape-recorded conversations, which, properly speaking, constitute Mother's *Agenda.* But even then, many of these conversations were lost or only partly noted down. Or else we considered that our own words should not figure in these notes and we carefully omitted all our questions – which was absurd. At that time, no one – neither Mother, nor ourself – knew that this was 'the Agenda' and that we were out to explore the 'Great Passage.' Only gradually did we become aware of the true nature of these meetings. Furthermore, we were constantly on the road, so much so that there are sizable gaps in the text. In fact, for seven years, Mother was patiently preparing the instrument that would be able to traverse the adventure without breaking along the way.

From 1960, the *Agenda* took its final shape arid grew for thirteen years, until May 1973, filling thirteen volumes in all (some six thousand pages), with a change of setting in March 1962 at the time of the Great Turning in Mother's yoga when She permanently retired to her room upstairs, as had Sri Aurobindo in 1926. The interviews then took place high up in this large room carpeted in golden wool, like a ship's stateroom, amidst the rustling of the Copper Pod tree and the cawing of crows. Mother would sit in a low rosewood chair, her face turned towards Sri Aurobindo's tomb, as though She were wearing down the distance separating that world from our own. Her voice had become like that of a child, one could hear her laughter. She always laughed, this Mother. And then her long silences. Until the day the disciples closed her door on us. It was May 19, 1973. We did not want to believe it. She was alone, just as we were suddenly alone. Slowly, painfully, we had to discover the why of this rupture. We understood nothing of the jealousies of the old species, we did not yet realize that they were becoming the 'owners' of Mother – of the Ashram, of Auroville, of Sri Aurobindo, of everything – and that the new world was going to be denatured into a new Church. There and then, they made us understand why She had pulled us from our forest, one day, and chosen as her confidant an incurable rebel.

1951-1957

Notes and Fragments

February 1951

(Note written by hand two months after Sri Aurobindo's departure)

The lack of the earth's receptivity and the behavior of Sri Aurobindo's disciples' are largely responsible for what happened to his body. But one thing is certain: the great misfortune that has just beset us in no way affects the truth of his teaching. All he said is perfectly true and remains so. Time and the course of events will make this abundantly clear.

Undated 1951

(This note, originally written in English, was meant for the officials who had wanted to present Mother with the Nobel Peace Prize proposed for Sri Aurobindo in 1951)

I am only realizing what He has conceived. I am only the protagonist and the continuator of His work.

1. In an 'official' version, Mother had omitted 'and the behavior of Sri Aurobindo's disciples.'

March 14, 1952

Since the beginning of the earth wherever and whenever there was the possibility of manifesting a ray of consciousness, I was there.'

August 2, 1952

Only when it is no longer necessary for my body to resemble the bodies of men in order to make them progress will it be free to be supramentalized.2

* * *

Only when men shall depend exclusively upon the Divine and upon nothing else will the incarnate god no longer need to die for them. 2

1. Original English. In another version, Mother wrote, 'a ray of the Consciousness.'

2. Note written by Mother in French.

Undated 195(?)

(Concerning a letter from the Government of India)

I had an intense experience.

I saw, felt, perceived that despite all appearances to the contrary, the world is on the way towards the true, towards the day when governmental powers will belong to those who have the true power, the power of Truth.'

1. Note written by Mother in French.

April 1954

(A few experiences of the body consciousness')

With the same accuracy, one can say that all is divine or that nothing is divine. Everything depends upon the angle from which one looks at the problem.

Likewise, it can be said that the divine is a perpetual becoming and yet also, that it is immutable for all eternity.

To deny or affirm God's existence is equally true, but each is only partially true. It is by rising above both affirmation and negation that one may draw nearer the truth.

It can further be said that whatever happens in the world is the result of divine will, but also that this will has to be expressed and manifested in a world that contradicts or deforms it; these are two attitudes having, respectively, the practical effect of either submitting with peace and joy to whatever happens or, on the contrary, ceaselessly fighting for the triumph of what should be. To live the truth one must know how to rise above both attitudes and combine them.

* * *

Keep your own conviction if it helps you to build your life; but know that it is only one conviction and that the others are as good and true as yours.

* * *

Tolerance is full of a sense of superiority; it should be replaced by total understanding.

* * *

Because truth is not linear, but global, and not successive, but simultaneous, it can therefore not be expressed in words: it must be lived.

* * *

1. The following texts were written by Mother in French.

To acquire a total and perfect awareness of the world as it is in all its details, one must first have no more personal reactions in regard to any of these details, nor even any spiritual preference as to what they ought to be. In other words, a total acceptance with a perfect neutrality and indifference is the indispensable condition for a knowledge through integral identification. If one detail, no matter how small, escapes this neutrality, this detail also escapes identification. The absence of personal reactions, whatever their end, even the most exalted, is thus a basic necessity for total knowledge.

So we could say, paradoxically, that we can only know a thing when we are

not interested in it, or rather, more precisely, when we are not personally concerned with it.

* * *

Whenever a god has donned a body, it was always with the intention of transforming the earth and creating a new world. Yet until now, he always had to give up his body without being able to complete his work; and it has always been said that the earth was not ready, that mankind did not fulfill the conditions necessary for the work to be accomplished.

But it is the very imperfection of the incarnate god that makes the perfection of those about him indispensable. If the god incarnate realized the perfection needed for the progress to be made, this progress would not be conditioned by the state of the surrounding matter. However, interdependence is doubtlessly absolute in this world of utmost objectification, and a certain degree of perfection in the general manifestation is indispensable before a higher degree of perfection can be realized in the divine, incarnate being. It is the need for a certain perfection in the environment that drives human beings to progress; it is the insufficiency of this progress, whatever it may be, that impels the divine being to intensify his effort for progress in his own body. Thus both movements for progress are simultaneous and complementary.

August 1954

(Further experiences of the body consciousness')

When we look back upon our lives, we almost always feel that in some circumstance or other we could have done better, even though at each minute the action was dictated by the inner truth this is because the universe is in perpetual motion, and what was perfectly true at one time is only partly so today. Or, to express it more precisely, the action necessary at the time it was carried out is no longer so at the present time, and another action might more fruitfully take its place.

* * *

When we speak of transformation, the meaning of the word is still vague to us. It gives us the impression of something that is going to happen which will set everything right. The idea more or less boils down to this: if we have difficulties, the difficulties will vanish; those who are ill will be cured of their illness; if the body has infirmities or incapacities, the infirmities or incapacities will fade away, and so forth ... But as I have said, it is very vague, it is only an

impression. Now, what is quite remarkable about the body consciousness is that it is unable to know a thing with precision and in all its details except when it is just about to be realized. Thus, when the process of transformation becomes clear, when we are able to know by what sequence of movements and changes the total transformation will take place, in what order, by which path, as it were, which things will come first, which will follow – when everything is known, in all its details, it will be a sure indication that the hour of realization is near, for each time you perceive a detail accurately, it means that you are ready to carry it out.

1. The following texts were written by Mother in French.

In the meantime, one can have an overall view. For example, it is quite certain that under the influence of the supramental light, the transformation of the body consciousness will take place first then will come a progress in the mastery and control of all the movements and workings of all the body's organs; afterwards this mastery will gradually change into a kind of radical modification of the movement and then of the constitution of the organ itself. All this is certain, although rather vague to our perception. But what will finally take place – once the various organs are replaced by centers of concentration of forces, each with a different quality and nature and each acting according to its own special mode – is still a mere conception, and the body does not understand very well, for it is still very far from the realization, and the body can really understand only when it is on the point of being able to do.

* * *

The supramentalized body will be sexless since the need for animal procreation will no longer exist.

* * *

It is only in its outward form, in its most superficial appearance – as illusory for the latest discoveries of today's science as for the experience of spirituality in former ages – that the body is not divine.

Supreme Reality, Supramental Truth, this body is all-vibrant with intense gratitude. You have given it, one by one, all the experiences that can lead it most infallibly towards You. It has reached a state where the identification with You is not only the sole thing desirable, but also the sole thing possible and natural.

How to describe these experiences that are at extreme opposite ends? At one end, I can say, 'Lord, to be truly near, truly worthy of You, must one not drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs, yet not feel humiliated? The contempt of men renders one truly free and ready to belong to You alone.'

At the other end, I would say, 'Lord, to be truly near, truly worthy of You, must one not be transported to the summits of human appreciation, yet not feel glorified? It is when men call one Divine that one feels best his own

inadequacy and the need to be truly and totally identified with You.'

The two experiences are simultaneous, one does not negate the other; on the contrary, they seem to complement each other and become intenser thereby. In this intensity, the aspiration grows tremendously; and in response, Your presence becomes evident in the cells, giving the body the appearance of a multicolored kaleidoscope whose myriad luminous particles in constant motion are sovereignly reorganized by an invisible, all-powerful Hand.

August 25, 1954

(Mother reads to the disciples an excerpt from Sri Aurobindo's THE MOTHER, in which he describes the different aspects of the Creative Power – what is India is called the 'Shakti,' or the 'Mother' – which have presided over universal evolution.)

' ... There are other great Personalities of the Divine Mother, but they were more difficult to bring down and have not stood out in front with so much prominence in the evolution of the earth-spirit. There are among them Presences indispensable for the supramental realization, – most of all one who is her Personality of that mysterious and powerful ecstasy and Ananda2 which flows from a supreme divine Love, the Ananda that alone can heal the gulf between the highest heights of the supramental spirit and the lowest abysses of Matter, the Ananda that holds the key of a wonderful divines" Life and even now supports from its secrecies the work of all the other Powers of the universe.'

Sri Aurobindo, *The Mother*

(A disciple:) Sweet Mother, what is this Personality and when will It manifest?

My answer is ready.

1. The following text is an extract from a 'Wednesday Class,' when every Wednesday Mother would answer questions raised by the disciples and children at the Ashram Playground.

2. Ananda: Divine Joy.

I knew you would ask me this question because it is indeed the most interesting thing in the whole passage – so my answer is ready, along with my answer to another question. But first let me read you this one. You asked, 'What is this Personality and when will She come?' Here is my answer *(Mother reads):*

'She *has* come, bringing with Her a splendor of power and love, an intensity of divine joy heretofore unknown to the Earth. The physical atmosphere has been completely changed by her descent, permeated with new and marvelous possibilities.

But if She is ever to reside and act here, She has to find at least a minimal

receptivity, at least *one* human being with the required vital and physical qualities, a kind of super-Parsifal gifted with an innate and integral purity, yet possessing at the same time a body strong enough and poised enough to bear unwaveringly the intensity of the Ananda She brings.

Thus far, She has not found what is needed. Men remain obstinately men and do not want to or are unable to become supermen. All they can receive and express is a love at their own dimension: a human love – whereas the supreme bliss of divine Ananda eludes their perception.

At times, finding the world unready to receive Her, She contemplates withdrawing. But how cruel a loss this would be!

It is true that *at present,* her presence is more rhetorical than factual, since so far She has had no chance to manifest. Yet even so, She is a powerful instrument in the Work, for of all the Mother's aspects, She holds the greatest power to transform the body. Indeed, those cells which can vibrate at the touch of the divine Joy, receive it and bear it, are cells reborn, on their way to becoming immortal.

But the vibrations of divine Bliss and those of pleasure cannot cohabit in the same vital and physical house. We must therefore TOTALLY renounce *all* feelings of pleasure to be ready to receive the divine Ananda. But rare are those who can renounce pleasure without thereby renouncing all active participation in life or sinking into a stern asceticism. And among those who realize that the transformation is to be wrought in active life, some pretend that pleasure is a form of Ananda gone more or less astray and legitimize their search for self-satisfaction, thereby creating a virtually insuperable obstacle to their own transformation.'

Now, if there is anything else you wish to ask me ... Anyone may ask, anyone – anyone who has something to say – not just the students.

Mother, even if we have not previously succeeded, can't we still try?

What? *(the disciple repeats his question)* Oh! You can always try!

The world is recreated from minute to minute. If you knew how – I mean if you could change your nature – you could recreate a new world this very minute!

I didn't say She HAD gone. I said She was CONTEMPLATING it ... at times, now and then.

But Mother, if She came down, She must have seen a possibility!

She came down because there WAS a possibility – because things had reached such a stage that it was her hour to come down. But in truth, She came down because ... because I thought it was possible for her to succeed.

Possibilities are still there – only they have to materialize.

This is borne out by the fact that her descent took place at a given moment and for two or three weeks the atmosphere – not only of the Ashram but of the Earth – was so highly charged with such a power of such an intense divine Bliss creating so marvelous a force that things difficult to do before could be done almost instantly.

There were repercussions the world over. But I don't believe that a single one of you noticed it ... you cannot even tell me when it happened, can you?

When did it happen?

I don't know dates. I don't know, I never remember dates. I can only tell you this ... that it happened before Sri Aurobindo left his body, that he was told about it beforehand and that he ... well, he acknowledged the fact.

But there was a formidable battle with the Inconscient, for when I saw that the level of receptivity was not what it should have been, I blamed the Inconscient ... and tried to wage the battle there.

I don't say it was ineffectual, but between the result obtained and the result hoped for, there was a considerable difference. But as I said, you who are all so near, so steeped in this atmosphere ... who among you noticed anything? – You simply went on with your little lives as usual.

I think it was in 1946, Mother, because you told us so many things at that time.

Right.

(A child:) Sweet Mother, now that She has come, what should we do?

You don't know?

(silence)

Try to change your consciousness.

(silence)

Now you may ask me the questions you wanted to ask ... That's all?

Mother, there is not even one single man?

I don't know.

Mother, you are wasting your time with all these Ashram people.

Oh! ... But you see, from an occult standpoint, it is a selection. From an external standpoint you could say that there are people in the world who are far superior to you (and I would not disagree!), but from an occult standpoint, it is a selection. There are ... It can be said that without a doubt the majority of young people here have come because it was promised them that they would be present at the Hour of Realization – but they just don't remember it! *(Mother laughs)* I have already said several times that when you come down on earth, you fall on your head, which leaves you a little dazed! *(laughter)* It's a pity, but after all, you don't have to remain dazed all your lives, do you? You should go deep within yourselves and there find the immortal consciousness – then you can see very well, you can very clearly remember the circumstances in which you ... you aspired to be here for the Hour of the Work's realization.

But actually, to tell you the truth, I think your lives are so easy that you don't exert yourselves very much! How many among you have truly an INTENSE need to find their psychic beings? To find out truly who they are? To find out what their roles are, why they are here? ... You just let yourselves drift. You even complain when things aren't easy enough! You just take things as they come. And sometimes, should an aspiration arise in you and you encounter some difficulty in yourself, you say, 'Oh, Mother is there! She'll take care of it for me!' And you think about something else.

Mother, previously things were very strict in the Ashram, but not

now. Why?

Yes, I have always said that it changed when we had to take the very little children. How can you envision an ascetic life with little sprouts no bigger than that? It's impossible! But that's the little surprise package the war left on our doorstep. When it was found that Pondicherry was the safest place on earth, naturally people came wheeling in here with all their baby carriages filled and asked us if we could shelter them, so we couldn't very well turn them away, could we?! That's how it happened, and in no other way ... But, in the beginning, the first condition for coming here was that you would have nothing more to do with your family! If a man was married, then he had to completely overlook the fact that he had a wife and children – completely sever all ties, have nothing further to do with them. And if ever a wife asked to come just because her husband happened to be here, we told her, 'You have no business coming here!'

In the beginning, it was very, very strict – for a long time.

The first condition was: 'Nothing more to do with your family ...' Well, we are a long way from that! But I repeat that it only happened because of the war and not because we stopped seeing the need to cut all family ties; on the contrary, this is an indispensable condition because as long as you hang on to all these cords which bind you to ordinary life, which make you a slave to the ordinary life, how can you possibly belong to the Divine alone? What childishness! It is simply not possible. If you have ever taken the trouble to read over the early ashram rules, you would find that even friendships were considered dangerous and undesirable ... We made every effort to create an atmosphere in which only ONE thing counted: *the Life Divine.*

But as I said, bit by bit ... things changed. However, this had one advantage: we were too much outside of life. So there were a number of problems which had never arisen but which would have suddenly surged up the moment we wanted a complete manifestation. We took on all these problems a little prematurely, but it gave us the opportunity to solve them. In this way we learned many things and surmounted many difficulties, only it complicated things considerably. And in the present situation, given such a large number of elements who haven't even the slightest idea why they're here (!) ... well, it demands a far greater effort on the disciples' part than before.

Before, when there were ... we started with 35 or 36 people – but even when it got up to 150, even with 150 – it was as if ... they were all nestled in a cocoon in my consciousness: they were so near to me that I could constantly guide ALL their inner or outer movements. Day and night, at each moment, everything was totally under my control. And naturally, I think they made a great deal of progress at that time: it is a fact that I was CONSTANTLY doing the *sadhana'* for them. But then, with this baby boom ... The sadhana can't be done for little sprouts who are 3 or 4 or 5 years old! It's out of the question. The only thing I can do is wrap them in the Consciousness and try to see that they grow up in the best of all possible conditions. However, the one advantage to all this is that instead of there being such a COMPLETE and PASSIVE dependence on the disciples' part, each one has to make his own little effort. Truly, that's excellent.

I don't know to whom I was mentioning this today (I think it was for a Birthday2) ... No, I don't know now. It was to someone who told me he was 18 years old. I said that between the ages of 18 and 20, I had attained a constant and conscious union with the Divine Presence and that I had done this ALL ALONE, without ANYONE'S help, not even books. When a little later I chanced upon Vivekananda's *Raja Yoga,* it really seemed so wonderful to me that someone could explain something to me! And it helped me realize in only a few months what would have otherwise taken years.

1. Sadhana: yogic discipline or effort.

2 Mother received each disciple individually on his birthday.

I met a man (I was perhaps 20 or 21 at the time), an Indian who had come to Europe and who told me of the *Gita.* There was a French translation of it (a rather poor one, I must say) which he advised me to read, and then he gave me the key (HIS key, it was his key). He said, 'Read the *Gita* ...' (this translation of the *Gita* which really wasn't worth much but it was the only one available at the time – in those days I wouldn't have understood anything in other languages; and besides, the English translations were just as bad and ... well, Sri Aurobindo hadn't done his yet!). He said, 'Read the *Gita* knowing that Krishna is the symbol of the immanent God, the God within.' That was all. 'Read it with THAT knowledge – with the knowledge that Krishna represents the immanent God, the God within you.' Well, within a month, the whole thing was done!

So some of you people have been here since the time you were toddlers – everything has been explained to you, the whole thing has been served to you on a silver platter (not only with words, but through psychic aid and in every possible way), you have been put on the path of this inner discovery ... and then you just go on drifting along: 'When it comes, it will come.' – If you even spare it that much thought!

So that's how it is.

But I'm not at all discouraged, I just find it rather laughable. Only there are other far more serious things; for example, when you try to deceive yourselves – that is not so pretty. One should not mix up cats and kings. You should call a cat a cat and a king a king – and human instinct, human instinct – and not speak about things divine when they are utterly human, nor pretend to have supramental experiences when you are living in a blatantly ordinary consciousness.

If you look at yourselves straight in the face and you see what you are, then if by chance you should resolve to ... But what really astounds me is that you don't even seem to feel an intense NEED to do this! 'But how can we know?' Because you DO know, you have been told over and over again, it has been drummed into your heads. You KNOW that you have a divine consciousness within you. And yet you can go on sleeping night after night, playing day after day, doing your lessons *ad infinitum* and still not be ... not have a BURNING desire and will to come into contact with yourselves! – With yourselves, yes, the you just there, inside *(motion towards the center of the chest)* ... Really, it's beyond me!

As soon as I found out – and no one told me, I found out through an experience – as soon as I found out that there was a discovery to be made within myself, well, it became THE MOST IMPORTANT thing in the world. It took precedence over everything else!

And when, as I told you, I chanced upon a book or an individual that could give me just a little clue and tell me, 'Here. If you do such and such, you will find your path' – well I charged into it like a cyclone ... and nothing could have stopped me.

And how many years have you all been here, half-asleep? Naturally, you're happy to think about it now and then – especially when I speak to you about it or sometimes when you read. But THAT – that fire, that will which plows through all barriers, that concentration which can triumph over EVERYTHING ...

Now who was it that asked me what you should do?

(The child:) Me!

Well, that's what you have to do, my child. I have just told you.

(silence)

Mother, what was the other thing you wrote?

I thought someone might ask me, 'Why doesn't She' stay for your sake? Since She came here because you called Her, then why doesn't She stay for your sake?'

But no one asked me that.

Tell us, Mother – we really want to know, Sweet Mother!

For Her, this body is but one instrument among so many others in an eternity of ages to come, and for Her its only importance is that attributed to it by the Earth and mankind – the extent to which it can be used as a channel to further Her manifestation. If I find myself surrounded by people who are incapable of receiving Her, then for Her, I am quite useless.

1. The Mother of Ananda, or the Creative Power's aspect of Joy.

It is very clear. So it is not I who can make Her stay. And I certainly cannot ask Her to stay for egotistical reasons. Moreover, all these Aspects, all these Personalities manifest constantly – but they never manifest for personal reason. Not one of them has ever thought of helping my body – besides, I don't ask them to because that is not their purpose. But it is more than obvious that if the people around me were receptive, She could permanently manifest since they could receive Her – and this would help my body enormously because all these vibrations would run through it. But She never gets even a chance to manifest – not a single one. She only meets people ... who don't even feel Her when She's there! They don't even notice Her, they're not even aware of her presence. So how can She manifest in these conditions? I'm not going to ask Her, 'Please come and change my body.' We don't have that kind of relationship! Furthermore, the body itself wouldn't agree. It never thinks of itself, it never pays attention to itself, and besides, it is only through the work that it can be transformed.

Yes, certainly ... had there been any receptivity when She came down and

had She been able to manifest with the power with which She came ... But I can tell you one thing: even before Her coming, when, with Sri Aurobindo, I had begun going down (for the Yoga) from the mental plane to the vital plane, when we brought our yoga down from the mental plane into the vital plane, in less than a month (I was forty years old at the time – I didn't seem very old, I looked less than forty, but I was forty anyway), after no more than a month of this yoga, I looked exactly like an 18 year old! And someone who knew me and had stayed with me in Japan' came here, and when he saw me, he could scarcely believe his eyes! He said, 'But my god, is it you?' I said, 'Of course! '

Only when we went down from the vital plane into the physical plane, all this went away – because on the physical plane, the work is much harder and we had so much to do, so many things to change.

But if a force like Hers could manifest and be received here, it would have INESTIMABLE results! ...

Well, I am only telling you all this because I thought someone might ask me about it, but otherwise ... I don't have that kind of relationship with Her. You see, if you consider this body, this poor body, it is very innocent: it in no way tries to draw attention to itself nor to attract forces nor to do anything at all except its work – as best it can. And that's how it stands: its importance is proportionate to its usefulness ... and to the significance the world attributes to it – since its action is for the world.

1. W.W. Pearson, a friend of Rabindranath Tagore, who had come from Tagore's Ashram in 1923; Mother had met him with Tagore in 1916 in Japan.

But in and of itself, it is only one body among countless others. That's all.

(To the disciple handling the microphone:) It's over now.

(Mother gets up to go, but while leaving, She says to the children around her:) If you had made just one little decision to try to feel your psychic being, my time would not have been wasted.

March 26, 1955

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, March 26, 1955

Mother, once more I come to ask you for Mahakali's' intervention. After a period when everything seemed much better, I again awake to impossible mornings when I live badly, very badly, far from you, incapable of calling you and, what's more, of feeling your Presence or your help.

I don't know what mud is stirring about in me, but everything is obscured, and I cannot dissociate myself from these vital waves.

Mother, without Mahakali's grace, I shall never be able to get out of this mechanical round, to shatter these old formations, ever the same, which keep coming back. Mother, I beg of you, help. me to BREAK this shell in which I

am suffocating. Deliver me from myself, deliver me *in spite of myself.* Alone, I am helpless; sometimes I cannot even call you! May your force come and burn all my impurities, shatter my resistances.

Signed: Bernard2

April 4, 1955

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, April 4, 1955

Mother, for more than a year now I have been near you and nothing, no really significant inner experience, no sign has come that allows me to feel I have progressed or merely to show me that I am on the right path. I cannot even say I am happy.

1. Mahakali: the eternal Mother in her warrior aspect, She who severs the heads of the demons.

2. Such was our old, meaningless name (except for its Germanic root: 'hard bear') until a certain March 3, 1957, when Mother named us Sat-prem ('the one who loves truly').

I am not so absurdly pretentious as to blame the divine, nor yourself – and I remain quite convinced that all this is my own fault. Undoubtedly I have not known how to surrender totally in some part of myself, or I do not aspire enough or know how to 'open' myself as needed. Also, I should rely entirely upon the divine to take care of my progress and not be concerned about the absence of experiences. I have therefore asked myself why I am so far away from the true attitude, the genuine opening, and I see two main reasons: on the one hand, the difficulties inherent in my own nature, and on the other, the outer conditions of this sadhana. These conditions do not seem to be conducive to helping me overcome the difficulties in my own nature.

I feel that I am turning in circles and taking one step backward for each one forward. Furthermore, instead of helping me draw nearer to the divine consciousness, my work in the Ashram (the very fact of working – for to change work, even if I felt like it, would not change the overall situation), diverts me from this divine consciousness, or at least keeps me in a superficial consciousness from which I am unable to 'unglue' myself as long as I am busy writing letters, doing translations, corrections or classes.! I know it's my own fault, that I 'should' know how to be detached from my work and do it by relying upon a deeper consciousness, but what can be done? Unless I receive the grace, I cannot 'remember' the essential thing as long as the outer part of my being is active.

When I am not immediately engrossed in work, I have to confront a thousand little temptations and daily difficulties that come from my contact

with other beings and a life that does indeed remain in life. Here, even more, there is the feeling of an impossible struggle, and all these 'little' difficulties seem to gnaw away at me; scarcely has one hole been filled when another opens up, or the same one reappears, and there is never any real victory – one has constantly to begin everything again. Finally, it seems to me that I really live *only one hour a day,* during the evening 'distribution' at the playground.2 It is scarcely a life and scarcely a sadhana!

1. For a long time, Satprem took care of the correspondence with the outside, along with Pavitra not to mention editing the Ashram *Bulletin* as well as Mother's writings and talks translating Sri Aurobindo's works Unto French, and conducting classes at the Ashram's 'International Centre of Education.'

2. Every evening at the Playground, the disciples passed before Mother one by one to receive symbolically some food.

Consequently, I understand much better now why in the traditional yogas one 'settled' all these difficulties once and for all by escaping from the world, without bothering to transform a life that seems so untransformable.

I am not now going to renounce Sri Aurobindo's Yoga, Mother, for my whole life is based upon it, but I believe I should employ other means – which is why I am writing you this letter.

By continuing this daily little ant-like struggle and by having to confront the same desires, the same 'distractions' every day, it seems to me I am wasting my energy in vain. Sri Aurobindo's Yoga, which is meant to include life, is so difficult that one should come to it only after having already established the solid base of a concrete divine realization. That is why I want to ask you if I should not 'withdraw' for a certain time, to Almora,' for example, to Brewster's place,2 to live in solitude, silence, meditation, far away from people, work and temptations, until a beginning of Light and Realization is concretized in me. Once this solid base is acquired, it would be easier for me to resume my work and the struggle here for the true transformation of the outer being. But to want to transform this outer being without having fully illumined the inner being seems to me to be *putting the cart before the horse,* or at least condemning myself to a pitiless and endless battle in which the best of my forces are fruitlessly consumed.

In all sincerity, I must say that when I was at Brewster's place in Almora, I felt very near to that state in which the Light must surge forth. I quite understand the imperfection of this process, which involves fleeing from difficulties, but this would only be a stage, a strategic 'retreat,' as it were.

Mother, this is not a vital desire seeking to divert me from the sadhana, for my life has no other meaning than to seek the divine, but it seems to be the only solution that could bring about some progress and get me out of this *lukewarm slump* in which I have been living day after day. I cannot be satisfied living merely one hour a day, when I see you.

I know that you do not like to write, Mother, but couldn't you say in a few words if you approve of my project or what I should do? In spite of all my rebellions and discouragements and resistances, I am your child. O Mother, help me!

Signed: Bernard

1. In the Himalayas.

2. An American artist, an old friend of D.H. Lawrence, and Satprem's friend.

(Mother's reply)

My dear child,

No doubt it would be better to go to Almora for a while – not for too long, I hope, for it is needless to say how much the work will be disrupted by this departure ...

(Another handwritten version)

4.7.55

My dear child,

You may go to Almora if you think it will help you break this shell of the outer consciousness, so obstinately impenetrable.

Perhaps being far away from the Ashram for a while will help you feel the special atmosphere that exists here and that cannot be found anywhere else to the same extent.

In any event, my blessings will always be with you to help you find, at long last, this inner Presence which alone gives joy and stability.

Signed: Mother

June 9, 1955

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, June 9, 1955

Mother, I cannot say that it is a nostalgia for the outside world that is drawing me backwards nor some attachment to a 'personal' form of life, nor even some vital desire seeking its own satisfaction. That old world no longer attracts me, and I do not see at all what I would do there. Yet something is standing in my way.

If only I could see a distinct 'error' blocking my path which I could clearly attack ... But I feel that I am *not responsible,* that it is not my personal fault if I remain without aspiration, stagnating. I feel like a battlefield of contending forces that are beyond me and against which I can do NOTHING. Oh Mother, it is not an excuse for a lack of will, or at least I don't think so – I profoundly feel like a helpless toy, totally helpless.

If the divine force, if your grace, does not intervene to shatter this obscure resistance that is drawing me downwards in spite of myself, I don't know what will become of me ... Mother, I am not blackmailing you, I am only expressing my helplessness, my anguish.

During the day, I live more or less calmly in my little morass, but as evening and the moment to meet you draw near, then the forces pinning me to

the ground begin raging beneath your pressure, and I feel at times an unbearable tearing that burns and constricts in my throat like tears that cannot be shed. Afterwards, Truth regains possession of me – but the following day it all begins again.

Mother, it is an impossible, absurd, unlivable life. I feel as though I have no hand in this cruel little game. Oh Mother, why doesn't your grace trust that deep part in me which knows so well that you are the Truth? Deliver me from these evil forces since, profoundly, it is you and you alone I want. Give me the aspiration and strength I do not have. If you do not do this Yoga for me, I feel I shall never have the strength to go on.

There is something that must be SHATTERED: can it not be done once and for all without lingering on indefinitely? Mother, I am your child.

Signed: Bernard

Mother, this letter is a *prayer.*

(Mother's reply)

June 11, 1955

My dear child,

Your case is not unique; there are others (and among the best and the most faithful) who are likewise a veritable battlefield for the forces opposing the advent of the truth. They feel powerless in this battle, sorrowful witnesses, victims without the strength to fight, for this is taking place in that part of the physical consciousness where the supramental forces are not yet fully active, although I am confident they soon will be. Meanwhile, the only remedy is to endure, to go through this suffering and to await patiently the hour of liberation.

While reading your prayer, I too prayed that it be heard.

With my blessings.

Signed: Mother

September 3, 1955

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, September 3, 1955

Mother, it seems that for weeks I have been knocking against myself at every turn, as though I were in a prison, and I cannot get out of it. Mother, I need your Space, your Light, to get out of this walled-in night that is suffocating me.

No matter where I concentrate, in my heart, above my head, between my eyes, I bang everywhere into an unyielding wall; I no longer know which way to turn, what I must do, say, pray in order to be freed from all this at last. Mother, I know that I am not making all the effort I should, but help me to make this effort, I implore your grace. I need so much to find at last this solid rock upon which to lean, this space of light where finally I may seek refuge. Mother, open the psychic being in me, open me to your sole Light which I need so much. Without your grace, I can only turn in circles, hopelessly. O Mother, may I live in you.

Your child,

Signed: Bernard

September 15, 1955

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, September 15, 1955

Mother ... suddenly everything seems to have crystallized – all the little revolts, the little tensions, the ill will and petty vital demands – forming a single block of open, determined resistance. I have become conscious that from the beginning of my sadhana, the mind has led the game – with the psychic behind – and has 'held me in leash,' helped muzzle all contrary movements, but at no time, or only rarely, has the vital submitted or opened to the higher influence. The rare times when the vital participated, I felt a great progress. But now, I find myself in front of this solid mass that says 'No' and is not at all convinced of what the mind has been imposing upon it for almost two years now.

Mother, I am sufficiently awakened not to rebel against your Light and to understand that the vital is but one part of my being, but I have come to the conclusion that the only way of 'convincing' this vital is not to force or stifle it, but to let it go through its own experience so it may understand by itself that it cannot be satisfied in this way. I feel the need to leave the Ashram for a while to see how I can get along away from here – and to realize, no doubt, that one can really breathe only here.

I have friends in Bangalore whom I would like to join for two or three

weeks, perhaps more, perhaps less, however long it may take to confront this vital with its own freedom. I need a vital activity, to move, to sail, for example, to have friends ... etc. The need I am feeling is exactly that which I sought to satisfy in the past through my long boat journeys along the coast of Brittany. It is a kind of thirst for space and movement.

Otherwise, Mother, there is this block before me that is obscuring all the rest and *taking away my taste* for everything. I would like to leave, Mother, but not in revolt; may it be an experience to go through that receives your approval. I would not like to be cut off from you by your displeasure or your condemnation, for this would seem to me terrible and leave me no other recourse but to plunge into the worst excesses in order to forget.

Mother, I would like you to forgive me, to understand me and, above all, not to deprive me of your Love. I would like you to tell me if I may leave for a few weeks and how you *feel* about it. It seems to me that I am profoundly your child, in spite of all this??

Signed: Bernard

October 19, 1955

The three images of total self-giving to the Divine:

1) To prostrate oneself at His feet in a surrender of all pride, with a perfect HUMILITY.

2) To unfold one's being before Him, to open entirely one's body from head to toe, as one opens a book, spreading open one's centers so as to make all their movements visible in a total SINCERITY that allows nothing to remain hidden.

3) To nestle in His arms, to melt in Him in a tender and absolute CONFIDENCE.

These movements may be accompanied by three formulas, or any one of them, depending upon the case:

1) May Your Will be done and not mine.

2) As You will, as You will ...

3) I am Yours for eternity.

Generally, when these movements are made in the right way, they are followed by a perfect identification, a dissolution of the ego, bringing about a sublime felicity.

1. Note written by Mother in French.

October (?) 1955

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Mother, after seeing you, I received a letter from my Bangalore friends. They have just bought an old Mogul residence and gardens in Hyderabad that used to belong to the Nizam ... They suggest that their new property would be an enchanting setting for writing the book I have felt like writing for years but never wrote because I was always on the move. Anyway, they have made it clear that should I have qualms about staying with them too long, it would be easy for them to find me some lucrative work that would not be too time consuming – which would allow me to write or do whatever I wish – with their friend the Maharajah of Jaipur, or even in Hyderabad.

All this tends to kindle something in me and ignites many temptations that correspond to very diverse, and not very satisfied, elements within me.

To complete the picture – for I don't know what inspiration compels me to expose all this to you in such detail – I must tell you that these friends are opium users and that opium has played an important role in my life and continues to exert a strong attraction over me, the attraction of oblivion.

So that's the situation. All this is in conflict within me and all the more so since it is happening now, in my present state of mind that you know so well.

It seems unlikely that I would know how to resist ... and yet nothing in me is sure, since I am impelled to write you in the hope of who knows what miracle that might show me my way and convince my whole being.

Mother, I would like at the same time to be your child and to leave!! All this is tearing me apart. Where is the solution to such an impossibility?

I am scarcely worthy of being your child.

But that's how it is.

Signed: Bernard

October 1955

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Bangalore

Sweet Mother, during the three days since I left the Ashram, I have never ceased feeling your Presence deep within me like the one thing essential, the

only thing solid in the midst of all these hazy appearances. As I entered more and more into this outer world, I seemed to be entering a world without depth, without consistency, where all sorts of things and beings were fluttering like a very thin veil in the wind; and as I entered into this wavering world, you seemed to grow within me with an irrefutable self-evidence, like the only real thing, my only reason to be in this world – without you, everything withers away and loses its Meaning.

Mother, never before have I felt with such force how much you are part of me, nor how much I belong to you, irreversibly. And this I felt not only in my mind or even in my heart, but physically. Moreover, during the several weeks when I went through this latest 'crisis' in the Ashram, it seemed to me, sweet Mother, that a physical link was being built between you and me. Am I wrong? At times, I had the feeling that you were no longer merely 'Mother' in Spirit, but rather my Mother, as if you had really brought me into the world physically and there was nothing foreign anymore in our relationship. My words are awkward, but you will know how to see the Truth behind them, even if this Truth is still obscure to me.

I believed I had committed a spiritual 'error' by leaving the Ashram. But now it seems to me that this experience was necessary, for it put me glaringly in the presence of my life's Meaning and its profound Reality. In a way, I needed to 'objectify' my presence in the Ashram, to see it from the outside. Not that I believe these to be good or even bad reasons to mentally justify this flight, but I see no other reason for this departure. And I find myself here without any need to satisfy the least desire, as if all these worldly 'pleasures' no longer awaken anything at all in me. Your grace is there, surely. The only experience I have had is smoking opium. Before, I found it very refined and calming, but this time I found only stomach cramps and a joyless vapidity. It is strange, but I feel that nothing has a hold on me any longer and the only people who seem to be really *living* are those in the Ashram. The others, on the contrary, are only pretending and are all completely outside of life, however paradoxical that might appear.

Sweet Mother, my experience is over. Will you allow me to return to the Ashram towards the middle of next week? There is no more struggle or conflict in me, it is my entire being, right down to the physical, that needs you, that wants to return and aspires to serve you – joyfully, peacefully. And not only do I aspire to serve you, but also to *fight* against these dark, ignorant and deceptive forces so as to be worthy of your Light, the true Light of my being. I see no other meaning for my life, for all life.

Mother, I know now what the word 'consecration' means. I want to consecrate myself wholly to your work, with my heart, my mind, my body and my soul. I belong to you irrevocably, unreservedly. I know that nothing else exists in the world that is worthy of being lived, except you. This crisis has helped me to see into myself clearly, and I believe I have gained something from it. Or am I deluding myself?

Finally, I would like to tell you how grateful I am, for I seem to feel your hand everywhere, your infinite understanding leading me towards your Light, through all the meanderings of my nature, making use of it and transforming it,

uplifting it little by little in each of its elements and in the minutes" details. Thank you, Mother, for letting me find you – and forgive this terrible child who has been rebelling against the force of transformation, no doubt so as better to find you again.

I feel myself so much your child in every fiber of my being. Yes, your child.

Signed: Bernard

(Mother's reply)

October 21, 1955

My dear little one, yes, you may return immediately. I will be happy to see you again.

You are right, the experience was necessary and it was fruitful.

Your good letter ... just what I was expecting from you, for what you write is true; I too feel you so very close to me, bound by an indestructible link, as if I had formed you, not only spiritually, but materially as well.

I look forward to seeing you soon.

With all my tenderness,

Signed: Mother

January (?) 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Mother, I invoke the Presence of Mahakali to break all my RESISTANCES, my INERTIA, my discouragement. Rather painful shocks than this tepidness! Or else, why am I here?

O Mother, may the PRESENCE of Mahakali be with me, may She force my whole being towards the Truth, the Light. Burn me, Mother, if I do not know how to love you!

Signed: Bernard

Undated 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

All artistic creation is born of a question, a conflict, a discord with oneself, mankind or the cosmos. What painter, what poet, what writer has not wrenched from this conflict the best of his art, from Michelangelo to Goya, from Van Gogh to Rodin, from Villon to Rimbaud, Baudelaire or Dostoevski? And the work of art – the painting, novel or poem – is a harmony torn from this disharmony, a conquest over some chaos, a response to a question posed by man – a metamorphosis.

Artistic creation relies upon that which is most unique in man, most singular with respect to others, and it is through this singular uniqueness that the artist achieves his metamorphosis, his re-creation of the world; it is through this that he seeks to commune with others, himself and the world.

Now, Yoga seeks to eliminate conflict, problems or questions. Man has to forget all this, to cease being a question.

So when an answer has been given to every question, what place remains for the work of art? When all is metamorphosized through Transcendence, what place remains for artistic metamorphosis? When all is supreme harmony, can this harmony be expressed otherwise than through silence, a smile, a radiance or 'inspired' poetry – of which Sri Aurobindo is the *sole* example; even so, his poetry is not drawn from the human level, it surpasses the human, it issues from *elsewhere.*

Must artistic creation cease being human, then; must it cease relying upon the human? – which would then mean having to reject so many undeniably great painters, poets or writers? Must one wait to be open to the supramental planes of consciousness before being able to reconcile (assuming such reconciliation is possible) yoga and artistic creation? And, until then, smother all that sustains the creative elan, i.e. the individual, the conflict, that part of oneself which every creator feels to be the purest human part? Must one extinguish in oneself this play of light and shadow from which art derives its highest accents?

Signed: Bernard

January (?) 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Mother, I need to unburden myself of all that is wringing my heart, and if the Divine exists somewhere, it is to him that I would like to express my profound disgust. For all this is profoundly scandalous, absurd and revolting. I know that the external world is absurd and that men live in it vainly; but the world of the Ashram is no less absurd, no less vain. 'Someone' is making fun of us, 'someone' is deceiving us – for if truly there is some witness to this tragi-comedy and if this whole world is his 'game,' it is a cruel game and he is a cheater, for he has all the cards in his hand and he pretends to make us play a game in which we are inevitably the losers – a game we cannot play, for we are

helpless miserable, without strength, without light.

All our efforts are vain and sadly ridiculous. At each instant we must begin everything anew, one step seems to lead us forward another to draw us back. We desperately turn in circles and sometimes, in our dizziness, we believe we glimpse lights, but these are only the little, dancing lights of our own fatigue, our own weakness. There is no victory, there are only moments of respite. Meditation brings calm and peace, of course, but so does sleep. We are all seeking release, in love, in opium, in action, in war or in power – or in Yoga; but one means is just as vain as the other. There is no real solution, there are only more or less effective ways of forgetting for an hour, or a day, that we are men alone and helpless.

It is quite possible, even quite probable, that in another hour or another day, I may feel quite the contrary of what I now write. But the person I am tomorrow does not *negate* he who I am today, it only makes him more absurd, more unbearably absurd. The one who I am right now, for an hour perhaps, needs to cry out his disgust with this nameless farce. We are puppets, fools, and I am ready to admit that everything is just a state of consciousness – but it is still a fool's state of consciousness. Tomorrow's puppet who might ask for grace from the divine, and believe in him, will still be a puppet, a pacified and resigned puppet – but a marionette no less absurd playing a game no less absurd. I understand those who go about planting dynamite everywhere; if they seek death, it is because they desperately wanted to live but found it impossible to live. One cannot live, one can only flee this intolerable existence in one way or another. Mother, it is impossible for a man to look at himself straight in the face in a completely lucid way for more than five minutes – IF HE DID, HE WOULD KILL HIMSELF ... SO I wonder if the divine – if he exists – has ever known the suffering of mankind. If he exists, why doesn't he give men the *strength* to break out of this 'Magic Circle' in which they keep turning like prisoners in a cell. Twelve years ago, when I was twenty, I was turning in circles in a prison cell in Bordeaux,' awaiting some execution or other – but I am still this same prisoner. If I have advanced during these twelve years, it is in despair, in misery. All this is outrageous, scandalous, should the divine exist.

1. Satprem was arrested by the Gestapo in Bordeaux in 1943 for resisting the German occupation. He was later sent to Buchenwald and Mauthausen.

Leave the Ashram? – But the rest of the world is just as absurd. It is man who is absurd, and god – if he exists – is a pure disgrace. Mother, I am SCANDALIZED, and I feel within me the rebellion and despair of all men who surely have not deserved all this.

Signed: Bernard

Undated 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother, with all the sincerity of which I am capable, I am putting before you an important problem (important to me) so that you may help me resolve it. I feel that I am coming to a decisive turning point, but something is preventing me from going any further.

All my past is weighing down on me, not because of any attachments, for I regret NOTHING of my past and my only hope is what lies before me. Yet I have not entirely undergone all this like a marionette, it even seems to me that 'I' have created it, composed it like a book – for the last fifteen years, from the time of the concentration camps, I have consciously multiplied my experiences and have passed through a whole range of rebellions and situations in order to gather the basic material for a book. As it happens, this formulation of 'my' book gradually merged with the search for my real Self. Now I know what I was seeking, but this book has grown with me, it is there like a powerful formation weighing down on me, and it weighs on me all the more now, for since my contact with Sri Aurobindo all my past experiences seem charged with meaning and symbolism. I find your hand in it everywhere, and I can now connect all the apparent coincidences and sift out an extraordinary necessity that has led me here; all this makes a dense, living, vibrant book that weighs on me. I need to cast it all out, to free myself, to write this book.

Not only do I need to *liquidate* this past, but also to *renew* my choice, to strengthen my presence here – and I feel this book as a commitment, it will help me set my route in a decisive way. It is a test.

There is another consideration as well – though if I am deluding myself, please enlighten me. I feel that if this book is successful, it could be useful to others and serve Sri Aurobindo's work. For I have had the opportunity to live concretely, the hard way, many of the questions that others ask themselves. Thus all my past experiences appear to be a living demonstration of a teaching to which Sri Aurobindo is the key. What has already been said abstractly or philosophically, I can say in the form of a living and moving novel. I think that I feel in me the power to express these things.

Sweet Mother, perhaps I am deceiving myself, but I am writing you explicitly so that you may enlighten me. I am not telling you all these things for you to approve of my need to write, but for you to tell me what is *your will.* I do not want to be 'a writer,' but your child, your instrument. Only, there is something in me that has to be liquidated.

The problem poses itself *practically,* for I would need a rather long period of uninterrupted work to be rid of all this. Yet I have carried this book in me for so long that it is ready in every detail – I could finish it in six months. Here, I am too occupied with other things to finish it quickly. Furthermore, I feel the need to redefine my presence here from an outside perspective. I thought of going to Brewster's lodge in the Himalayas. There, I could continue some of the work I have been doing with Pavitra. It seems to me that I would come

back freed and refortified in my purpose for being here.

Sweet Mother, am I deluding myself? What is your will? It is your will that I want, not my desire, and I am sure you will give me the strength to follow your directives, *whatever they be.* Enlighten me.

I am your child, gratefully.

Signed: Bernard

P.S. Can this book serve You?

Undated 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother, here is what has been happening in me almost every evening: I am literally like a bundle of compressed force that somehow can neither explode nor settle down and dissolve. The heaviness in my chest is such that I breathe with difficulty, as though all the blood in my body were converging there, oppressing me. In my head, the pressure at times is so intense that I dare not even close my eyes or concentrate further, for I feel it could crack. My entire being is so tense and filled with force that it seems it could break *physically.*

Is this perhaps a dangerous state? Or else is it normal? I would like to know whether this feeling that it could physically crack is a good sign or a bad one. If it is a bad sign, what can be done?

There is certainly some resistance in me, something that fundamentally says 'No,' and I am mentally trying to remain calm, unrebellious, but deep down it resists. I am not at all in search of 'powers,' but is this negative condition enough to avert accidents? Could you enlighten me? What can I do against this deep-rooted resistance?

Your child,

Signed: Bernard

P.S. I sleep more and more poorly.

February 29, 1956

FIRST SUPRAMENTAL MANIFESTATION

(During the common meditationon Wednesday the 29th February 1956)

This evening the Divine Presence, concrete and material, was there present amongst you. I had a form of living gold, bigger than the universe, and I was facing a huge and massive golden door which separated the world from the Divine.

As I looked at the door, I knew and willed, in a single movement of consciousness, that THE TIME HAS COME', and lifting with both hands a mighty golden hammer I struck one blow, one single blow2 on the door and the door was shattered to pieces.

Then the supramental Light and Force and Consciousness rushed down upon earth in an uninterrupted flow.

March 19, 1956

AGENDA OF THE SUPRAMENTAL ACTION ON EARTH

On March 19 during the translation class the inner voice said:

'Hold yourself straight' and the body sat up and held itself absolutely straight during the entire class.

1. The following text was given by Mother in both French and English.
2. Later added by Mother
3. Note written by Mother in French At this period, Mother's back was already bent. This straightening of her back seems to be the first physiological effect of the 'Supramental Manifestation' of February 29, which is perhaps the reason why Mother noted down the experience under the name 'Agenda of *the Supramental* Action on Earth.' It was the first time Mother gave a title to what would become this fabulous document of 13 volumes. The experience took place during a 'translation class' when, twice a week, Mother would translate the works of Sri Aurobindo into French before a group of disciples.

March 20, 1956

(Upon awakening)

The control over the movements of the vertebrae, lost a long time ago (which resulted in a kind of insensitivity and incapacity to move them at will) has returned to a great extent: the consciousness is once again able to express itself and the back can straighten up very visibly.

* * *

(The same day on the balcony2)

Almost a total straightening, along with a very clear perception of the new force and power in the cells of the body.

March 21, 1956

The age of Capitalism and business is drawing to a close.

But the age of Communism, too, will pass. For Communism as it is preached is not constructive, it is a weapon to combat plutocracy. But when the battle is over and the armies are disbanded for want of employment, then Communism, having no more utility, will be transformed into something else that will express a higher truth.

We know this truth, and we are working for it so that it may reign upon earth.

1. Note written by Mother in French.

2. Mother appeared on her balcony daily at about 6 a.m. to give a few moments of meditation to her disciples before the beginning of the day's work.

Undated 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother, for many long months I have been struggling with myself in a painful conflict, and at times I have even felt certain dangers. Finally, I went

within myself, into the calm, and it seemed to me that I would do well to go away for a while.

I had thought I could free myself from this conflict by writing a book. But in fact, it is not the mind that needs to be freed, or at least not only that, it is the vital that needs to WEAR ITSELF OUT.

I believe I have a clear mental perception of the goal to be attained, and I no longer doubt the spiritual meaning of my life, but this kind of mental maturity is coming into conflict with a vital that is too 'young' and has not yet worn itself out enough on the open road. Here, this vital force has become even more concentrated and is unable to free itself. It is undoubtedly a question of time, of aging. Thus all my energy, especially during the past year, has been spent 'negatively,' as it were – in an effort not to leave. This struggle seems to have eliminated all positive effort, even the very meaning of my presence here.

This vital force is no longer seeking a sexual fulfillment nor success in a world it no longer believes in, but it needs to 'move,' to come out. Perhaps things would be better if I went to breathe a bit in the Himalayas? I don't want to do anything without your accord, and were I to leave, it would be after the 15th of August.

Sweet Mother, I am writing you all this calmly, without rebellion; but during these past months, the acuteness of the conflict has become so great that at times I feel myself in danger. I am putting all this before you so that you may tell me what is right.

Sweet Mother, I want to remain your child in spite of these difficulties. Forgive me for taking up your time and for being so poorly surrendered.

Signed: Bernard

April 4, 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, April 4, 1956

Mother, two months ago I had a clear mental perception of what was asked of me: to spend the rest of my life here. This is the source of my difficulties and of the inner hell I have been living through ever since. Each time I try to emerge, there is this image that rises up in me: your-whole-life – and this casts me into a violent conflict. When I came here, I thought of staying for two or three years; for me the Ashram was a means of realization, not an end.

I understand now that as long as my whole being has not ACCEPTED that it must finish its life here, there is no way out nor any 'recovery' possible. Through my mental force alone, this acceptance is impossible; I have been turning infernally in circles these past two months, and the mind is in league with the vital. Therefore, a force greater than mine must help me accept that my way is here. I need you, Mother, for without you I am lost. I need you to

tell me that the Truth of my being is indeed here and that I am truly ready to follow this path. Mother, I beseech you, help me to see the truth of my being, give me some sign that my way is here and not elsewhere. I beg of you, Mother, help me to know.

I also had a very clear sensation that you were abandoning me, that you had no further interest in me and I could just as well do as I pleased. Perhaps you cannot forgive some of my inner rebellions which have been so very violent? Am I totally *guilty? Is* it true that you are abandoning me?

I am broken and battered in the depths of my being as I was in my flesh in the concentration camps. Will the divine grace take pity on me? Can you, do you want to help me? Alone I can do nothing. I am in an absolute solitude, even beyond all rebellion, at my very end.

Yet I love you in spite of all that I am.

Signed: Bernard

(Mother's reply)

4.4.56

My child, I have not abandoned you, and I am ready to forget, to efface all revolt.

My help is *always* with you.

Signed: Mother

April 20, 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, April 20, 1956

Sweet Mother,

The difficulties of the past weeks have taught me that as soon as one strays from the true consciousness, in however trifling a way, anything may happen, any excess, any aberration, any imbalance – and I have felt very dangerous things prowling about me. Mother, you told me in regard to Patrick[1] that the law of the manifestation was a law of freedom, even the freedom to choose wrongly. This evening, it has been my very deep perception that this freedom is virtually always a freedom to choose wrongly. I harbor a great fear of losing the true consciousness once again. I have become aware of how fragile everything in me is and that very little would be enough to carry me away.

Therefore, Sweet Mother, I come to ask a great grace of you, from the depths of my heart: take my freedom into your hands. Prevent me from falling

[1]A friend of Satprem's who died insane in a Japanese hospital in India.

back, far away from you. I place this freedom in your hands. Keep me safe, Mother, protect me. Grant me the grace of watching over me and of taking me in your hands completely, like a child whose steps are unsure. I no longer want this Freedom. It is you I want, the Truth of my being. Mother, as a grace, I implore you to free me from my freedom to choose wrongly.

I am your child and I love you.

Signed: Bernard

(Mother's reply)

4.2 1.56

My dear child,

Agreed – with all my heart I accept the gift you give me of your freedom to choose wrongly ... And it is with all my heart, too, that I shall always help you make the choice that leads straight to the goal – that is, towards your real self.

With all my affection and my blessings.

Signed: Mother

April 23, 1956

Mother takes a passage from Prayers and Meditations of September 23, 1914:

The Lord hast willed, and Thou cost execute; A new Light shall break upon the earth. A new world shall be born. And the things that were promised shall be fulfilled.

and rewrites it as follows in her own hand:

29 February – 29 March Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute: A new light breaks upon the earth A new world is born. The things that were promised are fulfilled.'

1. Original English.

April 24, 1956

*

The manifestation of the Supramental upon earth is no more a promise but a living fact, a reality.

It is at work here, and one day will come when the most blind, the most unconscious, even the most unwilling shall be obliged to recognize it.

Undated 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother, I feel intensely, almost painfully, how much all my relationships with the outer world are FALSE, obscure, ignorant. As soon as I am away from the heart of my being, all my actions are approximations, all my contacts with other beings are turbid, my work itself becomes tainted with a thousand doubtful little motives. Mother, I know with a blinding certitude – even if this certitude is only mental – that the only solution is to come into contact with my true being. I know that by finding my true being I shall find the right action, the right relationships with the outside, and truth, knowledge, joy. I know this now in a profound way, and nothing can ever turn me away from it again. Every evening, this Truth comes physically to embrace me. And yet every morning, I have half-forgotten, and I spend nearly the whole day on the surface of my being.

O Mother, when shall my truth of the evening become my truth of the day?

Something HAS to explode in me and take possession of my entire being. It is not my force that can achieve this, but yours. Mother, I beseech you to open in me the doors of my true being. I no longer want this false relationship with the outside, this life of approximation. I want to be *your* instrument, not the instrument of this ignorant and suffering ego. Mother, I ask only for the true, the Light, that which is my real self. I have had enough, enough of this surface self that invades virtually all my days.

1. Original English.

May your Will be done.

Your child who desperately needs you,

Signed: Bernard

P.S. What is the obstacle?

Undated 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother, I feel it is good to tell you what happened within me yesterday evening during the distribution, if only to express my infinite gratitude.

First of all, I began by feeling, perceiving in an absolutely obvious way, that it is you and you alone who has been doing my yoga, that you have been doing everything for me and that you have been there forever, guiding each one of my steps. I felt luminously that without you I would never have been able to go forward a single step and that, basically, all my efforts have served only to teach me the futility of my efforts, as it were, and to lead me to this point of helplessness where I must totally surrender myself into the hands of a greater Force – into your hands. And I felt so absolutely that you would do EVERYTHING for me if only I relied upon you totally. It was like a liberation, like a weight that you lifted from my heart. No longer was it a question of trying to cling inwardly, of pushing and pulling until I was stiff and aching within; it was enough to let you act.

Then I felt a dual movement enter into me, almost a physical movement that followed the rhythm of my breathing, as though every time I breathed in, I was receiving something, and every time I breathed out, I was offering myself. And this dual movement of receiving and offering seemed to grow within me, as though it were the very movement of the world, the breathing of the world that receives and gives itself. And I perceived that, at a certain moment, this rhythm could stop, the circle close again, the two breaths join in a luminous immobility. Then vaguely, I discerned – as though from far away, behind a veil – a kind of pure, brilliant white light, and saw that it was you at the heart of the world. And then I felt how marvelous it was to be able to give myself. I seemed to have grasped the secret of duality, for the joy of offering, for the joy of love. Then I felt that I was beginning to mentalize things. In a way, I was afraid of recording too well what was happening, and I held myself out to you in silence and in love, for it seemed to me that the experience could be an obstacle, a stopping place, whereas one must always go farther. Then it seemed that you were there – I did not see you exactly, but I felt, I felt that you were smiling at me as from behind a veil. The distribution ended all too soon, and then I had a class. But even this morning, a kind of joyous confidence in my heart remains with me, and the need to express my infinite gratitude, my love. I belong to you, Mother, with my body, my life, my mind.

I want only what you want.

Everything is grace.

Your child,

Signed: Bernard

P.S. When things of this sort happen, should one bother you by writing about them, or simply be content with an inner gratitude?

(Mother's reply)

It does not bother me at all, and you did well to write. Your experience is excellent, and I was very happy to read it – it shines like a light upon a new horizon.

With you, always.

Signed: Mother

May 2, 1956

(Extract from the Wednesday class)

Sweet Mother, you said, 'The Supramental has come down on earth.' What does this mean, exactly? You also said, 'The things that were promised are fulfilled.' What are these things?

Oh, really! How ignorant! It has been promised for such a very long time, it has been said for such a very long time – not only here in the Ashram, but ever since the beginning of the earth. There have been all kinds of predictions, by all kinds of prophets. It has been said, 'There will be a new heaven and a new earth, a new race shall be born, the world shall be transformed ...' Prophets have spoken of this in every tradition.

You said, 'They are fulfilled.'

Yes. Then?

Where is the new race?

The new race? Wait for something like ... a few thousand years or so, and you will see it!

When the mind came down upon earth, something like a million years went by between the manifestation of the mind in the earth atmosphere and the appearance of the first man. But it will go faster this time because man is waiting for something, he has a vague idea: he is awaiting in some way or another the advent of the superman. Whereas the apes were certainly not awaiting the birth of man, they never thought of it – for the excellent reason that they probably don't think very much! But man has thought about it and is waiting, so it will go faster. But faster probably still means thousands of years. We shall speak of this again in a few thousand years!

(silence)

Those who are ready within, who are open and in touch with the higher forces, those who have had a more or less direct personal contact with the Supramental Light and Consciousness, are capable of feeling the difference in the earth atmosphere.

But for this ... only like can know like. Only the Supramental Consciousness in an individual can perceive the Supramental acting in the earth atmosphere. Those who, for whatever reason, have developed this

perception can see it. But those who are not even remotely conscious of their inner beings, who would be quite at a loss to say what their souls look like, are certainly not ready to perceive the difference in the earth atmosphere. They still have quite a way to go for that. Because, for those whose consciousness is more or less exclusively centered in the outer being – mental, vital and physical – things need to have an absurd or unexpected appearance to be noticeable. And then they call it a miracle.

But we do not call a miracle the constant miracle of the forces that intervene to change circumstances and human natures and which have very far-reaching consequences, for we see only the appearance, and this appearance seems quite natural. But in truth, if you were to reflect upon the least thing that happens, you would be forced to acknowledge that it is miraculous.

It is simply because you do not reflect upon it and assume things to be as they are, what they are, unquestioningly; otherwise you would have quite a number of opportunities everyday to say to yourself, 'But look! That is absolutely amazing! How did it happen?'

Quite simply, the habit of a purely superficial way of seeing.

Sweet Mother, what should be our attitude towards this New Consciousness?

That depends upon what you want to do with it.

If you want to look at it as an object of curiosity, then you have only to look at it, to try to understand.

If you want it to change you, you must open yourself and strive to progress.

Will we benefit collectively or individually from this new manifestation?

Why are you asking this question?

Because a lot of people have come here, and they are asking, 'How are we going to benefit from it?'

Oh!

And why should they benefit from it? What entitles them to benefit from it? Simply because they took the train to come here?

I knew some people who came here a long time ago, something like (Oh, I don't recall anymore, but quite a long time ago!), certainly more than twenty years ago; the first time someone died in the Ashram, they expressed a considerable dissatisfaction: 'But I came here because I thought this yoga would make me immortal! If you can still die, then why did I come here?'

Well, it's the same thing. People take the train to come here – there were about a hundred and fifty more people than usual' – simply because they want to 'benefit.' But this may be exactly why they have not benefited from it! Because This [the supramental consciousness] has not come to make people benefit in any way whatsoever!

They ask if their inner difficulties will be easier to overcome.

I would repeat the same thing. What reason and what right have they to ask that things be easier? What have they done on their side? Why should it be easier? To satisfy people's laziness and sloth – or what?

Because when something new comes, we always have the idea of benefiting from it.

No! Not only in the case of something new: in every case, there is always

this idea of benefiting. However, that is the best way to get nothing.

Who are you trying to fool? The Divine? ... That is hardly possible.

It's the same with those who ask for an interview. I tell them, 'Look, you have come in large numbers, and if each one asks me for an interview, how could I possibly find enough minutes in so few days to see everyone? While you're here, I wouldn't have even a single minute.' Then they retort, 'Oh, I have taken so MUCH trouble, I have come from so FAR away, I have come from way in the North, I have travelled for so many hours – and I have no right to an interview?' I reply, 'I'm sorry, but you are not the only one in that situation.'

1. Mother is referring to the *darshan* of April 24, 1956. Four times a year, for 'darshan,' visitors increasingly poured into the Ashram to pass one by one before Mother (and formerly, Sri Aurobindo) to receive her look.

And that's how it is – swapping, bargaining. We are not a commercial enterprise, we have made it clear that we are not doing business.

The number of disciples is increasing now day by day. What does this indicate?

But inevitably – it will increase more and more! Which is why I cannot do what I used to do when there were one hundred and fifty people in the Ashram. If they had just a little bit of common sense, they would understand that I cannot have the same relationship with people now (just imagine, 1,800 people these last days!), so I cannot have the same relationship with 1,845 people (exactly, I believe) as with thirty or even a hundred. That seems an easy enough logic to understand.

But they want everything to remain as it was and, as you say, to be the first to 'benefit.'

Mother, when the mind came down into the earth atmosphere, the ape did not make any effort to convert himself into a man, did he? It was Nature that supplied the effort. But in our case ...

But it's not man who is going to convert himself into a superman!

No?

Just try a little! *(laughter)* You see, it is something else that is going to do the work.

So we are ...

Only – yes, there is an 'only,' I don't want to be so cruel: NOW MAN CAN COLLABORATE. That is, he can lend himself to the process, with good will, with aspiration, and help to his utmost. Which is why I said it will go faster. I hope it will go MUCH faster. But even if it does go much faster, it will still take some time!

(silence)

Look. If all of you who have heard of this, not once but perhaps hundreds of times, who have spoken of it yourselves, thought about it, hoped for it, wanted it (there are some people who have come here only for this, to receive the Supramental Force and to be transformed into supermen, this has been their

goal ...) then how is it that you were ALL such strangers to this Force that when it came, you did not even feel it?!

Can you solve that problem for me? If you find the solution to this problem, you will have the solution to the difficulty.

I am not speaking of people from outside who have never thought about it, who have never felt concerned and who do not even know that there may be something like the Supermind to receive, in fact. I am speaking of people who have built their lives upon this aspiration (and I don't doubt their sincerity for a minute), who have worked – some of them for thirty years, some for thirty-five, others somewhat less – all the while saying, 'When the supermind comes ... When the supermind comes ...' That was their refrain: 'When the supermind comes ...' Consequently, they were really in the best possible frame of mind, one could not have dreamt of a better predisposition. How is it, then, that their inner preparation was so ... let's just say 'incomplete,' that they did not feel the Vibration immediately, as soon as it came, through a shock of identity?

Individually, each one's goal was to make himself ready, to enter into a more or less intimate individual relationship with this Force, so as to help the process; or else, if he could not help, at least be ready to recognize and be open to the Force when it would manifest. Then instead of being an alien element in a world in which your OWN inner capacity remains unmanifest, you suddenly become THAT, you enter directly, fully, into the very atmosphere: the Force is there, all around you, permeating you.

If you had had a little inner contact, you would have recognized it immediately, don't you think so?

Well, in any event, that was the case for those who had a little inner contact; they recognized it, they felt it, and they said, 'Ah, there it is! It has come!' But how is it that so many hundreds of people – not to mention the handful of those who really wanted only that, thought only of that, had staked their whole lives on that – how is it that they felt nothing? What can this mean?

It is well known that only like knows like. It is an obvious fact.

There was indeed a possibility to enter into contact with the Thing individually – this was even what Sri Aurobindo had described as being the necessary procedure: a certain number of people would enter into contact with this Force through their inner effort and their aspiration. We had called it the ascent towards the Supermind. And IF and when they had touched the Supermind through an inner ascent (that is, by freeing themselves from the material consciousness), they should have recognized it SPONTANEOUSLY as soon as it came. But a preliminary contact was indispensable – if you have never touched it, how can you recognize it?

That's how the universal movement works (I read this to you a few days ago): through their inner effort and inner progress, certain individuals, who are the pioneers, the forerunners, enter into communication with the new Force which is to manifest, and they receive it in themselves. And because a number of calls like this surge forth, the thing becomes possible, and the era, the time, the moment for the manifestation comes. This is how it happened – and the Manifestation took place.

But then, all those who were ready should have recognized it.

I hasten to tell you that some did recognize it, but they were so few ... But as for those who ask these questions, who even took the trouble to come here, who took the train to gulp this down as you gulp down a soft drink, how can they possibly feel anything whatsoever if they have not prepared themselves at all? Yet they are already speaking of profiting: 'We want to benefit from it ... '

After all, if they have even a tiny bit of sincerity (not too much, it's tiring!), a tiny bit of sincerity, it is quite possible (I am joking), it is quite possible that they might get a few good kicks to make them go faster! It is possible. In fact, I think that's what will happen.

But really, this attitude ... this rather overly commercial attitude, is usually not very profitable. If you have difficulties and you sincerely aspire, it is likely that the difficulties will diminish. Let us hope so.

(Turning to the disciple) So you may tell them this: be sincere and you will be helped.

Mother, very recently a text has been circulating which says,

'What has just now happened, with this Victory, is not a descent but a manifestation. And it is no longer merely an individual event: the Supermind has sprung forth into the universal play.'

Yes, yes, yes! I indeed said all that. I acknowledge it. And so?

It is said, 'The supramental principle is at work ... '

But I have just explained the whole thing to you! *(Mother laughs)* It's incredible!

What I call a 'descent' is this: first of all, the consciousness climbs in ascent, then you catch the Thing up above and redescend with it. This is an INDIVIDUAL event.

When this individual event has taken place sufficiently to allow a more general possibility to emerge, it is no longer a 'descent' but a 'manifestation.'

What I call a 'descent' is the individual movement in an individual consciousness. But when a new world is manifesting in an old world – as when similarly the mind spread over the earth – I call it a manifestation.

You may call it whatever you like, it makes no difference to me, but we must understand each other.

What I call a 'descent' takes place in the individual consciousness. In the same way, we speak of 'ascent' (there is no ascent really, there is no high or low, no direction: it's all a manner of speaking) – we speak of 'ascent' when we feel ourselves rising up towards something, and we call it a 'descent' when, after having caught this thing, we bring it down into ourselves.

But when the doors are opened and the flood pours in, it can no longer be called a 'descent': it is a Force that spreads everywhere. Understood? ... Ah!

I don't care what words you use. I do not essentially insist upon my words, but I explain them to you, and it's better to agree on words beforehand, for otherwise there's no end to explanations.

But now, you may reply to those people who are asking these insidious questions that the best way to receive anything whatsoever is not to pull, but to give. If they want to give themselves to the new life, well, the new life will enter into them.

But if they want to pull the new life into themselves, they will close the

door with their egoism. That's all.

July 29, 1956

O Thou who art always there – present in all I do, all I am – not for repose do I aspire, but for THY INTEGRAL VICTORY.

August 10, 1956

My Lord, through me thou hast challenged the world and all the adverse forces have risen in protest.3

But Thy Grace is winning the victory.

September 12, 1956

(During the Wednesday class)

... A supramental entity had entirely possessed me.

Something a little taller than myself: its feet extended below my feet and its head went a little beyond my head.

... A solid block with a rectangular base – a *rectangle with a square* base – one single piece.

1. Note written by Mother in French.

2. Note written by Mother in English.

3. In fact, following the 'Supramental Manifestation' of February 29, 1956, all of Mother's physical difficulties increased, as though all the obscurities in the physical consciousness were surging forth beneath the pressure of the new light. The same observation applies to the disciples who were around Mother and undoubtedly to the world as a whole. A strange "mysterious acceleration'

was beginning to take hold of the world.

4. This text was noted down by a disciple from memory. On the original manuscript submitted for her approval, Mother wrote, 'This account is quite correct,' and She signed the text. Words added or corrected by Mother are in italics.

... A light, not like the golden light of the Supermind: rather a kind of phosphorescence. I felt that had it been night, it would have been *physically* visible.

... And it was denser than my physical body: the physical body seemed to me almost unreal – as though crumbly – like sand running through your fingers.

... I would have been incapable of speaking, words seemed so petty, narrow, ignorant.

... I saw (how shall I put it?) the successive preparations which took place, in certain *anterior* beings, in order to achieve this.

... It felt as if I had several heads.

... The experience of February 29 was of a general nature; but this one was intended for me.

... An experience I had never had.

... I begin to see what the supramental body will be.

... I had had a somewhat similar experience at the time of the union of *the supreme creative principle* with the physical consciousness. But that was a subtle experience, while this was material – in the body.

... I did not *have* the experience, I did not look at it: I WAS it.

... And it radiated from me: myriads of little sparks that were penetrating everybody – I saw them enter *into each one of those present.*

... One more step.

September 14, 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Hyderabad, September 14, 1956

Sweet Mother,

Scarcely has a moment gone by since I left that I have not thought of you, but I wanted to wait for things to be clear and settled in me before writing, for you obviously have other things to do than listen to platonic declarations.

My friends keep telling me that I am not ready and that, like R,' whom they knew, I should go and spend some time in society.

I. A former disciple who left the Ashram, and subsequently committed suicide.

They say that my idea of going to the Himalayas is absurd, and they advise me to return to Brazil for a few years to stay with W ... W is an elderly

American millionaire – the only 'good' rich man I know – who wanted to make me an heir, as it were, to his financial affairs and who treats me rather like a son. He was quite disappointed when I came back to India. My friends tell me that if I have to go through a period in the outside world, the best way to do it is to remain near someone who is fond of me, while at the same time ensuring a material independence for the future.

These questions of money do not interest me. In fact, nothing interests me except this something I feel within me. The only question for me is to know whether I am truly ready for the Yoga, or if my failings are not the sign of some immaturity. Mother, you alone can tell me what is right.

I feel a bit lost, cut off from you. The idea of going to the Himalayas is absurd and I am abandoning it. My friends tell me that I may remain with them as long as I wish, but this is hardly a solution; I don't even feel like writing a book any longer – nothing seems to appeal to me except the trees in this garden and the music that fills a large part of my days. There is no solution other than the Ashram or Brazil. You alone can tell me what to do.

I KNOW that ultimately my place is near you, but is that my place at present, after all these failings? Spontaneously, it is you I want, you alone who represent the light and all that is real in this world; I can love no one but you nor be interested in anything but this thing within me, but will it not all begin again once I have returned to the Ashram? You alone know the stage I am at, what is good for me, what is possible.

Sweet Mother, may I still ask for your Love, your help? For without your help, nothing is possible, and without your love, nothing has any meaning.

I feel that I am your child in spite of all my contradictions and failings. I love you.

Signed: Bernard

(Mother's reply)

9.19.56

My dear child,

For my part, there has been no 'cut' and I have not been severe ... My feelings cannot change, for they are based upon something other than outer circumstances.

But perhaps you have felt this way because you had left your work in the Ashram for an entirely personal, that is, necessarily egoistical reason, and egoism always isolates one from the great current of universal forces. That is why, too, you no longer clearly perceive my love and my help which nevertheless are always with you.

You asked me what I see and whether your difficulties will not reappear upon your return to the Ashram. It may well be. If you return as you still are at present, it may be that after a very short period it will all begin again. That is why I am going to propose something to you – but to accept it you will have to be heroic and very determined in your consecration to my work.

This possibility appeared to me while reading what you wrote about your

sojourn in Brazil with W, the only 'good' rich man you have known. Here is my proposal, which I express to you quite plainly, spontaneously, as it presented itself to me.

Just now, the work is being delayed, curtailed, limited, almost endangered for want of money.

That which you would not do for yourself personally, would you not do it for the divine cause?

Go to Brazil, to this 'good' rich man, make him understand the importance of our work, the extent to which his fortune would be used to the utmost for the good of all and for the earth's salvation were he to put it, even partially, at the disposal of our action. Win this victory over the power of money, and by so doing you will be freed from all your personal difficulties. Then you can return here with no apprehension, and you will be ready for the transformation.

Reflect upon this, take your time, tell me very frankly how you feel about it and whether it appears to you, as it does to me, to be a door opening onto a path that will bring you back, free and strong at last to me.

All my affection is with you, and my blessings never leave you.

Signed: Mother

October 7, 1956

I cried towards the Light and Thou gayest me knowledge.

Z asked me, 'Why didn't you stop it?" I replied, 'Probably because I am not omnipotent!' Then he insisted: 'No, that's not it. I make no distinction between your will and the divine will ... and I know that you don't either. So why didn't you stop it?'

And suddenly, I understood.

It was because I hadn't thought of it. It hadn't even grazed my consciousness. The divine will is not at all like that, it is not a will: it is a VISION, a global vision, that sees and ... No, it does not guide (to guide suggests something outside, but nothing is outside), a creative vision, as it were; yet even then, the word 'create' does not here have the meaning we generally attribute to it.

And what is the Ashram? (I don't even mean in terms of the Universe – on Earth only.) A speck. And why should this speck receive exceptional treatment? ... Perhaps if people here had realized the supermind. But are they so exceptional as to expect exceptional treatment? ...

As Sri Aurobindo says, people see God as a magnified man: he is the Demiurge, Jehovah – what I call the 'Lord of Falsehood.'

Arbitrariness. But the Divine is not like that!

People say, 'I gave everything, I sacrificed everything. In exchange, I expect exceptional conditions – everything should be beautiful, harmonious,

easy.'

But the divine vision is global. The people in the Ashram do not want this strike ... but what about the others? They are ignorant, mean, full of ill will, etc., but in their own way they are following a path, and why should they be deprived of the Grace? By the fact that their action is against the Ashram? It is certainly a Grace.

I said that I had not even thought of intervening. When things threatened to turn bad, I simply applied a force so that it wouldn't become too serious.

Complete surrender ... It is not a matter of giving what is small to something greater nor of losing one's will in the divine will; it is a matter of ANNULLING one's will in something that is of another nature.

1. Mother is referring to a strike by the salaried workers of the Ashram, one of the numerous internal and external difficulties constantly assailing Her.

What comes to replace this human will?

A consciousness and a vision. And one is filled with joy and ...

I used to be different (although I was said to be *non-interfering);* I acted, if at all, to defend myself ... But I understood very quickly that even this was a reaction of ignorance and that things would be set right automatically if one remained in the true consciousness.

A consciousness that sees and makes you see.

Which is why things go amiss when people try to force me to act: I am outside of myself, so to speak. As soon as I come back here, with no one around, then I see.

I have called for a greater 'package' of Grace and asked that the truth of things prevail. We shall see what happens.

October 8, 1956

(At about 6 a.m., before Mother appeared on the balcony)

'Be always at the height of yourself,
in all circumstances.'

Then I wondered when and how I am at the height of myself. And this is what I saw:

Two things which were parallel and concomitant – that is, they are always together:

One – identity with the Origin, which imparts an absolute serenity and perfect detachment to the action.

The other – identity with the supreme Grace, which obliterates and abolishes all errors committed in the action by whomsoever and whatsoever – and which annuls all the consequences of these errors.

And the moment I perceived this, I saw that my third attitude in action, which is the will for progress for the whole earth as well as for each particular

individual, was not the height of my being.

* * *

(later, at 10 a.m.)

One is never anything but a divine apprentice: the Divine of yesterday is only an apprentice to the Divine of tomorrow ... No, I am not speaking of a progressive manifestation – that is much farther below.

When I am at my highest, I am already too high for the manifestation.

I have gone far beyond what I wrote this morning.

What if the human is too heavy, too narrow, too obscure to follow you?

No, it is exactly the opposite of what you are saying. It is not that the Divine in his divinity is opposed to his own manifested self – He is very far beyond, beyond the necessity for Grace; He perceives his unique and exclusive responsibility, and that it is He and He alone who must change in His Manifestation so that all may change.

* * *

(later, at 1 p.m.)

Won't you at least take a flower?

I wanted to take this little rose *('Tenderness for the Divine'),* for I consider it to be the manifestation nearest to divine Love. It's disinterested, spontaneous, intimate.

This is what I wanted to take with me to my super-heaven, as the most precious thing in the human heart.

October 28, 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, October 28, 1956

Sweet Mother, my birthday is the day after tomorrow, the 30th. I come to place my inner situation before you so that you may help me take a decision.

I am facing the same difficulties as before my departure to Hyderabad, and I have made the same mistakes. The main reason for this state is that, on the one hand, words and ideas seem to have lost all power over me, and on the other, the vital elan which led me thus far is dead. So upon what shall my faith rest? I still have some faith, of course, but it has become totally ABSTRACT. The vital does not cooperate, so I feel all withered, suspended in a void, nothing seems to give me direction anymore. There is no rebelliousness in me,

but rather a void.

In this state, I am ceaselessly thinking of my forest in Guiana or of my travels through Africa and the ardor that filled me with life in those days. I seem to need to have my goal before me and to walk towards it. Outer difficulties also seem to help me resolve my inner problems: there is a kind of need in me for the 'elements' – the sea, the forest, the desert – for a milieu with which I can wrestle and through which I can grow. Here, I seem to lack a dynamic point of leverage. Here, in the everyday routine, everything seems to be falling apart in me. Should I not return to my forest in Guiana?

Mother, I implore you, in the name of whatever led me to you in the first place, give me the strength to do WHAT HAS TO BE DONE. You who see and who can, decide for me. You are my Mother. Whatever my shortcomings, my difficulties, I feel I am so deeply your child.

Signed: Bernard

P.S. If you see that I should remain here, put in me the necessary strength and aspiration. I shall obey you. I want to obey you.

(Mother's reply)

1 0.30.56

One should beware of the charm of memories. What remains of past experiences is the effect they have had in the development of the consciousness. But when one attempts to relive a memory by placing oneself again in similar circumstances, one realizes quite rapidly how devoid they are of their power and charm, because they have lost their usefulness for progress.

You are now beyond the stage when the virgin forest and the desert can be useful for your growth. They had put you in contact with a life vaster than your own and they widened the limits of your consciousness. But now you need something else.

So far, your whole life has revolved around yourself; all you have done, even the apparently most disinterested or least egoistic act, has been done with a view to your own personal growth or illumination. It is time to live for something other than yourself, something other than your own individuality.

Open a new chapter in your existence. Live, no longer for your own realization or the realization of your ideal, however exalted it may be, but to serve an eternal work that transcends your individuality on all sides.

Signed: Mother

November 22, 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, November 22, 1956

Sweet Mother,

For weeks on end, I have been spending nearly all my nights battling with serpents. Last night, I was attacked by three different kinds of serpents, each more venomous and repugnant than the other???

Signed: Bernard

December 12, 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, December 12, 1956

Mother, a letter from W. He is leaving Brazil and retiring from business for good.

Mother, what can I do with my life? I feel absolutely alone, in a void. What hope remains since I have not been able to integrate into the Ashram? I am goalless. I am from nowhere. I am good for nothing.

I have wanted to remain near you, and I love you, but there is something in me that does not accept an 'Ashram ending.' There is a need in me to DO, to act. But what? *What?* Have I something to do in this life?

For years I have dreamed of going to Chinese Turkestan. Should I head in that direction? Or towards Africa?

I don't see a thing, nothing. Oh Mother, I turn towards you in this void that is stifling me. Hear my prayer. Tell me what I must do. Give me a sign. Mother, you are my sole recourse, for who else would show me the path to be taken, who else but you would love me? Or is my fate to go off into the night?

Forgive me, Mother, for loving you so poorly, for giving myself so badly. Mother, you are my only hope, all the rest in me is utter despair.

Your child,

Signed: Bernard

December 26, 1956

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, December 26, 1956

Mother, perhaps it would be good if I told you what is happening within me, as sincerely as I can:

I feel that this Truth of my being, this self most intensely felt, is independent from any form or institution. As far back as I can reach in my consciousness, this 'thing' has been there; it was what drove me at an early age to liberate myself from my family, my religion, my country, a profession, marriage or society in general. I feel this 'thing' to be a kind of absolute freedom, and I have been feeling within me this same profound drive for more than a year. Is this need for freedom wrong? And yet is it not because of this that the best in me has blossomed?

This is actually what is happening in me: I never really accepted the W solution, and the solution of Somaliland doesn't appeal to me. But I feel drawn by the idea of Turkestan, as I already told you, and this is why:

Ten years ago, I had two intuitions – the first of which, to my great astonishment, was realized. It was that I had something important to do in South America – and though I never could have foreseen such a voyage, I went there. The second was that I had something to do in Turkestan.

Mother, this is the problem around which I have desperately been turning in circles. What is the truth of my destiny? Is it that which is urging me so strongly to leave, or that which is struggling against my freedom? For ultimately, sincerely, what I want is to fulfill my life's truth. If I have ever had a will, then it is: LET BE WHAT MUST BE. Mother, how can one truly know? Is this drive, this very old and very CLEAR urge in me, false??

Your child,

Signed: Bernard

January 1, 1957

1957
A power greater than that of Evil
can alone win the victory.
It is not a crucified
but a glorified body
that will save the world.

January 18, 1957

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, January 18, 1957

Sweet Mother,

The conflict that is tearing me apart is between this shadowy part of a past that does not want to die, and the new light. I wonder if, rather than escaping to some desert, it would not be wiser to resolve this conflict by objectify it, by writing this book I spoke to you about.

But I would like to know whether it is really useful for me to write this book, or whether it is not just some inferior task, a makeshift.

You told me one day that I could be 'useful' to you. Then, by chance, I came across this passage from Sri Aurobindo the other day: 'Everyone has in him something divine, something *his own,* a chance of perfection and strength in however small a sphere which God offers him to take or refuse.'

Could you tell me, as a favor, what this particular thing is in me which may be useful to you and serve you? If I could only know what my real work is in this world ... All the conflicting impulses in me stem from my being like an *unemployed* force, like a being whose place has not yet been determined.

What do you see in me, Mother? Is it through writing that I shall achieve what is to be achieved – or does all this still belong to a nether world? But if so, then of what use am I? If I were good at something, it would give me some air to breathe.

Your child,

Signed: Bernard

March 3, 1957

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

3.3.57

I name you Satprem (true love) for it is only when you awaken to divine love that you will feel that you love.

Signed: Mother

April 9, 1957

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Pondicherry, April 9, 1957
Mother,
I would like to throw myself at your feet and open my heart to you – but I cannot. I cannot.
For I SEE that, were I to give in now, I would be done for – there would be no alternative but to live out the rest of my days in the Ashram. But everything in me rebels at this idea. The idea of winding up as General Secretary of the Ashram, like Pavitra, makes my skin crawl. It is absurd, and I apologize for speaking this way, Mother, for I admire Pavitra – but I can't help it, I can't do it, I do not want to end up like that.

For more than a year now, I have been hypnotized by the idea that if I give in, I will be 'condemned' to remain here. Once more, forgive me for speaking so absurdly, for of course I know it is not a 'condemnation'; and yet a part of me feels that it would be.
Thus I am so tense that I do not even want to close my eyes to meditate for fear of yielding. And I fall into all kinds of errors that horrify me, simply because the pressure is too strong at times, and I literally suffocate. Mother, I am not cut out to be a 'disciple.'
I realize that all the progress I was able to make during the first two years has been lost and I am just as before, worse than before – as if all my strength were in ruin, all faith in myself undone – so much so that at times I curse myself for having come here at all.
That is the situation, Mother. I feel my unworthiness profoundly. I am the opposite of Satprem, unable to love and to give myself. Everything in me is sealed tight.
So what is to be done? I intend asking your permission to leave as soon as the book is finished (I am determined to finish it, for it will rid me of the past it represents). I expect nothing from the world, except a bit of external space, in the absence of another space.
Signed: Bernard
P.S. And yet, even if I leave, I know that I shall have to come back here ... Everything is a paradox, and I CANNOT get out of this paradox.
(Mother's reply)
April 11, 1957
My dear child,
I read your letter yesterday, and here is the answer that immediately came to me. I add to it the assurance that nothing has changed, nor can change, in my relationship with you, and that you are and always will be my child – for that is the truth of your being.
Here is what I wrote:
In your ignorance, you created a phantom of your destiny, and then, out of this non-existent ghost, you made a hobgoblin around which all the resistances

of your outer nature have crystallized.

It is a double ignorance:
– in the universe, there are not – there cannot be – two similar destinies.
– each one's destiny is inevitably fulfilled, but the nearer one is to the Divine, the more does this destiny assume its divine qualities.
I am saying all this so that you do not hypnotize yourself further with some imaginary and groundless possibility.
I am with you always.
Signed: Mother

Undated 1957

When a serious decision has to be made, how can one know in which direction lies one's true destiny?
We do not have one destiny, but several destinies.
Each one has the right to reunite with his supreme Origin whatever his place in the world order – that is the gift the Divine has given to matter, and this is your true destiny. And it is a special gift given to the earth; it does not exist in the other worlds. At the same time, each one has a particular role in the manifestation, which is determined by the Supreme, but this same role can exist on different levels depending upon the degree of evolution of 'that' which is within you. If 'that' within you is still very young, your realization may be absolute and you may effectively be able to reunite with the Supreme, but the field of realization in the world will be limited, very small. Along the vertical plane, you may be able to touch the Supreme directly, in spite of your smallness, but on the horizontal plane, the extent of your realization will be infinitesimal. We could take the example of Maheshwari, the Mother of Might and All-Wisdom. This aspect of the Mother will assume different forms depending upon the degree of evolution of 'that' within you: it might be a mere little group leader, a queen, an empress. She will be in the group leader as well as in the empress, but the field of realization will obviously be different.
1. The following conversation was noted from memory. At this time the conversations were not yet tape-recorded, and Satprem, alas, felt it proper to eliminate all personal issues so that only the "teaching' would remain. The 'serious decision' in question concerns leaving the Ashram.

So, along this same vertical line that leads you to your divine Origin, you might have several outer destinies depending upon your state of development. The yoga seeks to accelerate things, but this is not always possible, for some psychological combinations in the being can only be worked out through experience. This experience may take a few lifetimes, a few years, a few

months, a few minutes.

When seen from the supreme consciousness, the unfolding of all the destinies and all the possibilities of destiny is something infinitely interesting. For example, there are beings accused of megalomania because they have vast projects and great designs which do not always fit in with the world's present possibilities. Most often, it is a simple lack of judgment on their part, a lack of knowledge. They have indeed entered into communication with a higher truth, something that probably corresponds to a future phase of their destiny (which is why they are so convinced), but through lack of judgment, they do not see that the time for this truth has not yet come, that the circumstances are not yet ready, or that the conditions in which they were born prevent them from carrying out what they feel to be true. There is a gap between the vision of a truth and its present possibilities for realization. But these great dreams must not be killed, for it would mean killing something of your own future. Above all, we must refuse, energetically reject, this hideous morality of the Philistine which says that 'nothing ever changes,' this flat and vulgar common sense *a la* Sancho Panza. Simply, one must know how to wait and to nurture one's dreams for a long time.

To conclude, this is what may be said: in the universe, there are no two destinies alike – there cannot be.

Each one's destiny is inevitably fulfilled, but the nearer one is to the Divine, the more this destiny assumes its divine qualities.

April 22, 1957

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, April 22, 1957

Sweet Mother,

The book is finished.' I would like to give it to you personally, if it would not disturb you, whenever you wish.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

July 3, 1957

(Extract from the Wednesday class)

I have been asked if we are doing a collective yoga and what are the conditions of a collective yoga.

First, I could tell you that to do a collective yoga, there has to be a collectivity! ... And I could speak to you about the different conditions required to be a collectivity. But last night *(smiling), I* had a symbolic vision of our collectivity.

This vision took place early in the night and woke me up with a rather

unpleasant feeling. Then I fell back to sleep and forgot about it; but a little while ago, when I was thinking of the question put to me, it returned. It returned with a great intensity and so imperatively that now, just as I wanted to tell you what kind of collectivity we wish to realize according to the ideal described by Sri Aurobindo in the last chapter of *The Life Divine – a* gnostic, supramental collectivity, the only kind that can do Sri Aurobindo's integral yoga and be realized physically in a progressive collective body becoming more and more divine – the recollection of this vision became so imperative that I couldn't speak.

1. L'Orpailleur.

Its symbolism was very clear, though of quite a familiar nature, as it were, and because of its very familiarity, unmistakable in its realism ... Were I to tell you all the details, you would probably not even be able to follow: it was rather intricate. It was a kind of (how can I express it?) – an immense hotel where all the terrestrial possibilities were lodged in different apartments. And it was all in a constant state of transformation: parts or entire wings of the building were suddenly torn down and rebuilt while people were still living in them, such that if you went off somewhere within the immense hotel itself, you ran the risk of no longer finding your room when you wanted to return to it, for it might have been torn down and was being rebuilt according to another plan! It was orderly, it was organized ... yet there was this fantastic chaos which I mentioned. And all this was a symbol – a symbol that certainly applies to what Sri Aurobindo has written here' regarding the necessity for the transformation of the body, the type of transformation that has to take place for life to become a divine life.

It went something like this: somewhere, in the center of this enormous edifice, there was a room reserved – as it seemed in the story – for a mother and her daughter. The mother was a lady, an elderly lady, a very influential matron who had a great deal of authority and her own views concerning the entire organization. Her daughter seemed to have a power of movement and activity enabling her to be everywhere at once while at the same time remaining in her room, which was ... well, a bit more than a room – it was a kind of apartment which, above all, had the characteristic of being very central. But she was constantly arguing with her mother. The mother wanted to keep things 'just as they were,' with their usual rhythm, which precisely meant the habit of tearing down one thing to rebuild another, then again tearing down that to build still another, thus giving the building an appearance of frightful confusion. But the daughter did not like this, and she had another plan. Most of all, she wanted to bring something completely new into the organization: a kind of super-organization that would render all this confusion unnecessary. Finally, as it was impossible for them to reach an understanding, the daughter left the room to go on a kind of general inspection ... She went out, looked everything over, and then wanted to return to her room to decide upon some final measures. But this is where something rather ... peculiar began happening.

1. The Supramental Manifestation, (Cent. Ed. XVI, pp. 33-36.)

She clearly remembered where her room was, but each time she set out to go there, either the staircase disappeared or things were so changed that she could no longer find her way! So she went here and there, up and down, searched, went in and out ... but it was impossible to find the way to her room! Since all of this assumed a physical appearance – as I said, a very familiar and very common appearance, as is always the case in these symbolic visions – there was somewhere (how shall I put it?) the hotel's administrative office and a woman who seemed to be the manager, who had all the keys and who knew where everyone was staying. So the daughter went to this person and asked her, 'Could you show me the way to my room?' – 'But of course! Easily!' Everyone around the manager looked at her as if to say, 'How can you say that?' However, she got up, and with authority asked for a key – the key to the daughter's room – saying, 'I shall take you there.' And off she went along all kinds of paths, but all so complicated, so bizarre! The daughter was following along behind her very attentively, you see, so as not to lose sight of her. But just as they should have come to the place where the daughter's room was supposed to be, suddenly the manageress (let us call her the manageress), both the manageress and her key ... vanished! And the sense of this vanishing was so acute that ... at the same time, everything vanished!

So ... to help you understand this enigma, let me tell you that the mother is physical Nature as she is, and the daughter is the new creation. The manageress is the world's organizing mental consciousness as Nature has developed it thus far, that is, the most advanced organizing sense to have manifested in the present state of material Nature. This is the key to the vision.

Naturally, when I awoke, I immediately knew what could resolve this problem which appeared so absolutely insoluble. The vanishing of the manageress and her key was an obvious sign that she was altogether incapable of leading what could be called 'the creative consciousness of the new world' to its true place.

I knew this, but I did not have a vision of the solution, which means it has yet to manifest; this 'thing' had not yet manifested in the building, this fantastic construction, although it is the very mode of consciousness which could transform this incoherent creation into something real, truly conceived, willed and materialized, with a center in its proper place, a recognized place, and with a REAL effective power.

(silence)

The symbolism is quite clear in that all the possibilities are there, all the activities are there, but in disorder and confusion. They are neither coordinated nor centralized nor unified around the central and unique truth and consciousness and will. So this brings us back ... precisely to this question of a collective yoga and of a collectivity capable of realizing it. What should this collectivity be?

It is certainly not an arbitrary construction of the type built by men, where everything is put pell-mell, without any order, without reality, and which is held together by only illusory ties. Here, these ties were symbolized by the

hotel's walls, while actually in ordinary human constructions (if we take a religious community, for example), they are symbolized by the building of a monastery, an identity of clothing, an identity of activities, an identity even of movement – or to put it more precisely: everyone wears the same uniform, everyone gets up at the same time, everyone eats the same thing, everyone says his prayers together, etc.; there is an overall identity. But naturally, on the inside there remains the chaos of many disparate consciousnesses, each one following its own mode, for this kind of group identification, which extends right up to an identity of beliefs and dogma, is absolutely illusory.

Yet it is one of the most common types of human collectivity – to group together, band together, unite around a common ideal, a common action, a common realization but in an absolutely artificial way. In contrast to this, Sri Aurobindo tells us that a true community – what he terms a gnostic or supramental community – can be based only upon the INNER REALIZATION of each one of its members, each realizing his real, concrete oneness and identity with all the other members of the community; that is, each one should not feel himself a member connected to all the others in an arbitrary way, but that all are one within himself. For each one, the others should be as much himself as his own body – not in a mental and artificial way, but through a fact of consciousness, by an inner realization.

(silence)

This means that before hoping to realize such a gnostic collectivity, each one must first of all become (or at least start to become) a gnostic being. It is obvious that the individual work must take the lead and the collective work follow; but the fact remains that spontaneously, without any arbitrary intervention of will the individual progress IS restrained or CHECKED, as It were, by the collective state. Between the collectivity and the individual, there exists an interdependence from which one cannot be totally free, even if one tries. And even he who might try, in his yoga, to free himself totally from the human and terrestrial state of consciousness, would be at least subconsciously bound by the state of the whole, which impedes and PULLS BACKWARDS. One can attempt to go much faster, one can attempt to let all the weight of attachments and responsibilities fall off, but in spite of everything, the realization of even the most advanced or the leader in the march of evolution is dependent upon the realization of the whole, dependent upon the state in which the terrestrial collectivity happens to be. And this PULLS backwards to such an extent that sometimes one has to wait centuries for the earth to be ready before being able to realize what is to be realized.

This is why Sri Aurobindo has also written somewhere else that a double movement is necessary: the effort for individual progress and realization must be combined with the effort of trying to uplift the whole so as to enable it to make a progress indispensable for the greater progress of the individual: a mass progress, if you will, that allows the individual to take a further step forward.

And now you understand why I had thought it would be useful to have a few meditations in common, to work at creating a common atmosphere a bit more organized than ... my big hotel of last night!

So, the best way to use these meditations (and they are going to increase, since we are now also going to replace the 'distributions' with short meditations) is to go deep within yourselves, as far as you can, and find the place where you can feel, perceive and perhaps even create an atmosphere of oneness wherein a force of order and organization can put each element in its true place, and out of the chaos existing at this hour, make a new, harmonious world surge forth.

July 18, 1957

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Pondicherry, July 18, 1957
Sweet Mother,
I have just received a letter from my friends in charge of the French Archaeological Expedition to Afghanistan. They need someone to assist them on their next field excavations (August 15 December 15) and have offered to take me if I wish to join them.
If I must have some new experience outside, this one has the advantage of being short-termed and not far away from India, and it is also in an interesting milieu. The only disadvantage is that I would have to pay for the trip as far as Kabul. But I don't want to do anything that displeases you or of which you do not really approve. In the event you might feel this to be a worthwhile experience, I would have to leave by the beginning of August.
I place this in your hands, *sincerely.*
Your child,
Signed: Satprem

Undated 1957

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)
Thursday
My dear child,
Those to whom I have said, 'You are my children,' are always so, no matter where they are or what they do.
Thus you are sure of always remaining my child – for the rest, act

according to your heart, and you will always have my blessings.

Signed: Mother

September 27, 1957

(A child's question concerning a vision in which Mother had appeared to her in a luminous body)

Why have you come as we are?

Why haven't you come as you really are?

Had I not come as you are, I would never have been able to be close to you and tell you:

'Become what I am.'

October 8, 1957

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, October 8, 1957

Mother,

I come to ask your permission to leave India. For more than a year now, I have been fighting not to leave, but this seems to be the wrong strategy.

There is no question of my abandoning the path – and I remain convinced that the only goal in life is spiritual. But I need things to help me along the way: I am not yet ripe enough to depend upon inner strength alone. And when I speak of the forest or a boat, it is not only for the sake of adventure or the feeling of space, but also because they mean a discipline. Outer constraints and difficulties help me, they force me to remain concentrated around that which is best in me. In a sense, life here is too easy. Yet it is also too hard, for one must depend on one's own discipline – I do not yet have that strength, I need to be helped by outer circumstances. The very difficulty of life in the outside world helps me to be disciplined, for it forces me to concentrate all my vital strength in effort. Here, this vital part is *unemployed,* so it acts foolishly, it strains at the leash.

I doubt that a new experience outside can really resolve things, but I

believe it might help me make it to the next stage and consolidate my inner life. And if you wish, I would return in a year or two.

I shall soon have completed the revision' of *The Life Divine* and *The Human Cycle, so* I believe I shall have done the best I could, at present, to serve you. October 30th is my birthday. Could I leave immediately thereafter?

It is not because I am unhappy with the Ashram that I want to leave, but because I am *unhappy with myself* and because I want to master myself through other means.

I give you so little love, but I have tried my best, and my departure is not a betrayal.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Wednesday, 10.8.57

My dear child,

This is not an answer, but a comment.

There is a joy to which you still seem completely closed: it is the joy of SERVING.

In truth, the only thing in the world that interests you, directly or indirectly, is YOURSELF. That is why you feel imprisoned within such narrow, stifling limits.

Signed: Mother

October 17, 1957

(On freedom)

There are all kinds of freedom – mental freedom, vital freedom, spiritual freedom – which are the fruits of successive masteries. But a completely new freedom has become possible with the Supramental Manifestation: it is the freedom of the body.

1. Of Mother's French translation of these two books by Sri Aurobindo.

One of the very first results of the supramental manifestation was to give the body a freedom and an autonomy it has never before known. And when I say freedom, I don't mean some psychological perception or an inner state of consciousness, but something else and far better – it is a new phenomenon in the body, in the cells of the body. For the first time, the cells themselves have felt that they are free, that they have the power to decide. When the new vibrations came and combined with the old ones, I felt it at once and it showed me that a new world was really taking birth.

In its normal state, the body always feels that it is not its own master: illnesses invade it without its really being able to resist them – a thousand

factors impose themselves or exert pressure upon it. Its sole power is the power to defend itself, to react. Once the illness has got in, it can fight and overcome it – even modern medicine has acknowledged that the body is cured only when it decides to get cured; it is not the drugs *per se* that heal, for if the ailment is temporarily suppressed by a drug without the body's will, it grows up again elsewhere in some other form until the body itself has decided to be cured. But this implies only a defensive power, the power to react against an invading enemy – it is not true freedom.

But with the supramental manifestation, something new has taken place in the body: it feels it is its own master, autonomous, with its two feet solidly on the ground, as it were. This gives a physical impression of the whole being suddenly drawing itself up, with its head lifted high – I am my own master.

We live perennially with a burden on our shoulders, something that bows our heads down, and we feel pulled, led by all kinds of external forces, we don't know by whom or what, nor where to – this is what men call Fate, Destiny. When you do yoga, one of the first experiences – the experience of the *kundalini,* as it is called here in India – is precisely one in which the consciousness rises, breaks through this hard 'lid,' here, at the crown of the head, and at last you emerge into the Light. Then you see, you know, you decide and you realize – difficulties may still remain, but truly speaking one is above them. Well, as a result of the supramental manifestation, it is THIS experience that came into the body. The body straightened its head up and felt its freedom, its independence.

During the flu epidemic, for example, I spent every day in the midst of people who were germ carriers. And one day, I clearly felt that the body had decided not to catch this flu. It asserted its autonomy. You see, it was not a question of the higher Will deciding, no. It didn't take place in the highest consciousness: the body itself decided. When you are way above in your consciousness, you see things, you know things; but in actual fact, once you descend again into matter, it is like water running through sand. In this respect, things have changed, the body has a DIRECT power, independent of any outer intervention. Even though it is barely visible, I consider this to be a very important result.

And this new vibration in the body has allowed me to understand the mechanism of the transformation. It is not something that comes from a higher Will, not a higher consciousness that imposes itself upon the body: it is the body itself awakening in its cells, a freedom of the cells themselves, an absolutely new vibration that sets disorders right – even disorders that existed prior to the supramental manifestation.

Naturally, all this is a gradual process, but I am hopeful that little by little this new consciousness will grow, gain ground and victoriously resist the old forces of destruction and annihilation, and this Fatality we believed to be so inexorable.

October 18, 1957

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Pondicherry, October 18, 1957
Sweet Mother,

This evening, you spoke of the possibility of shortening the path of realization to a few months, days or hours. And yesterday, when you talked to me about 'the freedom of the body,' you spoke of the experience of the Kundalini, of this 'breaking of the lid' that makes you emerge once and for all, above difficulties, into the light.

I need a practical method *corresponding to my present possibilities and to results of which I am presently capable. I* feel that my efforts are dispersed by concentrating sometimes here, sometimes there – a feeling of not knowing exactly what to do to break through and get out of all this. Would you point out some particular concentration to which I could adhere, a particular method that I would stick to?

I am well aware that a supple attitude is recommended in the Yoga, yet for the time being, it seems to me that *one* well-defined method would help me hold on' – this practical aspect would help me. I will do it methodically, obstinately, until it cracks for good.

Your child,
Signed: Satprem

November 12, 1957

The integral yoga is made up of an uninterrupted series of tests that you must pass through without any advance notice, thereby forcing you to be always vigilant and attentive.

Three groups of examiners conduct these tests. Apparently they have nothing in common and their methods are so different, at times even so seemingly contradictory, that they do not appear to work towards the same goal, and yet they complete one another, they work together for a common aim and each is indispensable for the integral result.

These three categories of tests are: those conducted by the forces of Nature, those conducted by the spiritual and divine forces, and those conducted by the hostile forces. This latter category is the most deceptive in its appearance, and a constant state of vigilance, sincerity and humility is required so as not to be caught by surprise or unprepared.

The most commonplace circumstances, people, the everyday events of life, the most seemingly insignificant things, all belong to one or another of these three categories of examiners. In this considerably complex organization of

tests, those events generally considered the most important in life are really the easiest of all examinations to pass, for they find you prepared and on your guard. One stumbles more easily over the little pebbles on the path, for they attract no attention.

1. This unique method was to be the mantra, as Mother herself would discover.

The qualities more particularly required for the tests of physical Nature are endurance and plasticity, cheerfulness and fearlessness.

For the spiritual tests: aspiration, confidence, idealism, enthusiasm and generosity in self-giving.

For the tests stemming from the hostile forces: vigilance, sincerity and humility.

But do not imagine that those who are tested are on one side and those who test on the other; depending upon the times and circumstances, we are both examiners and examined, and it may even happen that simultaneously, at the very same moment, we are the examined and the examiner. And whatever benefits we derive depend, in both quality and quantity, upon the intensity of our aspiration and the alertness of our consciousness.

To conclude, a final recommendation: never pose as an examiner. For while it is good to remember constantly that perhaps one is passing a very important test, it is, on the other hand, extremely dangerous to imagine oneself entrusted with applying tests to others, for that is an open door to the most absurd and harmful vanities. It is not an ignorant human will that decides these things but the Supreme Wisdom.

* * *

Each time a progress is to be made, there is a test to pass.

November 13, 1957

Widen yourself as far as the extreme bounds of the universe – and beyond.

Take upon yourself always all the necessities of progress and dissolve them in the ecstasy of Unity. Then you will be divine.

Undated 1957

What is meant exactly by, 'I am with you.' Are we really always heard when we pray of *struggle with an inner problem – in spite of our blunders and imperfections, even in spite of our ill will and mistakes? And who hears? You who are with us?*

Is it you in your supreme consciousness, an impersonal divine force, the force of the yoga, or you, the embodied Mother with your physical consciousness – a personal presence really intimate to our every thought and act, and not some anonymous force? Can you tell us how and in what way you are present with us?

It is said that Sri Aurobindo and you are one and the same consciousness, but are the personal presence of Sri Aurobindo and your own personal presence two distinct things, each playing a particular role?

I am with you because I AM you or you are me.

'I am with you' means a world of things, for I am with you at every level, on every plane, from the supreme consciousness to my most physical consciousness. Here, in Pondicherry, you cannot breathe without breathing my consciousness. It permeates the atmosphere in the subtle physical almost materially and extends right to the lake, seven miles away from here. Beyond, my consciousness can be felt in the material vital, and then on the mental and the other higher planes everywhere. When I came here for the first time, I felt Sri Aurobindo's atmosphere, felt it materially, ten miles from the shore – ten nautical miles, not kilometers! It was very sudden, very concrete, a pure and luminous atmosphere, light, so light that it lifts you up.

A long time ago, Sri Aurobindo had this reminder, with which you are all quite familiar, put up everywhere in the Ashram: 'Always behave as if the Mother was looking at you; because she is, indeed, always present.'

This is not some mere sentence, these are not just words, it is a fact. I am very concretely with you, and those with a subtle vision can see me.

Generally speaking, my Force is constantly here at work, constantly changing the psychological elements of your being to put them into new relationships and to make clear to you the diverse facets of your nature so that you may see what must be changed, developed or eliminated.

But besides all this, there is a special personal bond of affection between you and me, between all who have turned towards Sri Aurobindo's teaching and me – and of course, distance does not count; you may be in France, at the other end of the world, or in Pondicherry, but this bond remains just as real and as living. Each time there is a call, each time I need to know something to send out a force, an inspiration, a protection or whatever else, a sort of message suddenly comes to me, and I do what is needed. Obviously, these communications come to me at any moment whatsoever, and you may have seen me more than once suddenly stop in the middle of a sentence or some work: it means something, some communication is coming, so I concentrate.

There is more than a bond with those whom I have accepted as disciples, those to whom I have said 'yes' – there is an emanation of myself. Whenever

necessary, this emanation notifies me as to what is happening. In fact, I know constantly, but all these things are not registered in my active memory, otherwise I would be flooded – the physical consciousness acts as a filter: things are recorded on a subtle plane and remain there in the latent state, rather like music that is silently recorded, and when I need to know something with my physical consciousness, I plug into this subtle plane and the tape starts playing. Then I can see things, their evolution and the present result.

And if, for some reason or other, you write asking for my help, and I answer, 'I am with you,' this means that the communication with you becomes active, that you are even in my active consciousness for some time – the time needed.

And this bond between you and me is never cut. There are people who left the Ashram a long time ago, in a state of revolt, and yet I continue to know them and to take care of them. You are never abandoned.

In truth, I feel responsible for everyone, even for people I have met for only one second in my life.

Now, you know that Sri Aurobindo and I are always one and the same consciousness, one and the same person. Only, when this unique force or presence is felt in your individual consciousness, it assumes different forms or appearances depending upon your temperament, your aspirations, your needs, the particular cast of your nature. Your individual consciousness is like a filter, a pointer, as it were; it makes a choice and settles upon one possibility in the infinity of divine possibilities. In truth, the Divine gives to each one exactly what he expects from Him. If you believe the Divine to be distant and cruel, He will be distant and cruel, because it may be necessary for your supreme wellbeing to feel the wrath of God. He will be Kali' for the worshippers of Kali, and bliss for the bhakta.2 He will be the All-Knowledge of seekers after Knowledge, the Transcendent Impersonal of the illusionist. He will be an atheist for the atheist, and the love of the lover. He will be fraternal and near, an ever faithful friend, ever helpful, to those who feel him as the inner guide of each movement, at each minute. And if you believe that He can erase everything, He will erase all your faults, all your errors, tirelessly, and at each moment you will feel his infinite Grace. In truth, the Divine is what you expect of Him in your deep aspiration.

And once you enter into this consciousness where all things are seen with a single look, the infinite multitude of the Divine's relationships with men, you realize how wonderful everything is, in every detail. You can also look at the history of mankind and see how much the Divine has evolved depending upon what men have understood, desired, hoped for or dreamed; how he was materialistic with the materialist, and how each day he grows, draws nearer, becomes more luminous, as the human consciousness widens. Everyone is free to choose. The perfection of this endless variety of relationships between man and God throughout the history of the world is an unutterable wonder. Yet all this together is but a second in the total manifestation of the Divine.

The Divine is with you according to your aspirations. This does not mean, naturally, that He bends to the whims of your outer nature – I am speaking here of the truth of your being. Yet sometimes He does fashion himself according to

your outer aspirations; and if, like the devout, you live alternately in estrangement and embrace, ecstasy and despair, the Divine too will be estranged from you or draw near, according to your belief. Therefore, one's attitude is extremely important, even one's outer attitude. People do not know just how important faith is, how faith is miracle – the creator of miracles. For if at each moment, you expect to be uplifted and drawn towards the Divine, He will come and uplift you, and He will be there, very near, nearer and nearer.

1. Kali: the warrior (or destroyer) aspect of the Divine.

2. Bhakta: one who follows the path of love.

Undated 1957

THE MOTHER'S SUTRAS'

1) Be ambitious for nothing, above all pretend nothing, but be at each instant the utmost of what you can be.2

2) As for your place in the universal manifestation, only the Supreme can assign it to you.

3) It is the Supreme Lord who has ineluctably decreed the place you occupy in the universal concert, but whatever be this place, you have equally the same right as all others to ascend the supreme summits right to the supramental realization.

4) What you are in the truth of your being is decreed in an irrevocable way, and nothing nor anyone can stop you from being it; but the path you take to get there is left to your own free choice.

5) On the road of the ascending evolution, every one is free to choose the direction he will take: the swift and steep climb towards the summits of Truth, to the supreme realization, or turning his back to the peaks, the easy descent to the interminable meanderings of endless incarnations.

6) In the course of time and even in the course of your present life, you can make your choice once and for all, irrevocably, and then you have only to *confirm* it with every new occasion; or else if you do not take a definite decision from the beginning, you will have to choose anew at each moment between the falsehood and the Truth.

1. Sutra: aphorism, in Sanskrit.

2. This first Sutra was ultimately destined to become the epigraph to Satprem's first novel, *L'Orpailleur.*

7) But even in the event you have not made the irrevocable decision at the outset, should you have the good fortune to live during one of these unimaginable hours of universal history when the Grace is present, embodied upon earth, It will offer you, at certain exceptional moments, the renewed possibility of making a final choice that will lead you straight to the goal.

Undated 1957

(On past lives)

If we are to speak of these things truly, we must speak of everything, in all details, for among the innumerable experiences I have had for nearly eighty years, many were of such variety and apparently so contradictory that in truth it can be said that all is possible. Therefore, to say something about past lives without retrieving the thread that runs through all the elements is to open the door to dogmatism. One day they will say, 'Mother said this, Mother said that ...' and that is, alas, how dogmas are born.

So given the multiplicity of experiences and the impossibility of spending my life speaking and writing, you must clearly understand that everything is possible and not be dogmatic. Nevertheless, I can give you a few general indications.

It is only when one is consciously identified with his divine Origin that he can speak with complete truthfulness of a memory of past lives. Sri Aurobindo speaks of a progressive manifestation of the Spirit in the forms it inhabits. When one reaches the summit of this manifestation, one has a plunging view of the path already traversed, and one remembers.

But that does not mean remembering in a mental way. Those who claim to have been this or that baron in the Middle Ages or such and such a person who lived at such and such a place during such and such a time are fantasizing; they are simply victims of their own mental fancies. For what remains of past lives are not beautiful illustrated classics in which you see yourself as a great lord in a castle or a victorious general at the head of his army – all that is fiction. What remains is the memory of the INSTANTS when the psychic being emerged from the depths of your being and revealed itself to you, or in other words, the memory of those moments when you were fully conscious. The growth of the consciousness is effected progressively through evolution, and the memory of past lives is generally limited to the critical moments of this evolution, to the great, decisive turning points that have marked some progress in your consciousness.

While living such minutes of your life, you do not at all care about remembering whether you were Lord so and so who lived at such and such a place during such and such a time – it is not the memory of your civil status that remains. On the contrary, you lose sight of these petty external things, these minor perishable details, so as to be fully ablaze in this revelation of the soul or this divine contact. And when you recall these minutes of your past lives, the memory is so intense that it seems very near, still living – much more living than most of the ordinary memories of your present life. At times, in dreams, when you enter into contact with certain planes of consciousness, you may also have memories with this same intensity, this vibrant hue, as it were, so much more intense than the colors and things of the physical world. These being the moments of true consciousness, all assumes an extraordinary radiance, everything is vibrant, everything is charged with a quality that eludes our ordinary vision.

These minutes of contact with the soul are often those that mark a decisive turning point in one's life, a step forward; a progress in consciousness, and they frequently result from a crisis, a situation of extreme intensity, when a call surges forth from the whole being, a call so strong that the inner consciousness pierces through the unconscious layers that envelop it and is revealed fully luminous upon the surface. This very strong call of the being can also call forth the descent of a divine emanation, an individuality, a divine aspect that unites with your own individuality at a given moment to do a given work, to win a particular battle, to express this thing or that. Then, when the work is accomplished, this emanation most often withdraws. So it may be that one retains the memory of the circumstances surrounding these minutes of revelation or inspiration, one sees again a landscape, the color of a garment one was wearing, the shade of one's skin, things that were around you at that particular moment – all this is imprinted in an indelible way, with an extraordinary intensity, for the details of ordinary life are then also revealed in their true intensity, their true tonality. The consciousness that reveals itself in you reveals at the same time the consciousness in things. These details can sometimes help you reconstitute the period in which you lived or the deeds that were accomplished, surmise the country where you lived, but it is quite easy, too, to fantasize and mistake one's imaginings for reality.

You should not conclude, however, that all memories of past lives refer to moments of great crisis, important missions or revelations. Sometimes these are very simple, transparent minutes when a perfect and integral harmony of the being is expressed. And these may correspond to entirely insignificant external situations.

But apart from the things that were around you at that minute, apart from that minute of contact with your psychic being, nothing remains. Once the privileged moment has passed, the psychic being sinks back into its inner somnolence and the whole outer life fades into a monotonous gray which leaves no trace. In fact, something of the same phenomenon occurs in the course of your present life: apart from those exceptional moments when you are at the summit of your mental, vital or even physical being, the rest of your existence seems to fade into an uninteresting, dull tonality, and it matters very little whether you have been at this place or some other or whether you have done this thing rather than another. If suddenly you try to look at your life in order to gather its essence – to peer twenty or thirty or forty years behind you – you will see two or three images spontaneously leap before you, and they are the true minutes of your life, but all the rest fades away. A spontaneous choice and a tremendous elimination thus take place in your consciousness. This gives you an idea of what happens in regard to past lives: a choice of a few special moments, and an immense elimination.

Of course, one's early lives are quite rudimentary and little remains of them, a few scattered memories. But the more you progress in consciousness and the more the psychic being consciously associates itself with the outer activities, the more abundant, coherent and precise do the memories become – yet here too the memory that remains is that of the contact with the soul, and sometimes of the things associated with the psychic revelation – not your civil

status nor the ever-changing setting. And this explains why these so-called memories of animal lives partake of the highest fantasies; in animals, the divine spark is too deeply buried to come to the surface consciously and be associated with the outer life. One must become a totally conscious being, in all the parts of the being, and be totally united with one's divine origin before one can truly say that one recalls his past lives.

* 1957

December 13, 1957

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, December 13, 1957

Sweet Mother, this is what is rising from my soul: I feel in me something unemployed, something seeking to express itself in life. I want to be like a knight, your knight, and go off in search of a treasure that I could bring back to you. The world has lost all sense of the wonderful, all beauty of Adventure, this quest known to the knights of the Middle Ages. It is this that calls so relentlessly within me, this need for a quest in the world and for a beautiful Adventure which at the same time would be an adventure of the soul. How I wish that the two things, inner and outer, be JOINED, that the joy of action, of the open road and the quest help the soul's blossoming, that they be like a prayer of the soul expressed in life. The knights of the Middle Ages knew this. Perhaps it is all childish and absurd in the midst of this 20th century, but this is what I feel, this that is summoning me to leave – not anything base, not anything mediocre, only a need for something in me to be fulfilled. If only I could bring you back a beautiful treasure!

After that, perhaps I would be riper to accept the everyday life of the Ashram, and know how to give myself better.

Mother, I feel all this very strongly; I need your help to follow the true path of my being and fulfill this new outer cycle, should you see that it has to be fulfilled. I feel so strongly that something remains for me to DO. Guide me, Sweet Mother.

Your child,

Signed. Satprem

December 21, 1957

The other day you told me that in order to know things, you plug into the subtle plane, and there it all unrolls as on a tape recorder. How does this work, exactly?

There is a whole gradation of planes of consciousness, from the physical consciousness to my radiant consciousness at the very highest level, that which knows the Will of the Supreme. I keep all these planes of consciousness in front of me, working simultaneously, coordinatedly, and I am acting on each plane, gathering the information proper to each plane, so as to have the integral truth of things. Thus, when I have a decision to make in regard to one of you, I plug into you directly from that level of the supreme consciousness which sees the deep truth of your being. But at the same time, my decision is shaped, as it were, by the information given to me by the other planes of consciousness and particularly by the physical consciousness, which acts as a recorder.

This physical consciousness records all it sees, all your reactions, your thoughts, all the facts – without preference, without prejudice, without persona] will. Nothing escapes it. Its work is almost mechanical. Therefore I know what to tell or to ask you according to the integral truth of your being and its present possibilities. Ordinarily, in the normal man, the physical consciousness does not see things as they are, for three reasons: because of ignorance, because of preference, and because of an egoistic will. You color what you see, eliminate what displeases you. In short, you see only what you desire to see.

Now, I recently had a very striking experience: a discrepancy occurred between my physical consciousness and the consciousness of the world. In some instances decisions made in the Light and the Truth produced unexpected results, upheavals in the consciousness of others that were neither foreseen nor desired, and I did not understand. No matter how hard I tried, I could not understand – and I emphasize this word 'understand.' At last, I had to leave my highest consciousness and pull myself down into the physical consciousness to find out what was happening. And there, in my head, I saw what appeared to be a little cell bursting, and suddenly I understood: the recording had been defective. The physical consciousness had neglected to register certain of your lower reactions. It could not have been through preference or through personal will (these things were eliminated from my consciousness long, long ago). But I saw that this most material consciousness was already completely permeated with the transforming supramental truth, and it could no longer follow the rhythm of normal life. It was much more attuned to the true consciousness than to the world! I couldn't possibly blame it for lagging behind; on the contrary, it was in front, too far ahead! There was a discrepancy between the rhythm of the transformation of my being and the world's own rhythm. The supramental action on the world is slow, it does not act directly – it acts by infiltration, by traversing the successive layers, and the results are slow to come about. So I had to pull myself violently down in order to wait for the others.

One must at times know how not to know.

This experience showed me once more the necessity to be perfectly humble

before the Lord. It is not enough merely to rise to the heights, to the ethereal planes of consciousness: these planes have also to descend into matter and illuminate it. Otherwise, nothing is really done. One must have the patience to establish the communication between the high and the low. I am like a tempest, a hurricane – if I listened to myself, I would tear into the future, and everything would go flying! But then, there would no longer be any communication with the rest.

One must have the patience to wait.

Humility, a perfect humility, is the condition for all realization. The mind is so cocksure. It thinks it knows everything, understands everything. And if ever it acts through idealism to serve a cause that appears noble to it, it becomes even more arrogant more intransigent, and it is almost impossible to make it see that there might. be something still higher beyond its noble conceptions and its great altruistic or other ideals. Humility is the only remedy. I am not speaking of humility as conceived by certain religions, with this God that belittles his creatures and only likes to see them down on their knees. When I was a child, this kind of humility revolted me, and I refused to believe in a God that wants to belittle his creatures. I don't mean that kind of humility, but rather the recognition that one does not know, that one knows nothing, and that there may be something beyond what presently appears to us as the truest, the most noble or disinterested. True humility consists in constantly referring oneself to the Lord, in placing all before Him. When I receive a blow (and there are quite

a few of them in my sadhana), my immediate, spontaneous reaction, like a spring, is to throw myself before Him and to say, 'Thou, Lord.' Without this humility, I would never have been able to realize anything. And I say 'I' only to make myself understood, but in fact 'I' means the Lord through this body, his instrument. When you begin living THIS kind of humility, it means you are drawing nearer to the realization. It is the condition, the starting point.

* * *

(Note written by Mother in connection with the conversation of December 21, 1957)

At the very top, a constant vision of the Supreme's will.

In the world, an overall vision of what is to be done.

Individually, at each moment and in each circumstance, the vision 'of the truth of the moment, of the circumstance, of the individual.

In the external consciousness, the impersonal and mechanical recording of what is happening and of what are the people and things that comprise both the field of action and the limitations imposed upon this action. The recording is innately automatic and mechanical, without any kind of evaluation, as objective as possible.

Undated 1957

(Note from Mother to Satprem)

It is within oneself
that one finds
the Pretentaine.'

1. Pretentaine: name of the boat on which Satprem wanted to sail around the world alone.

January 1, 1958

(Extract from the Wednesday class)

O Nature, Material Mother, thou hast said that thou wilt collaborate and there is no limit to the splendor of this collaboration.

(Message of January 1, 1958)

Sweet Mother, will you explain this year's message?

There is nothing to explain. It is an experience, something that took place, and when it took place, I noted it down; and it so happens that it occurred just as I remembered that I had to write something for the new year (which at that time was the following year, that is, the year beginning today). When I remembered that I had to write something – not because of that, but simultaneously – this experience came, and when I noted it down, I realized that it was ... the message for this year!

(Mother reads the notation of her experience)

During one of our classes *(October 30, 1957), I* spoke of the limitless abundance of Nature, this tireless Creatrice who takes the multitude of forms, mixes them together, separates them again and reforms them, again undoes them, again destroys them, in order to move on to ever new combinations. As I said, it is a huge cauldron. Things get churned up in it and somehow something emerges; if it's defective, it is thrown back in and something else is taken out ... One form, two forms or a hundred forms make no difference to her, there are thousands upon thousands of forms – and one year, a hundred years, a thousand years, millions of years, what difference does it make? Eternity lies before her! She quite obviously enjoys herself and is in no hurry. If you speak to her of pressing on or of rushing through some part of her work or other, her reply is always the same: 'But what for? Why? Aren't you enjoying it?'

The evening I told you these things, I totally identified myself with Nature and I entered into her play. And this movement of identification brought forth a response, a new kind of intimacy between Nature and myself, a long movement of drawing ever nearer which culminated in an experience that came on

November 8.

Nature suddenly understood. She understood that this newborn Consciousness does not seek to reject her, but wants to embrace her entirely. She understood that this new spirituality does not stand apart from life, does not timorously recoil before the awesome richness of her movement, but on the contrary wants to integrate all her facets. She understood that the supramental consciousness is not there to diminish her but to make her complete.

Then, from the supreme Reality came this command: 'Awaken, O Nature, to the joy of collaboration.' And suddenly, all Nature rushed forth in an immense bounding of joy, saying, 'I accept! I will collaborate!' And at the same time, there came a calm, an absolute tranquillity, to allow this receptacle, this body, to receive and contain without breaking and without losing anything of the Joy of Nature that was rushing forth in a movement of grateful recognition like an overwhelming flood. She accepted, she saw – with all eternity before her – that this supramental consciousness would fulfill her more perfectly and impart a still greater force to her movement and more richness, more possibilities to her play.

And suddenly, as if resounding from every corner of the earth, I heard these great notes which are sometimes heard in the subtle physical – rather like those of Beethoven's Concerto in D – which come at moments of great progress, as though fifty orchestras were bursting forth all at once without a single discordant note, to sound the joy of this new communion of Nature and Spirit, the meeting of old friends who, after a long separation, find each other once more.

Then came these words: 'O Nature, Material Mother, thou hast said that thou wilt collaborate, and there is no limit to the splendor of this collaboration.'

And the radiant felicity of this splendor was perceived in a perfect peace.

Such was the birth of this year's message.

(Then Mother comments)

I have one thing to add: we must not misinterpret the meaning of this experience and imagine that henceforth everything will take place without difficulties or always in accordance with our personal desires. It is not at this level. It does not mean that when we do not want it to rain, it will not rain! Or when we want some event to take place in the world, it will immediately take place, or that all difficulties will be abolished and everything will be like a fairy tale. It is not like that. It is something more profound. Nature has accepted into her play of forces the newly manifested Force and has included it in her movements. But as always, the movements of Nature take place on a scale infinitely surpassing the human scale and invisible to the ordinary human consciousness. It is more of an inner, psychological possibility that has been born in the world than a spectacular change in earthly events.

I mention this because you might be tempted to believe that fairy tales are going to be realized upon earth. The time has not yet come.

(silence)

We must have a great deal of patience and a very wide and very complex

vision to understand how things work.

(silence)

The miracles that are taking place are not what could be called literary miracles, for they do not take place as in storybooks. They are visible only to a very profound vision of things – very profound, very comprehensive, very vast.

(silence)

You first have to be able to follow the methods and the means of the Grace to recognize its action. You first have to be able to remain unblinded by appearances to see the deeper truth of things.

Undated 1958

1) The Divine alone is true – all the rest is falsehood.
2) The Divine alone is real – all the rest is illusion.
3) The Divine alone is life – all the rest belongs to the kingdom of death.
4) The Divine alone is light – all the rest is semi-obscurity.
5) The Divine alone is love – all the rest is selfish sentimentality.

And yet the Divine is everywhere, in the ignorant man as well as in the sage.

And yet the Divine is everywhere, in the sinner as well as in the saint.

January 22, 1958

It is an error to confuse Joy and Felicity. They are two very different things. Not only are their vibrations different, but their colors are different. The color of Felicity is blue, a clear silvery blue (the blue of the Ashram flag), very luminous and transparent. And it has a passive and fresh quality that refreshes and rejuvenates.

Whereas Joy is a golden rose color, a pale gold with a tinge of red, a very pale red. It is active, warm, fortifying, intensifying. The first is sweetness, the second is tenderness.

And Bliss – what I spontaneously call Bliss – is the synthesis of both. It is found in the very heights of the supramental consciousness, in a diamond light,

an uncolored, sparkling light containing all the colors. Joy and Felicity form two sides of a triangle that has Bliss at its apex.

Bliss contains coolness and warmth, passivity and activity, repose and action, sweetness and tenderness, all at the same time. Divine tenderness ... is something very different from sweetness – it is a paroxysm of joy, a vibration so strong that the body feels it will burst, so it is forced to widen.

1. Note written by Mother in English.

The diamond light of Bliss has the power to melt all hostile forces. Nothing can resist it. No consciousness, no being, no hostile will can draw near it without immediately being dissolved, for it is the Divine light in its pure creative power.

January 25, 1958

(Concerning Pakistan)

It is quite evident that for some reason or other – or perhaps for no reason at all – the Supreme has changed His mind about it.

Undated 1958

When the hostile forces want to attack those around me but do not succeed in making them overtly hostile to Sri Aurobindo's work or in making them turn against me personally, they always use the same tactic, with the same argument: 'You may have all the inner realizations you want,' they say, 'the most beautiful experiences possible inside your four Ashram walls, but as far as the outer world is concerned, your life is wasted, lost. There is an abyss you will never bridge between your inner experience and a concrete realization in the world.'

This is the number one argument of the hostile forces. I know it well – for millions of years I have been hearing them say the same thing over and over again, and each time I unmask them. It is a lie, it is THE Lie. All that seeks to establish a divorce between the Earth and the Spirit, all that separates the inner experience from the divine realization in the world is good for their purpose. But just the opposite is true! It is the inner realization that is the key to the outer realization. How can you possibly know the true thing you have to realize

in the world as long as you do not possess the truth of your being?

* Note written by Mother in English (with a touch of irony so reminiscent of Sri Aurobindo).

February 3, 1958

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, February 3, 1958

Sweet Mother,

What you told me today at noon has left me stunned. I had decided to have my own way, but now I pray to be true.

I would like to tell you that 'I am staying,' very simply, for something in me wants this, but I am afraid to make a decision that I may not be able to keep. A force other than mine is needed. In short, you have to do the willing for me, to utter a word that would help me understand truly that I must stay here. Grant me the grace of helping and enlightening me. I would like to decide without preference, in obedience to the sole Truth and in accordance with my real possibilities.

I have received a long letter from Swami,' who in essence says that I should be able to realize what I have to realize right here with you, but he does not refuse to take me with him should I persist in my intention.

Mother, I am placing all this in your hands, *sincerely.*

I am your child.

Signed: Satprem

1 A Sannyasi, or wandering monk, whom Satprem would join a few weeks later in Ceylon, on February 27, and who would initiate him as a Sannyasi. Unfortunately, almost all the correspondence from this period has been lost.

February 3, 1958

(The following experience was later read out to the Wednesday class on 2.19.58)

Between the beings of the supramental world and men, there exists approximately the same gap as between men and animals. Sometime ago, I had

the experience of identification with animal life, and it is a fact that animals do not understand us; their consciousness is so constituted that we elude them almost entirely. And yet I have known domestic animals – cats and dogs, but especially cats – who made an almost yogic effort of consciousness to understand us. But generally, when they watch us living and acting, they don't understand, they don't SEE US as we are and they suffer because of us. We are a constant enigma to them Only a very tiny part of their consciousness is linked to us. And it is the same for us when we try to look at the supramental world. Only when the link of consciousness has been built shall we see it – and even then, only that part of our being which has undergone the transformation will be capable of seeing it as it is – otherwise the two worlds would remain as separate as the animal world and the human world.

The experience I had on February 3 proves this. Before, I had had an individual, subjective contact with the supramental world, whereas on February 3, I went strolling there in a concrete way – as concretely as I used to go strolling in Paris in times past – in a world that EXISTS IN ITSELF, beyond all subjectivity.

It is like a bridge being built between the two worlds.

This is the experience as I dictated it immediately thereafter:

(silence)

The supramental world exists in a permanent way, and I am there permanently in a supramental body. I had proof of this today when my earthly consciousness went there and consciously remained there between two and three o'clock in the afternoon: I now know that for the two worlds to join in a constant and conscious relationship what is missing is an intermediate zone between the existing physical world and the supramental world as it exists. This zone has yet to be built, both in the individual consciousness and in the objective world, and it is being built. When formerly I used to speak of the new world that is being created, I was speaking of this intermediate zone. And similarly, when I am on 'this' side – that is, in the realm of the physical consciousness – and I see the supramental power, the supramental light and substance constantly permeating matter, I am seeing and participating in the construction of this zone.

I found myself upon an immense ship, which is the symbolic representation of the place where this work is being carried out. This ship, as big as a city, is thoroughly organized, and it had certainly already been functioning for quite some time, for its organization was fully developed. It is the place where people destined for the supramental life are being trained. These people (or at least a part of their being) had already undergone a supramental transformation because the ship itself and all that was aboard was neither material nor subtle-physical, neither vital nor mental: it was a supramental substance. This substance itself was of the most material supramental, the supramental substance nearest the physical world, the first to manifest. The light was a blend of red and gold, forming a uniform substance of luminous orange. Everything was like that – the light was like that, the people were like that – everything had this color, in varying shades, however, which enabled things to

be distinguished from one another. The overall impression was of a shadowless world: there were shades, but no shadows. The atmosphere was full of joy, calm, order; everything worked smoothly and silently. At the same time, I could see all the details of the education, the training in all domains by which the people on board were being prepared.

This immense ship had just arrived at the shore of the supramental world, and a first batch of people destined to become the future inhabitants of the supramental world were about to disembark. Everything was arranged for this first landing. A certain number of very tall beings were posted on the wharf. They were not human beings and never before had they been men. Nor were they permanent inhabitants of the supramental world. They had been delegated from above and posted there to control and supervise the landing. I was in charge of all this since the beginning and throughout. I myself had prepared all the groups. I was standing on the bridge of the ship, calling the groups forward one by one and having them disembark on the shore. The tall beings posted there seemed to be reviewing those who were disembarking, allowing those who were ready to go ashore and sending back those who were not and who had to continue their training aboard the ship. While standing there watching everyone, that part of my consciousness coming from here became extremely interested: it wanted to see, to identify all the people, to see how they had changed and to find out who had been taken immediately as well as those who had to remain and continue their training. After awhile, as I was observing, I began to feel pulled backwards and that my body was being awakened by a consciousness or a person from here' – and in my consciousness, I protested: 'No, no, not yet! Not yet! I want to see who's there!' I was watching all this and noting it with intense interest ... It went on like that until, suddenly, the clock here began striking three, which violently jerked me back. There was the sensation of a sudden fall into my body. I came back with a shock, but since I had been called back very suddenly, all my memory was still intact. I remained quiet and still until I could bring back the whole experience and preserve it.

The nature of objects on this ship was not that which we know upon earth; for example, the clothes were not made of cloth, and this thing that resembled cloth was not manufactured – it was a part of the body, made of the same substance that took on different forms. It had a kind of plasticity. When a change had to be made, it was done not by artificial and outer means but by an inner working, by a working of the consciousness that gave the substance its form or appearance. Life created its own forms. There was ONE SINGLE substance in all things; it changed the nature of its vibration according to the needs or uses.

Those who were sent back for more training were not of a uniform color; their bodies seemed to have patches of a grayish opacity, a substance resembling the earth substance. They were dull, as though they had not been wholly permeated by the light or wholly transformed. They were not like this all over, but in places.

The tall beings on the shore were not of the same color, at least they did not have this orange tint; they were paler, more transparent. Except for a part of their bodies, only the outline of their forms could be seen. They were very tall,

they did not seem to have a skeletal structure, and they could take on any form according to their needs. Only from their waists to their feet did they have a permanent density, which was not felt in the rest of their body. Their color was much more pallid and contained very little red, it verged rather on gold or even white. The parts of whitish light were translucid; they were not absolutely transparent, but less dense, more subtle than the orange substance.

1. Indeed, one of the people near Mother had pulled Her out of the experience.

Just as I was called back, when I was saying, 'Not yet ... ,' I had a quick glimpse of myself, of my form in the supramental world. I was a mixture of what these tall beings were and the beings aboard the ship. The top part of myself, especially my head, was a mere silhouette of a whitish color with an orange fringe. The more it approached the feet, the more the color resembled that of the people on the ship, or in other words, orange; the more it went up towards the top, the more translucid and white it was, and the red faded. The head was only a silhouette with a brilliant sun at its center; from it issued rays of light which were the action of the will.

As for the people I saw aboard ship, I recognized them all. Some were here in the Ashram, some came from elsewhere, but I knew them as well. I saw everyone, but as I realized that I would not remember everyone when I came back, I decided not to give any names. Besides, it is unnecessary. Three or four faces were very clearly visible, and when I saw them, I understood the feeling that I have had here, on earth, while looking into their eyes: there was such an extraordinary joy ... On the whole, the people were young; there were very few children, and their ages were around fourteen or fifteen, but certainly not below ten or twelve (I did not stay long enough to see all the details). There were no very old people, with the exception of a few. Most of the people who had gone ashore were of a middle age – again, except for a few. Several times before this experience, certain individual cases had already been examined at a place where people capable of being supramentalized are examined; I had then had a few surprises which I had noted – I even told some people. But those whom I disembarked today I saw very distinctly. They were of a middle age, neither young children nor elderly people, with only a few rare exceptions, and this quite corresponded to what I expected. I decided not to say anything, not to give any names. As I did not stay until the end, it would be impossible for me to draw an exact picture, for it was neither absolutely clear nor complete. I do not want to say things to some and not say them to others.

What I can say is that the criterion or the judgment was based EXCLUSIVELY on the substance constituting the people – whether they belonged completely to the supramental world or not, whether they were made of this very special substance. The criterion adopted was neither moral nor psychological. It is likely that their bodily substance was the result of an inner law or an inner movement which, at that time, was not in question. At least it is quite clear that the values are different.

When I came back, along with the memory of the experience, I knew that the supramental world was permanent, that my presence there is permanent, and that only a missing link is needed to allow the consciousness and the

substance to connect – and it is this link that is being built. At that time, my impression (an impression which remained rather long, almost the whole day) was of an extreme relativity – no, not exactly that, but an impression that the relationship between this world and the other completely changes the criterion by which things are to be evaluated or judged. This criterion had nothing mental about it, and it gave the strange inner feeling that so many things we consider good or bad are not really so. It was very clear that everything depended upon the capacity of things and upon their ability to express the supramental world or be in relationship with it. It was so completely different, at times even so opposite to our ordinary way of looking at things! I recall one little thing that we usually consider bad ... actually how funny it was to see that it is something excellent! And other things that we consider important were really quite unimportant there! Whether it was like this or like that made no difference. What is very obvious is that our appreciation of what is divine or not divine is incorrect. I even laughed at certain things ... Our usual feeling about what is anti-divine seems artificial, based upon something untrue, unliving (besides, what we call life here appeared lifeless in comparison with that world); in any event, this feeling should be based upon our relationship between the two worlds and according to whether things make this relationship easier or more difficult. This would thus completely change our evaluation of what brings us nearer to the Divine or what takes us away from Him. With people, too, I saw that what helps them or prevents them from becoming supramental is very different from what our ordinary moral notions imagine. I felt just how ... ridiculous we are.

(Then Mother speaks to the children)

There is a continuation to all this, which is like the result in my consciousness of the experience of February 3, but it seems premature to read it now. It will appear in the April issue [of the Bulletin], as a sequel to this.

But one thing – and I wish to stress this point to you – which now seems to me to be the most essential difference between our world and the supramental world (and it is only after having gone there consciously, with the consciousness that ordinarily works here, that this difference appeared to me in what might be called its enormity): everything here, except for what happens within and at a very deep level, seemed absolutely artificial to me. Not one of the values of ordinary physical life is based upon truth. Just as we have to buy cloth, sew it together, then put it on our backs in order to dress ourselves, likewise we have to take things from outside and then put them inside our bodies in order to feed ourselves. For everything, our life is artificial.

A true, sincere, spontaneous life, as in the supramental world, is a springing forth of things through the fact of conscious will, a power over substance that shapes this substance according to what we decide it should be. And he who has this power and this knowledge can obtain whatever he wants, whereas he who does not has no artificial means of getting what he desires.

In ordinary life, EVERYTHING is artificial. Depending upon the chance of your birth or circumstances, you have a more or less high position or a more or less comfortable life, not because it is the spontaneous, natural and sincere expression of your way of being and of your inner need, but because the

fortuity of life's circumstances has placed you in contact with these things. An absolutely worthless man may be in a very high position, and a man who might have marvelous capacities of creation and organization may find himself toiling in a quite limited and inferior position, whereas he would be a wholly useful individual if the world were sincere.

It is this artificiality, this insincerity, this complete lack of truth that appeared so shocking to me that ... one wonders how, in a world as false as this one, we can arrive at any truthful evaluation of things.

But instead of feeling grieved, morose, rebellious, discontent, I had rather the feeling of what I spoke of at the end: of such a ridiculous absurdity that for several days I was seized with an uncontrollable laughter whenever I saw things and people! Such a tremendous laughter, so absolutely inexplicable (except to me), because of the ridiculousness of these situations.

When I invited you on a voyage into the unknown, a voyage of adventure,' I did not know just how true were my words! And I can promise those who are ready to embark upon this adventure that they will make some very astonishing discoveries.

February 1958

(A few days after the experience of February 3, Mother had other experiences that seemed a continuation of it)

Everyone carries with him, in his atmosphere, what Sri Aurobindo calls the 'Censors'; in a way, they are the permanent delegates of the hostile forces. Their role is to criticize mercilessly each act, each thought, the least movement of the consciousness, and to place you before the most hidden motives of your behavior, to expose the least lower vibration accompanying your apparently purest or highest thoughts or acts.

It is not here a question of morality. These gentlemen are not moralizing agents, although they know very well how to make use of morality! And when they are dealing with a scrupulous conscience, they can harass it pitilessly, whisper to it at every minute, 'You should not have done this, you should not have done that, you should have done such and such, said such and such; now you have ruined everything, you have made an irreparable mistake, just see how everything is irremediably lost now because of the mistake you made.' They can even possess the consciousness of some people: you chase the thought away and vrrm! – two minutes later, back it comes! You chase it away again, but there it is still hammering away at you.

1. See *Questions and Answers (July* lo, 1957).

Each time I meet these gentlemen, I give them a hearty welcome, for they force you to be absolutely sincere, they unearth the subtlest hypocrisy and at

each moment place you before your most secret vibrations. And they are intelligent, with an intelligence infinitely surpassing our own! They know everything, they know how to set your least thought against you, your least argument or action, with a really wonderful subtlety. Nothing escapes them. But what gives a hostile shading to these beings is that, first and foremost, they are defeatists. They always present you with the darkest side of the picture and if necessary distort your own intentions. They are truly instruments of sincerity. Yet they always overlook one thing, deliberately, something they reject and cast far behind, as if it didn't exist – the divine Grace. They overlook prayer, this spontaneous prayer that suddenly surges up from the depths of your being like an intense call and makes the Grace descend and changes the course of things.

And each time that you have made some progress or passed to a higher level, they put you back in the presence of all the actions of your past and in a few months, a few days or a few minutes make you pass all the tests again, at a higher level. And it does not help to brush aside the thought, saying, 'Oh, I know!' and throw a little cloak over it so as not to see. You have to face and conquer, keep your consciousness filled with light, be unwavering, uncomplaining, without a single vibration in the cells of the body, and then the attack dissolves.

> *The other day, too, in your supramental experience, you said that moral values had lost all their meaning.*

But our conceptions of Good and Evil are so ridiculous! Our ideas of what is near to the Divine or far from the Divine are so absurd! The experience of the other day [February 3] was quite a revelation to me, and I came out of it utterly changed. I suddenly understood a great many things from the past – certain actions parts of my life that had remained inexplicable – in truth, the shortest path from one point to another is not the straight line we imagine!

And the whole time this experience lasted, one hour (an hour of THAT time is long!), I was in an extraordinarily mirthful, almost inebriated state ... The difference between the two consciousnesses is such that when you are in one, the other seems unreal like a dream. When I came back, I was at first struck by the futility of life here; our petty conceptions seem so comical, so laughable ... We say that certain people are mad, but their madness is perhaps a great wisdom from the supramental point of view, and their behavior is perhaps very near the truth of things – I am not speaking of the obscure insane who have had some brain disorder, but of many other incomprehensible mad people, the luminous mad: they have wanted to leap across the border too quickly, and the rest did not follow.

When one looks at the world of men from the supramental consciousness, the dominant characteristic is a feeling of oddity, of artificiality – a world that is absurd because it is artificial. This world is false because its material appearance does not at all express the profound truth of things. There is as if a discrepancy between the appearance and what lies within. Thus, a man with a divine power deep within him may, on the outer plane, find himself in the situation of a slave. It's preposterous! Whereas in the supramental world, the

will acts directly upon the substance, and the substance is obedient to this will. When you want to clothe yourself, the substance you are living in immediately assumes the form of clothing to cover you. When you want to move from one place to another, your will is sufficient to carry you without your needing any kind of vehicle or artificial means. Thus, for example, the ship in my experience had no need of any mechanism whatsoever in order to move; it was the will that shaped the substance according to its needs. When it was necessary to disembark, the wharf formed by itself. When I wanted the groups to go ashore, those who had to do so automatically knew it, without my having to say a word, and they came in the right order. Everything took place in silence, there was no need to speak to be understood; but aboard the ship, the silence itself did not give this artificial impression it gives here. Here, when we want silence, we have to keep our mouths shut: silence is the opposite of noise. There, the silence was vibrant, living, active and comprehensive, comprehensible.

The absurdity here consists of all the artificial means that have to be used. Any imbecile has more power if he has more means by which to acquire the necessary artifice. Whereas in the supramental world, the more one is conscious and in contact with the truth of things, the more authority has the will over the substance. The authority is a true authority. If you want clothes, you have to have the power to make them, a real power. If you do not have this power, well then, you remain naked. There are no artificial means to compensate for this lack of power. Here, not once in a million times is authority the expression of something true. Everything is colossally stupid.

When I came back down ('came back down' is a manner of speaking, for it is neither high nor low, nor within nor without, it is ... somewhere), it took me a while to readjust. I even recall having said to someone, 'Now we are going to regress into our usual stupidity.' But I understood a lot of things, and I came back from there with a decisive force. Now I know that our way of seeing things here, our petty moral values, have nothing to do with the values of the supramental world.

Undated 1958

For me, the subtle physical is far more real than this distorted world, but to see it you have to be conscious there, whereas people want to get effects which give them the impression of the marvelous and the miraculous and they want the subtle physical to become visible in the material world IN SPITE OF the falsehood. What makes the great difference for the ordinary physical consciousness is this: it wants to come into contact with that in spite of the falsehood, whereas the universal law is, get out of the falsehood and that will become true for you.

For me, this subtle world is far more real than the material world – much truer, much more tangible, concrete, real – but for others in this material world to believe in the subtle worlds, either they must have some beginning of experience, or else they must agree to have confidence and say, 'All right, they say it's like that, therefore it must be like that.' Otherwise, to be convinced they want the truth to manifest in a world of falsehood in spite of the falsehood. Their attitude is like this: 'We are willing to admit that it is possible, that it is real, but as long as it has not manifested here, we do not quite believe in it.'

Are you referring to the supramental world?

It applies to everything: every true thing in the world, including all the fairy tale miracles. Things that appear miraculous to the physical consciousness happen in an altogether different way, but to it they are indeed miraculous since they don't depend on any physical processes. As I have said,' to travel from one place to another there is no need for any means of transport, to feed ourselves it is not necessary to put external things into the body, to dress ourselves we have no need to put on clothes, etc ... . The play of forces is the spontaneous expression of Truth and of the true Will, the true vision.

1. Experience of the 'Supramental Ship.'

The question remains: for those who have seen and to whom things have happened in this way (like the little child, for example, who was playing with fairies), is it that they enter into this consciousness and then remember when they leave it, or is it that this state really manifests here? For me, this is still a question.

As this experience often happens to people with a simple heart and mind, quite possibly they don't realize that for a while they have lived in another consciousness and in another world and then have come back to an ordinary condition where they remember the other thing. For them, they do not see the difference.

February 15, 1958

Last night, I had the vision of what this supramental world could become if men were not sufficiently prepared. The confusion existing at present upon earth is nothing in comparison to what could take place. Imagine that every powerful will has the power to transform matter as it likes! If the sense of collective oneness did not grow in proportion to the development of power, the resulting conflict would be yet more acute and chaotic than our material conflicts.

February 25, 1958

(On suffering)

These surface things are not dramatic. More and more, they seem to me like soap bubbles, especially since February 3.

Some people come to see me in utter despair, in tears, in what they call terrible moral suffering; when I see them like that I slightly shift the needle in that part of my consciousness containing all of you, and when they leave, they are completely relieved. It is just like a compass needle – I slightly shift the needle in my consciousness, and it's over. Naturally, through habit, it returns later on. But these are mere soap bubbles.

I too have known suffering, but there was always a part of me that knew how to hold itself back and remain aloof.

The only thing in the world that still appears intolerable to me now is all physical deterioration, physical suffering, the ugliness the powerlessness to express this capacity of beauty inherent in every being. But this, too, will be conquered one day. Here, too the power will come one day to shift the needle a little. Only, one has to climb higher in consciousness: the deeper into matter you want to descend, the higher must you ascend in consciousness.

It will take time. Sri Aurobindo was surely right when he spoke of a few centuries.

February 1958

Yesterday morning, while reading a letter from A.H., I understood the Christian symbolism. It could be that some people understand ... Anyway, I suddenly understood ... It is extremely metaphysical. I followed the idea from a metaphysical point of view, along the lines of what we were saying yesterday: this 'error' committed that allowed the world to become what it is. But at the extreme limit, there always remains the question, 'How is it possible?' I was no longer seeing this with the mind.

I came to the conclusion that from a practical standpoint, the solution is that the part of humanity expressing this Error in its life and its consciousness should ... or to put it another way, that part of humanity, of the human consciousness, capable of uniting with the Supermind and of liberating itself, will be completely transformed. This humanity is moving towards a future reality not yet expressed in its outer form. Whereas the part of humanity nearer

to the simplicity of the animal or of Nature will be reabsorbed by Nature and entirely reassimilated. The possibility of a mental consciousness that allows for perversion – that makes mental perversion such an excruciating thing – will be abolished. It will disappear. These things will no longer be.

In the vision, I went much deeper into this thought. I saw all the stages, but I no longer see them now. I can no longer explain – there was suddenly a vision that understood the idea of atonement and redemption. It was not formulated in words. Also, the idea that only an act of faith in a divine intervention could ... was the means of salvation. This was the idea of salvation. I understood Christ and faith in Christ. I understood it, and it did not apply uniquely to Christianity or to original sin. I understood what original sin and redemption through faith in Christ meant.

March 7, 1958

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Kataragama, March 7, 1958

Sweet Mother,

Since my departure, I have been feeling your Force continually, almost constantly. And I feel an infinite gratitude that you are there, and that this thread from you to me keeps me anchored to something in this world. Simply knowing that you exist, that you are there, that I have a goal, a center – fills me with infinite gratitude. On a street in Madras, the day after I left, I suddenly had a poignant experience: I felt that if 'that' were not in me, I would fall to pieces on the sidewalk, I would crumble, nothing would be left, nothing. And this experience remains. Like a litany, something keeps repeating almost incessantly, 'I need you, need you, I have only you, you alone in the world. You are all my present, all my future, I have only you ...' Mother, I am living in a state of need, like hunger.

On the way, I stopped at J and E's place. They are living like native fishermen, in loincloths, in a coconut grove by the sea. The place is exceedingly beautiful, and the sea full of rainbow-hued coral. And suddenly, within twenty-four hours, I realized an old dream – or rather, I 'purged' myself of an old and tenacious dream: that of living on a Pacific island as a simple fisherman. And all at once, I *saw,* in a flash, that this kind of life totally lacks a center. You 'float' in a nowhere. It plunges you into some kind of higher inertia, an illumined inertia, and you lose all true substance.

As for me, I am totally out of my element in this new life, as though I were uprooted from myself. I am living in the temple, in the midst of pujas,' with white ashes on my forehead, barefoot dressed like a Hindu, sleeping on cement at night, eating impossible curries, with some good sunburns to complete the cooking. And there I am, clinging to you, for if you were not there I would

collapse, so absurd would it all be. You are the only reality – how many times have I repeated this to myself, like a litany! Apart from this, I am holding up quite well physically. But inside and outside, nothing is left but you. I need you, that's all. Mother, this world is so horrifyingly empty. I really feel that I would evaporate if you weren't there. Well, no doubt I had to go through this experience ... Perhaps I will be able to extract some book from it that will be of use to you. We are like children who need a lot of pictures in order to understand, and a few good kicks to realize our complete stupidity.

Swami must soon take to the road again, through Ceylon, towards March 20 or 25. So I shall go wandering with him until May; towards the beginning of May, he will return to India. I hope to have learned my lesson by then, and to have learned it well. Inwardly, I have understood that there is only you – but it's these problem children on the surface who must be made to toe the line once and for all.

Sweet Mother, I am in a hurry to work for you. Will you still want me? Mother, I need you, I need you. I would like to ask you an absurd question: Do you think of me? I have only you, you alone in the world.

1. Puja: Hindu temple ceremony.

Your child,
Signed: Satprem

* * *

(Mother's reply)

March 11, 58

My dear child

It is good, very good – in truth, everything is taking place as expected, as *the best* expected. And I am so happy for this.

To your question, I reply: I do not think of you, *I feel you*; you are with me, I am with you, in the light ...

Your place has remained vacant here; you alone can fill it, and it awaits your return, when the moment comes.

... ...

As soon as the 'problem children' on the surface will also have learned their lesson, you have only to let me know of the date of your return and you will be welcome.

With you always and everywhere.
Signed: Mother

April 3, 1958

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Kataragama, April 3, 1958

Sweet Mother,

I was waiting for things to be well established in me before writing you again. An important change has occurred: it seems that something in me has 'clicked' – what Sri Aurobindo calls the 'central will,' perhaps – and I am living literally in the obsession of divine realization. This is what I want, nothing else, it is the only goal in life, and at last I have understood (not with the head) that the outer realization in the world will be the consequence of the inner realization. So thousands of times a day, I repeat, 'Mother, I want to be your instrument, ever more conscious, I want to express your truth, your light. I want to be what you want, as you want, when you want.' There is in me now a kind of need for perfection, a will to abolish this ego, a real understanding that to become your instrument means at the same time to find the perfect plenitude of one's personality. So I am living in an almost constant state of aspiration, I feel your force constantly, or nearly so, and if I am 'distracted' a few minutes, I experience a void, an uneasiness that calls me back to you.

And at the same time, I *saw* that it is you who is doing everything, you who aspires in me, you who wants the progress, and that all 'I' myself am in this affair is a screen, a resisting obstacle. O Mother, break this screen that I may be wholly transparent before you, that your transforming force may purify all the secret recesses in my being, that nothing may remain but you and you alone. O Mother, may all my being be a living expression of your light, your truth.

Mother, from the depths of my being, I offer you a sole prayer: may I become your more and more perfect instrument, a sword of light in your hands. Oh, to get out of this ego that belittles everything, diminishes everything, to emerge from it! All is falsehood in it.

And I, who understood nothing of love, am beginning to suspect who Satprem is. Mother, your grace is infinite, it has accompanied me everywhere in my life.

We are still in Kataragama, and we shall only go up to northern Ceylon, to Jaffna, around the 15th, then return to India towards the beginning of May if the visa problems are settled. Only in India, at the temple of Rameswaram, can I receive the orange robe. I am living here as a sannyasi, but dressed in white, like a Hindu. It is a stark life, nothing more. I have seen however, that truth does not lie in starkness but in a change of consciousness. (Desire always finds a means to entrench itself in very small details and in very petty and stupid, though well-rooted, avidities.)

Mother, I am seeing all the mean pettiness that obstructs your divine work. Destroy my smallness and take me unto you. May I be sincere, integrally sincere.

With infinite gratitude, I am your child.

Signed: Satprem

P.S. My system is not in perfect condition due to this absurdly spiced food, and the river water that is used for everything.

(Mother's reply)

Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 4.10.58

My dear child,

It is with great joy that I shall receive you when you return in May.

We have a lot of work to do together, because I have kept everything for your return.

I am trying to be near you as MATERIALLY as possible in order to help your body victoriously pass through the test.

I want it to come out of this tempered forever, above all attacks.

May the joy of luminous love be with you.

Until we meet,

Signed: Mother

Undated 1958

(Concerning one of her commentaries on the Dhammapada, in the chapter 'The Thousand,' Mother remarks:)

All this seems quite dogmatic.

Each time, only ONE aspect of the question is considered, whereas to be truly accurate, EVERYTHING would have to be said. It should be emphasized that this is only ONE point of view and that there are also all the others. But people ... that swamps them! They don't like it, they are happier when they can cling to something solid.

May 1, 1958

These days I am having every possible experience in the body, one after the other. Yesterday and this morning ... oh, this morning!

I saw there *(center of the heart)* the Master of the Yoga; he was no different

from me, but nevertheless I saw him, and he even seemed slightly imbued with color. Well, he does everything, he decides everything, he organizes everything with an almost mathematical precision and in the smallest details – everything.

To do the divine Will – I have been doing the sadhana for a long time, and I can say that not a day has passed that I have not done the Divine's Will. But I didn't know what it was! I was living in all the inner realms, from the subtle physical to the highest regions, yet I didn't know what it was ... I always had to listen, to refer things, to pay attention. Now, no more – bliss! There are no more problems, and everything is done in such harmony! Even if I had to leave my body, I would be in bliss! And it would happen in the best possible way.

Only now am I beginning to understand what Sri Aurobindo has written in *The Synthesis of Yoga!* And the human mind, the physical mind, appears so stupid, so stupid!

May 10, 1958

This morning, I suddenly looked at my body (usually, I don't look at it – I am inside it, working), I looked at my body and said to myself, 'Let's see, what would a witness say about this body?' – the witness Sri Aurobindo speaks of in *The Synthesis of Yoga.* Nothing very remarkable. So I formulated it like this *(Mother reads a written note):*

> 'This body has neither the uncontested authority of a god nor the imperturbable calm of the sage.'

So, what then?

'It is as yet only an apprentice in supermanhood.'

That is all it is trying to be.

I saw and understood very well that by concentrating, I could have given it the attitude of the absolute authority of the eternal Mother. When Sri Aurobindo told me, 'You are She,' at the same time he bestowed upon my body this attitude of absolute authority. But as I had the inner vision of this truth, I concerned myself very little with the imperfections of the physical body – I didn't bother about that, I only used it as an instrument. Sri Aurobindo did the sadhana for this body, which had only to remain constantly open to his action.'

Afterwards, when he left and I had to do the Yoga myself, to be able to take his physical place, I could have adopted the attitude of the sage, which is what I did since I was in an unparalleled state of calm when he left. As he left his body and entered into mine, he told me, 'You will continue, you will go right to the end of the work.' It was then that I imposed a calm upon this body – the calm of total detachment. And I could have remained like that.

But in a way, absolute calm implies withdrawal from action, so a choice had to be made between one or the other. I said to myself, 'I am neither exclusively this nor exclusively that.' And actually, to do Sri Aurobindo's work is to realize the Supramental on earth. So I began that work and, as a matter of fact, this was the only thing I asked of my body. I told it, 'Now you shall set right everything which is out of order and gradually realize this intermediate supermanhood between man and the supramental being or, in

other words, what I call the superman.'

And this is what I have been doing for the last eight years, and even much more during the past two years, since 1956. Now it is the work of each day, each minute.

That's where I am. I have renounced the uncontested authority of a god, I have renounced the unshakable calm of the sage ... in order to become the superman. I have concentrated everything upon that.

We shall see.

I am learning to work. I am only an apprentice, simply an apprentice – I am learning the trade!

* * *

1. This last sentence was later added by Mother in writing.

(Soon afterwards)

In a considerable number of people, it is their body, the physical body, that obstinately resists.

The difficulty is greater for Westerners than for Indians. It's as though their substance were steeped in falsehood. It also happens with Indians, of course, but generally the falsehood is much more in the vital than in the physical – because after all, the physical has been utilized by bodies belonging to enlightened beings. The European substance seems steeped in rebellion; in the Indian substance this rebelliousness is subdued by an influence of *surrender.* The other day, someone was telling me about some Europeans with whom he corresponds, and I said, 'But tell them to read, to learn, to follow *The Synthesis of* Yoga! – it leads you straight to the path.' Whereupon he replied, 'Oh, but they say it's full of talk on surrender, surrender, always surrender ...' and they want none of it.

They want none of it! Even if the mind accepts, the body and the vital refuse. And when the body refuses, it refuses with the stubbornness of a stone.

Is it not due to the body's unconsciousness?

No. From the minute it is conscious, it is conscious of its own falsehood! It is conscious of this law, of that law, of this third law that fourth law, this tenth law – everything is a 'law.' 'We are subject to physical laws: this will produce such and such a result if you do that, this will happen, etc.' Oh! It reeks! I know it well. I know it very well. These laws reek of falsehood. In the body, we have no faith in the divine Grace, none, none, none, none! Those who have not undergone a tapasya' as I have, say, 'Yes, all these inner moral things, feelings, psychology, all that is very good; we want the Divine and we are ready to ... But all the same, material facts are material facts, they have their concrete reality, after all an illness is an illness, food is food, and everything you do has a consequence, and when you are ...' – bah, bah, bah, bah, bah!

We must understand that this isn't true – it isn't true, it's a falsehood, all this is sheer falsehood. It is NOT TRUE, it is not true!

If only we would accept the Supreme inside our bodies, if we had the experience I had a few days ago2: the supreme Knowledge in action along with

the complete abolition of all consequences, past and future. Each second has its own eternity and its own law, which is a law of absolute truth.

1. Tapasya: yogic discipline or askesis.

2. May 1, 1958.

When I had this experience, I understood that only a month ago I was still uttering mountain-sized imbecilities. And I laughed to the point of almost approving those who say, 'But all the same, the Supreme does not decide the number of sugar cubes you put in your coffee! That would be to project your own way of being onto the Supreme.' But this is an Himalayan imbecility! It is a stupidity, the mind's pretentious stupidity projecting itself onto the divine life and imagining that the divine life conforms to its own projection.

The Supreme does not decide: He knows. The Supreme does not want: He sees. And it is so for each thousandth of a second, eternally. That's all. And it is the only true condition.

I know that the experience I had the other day is new and that I was the first person on earth to have it. But it is the only thing that is true. All the rest ...

I began my sadhana at birth, without knowing that I was doing it. I have continued it throughout my whole life, which means for almost eighty years (even though for perhaps the first three or four years of my life it was only something stirring about in unconsciousness). But I began a deliberate, conscious sadhana at about the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, upon prepared ground. I am now more than eighty years old: I have thought of nothing but that, I have wanted nothing but that, I had no other interest in life, and not for a single minute have I ever forgotten that it was THAT that I wanted. There were not periods of remembering and forgetting: it was continuous, unceasing, day and night, from the age of twenty-four – and I had this experience for the first time about a week ago! So, I say that people who are in a hurry, people who are impatient, are arrogant fools.

... It is a hard path. I try to make it as comfortable as possible, but nevertheless, it is a hard path. And it is obvious that it cannot be otherwise. You are beaten and battered until you understand. Until you are in that state in which all bodies are your body. But at that point, you begin to laugh! You were upset by this, hurt by that, you suffered from this or that – but now, how laughable it all seems! And not only the head, but the body too finds it laughable!

(silence)

... but it is so deeply rooted: all the reactions of the body-consciousness are like that, with a kind of shrinking at the idea of allowing a higher power to intervene.

(silence)

From the positive point of view, I am convinced that we agree upon the result to be obtained, that is, an integral and unreserved consecration – in love, knowledge and action – to the Supreme AND TO HIS WORK. I say to the Supreme and to his work because consecration to the Supreme alone is not

enough. Now we are here for the supramental realization, this is what is expected of us, but to reach it, our consecration to it must be total, unreserved absolutely integral. I believe you have understood this – in other words, that you have the will to realize it.

From the negative point of view – I mean the difficulties to be overcome – one of the most serious obstacles is that the ignorant and falsifying outer consciousness, the ordinary consciousness legitimizes all the so-called physical laws, causes, effects and consequences, all that science has discovered physically and materially. All this is an unquestionable reality to the consciousness, a reality that remains independent and absolute even in the face of the eternal divine Reality.

And it is so automatic that it is unconscious.

When it is a question of movements like anger, desire, etc., you recognize that they are wrong and must disappear, but when material laws are in question – laws of the body, for example, its needs, its health, its nourishment, all those things – they have such a solid, compact, established and concrete reality that it appears absolutely unquestionable.

Well, to be able to cure that, which of all the obstacles is the greatest (I mean the habit of putting spiritual life on one side and material life on the other, of acknowledging the right of material laws to exist), one must make a resolution never to legitimize any of these movements, at any cost.

To be able to see the problem as it is, it is absolutely indispensable, as a first step, to get out of the mental consciousness, even out of a mental transcription (in the highest mind) of the supramental vision and truth. A thing cannot be seen as it is, in its truth, except in the supramental consciousness, and if you try to explain, it immediately begins to escape you because you are obliged to give it a mental formulation.

As for me, I saw the thing only at the time of this experience,' and as a result of this experience. But it is impossible to formulate even the experience itself, and as soon as I endeavored to formulate it and the more I was able to formulate it, the more the thing faded, escaped.

1. May 1, 1958.

Consequently, if you do not remember having had the experience, you are left in the same condition as before, but with the difference that now you know, you can know, that these material laws do not correspond to the truth – that's all. They do not at all correspond to the truth, so consequently, if you want to be faithful to your aspiration, you must in no way legitimize all that. Rather, you must say that it is an infirmity from which we are suffering for the moment, for an intermediate period – it is an infirmity and an ignorance – for it really is an ignorance (this is not just a word): it is ignorance, it is not the thing as it is, even in regard to our present material bodies. Therefore, we will not legitimize anything. What we say is this – it is an infirmity which has to be endured for the time being, until we get out of it, but we do NOT ACKNOWLEDGE all this as a concrete reality. It does NOT have a concrete reality, it has a false reality – what we call concrete reality is a false reality.

And the proof – I have the proof because I experienced it myself – is that from the minute you are in the other consciousness, the true consciousness, all

these things which appear so real, so concrete, change INSTANTLY. There are a number of things, certain material conditions of my body – material – that changed instantly. It did not last long enough for everything to change, but some things changed and never returned, they remained changed. In other words, if that consciousness were kept constantly, it would be a perpetual miracle (what we would call a miracle from our ordinary point of view), a fantastic and perpetual miracle! But from the supramental point of view, it would not be a miracle at all, it would be the most normal of things.

Therefore, if we do not want to oppose the supramental action by an obscure, inert and obstinate resistance, we have to admit once and for all that none of these things should be legitimized.

May 11, 1958

One of the things that most gives me the feeling of the miraculous is when these obscure throngs' – really tamasic[1] beings, in fact, with children crying, people coughing – when all that is gathered there, and then suddenly ... silence.

Each time that happens, I have truly the feeling of a miracle! I immediately say, 'Oh, Lord! Your Grace is infinite!'

* * *

Something quite curious took place during a recent meditation. I no longer recall when exactly, but it was at a time when there were many visitors, for the courtyard was full. After perhaps no more than a few minutes, I suddenly heard a distinct voice, coming from my right, say 'OM,' like that. And then a second time, 'OM.' What an impact it had upon me! I felt an emotion here *(gesture towards the heart)* as I have not felt for years and years and years. And all, all, all was filled with light, with force – it was absolutely marvelous. It was an invocation, and during the whole meditation the Presence was resplendent.

I said to myself, 'Who could have done that?' I was not sure if only I had heard it, so I asked. The reply was, 'But it was the ship leaving!' There was actually a ship which had left during the night3 – that is in support of those who said it was a ship. But for me, it was SOMEONE because I felt someone there and I thought, Oh! If someone, in the ardor of his soul, said that in this ... what I could call an atheistic silence. Because people here are so afraid of following tradition, of being the slaves of the old things, that they cast out anything closely or remotely resembling religion.

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[1] *Tamas:* in Indian psychology, inertia and obscurity.

It was very strange, because my first reaction was one of bewilderment: how is it that someone ... I was really bewildered for a fraction, not even the fraction of a second. And then ...

I. Mother is referring to her "Darshan," when four times a year She appeared on her balcony high above the assembled mass of disciples and visitors on the street below. The "darshan days" were February 21, April 24, August 15 and November 24.

2.

3. The waters off Pondicherry occasionally serve as a port.

In any event, if it wasn't a man, if it was a ship, then the ship said it! Because it *was* THAT – it *was* that, it was nothing other than an invocation. And the result was fantastic!

People immediately thought, 'Oh, it's the ship!' Well, even if it was a ship, it was the ship that said OM!

And then I wondered, 'If we were to repeat the mantra we heard the other day' *(Om Namo Bhagavateh ...)* during the half-hour meditation, what would happen?'

What would happen?

And these things act upon my body. It is strange, but it coagulates something: all the cellular life becomes one solid, compact mass, in a tremendous concentration – with a single vibration. Instead of all the usual vibrations of the body, there is now only one single vibration. It becomes as hard as a diamond, a single massive concentration, as if all the cells of the body had ...

I became stiff from it. When the forest scene2 was over, I was so stiff that I was like that *(gesture):* one single mass.

May 17, 1958

Actually, when I myself am perfect, I believe that all the rest will become perfect automatically. But it does not seem possible to become perfect without there being a beginning of realization from the other side. So it proceeds like that, bumping from one side to the other, and we go stumbling along like a drunken man!

I. During an Indian film on *Dhruva* in which this manna was chanted for a long time. This film was shown at the Ashram Playground on April *29, 1958.*

2. In the same film.

May 30, 1958

(On Hostile Forces)

I have noticed that in at least ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is an excuse people give to themselves. I have seen that practically, in the case of almost all the people who write to me saying, 'I am being violently attacked by hostile forces,' it's an excuse they are giving. It means that certain things in their nature do not want to yield, so they put all the blame on the hostile forces.

As a matter of fact, my tendency is more and more towards something in which the role of these hostile forces will be reduced to that of an examiner – which means that they are there to test the sincerity of your spiritual quest. These elements have a reality in their action and for the work – this is their great reality – but when you go beyond a certain region, it all grows dim to such a degree that it is no longer so well defined, so distinct. In the occult world, or rather if you look at the world from the occult point of view, these hostile forces are very real, their action is very real, quite concrete, and their attitude towards the divine realization is positively hostile; but as soon as you go beyond this region and enter into the spiritual world where there is no longer anything but the Divine in all things, and where there is nothing undivine, then these 'hostile forces' become part of the total play and can no longer be called 'hostile forces': it is only an attitude that they have adopted – or more precisely, it is only an attitude adopted by the Divine in his play.

This again belongs to the dualities that Sri Aurobindo speaks of in *The Synthesis of Yoga,* these dualities that are being reabsorbed. I don't know if he spoke of this particular one; I don't think so, but it's the same thing. It's again a certain way of seeing. He has written of the Personal-Impersonal duality, Ishwara-Shakti, Purusha-Prakriti ... but there is still one more: Divine and anti-divine.

June 6, 1958

It's all the same thing, but the word realization can be reserved for something that is durable, that does not wear off. Because everything on earth fades away – everything fades away, nothing remains. In this sense, there has never been any realization, for everything fades away. Nothing is ever permanent. And I know for myself: I am doing the sadhana at a gallop, as it were; never are two experiences identical nor do they recur in the same way. As soon as something is established, the next thing begins immediately. It may appear to fade away, but it doesn't fade away; rather, it is the basis upon which the next thing is built.

* * *

This morning while I was on the balcony, I had an interesting experience: the experience of man's effort, in all its forms and through all the ages, to approach the Divine. And I seemed to be growing wider and wider so that all the forms and all the ways of approaching the Divine attempted by man would be contained in the present Work.

It was represented by a kind of image in which I was as vast as the Universe, and each way of approaching the Divine was like a tiny image containing the characteristic form of this approach. And my impression was this: Why do people always limit, limit themselves? Narrow, narrow, narrow! They understand only when it is narrow.

Take all! Take all within you. And then you will begin to understand – you will begin.

* * *

It was in 1910 that I had this sort of reversal of consciousness about which I spoke the other evening – that is, the first contact with the higher Divine – and it completely changed my life.

From that moment on, I was conscious that all one does is the expression of the indwelling Divine Will. But it is the Divine Will AT THE VERY CENTER of oneself, although for a while there remained an activity in the physical mind. But this was stilled two or three days after I saw Sri Aurobindo for the first time in 1914, and it never started up again. Silence settled. And the consciousness was established above the head.

In the first experience [of 1910], the consciousness was established in the psychic depths of the being, and from that poise issued the feeling of no longer doing anything but what the Divine wanted – it was the consciousness that the divine Will was all-powerful and that there was no longer any personal will, although there was still some mental activity and everything had to be made silent. In 1914, it was silenced, and the consciousness was established above the head. Here *(the heart)* and here *(above the head),* the connection is constant.

Does one exclude the other?

They exist simultaneously; it's the same thing. When you start becoming truly conscious, you realize that it depends upon the kinds of activities you have to do. When you do a certain kind of work, it is in the heart that the Force gathers to radiate outwards, and when you do another kind of work, it is above the head that the Force concentrates to radiate outwards, but the two are not separate: the center of activity is here or there depending upon what you have to do.

As for the latest experience,' I can't say for sure that no one has ever had it, because someone like Ramakrishna, individuals like that, could have had it. But I am not sure, for when I had this experience (not of the divine Presence, which I had already felt in the cells for a long time, but the experience that the Divine ALONE is acting in the body, that He has BECOME the body, yet all the while retaining his character of divine omniscience and omnipotence) well, the whole time it remained actively like that, it was absolutely impossible to

have the LEAST disorder in the body, and not only in the body, but IN ALL THE SURROUNDING MATTER. It was as if every object obeyed without even needing to decide to obey: it was automatic. There was a divine harmony in EVERYTHING (it took place in my bathroom upstairs, certainly to demonstrate that it exists in the most trivial things), in everything, constantly. So if that is established in a permanent way, there CAN NO LONGER be illness it is impossible. There can no longer be accidents, there can no longer be illness, there can no longer be disorders, and everything should harmonize (probably in a progressive way) just as that was harmonized: all the objects in the bathroom were full of a joyful enthusiasm – everything obeyed, everything!

1. May 1, 1958.

As it was the first experience, it started to fade slightly when I began having contact with people; but I really had the feeling that it was a first experience, new upon earth. For I have experienced an absolute identity of the will with the divine Will ever since 1910, it has never left me. It isn't that, it's SOMETHING ELSE. It is MATTER BECOMING THE DIVINE. And it really came with the feeling that this thing was happening for the first time upon earth. It is difficult to say for sure, but Ramakrishna died of cancer, and now that I have had the experience, I know in an ABSOLUTE way that this is impossible. If he had decided to go because the Divine wanted him to go, it would have been an orderly departure, in total harmony and with a total will, whereas this illness is a means of disorder.

Is this experience of May 1 related to the Supramental Manifestation of 1956? Is it a supramental experience?

It is the result of the descent of the supramental substance into Matter. Only this substance – what it has put into physical Matter – could have made it possible. It is a new ferment. From the material standpoint, it removes from physical Matter its tamas, the heaviness of its unconsciousness, and from the psychological standpoint, its ignorance and its falsehood. Matter is subtilized. But it has surely come only as a first experience to show how it will be.

It is truly a state of absolute omniscience and omnipotence in the body which changes all the vibrations around it.

It is likely that the greatest resistance will be in the most conscious beings due to a lack of mental receptivity, due to the mind itself which wants things to continue (as Sri Aurobindo has written) according to its own mode of ignorance. So-called inert matter is much more easily responsive, much more – it does not resist. And I am convinced that among plants, for example, or among animals, the response will be much quicker than among men. It will be more difficult to act upon a very organized mind; beings who live in an entirely crystallized, organized mental consciousness are as hard as stone! It resists. According to my experience, what is unconscious will certainly follow more easily. It was a delight to see the water from the tap, the mouthwash in the bottle, the glass, the sponge – it all had such an air of joy and consent! There is much less ego, you see, it is not a conscious ego.

The ego becomes more and more conscious and resistant as the being

develops. Very primitive, very simple beings, little children will respond first, because they don't have an organized ego. But these big people! People who have worked on themselves, who have mastered themselves, who are organized, who have an ego made of steel, it will be difficult for them.

Unless they go beyond all this and have enough spiritual knowledge to be able to make the ego surrender ... in which case the realization will naturally be much greater – it will be more difficult to accomplish, but the result will be far more complete.

When you had this experience of February 3, 1958 [the supramental ship], the vision of your usual consciousness, which is nevertheless a Truth Consciousness, no longer seemed true to you at all. Did you see things you had never before seen, or did you see things in another way?

Yes, one enters into another world.

This consciousness here is true in relation to this world as it is, but the other ... is something else entirely. An adjustment is needed for the two to touch, otherwise one jumps from one to the other. And that serves no purpose. A progressive passage has to be built between the two. This means that a whole number of rungs of consciousness are missing. This consciousness here must consciously connect with that consciousness there, which means a multitude of stairs passing from one to the other. Then we will be able to rise up progressively, and the whole will arise.

Its action will be somewhat similar to what is described in the Last Judgment, which is an entirely symbolic expression of something that makes us discern between what belongs to the world of falsehood which is destined to disappear and what belongs to this same world of ignorance and inertia but is transformable. One will go to one side and the other to the other side. All that is transformable will be permeated more and more with this new substance and this new consciousness to such an extent that it will rise towards it and serve as a link between the two but all that belongs incorrigibly to falsehood and ignorance will disappear. This was also prophesied in the *Gita:* among what we call the hostile or anti-divine forces, those capable of being transformed will be uplifted and go off towards the new consciousness, whereas all that is irrevocably in darkness or belongs to an evil will shall be destroyed and vanish from the Universe. And a whole part of humanity that has responded to these forces rather too ... zealously will certainly vanish with them. And this is what was expressed in this concept of the Last Judgment.

June 1958

(At the time of publishing the following conversation of March 19, 1958, in the Ashram 'Bulletin,' Mother added certain commentaries that have a

direct bearing upon the preceding conversation about the Last Judgment, and She incorporated an entire passage from the conversation of the end of February 1958 on the same subject.)

One thing seems clear: humanity has reached such a generalized state of tension – tension in effort, tension in action, tension even in daily life – with such an excessive hyperactivity, such an overall restlessness, that the species as a whole seems to have reached a point where it must either burst through the resistance and surge forth into a new consciousness, or else sink back into an abysm of obscurity and inertia.

This tension is so total and so generalized that obviously something must break. It cannot go on like this. Yet all this is a sure sign that a new principle of force, consciousness and power has been infused into matter and by its very pressure has produced this acute state. Outwardly, we might expect to see the old habitual means used by Nature whenever she wants to bring about an upheaval; but here there is a new phenomenon, which is evidently visible only in a select few, although even these few are widespread enough – this phenomenon is not localized in one point or one place in the world, for the signs are to be found in every country all over the earth: the will to find a new, a higher, an ascending solution, an effort to surge forth into a vaster, more encompassing perfection.

Certain ideas of a more general, more extensive, more collective nature, as it were, are being worked out and are at work in the world. And the two go together: a greater and more total possibility of destruction and an inventiveness that unrestrainedly increases the possibility of catastrophe, a catastrophe that would be much more massive than it has ever been; and at the same time, the birth, or rather the manifestation, of much higher and more comprehensive ideas and wills which, when heard, will bring a vaster, more extensive, more complete and more perfect solution than before.

This struggle, this conflict between the constructive forces of an ascending evolution, of an increasingly perfect and divine realization, and the more and more destructive forces – powerfully destructive, forces of an uncontrollable madness – is becoming more obvious, unmistakably visible, and it is a kind of race or battle as to which will be first to reach its goal. All the hostile, anti-divine forces, these forces of the vital world, seem to have descended upon earth and are using it as their field of action; and at the same time, a new, higher, more powerful spiritual force has also descended upon earth to bring a new life to it. This renders the battle more bitter, violent and visible, but apparently more decisive, too, which is why we may hope to arrive at an early solution.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when man's spiritual aspiration was turned towards a silent, inactive peace, detached from all the things of this world, an evasion of life to avoid the struggle, precisely, to rise above the battle, to be liberated from effort. It was a spiritual peace where, along with the cessation of tension, struggle and effort, suffering in all its forms also ceased, and this was considered the true and unique expression of the spiritual and divine life. This is what was considered divine grace, divine succor, divine

intervention. And even now, in this age of anguish, tension and hypertension, this sovereign peace is of all help the best received, the most welcome, the relief asked and hoped for. For many, it is still the true sign of divine intervention, of divine grace.

In fact, no matter what you wish to realize, you must begin by establishing this perfect and immutable peace – it is the necessary basis for any work; but unless you are thinking of an exclusive or personal and egoistic liberation, you cannot stop there. There is yet another aspect to the divine grace, the aspect of progress that will be victorious over all obstacles, the aspect that will propel humanity into a new realization, open the doors unto a new world, enable not only a select few to benefit from the divine realization, but through their influence, their example and their power, bring a new and better condition to the rest of humanity.

It opens vistas of realization into the future and already foreseen possibilities through which an entire section of humanity, which is consciously or unconsciously open to the new forces, will be lifted up, as it were, towards a higher, more harmonious, more perfect life ... and even if individual transformations are not permissible nor possible in all cases, at least there will be a kind of uplifting of the whole, a harmonization of everything, enabling a new order, a new harmony to be established and the anguish of disorder and the present strife to disappear and be replaced by an order that will allow for the harmonious working of the whole.

There will be other consequences that by opposite means will tend to eradicate the perversion and ugliness created in life due to the intervention of the mind, a whole range of deformations that have aggravated suffering, misery, moral poverty, a whole zone of sordid and repugnant miseries that makes an entire portion of human life so hideous. That must disappear. That is what in many respects makes humanity infinitely inferior to animal life, with its simplicity and its natural spontaneity, and which in spite of everything is harmonious. Suffering among animals is never as miserable and sordid as it is in a whole section of humanity perverted by a mentality exclusively turned towards egoistic needs.

One must rise above, surge forth into the Light and the Harmony, or sink back down into the simplicity of a wholesome, unperverted animal life.

(After a moment of silence, Mother adds)

But those who cannot be lifted up, who refuse to progress, will automatically lose the use of the mental consciousness and fall back into an infrahuman stage.

I'll tell you of an experience I had which will help you better understand. It was a short while after the supramental experience of February 3, and I was still in that state where things of the physical world seemed so remote, so absurd. A group of visitors asked permission to greet me, and they came one evening to the playground. They were rich people – that is, they had more money than they needed to live. Among them was a woman in a saree. She was very fat, and her saree was so arranged as to hide her body. When she bent over to receive my blessings, a corner of her saree fell open, uncovering part of her body, a bare belly. An enormous belly. It came as a shock to me ... There are

obese people who are not at all repugnant, but there I suddenly saw the perversion, the rottenness that this abdomen concealed. It was like an enormous abscess expressing greed, vice, depravity of taste, sordid desire that seeks satisfaction as no animal would, grossly, and above all, perversely. I saw the perversion of a depraved mind placed at the service of the basest appetites. Then, in a flash, something leapt forth from me, a prayer, like a Veda: 'O Lord, it is this that must vanish!'

One can well understand that physical misery or the unequal distribution of the world's wealth could be remedied. One can think of economic and social solutions that could remedy all that, but this particular misery, this mental misery, this vital perversion – it is this that cannot change, that does NOT WANT to change. And those who belong to this kind of humanity are condemned in advance to disintegration.

The meaning of original sin is precisely this: the perversion that began with the mind.

That part of humanity, of the human consciousness, which is able to unite with the Supermind and liberate itself will be completely transformed. It is moving towards its future reality as yet unexpressed in the outer form; the part very close to the simplicity of the animal, close to Nature, will be reabsorbed by Nature and thoroughly reassimilated. But that corrupted part of the human consciousness, which through its wrong use of the mind allows this perversion, will be abolished.

That kind of humanity belongs to an unfruitful attempt – and will be eliminated, like so many other abortive species which have vanished in the course of universal history.

Certain prophets in the past had this apocalyptic vision, but as usual things became mixed, and along with their vision of the apocalypse they did not have the vision of the supramental world that will come to uplift the consenting part of humanity and transform this physical world. However, to give hope to those born into this perverted part of the human consciousness, redemption through faith was taught: those who have faith in the sacrifice of the Divine in Matter will automatically be saved, in another world – faith alone, without understanding, without intelligence. They never saw the supramental world, nor did they see that the great Sacrifice of the Divine in Matter is that of an involution which will lead to the total revelation of the Divine in Matter itself.

June 1958 (?)

We are preparing upon earth the connecting-point, that point of communication and junction between the mental and terrestrial human consciousness and the supramental and superhuman Consciousness. It is a

whole intermediate world that is being worked out, a new creation manifesting and materializing.

In order to be realized here upon earth, this creation must utilize the already existing material means and powers, but in a new way, adapted to the new needs. One of the most essential powers is the financial power.

June 22, 1958

Do not ask questions about the details of the material existence of this body: they are in themselves of no interest and must not attract attention.

Throughout all this life, knowingly or unknowingly, I have been what the Lord wanted me to be, I have done what the Lord wanted me to do. That alone matters.

July 2, 1958

Ramdas3 must be a continuation of the line of Chaitanya, Ramakrishna, etc ... .

(silence)

1. Note written by Mother.
2. Note written by Mother in English.
3. *Ramdas:* a yogi from Northwest India who followed the path of love *(bhakti).* His whole yoga consisted in repeating the name *Ram.* He founded the *Anand-ashram* in Kanhargad, Kerala. He was born in 1884 and died in *1963.*

A subject for this evening ...

Something I have never said completely. On the one hand, there is the attitude of those in yesterday evening's film': God is everything, God is everywhere, God is in he who smites you (as Sri Aurobindo wrote – 'God made me good with a blow, shall I tell Him: O Mighty One, I forgive you your harm and cruelty but do not do it again!'), an attitude which, if extended to its ultimate conclusion, accepts the world as it is: the world is the perfect expression of the divine Will. On the other hand, there is the attitude of progress and transformation. But for that, you must recognize that there are things in the world which are not as they should be.

In *The Synthesis of Yoga,* Sri Aurobindo says that this idea of good and bad, of pure and impure, is a notion needed for action; but the purists, such as Chaitanya, Ramakrishna and others, do not agree. They do not agree that it is indispensable for action. They simply say: your acceptance of action as a necessary thing is contrary to your perception of the Divine in all things.

How can the two be reconciled?

I recall that once I tried to speak of this, but no one followed me, no one

understood, so I did not insist. I left it open and never pursued it further, for they could not decipher anything or find any meaning in what I was saying. But now I could give a very simple answer: Let the Supreme do the work. It is He who has to progress, not you!

Ramdas does not at all consider that the world as it is, is good.

No, but I know all these people, I know them thoroughly! I know Chaitanya, Ramakrishna and Ramdas thoroughly. They are utterly familiar to me. It doesn't bother them. These are people who live with a certain feeling, who have an entirely concrete experience and live in this experience, but they don't care at all if their formation – they have not even crystallized it, they leave it like that, vague – contains things that are mutually contradictory, because, in appearance, they reconcile them. They do not raise any questions, they do not have the need for an absolutely clear vision; their feeling is absolutely clear, and that's enough for them. Ramakrishna was like that; he said the most contradictory things without being bothered in the least, and they are all exactly and equally true.

1. Bishnupriya, a Bengali film.

But this crystal clear vision Sri Aurobindo had, where everything is in its place, where contradictions no longer exist – they never soared to that height. This was the thing, this really crystalline, perfect supramental vision, even from the standpoint of understanding and knowledge. They never went that far.

(Soon afterwards)

Each element, let us say each individual element (even though it is not exactly like that), is in its place according to whether the Grace acts on the individual or on the collectivity.

When the Grace acts on the collectivity, each thing, each element, each principle, is put in its place as the result of a karmic logic in the universal movement. This is what gives us the impression of disorder and confusion as we see it.

When the Grace acts on the individual, it gives to each the maximum position according to what he is and what he has realized.

And then, there is a super-grace, as it were, which works in a few exceptional cases, which places you not according to what you are but according to what you are to become, which means that the universal cosmic position is ahead of the individual's progress.

And it is then that you should keep silent and fall on your knees.

July 5, 1958

I have just explained to Z my program for getting out of the present difficulties,' and I think if he has not concluded that I am totally mad, it is because he has an immense respect for me! But as always in these cases, there is such a joy in me, such an exultation: all the cells are dancing. I understand why people begin singing, dancing, etc. It takes a formidable power to remain like that *(gesture of solidity):* there is such a desire in the throat to sing!

* * *

1. In regard to the Ashram's financial difficulties.

S brought me a photograph *(taken on 2.21.58 during the Darshan).* A saint with a halo! *(Mother laughs mockingly.)*

The eyes are nice.

Yes, I remember. It was towards the end of the Darshan and I was repeating within me, 'Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord ...' But wordlessly. It came like that *(gesture)* and went far, far, far, far! It is all here *(motion around the head).* And that *(Mother points to her chin) is* determination (but there should have been a little more light on the chin!), the realizing will.

That's it: the capacity to be an ABSOLUTELY receptive passivity – like that – in TOTAL silence and surrender, and at the same time here, there, an IRREDUCIBLE, OMNIPOTENT will with a total power to effectuate, shattering all resistances. Both simultaneously without one inhibiting the other, in the same joy – that is the GREAT secret! The harmonization of opposites, in joy and plenitude, ALWAYS, ALWAYS, for *all* problems: that is the great secret.

July 6, 1958

This morning I asked myself the question, 'is money truly under Nature's control?' I shall have to see ... Because for me personally, she always gives everything in abundance.

When I was young, I was as poor as a turkey, as poor as could be! As an artist, I sometimes had to go out in society (as artists are forced to do). I had lacquered boots that were cracked ... and I painted them so it wouldn't show! This is to tell you the state I was in – poor as a turkey. So one day, in a shop window, I saw a very pretty petticoat much in fashion then, with lace, ribbons, etc. (It was the fashion in those days to have long skirts which trailed on the floor, and I didn't have a petticoat which could go with such things – I didn't care, it didn't matter to me in the least, but since Nature had told me I would always have everything I needed, I wanted to make an experiment.) So I said, 'Well, I would very much like to have a petticoat to go with those skirts.' I got five of them! They came from every direction!

And it is always like that. I never ask for anything, but if by chance I say to myself, 'Hmm, wouldn't it be nice to have that,' mountains of them pour in! So last year, I made an experiment, I told Nature, 'Listen, my little one, you say that you will collaborate, you told me I would never lack anything. Well then, to put it on a level of feelings, it would really be fun, it would give me joy (in the style of Krishna's joy), to have A LOT of money to do everything I feel like doing. It's not that I want to increase things for myself, no; you give me more than I need. But to have some fun, to be able to give freely, to do things freely, to spend freely – I am asking you to give me a crore of rupees' for my birthday!

She didn't do a thing! Nothing, absolutely nothing: a complete refusal. Did she refuse or was she unable to? It may be that ... I always saw that money was under the control of an asuric force. (I am speaking of currency, 'cash'; I don't want to do business. When I try to do business, it generally succeeds very well, but I don't mean that. I am speaking of cash.) I never asked her that question.

You see, this is how it happened: there's this Ganesh2 ... We had a meditation (this was more than thirty years ago) in the room where 'Prosperity'3 is now distributed. There were eight or ten of us, I believe. We used to make sentences with flowers; I arranged the flowers, and each one made a sentence with the different flowers I had put there. And one day when the subject of prosperity or wealth came up, I thought (they always say that Ganesh is the god of money, of fortune, of the world's wealth), I thought, 'Isn't this whole story of the god with an elephant trunk merely a lot of human imagination?' Thereupon, we meditated. And who should I see walk in and park himself in front of me but a living being, absolutely alive and luminous, with a trunk that long ... and smiling! So then, in my meditation, I said, 'Ah! So it's true that you exist!' – 'Of course I exist! And you may ask me for whatever you wish, from a monetary standpoint, of course, and I will give it to you!'

So I asked. And for about ten years, it poured in, like this *(gesture of torrents).* It was incredible. I would ask, and at the next Darshan, or a month or several days later, depending, there it was.

1 About one million dollars.

2. Ganesh: a god with the head of an elephant; the son of Parvati, the Divine Mother.

3. The room where, on the first of each month, Mother distributed to the disciples their needs for the month.

Then the war and all the difficulties came, bringing a tremendous increase of people and expenditure (the war cost a fortune – anything at all cost ten times more than before), and suddenly, finished, nothing more. Not exactly nothing, but a thin little trickle. And when I asked, it didn't come. So one day, I put the question to Ganesh through his image (!), I asked him, 'What about your promise?' – 'I can't do it, it's too much for me; my means are too limited!' – 'Ah!' I said to myself *(laughing),* 'What bad luck!' And I no longer counted on him.

Once someone even asked Santa Claus! A young Muslim girl who had a special liking for 'Father Christmas' – I don't know why, as it was not part of her religion! Without saying a word to me, she called on Santa Claus and told him, 'Mother doesn't believe in you; you should give Her a gift to prove to Her that you exist. You can give it to Her for Christmas.' And it happened! ... She was quite proud.

But it only happened like that once. And as for Ganesh, that was the end of it. So then I asked Nature. It took her a long time to accept to collaborate. But as for the money, I shall have to ask her about it; because for me personally, it is still going on. I think, 'Hmm, wouldn't it be nice to have a wristwatch like that.' And I get twenty of them! I say to myself, 'Well, if I had that ...' and I get thirty of them! Things come in from every side, without my even uttering a word – I don't even ask, they just come.

The first time I came here and spoke with Sri Aurobindo about what was needed for the Work, he told me (he also wrote it to me) that for the secure achievement of the Work we would need three powers: one was the power over health, the second was the power over government, and the third was the power

over money.

Health naturally depends upon the sadhana; but even that is not so sure: there are other factors. As for the second, the power over government, Sri Aurobindo looked at it, studied it, considered it very carefully, and finally he told me, 'There is only one way to have that power: it is TO BE the government. One can influence individuals, one can transmit the will to them, but their hands are tied. In a government, there is no one individual, nor even several who is all-powerful and who can decide things. One must be the government oneself and give it the desired orientation.'

For the last, for money, he told me, 'I still don't know exactly what it depends on.' Then one day I entered into trance with this idea in mind, and after a certain journey I came to a place like a subterranean grotto (which means that it is in the subconscient, or perhaps even in the inconscient) which was the source, the place and the power over money. I was about to enter into this grotto (a kind of inner cave) when I saw, coiled and upright, an immense serpent, like an all black python, formidable, as big as a seven-story house, who said, 'You cannot pass!' – 'Why not? Let me pass!' – 'Myself, I would let you pass, but if I did, "they" would immediately destroy me.' – 'Who, then, is this "they"?' – 'They are the asuric' powers who rule over money. They have put me here to guard the entrance, precisely so that you may not enter.' – 'And what is it that would give one the power to enter?' Then he told me something like this: 'I heard (that is, he himself had no special knowledge, but it was something he had heard from his masters, those who ruled over him), I heard that he who will have a total power over the human sexual impulses (not merely in himself, but a universal power – that is, a power enabling him to control this everywhere, among all men) will have the right to enter.' In other words, these forces would not be able to prevent him from entering.

A personal realization is very easy, it is nothing at all; a personal realization is one thing, but the power to control it among all men – that is, to control or master such movements at will, everywhere – is quite another. I don't believe that this ... condition has been fulfilled. If what the serpent said is true and if this is really what will vanquish these hostile forces that rule over money, well then, it has not been fulfilled.

It has been fulfilled to a certain extent – but it's negligible. It is conditional, limited: in one case, it works; in another, it doesn't. It is quite problematic. And naturally, where terrestrial things are involved (I don't say universal, but in any case terrestrial), when it is something involving the earth, it must be complete; there cannot be any approximations.

Therefore, it's an affair between the asuras and the human species. To transform itself is the only solution left to the human species – in other words, to tear from the asuric forces the power of ruling over the human species.

You see, the human species is a part of Nature, but as Sri Aurobindo has explained, from the moment mind expressed itself in man, it put him into a relationship with Nature very different from the relationship all the lower species have with her. All the lower species right up to man are completely under the rule of Nature; she makes them do whatever she wants, and they can do nothing without her consent. Whereas man begins to act and to live as an

equal; not as an equal in terms of power, but from the standpoint of consciousness (he is beginning to do so since he has the capacity to study and to find out Nature's secrets). He is not superior to her, far from it, but he is on an equal footing. And so he has acquired – this is a fact – he has acquired a certain power of independence that he immediately used to put himself under the influence of the hostile forces, which are not terrestrial but extra-terrestrial.

1. Asuras: the demons or dark forces of the mental plane.

I am speaking of terrestrial Nature. Through their mental power, men had the choice and the freedom to make pacts with these extraterrestrial vital forces. There is a whole vital world that has nothing to do with the earth, it is entirely independent or prior to earth's existence, it is self-existent – well, they have brought that down here! They have made ... what we see! And such being the case ... This is what terrestrial Nature told me: 'It is beyond my control.'

So considering all that, Sri Aurobindo came to the conclusion that only the supramental power ... *(Mother brings down her hands)* as he said, will be able to rule over everything. And when that happens, it will be all over – including Nature. For a long time, Nature rebelled (I have written about it often). She used to say, 'Why are you in such a hurry? It will be done one day.' But then last year, there was that extraordinary experience.' And it was because of that experience that I told her, 'Well, now that we agree, give me some proof; I am asking you for some proof – do it for me.' She didn't budge, absolutely nothing.

Perhaps it is a kind of ... it can hardly be called an intuition, but a kind of divination of this idea that made people speak of 'selling one's soul to the devil for money,' of money being an evil force, which produces this shrinking on the part of all those who want to lead a spiritual life – but as for that, they shrink from everything, not only from money!

Perhaps it would not be necessary to have this power over all men, but in any event, it should be great enough to act upon the mass. It is likely that once a certain movement has been mastered to some degree, what the mass does or doesn't do (this whole human mass that has barely, barely emerged into even the mental consciousness) will become quite irrelevant. You see, the mass is still under the great rule of Nature. I am referring to mental humanity, predominantly mental, which developed the mind but misused it and immediately set out on the wrong path – first thing.

There is nothing to say since the first thing done by the divine forces which emanated for the Creation was to take the wrong path!' That is the origin, the seed of this marvelous spirit of independence – the negation of *surrender,* in other words. Man said, 'I have the power to think; I will do with it what I want, and no one has the right to intervene. I am free, I am an independent being, IN-DE-PEN-DENT! So that's how things stand: we are all independent beings!

1. The experience of Nature's collaboration (November 8, 1957).

But yesterday, in fact, I was looking (with all these mantras and these prayers and this whole vibration that has descended into the atmosphere, creating a state of constant calling in the atmosphere), and I remembered the old movements and how everything now has changed! I was also thinking of

the old disciplines, one of which is to say, 'I am That.'2 People were told to sit in meditation and repeat, 'I am That,' to reach an identification. And it all seemed to me so obsolete, so childish, but at the same time a part of the whole. I looked, and it seemed so absurd to sit in meditation and say, 'I am That'! 'I,' what is this 'I' who is That; what is this 'I,' where is it? ... I was trying to find it, and I saw a tiny, microscopic point (to see it would almost require some gigantic instrument), a tiny, obscure point in an im-men-sity of Light, and that little point was the body. At the same time – it was absolutely simultaneous – I saw the Presence of the Supreme as a very, very, very, VERY immense Being, within which was 'I' in an attitude of ... ('I' was only a sensation, you see), an attitude ... *(gesture of surrender)* like this. There were no limits, yet at the same time, one felt the joy of being permeated, enveloped and of being able to widen, widen, widen indefinitely – to widen the whole being, from the highest consciousness to the most material consciousness. And then, at the same time, to look at this body and to see every cell, every atom vibrating with a divine, radiant Presence with all its Consciousness, all its Power, all its Will, all its Love – all, all, really – and a joy! An extraordinary joy. And one did not disturb the other, nothing was contradictory and everything was felt at the same time. That was when I said, 'But truly! This body had to have the training it has had for more than seventy years to be able to bear all that without starting to cry out or dance or leap up or whatever it might be!' No, it was calm (it was exultant, but it was very calm), and it remained in control of its movements and its words. In spite of the fact that it was really living in another world, it could apparently act normal due to this strenuous training in self-control by the REASON – by the reason – over the whole being, which has tamed it and given it such a great cohesive power that I can BE in the experience, I can LIVE this experience, and at the same time respond with the most amiable of smiles to the most idiotic questions!

1. In effect, according to tradition, the first divine forces that emanated for the creation were the Asuras, who turned into demons. The gods were created later to repair the disorder engendered by the demons.

2. So'ham the traditional mantra of the Vedantic path, which declares that the world is an illusion.

And then, it always ends in the same way, by a canticle to the action of the grace: 'O, Lord! You are truly marvelous! All the experiences I have needed to pass through You have given to me, all the things I needed to do to make this body ready You have made me do, and always with the feeling that it was You who was making me do it' – and with the universal disapproval of all the right-minded humanity!

July 1958

To do this Yoga, one must have at least some sense of beauty. Without it, one lacks one of the most important aspects of the physical world.

There is a beauty of the soul, a dignity of the soul – it is a thing to which I am very sensitive, a thing that moves me and arouses great respect in me, always.

A beauty of the soul?

Yes, it shows through in the face; this kind of dignity, beauty, harmony of an integral realization. When the soul shows through in the physical, it imparts this dignity, this beauty, this majesty, the majesty that comes from being the Tabernacle. Thus, even things that have no particular beauty assume a sense of eternal beauty, of THE eternal beauty.

In this way, I have seen faces change from one extreme to the other in a flash. Someone who had this kind of beauty, harmony, this sense of divine dignity in the body, and suddenly the perception of the obstacle or the difficulty comes, then the sense of wrong, of unworthiness – there is a sudden distortion in the appearance, a kind of decomposition of the features! And yet it is the same face. It takes place in a flash, it's frightful. This kind of hideousness of torment, of degradation (it is exactly what has been expressed in religions as the 'torment of sin'), it changes your face unrecognizably! Even features that are beautiful in themselves become frightful – and they are the same features, the same person.

Thus I saw how horrible is the sense of sin, how much it belongs to the world of falsehood.

July 19, 1958

A peach should ripen on the tree; it's a fruit that should be picked when the sun is upon it. Just as the sun falls on it, you come along, pluck it and bite into it. Then it is absolute paradise.

There are two such fruits – peaches and golden green plums. It is the same for both. You must take them warm from the tree, bite into them, and you are filled with the taste of paradise.

Every fruit should be eaten in a special way.

At heart, this is the symbol of the earthly Paradise and the tree of Knowledge: by biting into the fruit of Knowledge, one loses the spontaneity of movement and begins objectivizing, learning, questioning. So as soon as they ate of this fruit, they were full of sin.

I say that every fruit should be eaten in its own way. The being who lives according to his own nature, his own truth, must spontaneously find the right way of using things. When you live according to the truth of your being, you don't need to learn things: you do them spontaneously, according to the inner law. When you sincerely follow your nature, spontaneously and sincerely, you are divine. As soon as you think or look at yourself acting or start questioning, you are full of sin.

It is man's mental consciousness that has filled all Nature with the idea of sin and all the misery it brings. Animals are not at all unhappy in the way we

are. Not at all, not at all, except – as Sri Aurobindo says – those that are corrupted. Those that are corrupted are those that live with men. Dogs have the sense of sin and guilt, for their whole aspiration is to resemble man. Man is the god. Hence there is dissimulation, hypocrisy: dogs lie. But men admire that. They say, 'Oh! How intelligent they are!'

They have lost their divinity.

Truly, the human species is at a point in the spiral which is not very pretty.

But isn't a dog more conscious, more evolved than a tiger, or higher in the spiral – that is, nearer the Divine?

It's not a question of being conscious. There is no doubt that man is more evolved than the tiger, but the tiger is more divine than man. One shouldn't confuse things. These are two entirely different things.

The Divine is everywhere, in everything. We should never forget it – not for a second should we forget it. He is everywhere, in everything; and in an unconscious but spontaneous, therefore sincere, way, all that exists below the mental manifestation is divine, without mixture; in other words, it exists spontaneously and in harmony with its nature. It is man with his mind who has introduced the idea of guilt. Naturally, he is much more conscious! There's no question about it, it's a fact, although what we call consciousness (what 'we' call it, that is, what man calls consciousness) is the power to objectify and mentalize things. It is not the true consciousness, but it's what men call consciousness. So according to the human mode, it is obvious that man is much more conscious than the animal, but the human brings in sin and perversion which do not exist outside of this state we call 'conscious' – which in fact is not conscious but merely consists in mentalizing things and in having the ability to objectify them.

It is an ascending curve, but a curve that swerves away from the Divine. So naturally, one has to climb much higher to find a higher Divine, since it is a conscious Divine, whereas the others are divine spontaneously and instinctively, without being conscious of it. All our moral notions of good and evil, all of that, are what we have thrown over the creation with our distorted and perverted consciousness. It is we who have invented it.

We are the distorting intermediary between the purity of the animal and the divine purity of the gods.

July 21, 1958

Human beings don't know how to keep energy. When something happens – an accident or an illness, for example – and they ask for help, a double or a triple dose of energy is sent. If they happen to be receptive, they receive it. This energy is given for two reasons: to restore order out of the disorder caused by

the accident or illness, and to impart a transformative force to repair or change the source of the illness or accident.

But instead of using the energy in this way, they immediately throw it out. They start stirring about, reacting, working, speaking ... They feel full of energy and they throw it all out! They can't keep anything. So naturally, since the energy was not sent to be wasted like that but for an inner use, they feel absolutely flat, run down. And it is universal. They don't know, they do not know how to make this movement – to turn within, to use the energy (not to keep it, it doesn't keep), to use it to repair the damage done to the body and to go deeply within to find the reason for this accident or illness, and there to change it by an aspiration, an inner transformation. Instead of that, right away they start speaking, stirring about, reacting, doing this or that!

In fact, the immense majority of human beings feel they are living only when they waste their energy. Otherwise, it does not seem to them to be life.

Not to waste energy means to utilize it towards the ends for which it was given. If energy is given for the transformation, for the sublimation of the being, it must be used for that; if energy is given to restore something that has been disrupted in the body, it must be used for that.

Naturally, if a special work is given to someone along with the energy to do this work, it's very good as long as it is being used towards the end for which it was given.

But as soon as a man feels energetic, he immediately rushes into action. Or else, those who don't have the sense of doing something useful start gossiping. And still worse, those who have no control over themselves become intolerant and start arguing! If someone contradicts their will, they feel full of energy and they mistake that for a 'godlike wrath'!

July 23, 1958

In the final analysis, seeing the world such as it is and seems meant to be irremediably, human intellect has decided that this universe must be an error of God and that the manifestation or creation is certainly the result of a desire, the desire to manifest, know oneself, enjoy oneself. So the only thing to do is to put an end to this error as soon as possible by refusing to cling to desire and its fatal consequences.

But the Supreme Lord answers that the comedy is not entirely played out, and He adds: 'Wait for the last act; undoubtedly you will change your mind.'

July (?) 1958

Why, by what mechanism, do mental formulations dissipate an experience and make it lose the major part of its power of action on the consciousness?

Suppose, for example, you want to undo a wrong movement and, as the result of a grace, the Force is sent for this purpose and begins acting upon the consciousness. Then if you pull it towards you, as it were, to try to formulate it, naturally you deconcentrate it, disperse and dissipate it.

But that's not all; the simple fact of speaking to another person automatically opens you to all that can come from that person. An exchange always takes place. His curiosity, his obscurity, his good or sometimes even his bad will interfere, modify, distort.

Whereas if you wish to speak of your experience to your guru and he consents to listen to you, it means that he ADDS his force, his knowledge, his experience to the working of the Force and he helps its effectuation.

But the damage caused by the formulation still exists?

Yes, but he repairs it.

August 7, 1958

It is very difficult to manage both at the same time: the transformation of the body and taking care of people. But what can I do? I told Sri Aurobindo I would do the work, and I am doing it – I cannot just abandon everything.

When I think of the time the hatha yogis devote to the work on the body – they do nothing but that; they do nothing but that all the time, until they have attained a certain point. This is in fact the reason why Sri Aurobindo wanted none of it: he found that it took a lot of time for a rather meager result.

* * *

Day and night, I am investigating all that has to be transformed ... I can assure you that there is plenty of work!

Last night, I had many dreams (not really dreams, but ...); I used to find them very interesting because they gave me certain indications, all kinds of things, but when I saw it all now, I said to myself, 'Good Lord! What a waste of time! Instead, I could be living in a supramental consciousness and seeing things.' So during the night, I made a resolution to change all this too. My nights have to change. I am already changing my days; now my nights have to change. But then all this subconscious in Matter, all this, it all has to

change! There's no choice, it has to be seen to.

Once you set to this work, it is such a formidable task! But what can I do?

August 8, 1958

It's remarkable that things you have understood in your consciousness ... reappear as problems to be solved in the cells of the body.

In the cells, both things are there. The body is convinced of the divine Presence everywhere, that all is the Divine – it lives in that; and at the same time, it shrinks from certain contacts! I saw that this morning, both things at once, and I said, 'Lord, I know nothing at all!'

There *(gesture above the head),* everything has been resolved, I could write books on how to resolve this or that, how the synthesis is made, etc., but here *(the body) ... I* live this synthesis stumblingly. The two coexist, but it is still not THAT *(gesture, hands clasped together, pointing upwards).*

(silence)

What problems come up! If there were a plague or cholera, for example, would the supramental Force in the cells, the supramental realization, be able to restore order out of the disorder that allows the epidemic to be? I don't mean on an individual level – individually, if you are in a certain consciousness, you can remain untouched – I am not speaking of that, I am speaking impersonally, as it were.

We know nothing. We believe we know, but as soon as it is a question of that *(the body),* we know nothing. As soon as we are in the subtle physical, we know everything, we live in bliss – but here, we know nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing.

August 9, 1958

If human love came forth unalloyed, it would be all-powerful. Unfortunately, in human love, there is as much SELF love as love for the beloved; it is not a love that makes you forget yourself.

Evidently the gods of the Puranas are a good deal worse than human beings, as we saw in that film the other day' (and that story was absolutely

true). The gods of the Overmind are infinitely more egocentric – the only thing that counts for them is their power, the extent of their power. Man has in addition a psychic being, so consequently he has true love and compassion – wherein lies his superiority over the gods. It was very, very clearly expressed in this film, and it's very true.

The gods are faultless, for they live according to their own nature, spontaneously and without constraint; it is their godly way. But if one looks at it from a higher point of view, if one has a higher vision, a vision of the whole, they have fewer qualities than man. In this film, it was proved that through their capacity for love and self-giving, men can have as much power as the gods, and even more – when they are not egoists, when they can overcome their egoism.

Certainly man is nearer the Supreme than the gods. Provided he fulfills the necessary conditions, he can be nearer – he isn't so automatically, but he can be, he has the power, the potentiality to be.

1. Anusuya: wife of the rishi Atri and endowed with a great inner force. In her husband's absence, three gods came (Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva) disguised as brahmins and asked her for something to eat. Then they refused to eat unless she served them naked. Since they were brahmins, she could not send them away without feeding them, so by her inner power, she changed them into babies and served them naked. This film was shown at the Ashram Playground on August 5, 1958.

August 12, 1958

(*Letter from Mother to Satprem, travelling)*

8.12.58

My dear child,

Behind all the appearances and diverse entities, I am always present near you, and my love enfolds you.

I have put the work aside and shall be happy to do it with you upon your return.

My blessings never leave you.

Signed: Mother

August 29, 1958

(Note written by Mother after an experience She had during a playground meditation when Swami J.J. was present. It was this swami with whom Satprem journeyed in the Himalayas to receive tantric initiation.')

The mantra written upon each of the souvenirs2 from the Himalayas has a strong power of evoking the Supreme Mother.

At the Thursday evening meditation, he appeared as the 'Guru of Tantric Initiation,' magnified and seated upon a symbolic representation of the forces and riches of material Nature (in the middle of the playground, to my left), and he put into my hand something sufficiently material for me to feel the vibrations physically, and it had a great realizing power. It was a kind of luminous and very vibrant globe which I held in my hands during the whole meditation.

S, who was sitting in front of me, spontaneously asked me afterwards what I had been holding in my hands during the meditation, and she described it thus: 'It was round, very soft and luminous like the moon.'

1. Satprem would later part company with this Swami and follow a thorough tantric discipline with another guru who will henceforth be called X in the *Agenda.*

2. The Swami brought back various objects and souvenirs from the Himalayas which he presented to Mother.

August 30, 1958

(In the presence of Pavitra and Abhay Singh, Mother recounts a vision she had during the night)*

It was just at four o'clock in the morning, and it woke me up. It was exactly like this ... I was apparently in my bathroom, and I had to open the door between the bathroom and Sri Aurobindo's room; the moment I put my hand on the doorknob, I knew with an absolute certainty that destruction was awaiting me behind the door. It had the form or image of those great invaders of India, those who had swooped down upon India and destroyed everything in their wake ... But it was only an impression.

So the door had to be opened and I ... felt and said, 'Lord, may your will be done.' I opened the door and behind it was *z2* in the same clothes he wears when he drives, and he was leaning against one of those big tractor tires – or perhaps he was holding it at the same time. I was so dumbfounded that I woke

up. It took me a little while to be able to understand what it might mean, and afterwards ... Even now, I still don't know ... What was I? Was I India, or was I the world? ... I don't know. And what did Z represent? ... It was as imperative and clear, as positive and absolute as could be: the certitude that destruction was behind the door, that it was inevitable. And it had the form of those great Tartar or Mongol invaders, those people who came from the North and invaded India, who pillaged everything ... That's what it was like. But what Z was doing there I don't know. What does he represent? ... The first impulse was to tell Abhay Singh, 'Forbid him to drive the tractor.'

I. The disciple who managed the Ashram 'Atelier': mechanical workshop, maintenance garage, automobile service, etc.

2. A young disciple who worked in the Atelier.

(Pavitra:) What was he holding in his hands, Mother?

Huge tires ... He was standing there, like that, with a very majestic air. He was wearing his white outfit, those long pyjamas ...

(Abhay Singh:) Yesterday he drove the station wagon for the visitors.

Does it also have large tires?

(Pavitra:) A little bigger than jeep tires.

No, it came up to here *(gesture to the top of the head).* It seemed to be a tractor tire, but it did not have the heavy tread that tractor tires have.

(Abhay Singh:) There are tractor tires that have no tread.

Ah! So ... He was standing, and it came up to here *(same gesture).* So it must have been a tractor tire. What could it represent, he, and the tractor? ... I don't know ... It was not personal, you see – I mean this body. It had nothing to do with that.

(Pavitra:) The industrialization of India?

(silence) I don't know.

September 1958

(Fragment of a conversation concerning the translation into French of Sri Aurobindo's aphorism:' ... Knowledge is so much of the truth, seen in a distorted medium, as the mind arrives at by groping; Wisdom what the eye of divine vision sees in the spirit.'

Mother compares the Truth to a pure white light, then continues:)

... But this white, precisely, is composed of all the colors. So when you perceive a thing, instead of seeing it as white, there are a certain number of colors that completely elude your perception: you see red, green, yellow, blue

or something else, but it does not make white because some colors are missing. This is a very good image. The distorted milieu cannot perceive the whole, it perceives only partially – not partially the parts of a complete whole, but a mixture of something which escapes it in its entirety because the milieu is unfit to manifest or express or even perceive the totality.

This color metaphor is quite adequate.

Truth is like a white light recomposed, for it contains all that is, but the milieu is unfit to manifest all the elements or all the colors – and it can be said that the best escape. So, instead of seeing a white light, you see a number of colors of something from which they derived.

Sri Aurobindo put it as vaguely as possible on purpose: 'so *much* of the truth ... as the mind arrives at.' It must be put in as vague a form as possible – all precision is falsifying. I searched for one hour and didn't find it. I put 'autant de la vérité ... que le mental peut saisir.' 'Autant' is not elegant, it is scarcely French, but I think it is the only way to put it which is not false (I believe so, unless you have something better to suggest). But in any event, what you say is unacceptable; you cannot put 'la partie ou la portion de la vérité' [the part or portion of truth] – it's not a portion, it is not at all a portion.

Then we could say 'ce que': 'La Connaissance est ce que, de la vérité vue dans un milieu déformé, le mental peut saisir ... "

(Mother assents)

1. Final translation:' ... La Connaissance est ce qu'en tâtonnant le mental peut saisir de la Vérité vue dans un milieu déformé; la Sagesse, ce que l'oeil de la vision divine voit en l'esprit.'

September 16, 1958

I would very much like to have a 'true mantra.'

I have a whole stock of mantras; they have all come spontaneously, never from the head. They sprang forth spontaneously, as the Veda is said to have sprung forth.

I don't know when it began – a very long time ago, before I came here, although some of them came while I was here. But in my case, they were always very short. For example, when Sri Aurobindo was here in his body, at any moment, in any difficulty, for anything, it always came like this: 'My Lord!' – simply and spontaneously – 'My Lord!' And instantly, the contact was established. But since He left, it has stopped. I can no longer say it, for it would be like saying 'My Lord, My Lord!' to myself.

I had a mantra in French before coming to Pondicherry. It was *Dieu de*

bonté et de miséricorde ... [God of kindness and mercy], but what it means is usually not understood – it is an entire program, a universal program. I have been repeating this mantra since the beginning of the century; it was the mantra of ascension, of realization. At present, it no longer comes in the same way, it comes rather as a memory. But it was deliberate, you see; I always said *Dieu de bonté et de miséricorde,* because even then I understood that everything is the Divine and the Divine is in all things and that it is only we who make a distinction between what is or what is not the Divine.

My experience is that, individually, we are in relationship with that aspect of the Divine which is not necessarily the most in conformity with our natures, but which is the most essential for our development or the most necessary for our action. For me, it was always a question of action because, personally, individually, each aspiration for personal development had its own form, its own spontaneous expression, so I did not use any formula. But as soon as there was the least little difficulty in action, it sprang forth. Only long afterwards did I notice that it was formulated in a certain way – I would utter it without even knowing what the words were. But it came like this: *Dieu de bonté et de miséricorde.* It was as if I wanted to eliminate from action all aspects that were not this one. And it lasted for ... I don't know, more than twenty or twenty-five years of my life. It came spontaneously.

Just recently one day, the contact became entirely physical, the whole body was in great exaltation, and I noticed that other lines were spontaneously being added to this *Dieu de bonte et de misericorde,* and I noted them down. It was a springing forth of states of consciousness – not words.

Seigneur, Dieu de bonte et de misericorde Seigneur, Dieu d'unite souveraine Seigneur, Dieu de beaute et d'harmonie Seigneur, Dieu de puissance et de realisation Seigneur, Dieu d'amour et de compassion Seigneur, Dieu du silence et de la contemplation Seigneur, Dieu de lumiere et de connaissance Seigneur, Dieu de vie et d'immortalite Seigneur, Dieu de jeunesse et de progres Seigneur, Dieu d'abondance et de plenitude Seigneur, Dieu de force et de sante.

Lord, God of kindness and mercy Lord, God of sovereign oneness Lord, God of beauty and harmony Lord, God of power and realization Lord, God of love and compassion Lord, God of silence and contemplation Lord, God of light and knowledge Lord, God of life and immortality Lord, God of youth and progress Lord, God of abundance and plenitude Lord, God of strength and health.

The words came afterwards, as if they had been superimposed upon the states of consciousness, grafted onto them. Some of the associations seem unexpected, but they were the exact expression of the states of consciousness in their order of unfolding. They came one after another, as if the contact was trying to become more complete. And the last was like a triumph. As soon as I finished writing (in writing, all this becomes rather flat), the impetus within was still alive and it gave me the sense of an all-conquering Truth. And the last mantra sprang forth:

Seigneur, Dieu de la Verite victorieuse!

Lord, God of victorious Truth!

Like a triumph. But I didn't write that one down because I did not want to spoil my impression.

Of course, these things should not be published. We can file them in this *Agenda of the Supramental Manifestation* for later on. Later on, when the Victory is won, we shall say, 'If you want to see the curve ... '

But what is going to come now? I constantly hear the Sanskrit mantra:

*OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH**

It is there, all around me; it takes hold of all the cells and at once they spring forth in an ascension. And Narada's mantra, too:

Narayana, Narayana ...

(it is actually a Command which means: now you shall do as I wish), but it doesn't come from the heart.

What will it be?

It will simply spring forth in a flash, all of a sudden, and it will be very powerful. Only power can do something. Love vanishes like water running through sand: people remain beatific ... and nothing moves! No, power is needed – like Shiva, stirring, churning ...

When I have this mantra, instead of saying hello, good-bye, I shall say that. When I say hello, good-bye, it means 'Hello: the Presence is here, the Light is here.' 'Good-bye: I am not going away, I am staying here.'

But when I have this mantra, I believe something will happen.

(silence)

For the moment, of all the formulas or mantras, the one that acts most directly on this body, that seizes all the cells and immediately does this *(vibrating motion) is* the Sanskrit mantra: OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH.

As soon as I sit for meditation, as soon as I have a quiet minute to concentrate, it always begins with this mantra, and there is a response in the body, in the cells of the body: they all start vibrating.

1.The first syllable of NAMO is pronounced with a short 'a,' as in *nahmo.* The final word is pronounced BHA-GAH-VA-TEH.

This is how it happened: Y had just returned, and he brought back a trunk full of things which he then proceeded to show me, and his excitement made tight, tight little waves in the atmosphere, making my head ache; it made ... anyway, it was unpleasant. When I left, just after that had happened, I sat down and went like this *(gesture of sweeping out)* to make it stop, and immediately the mantra began.

It rose up from here *(Mother indicates the solar plexus),* like this: Om Namo Bhagavateh OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH. It was formidable. For the entire quarter of an hour that the meditation lasted, everything was filled with Light! In the deeper tones it was of golden bronze (at the throat level it was almost red) and in the higher tones it was a kind of opaline white light: OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH, OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH, OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH.

The other day (I was in my bathroom upstairs), it came; it took hold of the entire body. It rose up in the same way, and all the cells were trembling. And with such a power! So I stopped everything, all movement, and I let the thing grow. The vibration went on expanding, ever widening, as the sound itself was expanding, expanding, and all the cells of the body were seized with an intensity of aspiration ... as if the entire body were swelling – it became overwhelming. I felt that it would all burst.

I understood those who withdraw from everything to live that totally.

And it has such a transformative power! I felt that if it continued, something would happen, something like a change in the equilibrium of the body's cells.

Unfortunately, I was unable to continue, because ... I don't have the time; it was just before the balcony darshan and I was going to be late. Something told me, 'That is for people who have nothing to do.' Then I said, 'I belong to my work,' and I slowly withdrew. I put on the brakes, and the action was cut short. But what remains is that whenever I repeat this mantra ... everything starts vibrating.

So each one must find something that acts on himself, individually. I am only speaking of the action on the physical plane, because mentally, vitally, in all the inner parts of the being, the aspiration is always, always spontaneous. I am referring only to the physical plane.

The physical seems to be more open to something that is repetitious – for example, the music we play on Sundays, which has three series of combined mantras. The first is that of Chandi, addressed to the universal Mother:

Ya devi sarvabhuteshu matrirupena sansthita
Ya devi sarvabhuteshu shaktirupena sansthita
Ya devi sarvabhuteshu shantirupena sansthita
Namastasyai namastasyai namastasyai namo namah

The second is addressed to Sri Aurobindo (and I believe they have put my name at the end). It incorporates the mantra I was speaking of:

Om namo namah shrimirambikayai Om namo bhagavateh shriaravindaya Om namo namah shrimirambikayai.

And the third is addressed to Sri Aurobindo: 'Thou art my refuge.'

Shriaravindah sharanam mama.

Each time this music is played, it produces exactly the same effect upon the body. It is strange, as if all the cells were dilating, with a feeling that the body is growing larger ... It becomes all dilated, as if swollen with light – with force, a lot of force. And this music seems to form spirals, like luminous ribbons of incense smoke, white (not transparent, literally white) and they rise up and up. I always see the same thing; it begins in the form of a vase, then swells like an amphora and converges higher up to blossom forth like a flower.

So for these mantras, everything depends upon what you want to do with them. I am in favor of a short mantra, especially if you want to make both numerous and spontaneous repetitions – one or two words, three at most. Because you must be able to use them in all cases, when an accident is about to happen, for example. It has to spring up without thinking, without calling: it should issue forth from the being spontaneously, like a reflex, exactly like a

reflex. Then the mantra has its full force.

For me, on the days when I have no special preoccupations or difficulties (days I could call normal, when I am normal), everything I do, all the movements of this body, all, all the words I utter, all the gestures I make, are accompanied and upheld by or lined, as it were, with this mantra:

OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH ... OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH ...

all, all the time, all the time, all the time.

That is the normal state. It creates an atmosphere of an intensity almost more material than the subtle physical; it's like ... almost like the phosphorescent radiations from a medium. And it has a great action, a very great action: it can prevent an accident. And it accompanies you all the time, all the time.

But it is up to you to know what you want to do with it.

To sustain the aspiration – to remember. We so easily lapse into forgetfulness. To create a kind of automatism.

You have no mantras that have come to you, that give you a more living feeling? ... Are their mantras long?

Yes, they are long. And he' has not given me any mantra of the Mother, so ... They exist, but he has not given me any ... I don't know, they don't have much effect on me. It is something very mental.

That's why it should spring forth from you.

(silence)

This one, this mantra, OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH, came to me after some time, for I felt ... well, I saw that I needed to have a mantra of my own, that is, a mantra consonant with what this body has to do in the world. And it was just then that it came.2 It was truly an answer to a need that had made itself felt. So if you feel the need – not there, not in your head, but here *(Mother points to the center of her heart),* it will come. One day, either you will hear the words, or they will spring forth from your heart ... And when that happens, you must hold onto it.

1. The tantric Swami.

2. The different mantras or prayers that came to Mother and which She grouped under the heading *Prayers of the Consciousness of the Cells,* are included as an addendum to the *Agenda* of 1959.

September 19, 1958

Something the modern world has completely lost is the sense of the sacred.

Ever since my childhood, I have spent my time veiling myself': one veil

over another veil over another veil, so as to remain invisible. Because to see me without the true attitude is the arch-sin. Anyway, 'sin' in the sense Sri Aurobindo defines it – meaning that things are no longer in their place.

October 1, 1958

(Mother speaks of an experience She had during, the Wednesday class at the playground:)

It was so strong, so strong that it was really inexpressible. The negative expel fence of no longer being an individual, or in other words, the dissolution of the ego, took place a long time ago and still takes place quite often: the ego completely vanishes. But this was a positive experience of being ... not just the universe in its totality, but something else – ineffable, yet concrete, absolutely concrete! Unutterable' – and yet utterly concrete: the divine Person beyond the Impersonal.

The experience lasted for only a few minutes. And I knew, then, that all our words ... all our words are empty. But circumstances were such that I had to speak ...

1. Later, Mother added: 'Becausc I do not say everything; when I am in that state, there is a lethargy of expression!

October 4, 1958

Do all our vibrations reach you or must they have a special intensity?

It must be strong enough to pull me from my concentration or my activity. If' I knew when you concentrate or do your *puja,'* I could tune into you, and shell I would know more; otherwise, my inner life is too ... l am not at all passive inwardly, you see, I am very active, so I don't usually receive your vibrations unless they impose themselves strongly or unless I have decided beforehand to be attentive to what is coming from someone or other. If I know that at a given moment something is going to happen, then I open a door, as it

were. But it's difficult to speak of these things.

When you left on your journey,2 for example, I made a specie! concentration for all to go well so that nothing untoward happen to you. I even made a formation and asked for a constant, special help over you. Then I renewed my concentration every day, which is how I came to notice that you were invoking me very regulary. I Saw you everyday, everyday, with a very regular precision. It was something that imposed itself on me, but it imposed itself' only because l had initially made a formation to follow you.

For people here in the Ashram, my work is not the same. It is more like a kind of atmosphere that extends everywhere – a very conscious atmosphere – which I let work for each one according to his need. I don't have a special action for each person, unless something requires my special attention. When I would tune into you while you were travelling, I clearly saw your image appear before me, as though you were looking at me, but now that you have returned here, I no longer see it. Rather, I receive a sensation or an impression; and as these sensations and impressions are innumerable, it's rather like one element among many. It no longer imposes itself in such an entirely distinct way nor does it appear before me in the same manner, as a clear image of yourself, as though you wanted to know something.

I Puja: ceremony , invocation or evocation of a god (in this case, a tantric ritual).

2. When the disciple became a Sannyasi and travelled in the Himalayas with the tantric swami

As soon as I am alone, I enter into a very deep concentration, – a state of consciousness, a kind of universal activity. Is it deep? What is it? ... It is far beyond all the mental regions, far, far beyond, and it is constant. As soon as I am alone or resting somewhere, that's how it is.

The other day when I was in this state of concentration, I had the vision that I mentioned to you. I felt I was being pulled, that something was pulling me and trying to draw my attention. I felt it very strongly. So I opened my eyes, my mental eyes (the physical eyes may remain opened or closed, it makes no difference either way; when I am concentrated, things on the physical plane no longer exist), I deliberately opened the mind's eyes, for that is where I felt myself being pulled, and then I had this vision I told you of. Someone was trying to draw my attention, to tell me something. It takes someone really quite powerful, with a very great power of concentration, to do that – there are certainly a great many people here and elsewhere who try to do this, yet I don't feel a thing.'

In the outer, practical domain, I might suddenly think of someone, so I know that this person is calling or thinking of me. When you left on your trip, I created a special link-up so that if ever, at any moment, you called me for anything, I would know it instantly, and I remained attentive and alert. But I do that only in exceptional cases. Generally speaking, when I haven't made this special link-up, things keep coming in and coming in and coming in and coming in, and the answer goes out automatically, here or there or there or there – hundreds and hundreds of things that I don't keep in my memory because then it would really be frightful. I don't keep these things in my

consciousness; it is rather a work that is done automatically.

When you asked me if x2 were thinking of me, I consulted my atmosphere and saw that it was true, that even many times a day X's thoughts were coming. So I know that he is concentrating on me, or something: it simply passes through me, and I answer automatically. But I don't particularly pay attention to X, unless you ask me a question about him, in which case I deliberately tune into him, then observe and determine whether it's like this or like that. Whereas this vision the other day was something that thrust itself on me; I was in another region altogether, in my inner contemplation, my concentration – a very strong concentration – when I was forced to enter into contact with this being whose vision I had and who was obviously a very powerful being. After telling me what he had to tell me, he went away in a very peculiar way, not at all suddenly as most people appear and disappear, not at all like that. When I first saw him, there was a living form – the being himself was there – but upon leaving (probably to see the effect, to find out whether he had truly succeeded in making himself understood), he left behind a kind of image of himself. Afterwards, this image blurred and it left only a silhouette, an outline, then it disappeared altogether leaving only an impression. That was the last thing I saw. So I kept the impression and analyzed it to find out exactly what was involved; all this was filed away, and then it was over. I began my concentration once again.

1. In this vision, the d. ceased tantric guru of the guru who initiated Satprem appeared to Mother in a dark blue light and 'imposed' himself on her to tell her certain things.

2 The disciple's tantric guru.

I intentionally carry everybody in my active consciousness for the work, and I do the work consciously; but the extent to which people in the world, or those who are here in the Ashram, are conscious of this or receive the results depends upon them, though not exclusively.

The other day, for example, though I no longer recall exactly when (I forget everything on purpose) – but it was in the last part of the night – I had a rather long activity concerning the whole realization of the Ashram, notably in the fields of education and art. I was apparently inspecting this area to see how things were there, so naturally I saw a certain number of people, their work and their inner states. Some saw me and, at that moment, had a vision of me. It is likely that many were asleep and didn't notice anything, but some actually saw me. The next morning, for example, someone who works at the theater told me that she had had a splendid vision of me in which I had spoken to her, blessed her, etc. This was her way of receiving the work I had done. And this kind of thing is happening more and more, in that my action is awakening the consciousness in others more and more strongly.

Naturally, the reception is always incomplete or partially modified; when it passes through the individuality, it becomes narrowed, a personal thing. It seems impossible for each one to have a consciousness vast enough to see the thing in its entirety.

You said that our way of receiving your work or becoming conscious of it does not 'exclusively' depend upon us. What do you mean?

It depends upon the progress in the consciousness. The more the action is supramentalized, the more its reception is IMPOSED upon the consciousness of each one. The action's progress makes it more and more perceptible IN SPITE OF each one's condition. The milieu obviously limits and alters – distorts – what it receives, but the quality of the Work acts upon this receptivity and imposes itself on it in a more and more efficient and imperious way.

There is an interdependence between the individual progress and the collective progress, between that which works and that which is worked upon. It proceeds like this *(gesture of intermeshing),* and as one progresses, the other progresses. The progress above not only hastens the progress below but brings the two nearer together, thus changing the distance in the relationship; that is, the distance will not remain the same, the ratio between the progress here and the progress above won't always be identical.

The progress above follows a certain trajectory, and in some cases the distance increases, in others it decreases (although on the whole, the distance remains relatively unchanged), but my feeling is that the collective receptivity will increase as the action becomes increasingly supramentalized. And the need for an individual receptivity – with all its distortions and alterations and limitations – will decrease in importance as the supramental influence increasingly imposes its power. This influence will impose itself in such a way that it will no longer be subject to the defects in receptivity.

(Shortly afterwards, concerning the experience of Wednesday, October 1: the divine Person beyond the Impersonal)

Before, I always had the negative experience of the disappearance of the ego, of the oneness of Creation, where everything implying separation disappeared – an experience that, personally, I would call negative. Last Wednesday, while I was speaking (and that's why at the end I could no longer find my words), I seemed suddenly to have left this negative phenomenon and entered into the positive experience: the experience of BEING the Supreme Lord, the experience that nothing exists but the Supreme Lord – all is the Supreme Lord, there is nothing else. And at that moment, the feeling of this infinite power that has no limit, that nothing can limit, was so overwhelming that all the functions of the body, of this mental machine that summons up words, all this was ... I could no longer speak French. Perhaps the words could have come to me in English – probably, because it was easier for Sri Aurobindo to express himself in English, and that's how it must have happened: it was the part embodied in Sri Aurobindo (the part of the Supreme that was embodied in Sri Aurobindo for its manifestation) that had the experience. This is what joined back with the Origin and caused the experience – I was well aware of it. And that is probably why its transcription through English words would have been easier than through French words (for at these moments, such activities are purely mechanical, rather like automatic machines). And naturally the experience left something behind. It left the sense of a power that can no longer be 'qualified," really. And it was there yesterday

evening.

The difficulty – it's not even a difficulty, it's just a kind of precaution that is taken (automatically, in fact) in order to ... For example, the volume of Force that was to be expressed in the voice was too great for the speech organ. So I had to be a little attentive – that is, there had to be a kind of filtering in the outermost expression, otherwise the voice would have cracked. But this isn't done through the will and reason, it's automatic. Yet I feel that ... the capacity of Matter to contain and express is increasing with phenomenal speed. But it's progressive, it can't be done instantly. There have often been people whose outer form broke because the Force was too strong; well, I clearly see that it is being dosed out. After all, this is exclusively the concern of the Supreme Lord, I don't bother about it – it's not my concern and I don't bother about it – He makes the necessary adjustments. Thus it comes progressively, little by little, so that no fundamental disequilibrium occurs. It gives the impression that one's head is swelling so tremendously it will burst! But then if there is a moment of stillness, it adapts; gradually, it adapts.

1 We believe that Mother used the word 'qualified' in the sense of restrict, limit Or modify – a limitless Power.

Only, one must be careful to keep the 'sense of the Unmanifest' sufficiently present so that the various things – the elements, the cells and all that – have time to adapt. The sense of the Unmanifest, or in other words, to step back into the Unmanifest.' This is what all those who have had experiences have done, they always believed that there was no possibility of adaptation, so they left their bodies and went off.

* * *

(Towards the end of the conversation, about money:)

Money belongs to the one who spends it; that is an absolute law. You may pile up money, but it doesn't belong to you until you spend it. Then you have the merit, the glory, the joy, the pleasure of spending it!

Money is meant to circulate. What should remain constant is the progressive movement of an increase in the earth's production – an ever-expanding progressive movement to increase the earth's production and improve existence on earth. It is the material improvement of terrestrial life and the growth of the earth's production that must go on expanding, enlarging, and not this silly paper or this inert metal that is amassed and lifeless.

Money is not meant to generate money; money should generate an increase in production, an improvement in the conditions of life and a progress in human consciousness. This is its true use. What I call an improvement in consciousness, a progress in consciousness, is everything that education in all its forms can provide – not as it's generally understood, but as we understand it here: education in art, education in ... from the education of the body, from the most material progress, to the spiritual education and progress through yoga; the whole spectrum, everything that leads humanity towards its future realization. Money should serve to augment that and to augment the material

base for the earth's progress, the best use of what the earth can give – its intelligent utilization, not the utilization that wastes and loses energies. The use that allows energies to be replenished.

1. The vastness beyond the creation or the cosmic manifestation, the solid base upon which all the rest can unfold.

In the universe there is an inexhaustible source of energy that asks only to be replenished; if you know how to go about it, it is replenished. Instead of draining life and the energies of our earth and making of it something parched and inert, we must know the practical exercise for replenishing the energy constantly. And these are not just words; I know how it's to be done, and science is in the process of thoroughly finding out – it has found out most admirably. But instead of using it to satisfy human passions, instead of using what science has found so that men may destroy each other more effectively than they are presently doing, it must be used to enrich the earth: to enrich the earth, to make the earth richer and richer, more active, generous, productive and to make all life grow towards its maximum efficiency. This is the true use of money. And if it's not used like that, it's a vice – a 'short circuit' and a vice.

But how many people know how to use it in this way? Very few, which is why they have to be taught. What I call 'teach' is to show, to give the example. We want to be the example of true living in the world. It's a challenge I am placing before the whole financial world: I am telling them that they are in the process of withering and ruining the earth with their idiotic system; and with even less than they are now spending for useless things – merely for inflating something that has no inherent life, that should be only an instrument at the service of life, that has no reality in itself, that is only a means and not an end (they make an end of something that is only a means) – well then, instead of making of it an end, they should make it the means. With what they have at their disposal they could ... oh, transform the earth so quickly! Transform it, put it into contact, truly into contact, with the supramental forces that would make life bountiful and, indeed, constantly renewed – instead of becoming withered, stagnant, shrivelled up: a future moon. A dead moon.

We are told that in a few millions or billions of years, the earth will become some kind of moon. The movement should be the opposite: the earth should become more and more a resplendent sun, but a sun of life. Not a sun that burns, but a sun that illumines – a radiant glory.

Undated 1958

(Concerning Finances')

Money is a force and should not be an *individual possession,* no more than

air, water or fire.

To begin with, the abolishment of inheritance.

* * *

Financial power is the materialization of a vital force turned into one of the greatest powers of action: the power to attract acquire, and utilize.

Like all the other powers, it must be put at the service of the Divine.

October 6, 1958

When I am not in my body, I have all kinds of contacts with people, contacts of different types. And it's not a thing decided in advance, it is not willed, it is not even thought out; it is simply ... observed.

Certain relationships are entirely within me, entirely. It is not a relationship between individuals, but a relationship between states of being – which means that with the same individual there may be many different relationships. If it were a single whole ... but I am still not sure if there is a single person with whom the relationship is global.

So there are parts which are entirely within me, entirely – there is no difference; they are myself. There are other parts with which I am conscious of an exchange – a very familiar, very intimate exchange. And there are parts outside of me with which I still have relationships, not exactly as with strangers but merely as acquaintances; it is still necessary to observe their reactions in order to do the correct thing. And the ratio between these different parts is naturally different depending upon the different individuals.

1. Note written by Mother in French. The heading is hers.

* * *

(The disciple complains of his difficulties)

Difficulties are sent to us exclusively to make the realization more perfect.

Each time we try to realize something and we encounter a resistance or an obstacle, or even a failure – what appears to be a failure – we should know, we should NEVER forget, that it is exclusively, absolutely, to make the realization more perfect.

So this habit of cringing, of being discouraged or even feeling ill at ease or abusing oneself, saying, 'There, I've done it again ...' All this is absolute foolishness.

Rather, simply say, *'We* do not know how to do things as they should be

done, well then, let them be done for us and come what may!' If we could only see how everything that looks like a difficulty, an error, a failure or an obstacle is simply there to help us make the realization more perfect.

Once we know this, everything becomes easy.

October 10, 1958

(The disciple asks to know what he must do and what his place is in the universal manifestation)

In all religious and especially occult initiations, the ritual of the different ceremonies is prescribed in every detail; all the words pronounced, all the gestures made have their importance, and the least infraction of the rule, the least fault committed can have fatal consequences. It is the same in material life – if one had the initiation into the true way of living, one could transform physical existence.

If we consider the body as the tabernacle of the Lord, then medical science, for example, becomes the initiatory ritual of the service of the temple, and doctors of all kinds are the officiating priests in the different rituals of worship. Thus, medicine is really a priesthood and should be treated as such.

The same can be said of physical culture and of all the sciences that are concerned with the body and its workings. If the material universe is considered as the outer sheath and the manifestation of the Supreme, then it can generally be said that all the physical sciences are the rituals of worship.

We always come back to the same thing: the absolute necessity for perfect sincerity, perfect honesty and a sense of the dignity of all we do so that we may do it as it should be done.

If we could truly, perfectly know all the details of the ceremony of life, the worship of the Lord in physical life, it would be wonderful – to know, and no longer to err, never again to err. To perform the ceremony as perfectly as an initiation.

To know life utterly ... Oh, there is a very interesting thing in this regard! And it's strange, but this particular knowledge reminds me of one of my Sutras' (which I read out, but no one understood or understood only vaguely, 'like that'):

'It is the Supreme Lord who has ineluctably decreed the place you occupy in the universal concert, but whatever be this place, you have equally the same right as all others to ascend the supreme summits right to the supramental realization.'

There is one's position in the universal hierarchy, which is something ineluctable – it is the eternal law – and there is the development in the manifestation, which is an education; it is progressive and done from within the

being. What is remarkable is that to become a perfect being, this position – whatever it is, decreed since all eternity, a part of the eternal Truth – must manifest with the greatest possible perfection as a result of evolutionary growth. It is the junction, the union of the two, the eternal position and the evolutionary realization, that will make the total and perfect being, and the manifestation as the Lord has willed it since the beginning of all eternity (which has no beginning at all!).

I see *Agenda 1957, p.* 119.

And for the cycle to be complete, one cannot stop on the way at any plane, not even the highest spiritual plane nor the plane closest to matter (like the occult plane in the vital, for example). One must descend right into matter, and this perfection in manifestation must be a material perfection, or otherwise the cycle is not complete – which explains why those who want to flee in order to realize the divine Will are in error. What must be done is exactly the opposite! The two must be combined in a perfect way. This is why all the honest sciences, the sciences that are practiced sincerely, honestly, exclusively with a will to know, are difficult paths – yet such sure paths for the total realization.

It brings up very interesting things. (What I am going to say now is very personal and consequently cannot be used, but it may be kept anyway:)

There are two parallel things that, from the eternal and supreme point of view, are of identical importance, in that both are equally essential for the realization to be a true realization.

On the one hand, there is what Sri Aurobindo – who, as the Avatar, represented the supreme Consciousness and Will on earth – declared me to be, that is, the supreme universal Mother; and on the other hand, there is what I am realizing in my body through the integral sadhana.' I could be the supreme Mother and not do any sadhana, and as a matter of fact, as long as Sri Aurobindo was in his body, it was he who did the sadhana, and I received the effects. These effects were automatically established in the outer being, but he was the one doing it, not I – I was merely the bridge between his sadhana and the world. Only when he left his body was I forced to take up the sadhana myself; not only did I have to do what I was doing before – being a bridge between his sadhana and the world – but I had to carry on the sadhana myself. When he left, he turned over to me the responsibility for what he himself had been doing in his body, and I had to do it. So there are both these things. Sometimes one predominates, sometimes the other (I don't mean successively in time, but ... it depends on the moment), and they are trying to combine in a total and perfect realization: the eternal, ineffable and immutable Consciousness of the Executrice of the Supreme, and the consciousness of the Sadhak of the integral Yoga who strives in an ascending effort towards an ever increasing progression.

1 Sadhana: yogic discipline. *Sadhak:* seeker.

To this has been added a growing initiation into the supramental realization which is (I understand it well now) the perfect union of what comes from above and what comes from below, or in other words, the eternal position and

the evolutionary realization.

Then – and this becomes rather amusing like life's play ... Depending upon each one's nature and position and bias, and because human beings are very limited, very partial and incapable of a global vision, there are those who believe, who have faith, or to whom the eternal Mother is revealed through Grace, who have this kind of relationship with the eternal Mother – and there are those who themselves are plunged in sadhana, who have the consciousness of a developed sadhak, and thereby have the same relationship with me as one has with what they generally call a 'realized soul.' Such persons consider me the prototype of the Guru teaching a new way, but the others don't have this relationship of sadhak to Guru (I am taking the two extremes, but of course there are all the possibilities in between), they are only in contact with the eternal Mother and, in the simplicity of their hearts, they expect Her to do everything for them. If they were perfect in this attitude, the eternal Mother would do everything for them – as a matter of fact, She does do everything, but as they aren't perfect, they cannot receive it totally. But the two paths are very different, the two kinds of relationships are very different; and as we all live according to the law of external things, in a material body, there is a kind of annoyance, an almost irritated misunderstanding, between those who follow this path (not consciously and intentionally, but spontaneously), who have this relationship of the child to the Mother, and those who have this other relationship of the sadhak to the Guru. So it creates a whole play, with an infinite diversity of shades.

But all this is still in suspense, on the way to realization, moving forward progressively; therefore, unless we are able to see the outcome, we can't understand a thing. We get confused. Only when we see the outcome, the final realization, only when we have TOUCHED *there,* will everything be understood – then it will be as clear and as simple as can be. But meanwhile, my relationships with different people are very funny, utterly amusing!

Those who have what I would call the more 'outer' relationship compared to the other (although it is not really so) – the relationship of yoga, of sadhana – consider the others superstitious; and the others, who have faith OI perception, or the Grace to have understood what Sri Aurobindo meant (perhaps even before knowing what he said, but in any event, after he said it), discard the others as ignorant unbelievers! And there are all the gradations in between, so it really becomes quite funny!

It opens up extraordinary horizons; once you have understood this, you have the key – you have the key to many, many things: the different positions of each of the different saints, the different realizations and ... it resolves all the incoherencies of the various manifestations on earth.

For example, this question of Power – THE Power – over Matter. Those who perceive me as the eternal, universal Mother and Sri Aurobindo as the Avatar are surprised that our power is not absolute. They are surprised that we have not merely to say, 'Let it be thus' for it to be 'thus.' This is because, in the integral realization, the union of the two is essential: a union of the power that proceeds from the eternal position and the power that proceeds from the sadhana through evolutionary growth. Similarly, how is it that those who have

reached even the summits of yogic knowledge (I was thinking of Swami) need to resort to beings like gods or demigods to be able to realize things? – Because they have indeed united with certain higher forces and entities, but it was not decreed since the beginning of time that they were this particular being. They were not born as this or that, but through evolution they united with a latent possibility in themselves. Each one carries the Eternal within himself, but one can join Him only when one has realized the complete union of the latent Eternal with the eternal Eternal.

And ... this explains everything, absolutely everything: how it works, how it functions in the world.' I was saying to myself, 'But I have no powers, I have no powers!' Several days ago, I said, 'But after all, I KNOW WHO is there, I know, yet how is it that ... ? There, up to there *(the level of the head),* it is all-powerful, nothing can resist – but here ... it is ineffective.' So those who have faith, even an ignorant but real faith (it can be ignorant but nevertheless it is real), say, 'What! How can you have no powers?' ... Because the sadhana is not yet over.

1. Mother added: 'The most beautiful part of the experience is missing ... When I try to formulate something in too precise a way, all the vastness of the experience evaporates. The entire world is being revealed in all its organization down to the minutes" details – but *everything* simultaneously – how can that be explained? It's not possible.'

The Lord will possess his universe only when the universe will have consciously become the Lord.

October 17, 1958

(Mother brings with her the continuation of the first seven Sutras written by Her, probably in 1957.')

They are in two groups.

The first group ends with a helping hand to those who have made the wrong choice (!):

7) But even in the event you have not made the irrevocable decision at the outset, should you have the good fortune to live during one of these unimaginable hours of universal history when the Grace is present, embodied upon earth, It will offer you, at certain exceptional moments, the renewed possibility of making a final choice that will lead you straight to the goal.

That was the message of hope.

And then it continues *(Mother reads):*

8) All division in the being is an insincerity.

9) The greatest insincerity is to carve an abyss between one's body and the truth of one's being.

10) When an abyss separates the true being from the physical being, Nature immediately fills it with all the hostile suggestions, of which the most deadly is fear and the most pernicious, doubt.

I wrote that before reading Sri Aurobindo's aphorism on "the sentinels of Nature." I found it very interesting and I said to myself, 'Well! That's exactly what came to me!'

1. See p. 119.

There is still one more (but it is not the last):

11) Allow nothing, nowhere, to deny the truth of your being: that is sincerity.

October 25, 1958

(Concerning the disciple's tantric guru)

When X does his puja, I clearly see the particular form of the Mother he is invoking – I see her descending.

Each one is in touch with the universal expression of an aspect or a will or a mode of the Supreme, and if one aspires for this, it is this that comes, with an extraordinary plasticity. And when that happens, I even become the Witness (not the witness in the way of the Purusha2: a witness far more ... infinite and eternal than the Purusha). I see what responds, why it responds, how it responds. This is how I know what people want (not here below, nor even in their highest aspiration). I see it even when the people themselves are no longer conscious – or rather, not yet conscious (for me, it's 'no longer,' but anyway ...), when they are not yet conscious of this identification somewhere. Even then I see it.

It's interesting.

1. 'If mankind only caught a glimpse of what infinite enjoyments, what perfect forces, what luminous reaches of spontaneous knowledge, what wide calms of our being lie waiting for us in the tracts which our animal evolution has not yet conquered, they would leave all and never rest till they had gained these treasures. But the way is narrow, the doors are hard to force, and fear, distrust and scepticism are there, sentinels of Nature to forbid the turning away of our feet from less ordinary pastures.' (Cent. Ed. Vol. XVII, p. 79)

2. Purusha: the Being or the Self that witnesses and supports the Becoming.

They do pujas to all these forces or divinities, but it is not ... it is not the highest Truth. What Sri Aurobindo called the true 'surrender,' the surrender to the Supreme, is a truth higher than that of relying solely upon oneself.

And that is what always brings in complications, conflicts. I was surprised

that the atmosphere [of the Ashram] is filled with conflict when he is here – but that is the reason.'

Why aren't people conscious of this identification while having it in a part of their being?

Between the outer consciousness and the deepest consciousness there are truly holes – which are 'missing links' between states of being and which have to be built, but they don't know how to do it. So their first reaction when they go within is panic! They feel they are falling into night, into nothingness, into non-being!

I had a Danish friend, an artist, to whom this happened. He wanted me to teach him how to go out of his body. He had interesting dreams so he thought it might be worthwhile to go there consciously. I helped him to 'go out' – but it was frightful! ... When he dreamed, a part of his mind indeed remained conscious, active, and a kind of link remained between this active part and his outer being, so he remembered some of his dreams, but it was only a very partial phenomenon. To go out of your body means that you must gradually pass through ALL the states of being, if you are to do it systematically. But already in the subtle physical it was almost non-individualized, and as soon as he went a bit further, there was no longer anything! It was unformed, nonexistent.

So they sit down (they are told to interiorize, to go within themselves), and they panic! – Naturally they feel that they ... that they are disappearing: there is nothing! There is no consciousness!

1. The occult atmosphere of tantric pujas invokes forces that do not coincide with the completely different atmosphere and the completely different attitude of the supramental yoga.

November 2, 1958

Last night, I thought, 'My god! If I have to ...' Individually, with this one or that one, by selecting the best, I could get somewhere, but this ... this mass.' Swami had told me so – he told me immediately after his first meditation *(collective meditation at the Ashram playground),* he told me, 'The *stuff is not good!' (Mother laughs)*

I didn't press the matter.

All this together constitutes one collective entity, and the individual is lost in it. If I had to deal with this person or that person individually, it would be different. But all together, taking them all together as a collective entity, well, it's not brilliant.

November 4, 1958

(Concerning; the Agenda of August 9, 1958, on the gods of the Puranas)

The gods of the Puranas are merciless gods who respect only power and have nothing of the true love, charity or profound goodness that the Divine has put into the human consciousness – and which compensate psychically for all the outer defects. They themselves have nothing of this, they have no psychic.2 The Puranic gods have no psychic, so they act according to their power. They are restrained only when their power is not all-powerful, that's all.

But what does Anusuya represent? 3

She is a portrait of the ideal woman according to the Hindu conception, the woman who worships her husband as a god, which means that she sees the Supreme in her husband. And so this woman was much more powerful than all the gods of the Puranas precisely because she had this psychic capacity for total self-giving; and her faith in the Supreme's presence in her husband gave her a much greater power than that of all the gods.

1. Mother is referring to the Ashram as a collectivity.

2. In Sri Aurobindo's and Mother's terminology, 'psychic' or 'psychic being' means the soul or the portion of the Supreme in man which evolves from life to life until it becomes a fully self-conscious being. The soul is a special capacity or grace of human beings on earth.

3. The film on August 5.

The story narrated in the film went like this: Narada, as usual, was having fun. (Narada is a demigod with a divine position – that is, he can communicate with man and with the gods as he pleases, and he serves as an intermediary, but then he likes to have fun!) So he was quarrelling with one of the goddesses, I no longer recall which one, and he told her ... (Ah, yes! The quarrel was with Saraswati.) Saraswati was telling him that knowledge is much greater than love (much greater in that it is much more powerful than love), and he replied to her, 'You don't know what you're talking about! *(Mother laughs)* Love is much more powerful than knowledge.' So she challenged him, saying, 'Well then, prove it to me.' – 'I shall prove it to you,' he replied. And the whole story starts there. He began creating a whole imbroglio on earth just to prove his point.

It was only a film story, but anyway, the goddesses, the three wives of the Trimurti – that is, the consort of Brahma, the consort of Vishnu and the consort of Shiva – joined forces (!) and tried all kinds of things to foil Narada. I no longer recall the details of the story ... Oh yes, the story begins like this: one of the three – I believe it was Shiva's consort, Parvati (she was the worst one, by the way!) – was doing her puja. Shiva was in meditation, and she began doing her puja in front of him; she was using an oil lamp for the puja, and the lamp

fell down and burned her foot. She cried out because she had burned her foot. So Shiva at once came out of his meditation and said to her, 'What is it, Devi?' (laughter) She answered, 'I burned my foot!' Then Narada said, 'Aren't you ashamed of what you have done? – to make Shiva come out of his meditation simply because you have a little burn on your foot, which cannot even hurt you since you are immortal!' She became furious and snapped at him, 'Show me that it can be otherwise!' Narada replied, 'I am going to show you what it is to really love one's husband – you don't know anything about it!'

Then comes the story of Anusuya and her husband (who is truly a husband ... a very good man, but well, not a god, after all!), who was sleeping with his head resting upon Anusuya's knees. They had finished their puja (both of them were worshippers of Shiva), and after their puja he was resting, sleeping, with his head on Anusuya's knees. Meanwhile, the gods had descended upon earth,

particularly this Parvati, and they saw Anusuya like that. Then Parvati exclaimed, 'This is a good occasion!' Not very far away a cooking fire was burning. With her power, she sent the fire rolling down onto Anusuya's feet – which startled her because it hurt. It began to burn; not one cry, not one movement, nothing ... because she didn't want to awaken her husband. But she began invoking Shiva (Shiva was there). And because she invoked Shiva (it is lovely in the story), because she invoked Shiva, Shiva's foot began burning! *(Mother laughs)* Then Narada showed Shiva to Parvati: 'Look what you are doing; you are burning your husband's foot!' So Parvati made the opposite gesture and the fire was put out.

That's how it went.

Lovely.

Oh, the story was very lovely all along. There was one thing after another, one thing after another, and always the power of Anusuya was greater than the power of the gods. I liked that story very much.

It ended in a ... (Oh, the story was very long; it lasted three hours!) But really, it was lovely throughout. Lovely in the way it showed that the sincerity of love is much more powerful than anything else.

If I were to narrate the whole thing to you, there would be no end to it, but anyway, you get the idea.

* * *

(Shortly afterwards, the disciple again brings up the topic of August 9, where Mother had said that the gods are 'a good deal worse than human beings')

It should be said that we are speaking of the Puranic gods, because the Christians, for example, do not understand what this can mean. They have an entirely different conception of the gods. It could apply to the old Greek mythology, though.

No, not uniquely. It could apply in many other eases. Even if the Christians don't understand, there are many others who will!

Those who have read a little and who know something other than their little rut will understand.

There is something similar between the Puranic gods and the gods of Greek or Egyptian mythology. The gods of Egyptian mythology are terrible beings ... They cut off people's heads, tear their enemies to pieces! ...

The Greeks were not always tender either!

In Europe and in the modern Western world, it is thought that all these gods – the Greek gods and the 'pagan' gods, as they are called – are human fancies, that they are not real beings. To understand, one must know that they are real beings. That is the difference. For Westerners, they are only a figment of the human imagination and don't correspond to anything real in the universe. But that is a gross mistake.

To understand the workings of universal life, and even those of terrestrial life, one must know that in their own realms these are all living beings, each with his own independent reality. They would exist even if men did not exist! Most of these gods existed before man.

They are beings who belong to the progressive creation of the universe and who have themselves presided over its formation from the most etheric or subtle regions to the most material regions. They are a descent of the divine creative Spirit that came to repair the *mischief* ... in short, to repair what the Asuras had done. The first makers created disorder and darkness, an unconsciousness, and then it is said that there was a second 'lineage' of makers to repair that evil, and the gods gradually descended through realities that were ever more – one can't say dense because it isn't really dense, nor can one even say material, since matter as we know it does not exist on these planes – through more and more concrete substances.

All these zones, these planes of reality, received different names and were classified in different ways according to the occult schools, according to the different traditions, but there is an essential similarity, and if we go back far enough into the various traditions, hardly anything but words differ, depending upon the country and the language. The descriptions are quite similar. Moreover, those who climb back up the ladder – or in other words, a human being who, through his occult knowledge, goes out of one of his 'bodies' (they are called *sheaths* in English) and enters into a more subtle body – in order to ACT in a more subtle body – and so forth, twelve times (you make each body come out from a more material body, leaving the more material body in its corresponding zone, and then go off through successive exteriorizations), what they have seen, what they have discovered and seen through their ascension – whether they are occultists from the Occident or occultists from the Orient – is for the most part analogous in description. They have put different words on it, but the experience is very analogous.

There is the whole Chaldean tradition, and there is also the Vedic tradition, and there was very certainly a tradition anterior to both that split into two branches. Well, all these occult experiences have been the same. Only the description differs depending upon the country and the language. The story of creation is not told from a metaphysical or psychological point of view, but

from an objective point of view, and this story is as real as our stories of historical periods. Of course, it's not the only way of seeing, but it is just as legitimate a way as the others, and in any event, it recognizes the concrete reality of all these divine beings. Even now, the experiences of Western occultists and those of Eastern occultists exhibit great similarities. The only difference is in the way they are expressed, but the manipulation of the forces is the same.

I learned all this through Theon. Probably, he was .. I don't know if he was Russian or Polish (a Russian or Polish Jew), he never said who he really was or where he was born, nor his age nor anything.

He had assumed two names: one was an Arab name he had adopted when he took refuge in Algeria (I don't know for what reason). After having worked with Blavatsky and having founded an occult society in Egypt, he went to Algeria, and there he first called himself 'Aia Aziz' (a word of Arabic origin meaning 'the beloved'). Then, when he began setting up his *Cosmic Review* and his 'cosmic group,' he called himself Max Theon, meaning the supreme God (!), the greatest God! And no one knew him by any other name than these two – Aia Aziz or Max Theon.

He had an English wife.

He said he had received initiation in India (he knew a little Sanskrit and the Rig-Veda thoroughly), and then he formulated a tradition which he called the 'cosmic tradition' and which he claimed to have received – I don't know how – from a tradition anterior to that of the Cabala and the Vedas. But there were many things (Madame Theon was the clairvoyant one, and she received visions; oh, she was wonderful!), many things that I myself had seen and known before knowing them which were then substantiated.

So personally, I am convinced that there was indeed a tradition anterior to both these traditions containing a knowledge very close to an integral knowledge. Certainly, there is a similarity in the experiences. When I came here and told Sri Aurobindo certain things I knew from the occult standpoint, he always said that it conformed to the Vedic tradition. And as for certain occult practices, he told me that they were entirely tantric – and I knew nothing at that time, absolutely nothing, neither the Vedas nor the Tantras.

So very probably there was a tradition anterior to both. I have recollections (for me, these are always things I have LIVED), very clear, very distinct recollections of a time that was certainly VERY anterior to the Vedic times and to the Cabala, to the Chaldean tradition.

But now, there is only a very small number of people in the West who know that it isn't merely subjective or imaginative (the result of a more or less unbridled imagination), and that it corresponds to a universal truth.

All these regions, all these realms are filled with beings who exist separately in their own realms, and if you are awake and conscious on a given plane – for example, if while going out of a more material body you awaken on some higher plane – you can have the same relationship with the things and people of that plane as with the things and people of the material world. In other words, there exists an entirely objective relationship that has nothing to

do with your own idea of things. Naturally, the resemblance becomes greater and greater as you draw nearer the physical world, the material world, and there is even a moment when one region can act directly upon the other. In any case, in what Sri Aurobindo calls the 'kingdoms of the overmind,' you find a concrete reality entirely independent of your personal experience; whenever you come back to it, you again find the same things, with some differences that may have occurred DURING YOUR ABSENCE. And your relationships with the beings there are identical to those you have with physical beings, except that they are more flexible, more supple and more direct (for example, there is a capacity to change the outer form, the visible form, according to your inner state), but you can make an appointment with someone, come to the meeting and again find the same being, with only certain differences that may have occurred during your absence – but it is absolutely concrete, with absolutely concrete results.

However, you must have at least a little experience of these things to understand them. Otherwise, if you are convinced that all this is just human fancy or mental formations, if you believe that these gods have such and such a form because men have imagined them to be like that, or that they have such and such defects or qualities because men have envisioned it that way – as with all those who say God is created in the image of man and exists only in human thought – all such people won't understand, it will seem absolutely ridiculous to them, a kind of madness. You must live a little, touch the subject a little to know how concrete it is.

Naturally, children know a great deal – if they have not been spoiled. There are many children who return to the same place night after night and continue living a life they have begun there. When these faculties are not spoiled with age, they can be preserved within one. There was a time when I was especially interested in dreams, and I could return exactly to the same place and continue some work I had begun there, visit something, for example, or see to something, some work of organization or some discovery or exploration; you go to a certain place, just as you go somewhere in life, then you rest a while, then you go back and begin again – you take up your work just where you left it, and you continue. You also notice that there are things entirely independent of you, certain variations which were not at all created by you and which occurred automatically during your absence.

But then, you must LIVE these experiences yourself; you yourself must see, you must live them with enough sincerity to see (by being sincere and spontaneous) that they are independent of any mental formations. Because one can take the opposite line and make an intensive study of the way mental formations act upon events – which is very interesting. But that's another field. And this study makes you very careful, very prudent, because you start noticing to what extent you can delude yourself. Therefore, both one and the other, the mental formation and the occult reality, must be studied to see what the ESSENTIAL difference is between them. The one exists in itself, entirely independent of what we think about it, and the other ...

That was a grace. I was given every experience without knowing

ANYTHING of what it was all about – my mind was absolutely ... blank. There was no active correspondence in the formative mind. I only knew about what had happened or the laws governing these happenings AFTERWARDS, when I was curious and inquired to find out what it related to. Then I found out. But otherwise, I didn't know. So that was the clear proof that these things existed entirely outside of my imagination or thought.

It doesn't happen very frequently in this world. And that's why these experiences, which otherwise seem quite natural, quite obvious, appear to be ... extravagant fancies to people who know nothing.

But if you transposed this to France, to the West, unless you frequent occult circles, people would look at you with ... And behind your back, they would say, 'That person is cracked!'

* * *

(Later, the disciple asks Mother for some clarification on the "essential difference" between the occult reality and mental formations)

Once you have worked in this field, you realize that when you have studied a subject, when you have mentally understood something, it gives a special tonality to the experience. The experience may be quite spontaneous and sincere, but the simple fact of having known this subject and of having studied it gives a particular tonality; on the other hand, if you have learned nothing of the subject, if you know nothing at all, well, when the experience comes, the notation of it is entirely spontaneous and sincere. It can be more or less adequate, but it is not the result of a former mental formation.

What happened in my life is that I never studied or knew things until AFTER having the experience – only BECAUSE OF the experience and because I wanted to understand it would I study things related to it.

It was the same thing for visions of past lives. I knew NOTHING when I would have the experience, not even the possibility of past lives, and only after having had the experience would I study the question and, for example, even verify certain historical facts that had occurred in my vision but about which I had no prior knowledge.

* * *

(Then the disciple asks for details on going out of each successive body into the next, more subtle one)

There are subtle bodies and subtle worlds that correspond to these bodies; it is what the psychological method calls 'states of consciousness,' but these states of consciousness really correspond to worlds. The occult process consists in becoming aware of these various inner states of being, or subtle bodies, and of mastering them sufficiently to be able to make one come out of the other, successively. For there is a whole hierarchy of increasing subtleties – or

decreasing, depending upon the direction – and the occult process consists in making a more subtle body come out from a denser body, and so forth, right to the most ethereal regions. You go out through successive exteriorizations into more and more subtle bodies or worlds. Each time it is rather like passing into another dimension. In fact, the fourth dimension of the physicists is only the scientific transcription of an occult knowledge.

To give another comparison, it could be said that the physical body is at the center – it is the most material and the most condensed, as well as the smallest – and the more subtle inner bodies increasingly overlap the limits of this central physical body; they pass through it and extend further and further out, like water evaporating from a porous vase which creates a kind of steam all around it. And the more subtle it is, the more its extension tends to fuse with that of the universe: you finally become universal. It is an entirely concrete process that makes the invisible worlds an objective experience and even allows you to act in those worlds.

Undated 1958

When you are exteriorized during sleep and conscious in the vital world, you can live a vital life as conscious as the physical life. I have known people who had this capacity and who were so intensely interested in their experiences in the vital world that they returned only with regret to their bodies. If you are conscious and master of yourself in the vital world and if you possess a certain power there, the circumstances are marvelous, infinitely more varied and more beautiful than in the physical world.

Suppose, for example, that you are very tired and need to rest. If you know how to exteriorize yourself and consciously enter into the vital world, you will find there a region like a miraculous virgin forest with all the splendors of a rich and harmonious vegetation, magnificent mirrors of water and an atmosphere so filled with this living, vibrant vitality of the plants!

There is such a life there, such a beauty, so much richness and plenitude that you awaken full of force and with an absolutely wonderful feeling of energy, even if you remain there but a minute.

And it is so objective, so concrete! I have taken people there, without telling them what it was all about, and they were able to describe the place exactly as I myself would.

There are regions like that – not very many, but some.

On the other hand, there are many unpleasant places in the vital world where it is better not to go. Those who can easily learn to go out of their bodies should do so with a great deal of caution. I could never teach this to many people, for were they to do it alone, it would mean abandoning them,

sometimes without protection, to experiences that can be extremely harmful.

The vital world is a world of extremes. If, for example, you eat a bunch of grapes in the vital world, you feel so nourished that you can remain without hunger for thirty-six hours. But you can also run into things and enter places that will wrest all the energy from you in a minute and at times leave you ill or even disabled.

I knew an absolutely exceptional woman' from the occult point of view who had just such an accident in the vital world. While trying to wrest someone she valued from the beings of the vital world, she received such a blow to one eye that she lost it.

Without going that far, it may happen that you meet with accidents in the vital world that leave their trace for hours after awakening.

1. Madame Theon.

November 8, 1958

I found my message for the 1st of January ... It was quite unforeseen. Yesterday morning, I thought, 'All the same, I have to find my message, but what?' I was absolutely ... like that, neutral, nothing. Then yesterday evening at the class *(of Friday, November* 7) I noticed that these children who had had a whole week to prepare their questions on the text had not found a single one! A terrible lethargy! A total lack of interest. And when I had finished speaking, I thought to myself, 'But what IS there in these people who are interested in nothing but their personal little affairs?' So I began descending into their mental atmosphere, in search of the little light, of that which responds ... And it literally pulled me downwards as into a hole, but in such a material way; my hand, which was on the arm of the chair, began slipping down, my other hand went like this *(to the ground),* my head, too! I thought it was going to touch my knees!

And I had the impression ... It was not an impression – I saw it. I was descending into a crevasse between two steep rocks, rocks that appeared to be made of something harder than basalt, BLACK, but metallic at the same time, with such sharp edges – it seemed that a mere touch would lacerate you. It appeared endless and bottomless, and it kept getting narrower, narrower and narrower, narrower and narrower, like a funnel, so narrow that there was almost no more room – not even for the consciousness – to pass through. And the bottom was invisible, a black hole. And it went down, down, down, like that, without air, without light, except for a sort of glimmer that enabled me to make out the rock edges. They seemed to be cut so steeply, so sharply ... Finally, when my head began touching my knees, I asked myself, 'But what is there at the bottom of this ... this hole?'

And as soon as I had uttered, 'What is there at the bottom of this hole?' I seemed to touch a spring that was in the very depths – a spring I didn't see but that acted instantly with a tremendous power – and it cast me up forthwith, hurled me out of this crevasse into ... *(arms extended, motionless)* a formless, limitless vast which was infinitely comfortable – not exactly warm, but it gave a feeling of ease and of an intimate warmth.

And it was all-powerful, with an infinite richness. It did not have ... no, it didn't have any kind of form, and it had no limits (naturally, as I was identified with it I knew there was neither limit nor form). It was as if (because it was not visible), as if this vast were made of countless, imperceptible points – points that occupied no place in space (there was no sense of space), that were of a deep warm gold – but this is only a feeling, a transcription. And all this was absolutely LIVING, living with a power that seemed infinite. And yet motionless.

It lasted for quite some time, for the rest of the meditation.

It seemed to contain a whole wealth of possibilities, and all this that was formless had the power to become form.

At the time, I wondered what it meant. Later, of course, I found out, and finally this morning, I said to myself, 'Ah, so that's it! It came to give me my message for the new year!' Then I transcribed the experience – it can't be described, of course, for it was indescribable; it was a psychological phenomenon and the form it took was only a way of describing the psychological state to oneself. Here is what I wrote down, obviously in a mental way, and I am thinking of using it as my message.

There was a hesitation in the expression, so I brought the paper and I want us to decide upon the final text together.

I have not described anything. I have only stated a fact *(Mother reads):*

> 'At the very bottom of the inconscience most hard and rigid and narrow and stifling, I struck upon an almighty spring that cast me up forthwith into a formless, limitless Vast, generator of all creation.'

And it is again one more proof. The experience was absolutely ... the English word *genuine* says it.

Genuine and spontaneous?

Yes, it was not a willed experience, for I had not decided I would do this. It did not correspond to an inner attitude. In a meditation, one can decide, 'I will meditate on this or on that or on something else – I will do this or that.' For meditations, I usually have a kind of inner (or higher) perception of what has to be done, and I do it. But it was not that way. I had decided: nothing, to decide nothing, to be 'like that' *(gesture of turning upwards).*

And then it happened.

Suddenly, while I was speaking (it was while I was speaking), I felt, 'Well really, can anything be done with such material?' Then, quite naturally, when I stopped speaking, oh! – I felt that I was being pulled! Then I understood.

Because I had asked myself the question, 'But what is HAPPENING in there behind all those forms? ...' I can't say that I was annoyed, but I said to myself, 'Well really, this has to be shaken up a bit!' And just as I had finished, something pulled me – it pulled me out of my body, I was literally pulled out of my body.

And then, down into this hole ... I still see what I saw then, this crevasse between two rocks. The sky was not visible, but on the rock summits I saw ... something like the reflection of a glimmer – a glimmer – coming from 'something' beyond, which *(laughing)* must have been the sky! But it was invisible. And as I descended, as if I were sliding down the face of this crevasse, I saw the rock edges; and they were really black rocks, as if cut with a chisel, cuts so fresh that they glistened, with edges as sharp as knives. There was one here, one there, another there, everywhere, all around. And I was being pulled, pulled, pulled, I went down and down and down – there was no end to it, and it was becoming more and more compressing.' It went down and down ...

And so, physically, the body followed. My body has been taught to express the inner experience to a certain extent. In the body there is the body-force or the body-form or the body-spirit (according to the different schools, it bears a different name), and this is what leaves the body last when one dies, usually taking a period of seven days to leave.[1] With special training, it can acquire a conscious life – independent and conscious – to such a degree that not only in a state of trance (in trance, it frequently happens that one can speak and move if one is slightly trained or educated), but even in a cataleptic state it can produce sounds and even make the body move. Thus, through training, the body begins to have somnambulistic capacities – not an ordinary somnambulism, but it can live an autonomous life.' This is what took place, yesterday evening it was like that – I had gone out of my body, but my body was participating. And then I was pulled downwards: my hand, which had been on the arm of the chair, slipped down, then the other hand, then my head was almost touching my knees! (The consciousness was elsewhere, I saw it from outside – it was not that I didn't know what I was doing, I saw it from outside.) So I said, 'In any case, this has to stop somewhere because if it continues, my head *(laughing) is* going to be on the ground!' And I thought, 'But what is there at the bottom of this hole? ... '

1. Later Mother added, 'stifling, suffocating.'

2.retains a connection with the being that has gone out, and what has gone out has a power over it – which is precisely why one isn't completely dead! The being that has gone out also has the power to make the body move.'

Scarcely had these words been formulated when there I was, at the bottom of the hole! And it was absolutely as if a tremendous, almighty spring were there, and then ... *(Mother hits the table)* vrrrm! I was cast out of the abyss into a vastness. My body immediately sat straight up, head on high, following the movement. If someone had been watching, this is what he would have seen: in

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[1]Later Mother further explained: 'When one is exteriorized, this body-spirit

a single bound, vrrrm! Straight up, to the maximum, my head on high.

And I followed all this without objectifying it in the least; I was not aware of what it was nor of what was happening, nor of any explanation at all, nothing: it was 'like that.' I was living it, that's all. The experience was absolutely spontaneous. And after this rather ... painful descent, phew! – there was a kind of super-comfort. I can't explain it otherwise, an *ease,2* but an ease ... to the utmost. A perfect immobility in a sense of eternity – but with an extraordinary INTENSITY of movement and life! An inner intensity, unmanifested; it was within, self-contained. And motionless (had there been an outside, it would have been motionless in relation to that) and it was in a ... life so immeasurable that it can only be expressed metaphorically as infinite. And with an intensity, a POWER, a force ... and a peace – the peace of eternity. A silence, a calm. A POWER capable of ... of EVERYTHING. Everything.

And I was not imagining nor objectifying it; I was living it with ease – with a great ease. And it lasted until the end of the meditation. When it gradually began fading, I stopped the meditation and left.

1. Later, Mother explained: 'I don't mean an autonomous will (it is the being that has gone out which has the power to make the body move), it has only acquired, through training, the capacity to express the will of the being with which it has kept a relationship through this link of the body-spirit which is broken only at death.'

2. Original English.

Later, after I returned *(to the Ashram),* I wondered, 'What was that? What does it signify?' Then I understood.

That's all.

Now I am going to write it down clearly. Hand me a piece of paper.

(Mother begins recopying her message)

'At the very bottom of the inconscience most hard and rigid ...' Because generally, the inconscience gives the impression, precisely, of something amorphous, inert, formless, drab and gray (when formerly I entered the zones of the inconscient, that was the first thing I encountered). But this was an inconscience ... it was hard, rigid, COAGULATED, as if coagulated to resist: all effort slides off it, doesn't touch it, cannot penetrate it. So I am putting,' ... most hard and rigid and narrow' (the idea of something that compresses, compresses, compresses you) 'and stifling' – yes, stifling is the word.

' ... I struck upon an almighty spring that cast me up forthwith into a formless, limitless vast, generator of all creation.' It was ... yes, I have the feeling that it was not the ordinary creation, the primordial creation, but the SUPRAMENTAL creation, for it bore no similarity to the experience of returning to the Supreme, the origin of everything. I had utterly the feeling of being cast into the origin of the supramental creation – something that is already (how can it be expressed?) objectified from the Supreme, with the explicit goal of the supramental creation.

That was my feeling.

I don't think I am mistaken, for there was such a superabundant feeling of power, of warmth, of gold ... It was not fluid, it was like a powdering. And

each of these things (they cannot be called specks or fragments, nor even points, unless you understand it in the mathematical sense, a point that occupies no space) was something equivalent to a mathematical point, but like living gold, a powdering of warm gold. I cannot say it was sparkling, I cannot say it was dark, nor was it made of light, either: a multitude of tiny points of gold, nothing but that. They seemed to be touching my eyes, my face ... and with such an inherent power and warmth – it was a splendor! And then, at the same time, the feeling of a plenitude, the PEACE of omnipotence ... It was rich, it was full. It was movement at its ultimate, infinitely swifter than all one can imagine, and at the same time it was absolute peace, perfect tranquillity.

(Mother resumes her message)

I do not want to put the word ... Unless, instead of putting generator of all creation,' I put 'of the new creation ...' Oh, but then it becomes absolutely overwhelming! It is THAT, in fact. It is that. But is it time to say so? I don't know ... Generator of the new creation ...

November 11, 1958

(Mother arrives with a new change in her message for January 1, 1959: instead of 'an almighty spring that cast me up forthwith into a formless, limitless Vast, generator of the new world,' Mother puts 'a formless, limitless Vast vibrating with the seeds of a new world')

The objectification of the experience came progressively, as always happens to me. When I have the experience, I am absolutely 'blank,' like a newborn baby to whom things come just 'like that.' I don't know what is happening, and I expect nothing. How much time it has taken me to learn this!

There is no preliminary thought, preliminary knowledge, preliminary will: all those things do not exist. I am only like a mirror receiving the experience, the simplicity of a little child learning life. It is like that. And it is the gift of the Grace, truly the Grace: in the face of the experience, the simplicity of a little child just born. And it is spontaneously so, but deliberately too; in other words, during the experience I am very careful not to watch myself having the experience so that no previous knowledge intervenes. Only afterwards do I see. It is not a mental construction, nor does it come from something higher than the mind (it is not even a knowledge by identity that makes me see things); no, the body (when the experience is in the body) is ... like that, what in English is called *blank.* As if it had just been born, as if just then it were being born with the experience.

And only little by little, little by little, is this experience put in the presence of any previous knowledge. Thus, its explanation and its evaluation come

about progressively.

It is indispensable if one doesn't want to be arbitrary.

So in fact, only the final wording is correct, but from the point of view of the 'historical' unfolding, it is interesting to observe the passage. It was exactly the same phenomenon for the experience of the Supramental Manifestation. Both these things, the experience of November 7 and of the Supramental, occurred in the same way, identically: I WAS the experience, and nothing else. Nothing but the experience at the time it was occurring. And only slowly, while coming out of it, did the previous knowledge, the previous experiences, all the accumulation of what had come before, examine it and put it in its place.

This is why I arrive at a verbal expression progressively, gropingly; these are not literary gropings – it is aimed at being precise, specific and concise at the same time.

When I write something, I don't expect people to understand it, but I try to avoid the least possible distortion of the experience or the image in this kind of 'shrinking' towards expression.

What is this spring?

The spring? It means exactly this: in the deepest depths of the Inconscient is the supreme spring that makes us touch the Supreme. It is like the Supreme making us touch the Supreme: that is the almighty spring. When you arrive at the very bottom of the Inconscient, you touch the Supreme.

So that is the shortest path!

Not the shortest path! Already for me, it was hard to touch the bottom of the Inconscient, but for others it would take an eternity.

It is something similar to what Sri Aurobindo has written in 'A God's Labour.'

> *Was it the Supreme at the very bottom of the Inconscient who cast you up directly to the Supreme?*

Yes. Because at the very bottom of the Inconscient is the Supreme. It is the same idea as the highest height touching the deepest depth. The universe is like a circle – it is represented by the serpent biting its tail, its head touching its tail. It means that the supreme height touches the most material matter, without any intermediary. I have already said this several times. But that was the experience. I didn't know what was happening. I expected nothing and ... it was stupendous – in a single bound, I sprang up! If someone had had his eyes open, I assure you he would have had to laugh: I was bent over, like this, more and more, more and more, more and more, my head was just about to touch my knees when suddenly – vrrrm! Straight, straight up, my head upright in a single bound!

But as soon as you want to express it, it escapes like water running through your fingers; all the fluidity is lost, it evaporates. A rather vague, poetic or artistic expression is much truer, much nearer to the truth – something hazy, nebulous, undefined. Something not concretized like a rigid mental expression – this rigidity that the mind has introduced right down into the Inconscient.

This vision of the Inconscient ... (Mother *remains gazing for a moment)* it

was the MENTAL Inconscient. Because the starting point was mental. A special Inconscient – rigid, hard, resistant – with all that the mind has brought into our consciousness. But it was far worse, far worse than a purely material Inconscient! A 'mentalized' Inconscient, as it were. All this rigidity, this hardness, this narrowness, this fixity – a FIXITY – comes from the presence of the mind in creation. When the mind was not manifested, the Inconscient was not like that! It was formless and had the plasticity of something that is formless – the plasticity has gone.

It is a terrible image of the Mind's action in the Inconscient.

It has made the Inconscient aggressive – it was not so before. Aggressive, resistant, OBSTINATE. That was not there before.

Yes, that's it. It was not an 'original' Inconscient. It was a mentalized Inconscient. With all that the mind has brought in in the way of OPPOSITION – of resistance, hardness, rigidity.

It would be interesting to mention this.

Because the starting point, precisely, was to look into the mental unconsciousness of these people. It was the mental Inconscient. Well, the mental Inconscient REFUSES to change – which is not true of the other one; the other is nothing, it doesn't exist, it is not organized in any way, it has no way of being, whereas this one is an ORGANIZED Inconscient – organized by a beginning mental influence. A hundred times worse!

This is a very interesting point to note.

It is not the experience, which I had once before, of the original Inconscient. The experience I had this time is of the Inconscient that has undergone the influence of the Mind in creation. It has become ... It has become a FAR greater obstacle than before. Before, it did not even have the power to resist, it had nothing, it was truly unconscious. Now it is an Inconscient organized in its refusal to change!

It was a very new experience.

That's where we are.

And this almighty spring is the perfect image of what is happening – what must happen, what will happen – FOR EVERYONE: suddenly, one is cast forth into the vast.

November 14, 1958

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, November 14, 1958

Mother,

I feel disguised.' And I detest hypocrisy – I have many faults, but not that one.

So I believe it would be better for me to leave.

Through my friends in Hyderabad, I can contact some people who are doing business in the forests of the Belgian Congo. I want to go there, alone and far away from everything.

But there is always this wretched question of money. I need it to leave and to pay for the journey. Afterwards, I will manage. Anyway, it is all the same to me; I am not afraid of anything any longer.

I. Due to the orange robes of the sannyasi.

It seems to me that the sooner I leave the better, because of this hypocrisy I detest.'

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Friday evening, November 14, 1958

Satprem,

One does not cure hypocrisy by pulling down below what is already above – but by lifting upwards what is still down below. To yield to an impulse of revolt is a defeat and a cowardice unworthy of a soul like yours.

Do not flee the difficulty, face it courageously and carry home the victory.

My love is with you.

Signed: Mother

November 15, 1958

(Concerning an experience Mother had on November 13 in regard to the disciple's difficulties)

Truly speaking, perhaps one is never rid of the hostile forces as long as one has not permanently emerged into the Light, above the lower hemisphere. There, the term 'hostile forces' loses its meaning; they become only forces of progress, they force you to progress. But to see things in this way, you have to get out of the lower hemisphere, for below, they are very real in their opposition to the divine plan.

It was said in the ancient traditions that one could not live for more than twenty days in this higher state without leaving one's body and returning to the supreme Origin. Now this is no longer true.

1. Shortly afterwards, in the last days of November, Satprem would leave the Ashram once again.

It is precisely this state of perfect Harmony beyond all attacks that will become possible with the supramental realization. It is what all those who are

destined for the supramental transformation will realize. The hostile forces know it well; in the supramental world, they will automatically disappear. Having no more utility, they will be dissolved without our having to do anything, simply through the presence of the supramental force. So now they are being unleashed with a fury in a negation of everything, everything.

The link between the two worlds has not yet been built, but it is in the process of being built; this was the meaning of the experience of February 3, 1958': to build a link between the two worlds. For both worlds are indeed there – not one above the other, but within each other, in two different dimensions. Only, there is no communication between them; they overlap, as it were, without being connected. In the experience of February 3, I saw certain people from here (and from elsewhere) who already belong to the supramental world in a part of their being, but there is no connection, no link. But now the hour has come in universal history for this link to be built.

> *What is the relationship between this experience of February 3 and that of November 7 (the almighty spring)? Is what you found in the depths of the Inconscient this same Supramental?*

The experience of November 7 was a further step in the building of the link between the two worlds. Where I was cast was clearly into the origin of the supramental creation – all this warm gold, this tremendous living power, this sovereign peace. And once again I saw that the values governing the supramental world have nothing to do with our values here, even the values of our highest wisdom, even those we consider the most divine when we live constantly in a divine Presence: it is utterly different.

Not only in our state of adoration and surrender to the Supreme, but even in our state of identification, the QUALITY of the identification is different depending upon whether we are on this side, progressing in this hemisphere, or have passed to the other side and have emerged into the other world, the other hemisphere, the higher hemisphere.

1. The Supramental Ship.

The quality or the kind of relationship I had with the Supreme at that moment was entirely different from the one we have here – even the identification had a different quality. One can very well understand that all the lower movements are different but this identification by which the Supreme governs and lives in us was the summit of our experience here – well, the way He governs and lives is different depending on whether we are in this hemisphere here or in the supramental life. And at that moment *(the experience of November 13),* what made the experience so intense was that I came to perceive vaguely both these states of consciousness at once. It was almost as if the Supreme Himself were different, or our experience of Him. And yet, in both cases, it was a contact with the Supreme. It is probably how we perceive Him or the way in which we translate it that differs, but the fact is that the quality of the experience is different.

In the other hemisphere, there is an intensity and a plenitude which are translated by a power different from the one here. How can I formulate it? – I

cannot.

The quality of the consciousness itself seems to change. It is not something higher than the summit we can attain here, it is not one MORE rung, not that. Here, we have reached the end, the summit, but ... it's the quality that is different. The quality, in the sense that a fullness, a richness, a power is there (this is a translation, you see, in our way), but there is a 'something' that ... that eludes us. It is truly a new reversal of consciousness.

When we begin living the spiritual life, a reversal of consciousness takes place which for us is the proof that we have entered the spiritual life; well, yet another occurs when we enter the supramental world.

And probably each time a new world opens up, there will again be a new reversal. This is why even our spiritual life, which is such a total reversal compared to ordinary life, seems something still so ... so totally different when compared to this supramental consciousness that the values are almost opposite.

It can be expressed in this way (but it's quite approximate, more than diminished or deformed): it's as if our entire spiritual life were made of silver, whereas the supramental life is made of gold – as if our entire spiritual life here were a vibration of silver, not cold but simply a light, a light that goes right to the summit, an absolutely pure light, pure and intense; but in the other, in the supramental world, there is a richness and a power that make all the difference. This whole spiritual life of the psychic being and of all our present consciousness that appears so warm, so full, so wonderful, so luminous to the ordinary consciousness, well, all this splendor seems poor in comparison to the splendor of the new world.

I can explain the phenomenon like this: successive reversals such that an EVER NEW richness of creation will take place from stage to stage, making whatever came before seem so poor in comparison. What to us seems supremely rich compared to our ordinary life, appears so poor compared to this new reversal of consciousness. Such was my experience.

Last night, my effort to understand what was missing in order to help you completely and truly come out of the difficulty reminded me of what I said the other day about Power, the transforming power, the true realizing power, the supramental power. When you enter that, when you suddenly surge into that Thing, then you see – you see that it is truly almighty in comparison to what we are here. So once again, I touched it, I experienced both states simultaneously.

But as long as this is not an accomplished fact, it will still be a progression – a progression, an ascension; you gain a little, you gain some ground, you rise higher and higher. But as long as the new reversal has not taken place, it's as if everything had still to be done. It is a repetition of the experience below, reproduced above.

(silence)

And each time, you have the feeling of having lived on the surface of things. It's a feeling that is repeated over and over again. With each new conquest, you feel that until then you had lived only on the surface of things –

on the surface of the realization, on the surface of 'surrender,' on the surface of power. It was only the surface of things, the surface of the experience. Behind the surface, there is a depth, and only when one enters into this depth does one touch the True Thing. And it is the same experience each time: what seemed a depth becomes the surface. A surface, with all that it entails of inaccuracy, yes, of artificiality – artificial – an artificial transcription. It feels like something not really alive, a copy, an imitation: it's an image, a reflection, but not THE Thing itself. You step into another zone and you feel you have uncovered the Source and the Power and the Truth of things; then this source and power and truth in turn become an appearance, an imitation, a mere transcription in comparison to something concrete: the new realization.

(silence)

Meanwhile, we should acknowledge that we don't have the key, it is not yet in our hands. Or rather, we know quite well where it is, and there is only one thing to do: the perfect 'surrender' Sri Aurobindo speaks of, the total surrender to the divine Will whatever happens, even in the dark of night.

There is night and sun, night and sun, and night again, many nights, but one must cling to this will for 'surrender,' cling as through a storm, and put everything into the hands of the Supreme Lord. Until the day when the Sun shall shine forever, the day of total Victory.

November 20, 1958

(Mother tries to find the origin of the disciple's difficulties)

I don't have all the information, otherwise certainly ... Two things made me see ... I saw them the other day. First of all, when you didn't understand my letter, for I wrote it to a part of you that without any doubt should have understood; I was referring to something other than what is seen and known by this part of you which is ... this center, this knot of revolt that seems to resist everything, that really remains knotted, in spite of your experiences and the strides you have made, as well as your openings. And what made me see is especially the fact that it resists experiences, it is not touched by experiences; this was the point that did not understand what I wrote. Because the part of you that had the experience must necessarily understand what I wrote, without the shadow of a doubt.

Time is needed ...

I had two visions which are certainly related to this. The most recent one was yesterday, and it concerned a past life in India. It is something that took place in India about one thousand years ago, perhaps a little more (I am not yet sure about this). And it contains both things. It's strange, both things together –

the origin of the power of realization in this life and the obstacle to be conquered.

I had the last vision yesterday evening. You were much taller than you are now; you were wearing the orange robe, and you were backed up against a door of bronze, a bronze door like the door of a temple or a palace ... but at the same time it was symbolic (it was a fact, it actually took place like this, but at the same time it was symbolic). And ... unfortunately, it didn't last because I was disturbed. But it contained the key.

I was VERY HAPPY with the vision, for there was a great POWER, though it was rather ... terrible. But it was magnificent. When I saw that, I ... This vision was given to me because I had concentrated with a will to find the solution, a true solution, an enduring and permanent solution – that is, I had this spontaneous gratitude which goes out to the Grace when it brings some effective help. Only, what followed was interrupted by someone who came to call me and that cut it short, but it will return.

But now I KNOW – before I did not know. The other morning I saw, and I was told very clearly that it was a karma' to be worked out; so then I told you, but at the time I didn't know what it was.

And I saw that with the new Power, the supramental power ... That is something absolutely new ... It used to be thought that nothing had the power to eliminate the consequences of karma and that only by exhausting it through a series of actions could its consequences be transformed ... exhausted, eliminated. But I KNOW that with the supramental power it can be done without following all the steps of the process.

In any event, one point is clear: it is something that happened in India, and the origin of the karma and the remedy of the karma go together. And it has to do with this initiation you received in Rameswaram. 2

So the difficulty and the victory go together. It's very interesting.

1. Karma: positive (or negative) consequences of actions performed in past lives (every action is endowed with a self-perpetuating dynamism).

2. A temple-island in southern India where Satprem became a sannyasi.

But what had I done in that life? ... What did I do? WHAT?!?

Yes, that's the point. I think I know, but I don't want to say anything without being sure.

(silence)

It is good that it comes in stages.

(silence)

What is needed – what is needed is simply endurance, the capacity to hold on, which means to stay still within. Not to yield to ... not to yield when you feel within yourself, 'I can't bear it.'

And it seems to me that it's relatively easier than when you have to confront the thing all alone.

If you can ... when the attack comes, if you can cling to something that

knows, or to something in you that has had the experience, and if you can hold onto that memory, even if it is only a memory, and cling to that in spite of all that denies and revolts ... Above all not ... To keep your head as still as possible. And not follow the movement, not succumb to the vibration.

Because from what I have seen and from what I was told, I am sure that it is decisive, that what is offered to you is the possibility of a decisive victory, which means that it will no longer recur in the same way.

There is such an abyss between what one truly is and what we are that at times it is dizzying. But one must not let oneself become dizzy. One must not yield. One must remain like a rock until it passes.

November 22, 1958

> *Even at a very young age, I had a kind of intuition of my destiny. I felt that something in me had to be exhausted, or that I had to exhaust myself. I don't know, as though I had to descend into the depths of the night to find the thing. I thought it was the concentration camps. Perhaps this was still not deep enough ... Do you see any meaning in all this?*

It can hardly be formulated; these are merely impressions that follow one another. I know that when you thought of leaving with Swami,' I saw that a door was opening, that it was the truth, that this was IT.

My immediate impression was that you were being put in direct contact with this ... this sort of Fatality that here they call karma, which is the consequence ... yes, something that must be exhausted, something that remains in the consciousness.

This is how it works: the psychic being passes from one life to another, but there are cases in which the psychic incarnates in order to ... to *work* out2 ... to pass through a certain experience, to learn a certain thing, to develop a certain thing through a certain experience. And so in this life, in the life where the experience is to be made, it can happen (there may be more than one reason) that the soul does not come down accurately in the place it should have, some shift or other may occur, a set of contrary circumstances – this happens sometimes – and then the incarnation miscarries entirely and the soul leaves. But in other cases, the soul is simply placed in the impossibility of doing exactly what it wants and it finds itself swept away by ... unfortunate circumstances. Not only unfortunate from an objective standpoint, but unfortunate for its own development, and then that creates in it the necessity to begin the experience all over again, and in much more difficult conditions.

And if – it can happen – if the second attempt also miscarries, if the conditions make the experience the soul is seeking still more difficult ... for example, if one is in a body with an inadequate will or some distortion in the thought, or an egoism too ... too hardened, and it ends in suicide, it is dreadful. I have seen this many times, it creates a dreadful karma that can be repeated for lifetimes on end before the soul can conquer it and manage to do what it wants. And each time, the conditions become more difficult, each time it requires a still greater effort. And people who know this say, 'You cannot get out!' In fact, it is this kind of desire to escape which pushes you into more foolish things3 that result in a still greater accumulation of difficulty. There are moments – moments and circumstances – when no one is there to help you, and then things become so ... horrible, the circumstances become so abominable.

1. The first tantric guru whom the disciple joined in Ceylon and with whom he travelled in the Himalayas.

2. Original English.

3. Mother specified: 'The subconscious memory of the past creates a kind of irresistible desire to escape from the difficulty, and you recommence the same foolishness, or an even greater foolishness.'

But if the soul has had but ONE call, but ONE contact with the Grace, then in your next life you are put in the conditions, once, whereby EVERYTHING can be swept away at one stroke. And at this present moment on earth, you cannot imagine the number of people I have met – that is, the number of souls – who had reached out towards this possibility with such an intensity – and they have all found themselves on my path.

At that point, sometimes a great courage is needed, sometimes a great endurance is needed, sometimes a true love is enough, sometimes, oh! if only faith were there, one thing, one tiny little thing is enough, and ... everything can be swept away. I have done it often; there are times when I have failed. But more often than not I have been able to remove it. But then, what is needed is a great, stoical courage or a capacity to endure and to SEE IT THROUGH. The resistance (especially in cases of former suicide), the resistance to the temptation of renewing this stupidity creates a terrible formation. Or else this habit of fleeing when suffering comes: flee, flee, instead of ... absorbing the difficulty, holding on.

But just this, a faith in the Grace, or an awareness of the Grace, or the intensity of the call, or else naturally the response – the response, the thing that opens, that breaks – the response to this marvelous love of the Grace.

It is difficult without a strong will; and above all, above all the capacity to resist the temptation, which was the fatal temptation throughout all one's lives – because its power builds up. Each defeat gives it renewed force. But a tiny victory can dissolve it.

Oh, the most terrible of all is when one does not have the strength, the courage, something indomitable! How many times do they come to tell me, 'I want to die, I want to flee, I want to die.' – I say, 'But die, then, die to yourself! No one is asking you to let your ego survive! Die to yourself since you want to

die! Have that courage, the true courage, to die to your egoism.'

But because it is karma, one must, one must DO something oneself. Karma is the construction of the ego; the ego MUST DO something, everything cannot be done for it. This is it, THIS is the thing: karma is the result of the ego's actions, and only when the ego abdicates is the karma dissolved. One can help it along, one can assist it, give it strength, bestow courage upon it, but the ego must then make use of it.

(silence)

So this is what I saw for you: that the crystallization of this karma occurred during a life in India in which you were put in the presence of the possibility of liberation and ... I don't know the details; I don't know the material facts at all. So far, I know nothing, I have only had a vision. I saw you there, as I told you, taller than you are now, in an Indian body, north Indian, for it was not dark but fair. But there was a HARDNESS in the being, the hardness born of a kind of despair mixed with rebellion, incomprehension and an ego that resists. That is all I know. The image was of you backed up against a bronze door: BACKED UP against it. I didn't see what had caused it. As I told you, something interrupted me, so I was unable to follow it.

The other indication is what I told you the other day. When you thought of leaving to join Swami, I immediately saw a stream of light: Ah, the road is opening up! So I said, 'It is good.' And while you were away in Ceylon, I followed you from day to day. You called much more than the second time, when you were in the Himalayas; and with the physical hardships you were undergoing, I was very, very close to you – I constantly felt what was happening.

And then I saw a GREAT light, like a glory, when you were at Rameswaram. A great light. And when you returned here, this light was upon you, very strong and imposing. But at the same time, I felt that it needed protecting – to be shielded, protected – that it was not yet established. Established, ready to resist all that decomposes an experience. I would have liked to have kept you apart, under a glass case, but then I saw that this would have drawbacks as well as advantages. Also, I liked the way you wanted to fight against an uncomprehending reception due to your orange robes and your shaved head. Of course, it was a much shorter path than the other, but it was more difficult.

And then, more and more, I felt that if what I saw, as I saw it, could be realized ... I saw two things: a journey – not at all a pilgrimage as it is commonly understood – a journey towards solitude in arduous conditions, and a sojourn in a very severe solitude, facing the mountains, in arduous physical conditions. The contact with this majesty of Nature has a great influence upon the ego at certain moments: it has the power to dissolve it. But all this complication, all these organized pilgrimages, all that ... it brings in the whole petty side of human life which spoils everything ...

Yes, that whole journey was odious ...

... which spoils everything.

The other thing was the tantric initiation. But I wanted the conditions of

this initiation to be at least as favorable as those in Rameswaram, by which I mean conducted by someone very capable and as far as possible free from the whole formalistic and external side. A TRUE initiation – someone who would be capable of pulling down the Power and putting you in conditions rigorous enough for you to be able to hold this Power, to receive it and hold it.

As soon as you had left, and since I was following you, I saw that nothing of the kind was going to happen, but rather something very superficial which would not be of much use. And when I received your letters and saw that you were in difficulty, I did something. There are places that are favorable for occult experiences. Benares is one of these places, the atmosphere there is filled with vibrations of occult forces, and if one has the slightest capacity, it spontaneously develops there, in the same way that a spiritual aspiration develops very strongly and spontaneously as soon as one lands in India. These are Graces. Graces, because it is the destiny of the country, it has been so throughout its history, and because India has always been turned much more towards the heights and the inner depths than towards the outer world. Now, it is in the process of losing all that and wallowing in the mud, but that's another story ... it was like that and it is still like that. And in fact, when you returned from Rameswaram with your robes, I saw with much satisfaction that there was still a GREAT dignity and a GREAT sincerity in this endeavor of the Sannyasis towards the higher life and in the self-giving of a certain number of people to realize this higher life. When you returned, it had become a very concrete and a very real thing that immediately commanded respect. Before, I had seen only a copy, an imitation, an hypocrisy, a pretention – nothing that was really lived. But then, I saw that it was true, that it was lived, that it was real and that it was still India's great heritage. I don't believe it is very prevalent now, but in any case, it is still there, and as I told you, it commands respect. And then, as I felt you in difficulty and as the outer conditions were not only veiling but spoiling the inner, well, on that day I wrote you a short note – I no longer recall when it was exactly, but I wrote you just a word or two, which I put in an envelope and sent you – I concentrated very strongly upon those few words and sent you something. I didn't note the date, I don't remember when it was, but it's likely that it happened as I wished when you were in Benares; and then you had this experience.

But when you returned the second time, from the Himalayas, you didn't have the same flame as when you returned the first time. And I understood that this kind of difficult karma still clung to you, that it had not been dissolved. I had hoped that your contact with the mountains – but in a true solitude (I don't mean that your body had to be all alone, but there should not have been all kinds of outer, superficial things) ... Anyway, it didn't happen. So it means that the time had not come.

But when here the difficulties returned – and because of their obstinacy, their appearance of an inevitable fatality – I concluded that it was a karma, although I knew it with certainty only now.

But I always had a presentiment of the true thing: that only a VERY COURAGEOUS act of self-giving could efface the thing – not courageous or difficult from the material point of view, not that ... There is a certain zone of

the vital in you, a mentalized vital but still very material, which is very much under the influence of circumstances and which very much believes in the effectiveness of outer measures – this is what is resisting.

That is all I know.

Generally, when the hour has come for a karma to be overcome and absorbed in the Grace, the image or the knowledge or the experience of the exact facts that are the origin of the karma come to me, and I can then perform ... the cleansing action.

For the time being, it is not yet there.

Only, and this is what I wrote to you the other day which you did not understand: it is precisely at the most painful point, at the time when the suggestions are strongest, that one must hold on. Otherwise, it has always to be done all over again, always to be reconfronted. There comes a day, a moment, when it has to be done. And now, there is truly an opportunity on earth that is offered only once in thousands of years, a conscious help, with the necessary Power ...

But that's about all I know.

Still, I feel the need to do something – to do something.

TO DO something, yes, that's what has a hold on you.

I'm rotting on the spot.

Eh?

I'm ... I feel like I'm rotting ...

Rotting?

Falling apart. Everything is falling apart.

Yes, that's it ... (silence) That is the knot of karma: that sensation, that perception, that is the knot of karma.

My perception is that I have something to do, I don't know what, and only afterwards ...

But do you feel it as something to do physically?

Yes, I don't know, this project of the Belgian Congo,' for example, it seemed to me ...

Pardon me, but that is childishness! ...

I don't know. That's not how I see it, in any case ... To live in the forest physically, an intense physical life where one is free, where one is pure, where one is far away ... Above all, to stop this thing from grinding on, finished with the head, and finished with thinking whatever it might be. If there is a yoga, it would be done spontaneously, naturally, physically, and without the least questioning from up there – above all, a complete cessation of that (the head).

1. The disciple wanted to leave for the forest, the Congo, to do the most unlikely things there.

November 26, 1958

(Extract from the last Wednesday class)

Basically, the vast majority of men are like prisoners with all the doors and all the windows shut, so they suffocate (which is quite natural), but they have with them the key that opens the doors and the windows, and they don't use it ... Certainly, there is a period when they don't know that they have the key, but even long after they do know it, long after they have been told, they hesitate to use it and doubt that it has the power to open the doors and windows, or even that it may be advisable to open them. And even once they feel that 'After all, it might be a good thing,' a fear pursues them: 'What is going to happen once all these doors and these windows open? ...' They become afraid – afraid of losing themselves in this light and in this freedom. They want to remain what they call 'themselves.' They love their falsehood and their slavery. Something in them loves it and remains clinging to it. They feel that without their limits, they would no longer exist.

That is why the journey is so long, so difficult. For if one would truly consent no longer to be, everything would become so easy, so swift, so luminous, so joyous – though perhaps not in the way men conceive of joy and ease. At heart, there are very few beings who are not enamored of struggle. There are very few who would consent to having no darkness or who can conceive of light as anything other than the opposite of obscurity: 'Without shadow, there would be no painting. Without struggle, there would be no victory. Without suffering, there would be no joy.' That is what they think, and as long as they think like that, they are not yet born to the spirit.

November 27, 1958

(Concerning the disciple's karma and the tantric discipline that he is following to dissolve this karma, Mother wonders why She herself had not been able to dissolve it directly and why it was necessary to resort to intermediaries)

I am used to seeing the process or the working of things more from a spiritual point of view, something more universal, whereas this needs to be seen from a detailed, occult point of view.

For example, one thing had always appeared unimportant to me in action – intermediaries between the spiritualized individual being, the conscious soul, and the Supreme. According to my personal experience, it had always seemed to me that if one is exclusively turned towards the Supreme in all one's actions and expresses Him directly, whatever is to be done is done automatically. For

example, if you are always open and if at each second you consciously want to express only what the Supreme Lord wants to be expressed, it is done automatically. But with all that I have learned about pujas, about certain scriptures and certain rituals as well, the necessity for a 'process' has become very clear to me. It's the same as in physical life; in physical life, everything needs a process, as we know, and it is the knowledge of processes that constitutes physical science. Similarly, in a more occult working, the knowledge and especially the RESPECT for the process seem to be much more important than I had first thought.

And when I studied this, when I looked at this science of processes, of intermediaries, suddenly I clearly understood the working of karma, which I had not understood before. I had worked and intervened quite often to change someone's karma, but sometimes I had to wait, without exactly knowing why – the result was not immediate. I simply used to wait without worrying about the reasons for this slowness or delay. That's how it was. And generally it ended, as I said, with the exact vision of the karma's source, its initial cause; and scarcely would I have this vision when the Power would come, and the thing would be dissolved. But I didn't bother about finding out why it was like that.

One day I had mentioned this to X' when he was showing me or describing to me the different movements of the pujas, the procedure, the process of the puja. I said to him, 'Oh, I see! For the action to be immediate, for the result to be immediate, one must acknowledge, for example, the role or the participation of certain spirits or certain forces and enter into a friendly relationship or collaboration with these forces in order to obtain an immediate result, is it not so?' Then he told me, 'Yes, otherwise it leaves an indefinite time to the play of the forces, and you don't know when you will get the result of your puja.'

That interested me very much. Because one of the obstacles I had felt was that although the Force was acting well, there was a time lag that appeared inevitable, a time element in the work which seemed unavoidable – a play left to the forces of Nature. But with their knowledge of the processes, the tantrics can dispense with all that. So I understood why those who have studied, who are initiated and follow the prescribed methods are apparently more powerful – more powerful even than those who are conscious in the highest consciousness.

What interested me is that in their case (those who follow tantric or other initiations), what is doubtful is whether or not they can succeed in receiving the response of the true Power, the divine power, the supreme power; they do everything they can, but this question still remains. Whereas for me, it is the opposite situation: the Power is there, I have it, but how can I make it act here in matter? The process for making it act immediately was missing – though not totally; I know from the psychological standpoint, but there is something other than the psychological power, there is the whole play of conscious, individualized forces that are everywhere in Nature and that have the right to exist. Since it was created this way, it must express something of the supreme Will, otherwise He wouldn't have made use of intermediaries – but in His plan, it is obvious that the intermediary has a legitimate place.

It is like the story X told me of his guru2 who could command the coming of Kali (something which seems quite natural to me when one is sufficiently

developed); well, not only could he commend the coming of Kali, but Kali with I don't know how many crores of her warriors! ... For me, Kali was Kali, after all, and she did her work; but in the universal organization, her action, the innumerable multiplicity of her action, is expressed by an innumerable multitude of conscious entities at work. It is this individualization, as it were, that gives to these forces a consciousness and a certain play of freedom, and this is what makes all the difference in action. It is in this respect that the occult system is an absolutely indispensable complement to spiritual action.

1. The disciple's tantric guru.
2. The deceased guru of the disciple's guru.

The spiritual action is direct, but it may not be immediate (anyway, that's my experience). Sri Aurobindo said that with the supramental presence, it becomes immediate – and I have experienced this. But this would then mean that the supramental Power automatically commands all these intermediaries, whereas if it's not present, even the highest spiritual power would need a specialized knowledge to act in this realm, a knowledge equivalent to an occult or initiatory knowledge of all these realms. This is why I told X, 'Well, you taught me many things while you were here.' There is always something to learn.

Of course, when the Supramental is here, it will be very different. I see it clearly: in moments when it is there, everything is turned inside out, and all this belongs to a world ... to the world of preparation. It is like a preparation, a long preparation.

It remains to be seen if all this has first to be mastered before there is even the possibility of holding the Supramental, of FIXING it in the manifestation. That is the great difference. For example, those with the power to materialize forces or beings lack the capacity to fix them, for these are fluid things which act and are then dissolved. That is the difference with the physical world where it is this condensation of energy that makes things ... *(Mother strikes the arms of her chair)* stable. All the things in the extraphysical realms are not stable, they are fluid – fluid and consequently uncertain.*

1. A few days later, the disciple left on a journey, then Mother fell 'ill.' It was to be the first great turning in her yoga: the beginning of the yoga of the cells.

November 28, 1958

(Extract from the last Friday class)

As it is, the physical body is really only a very disfigured shadow of the

eternal life of the Self, but this physical body is capable of a progressive development; the physical substance progresses through each individual formation, and one day it will be able to build a bridge between physical life as we know it and the supramental life that is to manifest.

November 30, 1958

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)
Sunday morning
Satprem,
Here is the wherewithal to go to Hyderabad. Whatever you may decide, I will always be with you, invariably, in the truth of your being.
Signed: Mother

December 1958

(This note was written by Mother in English. It concerns an attack of black magic that threatened her life and in the end completely changed her outer existence. A new stage begins.)

Two or three days after I retired to my room upstairs,[1] early in the night I fell into a very heavy sleep and found myself out of the body much more materially than I do usually. This degree of density in which you can see the material surroundings exactly as they are. The part that was out seemed to be under a spell and only half conscious. When I found myself at the first floor where everything was absolutely black, I wanted to go up again, but then I discovered that my hand was held by a young girl whom I could not see in the

[1]Mother withdrew on December 9. In fact, She had been unwell for already more than a month before withdrawing. On November 26, the last 'Wednesday class' took place at the playground; on November 28 the last 'Friday class', on December 6, the last 'Translation class'; on December i, the end of Mother's tennis and the last visit to the playground. On December 9, She again went down for the meditation around the Samadhi. From December 10, Mother remained in her room for one month. A great period had come to an end. Henceforth, She would only go out of the Ashram building on rare occasions.

darkness but whose contact was very familiar. She pulled me by the hand telling me laughingly, 'No, come, come down with me, we shall kill the young princess.' I could not understand what she meant by this 'young princess' and, rather unwillingly, I followed her to see what it was. Arriving in the anteroom which is at the top of the staircase leading to the ground floor, my attention was drawn in the midst of all this total obscurity to the white figure of Kamala[1] standing in the middle of the passage between the hall and Sri Aurobindo's room. She was as it were in full light while everything else was black. Then I saw on her face such an expression of intense anxiety that to comfort her I said, 'I am coming back.' The sound of my voice shook off from me the semi-trance in which I was before and suddenly I thought, 'Where am I going?' and I pushed away from me the dark figure who was pulling me and in whom, while she was running down the steps, I recognized a young girl who lived with Sri Aurobindo and me for many years and died five years back. This girl during her life was under the most diabolical influence. And then I saw very distinctly (as through the walls of the staircase) down below a small black tent which could scarcely be perceived in the surrounding darkness and standing in the middle of the tent the figure of a man, head and face shaved (like the sannyasin or the Buddhist monks) covered from head to foot with a knitted outfit following tightly the form of his body which was tall and slim. No other cloth or garment could give an indication as to who he could be. He was standing in front of a black pot placed on a dark red fire which was throwing its reddish glow on him. He had his right arm stretched over the pot, holding between two fingers a thin gold chain which looked like one of mine and was unnaturally visible and bright. Shaking gently the chain he was chanting some words which translated in my mind, 'She must die the young princess, she must pay for all she has done, she must die the young princess'.

Then I suddenly realized that it was I the young Princess and as I burst into laughter, I found myself awake in my bed.

I did not like the idea of something or somebody having the power to pull me like that so materially out of my body without my previous consent. That is why I gave some importance to the experience.

December 4, 1958

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Hyderabad, December 1958

Sweet Mother,

I had come to Hyderabad intending to prepare for a trip to Africa, but when it came to actually doing it, I simply could not. It is stronger than I; I cannot

[1]A disciple.

leave India, I cannot live without my soul.

Until these last days, I still thought I could count on some outer solution to resolve my problem, but now I am up against a wall; I see that nothing can be DONE and the only solution is what you said one day: 'Consent no longer to be.'

Mother, I have made many mistakes, I have often been rebellious and fallen into many holes. Help me to pick myself up, give me nonetheless a little of your Love. This has to change.

I do not want to remain in Hyderabad. This is not the atmosphere I need, although everything is very quiet here.

If you want, I can return to the Ashram and throw myself headlong into the work in order to forget all this. There is a lot of work with Herbert's things to correct, the revision of *The Synthesis of Yoga,* your old *Questions and Answers* and the *Dhammapada,* and perhaps you would accept to take up our work together again?

Otherwise, if you consider it preferable to wait, I could go join Swami in Rameswaram, discarding all my little personal reactions towards him. And I would try my best to find again the Light of the first time and return to you stronger. I don't know. I will do what you say. All this really has to change. I don't know, moreover, whether Swami wishes to have me.

Mother, I need you, I need you. Forgive me and tell me what I should do.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

12.8.58

My dear child,

I have just received your letter which I read with all my love, the love that understands and effaces. When you return here, you will always be very welcome, and we shall certainly take up our work together again. I shall be happy, and it is very much needed. But first of all, it will be good for you to go to Rameswaram. I *know that you will be welcome there.* Stay there as long as necessary to find and consolidate your experience. Afterwards, come back here, stronger and better armed, to face a new period of outer and inner work. At the end of the labor is the Victory.

With all my confident love.

Signed: Mother

December 15, 1958

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, Monday 12.15.58

Sweet Mother,

I have only now received your first letter which you had sent to Hyderabad. It arrived in time to do me some good, for I am living through critical moments.

Swami received me warmly and is doing all he can with all his heart. I am following his instructions to the letter for I believe that your grace is acting through him. Furthermore, he is totally devoted to you and spoke of you as no one ever has – he understands many things. I was unfair in my reactions towards him.

At the new moon, when I felt very down, he gave me the first tantric mantra – a mantra to Durga. For a period of 41 days, I must repeat it 125,000 times and go every morning to the Temple, stand before Parvati and recite this mantra within me for at least one hour. Then I must go to the sanctuary of Shiva and recite another mantra for half an hour. Practically speaking, I have to repeat constantly within me the mantra to Durga in a silent concentration, whatever I may be doing on the outside. In these conditions, it is difficult to think of you and this has created a slight conflict in me, but I believe that your Grace is acting through Swami and through Durga, whom I am invoking all the time – I remember what you told me about the necessity for 'intermediaries' and I am obeying Swami unreservedly.

Mother, things are far from being what they were the first time in Rameswaram, and I am living through certain moments that are hell – the enemy seems to have been unleashed with an extraordinary violence. It comes in waves, and after it recedes, I am literally SHATTERED – physically, mentally and vitally drained. This morning, while going to the temple, I lived through one of these moments. All this suffering that suddenly sweeps down upon me is horrible. Yes, I had the feeling of being BACKED UP AGAINST A WALL, exactly as in your vision – I was up against a wall. I was walking among these immense arcades of sculptured granite and I could see myself walking, very small, all alone, alone, ravaged with pain, filled with a nameless despair, for nowhere was there a way out. The sea was nearby and I could have thrown myself into it; otherwise, there was only the sanctuary of Parvati – but there was no more Africa to flee to, everything closed in all around me, and I kept repeating, *'Why? Why?'* This much suffering was truly inhuman, as if my last twenty years of nightmare were crashing down upon me. I gritted my teeth and went to the sanctuary to say my mantra. The pain in me was so strong that I broke into a cold sweat and almost fainted. Then it subsided. Yet even now I feel completely battered.

I clearly see that the hour has come: either I will perish right here, or else I will emerge from this COMPLETELY changed. But something has to change. Mother, you are with me, I know, and you are protecting me, you love me – I have only you, only you, you are my Mother. If these moments of utter darkness return – and they are bound to return for everything to be exorcised and conquered – protect me in spite of myself. Mother, may your Grace not abandon me. I want to be done with all these old phantoms, I want to be born anew in your Light; it has to be – otherwise I can no longer go on.

Mother, I believe I understand something of all that you yourself are

suffering, and the crucifixion of the Divine in Matter is a real crucifixion. In this moment of consciousness, I offer you all my trials and little sufferings. I would like to triumph so that it be your triumph, one weight less upon your heart.

Forgive me, Mother, for all the pain I may have thrown on you, but I am confident that with your Grace I will emerge from this victorious, your child unobscured, in all the fibers of my being. Oh Mother, how alone you are to bear all our suffering ... if only I could remember this in my moments of darkness.

I am at your feet. You are my Mother, my only support.

Signed: Satprem

Mother, may I not be swept away by one of these waves. Protect me. Love me! But EVERYTHING has to be faced NOW. I want to fight. I do not ask you to spare me, therefore, but to help me withstand the blow.

(Mother's reply)

12.17.5 8

My very dear child,

I have just received your letter of the 15th. Yes, I know that the hour is critical. It has been grave here as well. I had to stop everything, for the attack upon my body was too violent. Now it is better – but I have not yet resumed any of my outer activities, and I remain in my room upstairs. The battle continues in the invisible and I consider it decisive. You are a very intimate part of this battle. This is to tell you that I am *with you* in the most integral sense of these words. I know what you are suffering, I *feel* it – but *you must hold on.* The Grace is there, all-powerful. As soon as it is possible and without going through one minute more than needed to transform that which has to be transformed, the trial will reach its end and we shall emerge into the light and joy. So never forget that I am with you – in you – and that WE SHALL TRIUMPH:

With all that love can bring of solace and endurance,

Signed: Mother

Do not be troubled about my body – it is well on the way to recovery.

* * *

Thursday 17th

My very dear child, I am adding on to what I wrote you this morning to ask you to follow very scrupulously the indications given by Swami – he knows these things and has offered himself very sincerely as an instrument of action for my Grace.

When you invoke Durga, it is I you invoke through her, when you invoke Shiva, it is I you invoke through him – and in the final analysis, to the Supreme Lord go all prayers.

With all my love.

Signed: Mother

December 24, 1958

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, December 24, 1958

Sweet Mother,

Your last letter was a great comfort to me. If you were not there, with me, everything would be so absurd and impossible. I am again disturbing you because Swami tells me that you are worried and that I should write to you. Not much has changed, except that I am holding on and am confident. Yesterday, I again suffered an agonizing wave, in the temple, and I found just enough strength to repeat your name with each beat of my heart, like someone drowning. I remained as motionless as a pillar of stone before the sanctuary, with only your name (my mantra would not come out), then it cleared. It was brutal. I am confident that with each wave I am gaining in strength, and I know you are there. But I am aware that if the enemy is so violent it is because something in me responds, or has responded, something that has not made its 'surrender' – that is the critical point. Mother, may your grace help me to place everything in your hands, everything, without any shadow. I want so much to emerge into the Light, to be rid of all this once and for all.

I am following Swami's instructions to the letter. Sometimes it all seems to lack warmth and spontaneity, but I am holding on. I might add that we are living right next to the bazaar, amidst a great racket 20 hours a day, which does not make things easier. So I repeat my mantra as one pounds his fists against the walls of a prison. Sometimes it opens a little, you send me a little joy, and then everything becomes better again.

Swami told me that the mantra to Durga is intended to pierce through into the subconscient. To complement this work, he does his pujas to Kali, and finally one of his friends, X, the 'High Priest' of the temple in Rameswaram (who presided over my initiation and has great occult powers), has undertaken to say a 'very powerful' mantra over me daily, for a period of eight days, to extirpate the dark forces from my subconscious. The operation already began four days ago. While reciting his mantra, he holds a glass of water in his hand, then he makes me drink it. It seems that on the eighth day, if the enemy has been trapped, this water turns yellow – then the operation is over and the poisoned water is thrown out. (I tell you all this because I prefer that you know.) In any event, I like X very much, he is a very luminous, very good man. If I am not delivered after all this! ...

In truth, I believe only in the Grace. My mantra and all the rest seem to me only little tricks to try to win over your Grace.

Mother, love me. I have only you, I want to belong to you alone.
I am at your feet.
Your child,
Signed: Satprem
Have you recovered?
Happy New Year, Sweet Mother.
(Mother's reply)

Sri Aurobindo Ashram Pondicherry, 12.26.58

Happy New Year!
My dear child,
I have received your letter of the 24th. You did well to write, not because I was worried, but I like to receive news for it fixes my work by giving me useful material details. I am glad that X is doing something for you. I like this man and I was counting upon him. I hope he will succeed. Perhaps his work will be useful here, too – for I have serious reasons to believe that this time occult and even definite magic practices aimed directly against my body have been mixed in with the attacks. This has complicated things somewhat, so as yet I have not resumed any of my usual activities – I am still upstairs 'resting,' but in reality fighting. Yesterday, the Christmas distribution took place without me, and it is likely that it will be the same for January 1st. The work, too, has been completely interrupted. And I do not yet know how long this will last.
Keep me posted on the result of X's action; it interests me very much ...
I love you, my child, and I am near you with confidence and tenderness.
Doubt not of the Victory, it is certain.
Signed: Mother

December 28, 1958

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, December 28, 1958

Sweet Mother,
One sentence in your letter prompted much reflection; you write that X's action might 'be useful here, too.' After hesitating, I told Swami of the magic attack aimed directly against you.
If you wish, two things can be done to help your action: either X can undertake certain mantric operations upon you here in Rameswaram, or better

still, he can immediately come to Pondicherry with Swami and do what is needed in front of you.

Sweet Mother, I indeed suspect that you want to endure, to bear this struggle all alone. Oh, I think I understand a number of things about the mechanism of these attacks and their connection with me, about the Divine Love that embraces all and takes into itself the suffering and the evil of men – all this overwhelms me with a sudden understanding. It seems to me that I am seeing and feeling all that you are facing, all that you are taking upon yourself for us. The suffering of the Divine in Matter has been an overwhelming revelation to me – Ah! I see, I want to fight, I want to be totally on your side; I am now and forever *determined.*

But you have enough to do with the higher beasts of prey without still having to fight the little scorpions. I beg of you, Sweet Mother, accept the help that is being offered to you, preserve your strength for the higher struggle. I quite understand that your Love can even go to the scorpions that are attacking you, but it is not forbidden to protect yourself from their venom. You have enough to do on other planes.

X is at the summit of tantric initiation, and his power is not the fruit of a simple knowledge. He holds it directly from the Divine, and these things have been in his family traditionally from ten generations. *No* black magic can resist his power. His action is not brutal, he does not mechanically apply formulas, he holds this Science and knows how to apply it like an expert chemist, always in Light, Love and sweetness. If you agree that he come to see you, he will immediately know the source of these attacks upon you and will even be able to make the attacking force speak. He has this power. Of course, neither X nor Swami will divulge this to anyone, and everything will be kept secret. You have only to send word, or a telegram: 'No objection.'

The work can be done from here also, but naturally it will not be quite as effective. In that case, you would have to set a specific time to synchronize the action in Rameswaram and Pondicherry. Swami can also do something in his pujas. It is for you to decide, but I hope you will not want to prolong this battle unnecessarily.

On my side, within my little field, I am taking the bull by the horns and henceforth the enemy will no longer have my complicity. May all my being be turned solely towards your Light – and be your help, your instrument, your knight.

X has decided to continue his action upon me beyond the eight days foreseen, which doubtlessly corresponds to dosages that exceed my understanding.

Mother, I am fighting beside you, for you, for your Victory.

With all my Love, I am at your feet.

Signed: Satprem

It seems to me that everything has changed since I have understood that it is not a personal battle, and that I can *serve.* Your grace is everywhere, everywhere.

(Mother's reply)

Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 12.30.58

My dear child,

I have just now received your letter of the 28th. On that day I definitely felt that there was a decisive change in the situation and I understood right away that you had spoken to Swami and also that what I had written to you gave you the opportunity to take a great step. I am very happy and can say with certitude that the worst is over. However, from several points of view, I infinitely appreciate X's offer. And although I do not think it necessary, or even desirable, that they both come here (it would create a veritable revolution and perhaps even a panic among the ashramites), I am sure that their intervention in Rameswaram itself would not only be useful but most effective ...

Yes, everything has changed since you now understand that your battle is not only a personal battle and that by winning it, it is a real service you are rendering to the Divine Work.

Happy New Year, my dear child! I am sure it will bring us a decisive victory.

I am near you with all my love.

Signed: Mother

P.S. I shall propose to Swami to enter into contact with them at 8:45 p.m., if this time suits them.

January 6, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, January 6, 1959

Sweet Mother,

This is to tell you that a knot has very perceptibly come undone in me, for no apparent reason; suddenly, I was breathing easily.

And it happened just as I was despairing of ever getting out of it. I seemed to be touching a kind of fundamental bedrock, so painful, so suffering, and full of revolt because of too much suffering. And I saw that all my efforts, all the meditations, aspirations, mantras, were only covering up this suffering bedrock without touching it. I saw this fundamental thing in me very clearly, a poignant knot, ever ready for an absolute negation. I saw it and I said to you, 'Mother, only your grace can remove this.' I said this to you in the temple that morning, in total despair. And then, the knot was undone. X's action contributed a lot, with your grace acting through him. But truly, I have traversed a veritable hell this last while.

X continues his work on me daily; it is to last 41 days in all. He told me

that he wants to undo the things of several births. When it is over, he will explain it all to me. I do not know how to tell you how luminous and good this man is, he is a very great soul. He is also giving me Sanskrit lessons, and little by little, each evening, speaks to me of the Tantra.

His action upon you is to continue for another five days, after which he is positive that you will be entirely saved. According to him, it is indeed a magic attack originating in Pondicherry, and perhaps even from someone in the Ashram!! He told me that this evil person would finally be forced to appear before you ... I am learning many interesting things from him.

Mother, by way of expressing to you my gratitude, I want to work now to open myself totally to your Light and become truly an egoless instrument, your conscious instrument. Mother, you are the sole Reality.

With love and gratitude, I am your child.

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Sri Aurobindo Ashram Pondicherry, 1.8.59

My dear child,

I was awaiting your letter impatiently and am very happy about what you write!

I have followed the vicissitudes of your struggle step by step and I know that it has been terrible, but my confidence in the outcome has not wavered – for I know you are in good hands. I am so happy that X is taking good care of you, teaching you Sanskrit, speaking to you of the Tantra. It is just what I wanted.

His action here has been very effective and really very interesting. I still do not know whether someone has really done black magic, and the 'villain' has yet to appear before me. But already several days ago the malefic influence completely disappeared without leaving any trace in the atmosphere. Also their mantric intervention did not stop at that, for it has had another most interesting result. I am preparing a long letter for Swami to explain all this to him ...

The pain on the left side has not entirely gone and there have been some complications which have delayed things. But I feel much better. In fact, I am rebuilding my health, and I am in no hurry to resume the exhausting days as before. It is quiet upstairs for working, and I am going to take advantage of this to prepare the *Bulletin'* at leisure. As I had not read over the pages on the message that we had prepared for the 315', I have revised and transformed them into an article. It will be the first one in the February issue. I am now going to choose the others. I will tell you which ones I have chosen and in what order I will put them.

Satprem, my child, I am truly with you and I love you.

Signed: Mother

1. The Bulletin of Physical Education, which appeared quarterly.

January 14, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, January 14, 1959

Sweet Mother,

This morning, X told me that he would be most happy to continue his action upon you if it would help your work; he has continued it anyway, even after knowing that the malefic influence was expelled from the Ashram. By the way, X told me that this evil spirit is continuing to circle around the Ashram, but beyond its 'borders.' Therefore, if you agree, it would be necessary for him to come to Pondicherry one of these days to come to grips directly with the 'evil one' and finish him off in such a way that he can no longer come to disturb the sadhaks, or your work, upon the slightest pretext. Then X could force this spirit to appear before him, and thereby free the atmosphere from its influence. Anyway, this trip to Pondicherry would not take place in the near future, and it would be easy to give him an official excuse: seminars on the Tantra Shastra that will interest all the Sanskritists at the Ashram. Moreover, X's work would be done quietly in his room when he does his daily puja. From here, from Rameswaram, it is rather difficult to attract Pondicherry's atmosphere and do the work with precision. Of course, nothing will be done without your express consent. Swami is writing you on his own to tell you of the revelation that X received from his [deceased] guru concerning your experience and the schemings of certain Ashram members.

In this regard, perhaps you know that X is the tenth in the line of Bhaskaraya (my spelling of this name is perhaps not correct), the great Tantric of whom you had a vision, who could command the coming of Kali along with all her warriors. It is from X that Swami received his initiation.

Your last letter gave us great pleasure, knowing that you have finally recovered physically. But we deeply hope that you will not again take up the countless activities that formerly consumed all your time – so many people come to you egoistically, for prestige, to be able to say that they are on familiar terms with you. You know this, of course ...

As for myself, a step has definitely been taken, and I am no longer swept away by this painful torrent. Depressions and attacks still come, but no longer with the same violence as before. X told me that 2/3 of the work has been done and that everything would be purged in twelve days or so, then the 'thing' will be enclosed in a jar and buried somewhere or thrown into the sea, and he will explain it all to me. I will write and tell you about it.

As for the true tantric initiation, this is what X told me: *'I will give you initiation. You are fit. You belong to that line. It will come soon, some months or some years. Shortly you shall reach the junction. When the time has come, you yourself will come and open a door in me and I shall give you initiation."* And he made me understand that an important divine work was reserved for

me in the future, a work for the Mother. The important practical point is that I have rapidly to develop my knowledge of Sanskrit. The mantra given to me seems to grow in power as I repeat it.

Sweet Mother, by what Grace have you guided and protected me through all these years? There are moments when I have the *vision* of this Grace, bringing me to the verge of tears. I see so clearly that you are doing everything, that you are all that is good in me, my aspiration and my strength. 'Me' is all that is bad, all that resists, 'me' is horribly false and falsifying. If your Grace withdraws for one second, I collapse, I am *helpless.' You* alone are my strength, the source of my life, the joy and fulfillment to which I aspire.

I am at your feet, your child eternally.

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

1.1 6.59

My dear child,

This morning, I received your letter ... I am very happy about all that X is telling you and that he has found you fit to receive the tantric initiation. It was my feeling, I could say my conviction, to which he gives an enlightened confirmation. So all is well.

As for my health and the Ashram, I *infinitely* appreciate what he has done and what he would like to continue to do. His visit will make me very happy, and if he comes in about one month, a few days before the 'darshan,' there will be no need to find any excuse for his visit, for it will appear quite natural.

I. Original English.

My health is progressing well, but I intend to be very prudent and not burden myself with occupations. Yesterday, I began the balcony darshan again, and it is all right. That is all for the moment.

I am taking advantage of this situation to work. I have chosen the articles for the Bulletin. They are as follows: 1) Message. 2) To keep silent. 3) Can there be intermediary states between man and super-man? 4) The Anti-Divine. 5) What is the role of the spirit? 6) Karma (I have touched this one up to make it less personal). 7) The Worship of the Supreme in Matter. Now I would like to prepare the first twelve Aphorisms' for printing. But as you have not yet revised the last two, I am sending them to you. Could you do them when you have finished what you are doing for the Bulletin? It is not urgent, take your time. Do not disturb your *real work* for this in any way. For, in my eyes, this work of inner liberation is much more important.

You will find in this letter a little money. I thought you might need it for your stamps, etc.

I never leave you, and my love too is always with you.

Signed: Mother

January 21, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Rameswaram, January 21, 1959
Sweet Mother,

Here is what X told me: 'I have received a message from my guru.* In my vision, the Mother was there, next to my guru, and she was smiling. My guru told me that your present difficulties are a period of testing, but I could already give you the first stage of tantric initiation and that for you, the three stages of initiation could be done in an accelerated way.

1. The French translation of Sri Aurobindo's *Thoughts and Aphorisms.*
2. X's deceased guru.

I will therefore give you initiation this Friday or Saturday, on the day of the full moon or the day before. This first stage will last three months during which you will have to repeat 1 lakh' times the mantra that I will give you. At the end of three months, I will come to see you in Pondicherry – or you will come here for a fortnight, and as soon as I have received the message from my guru, I will give you the second stage that will last three months as well. At the end of these three months, you will receive the full initiation.' X warned me that the first stage I am to receive provokes attacks and tests but that all this disappears with the second stage. Forewarned is forearmed. For what reason I do not know, but X told me that the particular nature of my initiation should remain secret and that he will say nothing about it to Swami, and he added (in speaking of the speed of the process), *'But you will not be less than the Swami.' (!!)* There, I wanted you to know – besides, you were present in X's vision. All this happened at a time when I was in the most desperate crisis I have ever known. Sweet Mother, there is no end to expressing my gratitude to you, and yet with the least trial, I am reduced to nothing. Why have you so much grace for me?

I would like very much to return to Pondicherry for the February Darshan and once again begin working for you. Today I am sending a second lot to Pavitra and tomorrow I will start on the Aphorisms, for I do not want to make you wait any longer. I will send a third and final lot to Pavitra by the end of the month, in time for printing. I am very touched, sweet Mother, by your attention and the money you are sending me.

Sweet Mother, may my entire life be at your service, may my entire being belong to you. I owe you everything.

With love and gratitude, I am your child.

Signed: Satprem

Sweet Mother, do not waste time writing to me; you have so many things to do and I feel a little awkward disturbing you so often.

1. One lakh = one hundred thousand.

(Mother's reply)

Sri Aurobindo Ashram Pondicherry, 1.27.59

My dear child,

I was waiting to answer your letter of the 21st until the Friday and Saturday you mentioned had gone by. And then I felt that you were returning the Aphorisms, so I waited a bit more. I have just received them along with your letter of the 23rd, but I have not yet looked at them. Besides, if you intend returning for the February 'darshan,' I think it would be preferable for us to revise the whole book together. There will not be very much work on my side since the Wednesday and Friday classes were discontinued in the beginning of December, and I still do not know when they will resume.' Right now, I am translating the Aphorisms all alone and it seems to go quickly and well. This could also be revised and the book on the Dhammapada prepared for publication.

For the time being, I am going downstairs only in the mornings at 6 for the balcony darshan and I immediately come back up without seeing anyone – then in the afternoons, I go down once more at about 3 to take my bath and at 4:30 I come back up again. I do not yet know what will happen next month. I shall have to find some way to meet you so that we can work together – I am going to think it over.

I do not ask you to write me your news,* because I know that these are things it is better not to write about. But you know that it keenly interests me.

My love is always with you, enfolding and upholding you.

The blessings of the Grace are upon you.

Signed: Mother

1. They would never resume.
2. About the tantric initiation.

January 27, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, January 27, 1959

Sweet Mother,

So X will to do a special work for you for eleven days, and if at the end of this period the suffering still persists, he will send me to Pondicherry to deliver something directly into your hands. I, too, would like very much to do something to alleviate your suffering.

By a special grace, X gave me both stages of the tantric initiation at the same time, although they are normally separated by several years; then if all goes well, he will give me the full initiation in 6 months. I have thus received a mantra, along with the power of realizing it. X told me that a realization should come *at the beginning of the fifth month* if I repeat the mantra strictly according to his instructions, but he again told me that the hostile forces would do all they could to prevent me from saying my mantra: mental suggestions and even illness. X has understood that I have work at the Ashram, and he has exempted me from the outer forms (pujas and other rituals), but nevertheless I must repeat my mantra very accurately every day (3,333 times, that is, a little more than 3 hours uninterrupted in the mornings, and more than 2 hours in the evening). I must therefore organize myself in such a way as to get up very early in the morning in Pondicherry, for *in no case* will your work suffer.

Apart from this, he has not yet entirely finished the work of 'purging' that he has been doing on me for over a month, but I believe that everything will be completed in a short time from now.

Sweet Mother, I have a kind of fear that all these mantras are not bringing me nearer to you – I mean you in your physical body, for it is not upon you physically that I was told to concentrate. Also, I almost never see you in my dreams any longer, or else only very vaguely. Last night, I dreamed that I was offering you flowers (not very pretty ones), one of which was called 'mantra,' but I did not see you in my dream. Mother, I would like to be true, to do the right thing, to be as you want me to be.

I am your child. I belong to you alone.

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Sri Aurobindo Ashram Pondicherry, 1.29.59

My dear child,

Your very interesting letter of the 27th has just arrived.

All is well – I am enthusiastic and you can count on my conscious help to overcome all the obstacles and all the bad will that may try to stop or delay your progress. It is a matter of being more obstinate, much more obstinate than the enemy, and whatever the cost, to reach the goal in time.

Since my last letter, I have thought about it and I see that I will be able to go down in the morning three times a week for one hour, from 10 to 11, to work with you, but you will have to do only the strict minimum in order to have as much free time as you need for the other things.'

As I told you, I have resumed neither classes nor translations, and I still do not know when I will do so. So there is only the old work to finish up, but it will not take very long.

My body would also like to have a mantra to repeat. Those it has are not enough for it anymore. It would like to have one to hasten its transformation. It is ready to repeat it as many times as needed, provided that it does not have to be out loud, for it is very rarely alone and does not want to speak of this to anyone. Truly, the Ashram atmosphere is not very favorable for this kind of thing. You will have to take precautions so as not to be disturbed or interrupted

in an inopportune way. Domestic servants, curious people, so-called friends can all serve as instruments of the hostile forces to put a spoke in the wheels. I will do my best to protect you, but you will have a lot to do yourself and will have to be as firm as an iron rod.

I am not writing you all this to discourage you from coming. But *I want you to succeed;* for me that is more important than anything else, no matter what the price. So, know for certain that I am with you all the time and more so especially when you repeat your mantra ...

In constant communion in the effort towards victory; my love and my force never leave you.

Signed: Mother

1. The tantric work.

January 31, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, January 31, 1959

Sweet Mother,

I have reflected for a long time on that passage in your letter where you say that your body needs a mantra to hasten its transformation. Certainly X can do something in this realm, but I have not yet spoken to him (and I shall not speak of this to Swami).

X knows very little about your true work and what Swami has been able to explain to him is rather inadequate, for I do not believe that he himself understands it very well. So I shall have to try to make myself understood quite clearly to X and tell him exactly and simply what it is you need. The word 'transformation' is too abstract. Each mantra has a very specific action – at least I believe so – and I must be able to tell X in a concrete way the exact powers or capacities you are now seeking, and the general goal or the particular results required. Then he will find the mantra or mantras that apply.

My explanations will have to be simple, for X speaks English with difficulty, thus subtleties are out of the question. (I am teaching him a little English while he is teaching me Sanskrit, and we manage to understand each other rather well all the same. He understands more than he can speak.)

I do not want to mention this to Swami, as X is not very happy about the way Swami seizes upon every occasion to appropriate things, and particularly mantras (I will explain this to you when we meet again). It is especially the

way he says 'I'. Nothing very serious – it is Swami's bad side, though he has good ones too. You know that, however.

So I would like to speak to X knowledgeably, in a very precise way, and I am waiting only for you to tell me what I should say. The thing is too important to be approached lightly and vaguely.

... ...

As for my return to Pondicherry, I would like you yourself to decide. I am anxious to see you again, but I also think that it is not necessary to rush things, and the Darshan periods are heavy for you.

In principle, X will have finished his 'purging' of me on February 6. So after that date I will do what you wish.

As for my mantra, I say it only partially now, but X will fix an 'auspicious' day to begin it really according to the rules when I am in Pondicherry, for theoretically, one should not move once the work has begun. The 12th of February is an auspicious day, if you decide that I should return by then (or a little before to get things ready); otherwise another date may be fixed later on.

Your letter, Sweet Mother, has filled me with strength and resolution. I want to be victorious and I want to serve you. I see very well that gradually I can be taught many useful things by X. The essential thing is first of all to lose this ego which falsifies everything. Finally, through your grace, I believe that I have passed a decisive turning point and that there is a beginning of real consecration – and I feel your Love, your Presence. Things are opening a little.

Sweet Mother, I love you and I want to serve you truly.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

P.S. All the old *Questions and Answers* will also have to be revised with you, perhaps not in their entirety, but certain problems need clarification. What a grace to be able to work with you!

(Mother's reply)

Sri Aurobindo Ashram Pondicherry, 2.2.59

My dear child,

I have received your letter of the 31st. In a number of ways it confirms my experience of these past days. We shall speak of all this when you return.

I have reflected a great deal on a possible mantra, and I have also seen the difficulty of receiving something that does not have a *narrowing* effect ... One must at least have an idea of the possibility (at least) of the supermind to understand what I need ...

As for your arrival here, the day you mentioned is the Saraswati Puja – I will go downstairs to give blessings. If you arrive on the previous day, the 11th – I will arrange to see you at 10 o'clock, and then you can begin your mantra on the 12th.

Simply send me word to let me know if this is all right. Tell me also if you need money for your return, and how much, in time for me to send it.

As for the rest, we shall speak of it here.

So, until we meet soon.

Tell X that my body is on the way to complete recovery.
With my love and my blessings.
Signed: Mother

March 10, 1959

(The disciple returned to the Ashram, but as he was very quickly seized again by his mania for the road, the Agenda of 1959, alas, is strewn with great gaps and is almost nonexistent. The following conversation is in regard to one of Mother's commentaries on the Dhammapada: 'Evil')

I spent a night – a night of battle – when, for some reason or other, a multitude of vital formations of all kinds entered into the room: beings, things, embryos of beings, residues of beings – all kinds of things ... And it was a frightful assault, absolutely disgusting.

In this swarming mass, I noticed the presence of some slightly more conscious wills – wills of the vital plane – and I saw how they try to awaken a reaction in the consciousness of human beings to make them think or want, or if possible, do certain things.

For example, I saw one of them trying to incite anger in someone so that this person would deliver a blow – a spiritual blow. And this formation had a dagger in his hand (a vital dagger, you see, it was a vital being: gray and slimy, horrible), he was holding a very sharp dagger which he was flaunting, saying, 'When a person has done something like that (pretending that someone had done an unforgivable thing), this is what he deserves ...' and the scenario was complete: the being rushed forward, vitally, with his dagger.

I, who know the consequences of these things, stopped him just in time – I gave him a blow. Then I had enough of all this and it was over, I cleaned the place out. It was almost a physical cleaning, for I had my hands clasped together (I was in a semitrance) and I threw them apart in an abrupt movement, left and right, powerfully, as if to sweep something away, and frrt! ... immediately everything was gone.

But had that not happened ... I was watching, not exactly with curiosity, but in order to learn – to learn what kind of atmosphere people live in! And it is ALWAYS like that! They are always pestered by HORDES of little formations that are absolutely swarming and disgusting, each one making its ... nasty little suggestion.

Take these movements of anger, for example, when someone is carried away by his passion and does things which, in his normal state, he would never do: *he is* not doing it, it is done by these little formations which are there, swarming in the atmosphere, just waiting for an occasion ... to rush in.

When you see them, oh! it's ... suffocating. When you're in contact with that ... Really, you wonder how anyone can breathe in such an atmosphere. And yet people CONSTANTLY live in that atmosphere! They live in it. Only when they rise above are they NOT in it. Or else there are those who are entirely below; but those are the toys of these things, and their reactions are sometimes not only unexpected but absolutely dreadful – because they are puppets in the hands of these things.

Those who rise above, who enter into a slightly intellectual region, can see all this from above; they can look down at it all, keep their heads above and breathe; but those who live in this realm ...

Sri Aurobindo calls this realm the 'intermediate zone,' a zone in which, he says, you can have all the experiences you wish if you enter into it. But it isn't *(laughing)* very advisable! – and I understand why! I had that experience because I had just read what Sri Aurobindo says on this subject in a letter in this latest book, *On Yoga; I* wanted to see for myself what it was. Ah, I understood!

And I express this in my own way when I say' that thoughts 'come and go, flow in and out.' But thoughts concerning material things are formations originating in that world, they are kinds of wills coming from the vital plane which try to express themselves, and most often they are truly deadly. If you are annoyed, for example, if someone says something unpleasant to you and you react ... It always happens in the same way; these little entities are there waiting, and when they feel it's the right moment, they introduce their influence and their suggestions. This is what is vitally symbolized by the being with his dagger rushing forward to stab you – and in the back, at that! Not even face to face! This then expresses itself in the human consciousness by a movement of anger or rage or indignation: 'How intolerable! How ... !' And the other fellow says, 'Yes! We shall put an end to it!'

1. In this *Commentary on the Dhammapada.*

It is quite interesting to watch it once, but it isn't very pleasant.

March (?) 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother,

X has just left my house. He began by saying that he had your permission to speak to me about certain things concerning the black forces that attacked you. I asked him why he did not speak to you directly, because surely you would understand better and *more* than I. He replied in this way: *'Several times Mother asked about these black powers, and every time I felt in myself a "great*

confusion." There (in your room) it is such a Place, Place of supreme Power, Place of Divinity, and I CANNOT talk about small matters. I CANNOT talk English. I have tried but it disturbs my "meditation." Thus I have asked Mother permission to talk to you; with you I can talk of these matters." These were almost exactly his words. Sweet Mother, he said this in such a way, there was something so *sacred* when he spoke of you up in your room, that I felt like prostrating myself at his feet. (Ah, Sweet Mother, how inadequately we approach you! ...)

He began his story thus: 'This girl in Mother's entourage* was, while she was alive, attacked by an extremely powerful mantric magician.

1. X's words are given in their original English when they appear in italics.

2. A young woman very close to Mother and Sri Aurobindo who did a great deal of harm to Mother. She died a few years after Sri Aurobindo's departure.

But the Protection was there, and finally the attack fell back on the mantric, who died from it. He died in a great rage and with a great will for revenge and began circling around the Ashram in the *Preta Loka* (I believe this corresponds to the vital world) seeking an opportunity to do harm, but there was such a purity, such a divine force that he could do nothing. When this girl died, he attacked her, and the two merged – he absorbed her. Then they continued wandering about the Ashram in search of a physical instrument to gain entry into the Ashram. They found an entryway through the intermediary of certain *black-minded people.* While doing my Puja, I *came to know seven of them.* All seven came, drawn by my Yantra.' Some of them are *people who have* taken Mother's money and have *been collecting money from their duty.* I learned this yesterday, and I began a special Puja to *turn their mind, put them again on the right path.'* (At this point, he said something that meant this would be easy.)

... ...

Thereupon, X told me, 'That is all. I will tell you more on Friday, after the Puja. The work will be over.'

Here, the conversation on this subject came to an end. On the way back to his house, I said to him, 'It would be very useful for Mother to know the names of these people; it would help her own work.' And I suggested to him that he write down the names of the seven people and put them in a sealed envelope.

Thereupon, X began saying 'no' rather categorically. But I insisted, mentioning the help it could bring to your work and saying that apart from you, of course, no one would know since the names would be placed in an envelope. Then he said to me, *'All right, I shall try tomorrow and ask from the supreme Divinity the name of three of them, the chief ones.'*

We did not speak of the *living* magician who has been paid by a member of the Ashram (undoubtedly one of these 7) to get rid of you. If you like, I will ask him this question another time.

... ...

That's all, Sweet Mother. Forgive me for all the times I have come to you with 'small matters.'

1. Yantra: A drawing, generally made up of geometric lines, that serves to

invoke or materialize certain forces.

I pray that you deliver me from my smallness, that you place *clearly before my consciousness* all these very petty and ugly little things, and that I may always come to you with a wider heart, more capable of seeing you and of loving you better.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

March (?) 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem concerning X's inquiry into who had practiced black magic on her)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother,

I will be seeing you tomorrow, but I prefer to state things clearly now; if you wish, I can read you my letter when we meet. Here is what X told me:

'The message came this morning during the Puja; my guru spoke in the form of Sanskrit slokas and this is not easy to express in English. Normally, I might have waited rather long for the answer, but because of the greatness of the Mother, it came immediately. The message implicated not 7 people, but 25 to 50, all or almost all Gujaratis.' (Here, X said something I am not sure I grasped, but it was to the effect that either his guru did not seem to find it easy or did not feel like giving so many names, but were Mother to insist, it might be possible. I am not sure if I really understood this.) Then the message spoke of a rivalry between the Gujaratis and the Bengalis (to occupy the key positions in the Ashram); I put this in parentheses for it is more an interpretation on my part, what I 'felt.' Moreover, X did not exactly use the word 'rivalry' – which he probably doesn't know – but rather *'confusion between Gujarati and Bengali.'* However, the message explicitly implicated the Gujaratis of the *'Head-departments.'* I then asked X if he meant the *heads* of departments or the main departments. He answered, *'All Gujaratis,'* whereupon he caught himself and said, '75% of them.' At this point X told me, *'In the Ashram there are few, FEW people on a very high level, and plenty ...'* without completing his sentence. The message continued, stating explicitly that these Gujaratis are busy making money from Mother *('making collection of money'),* while outwardly pretending to be serving the Ashram. Here, I thought I understood that there was a Bengali group which was seeking to overthrow the Gujaratis so that they could manage the business affairs as they please. Such was the substance of the message. I asked X if he could not write down the very concise Sanskrit slokas he had heard. He said yes, then he said that he would see about this after going to his house???

Then, X told me that he was going to do something to straighten all this out and to *'turn the mind of those people in the right path.* But I cannot do it here, in Pondicherry. About two months will be needed. For two months, I will do a Puja on a special Yantra and when it is finished, I will send Mother this Yantra along with certain manuscripts for the library. Then Mother will have to keep this Yantra beside her to control all these bad elements, and it will help her, her own work.'

I asked X for details on at least those who had paid the magician. He told me he would speak about it tomorrow.

Finally, I read your letter to X. Regarding the globe of light, he at once said, 'I know; it is Mother's Shakti, her Power in a concentrated form (he did not use the word "concentrated," but said "collection"). This global, concentrated Shakti came back today; it is a very good sign.' Then he said something that meant it was a sign that *'the black Power'* was definitely conquered or controlled. (I will speak to you of a strange dream that I had last night, which seems related to this.') 'The Shakti had been dispersed by the black attack, but its Light was too powerful to be really touched. It has come back. Also, I saw from certain physical signs that Mother is better.'

1. In this 'dream,' we saw a titan in a gigantic airplane that crashed to the ground. However, this titan did not seem to be dead, or at least not completely dead.

Then X expressed the desire to meditate *sitting* in front of you and not standing: *'You see, this morning I was flying, I was not touching the floor – outside of the body.'* So he would be more comfortable sitting. Then he added, *'Every day a different action takes place. Mother knows, but I can tell you a little something because you are very close to me, YOU ARE MY HEART* (I was deeply touched when he told me that). *The first day my guruji was standing there, by my side, with his hand on my shoulder, blessing me. Another day I was growing, growing 10 feet instead of 5, and great, great Power came in me.'* This is approximate, I no longer remember exactly how he said it. All I know is that something very powerful came into him and afterwards he needed to rest. He did not elaborate, but only repeated, *'Mother knows.'*

So that is about all, Sweet Mother.

Each time he comes to see me, he 'transmits' something to me: there is a great force trying to go out of me which he seems to be pulling; it tries to climb up through the neck and to go out from the head. I don't know exactly. Something is happening, that is all I know.

With love, I am your child.

Signed: Satprem

March (?) 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Pondicherry
Sweet Mother,

I recounted my dream of the titan to X and told him that this titan in the plane crash was not, or seemingly not, dead. He immediately replied, *'Yes, tomorrow he will be killed.'* It is the last day of his Puja.

I told X not to worry about the whole list of names, that you know them already, but that you had been intrigued by this reduced number of 7 people. He told me, *'They are the heads of departments.'*

... ...

X (I forgot to tell you at the beginning of the letter) links the crashing of the titan to the fact that the globe of light has come back into your hands.

Sweet Mother, you have already reassured me several times on the subject, but this thought frequently recurs and DISTURBS me, as if there were something *not right* about the fact that you are here, you, Mother, with all that you mean to me, and the fact that I call X 'guru' and prostrate myself at his feet. It is delicate to speak of, because I really feel that X is the guru of a certain thing in me, and I prostrate myself at his feet very *spontaneously* because I feel that there is something of you in him. And yet it disturbs me, as though I were deceiving you or *removing an absolute* in my relationship with you. You know, like someone who plays a 'double game' – those voices are disgusting. Something keeps repeating, 'There should be no one but Mother.' Ah, I don't know how to explain this to you, but it worries me! So, Sweet Mother, enlighten me or reassure me, or deliver me from what is not right.

I am your child.
Signed: Satprem

March 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Pondicherry
Sweet Mother,

Just now I have left X; he sent me away from his house a few minutes after my arrival: 'I *do not like you to stay here NOW.'* And he added, *'There is hard work.'* He was doing a *japa'* when I arrived at 5 o'clock.

X seems tired, and the child – who is very sensitive – does not seem well either.

This morning, X told me, *'Last night I have been fighting like a lion.'* And

apparently it is not over, although he just told me, *'He* [the titan] *has "one.' I* asked him if the titan was dead, and he told me, *'Yes, yes, closed.'* – But I think he told me this mainly to avoid my questions, and it contradicts his 'There is hard work.'

I *Japa:* the systematic and more or less continuous repetition of a mantra.

Then X told me, *'He* [the titan] *has come to me fighting, but did not dare to come too close, and he asked me: – Why do you give me trouble? – Because it is my duty.'* That is all on this subject.

... ...

I forgot to tell you that this morning, X told me the following: *'I would like to come back in Pondicherry after some time, for 15 days or so, and to give initiation to some people here in the Ashram, if Mother permits. Because here, there is need of strong people, some POLICE TO GUARD ...'* And he added, *'There is no confusion (I* think he meant 'opposition') *between my tradition and the Ashram ...'* Then he added something that meant that the goal pursued was the same. Of course, all this will depend absolutely upon you and your wish (I very clearly perceived from all this that X was speaking as a member of the Ashram who wants to do his best to defend and protect it.)

Your child, with love.

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Undated

It is likely that X came to grips with the Titan who has been after this body since its birth and who attacks and tries to possess all those who draw near me. This Titan is *backed* by a very powerful asuric force.

The very small number of those in whom I can have full confidence would not submit to the discipline of initiation. Among the others, those who would accept would very probably do so out of ambition, and that would lead to misadventures even more unpleasant than Z's.

March 26, 1959

(Concerning Satprem's most recent peregrinations and his fundamental rebelliousness, which periodically makes him take to the road)

Behind the Titan attacking us particularly now, there is something else. This Titan has been delegated by someone else. He has been there since my birth, was born with me. I felt him when I was very young, but only gradually, as I became conscious of myself, did I understand WHO he was and what was behind him.

This Titan has been specially sent to attack this body, but he can't do it

directly, so he uses people in my entourage. It is something fated: all those around me, who are close to me, and especially those capable of love, have been attacked by him; a few have succumbed, such as that girl in my entourage who was absorbed by him. He follows me like a shadow, and each time there is the least little opening in someone near me, he is there.

The power of this Titan comes from an Asura. There are four Asuras. Two have already been converted, and the other two, the Lord of Death and the Lord of Falsehood, made an attempt at conversion by taking on a physical body – they have been intimately associated with my life. The story of these Asuras would be very interesting to recount ... The Lord of Death disappeared; he lost his physical body, and I don't know what has become of him.' As for the other, the Lord of Falsehood, the one who now rules over this earth, he tried hard to be converted, but he found it disgusting!

At times he calls himself the 'Lord of Nations.' It is he who sets all wars in motion, and only by thwarting his plans could the last war be won ... This one does not want to be converted, not at all. He wants neither the physical transformation nor the supramental world, for that would spell his end. Besides, he knows ... We talk to each other; beyond all this, we have our relationship. For after all, you see *(laughing), I* am his mother! One day he told me, 'I know you will destroy me, but meanwhile, I will create all the havoc possible.'

1. It was Theon.

This Asura of Falsehood is the one who delegated the Titan that is always near me. He chose the most powerful Titan there is on earth and sent him specially to attack this body. So even if one manages to enchain or kill this Titan, it is likely that the Lord of Falsehood will delegate another form, and still another, and still another, in order to achieve his aim.

In the end, only the Supramental will have the power to destroy it. When the hour comes, all this will disappear, without any need to do anything.

March (?) 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother,

When coming out of your room, X told me, *'With Mother I have spoken my own mother tongue.'*

... ...

X told me that in 6 months, he would come here to spend an entire month for the initiation and preparing for the initiation. He spoke to me of this in the street after having seen P, and in an enigmatic way he told me something along these lines: 'Yes, strong men are needed *here.* The Power is needed.' I did not clearly understand, for it was said with a lot of innuendo behind it.

I am your child, Sweet Mother.

Signed: Satprem

March (?) 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem concerning the tantric initiation that Mother wished to see X give to two other disciples at the Ashram)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother,

I spoke to X about the initiations. He told me that he also had seen *only two* people (when he said 'seen,' I do not think he meant physically). He said that many people would be very *eager* but rare were those in whom you could have full trust – and perhaps they have reached a stage where it would be difficult for them to submit to the discipline of initiation.

I asked him his feeling about this morning's Darshan. He answered implying, 'I have already, in a few seconds, given my feeling to Mother.'

As you also wished to know his feelings about the playground meditation, I asked him. He told me roughly this: that the afternoon's Sanskrit recording' would be enough to 'set things right,' because there is a Power in it that should help the meditations.

... ...

X came to my room a little while ago and something happened, I don't know what, but it was still this same force that he pulls from me with such great power. But mostly, I wanted to tell you that when I got up (I was at his feet), he was as handsome as a god, his look was divine, it really came from very high above.

Your child, with love.

Signed: Satprem

1. A Sanskrit text by X which was to be played at the Ashram playground just prior to the collective meditation.

End March (?) 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother,

Your letter this morning *touched* me. I keep repeating now, several times a day, that it is an enemy, the enemy.

I am your child, Sweet Mother, and I want this crisis to be THE LAST.

With love.

Signed: Satprem

April 7, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, April 7, 1959

Sweet Mother,

I come to renew before you the resolution that I took this morning at the Samadhi.'

Henceforth I refuse to be an accomplice to this force. It is my enemy. Whatever form it may take, or whatever supports it may find in my nature, I will refuse to yield to it and will cling to you. You are the only reality: that is my mantra. Anything that seeks to make me doubt you is my enemy. You are the only Reality.

And each time I feel the shadow approach, I will call to you, immediately.

May you never again suffer because of me. O Mother, purify me and open my heart.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

1. Sri Aurobindo's tomb in the Ashram courtyard.

P.S. Perhaps it would be good to tell you of the two supports that this force found in me during the most recent attack:

1) The fact that I am plagued by a lack of time and, occasionally, a certain repugnance for mental work. Then the ensuing suggestion: to have a hut in Rameswaram and devote myself exclusively to inner development.

2) I am very pulled – not constantly, but periodically – by the need to write (not mental things) and exasperated by the fact that this *Orpailleur* is not published because I have not taken the time to carry out certain corrections.

When I am in a good mood, I offer all this to you (is it perhaps a hidden ambition? But I am not so sure; it is rather a need, I believe) and when I am not in a good mood, I 'fume' about not having the time to write something else.

Please, enlighten me, Sweet Mother.

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Wednesday morning, 4.8.59

Satprem, my dear child,

Your resolution came straight to me. I sheltered it in the depths of my heart, and with my highest will, I said, 'So be it.'

Just now, I received your letter confirming my experience. It is good.

I read your P.S. and I understand. This too confirms my feeling. I am not happy that you are plagued with work, and especially urgent work that has to be done quickly – it is contrary to the inner calm and concentration so indispensable for getting rid of one's difficulties. I am going to do what is necessary to change this situation. Besides, this is why I have been telling you recently that my work is not urgent. But this work for the Bulletin should stop for the moment.

The other point also has its element of truth – we shall speak of it later.

With all my love, I envelope you, my child, and I tell you, 'Have courage, the victory is certain' – not a compromise or partial victory, but *integral.*

Signed: Mother

April 13, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, April 13, 1959

Sweet Mother

Here is the outline for the book on Sri Aurobindo for the *Éditions du Seuil.**

It is a rough sketch, and in the actual process of writing, the proposed sequence may change according to the inner necessity, but these are the themes to be developed. So now T would like to know what you feel and if you see anything to be changed, added or deleted.

Your child, with love.

Signed: Satprem

Undated 1959

(On Anatole France and La Révolte des Anges)

... These children don't understand [Sri Aurobindo's irony]. They read it prosaically *(gesture indicating the surface).* Strangely enough, it's the same phenomenon when they read Anatole France. And Anatole France, read without understanding his irony, is abominably commonplace.

They don't grasp the irony.

Sri Aurobindo had it. He understood the irony of Anatole France so well, he had this same thing – so subtle, so refined ...

'Very good,' he would say while reading *La Révolte des Anges* 'Yes, it is true, which of the two should we believe?'* (Mother *laughs).*

1. A French publishing house that had asked for a book on Sri Aurobindo to be included in their collection, 'Spiritual Masters.'

2. Jehovah, or the rebellious Angel who wanted to take his place.

April 21, 1959

Above, beginning with the center between the eyebrows, the work has been done for a long time. There it is blank. For ages upon ages upon ages, the union with the Supreme has been realized and is constant.

Below this center is the body. And this body has indeed the concrete sensation of the Divine in each of its cells; but it needs to become universalized. That's the work to be done, center by center. I understand now what Sri Aurobindo meant when he repeatedly insisted, 'Widen yourself.' All this must be universalized; it is the condition, the basis, for the Supramental to descend into the body.

According to the ancient traditions, this universalization of the physical body was considered the supreme realization, but it is only a foundation, the base upon which the Supramental can come down without breaking everything.

April 23, 1959

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

Satprem, my dear child, 4.23.59, 7 p.m.

I hope you wrote to X that it is agreed, that we expect him *with his family* early in the morning of the 30th, and that I am looking forward to our daily morning meditation during his stay.

... ...

Do tell him that all is well, that we are awaiting his arrival and that I am looking forward to these meditations.

With you always, with love and care.

Signed: Mother

April 24, 1959

(Note sent by Mother to Satprem)

24 April 1959

The divine perfection is always there above us; but for man to become divine in consciousness and act and to live inwardly and outwardly the divine life is what is meant by spirituality; all lesser meanings given to the word are inadequate fumblings or impostures.'

Early May 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother,

I have just spoken for a few minutes with X. He came out of your room extremely 'moved' (in his deep way). 'I was standing before Mother and I no longer knew where I was. At the end of fifteen minutes, I found myself there.' And several times, he said,

'Great Power, Great Power ... An Ocean. She ONLY can understand ...' And as I expressed my surprise – for while going to your room, he had told me that he would begin this special 'japa' standing before you only tomorrow – he told me, 'When I went into Mother's room, I felt the Order come from above, and I began immediately.'

He told me that this japa with you should last 3 days in succession;

consequently, that takes care of the question of interviews, as you will be occupied until Wednesday or Thursday. He told me that 10:15 would be better for him (that can also mean 10:20) because he only finishes the first part of his *puja* at about 10 o'clock, which is what made us late this morning (he was still 'sitting' when I went to fetch him). Furthermore, X is always 'unexpected' in his acts, and he has scarcely any notion of time. He told me, 'You understand, here I am in the house of Annapurna' and I am so happy to be able to do my japa and my puja without being disturbed by my family worries. At *last,* here, I can live for That only. There is a great vibration everywhere.' So he forgets about time.

I This text by Sri Aurobindo *(The Human Cycle,* Cent. Ed. Vol. XV p. 247) was translated into French by Mother on the occasion of writing to Satprem.

Your child,
Signed: Satprem
P.S. The divinity invoked in his *present* pujas is Durga.

May 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Sweet Mother,

He was even more overwhelmed today when he came down from your room than yesterday. It was physically visible. He said nothing, except again that you 'only' could understand.

... ...

Then, suddenly looking at me with his third eye, he spoke of me, and said quite enigmatically, *'I don't know why THESE THOUGHTS come to me every time I think of you ...*' (I don't know what thoughts he is referring to) and he added, 'You *will come TWO months to Rameswaram – l shall ask Mother – SUCH A THING is going to take place ... When the time comes I shall write to you, and you will stay with me.'* These are his exact words, which could mean just about anything.

This morning, just before going into your room, he hesitated uneasily, because he saw someone through the slightly ajar door of your antechamber. He asked me who it was, but I urged him towards you, telling him it was nothing. If such a thing could be avoided, it would be better.

1. Annapurna: 'She who nourishes the world,' wife of Shiva, one of the aspects of the supreme Mother.

Oh! How overwhelmed he was when he came down your stairway! It took him at least five minutes to pull himself together.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

Early May 1959

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

Thursday, 1 o'clock

Satprem, my dear child,

I have received your letter with the news.

Concerning Z, X himself told me that he had initiated him last evening (but he didn't say more). It seems that the kundalini was awakened and the current was so strong that Z's eyes became all red.

... ...

Did X tell you anything of our meditation this morning? Do not ask him any questions. But if he speaks of it, I would be happy to know what he says.

Always with you, in love and light.

Signed: Mother

May 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, May 1959

Sweet Mother,

I read your letter to X.' He immediately said, 'I *shall explain tomorrow.'* Then he added this: *'Usually, before going to Mother I concentrate on the Divinity on which we are going to meditate, or by which we are going to get help. Thus, some Divinity (goddess) comes and with it the ceremony and ritual and colors. I shall explain more tomorrow.'* As I am wary of his 'tomorrows,' I insisted, especially in regard to the luminous globe *2* and I asked if it were the

same thing as the Shakti of the other experiences. He said it was not, that it was different, and he repeated *'more tomorrow.'* Then, by way of concluding, he said to me, *'It is very good, very good.'*

... ...

Tomorrow, I shall be there at 9:30 a.m.

I am at your feet, Sweet Mother, with gratitude. I am a hard case, but I love you all the same.

Signed: Satprem

May 7, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, May 7, 1959

Sweet Mother,

1. In which Mother had asked about certain experiences that occurred during her meditations with X.

2. Another globe, or perhaps the same one, but this time orange colored.

I spoke of your experience, but with all these people we scarcely have time to speak, so I was unable to give many details or to get any very clear explanation. X is well acquainted with this Light – these luminous bluish-violet waves with the white bar running through the center. He gave me his own description, which coincides exactly with yours ... In short, he wanted to say that perhaps this Light was the result of his concentrating upon you, even when he is in Rameswaram. I spoke to him of the universalization of your body. He nodded, like someone who understands, but without making any comment. As for the orange globe, this is what he said: *'Every time, before meditation with Mother, I utter some letters. And as you know, each letter has a color. There are 51 ways to combine letters, and there are 51 "paths," or 51 places in the body where the force can act. Thus the orange globe is probably the effect of some letters; it may be some protection for her body.'* In any case, he seemed to find it quite normal that your experiences of this bluish-violet light began approximately at the same time as your relationship, and in all the pujas there are these 'diagrams' or 'Yantras' that always have geometric forms. (One day he told me, *'Those diagrams are the stations for the goddesses to come down.')*

When I went to get D this evening, she told me that she was in the grip of some difficulties, as if this mantra had provoked a backlash. X immediately did some little operation, and she left all smiling.

For me, this is what he said: *'Tomorrow I shall give you another mantra of three letters. Now I am going to change the Power into a feminine form. After some time you will see a small girl appear in front of you, a girl of about 10, and SHE WILL COME TO HELP YOU. This mantra you will have to repeat 3*

lahks for three months. And after three months, I shall give you FULL initiation.'* Then he explained to me that the sea could not be made to enter into a vase at one stroke; rather, the body had to become accustomed little by little and, precisely, the sadhana is meant to accustom the body more and more to receive the vastness of the Power (to put it very succinctly).

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

1. 300,000 times.

May 19, 1959

When you follow the ascending path, the work is relatively easy. I had already covered this path by the beginning of the century and had established a constant relationship with the Supreme – That which is beyond the Personal and the gods and all the outward expressions of the Divine, but also beyond the Absolute Impersonal. It's something you cannot describe; you must experience it. And this is what must be brought down into Matter. Such is the descending path, the one I began with Sri Aurobindo; and there, the work is immense.

The thing can still be brought down as far as the mental and vital planes (although Sri Aurobindo said that thousands of lifetimes would be needed merely to bring it down to the mental plane, unless one practiced a perfect *surrender').* With Sri Aurobindo, we went down below Matter, right into the Subconscient and even into the Inconscient. But after the descent comes the transformation, and when you come down to the body, when you attempt to make it take one step forward – oh, not even a real step, just a little step! – everything starts grating; it's like stepping on an anthill ... And yet the presence, the help of the supreme Mother, is there constantly; thus you realize that for ordinary men such a task is impossible, or else millions of lives would be needed – but in truth, unless the work is done for them and the sadhana of the body done for the entire earth consciousness, they will never achieve the physical transformation, or else it will be so remote that it is better not even to speak of it. But if they open themselves, if they give themselves over in an integral *surrender,* the work can be done for them – they have only to let it be done.

The path is difficult. And yet this body is full of good will; it is filled with the psychic in every one of its cells. It's like a child. The other day, it cried out quite spontaneously, 'O my Sweet Lord, give me the time to realize You!' It did not ask to hasten the process, it did not ask to lighten its work; it only asked for enough TIME to do the work. 'Give me the time!'

1. Original English.

I could have begun this work on the body thirty years ago, but I was constantly caught up in this harassing ashram life. It took this illness' to enable me truly to begin doing the sadhana of the body. It does not mean that thirty years were wasted, for it is likely that had I been able to start this work thirty years ago, it would have been premature. The consciousness of the others also had to develop – the two are linked, the individual progress and the collective progress, and one cannot advance if the other does not advance.

I have also come to realize that for this sadhana of the body, the mantra is essential. Sri Aurobindo gave none; he said that one should be able to do all the work without having to resort to external means. Had he reached the point where we are now, he would have seen that the purely psychological method is inadequate and that a japa is necessary, because only japa has a direct action on the body. So I had to find the method all alone, to find my mantra by myself. But now that things are ready, I have done ten years of work in a few months. That is the difficulty, it requires time ...

And I repeat my mantra constantly – when I am awake and even when I sleep. I say it even when I am getting dressed, when I eat, when I work, when I speak with others; it is there, just behind in the background, all the time, all the time.

In fact, you can immediately see the difference between those who have a mantra and those who don't. With those who have no mantra, even if they have a strong habit of meditation or concentration, something around them remains hazy and vague. Whereas the japa imparts to those who practice it a kind of precision, a kind of solidity: an armature. They become galvanized, as it were.

1. In December 1958, when Mother stopped the *Questions and Answers* at the playground and thereafter left the Ashram building only rarely.

May 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, May 1959

Sweet Mother,

You have rid me of my headache in a spectacular way, not to mention the beginning of an infection in a wisdom tooth. So I am writing you.

... ...

I was prompted to speak to X about the financial difficulties of the Ashram and I took the opportunity to tell him about the subtle 'détente' that has occurred. I told him that you had wondered whether he had not done something (I am putting all this *very succinctly).* He replied that as soon as he returned to Rameswaram, he made a special puja of gratitude to you for three days and

prayed to his divinity to repay you a hundredfold (these are my words; I am translating freely what X meant). So I spoke to him of these men with their crores of rupees coming near the Ashram and of the money that is suddenly diverted in another direction by a hostile thrust. All this left him reflective. I will speak to him another time of what you are trying to realize here materially. He has felt something.

Your child, with love.

Signed: Satprem

May 25, 1959

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

Tuesday, 1 o'clock

Satprem, my dear child,

I can only repeat the prayer that I made to the Supreme Lord this morning:

'May Your Will be done in all things and at every moment. And may Your Love manifest.'

As for you, I received your promise made very solemnly at a moment of clear consciousness, and I am sure you will not fail in it.

My love is with you.

Signed: Mother

(Satprem's reply)

May 27, 1959

Mother,

If it is to make me feel all my wrongs that you remind me of my 'solemn promise,' then I am ready to acknowledge all these wrongs. I am guilty, without any extenuating circumstances, and I expect no indulgence.

I can easily understand that your task on this earth is not particularly encouraging and you must find our human matter stupid and rebellious. I do not wish to throw upon you more bad things than you already receive, but I wish you could also understand certain things. I am not made for this withered life, not made for putting sentences together all day long, not made for living alone in my hole – friendless, loveless, with nothing but mantras, and waiting for a better that never comes. For three years I have wanted to leave and each time I yielded out of scruples that you needed me, though also because I am attached to you. But after the [book on] 'Sri Aurobindo,' there will be something else, there will always be something else that will make my departure look like a 'betrayal.' I am fed up with living in my head, always in my head, with paper and ink. It was not of this that I dreamed when I was ten years old and ran with the wind over the untamed heaths. I am suffocating. You ask too much of me; or rather, I am not worth your expectation.

A love for you might have held me here. And indeed, for you I have devotion, veneration, respect, an attachment, but there has never been this marvelous thing, warm and full, that links one to a being in the same beating of a heart. Through love, I could do all, accept all, endure all, sacrifice all – but I do not feel this love. You cannot 'give yourself' with your head, through a mental decision, yet that is what I have been doing for five years. I have tried to serve you as best I could. But I am at the end of my rope. I am suffocating.

I have no illusions, and I do not at all suppose that elsewhere my life may at last be fulfilled. No, I know that this whole life is cursed, but it may as well be *truly* cursed. If the Divine does not want to give me his Love, may he give me his curse. But not this life between two worlds. Or if I am too hardened, may he break me. But not this tepidness, this approximation.

I am not really bad, Mother, but I can no longer bear this life without love. That is all.

There is someone here who could have saved me, whom I could have loved. Oh, it has nothing to do with all those things you might imagine! My soul loves her soul. It is something very serene. We have known each other for five years, and I had never even dreamed of calling it love. But all the outer circumstances are against us. And I do not want to turn anyone away from you. Anyway, if I sink into the depths of the pit, or so I tell myself, it is no reason to drag someone else along with me. So this too is one more reason for me to leave. I cannot continue suffocating all alone in my corner. (It is useless to ask her name, I will say *nothing.)*

You are imposing a new ordeal on me by asking me to go to Rameswaram. For you, I have accepted. But I shall go there sheathed in my sturdiest armor and I will not yield, because I know that it is always to be begun again. I do not want to become a 'great Tantric' or whatever else it may be. I want only to love. And since I cannot love, I am leaving. I will arrive in Rameswaram at 2 in the morning, and will leave again by the 11 o'clock train.

I want to go to New Caledonia. There, or elsewhere ... there are forests there. Africa is closing up. You must help me one last time by giving me the means to leave and try something else with a minimum of chance – although, at the point I'm at, I laugh in the face of 'chance.' I need 2,000 rupees, if that is possible for you. If you do not want to, or if you cannot, I will leave anyway, no matter where, no matter how.

And once again, you can judge me all you want, I acknowledge all my wrongs. I am guilty in a guilty and stupid world (which loves its stupidity, no doubt).

Signed: Satprem

The 'aphorisms' will be ready tomorrow.

I have nothing more to add.

(Mother's reply)

5.28.59

Satprem, my dear child,

This morning, the problem and its solution appeared to me very clearly; but

since, for quite obvious reasons, I am both the judge and the accused in this matter, I cannot make a decision; not that my judgment would necessarily be egoistic, but it would have no authority.

Only someone who loves you and has the knowledge can find the true solution to the problem. X' fulfills these conditions excellently. Go to him and simply be what you are, without blackening nor embellishing, with the sincerity and simplicity of a child. He knows your soul and its aspiration; speak to him of your physical life and of your need for space, solitude, untamed nature, the simple and free life. He will understand and, in his wisdom, will see the best thing to do.

And what he decides will be done.

My love is unalterably with you.

Signed: Mother

May 28, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, May 28, 1959

Mother,

I do not want you to suffer because of me, for there is already too much suffering in this world. I shall do what you wish. I will go to Rameswaram and I will stay there as long as X wants. I have *seen* that there is no happy solution. So I bow before the circumstances.

1. The disciple's tantric guru.

If it is not too tiring for your eyes, I would like you to read what follows. I want to tell you what I have seen, very clearly.

After the wave of rebelliousness this morning, I was seized by a great sadness, a great bitterness, as though I were being confronted with a profound injustice.

There is a spiritual destiny in me, but there are *three* other destinies so intimately bound up with it that I cannot cut off any one without mutilating something of my living soul – which is why, periodically, these suppressed destinies awaken and call to me – and the dark forces seize upon these occasions to sow chaos within and drive me to ruin everything since I cannot really fulfill myself. And the problem is insoluble.

1) There is the destiny of the adventurer: it is the one in me that needs the sea or the forest and wide open spaces and struggles. This was the best part of my childhood. I can sit on it and tell myself that 'the adventure is within,' and it might 'work' for a while. But this untamed child in me continues to live all the same, and it is something very valuable in me. I cannot kill it through reasoning, even spiritual reasoning. And if I tell it that everything lies 'within,'

not 'without,' it replies, 'Then why was I born, why this manifestation in the outer world?' In the end, it is not a question of reasoning. It is a fact, like the wind upon the heaths.

2) There is the destiny of the writer in me. And this too is linked to the best of my soul. It is also a profound need, like adventuring upon the heaths, because when I write certain things, I breathe in a certain way. But during the five years I have been here, I have had to bow to the fact that, materially, there is no time to write what I would like (I recall how I had to wrench out this *Orpailleur,* which I have not even had time to revise). This is not a reproach, Mother, for you do all you can to help me. But I realize that to write, one must have *leisure,* and there are *too many* less personal and more serious things to do. So I can also sit on this and tell myself that I am going to write a 'Sri Aurobindo' – but this will not satisfy that other need in me, and periodically it awakens and sprouts up to tell me that it too needs to breathe.

3) There is also the destiny that feels human love as something divine, something that can be transfigured and become a very powerful driving force. I did not believe it possible, except in dreams, until the day I met someone here. But you do not believe in these things, so I shall not speak of it further. I can gag this also and tell myself that one day all will be filled in the inner divine love. But that does not prevent this other need in me from living and from finding that life is dry and from saying, 'Why this outer manifestation if all life is in the inner realms?' But neither can I stifle this with reasoning.

So there remains the pure spiritual destiny, pure interiorization. That is what I have been trying to do for the last five years, without much success. There are good periods of collaboration, because one part of my being can be happy in any condition. But in a certain way this achievement remains truncated, especially when you base spiritual life on a principle of integrality. And these three destinies in me have their own good reasons, which are true: they are not inferior, they are not incidental, they are woven from the very threads that created the spiritual life in me. My error is to open the door to revolt when I feel too poignantly one or the other being stifled.

So you see, all this is *insoluble.* I have only to bow before these unfortunate circumstances. I perceive an injustice somewhere, but I have only to remain silent.

... ...

And I was also struck when you told me that I wanted to 'kick up a row.' You so clearly implied that I was leaving the Ashram in a 'shoddy' way. So that also froze me. I thought I had done my best and, in order to serve you, repressed as much as I could the others in me.

So there. I can find no solution. X will not understand, and I will not say anything to him. But I obey you because everything is futile and there is too much pain in this world, and also someone in me *needs you,* someone who loves you in his own way.

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Friday, 5.29.59

Satprem, my dear little one,

I have read your letter in its entirety and I remain convinced that one day all the parts of your being, without excluding any, will be fully satisfied. But we shall see about that later.

For the moment, I only want to tell you, from the bottom of my heart – which is so deeply touched – thank you.

With all my love.

Signed: Mother

I will see you tomorrow morning at ten o'clock and I hope that a few small misunderstandings may be clarified.

I am sending you forthwith the note that I had prepared for tomorrow morning.

(Note from Mother to Satprem)

I did not utter the words that you heard – I wanted to speak to you of my experience during the night, but I was paralyzed because I clearly felt that you no longer understood me. As soon as I received your letter, I concentrated on you in an effort to help you, and when night fell, just at the hour I enter into contact with X, I called for his help – whereupon he sent me this little Kali whom he had already sent once before. So I went to your house, I took you in my arms and pressed you tightly to my heart to keep you as sheltered as possible from blows, and I let Kali do her warrior dance against this titan who is always trying to possess you, creating this rebelliousness in you. She must have at least partially succeeded in her work, because very early in the morning the titan went away somewhat discomfited, but while leaving, he flung this at me as he went by: 'You will regret it, for you would have had less trouble if he had left.' I flung his suggestion back in his face with a laugh and told him, 'Take that, along with all the rest of your ugly person! I have no need of it!' And the atmosphere cleared up.

I wanted to tell you all this, but I couldn't because you were still far away from me and it would have seemed like boasting. Also the misunderstanding created by the distance made you hear other words than those I uttered.

June 3, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem, while travelling)

Rameswaram, June 3, 1959

Sweet Mother,

On your behalf, I told X that you had been worried about me.

He, too, had felt that things were not going well and had 'worked' on his side. He told me to write you immediately to tell you that *'everything is all right.'*

... ...

Also, I explained to him that a mantra had come to you which you were repeating between 5 and 6 in particular, and I told him about this culminating point where you wanted to express your gratitude, enthusiasm, etc., and about the French mantra. After explaining, I gave him your French and Sanskrit texts. He *felt* and understood very well what you wanted. His first reaction after reading it was to say, *'Great meaning, great power is there. It is all right.'* I told him that apart from the meaning of the mantra, you wanted to know if it

was all right from the 'vibrational' standpoint. He told me that he would take your text to his next puja and would repeat it himself to see. He should have done that this morning, but he has a fever (since his return from Madurai, he has not been well because of a cold and sunstroke). I will write you as soon as I know the result of his 'test.'

Regarding me, this is more or less what he said: *'First of all, I want an agreement from you so that under any circumstances you never leave the Ashram. Whatever happens, even if Yama' comes to dance at your door, you should never leave the Ashram. At the critical moment, when the attack is the strongest, you should throw everything into His hands, then and then only the thing can be removed (I* no longer know whether he said' removed' or destroyed). *It is the only way. SARVAM MAMA BRAHMAN* [Thou art my sole refuge]. *Here in Rameswaram, we are going to meditate together for 45 days, and the Asuric-Shakti may come with full strength to attack, and I shall try my best not only to protect but to destroy, but for that, I need your determination. It is only by your own determination that I can get strength. If the force comes to make suggestions: lack of adventure, lack of Nature, lack of love, then think that I am the forest, think that I am the sea, think that I am the wife (!!)'* Meanwhile, X has nearly doubled the number of repetitions of the mantra that I have to say every day (it is the same mantra he gave me in Pondicherry). X repeated to me again and again that I am not merely a 'disciple' to him, like the others, but as if his son.

This was a first, hasty conversation, and we did not discuss things at length. I said nothing. I have no confidence in my reactions when I am in the midst of my crises of complete negation. And truly speaking, at the time of my last crisis in Pondicherry, I do not know if it was really X's occult working that set things right, for personally (but perhaps it is an ignorant impression), I felt that it was thanks to Sujata and her childlike simplicity that I was able to get out of it.

1. Yama: the god of Death in the Hindu pantheon.

In any event, since I left Pondicherry, I have been living like a kind of robot (it began in the train); I am empty, void of the least feeling for whomever it may be. I keep going by a kind of acquired momentum, but actually I feel completely anesthetized.

Excuse my handwriting. I am writing to you lying on the floor of the dharamshala' near X's house, for the 'hut' meant for me is not yet ready.

Suddenly, last evening, X went furiously on the warpath against the Indian 'Congress'* and with an irrefutable tone, like someone who knows, began making very interesting predictions.

Before five months are over (in September, October or November), Pakistan will attack India with the help or the complicity or the military resources of the United States. And at about the same time, China will attack India because of the Dalai Lama, under the pretext that India is supporting the Dalai Lama and that thousands of Tibetan refugees are escaping into India to carry on anti-Chinese activities. Then America will offer its support to India against China and then, said X, 'We shall see what will be the political policy

of the Congress Party, which pretends to be unaligned with any bloc. If India accepts American aid, there will be no more Pakistan but rather American troops to prevent conflicts between Muslims and Hindus, and a single government for both countries.' I pointed out to X that this sounded very much like a world war ...

Then he made the following comparison: 'When you throw a pebble into a pond, there is just one center, one point where it falls, and everything radiates out from this center. There are two such centers in the world at present, two places where there are great vibrations: one is India and Pakistan, and that will radiate all over Asia. And the other is ... '

In any case, I had never heard him attacking the Congress as he did yesterday evening, almost violently.

1. A caravansary, or Indian style shelter.

2. Indian National Congress: the formative freedom organization against the British that became India's major political party under Jawaharlal Nehru after independence.

That is all, Sweet Mother. In spite of my anesthesia, I think of you. (I am not blocked; on the contrary, it seems to me that the bond has been renewed since our last meeting, but I feel strangely empty.) I am unable to understand how you can love me. Oh Mother, I have truly to begin living, truly loving! Your child,

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

6.4.59

My very dear child,

I received and read your very interesting letter.

As for the Sanskrit text and the mantra, I await your next letter.

For you, I fully approve of what he told you. Fervently, and with all my love, I pray that he will succeed in what he wants to do during these 45 days of meditation. This is really what I was counting on.

For what occurred here, I can say only one thing: when the Supreme Lord wants to save someone, He clothes his will in every appearance necessary.

As for the emptiness you feel (which perhaps is already better): to those who complained of this sensation of inner emptiness, Sri Aurobindo always said that it is a very good thing; it is the sign that they are going to be filled with something better and truer.

I have carefully noted X's predictions.

Certainly his political rage is not only understandable but justified. However, when one begins looking at things from the external viewpoint of the manifestation, they are not as simple as that. I cannot speak of all this in detail, but as an example I can tell you that here in Pondicherry, those who are maneuvering (and not without some hope) to oust the Congress are our worst enemies, the enemy of all that is disinterested and spiritual, and if they come to

power, they would be capable of anything in their hate.

For all these world events, I always leave it to the Divine vision and wisdom, and I say to the Supreme: 'Lord, may Thy Will be done.'

I hope to hear from you soon.

My love is with you.

Signed: Mother

June 4, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, June 4, 1959

Sweet Mother,

... ...

Regarding X's predictions which I mentioned in yesterday's letter, X said something untranslatable which meant, *'Let us see Mother's reactions'* – for I told him that I had written it all to you. Then he said, *'There are several other secret matters which I shall tell you.'* And he added, by way of example, 'I *shall tell WHERE the atomic bombs will be cropped.'* So if these things interest you, or if you see or feel anything, perhaps it would be good to express your interest in a letter to me which I would translate for X. Spontaneously, I emphasized to X that it would undoubtedly facilitate your work to have details. But it is better that these things *come from you,* should you see any use in it.

As for me, X said, *'Something will happen.'*

I need you, Sweet Mother.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

6.6.5 9

Satprem, my very dear child, yesterday evening I received your second letter dated the 4th,

Regarding my mantra, I began repeating it yesterday before receiving your letter, and I felt that it was all right. So if X makes no alterations, it is not necessary to send it back to me. I receive the force X gives me without paper.

I do not know if it is an illusion, but on several occasions I felt that if X says this mantra, it will cure his fever.

As for the predictions, I am *extremely interested.* Tell this to X, and also that details of this kind are a great help in my work, for they give physical clues enabling a greater precision in the action. Needless to say, I will be very

grateful for any indications he may wish to give me.

For you, my dear child, it is true that 'something *must* happen and *will* happen.' Will you please tell X on my behalf that I will participate with all my power in what he wants to undertake. He will understand.

I am with you and wish to repeat to you: infinite is the Grace and invincible is the Love; be confident and will the victory, for this is what X means by your collaboration.

Signed: Mother

June 7, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, June 7, 1959

Sweet Mother,

I thought certain details from my conversations with X might interest you:

1) X spoke to me of the Vedic times when a single 'emperor' or sage ruled the entire world with the help of 'governors'; then these governors gradually became independent kings, and conflicts were born. So I asked him what was going to happen after this next war and whether the world would be better. He replied as follows: *'Yes, great sages like Sri Aurobindo who are wandering now in their subtle bodies will appear. Some sages may take the physical body of political leaders in the West. It will be the end of ignorant atomic machines and the beginning of a new age with great sages leading the world.' So* it seems that X's vision links up with Sri Aurobindo's prediction for 1967.

He did not give me any further details about this war, except to say that the countries which will suffer the most will be the countries of the North and the East, and he cited Burma, Japan, China and Russia. He said rather categorically that Russia would be swept away and that America would triumph.

2) X gave me certain details about his powers of prediction, but perhaps it would be better not to speak of this in a letter. On that occasion, he told me that he did not want to keep any secrets from me: *'I want you to know everything. I want you to be chief disciple in my tradition. When the time comes, you will understand what I mean. With you I have full connection, not only connection in my mind, but in my blood and body.'*

On another occasion, he said to me, *'I am ALWAYS taking care of you.'* And when I asked him why he was taking such trouble for me, he replied, *'Because I have orders.'* This attention that comes to me from you and him surprises me, for I do not feel that I am good, and upon the least occasion I

know that I am seriously prepared to quit everything because something in me is profoundly revolted by this *excess of suffering,* by a lack of love and flowering, by an excess of solitude. Yesterday evening, it was still fully there, *with all my approval,* and at such a time no one in the world can hold me back. It is this POINT OF SUFFERING that makes me want to turn my back on everything. Not to commit suicide: *to turn my back.*

X told me the story of my last three existences (rather grim), but I will write you about that in another letter.

3) X has not yet begun his work with me nor for you, as he has been unwell until today. One evening, he made a very beautiful reflection concerning you and your mantra, but it is inexpressible in words, it was above all the tone in which he said, *'Who, who, is there a single person in the world who can repeat like that "TRIOMPHE À TOI ... MAHIMA ... MAHIMA '*? etc. And three or four times he repeated your mantra with such an expression ...

He has not yet done what he plans to do with your mantra in his puja, for he has been unwell and had to interrupt his pujas. But now he is better.

... ...

I have no other details to give you, except that I am not happy. The fact is that these last three years I have been tied down by my penury, otherwise I would be travelling along other roads, far from here – with no greater hope in my heart, but with space before me, at least. I am only here to render you service, but I do not know if I shall be able to repress my need for space much longer – it has already been going on too long. This is the undisguised truth. But what can I do? – I am tied down. If I truly loved, things would be different, but it seems I love no one, not even myself, and the only love of which I am capable, human love, *is forbidden* to me. So I can do nothing, not on any plane, and I have no hope in anything. Forgive me, I do not wish to pain you, but neither can I pretend any longer to be happy with my lot.

Signed: Satprem

June 8, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, June 8, 1959

Sweet Mother,

Even before receiving your second letter in which you say that the mantra is all right, X told me this morning that he had repeated your mantra during his puja and that it was very good, that there is nothing to be changed: *'The vibration is good.'*

Here are a few additional indications regarding the forthcoming events.

As I appeared to be doubting, X told me, *'There is no "suspicion "* [doubt], *the war will take place in November'* (in fact, it is to occur some time between

September and November), and for the rest of the talk, he had a tone of absolute certitude: *'The first atom bomb will fall in China. Russia will be crushed. It will be a victory for America. Not more than 2 or 3 atom bombs will be used. It will be very quick.'* And he repeated that the starting-point of the conflict would be situated in India due to the aggression of Pakistan, then of China.

The earthquake he mentioned promises to be a kind of 'pralaya' (as X put it), for not only Bombay will be touched. This is what he said: *'America supports Pakistan, but the gods do not support Pakistan, and Pakistan will be punished by the gods. HALF of western Pakistan, including Karachi, will go into the sea. The sea will enter into Rajasthan and touch India also ... '*

X then said that India would side with America against the Communist bloc (in spite of America's support to Pakistan), and furthermore, that the day India sides with America, America will cease supporting Pakistan. In any case, it will be the end of Pakistan.

After I translated your letter to him, X told me that he would give me more details in two or three days.

I should write you what X has revealed about my last three lives, but I have neither the courage nor the desire to again speak of myself.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

P.S. X asked me questions about my family. I was prompted to speak to him of my mother (seeing her photo, you had said that you knew her very well, if you recall). He immediately said, 'You *MUST go and see your mother. You will go in August and quickly come back by plane beginning September!'* Of course, I told him that all this seems like the highest fantasy to me, and that to begin with I had no money and would surely not ask you anything for that. He said, 'I *shall ask my Mother. She will arrange everything. '*

(Mother's reply)

6.10.59

Satprem, my dear little one,

I have a world of things to tell you about all I have heard, seen and done concerning you these past days. New doors of understanding have opened – but all these things are impossible to write.

As for the mantra, since two days I am sure about it, and all is well.

I am extremely interested in everything X has revealed to you. But I cannot write about this either.

If X told you to go see your mother in August and return m early September, you must go. We shall manage. My finances are in an almost desperate state, but that cannot last. For what has to be done will be done.

... ...

You are constantly with me, and I am following all your inner movements with love and concern.

The great secret is to learn to give oneself ...

With all my tenderness.

Signed: Mother

June 9, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, June 9, 1959

Sweet Mother,

Forgive me for these last letters. I was suffering.

It seems to me that for months I have been far away from you. I no longer see you in my dreams, I no longer feel you. What, then is this path I am following?

In spite of all my revolts, I need you, I need truth, Light, and love. I feel I have already known all this, had all this, and that I have been dispossessed. Perhaps that is why I suffer.

Mother, lead me towards you, I am blind and without strength.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Thursday, June 11, 1959

Satprem, my very dear child,

I have received your good letter of the 9th, It warms my heart.

All these things that you need – truth, light, love, my presence in you – you have had them and you still have them, they have not withdrawn from you, but something came to veil them from your perception, and this is why you became unhappy. They are waiting just there, near you, in you, anxious for the shadow to vanish and for you to realize that they have not left you.

With all my love.

Signed: Mother

June 11, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, June 11, 1959

Sweet Mother

As of yesterday evening I am a man delivered. It took only a very little word from X, and suddenly a weight seemed to have been lifted from me, and I *knew* at last that I would be fulfilled. All this is still so new, so improbable that I can scarcely believe it, and I wonder if by chance some evil blow is not still lurking in wait for me behind this promise of happiness; thus I shall be reassured only when I have told you everything, recounted all. But X has asked, me to wait a few more days before telling you this story, for he wants to give me certain additional details so that you may have all the elements, as accurately as possible.

But I did not want to wait any longer to express my gratitude. I am still not so sure how all this will turn out nor how this destiny that he predicts for me can be realized, but I want to repeat to you, with all my confidence: I am your child, may your will be done now and forever.

Signed: Satprem

P.S. X is also to give me certain details for you about the forthcoming war.

June 13, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, June 13, 1959

Sweet Mother,

I have received your last two letters of the 10th and 11th. I told X what you wrote about this trip to France and that your finances are in an 'almost desperate' state. He replied with perfect assurance, *'Soon it will increase, very soon it will change.' I* am obviously hesitant to accept your generous offer and I do not know what I should do. I had never thought of returning to France, except in a distant future. I don't know why X told me that I should return there, except perhaps because he felt who my mother is. I know that she is sad, that she believes me lost to her and thinks she will die without seeing me again. It would surely be a great joy to her. But other than that, I have no desire to go there, for each time I go to France, I feel like I am entering a prison. Naturally I would be happy for my mother's joy; she is a great soul, but is this reason enough?

Sunday, 14th

X has decided that he wants to speak to you *himself* about my former existences and about what he has seen for the immediate future. He has therefore asked me to say nothing to you. Perhaps there are also elements he did not want to speak of to me. (X told me that now he feels capable of speaking in English with you.)

Another thing: we happened to talk of Sri Aurobindo and Lele.' Concerning Lele, X told me, *'He was a devotee of the Bhaskaraya School; this is why there is close connection ...' I* do not know if this is so, but X seemed to *know.*

For me, the inner things seem to have taken a better turn since X revealed certain things to me, but I prefer to say nothing. I dare not say anything since I know from experience that all this is as unstable as dynamite.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

1. Lele: the tantric guru whom Sri Aurobindo met in 1908 and who gave him mental silence and Nirvana.

June 13, 1959

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

6.13.59

Satprem, my dear child,

I repeat to you simply what I said to Sujata this morning:

You are both my dear children,

I love you and bless you.

Signed: Mother

June 17, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, June 17, 1959

Sweet Mother,

I have received your card of the 13th. I dare not write, for everything is too confused as concerns the immediate realities.

The only thing that affirms itself with a certitude and a greater and greater force is my soul. I cling to It with all my strength. It is my only refuge. If I did not have that, I would throw my life overboard, for the outer circumstances and the immediate future seem to me impossible, unlivable.

I was touched by your blessings for Sujata and myself. But there lies another impossibility.

These last days I have come to realize that to blame all my 'crises' on the hostile forces is perhaps to oversimplify things. I understand better and better, for in my suffering, my soul is all I have and I rely on that alone; otherwise I could never bear all that I have borne, all that I still bear. I understand, too, that there was also a truth in the force which periodically impelled me to leave, the truth of that destiny in me which is not fulfilled in the Ashram.

Mother, I have suffered so much and prayed so much this last while that I am sure my soul cannot but arrange circumstances in such a way that somehow I may live at last – that somehow EVERYTHING may *truly* become reconciled: not later on or 'one of these days,' but soon – for it cannot go on *any longer; I* am at my end.

Mother, I have prayed with so much truth in my heart that I am sure the gods will come to help me, and that you will help me, too. I think not only of Sujata, but of all these destinies that are being stifled within me.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

P.S. Yes, I too am sure that the 'great secret is to give oneself,' but perhaps this can be too easily misunderstood, and I do not believe that 'to give oneself' means to mutilate oneself. As for the rest, well, my life *obviously* belongs to That and is meaningless except for That.

Would you please tell me whether I may really write to my mother that I am coming to see her?

June 25, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, June 25, 1959

Sweet Mother,

X told me to tell you what he has seen of my previous lives (but my impression is that he did not tell me everything and that there are elements about which he wants to speak to you personally).

To begin with, I must tell you a dream that I had here in Rameswaram a few days after my arrival. I was being pursued and I fled like an assassin – it is a dream I have had hundreds of times for years, but in this dream, there was a new element: while being pursued, I climbed a kind of stairway to try to escape when suddenly, in a flash, I *saw* a feminine form hurtling into a void.

I saw only the lower half of her body (with a kind of mauve-colored saree), because she was already falling. And I had the horrible sensation of having

pushed this woman into the void, and I fled. I climbed, I climbed these stairs with my pursuers close at my heels, and the image of this falling woman gave me a horrible feeling. When I reached the top of the 'stairs,' I tried to close a door behind me to stop my pursuers, but there they were, it was too late ... and I woke up.

The last time I was in Rameswaram, I had two other very poignant dreams, but I could not make out what they meant. In one dream I was strangling someone with my bare hands; it was an abominable feeling. And in the other, I *saw,* in a kind of nocturnal setting, a hanged man being taken down, with all kinds of people bustling about the corpse with lamps, and suddenly I knew that this hanged man ... was *me.*

I had said *nothing* to X about these various dreams before he told me the story of my last three existences: three times I committed suicide – the first by fire, the second by hanging, and the third by throwing myself into the void. During the first of these last three existences, I was married to a 'very good' woman, but for some reason I abandoned my wife *'and I was wandering here and there in search of something.'* Then I met a sannyasi who wanted to make me his disciple, but I could not make up my mind, I was *'neither this side nor that side,'* whereupon my wife came to me and pleaded with me to take her back. Apparently I rejected her – so she threw herself into the fire. Horror-stricken, I followed her, throwing myself into the fire in turn. That was when I created *'a connection'* with certain beings [of the other worlds] and I fell under their power. For two other lives, under the influence of these beings, the same drama was repeated with a few variations.

During the second of these last three existences, I was married to the same woman whom I again abandoned under the influence of the same monk, and I again remained between two worlds wandering here and there. Again my wife came to plead with me and again I pushed her away. She hung herself, and I hung myself in turn.

During my last existence, the monk succeeded in making me a sannyasi, and when my wife came to plead with me, I told her, *'Too late, now I am a sannyasi.' So* she threw herself into the void, and horror-stricken by the sudden revelation of all these dramas and of my wife's goodness (for it seems she was a great soul), I threw myself in turn into the void.

As for this last existence, you already know.

X told me, *'Now it is your last birth. I have received ORDER to deliver you.'* So be it. 'I *shall give you a white cloth,'* he added, *'with my own hand.'*

X gave me a new mantra. My body is exhausted from too much nervous tension. I am living in a kind of cellar with four inches of filth on the floor and walls, and two openings, one onto the street of the bazaar the other onto a dilapidated courtyard with a well. On my right lives a madwoman who screams half the day. There is only my mantra which *burns* almost constantly in my heart, and who knows what hope that some day the future will be happy and reconciled. There is also Sujata and you.

Your child,
Signed: Satprem
July 9, 1959'

7.9.59

Kalki

1. This handwritten note bore only this word and the date. Kalki is the name of the last Avatar who comes on a white winged horse to destroy the 'barbarians' *(yavan)* at the end of the Iron Age or the *Kali Yuga,* which is the period we are now passing through. His appearance marks the return of the Age of Truth, or the *Satya Yuga.*

July 10, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem, once again in Pondicherry)

Pondicherry, July 10, 1959

Mother,

Please excuse me, but I cannot come to meet you. My heart is broken. I would not know how to speak to you.

A moment ago I barely found the strength not to kill myself. Destiny has repeated itself once again, but this time it was not I who rejected her, as in past existences, it is she who rejected me: *'Too late.'* For a moment, I thought I was going to go crazy too, so much pain did I have – then finally I said, 'May Thy Will be done,' (that of the Supreme Lord) and I kept repeating, 'Thy Grace is there, even in the greatest suffering.' But I am broken, rather like a living dead man. So be happy, for I will never wear the white robe that Guruji gave me.

You will understand that I do not have the strength to come to see you. My only strength is not to rebel, my only strength is to believe in the Grace in the face of everything. I believe I have too much grief in my heart to rebel against anything at all. I seem to have a kind of great pity for this world.

Well, this time I shall remain silent.

Adieu, Mother.

Signed: Satprem

July 14, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Pondicherry, July 14, 1959
Tuesday evening
Sweet Mother,

This is what I should have told you this morning, but I was afraid. For the last month I have been afraid of you, afraid that you might not understand. But I cannot leave with this weight on me. I beg of you to understand, Sweet Mother. I want nothing bad, nothing impure. I feel I have something to *create* with Sujata, I feel she is absolutely a part of something I have to achieve, that we have something to achieve together. For the five years we have known each other I have never had a single wrong thought – but suddenly she opened my heart, which had been so completely walled-off, and this was like a wonder in me and at the same time a fear. A fear, perhaps because this love has been thwarted for so many lives.

... ...

Mother, I need Sujata like my very soul. It seems to me that she is a part of me, that she alone can help me break with this horrible past, that she alone can help me to love truly at last. I need peace so much, a quiet, PEACEFUL happiness – a base of happiness upon which I could use my strength to build, instead of always fighting, always destroying. Mother, I am not at all sure of what must be, but *I know* that Sujata is part of this realization.

That's all, Mother. Forgive me, but I am so afraid. For how is this possible in the Ashram? What would people say?

Mother, my whole soul writes you this. I swear there is in me a single great need of Love, beauty, nobility, purity. And we would work for you together in joy at last.)

Your anxious child,
Signed: Satprem

July 24-25, 1959

[1]
First penetration of the supramental force into the body.
Sri Aurobindo alive in a concrete and permanent subtle physical body.

1. Shortly afterwards, Satprem left on a journey and returned only two months later.

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[1]Note written by Mother in French regarding a crucial experience to which She will later refer a number of times.

August 11, 1959

(Letter from Mother to Satprem, on the road)

8.11.59

Satprem, my dear little one,

Now I can tell you that not for one hour have I left you; I have been constantly near you, hoping that your inner eyes would open and that you would see me, watching over you and enveloping you with my force and my love. It is within yourself that I want you to find the certitude, truth and joy.

Now I write you what I have wanted to tell you from the beginning: when you return to the Ashram, do not put on the orange robe' again, return with the clothing X has given you ...

And we shall leave the care of deciding about the details of the future to the Supreme Lord.

With all my love and blessings.

Signed: Mother

August 15, 1959

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

... And now, today,* I am writing you again because it is the day of great amnesties, the day when all past errors are effaced ...

With all my unvarying and eternal love.

1. The color worn by sannyasis.
2. August 15th, Sri Aurobindo's birthday.

October 6, 1959

(Thus the bird flew back once more ...)

For the West, with all its outward development, a few centuries may be needed before the junction between the two worlds can be made. And yet these two worlds – the physical world and the world of Truth – are not distant from one another. They are as if superimposed. The world of Truth is there, close by, like a lining of the other.

Shortly before the 1 5th of August I had a unique experience that exemplifies all this.' For the first time the supramental light entered directly into my body, without passing through the inner beings. It entered through the feet (a red and gold color – marvelous, warm, intense), and it climbed up and up. And as it climbed, the fever also climbed because the body was not accustomed to this intensity. As all this light neared the head, I thought I would burst and that the experience would have to be stopped. But then, I very clearly received the indication to make the Calm and Peace descend, to widen all this body-consciousness and all these cells, so that they could contain the supramental light. So I widened, and as the light was ascending, I brought down the vastness and an unshakable peace. And suddenly, there was a second of fainting.

I found myself in another world, but not far away (I was not in a total trance). This world was almost as substantial as the physical world. There were rooms – Sri Aurobindo's room with the bed he rests on – and he was living there, he was there all the time: it was his abode. Even my room was there, with a large mirror like the one I have here, combs, all kinds of things. And the substance of these objects was almost as dense as in the physical world, but they shone with their own light. It was not translucent, not transparent, not radiant, but self-luminous. The various objects and the material of the rooms did not have this same opacity as the physical objects here, they were not dry and hard as in the physical world we know.

1. See July 24-25.

And Sri Aurobindo was there, with a majesty, a magnificent beauty. He had all his beautiful hair as before. It was all so concrete, so substantial – he was even being served some kind of food. I remained there for one hour (I had looked at my watch before and I looked at it afterwards). I spoke to Sri Aurobindo, for I had some important questions to ask him about the way certain things are to be realized. He said nothing. He listened to me quietly and looked at me as if all my words were useless: he understood everything at once. And he answered me with a gesture and two expressions on his face, an unexpected gesture that did not at all correspond to any thought of mine; for example, he picked up three combs that were lying near the mirror (combs similar to those I use here, but larger) and he put them in his hair. He planted one comb in the middle of his head and the two others on each side, as if to gather all his hair over his temples. He was literally COIFFED with these three combs, which gave him a kind of crown. And I immediately understood that by

this he meant that he was adopting my conception: 'You see, I embrace your conception of things, and I coif myself with it; it is my will.' Anyway, I remained there for one hour.

And when I awoke, I didn't have this feeling of returning from afar and of having to re-enter my body, as I usually do. No, it was simply as though I were in this other world, then I took a step backwards and found myself here again. It took me a good half an hour to understand that this world here existed as much as the other and that I was no longer on the other side but here, in the world of falsehood. I had forgotten everything – people, things, what I had to do; everything had gone, as if it had no reality at all.

You see, it's not as if this world of Truth had to be created from nothing: it is fully ready, it is there, like a lining of our own present world. Everything is there, EVERYTHING is there.

I remained in that state for two full days, two days of absolute felicity. And Sri Aurobindo was with me the whole time, the whole time – when I walked, he walked with me, when I sat down, he sat next to me. On the day of August 15th, too, he remained there constantly during the darshan. But who was aware of it? A few – one or two – felt something. But who saw? – No one.

And I showed all these people to Sri Aurobindo, this whole field of work, and asked him WHEN this other world, the real one that is there, so near, would come to take the place of our world of falsehood. *Not ready.* That was all he replied. *Not ready.*

Sri Aurobindo gave me two days of this – total bliss. But all the same, by the end of the second day I realized that I could not continue to remain there, for the work was not advancing. The work must be done in the body; the realization must be attained here in this physical world, for otherwise it is not complete. So I withdrew from that world and set to work here again.

And yet, it would take little, very little, to pass from this world to the other, or for the other to become the real world. A little click would be enough, or rather a little reversal in the inner attitude. How should I put it? ... It is imperceptible to the ordinary consciousness; a very little inner shift would be enough, a change in quality.

It is similar with this japa: an imperceptible little change, and one can pass from a more or less mechanical, more or less efficient and real japa, to the true japa full of power and light. I even wondered if this difference is what the tantrics call the 'power' of the japa. For example, the other day I was down with a cold. Each time I opened my mouth, there was a spasm in the throat and I coughed and coughed. Then a fever came. So I looked, I saw where it was coming from, and I decided that it had to stop. I got up to do my japa as usual, and I started walking back and forth in my room. I had to apply a certain will. Of course, I could do my japa in trance, I could walk in trance while repeating the japa, because then you feel nothing, none of all the body's drawbacks. But the work has to be done in the body! So I got up and started doing my japa. Then, with each word pronounced – the Light, the full Power. A power that heals everything. I began the japa tired, ill, and I came out of it refreshed, rested, cured. So those who tell me they come out of it exhausted, contracted, emptied, it means that they are not doing it in the true way.

I understand why certain tantrics advise saying the japa in the heart center. When one applies a certain enthusiasm, when each word is said with a warmth of aspiration, then everything changes. I could feel this difference in myself, in my own japa.

In fact, when I walk back and forth in my room, I don't cut myself off from the rest of the world – although it would be so much more convenient! ... All kinds of things come to me – suggestions, wills, aspirations. But automatically I make a movement of offering: things come to me and just as they are about to touch my head, I turn them upwards and offer them to the Light. They don't enter into me. For example, if someone speaks to me while I am saying my japa, I hear quite well what is being said, I may even answer, but the words remain a little outside, at a certain distance from the head. And yet sometimes, there are things that insist, more defined wills that present themselves to me, so then I have to do a little work, but all that without a pause in the japa. If that happens, there is sometimes a change in the quality of my japa, and instead of being fully the power, fully the light, it is certainly something that produces results, but results more or less sure, more or less long to fructify; it becomes uncertain, as with all things of this physical world. Yet the difference between the two japas is imperceptible; it's not a difference between saying the japa in a more or less mechanical way and saying it consciously, because even while I work I remain fully conscious of the japa – I continue to repeat it putting the full meaning into each syllable. But nevertheless, there is a difference. One is the all-powerful japa; the other, an almost ordinary japa ... There is a difference in the inner attitude. Perhaps for the japa to become true, a kind of joy, an elation, a warmth of enthusiasm has to be added – but especially joy. Then everything changes.

Well, it is the same thing, the same imperceptible difference, when it comes to entering the world of Truth. On one side there is the falsehood, and on the other, close by, like the lining of this one, the true life. Only a little difference in the inner quality, a little reversal, is enough to pass to the other side, into the Truth and Light.

Perhaps simply to add joy would suffice.

I will have to look at this in my body since that is where it is happening, where things are being prepared.

This other world you speak of, this world of Truth, is it the supramental world?

My feeling is that this life which Sri Aurobindo is living right now is not the full satisfaction of the supramental life for him.

In this other world, there was infinity, majesty, perfect calm, eternity – all was there.

Perhaps it was joy that was missing.

Of course, Sri Aurobindo himself had joy. But I had the impression that it was not total and that this is why I had to continue the work. I felt that it could only be total when things here have changed.

October 15, 1959

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, October 15, 1959

Sweet Mother,

Here are two or three things that might interest you:

1) X spoke to me again of the war without my asking anything. He repeated, *'There will be war,'* and he again spoke of an attack on India by China ...

2) X spoke to me of the Ashram's financial difficulties and said *'I shall tell you the secret why there are such difficulties.' I* think he is going to speak to me today or tomorrow. In any case, he told me that he was working ('I *am preparing' ...)* to change these conditions, and he asked me if there had been any improvement as yet. I replied that I did not believe the situation had changed very much. He spoke as well of certain people in the Ashram, but I will tell you about this in person. He had a rather amusing way of speaking about people, *'people who pretend to worship the Mother but who keep their mind as a dustbin!'*

... ...

7) X wants to send me back to Pondicherry this Sunday (Sunday the 18th, arriving Monday the 19th morning). He says it is useless for me now to remain here any longer since his house is not ready and he can do nothing. But, he said, 'I will have you come to my house for 3 months *and I shall give you a training by which you can know Past, Present and Future, and have the same qualifications as me'!*

8) He gave me certain methods to follow, about which I shall speak to you in person.

Sweet Mother, I have such a yearning for everything in my consciousness to harmonize and for the tantric discipline, the japa, etc., not to separate me from you. I want to be your child, open to you, without any contradictions. I would like so much to find your *almost physical* Presence within me again, as before. May all be clear, pure, one.

I would wish to be like Sujata, completely transparent, your child with her at your feet. Mother, help me. I need you. Sujata is *healing* something that was very painful in me, as though it were flayed or wounded, and which threw me into revolt. With this calming influence, I would like to begin a new life of self-giving. This change of residence is for me like the symbol of another change. Oh, Mother! may the painful road be over, and may all be achieved in the joy of your Will.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

November 25, 1959

There is a difference between immortality and the deathless state. Sri Aurobindo has described it very well in *Savitri.*

The deathless state is what can be envisaged for the human physical body in the future: it is constant rebirth. Instead of again tumbling backwards and falling apart due to a lack of plasticity and an incapacity to adapt to the universal movement, the body is undone 'futurewards,' as it were.

There is one element that remains fixed: for each type of atom, the inner organization of the elements is different, which is what creates the difference in their substance. So perhaps similarly, each individual has a different, particular way of organizing the cells of his body, and it is this particular way that persists through all the outer changes. All the rest is undone and redone, but undone in a forward thrust towards the new instead of collapsing backwards into death, and redone in a constant aspiration to follow the progressive movement of the divine Truth.

But for that, the body – the body-consciousness – must first learn to widen itself. It is indispensable, for otherwise all the cells become a kind of boiling porridge under the pressure of the supramental light.

What usually happens is that when the body reaches its maximum intensity of aspiration or of ecstasy of Love, it is unable to contain it. It becomes flat, motionless. It falls back. Things settle down – you are enriched with a new vibration, but then everything resumes its course. So you must widen yourself in order to learn to bear unflinchingly the intensities of the supramental force, to go forward always, always with the ascending movement of the divine Truth, without falling backwards into the decrepitude of the body.

That is what Sri Aurobindo means when he speaks of an *intolerable ecstasy';* it is not an intolerable ecstasy: it is an unflinching ecstasy.

1. Thoughts and Aphorisms: 'Cruelty transfigured becomes Love that is intolerable ecstasy ... '

Prayers of the Consciousness of the Cells
(1951 - 1959)

September 21, 1951

Ô mon doux Seigneur, suprême Vérité j'aspire à ce que cette nourriture que j'absorbe, infuse dans toutes les cellules de mon corps Ta toute-connaissance, Ta toute-puissance, Ta toute-bonté.

(translation)

O my sweet Lord supreme Truth, I aspire that this food I take may infuse into all the cells of my body Your all-knowledge, Your all-power, Your all-kindness.

July 25, 1958

O mon doux Maître, Seigneur Dieu de Bonté et de Miséricorde.
Ce que tu veux qu'on sache, on le saura, ce que tu veux qu'on fasse, on le fera, ce que tu veux qu'on soit, on le sera – à jamais.
Om - namo - bhagavateh
Car c'est Toi qui es, qui vis, et qui sais – c'est Toi qui fais toute chose et qui es le résultat de toute action.
(translation)
O my sweet Master, Lord God of Kindness and Mercy.
What you want us to know, we shall know, what you want us to do, we shall do, what you want us to be, we shall be – forever.
Om - namo - bhagavateh
For it is You who is, who lives and who knows – it is You who does all things, You who is the result of every action.

July 25, 1958
O my Lord, my Lord! What you want of me, let me be. What you want me to do, let me do.'

1. Original English.

(The Stages of Mother's Japa)
1958-1959

October 3, 1958

Et le corps dit au Seigneur Suprême: 'Ce que Tu veux que je sois, je le serai, ce que Tu veux que je sache, je le saurai, ce que Tu veux que je fasse, je le ferai.'
(translation)

And the body says to the Supreme Lord: 'What You want me to be, I shall be, What You want me to know, I shall know, What you want me to do, I shall do.'

January 21, 1959

OM
OM, Seigneur Suprême
Prends possession de ce corps
Manifeste-Toi en lui.
(translation)

OM
OM, Supreme Lord
Take possession of this body
Manifest Yourself in it.

1. All these prayers were written by Mother and this title was given by Her.

Undated

Ô Divine Lumière, Réalité supramentale, avec cette nourriture, pénètre le corps totalement, entre dans toutes les cellules, installe-Toi dans tous les atomes; que tout devienne parfaitement sincère et réceptif, libre de tout ce qui fait obstacle à ta manifestation, en somme ouvre à Toi toutes les parties de mon corps qui ne vent pas déjà Toi-même.

* * *

(translation)

O Divine Light, Supramental Reality, with this food imbue the body fully, enter into all the cells, come into every atom; may all become perfectly sincere and receptive free from all that creates an obstacle to your manifestation in short open unto Yourself all the parts of my body which are not already You.

January 1959

Invocation
Seigneur, Dieu de bonté et de miséricorde
Seigneur, Dieu d'unité souveraine,
Seigneur, Dieu de beauté et d'harmonie,
Seigneur, Dieu de puissance et de réalisation,
Seigneur, Dieu d'amour et de compassion, Seigneur, Dieu de silence et de contemplation, Seigneur, Dieu de lumière et de connaissance, Seigneur, Dieu de vie et d'immortalité, Seigneur, Dieu de jeunesse et de progrès, Seigneur, Dieu d'abondance et de plénitude, Seigneur, Dieu de force et de santé, Seigneur, Dieu de paix et d'immensité, Seigneur, Dieu de pouvoir et d'invincibilité, Seigneur, Dieu de la Vérité victorieuse.
Prends possession de ce corps,
Manifeste-toi en lui.
(translation)
Lord, God of kindness and mercy, Lord, God of sovereign oneness, Lord, God of beauty and harmony, Lord, God of force and realization, Lord, God of love and compassion, Lord, God of silence and contemplation, Lord, God of light and knowledge, Lord, God of life and immortality, Lord, God of youth and progress, Lord, God of abundance and plenitude, Lord, God of strength and health, Lord, God of peace and vastness, Lord, God of power and invincibility, Lord, God of victorious Truth.
Take possession of this body,
Manifest Yourself in it.

Undated 1959 (?)

OM, Seigneur Suprême
Prends possession de ces cellules
Prends possession de ce cerveau
Prends possession de ces nerfs
Prends possession de ce corps
Prends possession de cette matière
Prends possession de ces atomes
OM, Seigneur Suprême
Manifeste Ta Splendeur

* * *

(translation)
OM, Supreme Lord
Take possession of these cells
Take possession of this brain
Take possession of these nerves
Take possession of this body
Take possession of this matter
Take possession of these atoms
OM, Supreme Lord
Manifest Your Splendor

Undated 1959 (?)

Om, Seigneur Suprême, Dieu de Vérité et de Perfection.
Seigneur, Dieu de Pureté et de Perfection
Dieu de Justice et de Paix
Dieu d'Amour et de Félicité

* * *

(translation) Om, Supreme Lord, God of Truth and Perfection. Lord, God of Purity and Perfection God of Justice and Peace God of Love and Felicity

January 1959

I am not a scholar
I am a creative force in action, that is all.
Everything depends on the Lord's Will.
If such is His will,
when I have to know, I know,
when I have to fight, I fight,
when I have to love, I love,
and always there is the need to love, to know and to fight.*

January 1959

O mon doux Seigneur, Toi seul, Tu es grand, Toi seul, Tu vois grand, Toi seul peux me conduire là où je veux aller.
(translation)
O my sweet Lord, You alone, You vastly are, You alone, You vastly see, You alone can lead me there where I want to go.

1. Original English.

January 1959

Ô seigneur, qu'il est doux d'avoir besoin de Toi! ...
(translation)
O Lord, how sweet it is to need You! ...

October 9, 1959

(Durga)
Tu es ma Lumière, ma Puissance
et ma Joie
Tu es ma Réalisation
souveraine.
(translation)
You are my Light, my Force
and my Joy
You are my sovereign
Realization.

* * *

Ô Seigneur, Tu es ma paix, ma puissance et ma joie,
Tu es ma réalisation souveraine.
(translation)

O Lord, You are my peace, my force and my joy,
You are my sovereign realization.

* * *

Om
Seigneur Suprême,
Tu es ma Lumière, ma Puissance
et ma Joie
Tu es ma Réalisation souveraine.
(translation)

Om
Supreme Lord,
You are my Light, my Force
and my Joy
You are my sovereign Realization.

Undated

OM Om, Seigneur Suprême, Dieu de bonté et de miséricorde, Om, Seigneur Suprême, Dieu d'amour et de compassion, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de ces cellules, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de ce cerveau, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de ces nerfs, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de cette pensée, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de cette parole, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de cette action, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de ce corps, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de ce cœur, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de cette matière, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de ces atomes, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession du subconscient, Om, Seigneur Suprême, prends possession de ['inconscient.
Om, namo, bhagavateh

Om, Seigneur Suprême, Dieu de bonté et de miséricorde, Om, Seigneur Suprême, Dieu d'amour et de félicité Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Volonté Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Vérité Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Pureté Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Perfection Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Unité Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Éternité Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Infinité Om, Seigneur Suprême,

manifeste Ton Immortalité Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Silence Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Paix Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Existence Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Conscience Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Toute-Puissance Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Félicité Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Connaissance Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Omniscience Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Sagesse Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Égalité Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Intensité Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Lumière Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Harmonie Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Compassion Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ta Beauté Om, Seigneur Suprême, manifeste Ton Amour Om, Seigneur Suprême, remporte Ta Victoire.

Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême Gloire à Toi, Seigneur triomphateur suprême

Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara*
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
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Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om Tat Sat
Om Sat Chittapas Ananda Om namo bhagavateh
Om mon doux Seigneur OM, mon Bien-Aimé

1. These lines were written by Mother in Sanskrit.

(translation) OM Om, Supreme Lord, God of kindness and mercy, Om, Supreme Lord, God of love and compassion, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of these cells, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of this brain, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of these nerves, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of this mind, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of this speech, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of this action, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of this body, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of this heart, Om,

Supreme Lord, take possession of this matter, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of these atoms, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of the subconscient, Om, Supreme Lord, take possession of the inconscient.

Om namo bhagavateh

Om, Supreme Lord, God of kindness and mercy
Om, Supreme Lord, God of love and felicity
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Will
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Truth
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Purity
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Perfection
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Oneness
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Eternity
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Infinity
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Immortality
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Silence
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Peace
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Existence
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Consciousness
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Omnipotence
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Felicity
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Knowledge
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Omniscience
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Wisdom
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Equality
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Intensity
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Light
Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Harmony

Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Compassion Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Beauty

Om, Supreme Lord, manifest Your Love
Om, Supreme Lord, win Your Victory.
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror
Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror

*Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara**
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara

Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
*Om, namo bhagavateh**
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh

1. Glory to You, Lord supreme conqueror. These lines were written by Mother in Sanskrit.

2. Om, I salute the Supreme Lord.

Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara
Om, namo bhagavateh
Mahima Tawaïwa prabho parama jitwara Om Tat Sat Om Sat Chittapas Ananda' Om namo bhagavateh Om my sweet Lord OM, my Beloved

1. The supreme principles of Being: *Tat* (the Absolute, That), *Sat* (Existence), *Chit* (Consciousness), *Tapas* (Energy), *Ananda* (Bliss).

January 28, 1960

> *All these repetitions of the mantra, these hours of japa I have to do every day, seem to have increased the difficulties, as if they were raising up or aggravating all the resistances.*

To the most stubborn goes the victory.

When I started my japa one year ago, I had to struggle with every possible

difficulty, every contradiction, prejudice and opposition that fills the air. And even when this poor body began walking back and forth for japa, it used to knock against things, it would start breathing all wrong, coughing; it was attacked from all sides until the day I caught the Enemy and said,' Listen carefully. You can do whatever you want, but I'm going right to the end and nothing will stop me, even if I have to repeat this mantra ten crore' times.' The result was really miraculous, like a cloud of bats flying up into the light all at once. From that moment on, things started going better.

You have no idea what an irresistible effect a well-determined will can have.

Some difficulties remained, of course, but they stemmed more from what had to change within.

Actually, difficulties come from very small things; they may seem quite commonplace, totally uninteresting, but they block the way. They come for no earthly reason – some detail, a word that comes rubbing against a sensitive spot, an illness in someone close to me, anything at all, and suddenly something in me contracts. Then all the work has to be started afresh as though nothing had been done.

Of all forms of ego, you might think that the physical ego is the most difficult to conquer (or rather, the body ego, because the work was already done long ago on the physical ego). It might be thought that the form of the body is a point of concentration, and that without this concentration or hardness, physical life would not be possible. But that's not true. The body is really a wonderful instrument; it's capable of widening and of becoming vast in such a way that everything, everything – the slightest gesture, the least little task – is done in a wonderful harmony and with a remarkable plasticity. Then all of a sudden, for something quite stupid, a draft, a mere nothing, it forgets – it shrinks back into itself, it gets afraid of disappearing, afraid of not being. And everything has to be started again from scratch. So in the yoga of matter you start realizing how much endurance is needed. I calculated it would take 200 years to say ten crore of my japa. Well, I'm ready to struggle 200 years if necessary, but the work will be done.

1. One crore = 10 million.

Sri Aurobindo had made it clear to me when I was still in France that this yoga in matter is the most difficult of all. For the other yogas, the paths have been well laid, you know where to tread, how to proceed, what to do in such-and-such a case. But for the yoga of matter, nothing has ever been done, never, so at each moment everything has to be invented.

Of course, things are now going better, especially since Sri Aurobindo became established in the subtle physical, an almost material subtle physical." But there are still plenty of question marks ... The body understands once, and then it forgets. The Enemy's opposition is nothing, for I can see clearly that it comes from outside and that it's hostile, so I do what's necessary. But where the difficulty lies is in all the small things of daily material life – suddenly the body no longer understands, it forgets.

Yet it's HAPPY. It loves doing the work, it lives only for that – to change,

to transform itself is its reason for being. And it's such a docile instrument, so full of good will! Once it even started wailing like a baby: 'O Lord, give me the time, the time to be transformed ...' It has such a simple fervor for the work, but it needs time – time, that's it. It wants to live only to conquer, to win the Lord's Victory.*

1. Experience of July 24-25, 1959, 'Sri Aurobindo's abode.'

2. As a matter of fact, Mother had ended upon this sentence: 'It wants to live only to conquer.' Then the next day, Mother sent the following note to the disciple: 'Friday, 1.29.60 – yesterday, when I left you, the experience was there, but in my hurry to leave, the words did not come correctly, or rather they were incomplete (I had said, 'to live only to conquer'). What my body was experiencing was, 'Live to win the Lord's Victory.'

January 31, 1960

(Letter from Mother to the disciple concerning her former commentaries on the 'Dhammapada' at the Playground)

... When I began the readings from the Dhammapada, I had hoped that my listeners would take enough interest in the 'practical' spiritual side for me to read only one verse at a time. But quite quickly, I saw they found this very boring and were making no effort to benefit from the meditation. The only solution then was to treat the matter as an intellectual study, which is why I started reading chapter by chapter.

March 3, 1960

Experiences are coming at a furious pace – fabulous experiences. If I were to speak now, it's certain that I would not at all speak as I used to. That's why we must date all these *Questions and Answers,* at least all which come before the [Supramental] Manifestation of February 1956, so that there will be a clear cut between those before and those after.

Only a few days ago, on the morning of the 29th, I had one of those experiences that mark one's life. It happened upstairs in my room. I was doing

my japa, walking up and down with my eyes wide open, when suddenly Krishna came – a gold Krishna, all golden, in a golden light that filled the whole room. I was walking, but I could not even see the windows or the rug any longer, for this golden light was everywhere with Krishna at its center. And it must have lasted at least fifteen minutes. He was dressed in those same clothes in which he is normally portrayed when he dances. He was all light, all dancing: 'You see, I will be there this evening during the Darshan." And suddenly, the chair I use for darshan came into the room! Krishna climbed up onto it, and his eyes twinkled mischievously, as if to say, 'I will be there, you see, and there'll be no room for you.'

1. The Darshan on February 29, 1960, the first anniversary of the Supramental Manifestation.

When I came down that evening for distribution,' at first I was annoyed. I had said that I didn't want anybody in the hall, precisely because I wanted to establish an atmosphere of concentration, the immobility of the Spirit – but there were at least thirty people in there, those who had decorated the hall, thirty of them stirring, stirring about, a mass of little vibrations. And before I could even say 'scat' – I had hardly taken my seat – someone put the tray of medals on my lap and they started filing past.

But what is surprising is that in a flash, no one was there any longer. No one, you understand – I was gone. Perhaps I was everywhere (but in fact I am always everywhere, I am always conscious of being everywhere at the same time), though normally there is the sense of the body, a physical center, but that evening there was no more center! Nothing, no one, not even the sense that there was no one – nothing. I was gone. There was indeed something handing out the medals which felt the joy of giving the medal, the joy of receiving it, the joy of mutually looking at each other. It was simply the joy of the action taking place, the joy of looking, this joy everywhere, but me? – Nothing, no one, gone. Only later, afterwards, did I see what had happened, for everything had disappeared, even the higher mind that understands and organizes things (by 'understand' I mean contain, which 'contains' things). That also was gone. And this lasted the entire distribution. Only when that [the body] had gone back upstairs to the room did the consciousness of what is me return.

There is a line by Sri Aurobindo in *Savitri* which expresses this very well: to annul oneself so that only the Supreme Lord may be.

And there are many, many experiences like this. It is only a small, a very small beginning. This one in particular came to mark the new stage: four years have elapsed, and now four years to come. Because everything has focused on this body to prepare it, everything has concentrated on it – Nature, the Master of the Yoga, the Supreme, everything ... So only when it's over, not before, will it really be interesting to speak of all this. But maybe it will never be over, after all. It's a small beginning, very small.

1. On this first anniversary of the Supramental Manifestation, Mother distributed medals commemorating the occasion to the disciples filing past.

March 7, 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Pondicherry, March 7, 1960
Mother,
Here is the letter from the publisher. *All* comes from you, all is *yours.*
May I always serve you.
With love.
Your child,
Signed: Satprem
ÉDITIONS DU SEUIL
Paris, March 1, 1960
Dear Satprem,

Publisher and friend are here one in telling you that *L'Orpailleur is* a beautiful book whose richness and force have struck me even more this time than before when I read the first version. I cannot tell you how much your Job is my brother – in his darkness as in his light. The joy, the wild, irrepressible joy that furtively yearns and at times bursts forth, embracing all, this joy at the heart of the book burns the reader – for a few, in any case, who are prepared to be inflamed. In the end, I can't say if *L'Orpailleur* will or will not be noticed, if the critics will or will not bestow an article, a comment, an echo upon it, if bookstores will or will not 'sell' it (poor orpailleur!). But what I know is that for a few readers – 2, 3, 10 perhaps – your book will be the cry that will rip them from their sleep forever. To your song, another song in themselves will respond. Where, how shall this concert finish? Who knows – anything is possible!

My words are a bit disjointed – but I'm not in the mood to give an articulate discourse. Which is a way of saying, once again, how happy I am – and grateful.

With my warmest regards,
Signed: M.C.

April 7, 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Hyderabad, April 7, 1960

Sweet Mother,

A few lines to tell you that I miss you. I truly realize more and more that I shall never be happy until I have disappeared in you entirely. There must be nothing left *but* That. I understand well enough, but I'm so blocked, so thick. In any case, I 'think' of you a lot and I really only live by this something that pulls me deep within. If that were not there, it would all be so absurd.

I've booked my ticket to Rameswaram for the evening of the 13th, so I will probably reach there on the 15th.

I brought some work with me (revision of *The Human Cycle),* and that helps me to live. I still don't clearly see the meaning of this trip. Just before I left, I received word from the publisher in Paris that 'my' book will come out in September.

There are moments when I feel you so close to me – could you not help me be more conscious of your presence (not as an impersonal force, but you)?

I love you, sweet Mother. You are truly my Mother, and I need you so much.

With all my love, I am at your feet.

Signed: Satprem

Things are better physically. But it's always a terrible physical shock for me to take the train.

(Mother's reply)

4.12.60

My dear little one,

Your good letter of the 7th has arrived.

This inner fusion you speak of as a truth to be realized is already accomplished, absolutely perceptible to me. For long I have felt you as an integral part of my being; it seems to me that only some surface eddies prevent you also from feeling and living it.

But I am convinced it will come. Meanwhile, I am trying to make you feel my presence not as an 'impersonal force' but as a real and concrete presence, and I am happy to have succeeded in part.

... ...

Send me news of yourself, for I am always happy to hear from you.

I am with you, in love and joy.

Signed: Mother

As regards *L'Orpailleur,* it's good. I keep feeling that everything is going to turn out well.

April 13, 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Hyderabad, April 13, 1960

Sweet Mother,

My friend here gave me the book *Templier et Alchimiste* [Templar and Alchemist] to read; it's published by the group he is going to join in France. They too speak of the transmutation of matter and proclaim the end of 'homo sapiens' and the birth of the superman.

I long to be with you and work on the book on Sri Aurobindo – I want to put all my soul into it and, with your grace, create something inflaming.

Sweet Mother, I am your child. I want to belong to you more and more completely.

With love.

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

4.18.6 0

My dear little one,

I received your letter of April 13 only yesterday. Letters from Hyderabad are taking long to come.

You spoke of the book on Sri Aurobindo; I too am happy that we shall do this work together.

Yesterday was distribution. I am putting six handkerchiefs in this envelope for you and to give to others if you wish. I am also enclosing the April 24 message.

Always with you, in love and joy.

Signed: Mother

April 14, 1960

(Letter to Pavitra f rom Satprem)

Hyderabad, April 14, 1960

Dear Pavitra,

The following passage, taken from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of March 1960, was part of a course taught by Dimitri Manowilski in 1931 at the Lenin School of Political Warfare in Moscow:

'Our turn will come in twenty to thirty years. To win, we need an element of surprise. The bourgeoisie should be lulled to sleep. Therefore, we must first launch the most spectacular peace movement that has ever existed, replete with inspiring proposals and extraordinary concessions. The stupid and decadent capitalist countries will cooperate joyfully in their own destruction. They will jump at this new opportunity for friendship. As soon as their guard is down, we shall crush them beneath our closed fist.' (Quoted in the *Revue Militaire d'Information,* December 1959.)

What does Mother think of this?
Fraternally,
Signed: Satprem
(Pavitra's reply)
4.16.6 0
Satprem,
I read Mother the extract from the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* This was her comment:

'It is quite possible that this is their original intention, I am aware of it. But they are wrong if they think it will turn out like that ... We shall see!' Love,
Signed: Pavitra

April 20, 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Rameswaram, April 20, 1960
Sweet Mother,
... ...
I was *pained* and shocked upon reaching X's place to see him in such a horrible house – a train station in miniature (and not as nice) with little pastries in garish yellow cement. Cement everywhere – they even cemented the patio and uprooted the beautiful tree that was there. O Mother, it's vandalism, it's barbaric! You cannot imagine! Really, M has committed a terrible sin.
To compensate for that, however, I had the joy of finding your two letters. Yes, for some time I have been feeling your physical Presence more clearly. But then, why am I so blocked, where is the flaw? It constantly feels as though I am living at the outskirts of myself, or more precisely in a miniscule region of myself, and I'm unable to be conscious of the rest – a perpetual amnesic. It is unpleasant and quite stupid. What is it that will explode this shell?
I am anxious to return to you.
Your child, full of gratitude and love.
Signed: Satprem

April 24, 1960

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

... It is to make you understand that whenever you are ill, something is ill in your being.

April 26, 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameswaram, April 26, 1960

Sweet Mother,

There are days when everything is so simple, when I see and feel that all one needs is to let oneself be carried – and everything is light. I have really to be done with this 'me'.

It will be a joy to be with you again and resume the work. Here, I am sparing as many hours as I can to correcting *The Human Cycle ... I* follow X perfectly in his inner life, unreservedly, but I have to force myself to follow him in his outer life.

Mother, I am at your feet, with my love and my gratitude.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

May 6, 1960

At times I sense there's an extraordinary secret to discover, just there at my finger tips; I feel that I am going to catch the Thing, to know ...

Sometimes, for a second, I see the Secret; there is an opening, and again it closes. Then once again it is unveiled for a second and I come to know a little more. Yesterday the Secret was there completely clear, wide open. But it's not something that can be explained: words are silly, it must be experienced.

Sri Aurobindo speaks of this Secret almost everywhere, especially in his *Essays on the Gita.* He tells us that in the *Gita* itself one gets glimpses of this thing which is beyond the Impersonal, beyond even the Personal behind the Impersonal, beyond the Transcendent.

Well, I saw this Secret – I saw that the Supreme only becomes perfect in terrestrial matter, on earth.

'Becomes' is just a way of speaking, of course, for everything already is, and the Supreme is what He is. But we live in time, in a successive unfoldment, and it would be absurd to say that at present Matter is the expression of a perfect Divine.

I saw this Secret (which is getting more and more perceptible as the Supramental becomes clear), I saw it in the everyday, outer life, precisely in this very physical life which all spirituality rejects ... a kind of accuracy or

exactitude right down to the atom.

I am not saying that the 'Divine' becomes perfect in Matter – the Divine is already there – but that THE SUPREME becomes perfect in Matter.

May 16, 1960

If there is one fundamental necessity, it is humility. To be humble. Not humble as it is normally understood, such as merely saying, 'I am so small, I'm nothing at all' – no, something else ...

Because the pitfalls are innumerable, and the further you progress in yoga, the more subtle they become, and the more the ego masks itself behind marvelous and saintly appearances. So when somebody says, 'I no longer want to rely on anything but Him. I want to close my eyes and rest in Him alone,' this comfortable 'Him,' which is exactly what you want him to be, is the ego – or a formidable Asura, or a Titan (depending on each one's capacity). They're all over the earth, the earth is their domain. So the first thing to do is to pocket your ego – not preserve it, but get rid of it as soon as possible!

You can be sure that the God you've created is a God of the ego whenever something within you insists, 'This is what I feel, this is what I think, this is what I see; it's my way, my very own – it's my way of being, my way of understanding, my relationship with the Divine, etc.'

And then they say, 'I want to close my eyes and see nothing but Him I want nothing more of the outer world.' And they forget there's Love! That is the great Secret, that which is behind the Existent and the Non-Existent, the Personal and the Impersonal – Love. Not a love between two things, two beings ... A love containing everything.

In the early part of the century, I wrote *Prayers and Meditations,* and I too spoke of 'Him'; but I wrote that with all my aspiration, all my sincerity (at least with all the sincerity of the conscious parts of my being) and I locked it up in a drawer so that no one would see it. It was Sri Aurobindo who later asked me to publish it, for it could be useful ... If I knew then, fifty years ago, what I know now, I would have been crushed! ... All this 'shame,' all this 'unworthiness' ...

After all, it's good to know gradually, good to have some illusions – not for the sake of illusions but as a necessary step along the way.

Everything comes at the right moment.

And what is wonderful is that at each moment the Grace, the Joy, the Light, the Love never cease pouring down in the very midst of all this – despite the ego, despite the shame, despite the unworthiness. To be humble ...

* * *

(soon afterwards)

I was sick two days ago with a cold and fever. I know why – a point to be transformed. The body may have put too much zeal into it, so it teetered a little. But thanks to that, I had an interesting experience. X' had put his force on me to speed up the healing. And of course, according to each one's nature, the force gets colored, so to speak – it clothes itself in a different color. In me, this

was translated by a new physical experience which lasted from 4 in the morning till 6:30, when I had to start speaking with people and deal with outer things. It was a kind of eternity, a kind of absolute PHYSICAL immobility which contained no possibility of illness within it – as a matter of fact, nothing remained in this immobility, it was a sort of nirvana. But it did not keep me from going through all my usual motions of getting dressed.

I spent the whole day yesterday trying to understand this experience.

And in that kind of physical eternity (which lasted two and a half hours – it's a long time for an experience), I was aware of something missing, something not there: the joy of the consciousness. Because throughout my life I have developed the habit of being conscious of everything, always, at each second. And the joy of the consciousness was not there. So I thanked the Grace that made me see that this kind of nirvana was quite simply physical tamas.*

(silence)

X has the power of rendering things very material – that's his great power, which is why things get upset when he comes here. Overnight, someone progressing well comes to grips with difficulties; money on the way stops coming; you fall sick, things break down – all because he has the power to give materiality to things from above. For, you see, you can go right to the height of your consciousness and from there sweep away the difficulties (at a certain moment of the sadhana, difficulties truly don't exist, it's only a matter of nabbing the undesirable vibration and it's over, it's reduced to dust). And everything is fine up above, but down below it's swarming. When X comes, it's precisely all this swarming that becomes tangible.

1. The tantric guru.

2. Tamas: inertia. Later, Mother would discover that this is not tamas but something else.

The mastery must be a TRUE mastery, a very humble and austere mastery which starts from the very bottom and, step by step, establishes control. As a matter of fact, it is a battle against small, really tiny things: habits of being, ways of thinking, feeling and reacting.

When this mastery at the very bottom combines with the consciousness at the very top, then you can really begin doing some work – not only work on yourself but also the work for all.

May 21, 1960

What I call purity, the true purity, is not all those things morality teaches: it is non-ego.

There must be nothing but Him.

Him, not only because we have given Him everything and consecrated ourselves totally to Him (that is not enough), but Him because He has taken total possession of the human instrument.

At times, I feel that I'll never get over the difficulty. We are besieged by this enormous world of hostile forces – oceans of forces, churning and combining and submerging each other in gigantic pralayas,' then again regrouping and combining. When you see that, it feels as if you had to be the Divine Himself to get over the difficulty. Precisely so! (And it's the hostile forces who help you to see this, it's their role.) You have TO BE THE DIVINE, that is the solution, that is the true divine purity.

* * *

When X is here, I get the impression that things are going backwards instead of forwards. But once he's left, I suddenly leap ahead. And then I perceive that the progress is a real progress, that things won have really been won and they don't come undone again. That is X's true power, a very material power. For I often feel that things could come into being, they could be realized in the consciousness above (and the vision is there, the Power is there, I have it – the invisible power over the earth). But when you come down to the material plane, everything is uncertain.

* *Pralaya:* apocalypse, end of a world.

Whereas with X, once things have come down, they no longer dissipate. This is certainly why the Supreme put him on my path.

For example, there was one difficulty he helped me resolve. I have always been literally pestered, constantly, night and day, by all kinds of thoughts coming from people – all kinds of calls, questions, formations' that have naturally to be answered. For I have trained myself to be conscious of everything, always. But it disturbed me in the work, particularly when I needed absolute concentration – and I could never cut myself off from people or cut myself off from the world. I had to answer all these calls and these questions, I had to send the necessary force, the necessary light, the healing power, I constantly had to purify all these formations, these thoughts, these wills, these false movements that were falling on me.

What was needed was to effect a shift, a sort of transference upwards, a lifting up of all these things that come to me – so that each one, each thing, each circumstance could directly and automatically receive the force from above, the light, the response from above, and I would be a mere intermediary and a channel of the Light and the Force.

Well, I tried hard but I couldn't really find the way. At times, I almost seemed to have it, a mere nothing would have been enough; it was just a matter of getting the knack (and at heart, this is what Power is all about – to get the knack, to suddenly seize upon the means, the right vibration, what in India is called *siddhi).* Well, after his departure, all of a sudden it came. It happened while I was doing my japa, while I was walking up and down my room ... As if

I were holding all that in my arms – it was so concrete – and lifting it up towards the Light, along with this ascending OM, rising from the very depths, OM! – and I was carrying all these people, and it was spreading forth, PHYSICALLY spreading, and I was carrying the earth, I was carrying the whole universe, but in such a tangible, concrete way – all towards the Supreme Lord.

And this was not the invisible power: it was concrete, it was tangible, it was MATERIAL.

1. Formations, in occult language, refer to all the psychological movements and impulses, conscious or unconscious, constantly emanating from the disciples and others, and which leave an imprint in the subtle atmosphere or a wandering entity seeking to fulfill itself.

May 24, 1960

It happened last night. For approximately three hours, the physical ego disintegrated for the first time in such a total way.

Nothing remained but the Force, nothing remained but *Sat-Chit-Ananda,'* and not only in the consciousness but in the physical sensation – the divine Satchidananda spreading in a constant flood throughout the universe.

These experiences are always absolute, as long as they last; then, through certain signs that I know (I am accustomed to it), I notice that the body consciousness begins closing up again. Or rather, 'something' – evidently a Supreme Wisdom – decides it's sufficient for this time and that the body has had enough. It ought not to break, which is why certain precautions are taken. So this comes in several little stages that I know quite well. The final one is always a bit unpleasant because my body gets into rather peculiar positions as a result of the work. As it's only a sort of machine, towards the end I have some difficulty straightening my knees, for example, or opening my fingers – I think they even make a noise, like something forced into one position whose life has become purely spontaneous and mechanical. There are plenty of people like that, plenty, who enter into trance and then can no longer get out by themselves; they get themselves into a certain position and someone has to free them. This has never happened to me; I have always managed to extricate myself. But yesterday evening, the experience lasted a very long time. There was even a little cracking at the end, as when people have rheumatism.

And during all this time, approximately three hours, the consciousness was completely, completely different. It was here, however; it was not outside the earth, it was on earth, but it was completely different – even the body consciousness was different. And what remained was very mechanical; it was a body, but it could just as well have been anything. All this power of

consciousness that for more than seventy years I've gradually pushed into each of the body's cells so that each cell could become conscious (and it goes on constantly, constantly), all this seemed to have withdrawn – there only remained one almost lifeless thing.

1. Sat-Chit-Ananda: the three Supreme Principles, Existence *(Sat),* Consciousness *(Chit),* and Bliss *(Ananda).*

However, I could raise myself up from my bed and even drink a glass of water, but it was all so ... bizarre. And when I went back to bed, it took nearly forty-five minutes for the body to regain its normal state. Only after I had entered into another type of *samadhi'* and again come out of it did my consciousness fully return. It is the first time I have had an experience of this kind.

During those three hours, there was nothing but the Supreme manifesting through the eternal Mother.

But there was no consciousness of being Mother, neither eternal nor whatever: it was a continuous and all-powerful flood, and so extraordinarily varied, of the Lord manifesting Himself.

It was as vast as the universe, a continuous movement – the movement of manifestation of something which was EVERYTHING at once, a single whole. There was no division. And such a variety of colors, vibrations, powers – extraordinary! It was one single thing, and everything was within it.

The three Supreme Principles were very clearly there: Existence, Consciousness (an active, realizing consciousness) and Ananda. A universal vastness that kept going on and on and on ...

It moves and it doesn't move. How can you explain that? It was in motion, a constant, unceasing motion, and yet there was no shifting of place. I had the perception, or rather there was the perception, of something which WAS forever, which never repeated itself, neither began nor ended, which didn't shift places yet was always in motion.

Words cannot express it. No translation, none, not even the most subtle mental translation can express this. It was ... Even now the memory I have of it is inexpressible. You have to be in it to feel it, otherwise ...

However, to the consciousness it was very, very clear. It was neither mysterious nor incomprehensible, it was absolutely obvious – though untranslatable to our mental consciousness. For they were contradictory, yet they existed simultaneously, indistinguishable: they were not stacked one upon another – it was all simultaneous. How can you explain that?! It's too difficult. It must be experienced.

You see, when something goes beyond thought, a sort of conception of it, or superconception rather, remains behind. But in this case, in my experience, there was no question of thought – it was a question of physical sensation. It was not beyond thought, it was beyond sensation. I was LIVING this thing. And there was no more 'I'. There was nothing but this thing, and yet there was a sensation. I can't explain it!

1. Samadhi: trance.

When I went back to bed, the transitional period lasted 45 minutes. During this time, I tried to locate the role of the individual consciousness on earth. In a flash, I understood its purpose. For you see, as long as the experience lasted, I did not feel any necessity at all of an individuality for this supreme flood to manifest. Then I understood, precisely, that the individuality served to put into contact, in this flood, all that reached out towards what is called 'I' – this individualized representation of the Divine – in order to receive help and support from it, and to be put into contact. I did not say 'put into contact WITH this flood' but 'put into contact IN this flood,' for it was not happening outside – nothing was outside this flood, nothing exists outside it.

And what was really very lovely was the ACCURACY and the power which directed the forces. I watched this for three quarters of an hour: for each thing that presented itself (it could have been someone thinking, something taking place, anything at all), a special little concentration of this flood went exactly onto that point, like a special insistence.

And all this was absolutely egoless, without any personal reaction, nothing; there was nothing but the consciousness of the Supreme Action. It was the only thing existing.

And of course, the whole ordinary and higher mind (as well as the physical mind, it goes without saying, for that must be abolished before going into trance), everything here in the head, above the head, around the head – absolutely immobile.

After all that, towards the end of the night, at two in the morning, only a kind of faint suggestion was left: How can this state – which I knew in trance, in samadhi, and which necessitates lying down – become constant in a physical body which moves about? There is something to discover there. And what form will it take? For in my consciousness, you see, it is constantly like that, this universal flood, but the problem is IN THE BODY: it's the problem of the Force in its most material form.

And during the time my experience lasted, I had no feeling of anything exceptional, but rather simply the fact that after all its preparation, the body consciousness was ready for a total identification with That – in my consciousness it's always the same, a perpetual, constant and eternal state in that it never leaves me. It's like that, and it never varies. What diminishes the immensity of the Vibration are the limitations of the material consciousness which can color it and even sometimes change it by giving it a personal appearance. Thus, when I see someone and speak to him, for example, when my eyes concentrate on the person, I have almost the sensation of this flood flowing from me towards the person or of it passing through me to go onto the person. There is an awareness of the eyes, the body. And it is this which limits or even changes a little the immensity of the thing ... But already this feeling has almost disappeared; this immensity seems to be acting almost constantly. There are moments when I am less interiorized, when I am more on the surface, and it feels like it's passing through a body – moments when the body consciousness comes back a little. And this is what diminishes the thing.

This experience last night also enabled me to understand what X had felt during one of our meditations. He had explained his experience by way of

saying that I was this mystic tree whose roots plunge into the Supreme and whose branches spread forth over the world,' and he said that one of these branches had entered into him – and it had been a unique experience. He had said, 'this is the Mother.'

And now I understand that what he had seen and translated by this Vedic image was that kind of perpetual flood.

And you see, this experience he had, this contact between him and me, is just a point, a drop, it's nothing; it's merely something the consciousness puts into words, but the THING itself is universal. Last night it was universal; there was no room, no bed, no door – and it was concrete, concrete, so concrete, with such a splendor! There was all the Joy – this perpetual downpour in a limitless splendor.

I was reluctant to speak (because of this problem that remains hanging: to make it permanent, even in the active consciousness), and I said to myself that if I speak, it will create difficulties for me in finding the solution ... But it's all right. I shall simply have to make a still greater effort, because something always evaporates when you speak.

1. The Ashwatha Tree *(Katha Upanishad,* II, iii, 1).

May 28, 1960

K left his body. The operation had been extraordinarily, almost miraculously successful – one of those dreadful operations where they extract part of your body. He was quite all right for four days afterwards, then everything went wrong.

During the operation and just afterwards, I had simply put the Force on him, as I always do in such cases, so that everything would turn out for the best. Then a few days ago, during my japa, a kind of order came – a very clear order – to concentrate on him so that he would be conscious of his soul and able to leave under the best conditions. And I saw that the concentration worked wonderfully: it seems that during his last days he was ceaselessly repeating *Ma-Ma-Ma* – even* while he was in a semi-coma.

And the concentration grew stronger and stronger. The day before yesterday it became very, very powerful, and yesterday morning, around half past noon, it pulled me inward; he came to me in a kind of sleep, a conscious sleep, and I even said almost aloud, 'Oh, K!'

It lasted fifteen minutes; I was completely within, inside, as if to receive him.

But there is something interesting: when I went down at 2 p.m., I found the family had come to inform me that they had been notified by telephone that he had died at 11:45 a.m. Myself, I saw him come at 12:30.

So you see, the outer signs ... It's not the first time I've noticed this – the doctors observe all the outer signs, then they declare you dead, but you're still in your body!

In other words, he was still in his body.

So it's probably during this period that people are 'resuscitated,' as they say. It must be during this period, for they have not left their bodies, they are not really dead, though the heart may give every appearance of having stopped. So K left his body at around half past noon, and officially it was at 11:45. Forty-five minutes later, in other words.

And it takes place very gently, very gently (when it's done right), very gently, very gently, smoothly, without any shock.

So this morning they're burning him.

1. Ma: Mother, in the languages of India.

When they're in too much of a hurry to burn them, sometimes they burn them alive! ... They should wait.

For there's a consciousness of the form, a life of the form. There's a consciousness, a consciousness in the form assumed by the cells. That takes SEVEN DAYS to come out. So sometimes the body makes abrupt movements when burned – people say it's mechanical. It's not mechanical, I know it's not.

I know it. I know that this consciousness of the form exists since I have actually gone out of it. Once, long back, I was in a so-called cataleptic state, and after awhile, while still in this state, the body began living again'; that is, it was capable of speaking and even moving (it was Theon who gave me this training). The body managed to get up and move. And yet, everything had gone out of it!

Once everything had gone out, it naturally became cold, but the body consciousness manages to draw a little energy from the air, from this or that ... And I spoke in that state. I spoke – I spoke very well, and besides, I recounted all I was seeing elsewhere.

So I don't like this habit of burning people very much.

I think they do it here (apart from entirely sanitary considerations in the case of people who have died from nasty diseases), here in India, mainly because they are very afraid of all these little entities that come from desires, impulses – things which are dispersed in the air and which make 'ghosts' and all kinds of things. All desires, all attachments, all those things are like pieces that break off (each one goes its own way, you see), then these pieces gain strength in the surrounding atmosphere, and when they can fasten on to someone, they vampirize him. Then they keep on trying to satisfy their desires.

The world, the terrestrial atmosphere, is full of filth.

And people here are much more sensitive than in Europe because they are much more interiorized, so they are conscious of all these little entities, and naturally they're afraid. And the more afraid they are, the more they're vampirized!

I think that many of these entities are dispersed by fire – that creates havoc.

1. It was at Tlemcen, in Algeria. While Mother was in trance, Theon caused the thread which linked Mother to her body to break through a movement of

anger. He was angry because Mother, who was in a region where she saw the 'mantra of life,' refused to tell him the mantra. Faced with the enormity of the result of his anger Theon got hold of himself, and it took all Mother's force and all Theon's occult science to get Mother back into her body – which created a kind of very painful friction at the moment of re-entry, perhaps the type of friction that makes new born children cry out.

I know one person, a boy who died here, who was burned before he had left! He had a weak heart, and not enough care was taken – that is, they probably should not have operated on him. He was our engineer. He died in the hospital. Not a serious operation, an appendicitis, but his heart could not take up its natural movement.

But as he was accustomed to going out of his body, he didn't know! He even used to make experiments – he would go out, circle around in his room, see his body from outside, observe the difference between the subtle physical and the material physical, etc. So he didn't know. And it's only when they burned his body ...

I tried to delay the moment, but he was in the hospital, so it was difficult. I was in my room when they burned his body, and then suddenly I saw him arrive – sobbing – saying, 'But ... But I m dead. I DIDN'T WANT to die! Why am I dead, I DIDN'T WANT to die!' It was dreadful. So I kept him and held him against me to quiet him down.

He remained there for years.

And whenever we used to have meetings to decide on the construction of something or on repairs to be made, for example, I always felt him there and he influenced those who were present.

He wanted to live again; I managed to give him the opportunity. He was very conscious; the child isn't yet so.

But people are such fools, they are so ignorant! ...

Undated May (?) 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry

Mother,

You sent me this flower, 'Vital Collaboration.' I am taking this opportunity to tell you something which has been weighing on my heart for years and which, naturally, comes back up whenever things go badly.

I have been here seven years and I can't count a single concrete experience, not a single vision (the only things that have ever happened were in Ceylon or Rameswaram). I haven't even managed to have a few slightly conscious nights.

Isn't this reason enough to be discouraged? In any case, these questions are stirring in me – and the vital is not happy [nor the mental, nor the physical].

Excuse me if I speak too frankly.

Signed: Satprem

June 3, 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, June 3, 1960

Sweet Mother,

I'm a bit discouraged. Every night I slip into a black abyss from which I wake up in the morning *drained.* Not one second of conscious sleep. It takes me an hour to recuperate from my 'sleep'. In fact, I am constantly 'on edge' and the least thing exhausts my body.

But that's nothing. I would bear all the exhaustion quite willingly if there were at least a touch of something conscious. But nothing, as if I were as thick as a Paris concierge!

Mother, there is hardly an instant of my conscious life that I am not aspiring for 'more consciousness' – but there's still this abyss I slip into at night, as if nothing existed!

Pardon my "rumblings. If only at least I knew what I could do to change all this.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Sunday afternoon

My dear child,

The best rest is to *enter into the inner silence* for a few moments.

Blessings.

Signed: Mother

June 4, 1960

(The disciple complains of his bad nights)

If you wake up tired in the morning, it is due to *tamas,* nothing else – a dreadful mass of tamas. I became aware of this when I started doing the yoga of the body. And it's inevitable as long as the body is not transformed.

Myself, I go to bed very early, at eight o'clock. It's still quite noisy everywhere, but I don't mind; at least I'm sure of no longer being disturbed. First you must stretch out flat and relax all your muscles, all your nerves – you can learn this easily – become like a 'dishrag' on the bed, as I call it; there should be nothing left. And if you can also do that with the mind, you get rid of a lot of idiotic dreams that make you more tired when you wake up than when

you went to bed; they are the result of the cellular activity of the brain going on uncontrollably, which is very tiring. Therefore, relax fully, bring everything to a complete, tensionless calm in which everything has stopped. But this is only the beginning.

Once I'm relaxed, I have developed the habit of repeating my mantra. But it's very strange with these mantras – I don't know how it is for others; I'm speaking of my own mantra, the one I myself found – it came spontaneously. Depending on the occasion, the time, depending on what I might call the purpose for repeating it, it has quite different results. For example, I use it to establish the contact while walking back and forth in my room – my mantra is a mantra of evocation; I evoke the Supreme and establish the contact with the body.

This is the main reason for my japa. There's a power in the sound itself, and by forcing the body to repeat the sound, you force it to receive the vibration at the same time. But I've noticed that if something in the body's working gets disturbed (a pain or disorder, the onset of some illness) and I repeat my mantra in a certain way – still the same words, the same mantra, but said with a certain purpose and above all in a movement of *surrender,* surrender of the pain, the disorder, and a call, like an opening – it has a marvelous effect. The mantra acts in just the right way, in this way and in no other. And after a while everything is put back in order. And simultaneously, of course, the precise knowledge of what lies behind the disorder and what I must do to set it right comes to me. But quite apart from this, the mantra acts directly upon the pain itself.

I also use my mantra to go into trance. After relaxing on the bed and making as total a self-offering as possible of everything, from top to bottom, and after removing as fully as possible all resistance of the ego, I start repeating the mantra.' After repeating it two or three times, I am in trance (at the beginning it took longer). And from this trance I pass into sleep; the trance lasts as long as necessary and, quite naturally, spontaneously, I pass into sleep. And when I come back, I remember everything. The sleep was like a continuation of the trance. And essentially, the only reason for sleep is to allow the body to assimilate the results of the trance, then to allow these results to be accepted throughout and to let the body do its natural night's work of eliminating toxins. My periods of sleep practically don't exist – sometimes they are as short as half an hour or 15 minutes. But in the beginning, I had long periods of sleep, one or even two hours in succession. And when I woke up, I did not feel this residue of heaviness which comes from sleep – the effects of the trance continued.

It is even good for people who've never been in trance to repeat a mantra (or a word, a prayer) before going to sleep. But the words must have a life of their own – by this I don't mean an intellectual meaning, nothing of the kind, but rather a vibration. And this has an extraordinary effect on the body, it starts vibrating, vibrating, vibrating ... and so calm, you let yourself go, like falling off to sleep. And the body vibrates more and more, more and more, more and more, and you drift off.

Such is the cure for tamas.

It's tamas that gives you a bad sleep. There are two kinds of bad sleep – that which makes you heavy and leaden, as if the result of all your effort the day before were wasted, and that which exhausts you, as if you had spent the whole time fighting. And I've observed that if you cut your sleep up into sections (it becomes a habit), the nights get better. In other words, you must be able to come back to your normal consciousness and your normal aspiration at certain intervals, come back to the call of your consciousness ... But you must not use an alarm clock. When in trance, it's not good to be jolted.

1 Mother added: 'Or any word that has a power for you, a word spontaneously springing from the heart, like a prayer which sums up your aspiration.'

Just as you are drifting off, you can make a formation and say, 'I shall wake up at such-and-such time' (children do it very easily).

You should count on at least three hours for the first part of your sleep; for the last part, one hour is enough. But the first should be a minimum of three hours. In fact, it is best to remain in bed for at least seven hours; with six, you don't have the time to do much (of course, I'm speaking from the standpoint of sadhana, to make the nights useful).

But for years together I only slept 2 1/2 hours a night in all. I mean that my night consisted of 2 1/2 hours. And I went straight to Sat-Chit-Ananda and then came back: 2 1/2 hours were spent like that. But the body was tired. That lasted more than five or six years while Sri Aurobindo was still in his body. And during the day, I was all the time going into trance for the least thing (it was trance, not sleep – I was conscious). But I clearly saw that the body was affected, for it had no time to burn its toxins.'

... There would be many interesting things to tell about sleep, because it's one of the things I've studied the most – to speak of how I became conscious of my nights, for instance. (I learned this with Theon, and now that I know all these things of India, I realize that he knew a GREAT deal.) But it bothers me a lot to say 'I' – I this, I that. I'd rather speak of these things in the form of a treatise or an essay on sleep, for example. Sri Aurobindo always spoke of his experiences but rarely did he say' I' – it always sounds like boasting.

Sri Aurobindo said that the true or yogic reason for sleep is to put the consciousness back into contact with Sat-Chit-Ananda (I used to do this without knowing it). For some people the contact is established immediately, while for others it takes eight, nine, ten hours to do it. But really, normally you should not wake up till the contact has been established, and that's why it's very bad to wake up in an artificial way (with an alarm clock, for example), because then the night is wasted.

As for me, my night is now organized. I go to bed at 8 o'clock and get up at 4, which makes for a very long night, and it's sliced into three parts. And I get up punctually at 4 in the morning. But I'm always awake ten or fifteen minutes beforehand, and I review all that has happened during the night, the dreams, the various activities, etc., so that when I get up, I am fully active.

1. Unfortunately, Mother had us cut many things from this text. We regret the fact.

To make use of your nights is an excellent thing, for it has a double effect: a negative effect, in that it keeps you from falling backwards, from losing what you've gained (that is really painful); and a positive effect, in that you progress, you continue progressing. You make use of your nights, so there's no more residue of fatigue.

There are two things to avoid: falling into a stupor of unconsciousness, with all those things coming up from the subconscious and the unconscious that invade and penetrate you, and a vital and mental hyperactivity in which you pass your time literally fighting – terrible battles. People come out of that black and blue, as if they had been beaten – and they have been, it is not 'as if'! And I see only one way out – to change the nature of sleep.

Undated June 1960

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

Monday morning

My dear little child,

I have something interesting to tell you that happened Friday night. It cannot be written down. I shall tell you tomorrow. But it seemed to me that you should feel a little better after that.

Tomorrow at 10.

My love watches over you.

Signed: Mother

June 7, 1960

... I have to see some fellow again whom I saw yesterday. But I told him to come at 11 o'clock. So if I leave here at 10:55, that will give me enough time.

They brought these people to 'Prosperity' to introduce them to me. You know, I had precisely the impression that they feed only on banknotes! *(Mother laughs)* It makes you gray, oh! ... And dry like dead wood.

They came to see their son (son, son-in-law, nephew ... anyway, it's the same person) about some business – some money matter. Then one of them asked to see me. I thought they would simply send some woman – not at all:

the whole group, face to face and in a circle, and they began lecturing me on business! ... So I had some fun. Once they had their say (they weren't moving, they were planted there), I told them, 'Listen, since you are here, it must be for SOMETHING!' And then I gave them a lecture. But just imagine, one of them was so shaken that he asked to see me again this morning. The one who was shaken wore a handsome pink turban.

So I said, 'All right, let him come.'

There. Now, what do you have to say?

Me? I have come with some work ... To say? ...

It's not going so well?

(the disciple grimaces)

Are you sure? Believe it or not, but I'm not so sure.

You aren't sure of what?

That it's not going so well.

???

You look a little ... You were frowning at me at the balcony! *(Mother laughs)* But ...

No, it's about your nights.'

> *I don't know ... (In a disgusted tone) Really ... I don't know. It feels like only some dynamite could make all that move.*

Huh?

> *I feel that nothing but constant dynamiting could blow all that up. It doesn't move; it can't do anything, can't feel anything, can't see anything. It's ... it's all blocked.*

(long silence)

Does it feel like a wall?

Myself, I ...

> *It feels like something I can't get across. I'm getting nowhere, I'm always turning in circles, the same groove ...*

Yes.

> *... something has to break, PHYSICALLY break. It could keep on turning like that for centuries.*

Hmm! ... But life is like that. Physical life is like that – for everyone. This feeling of it turning round and round and round and round – and it's the same for people, objects, countries, the whole world.

Something changes, of course, but it's so ... phew! I mean, at the speed it's going, it will take us millions of years to make any perceptible progress. We might just as well say it's not moving.

These days I've been feeling very clearly this thing that doesn't move.

But just now ... You see, when I am in contact with you – not when we're sitting together, but at the balcony or at the meditation or ... at any time at all –

this contact is very good, very good, very luminous and clear. I wrote you that, and it's getting more and more tangible. But when we're HERE together, it feels as though it doesn't move ... Something is preventing it from taking place HERE. So when you spoke ... (it was when you made a face), I looked.

1. The disciple is still complaining about his nights.

It gives me the impression of something like ... Yes, that's it, like a caveman – Oh *(Mother speaks mockingly),* surely one of the cave artists or poets or writers! The intellectual life of the caves, I mean! But the cave happens to be low and when you're in it, you are like this *(Mother stoops over),* but the whole time you want to stand up straight. That makes you furious. That's exactly the feeling it gives me – not a cave meant for a man standing on his two feet; it's a cave for a lion or for ... for any four-legged animal.

It's symbolic. I'm speaking symbolically.

And so ...

(silence)

Ah, that's what it is! Your cave ... it IS like that, it's really like that, I understand why you feel you have to blast it with dynamite! But if you go right to the end – right to the end – there's no more top to the cave, it's wide open to the stars. I can see it. Go to the very end. It's very dark. It's very dark and not very enticing, and it feels as if ... it may still be worse – but it won't be worse. Go right to the end, and suddenly you'll be able to stand up straight.

(long silence)

It looks like you are stubbornly trying to go through where you can't go through.

And it's suffocating and irritating and annoying and ... tiring and ...

(silence)

You're going to make a face again!

But that's how it is; I feel it is so ... (How can I put it?) There are always at least two ways of doing things. I have a very strong feeling – very strong – that you want me to take you by the hand and go together ...

Do you have that idea or not?

(no answer)

I'm talking about our relationship, nothing exterior or physical.

> *It's strange, but I rarely 'see 'you in a very physical way – you, just as you are.'*

Do you only see me physically?

No, on the contrary, I have difficulty ...

But my little one, it's useless to 'see' me physically!

It's rather something which has no image that I call 'Mother.'

Yes, but that's so much better! Much better. That is the very obstacle for most people: they want to see me as I am – but as I am, as my body is, it's

stupid. It's absolutely stupid.

No, no – that's not what I mean. I'm speaking of the relationship I have with you, the true one – what I was telling you about just a moment ago. Because, you see, I'm going to tell you everything! *(Mother laughs) I* have the impression that it would go much faster if I could pick you up, put you here *(Mother touches her heart),* carry you here and tell you, 'Calm yourself, listen!' But it's not possible (alas). You're always fast on your feet with your head touching this very low ceiling. Myself, I can't be like that. I'm not even sure *(laughing)* if my feet would get in!

Anyway, my child, it's not that I'm not trying – I am trying. And it's not that you can't – you can. That's the problem ... You know, it's as if you were stubbornly trying to turn the key the wrong way in the lock.

I don't know. I suppose it's the ego.

What do you mean, the ego?

> *The ego, the knot, I don't know. I don't know what movement to make.*

(silence)

1. The disciple means in meditation – to imagine Mother in her physical form or to use her physical form as an 'object' of meditation. In fact, he was very afraid of getting caught.

And just imagine! The other day, in the middle of the night, I suddenly found myself inside you. 'Ah, so that's what he's like,' I said. I woke up in the middle of the night with that. And right away I said to myself, 'But ... *(laughing)* but why is he like that!?' And this lasted ... perhaps one or two minutes, maybe more. I was ... I felt like kicking out in every direction ... in a kind of rage. And the next second, I thought, 'But why all this? My goodness, it's so easy; the remedy is simply to do this ...' and immediately (I did what I always do, you see – it's how I am constantly), quite simply, I melted into the Supreme. 'Enough of all this' – and the very next second, everything was all right.

So then I thought, 'This surely must have had some effect *(on the disciple).* What has happened?' I am ... I was literally in peace.

And that's really how it was ... Hmm, maybe that's what it's like for an infant shut up in his mother's womb, so he kicks about in every direction – and for a long time. He's had enough of being shut in.

It was a kind of rage against something that shuts you in.

But note that this is not something particular to you, for as I have told you, all physical life feels like that to me, as though people were confined in a kind of ... shell – this feeling of separation, isolation. This division everywhere, everywhere, everywhere. It's dreadful. Every encounter is a shock.

(silence)

(Mother looks at the disciple)

Good.

It's not a matter of something breaking – it shouldn't break (that makes

even more pieces, we don't want more pieces), it should ... melt.

Something that melts.

June 11, 1960

When a question is put to me, the answer does not come from a will; what happens is that materials come which I then use to give shape to the answer, but it's only a shape. The thing itself is there, but it needs to be shaped. The difference between one and the other is rather like the difference between a picture and an apparition.

Sometimes the Force comes direct. And it picks up words, any words at all, that makes no difference; the nature of the words changes, and they become expressive BECAUSE of the power entering into them. This happens when I look directly at the thing.

But when a question is put to me, it comes coated with all the mental atmosphere of whoever is asking the question. And this coating is often a mere reflection – much of the life has been removed.

The same thing occurs, there is the same difference, when I say something and when I see it (for example, when I look at one of those essential problems that will be solved only when the world changes). When I look at that in silence, there is a power of life and truth – which evaporates when it's put into words. It becomes diminished, impoverished and of course distorted. When you write or speak, the experience disintegrates, it's inevitable.

We need a new language.

For instance, if I have a vision (not a vision with pictures, not that, but something without any form or sound or words or ... the THING itself, when I live the thing), and then later I speak of it to someone ... I have a very tangible feeling of having to pull something to make it visible, perceptible and communicable – the splendor goes.

We need new organs of expression ... It will come.

Undated, June 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, June 1960

Sweet Mother,

This is to tell you that the proofs of *L'Orpailleur* are being sent off this morning at 11 o'clock ...

I don't have many pages of *The Synthesis* ready. Nevertheless, will I see you tomorrow as you planned?

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

P.S. Please protect 'my' Orpailleur!

(Mother's reply)

6.17.60

My dear little one,
I am with you, and what is needed shall be done.
Don't worry, all will go well.
In a confident peace and joy.
Signed: Mother

July 12, 1960

Last night something happened to me that I found quite amusing. I was awakened by a Voice, or rather it roused me from one trance to put me into another. It happened at about 11 o'clock. Not a human Voice. I don't exactly recall its words any longer, but it had to do with the Ashram – its protection, its success, its power. And what was interesting was that when I woke up, I was in a state in which this formation that is the Ashram and the Force that is condensed here to realize what this Voice wanted, seemed a very tiny, tiny part of myself.

I heard the Voice and awoke with the feeling of this Power, this Light, this Force of realization concentrated here which sets everything in motion (as always, it is always the same, a Power in motion). It was a dazzling white light. But then, what I found funny was that there I was, quite in my natural state, and this, the Ashram, was a tiny, tiny part of myself. And throughout the whole experience, it remained like that – a very tiny part of myself. Everything else was ... I can't say deconcentrated, but an entirely general, overall activity, as it normally is every night. And I saw the Ashram quite clearly – it was something special, made for special reasons, but whereas I seemed to have an immense body, that was very small, very small. It went on for an hour. That's what I found amusing; the other things just happen, and they may be interesting, but this was so spontaneous; I was watching it (I don't know where my head was), I was looking down from above ... so tiny, so tiny.

What was me was up above, and the Ashram was ... It began just here *(the navel)* and went that way *(downwards),* and it was encircled, to show that it was a special formation – encircled in the inconscience of the terrestrial creation. And I was everything else, with the usual vibrations of power and light. And then one current and another current and another were passing into it, into this formation, and they kept going in and in and in, accumulating. They

kept going in, and yet they did not come out, they did not leave. It was not an undulatory movement, but rather a pulsating movement – it had no beginning, it didn't go out, and yet it kept moving. It's very difficult to describe.

The formation represented by the Ashram was located approximately here, at the height of the navel in relation to what I was – but although the body was not delimited, it had certain attributes or undefined forms, each one of which was situated in relation to the other as though each represented one part of the body; each was symbolic of either an activity or a part of the world or a mode of manifestation. So the formation started from about here, near the navel, and went down towards the appendix ... Here, I'll draw you a sketch:

It's form was elongated, slanting downwards (it always has this form). At the top it looked like a head, then the lines disappeared down below. It had no openings. And then, it was surrounded by various dark sheaths, a very dark purple which is the color of protection. A sparkling light was entering into it – it kept entering, but without making any holes. It passed right through everything, through the purple – through everything. It passed through and entered inside, where there were sparklings of every color, like a cascade. There are always these cascades of force – similar to a cascading stream whose waters neither flow on nor disappear, but accumulate: an accumulation of energies, a condensation. And they accumulate without taking up any more space through a kind of compression. And inside, it's moving, vibrating, vibrating, vibrating, it keeps coming and coming – you don't know where it comes from, but it keeps coming and accumulating.

It was a force with a sparkling white light at its center, the light which is the force of the Divine Mother, and as soon as it was well packed and concentrated inside, or condensed, it took on all the colors – vibrations of every color ... Like a materialization – these colors were like a materialization of the Divine Force when it enters matter. (Just as matter is a condensation of energy, well, this seemed to be a condensation of Divine Force. That's really the impression it gave.)

It reminded me of tantric things. I have seen tantric formations and how forces are systematically separated by them – each vibration, each color. It's very interesting. They are all one, and yet each is distinct. That is, they are separated in order to be distinguished and for each one to be used individually. Each one represents a particular action for obtaining something in particular. This is the special knowledge the tantrics have, I believe. Or it's the reflection of their knowledge. And my impression is that when they do their pujas or say their mantras, what they are trying to do is recombine all that into the white light. I'm not sure. I know they use each one separately for a separate purpose, but when they speak of their puja 'succeeding,' it may mean that they have been able to recombine the light. But I say this very guardedly. For I would have to see X do his puja one day to really know – from afar I'm not so sure. It's merely an impression.

This is what I am constantly seeing now, but along with this Divine Force or this Divine Consciousness that Sri Aurobindo speaks of when he says, 'Mother's Force is with you.' When it comes, it is sparkling white, perfectly white and perfectly luminous. And as it accumulates inside, it makes living

vibrations of every color. And it goes on and on and on. Sometimes it lasts half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, an hour – nothing goes out. And it keeps constantly entering. And it piles up. It's as if it is all being accumulated or compressed together.

So, the observing mind, the intelligence that watches, looked at all this – 'Ah, that's what it's like' (an intelligence that watches without interfering in the least). It's like a spectator talking to himself.

So in my vision, my body was as big as the universe, and that *(the Ashram)* was so tiny, so tiny.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding an old 'Question and Answer')

Heaven and hell are at once true and false. They exist and don't exist. I've seen various people go to heavens or hells after their death, and it's very difficult to make them understand that it is not real. Once it took me more than a year to convince someone that his so-called hell was not hell, and to get him out of it.

But there is something else – the psychological condition that you yourself create, the asuric hell you live in when you cultivate an asuric nature within you.

* * *

> *If no vibrations ever disappear, then what happens with all these horrible things coming from every corner of the world? Don't they pile up? Don't the bad vibrations take on a more and more enormous volume in the end?*

They are transformed. And at times they are transformed almost immediately.

You can't see it or feel it till you concretely live the fact that all is divine, that HE is everywhere, in everything, always, in all that happens.

The first reaction is always a kind of shrinking before things which seem horrible, but if you can overcome that and really have the experience, everything changes.

And there are hundreds and hundreds of little experiences like that, like so many little stones marking the way. Then you see that the two things are ALWAYS together: the destructive and the constructive. You can't see one without seeing the other. A time comes when the effort is to conquer the negative parts of creation and death (as at the end of *Savitri),* and when you have conquered that, then you're above. And then if you look at all these things, even those which seem the most opposed to the Divine, even acts of cruelty done for the pleasure of cruelty, you see the Presence – the Presence that annuls their effects. And it's absolutely marvelous.

I had a startling experience one day when X was doing his pujas to encircle the titans. He was in difficulty and I was about to intervene to help him when I was abruptly stopped. I was faced by a massive blackness (blacker than the blackest physical thing) and suddenly, right at its center, I saw the Divine Love shining with such a splendor – I had never seen it so splendid.

And now it has become constant; each time I hear or see something ugly or horrible, or each time something ugly or horrible happens, something which is a negation of the divine life ... just behind is this flame – so wonderful. And then the effect is annulled.

There is a magnificence of realization which could not have been had this evil, this horror and this negation not been.

Our consciousness shrinks from these things which belong to the past and which are no longer in their place, so we feel disgust and revulsion – because we are ignorant. But if we can raise ourselves above and be in contact with That – the supreme Light – which is ALWAYS just behind, then this Light seems all the more supreme because it is so much its own opposite.

Then you know.

You know, so there is no longer this uneasiness, this shrinking. You feel carried more and more by all that you reject; you are in a forward movement, further and further, higher, constantly further.

July 15, 1960

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

7.15.6 0

My dear little one,

This is to tell you that I am seeing you more and more frequently during the night, and in the world where we meet together we have established a kind of companionship in work.

Although it is still in a region of the physical mind, it is a mind striving towards a luminous organization and clearly aspiring to rise towards the higher realms.

And last night especially I had a very positive impression (a sort of feeling) that I can *count on you.*

We'll see what can be done for the 'manuscripts' on Sunday.

With all my tender affection.

Signed: Mother

July 18, 1960

Of course, we're dating all these old *Questions and Answers,* but not everyone pays attention to dates. How can those old ones be mixed with the present things which are on an altogether different plane?

There is an experience in which one is entirely outside of time – that is, ahead, behind, above, below, all these things are one and the same. And at the very moment the identification takes place, there is no longer any past, present or future. And really, it's the only way to know.

As the experiences unfold, these old *Questions and Answers* give me the

feeling of someone circling outside a garden while describing what's inside it. But a day comes when you enter the garden, and then you know a little better what's inside. And I'm starting to enter. I'm starting.

July 23, 1960

Something interesting happened last night exactly between ten and eleven. I was in some kind of vehicle. I didn't see the vehicle but I was in it. Someone in front of me was driving, though I could only see his back; I didn't bother about who it was – he was simply the one meant to do it.

It was as if the doors of destruction had been flung open. Floods – floods as vast as an ocean – were rushing down onto ... something ... the earth? A formidable current pouring down at an insane speed, with an unstoppable power. It was brackish water – not transparent, but brackish. And it was imperative to reach a certain spot BEFORE the water. Had the water reached there ahead of me, nothing could have been done. Whereas if I got there first (I say 'I', but it was not I with this body), if I got to the other side before the water, I would be completely safe; and from this safe position, I would be able, I would have a chance to help those left behind.

And this vehicle was going faster than the flood (I saw and felt it by its motion) – a formidable flood, but the vehicle was going still faster. It was so wonderful. In places there were some especially difficult and dangerous spots, but I ALWAYS got there before the water, just before the water barred the way. And we kept going and going and going. Then, with a final effort (there was no effort, really, it was willed), with a final push, we made it to the other side – and the water came rushing just behind! It rushed down at a fantastic speed. We had made it. Then, just on the other side, it changed color. It was ... it changed in color to a predominant blue, this powerful blue which is the force, the organizing force in the most material world. So there we were, and the vehicle stopped. And then, after having been looking straight ahead the whole time we were speeding along, I turned around and said, 'Ah, now I can start helping those who are behind.'

Here, I'll draw you a little sketch:

The water was flowing off towards the right. From time to time there were these fissured dips or depressions along the vehicle's path where the water rushed through, and in fact it must have rushed through each one just as soon as I had sped past. It was most dangerous, for if you had reached there a second too late, the water would already have flooded in and you would no longer have been able to get across; it was such that with even only a few drops, you would no longer get across. Not that they were very wide, but ... And the water was pouring in ('pouring in' ... our words are very small), it was pouring in, and I could see it ahead, but then the vehicle would arrive at full speed and instead of stopping, in a wild roller coaster-like movement it would plunge through, vroom! – just in time, exactly like a roller coaster. I always arrived just in time to get through. And then again the same thing, broken here and there (in this way there were many fissures, though I've only drawn two; there were quite a few, five or six at least), and again we would dart across, then race on until we would reach the spot where I have drawn the water turning.

Right at the end, there was a place where the water had to turn to run down – this was the Great Passage. If you got caught in that, it was all over. You had to reach this spot and cross over before the water came. It was the only place you could get across. Then a last plunge, and like an arrow shot from a bow, full speed ahead, I crossed over and there I was.

And once on the other side, without even a rise in ground level (I don't know why), it was immediately safe. And the current went on and on, waves upon waves, on and on, as far as the eye could see, but it was canalized here at the Great Turning; and as soon as it went past this point, the inundation was total, it spread out over something ... over the earth. And the current turned – it turned – but I was already on the other side. And down below, everything was finished, the water rushed down everywhere. Only, as soon as I was on the other side, it could not touch me – the water could not get across, it was stopped by something invisible, and it turned away.

Moreover, it seemed that everything had already been prepared, as if the way had been made to divert the water.

There, down below me, below the vehicle, I had the impression that it was the earth, it really seemed like the earth, and the water was rushing down towards it.

The vehicle's path was not on earth, but up above (probably in interstellar regions!), a special path for this vehicle. And I didn't know where the water was coming from; I couldn't see its origin, which was off beyond the horizon. But it came raging down in torrents – not precipitously like a waterfall, but rather like a rushing torrent. My path passed between the torrents of water and the earth below. And I saw the water before me, everywhere, in front and behind – it was so extraordinary, for it looked like ... it was everywhere, you see, except along my path (and even then, there was some seepage). Water speeding everywhere. But there was a kind of conscious will in this onrush, and I had to reach the Great Passage before this conscious will. This water resembled something physical, but there was a consciousness, a conscious will, and I had to ... it was like a battle between the will I represented and that will. And I passed each fissure just in time. Only when I reached the Great Turning did I see the will that impelled this water. And I reached there just before it. And passed through at a fantastic speed – like lightning. Even time ceased ... I crossed over like a flash of lightning. And then, suddenly, respite – and it was blue. A square.

At the time, I didn't know what it all meant. Then this morning, I thought, 'It must have something to do with the world situation.'

It had all the dimensions of something almost ... the earth seemed small in comparison, you see. It was similar to what happens here when water is unleashed on earth, during floods for instance, but on a much greater scale.

What was pleasing, and really quite interesting, was this tremendous speed, like an arrow, and I always arrived in time, just in time, just in time. Once I had crossed over to the other side (I clearly felt that nothing would be left, for it was such a powerful deluge), the danger was finished, there was no longer ANY possibility at all of being touched – this was the main feeling. Everything was stopped. Nothing could touch.

I turned around and saw all this water rushing down, and I thought, 'Now let's see if we can do something here.' There was someone behind who interested me, someone or something – it was still something; it was very likable and had something of the blue color that was here on the other side. Not really individuals, but more like beings representative of something that was following me quite closely. When I was there, it also was there, but it could not keep up, it kept losing ground – as my speed increased, its decreased. It could not keep up. But it interested me in a special way. 'Oh, he's so close (he or it); he might just make it,' I thought. And at that moment, I saw that all this destructive will with its instrument of water, symbolically water, had rushed past and was spreading out everywhere. But there was still a chance of saving all those who were along this path. And that's immediately what I thought of, it was my first wish: 'Let's see if they can still get across, if I can manage to get them across.' I remembered some especially dangerous spots (while speeding past, I had remarked, 'Oh, here we might still be able to do this, there that could still be done' – my consciousness moved at the same speed, and I noted everything along the way), and once I was firmly there on the other side, I started sending back messages.

Down below, the water was having a grand time; it was ... it was hopeless. But here, along this path, there was still a hope, even ... even after the water had passed; I probably had a certain power at my disposal to help others cross these fissured places. But because I woke up, I didn't see what it was. So that stopped everything. Probably because I woke up rather abruptly, I could not see what it meant.

All this is a translation in human language, actually, because really it was ...

And it happened quite early in the night – at such an early hour, they are not visions or things you observe: they are things you do.

I've been seeing for a long time that nights are actions. They are no longer images or symbols or representations – they are all actions. And they take place certainly not on a human scale.

Does that indicate war?

I don't feel any war.

S.M came the other day ... He's quite informed about events as only the government knows them. He brings me government news – not what they feed to the public. It doesn't look good. But as he has confidence, he wanted to know (so much confidence that he goes and tells Nehru and others, 'Oh, Mother said this, Mother said that.' And it turns out true, fortunately!). So after describing things at some length, he asked my opinion.

Logically, according to reason, war seems unavoidable. But as he asked, I looked – I looked at my nights, precisely, as well as other things. And then I said, 'I don't feel it. I don't feel any war.'

And again this morning, when I looked at this vision, I asked myself, 'Will there be war?' – I don't feel it will be like that ... It may be worse.

You see, it didn't seem human.

I remember wandering about one night some time ago. It's no longer very clear, but one thing has remained – I had gone out of India, and then when I

returned to India, I found huge elephants installed EVERYWHERE – enormous elephants. At that time I was not at all aware that the Communists in India had adopted the elephant as their symbol; I only learned that later. 'What does this mean,' I said to myself. 'Does it signify the Indian army?' But they did not resemble war elephants. These elephants were like immense mammoths, and they looked like they were settling down with all the power of a tremendous inertia. That was the impression – something heavy in an inert and very tamasic way, forever immovable. I did not like this occupation. When I came back, I had a rather painful feeling, and for several days I wondered if it did not mean war. Then by chance, in a conversation, I learned that the Communists had selected the elephant as their symbol whereas the Congress had chosen the bullock ... In my vision, I was moving (as I always do), I was moving among them, and nothing moved. And if I needed room, some of them even tried to stir a little.

But when human beings are involved, I believe that visions take on a special form – it's a special image. Not an inundation like this. That was very, very impersonal. They were forces. A feeling of floodgates bursting open, of something being held back, retained or prevented, then suddenly ...

The vehicle and the forward movement are the sadhana, beyond the shadow of a doubt. I understood that the speed of sadhana was greater than the speed of the forces of destruction. And it ended in certain victory, there is not a shadow of doubt. This feeling of POWER once I was firmly grounded there [in the 'square'], enough power to help others.

These were universal forces. I can't say it means war. I've foreseen many wars – widespread wars, local wars, so many wars – and up to now they have never been presented to me in that form. They've always come as a fire – flames, flames, the home burning. Not as an inundation.

A cataclysm?

Ah, that, we've already had some. From all around, people are proclaiming that in 1962, there will be ... some people have even foreseen the end of the earth, but that's foolish! For the earth was built with a certain purpose, and before things are done, it will not disappear.

But there may be ... some changes.

(soon afterwards)

In fact, the Ashram's financial situation has never been so bad. We're living from day to day, minute to minute ... One day, it will crack – all these things are connected *(Mother is alluding to the vision of the flood She has just described).*

I myself am clearly seeing it from the other side; I see a black, muddy form – a black, black force. And I see the [Divine] Force acting on people and, miraculously, the money comes – and then ... it's like something armored' – it seeps in with difficulty, a thin trickle from day to day.

Provided the sadhana works, that's all that is needed.

And in fact, periodically, in one way or another, in one form or another, I receive a kind of assurance, a promise that it will all go well.

* * *

When I read what Sri Aurobindo writes in *The Synthesis,* how things should be and what they are now, when I see the two, that's when I feel we're turning in circles.

It's more and more a universal yoga – the whole earth – and it is like that day and night, when I walk and when I speak and when I eat. It's constantly like that. As if the whole earth were ... it's like kneading dough to make it rise.

But when I read his *Yoga of Self-Perfection* and see ... simply what we are ... phew! What yeast we would need to make all that rise!

But this is not true: HE alone is doing it, it's always He.

1. Mother means that the Ashramites themselves create the armor. See also X's reflections in an undated letter of May 1959.

And sometimes things stagnate, they seem so absolutely obscure and stupid. And then, if you simply go like this *(gesture of offering),* simply, truly – do it, not think it – it's instantly like a shower of bliss ... A tiny point, something very small which looks stubbornly stupid and obstinate, if only you do this (and if you want, you can): 'Take, take!' Give it to Him, simply, like this, truly give it to Him: 'It's You, it's Yours, take it, do with it what You want.' And instantly, instead of this shrinking and this painful feeling – 'What in the world can I do with all this?' – a shower, it comes like a shower. Truly Ananda. Of course, if you are stupid enough to call back the difficulty, it returns. But if you remain quiet, if you keep your head quiet, it goes – finished, cured. But there are thousands and thousands and thousands of such points ...

With my japa, I've reached about seven lakhs'. I repeat it 1,400 times a day. But you must be much further than I!*

I don't see what effect it's having, in any case ...

No, but ... in the morning while walking, I see the difference. There is definitely a difference.

In the beginning, I said I'd do a crore,3 and if that were not enough, I'd do ten crore. And one crore will take ... 20 years!

We shall see.

This also is quite. enjoyable.

This feeling of something ... *everlasting.4* It's enjoyable. Quiet ... like floating in eternity.

You reach a point where there is no more worry, neither for yourself nor for the world nor anything. When you reach that, you are always smiling, you are always happy. And when something happens, it doesn't matter, you look at it with a smile, forever a smile.

So there you are, my child.

1. One lakh = 100,000.

2. The disciple was doing about five hours of japa a day at this time, then later seven hours – until it cracked.

3. One crore = 10,000,000.

4. Original English.

July 26, 1960

I woke up at three o'clock (what I mean is, I came out of my nightly activities). I had an hour ahead of me before getting up. So I concentrated and went within.

I came out of the concentration at 4:10 – quite late. For I was VERY busy! I was in some sort of small house similar to my room, but it was at the top of a tower, for you could see the landscape from above. It was similar to my room here, with large windows. And I was much taller than I actually am, for there was a ledge below each window (there was a cupboard below each window, as in my room), and this ledge came quite low on me; in my room, it comes up to my chest, whereas it was much lower in my vision. And from there ... oh, what beautiful landscapes! It was surrounded by such lovely countryside! ... There was a flowing river, woods, sunlight – oh, it was really lovely! And I was very busy looking up words in the dictionary!

I had taken out a dictionary. 'There, it's this one,' I said. Someone was next to me, but this someone is always symbolic: each activity takes on a special form which may resemble someone or other. (The people around me for the work here are like families in those worlds there; they are types, that is – each person represents a type – so then I know that I'm in contact with all the people of this same type. If they were conscious, they would know that I was there telling them something in particular. But it's not a person, it's a type – and not a type of character, but a type of activity and relationship with me.)

I was with a certain 'type,' and I was looking for a word, I wanted to conjugate the verb *vaincre* [to conquer]: *je vaincs, tu vaincs, il* vainc – good, now *nous vainquons,* how do you spell that, *nous vainquons?* It was so funny! And I was looking it up in the dictionary – vainquons, how do you spell that?

And at the same time, I had the feeling of something completely arbitrary, and all this kind of knowledge seemed so unreal – a completely arbitrary convention corresponding to nothing luminous anywhere.

I was very ... oh, I was very, very anxious to know how *je vaincs, tu vaincs* goes ... *nous vainquons, vous vainquez.* And I woke up at 4:15 ... without having found it in the dictionary!

Then when I woke up, I immediately said to myself, 'Hmm, it's true – how would I spell that?' It took me half a minute to remember. It was really funny!

Coming at the end of the night as it did, it means that it's an exploration in some part or another of a subconscious mental activity. And you can make so many discoveries there ... it is unbelievable! But it's lovely. And rarely unpleasant. There was a time when it was very unpleasant, oppressive, full of effort and resistance. I would want to go somewhere, but it would be impossible; I toiled and struggled, but everything would go wrong – the straight paths would suddenly plunge into an abyss, and I'd have to cross the

abyss. For years it was like that. Just recently, I looked back over this whole period ... But now it is over. Now it's something ... it's lovely, it's enjoyable, it's a little ... it has a childlike simplicity.

However, it's not a personal subconscient, but a ... it's more than the Ashram. For me, the Ashram is not a separate individuality – except in that vision the other day,' which is what surprised me. It's hardly that. Rather, it is still this Movement of everything, of everything that is included. So it's like entering into the subconscient of the whole earth, and it takes on forms which are quite familiar images to me, but they are absolutely symbolic and very, very funny! It took a moment to see that *vainquons is* spelled q-u-o-n-s. And I wasn't sure! I meant to ask Pavitra for a dictionary which gives verb conjugations, for then if I'm stuck on something while writing, I can look it up.

The other day I wrote something – it was a letter I gave Pavitra to read. 'I think there's a spelling mistake,' he said. 'It's quite possible,' I answered, 'I make plenty of them.' He looked it up in a splendid dictionary and, as a matter of fact, it was a mistake. I meant to ask him for a dictionary this morning.

It's very simple, actually; it's a convention, a conventional construction somewhere in the subconscious brain, and you write automatically. But if you want to try to bring the light of a slightly higher reason into it, it's terrible. It becomes meaningless, and you forget everything.

You have to be inside this automatic convention to remember; it's very difficult *(Mother laughs). So I* make a lot of spelling mistakes ... (under *her breath, in a mischievous tone) I* think I'll ask him for his dictionary *(laughter)!*

Vaincre! ... I wanted to write to someone to proclaim the Victory.

1. The vision of July 12, 1960.

The idea was very clear, it was really lovely. Then, in a second, I was stopped – 'How do you spell *vainquons?* And how do you spell *vaincs?'* The person next to me didn't know a thing – nothing. 'It's spelled v-a-i-n,' he said. So I said, 'No, I don't think so!' (laughter) It went on like that, you know, it was so funny! ...

Are you good at spelling?

Oh, it depends. When I don't pay attention, it's all right. I usually don't make mistakes – not too many!

Yes, yes; it's quite automatic, a kind of convention somewhere. But if you have the misfortune to step out of that and to look at it, it's finished, you don't know anything any more.

August 10, 1960

(Concerning two teachers at the Ashram's Center of Education who wrote

Mother asking if 'only' Sri Aurobindo should be studied. Pavitra was present during this conversation.)

An eight page letter – nothing but passion.

(Pavitra:) Yes, Mother.

It's all from up here *(Mother touches her forehead).*

(Pavitra:) Passion and reactions.

Passion, passion – but this passion and these reactions are the same, thing.

And then they stuff into it what they consider intellectual reasonings, but their intellectuality is not so terribly luminous – anyway ... (Mother *shows the letter)* Here, I'll read this to you for your edification (!).

'And finally, Sweet Mother, what I would really like to know is the purpose of our Center of Education. Is it to teach the works of Sri Aurobindo? And only these? All the works or some only? Or is it to prepare the students to read the works of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother? Is it to prepare them for the Ashram life or for 'outside' occupations as well? So many opinions are floating in the air, and even the old disciples from whom we expect some knowledge make so many contradictory statements ...

(Laughing, to Pavitra:) I suppose that's for you!

'that we no longer know what to believe nor on what to base ourselves. So what should be our foundation upon which to work in the absence of a true and certain knowledge? Please enlighten us, Mother.'

I answered. The letters must have left. I wrote (in English) that it's not so much a question of organization as of attitude – to begin with. Then I said, 'It seems to me that unless the teachers themselves get out of this ordinary intellectuality (!), they will never be able to fulfill their duty.' And this is what I wrote to Z (Mother *reads):*

'It is not a question of preparing students to read these or some other works. It is a question of drawing all those who are capable of it out of the usual human routine of thought, feelings, action; of giving those who are here every opportunity to reject the slavery of the human way of thinking and acting; of teaching all those who want to listen that there is another, truer way of living, and that Sri Aurobindo taught us to become and to live the true being – and that the purpose of education here is to prepare the children for *this life* and to make them capable of it.

As for all the others, all those who want the human way of thinking and living, the world is vast and there is place there for everyone.

We do not want large numbers; we want a selection. We do not want brilliant students; we want living souls.'

Once I've drummed that into their heads long enough, they may end up understanding.

Then Z asks about languages: should they choose ONE language or ... I don't know. And then, if only ONE language, which language? ... She said, *'Should it be a common or international language, or their* [the students'] *vernacular?' I* answered her, *'If only ONE language is known* [well], *it is*

better (international or common). "

These are matters of common sense – I don't even know why they bring them up.

Then they asked some questions about teaching literature and poetry. I answered them. And then, at the bottom, I added this:

> 'If you carefully study what Sri Aurobindo has written on every subject ...

He wrote on EVERYTHING, there is not one subject on which he has not written! The point is to find it everywhere.

> ... a complete knowledge of the things of the world can be easily achieved.'

What I call 'studying' is to take Sri Aurobindo's books, where he quotes or speaks of one thing or another, then have the corresponding books – when he quotes something, you must take the book it corresponds to; when he speaks of something, you must study the writings on that subject. This is what I call 'studying.' Then, after having read the corresponding works, you compare them with what Sri Aurobindo has said, and in this way there may be a beginning of understanding. If someone is very studious, he can 'review' all that has ever been written or taught by going through Sri Aurobindo's books. I mean this for someone who loves working.

I SEE this state of mind, this mental attitude ... Oh! It's ... it's so repugnant. People are so afraid of taking sides, so afraid of appearing biased; they are so afraid of appearing to have faith, so afraid ... Oh, it's disgraceful.

And I will keep hammering that into your heads till I enter right into them.

* * *

1. Original English.

(Pavitra hands Mother a new French dictionary, the 'All-in-One ')

Oh! French verbs! ...

> *(Pavitra:) Yes, Mother; in this dictionary each verb is shown – the category it is in, how it is conjugated ...*

The verbs ...

> *... Take 'choyer' [coddle, pamper], for example ... (Pavitra shows Mother), it's conjugated like 'aboyer' [snarl, bark].*

What a comparison! *(Mother laughs)* Oh, they have such psychological subtleties! But it's especially for the spelling of verbs. I believe I know how to conjugate!

> *(Pavitra:) It has everything – how to play bridge, how to play*

tennis, the art of carving a chicken ...

Fine.

(Satprem:) 'All-in-One,' it's rather like yoga!

* * *

(After Pavitra leaves)

I'm continuing *The Yoga of Self-Perfection.* It's really something ... I shall never tire of saying it's 'fabulous.' Everything, absolutely everything, in detail, everything is there. And he foresaw – foresaw, gave the remedy; foresaw, gave the remedy; foresaw, gave ...

Have you read it?

Long back.

What have you brought me?

I'll soon finish re-reading 'Essays on the Gita' ...

Ah!

> *... to prepare for the book.' I haven't quite finished, but nearly. Everyday I force myself to read (well, not exactly 'force)...*

But that one also is ex-traor-dinary! ...

Yes, there are many things.

What is so interesting in it is this insistence on the divinity of man ... If that – this feeling of the inner divinity – could be established in oneself in a constant way (I've seen this for most people I know), so MANY things would ... There is no need for any effort at all, things fall away from you like dust.

There is no need to react against difficulties; you are immediately pulled out of them, as if you were taken out like this *(gesture of pulling someone out of a difficulty with her two fingers).*

August 16, 1960

(Letter from Mother to Satprem regarding the first copy of his first book, L'Orpailleur)

8.16.60

Satprem

A very beautiful book, a great success forerunner opening the way to other books more beautiful still.

Signed: Mother

1. Sri Aurobindo and the Transformation of the World, an initial book on

Sri Aurobindo by Satprem that was never published. It was meant to be part of a certain 'Series of Spiritual Masters,' but finally Sri Aurobindo never took part.

August 20, 1960

(While filing various old papers, notes, etc., Mother happens upon the plan for a film studio at the lake')

It's at the lake. The property belonged to the mission and at that time its manager was a very good friend of ours, even though he was a missionary. He said that he would arrange for us to have it. Everything was arranged, and I was to receive the money to buy it (they asked for more than fifty or sixty thousand rupees*). But then the money didn't come and our missionary friend left. He's no longer there; he's been replaced by someone else.

(Mother looks at a piece of paper) 'Calling Antonin Raymond3.' The architect for the construction.

Then there was also 'making ready temporary quarters for Z4.' But then Z left; he died.

That's what happens – things change. It's not that the project stops, but it's forced to take other paths.

But this film project has been completely abandoned now, hasn't it?

No, no. You see, it wasn't a studio – it was a school, a school of photography, television and film. It's not at all buried.

But L has enlarged the program. *(Mother indicates the plan)* This is only a small part of his extensive total program. He is planning to have a school of agriculture, a modern dairy with grazing land – there's a lot of agriculture, really a lot – fruit orchards, large rice fields, many things. And then a ceramics factory. My ceramics factory will be at the far end of the lake, so as to utilize the clay – the government has agreed; as they have to dig out the lake one day, we shall use the top soil for the fields. First we'll remove all the pebbles (you know, there are hills over there), which can be used for construction – it's a mine of pebbles. After removing the pebbles, there will be holes which then we'll fill with earth from the lake. And below this earth is a thick and compact layer of clay which is so hard it can't be used for farming – it's impossible – but it's wonderful for making ceramics. So right at the very end, in Indian territory,' we'll have a large ceramics industry. On the other side, we'll have a little factory for firing clay.

1. Some five miles from Pondicherry.
2. About $7,000.
3. The architect who had already built 'Golconde,' the Ashram guest house.

4. An American filmmaker.

All this is huge. A tremendous program.*
We can file it with the other things.

*(Mother pauses at a note from February 10, 1956**)*

It was in the beginning of February 56 – it was formidable. It was really formidable. All the asuric forces of destruction descended upon me ... They tried their best.

And naturally, they make use of all those around me! – It's the only way of getting at my body.

I'm used to it.

* * *

(Mother looks at another note)

I no longer remember when this happened. Someone had put his hands on my shoulders – I was a bit surprised. This person imagined that I would feel extraordinary things. I must have made a face (I wasn't expecting it, after all). Then afterwards, someone asked me, 'What was your experience (!), what did you feel?' I didn't answer. Once I was alone, this is what I wrote:

Something like what Christ must have experienced when on his shoulders he felt the weight of the cross.

1. Pondicherry was a French enclave, under French administration. The neighboring territory was the Indian state of Madras, or Tamil Nadu.
2. Perhaps it was the beginning of Auroville.
3. This note has disappeared.

To this day I remember the experience. Truly, that's what I felt – I did not intellectualize it. Exactly the impression of what Christ must have experienced when he felt the weight of the cross. It was the weight of a whole world of darkness, unconsciousness, universal bad will, total incomprehension, something ... And it really felt like that ... as if I were carrying a frightful weight – which was frightful because of its darkness, not because of its weight. So I thought, 'Well, well. This must be how Christ felt when they laid the cross on him.'

There are plenty of them! *(Mother indicates a pile of various papers)* In another pile there must be as many again! It is a mania for collecting papers.

Oh no, sweet Mother! Fortunately they have been kept.

Oh! I have plenty of them, plenty. There must be many more boxes full.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, in regard to the filing of these notes)

With a lot of patience and time, it could all be organized, but I'd have to be convinced that it's worth the trouble. All these old papers are like dead leaves. We should make a *bonfire.'*

Oh, no!

YOU people may have this opinion, but it's not mine. I'll tell you exactly the effect it has on me: whenever someone has wanted to arrange things, I've always thought, 'Yes, it will be quite useful to arrange these things ... after my death!'

But then I'd rather not die ... if possible. And if I don't die, it will be perfectly useless, because that would then be the obvious proof of an uninterrupted ascent; consequently, what there will be at the very end will be much more interesting.

You alone have convinced me that the 'history' of the way might be of some interest, so I'm letting you do it ... I've taken a very, very handsome file upstairs with all your notes in it.* It's filling up; it's going to be formidable! *(Mother laughs)* ... a frightful documentation.

1. Original English.

2. The future *Agenda.*

Not at all!

Anyway ... I am doing it very conscientiously. I'm gathering everything and putting it all together.

You know, someone who appreciates this work tremendously is Nolini. Once he timidly asked me, 'Could I have a copy'?' 'Fine,' I said. Oh, he really appreciates it. And when I have something amusing like these most recent notes, I give him a copy. With that, he's happy. So he blesses you! *(Mother laughs)* Oh! Without you, this would never have been done – you can be quite sure. Never.

* * *

(Getting up to leave, Mother holds in her hands the first copy of L'Orpailleur *which the disciple has just received from France and offered to Her)*

Shall I take your book or ... ? Don't you want it?

I don't need it.

Don't you want it? I like it very much, very much. It's a very good friend *(Mother holds the book against her heart).* Oh, I must write a few letters here and there, to France *(to announce the publication of the book). I* already wrote to A, but I must write him again. Though I suppose he knows that it has come out – he should know. I told him to follow it with ...

I don't know if the book has come out yet. I believe it's to appear in early September.

Oh, so this was only the harbinger.

*I think so. That was their plan, in any case.**

Did you tell them that you've received it?

Yes, I sent them a note.

1. Of these conversations that make up the *Agenda.* 2. The French publishers, *Éditions du Seuil.*

Did you tell them you were happy?

Yes, yes.

(Mischievously) Did you tell them Mother was happy? – They couldn't care less! *(Mother laughs)*

(Unruffled) They don't exactly know who 'Mother' is.

No, fortunately not! Fortunately, my child! Fortunately.

(Just at the doorstep, as She is leaving, Mother tells the disciple that She had seen three books, a trilogy, and the third one would be about Her. And She adds:)

Sri Aurobindo came during my japa to tell me, 'I will help him all through.'

August 27, 1960

I would like to see you much more often, perhaps three or four times a week, every other day – if people would ...

It's the same with the letters.

They assassinate me with their letters.

The little basket I put them in can no longer close! I take 45 minutes every morning upstairs to write letters. And I receive six, seven, eight, ten letters a day, so how can I manage? In the end, Sri Aurobindo spent the whole night writing letters – till he went blind.

Myself, I can't afford to do that, I have other things to do. And I'm not keen on going blind either. I need my eyes, they are my work instruments.

On top of that, there are all the people who want to see me. Now everyone wants to see me! And since they are happy after coming once, they ask to come again! If I were very disagreeable and told them ... (Mother *laughs)* but that can't be done.

... We should not allow all this to upset us. There is but one thing to do – remain in a state of constant peace, constant equanimity, for things are not ... they are not very pleasant. Oh, if you only knew all the letters they write me ... if you knew, first of all, the tremendous pile of stupidities that need never be written at all; then, added to that, such a display of ignorance, egoism, bad will, total incomprehension and unequalled ingratitude, and all this ... so candid, my child! They heap all this on me daily, you know, and it comes from the most unexpected quarters.

If this were to affect me *(Mother laughs), I* would long ago have been ... who knows where. I don't care at all, not at all, really not at all – it doesn't

bother me, it makes me smile.

(silence)

So don't let yourself be upset ... I often think of you, for I know how very sensitive you are to all this. It is ... it is really ugly. A whole realm of human intelligence (it's too great a compliment to call that intelligence), of the human mind, that is very, very ... repugnant. We must come out of that. It doesn't touch us. WE are elsewhere – elsewhere. We are NOT in that rut! We are elsewhere, automatically.

Our head is above.

I myself see you outside, I feel you outside, I always meet you there.

September 2, 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, September 2, 1960

Sweet Mother,

After leaving your room, X kept repeating, 'Very wonderful.' Then he explained to me that 'white rays' were 'vibrating everywhere' – along the whole length of the Kundalini, white, yellow and blue, but especially white (he indicated the forehead in particular).

He looked quite ecstatic while speaking of his experience.

In conclusion, he said, 'Where is the Mother and where is X?' meaning, I suppose, that all separation had disappeared.

With love.

Signed: Satprem

September 20, 1960

> *X has spoken to me several times of his lack of esteem for most people in the Ashram: 'Why does Mother keep all these empty pots?' he says.*

If he imagines for one moment that I believe all the people here are doing sadhana, he is grossly mistaken!

The idea is that the earth as a whole must be prepared in all its forms,

including even those least ready for the transformation. There must be a symbolic representation of all the elements on earth upon which we can work to establish the link.' The earth is a symbolic representation of the universe, and the group is a symbolic representation of the earth.

Sri Aurobindo and I had discussed the matter in 1914 (quite a long time ago), for we had seen two possibilities: what we are now doing, or to withdraw into solitude and isolation until we had not only attained the Supermind, but begun the material transformation as well. And Sri Aurobindo rightfully said that we could not isolate ourselves, for as you progress, you become more and more universalized, and consequently ... you *take the burden upon yourself* * in any case.

1. With the Supramental World.
2. Original English.

And life itself has responded by bringing people forward to form a nucleus. Of course, we clearly saw that this would make the work a bit more complex and difficult (it gives me a heavy responsibility, an enormous material work), but from the overall point of view – for the Work – it's indispensable and even inevitable. And in any case, as we were later able to verify, each one represents simultaneously a possibility and a special difficulty to resolve. I have even said, I believe, that each one here is an impossibility.'

But this way of seeing is too far removed from the state of mind and spiritual education in which X has lived,* of course, for him to understand. Nor am I in favor of proselytizing *(to convince X);* it would disturb him quite needlessly. He has not come here for that. He came here for something special, something I wanted which he brought, and I have learnt it. Now it's excellent, he is a part of the group in his own fashion, that's all. And in a certain way, his presence here is having a very good effect on a whole category of people who had not been touched but who are now becoming more and more favorably inclined. It was difficult to reach all the traditionalists, for example, the people attached to the old spiritual forms; well, they seem now to have been touched by something.

When Amrita,3 seized with zeal, wanted to make him understand what we were doing here and what Sri Aurobindo had wanted, it almost erupted into an unpleasant situation. So after that, I decided to identify myself with him to see – I had never done this, because normally I only do it when I am responsible for someone, in order to truly help someone, and I've never felt any responsibility in regard to X. So I wanted to see his inner situation, what could and could not be done. That was the day you saw him coming down from our meditation in an ecstatic state, when he told you that all separation between him and me had dropped away – it was to be expected, I anticipated as much!

But when I did that, I saw what X wanted to do for me. As a matter of fact, I recalled that when we first met I had told him that everything was all right up to this point *(Mother indicates the region above the head),* but below that, in the outer being, I wanted to hasten the transformation, and things there were difficult to handle.

When Sri Aurobindo was here, I never bothered about all this; I was

constantly up above and I did what the *Gita* and the traditional writings advise – I left it to Nature's care. In fact I left it to Sri Aurobindo's care. 'He is making the best use of it,' I would say. 'He will manage it, he will do with it what he wants.' And I was constantly up above. And from up there I worked, leaving the instrument as it was because I knew that he would see to it.

1. 'Each one here represents an impossibility to be resolved'; *Words of the Mother, p.* 14 (January 15, 1933).
2. Traditional tantrism.
3. One *of* the Ashram secretaries.

Actually, it was very different at that time because I was not even aware of any resistance or any difficulty in the outer being; it was automatic, the work was done automatically. Later on, when I had to do both things – what he had been doing as well as what I was doing – it became rather complicated and I realized there were many ... what we could call 'gaps' – things which had to be worked out, transformed, set right before the total work could be done without hindrance. So then I began. And several times I thought how unfortunate it was that I had never studied or pursued certain ancient Indian disciplines. Because, for example, when Sri Aurobindo and I were working to bring down the supramental forces, a descent from the mental plane to the vital plane, he was always telling me that everything I did (when we 'meditated' together, when we worked) – all my movements, all my gestures, all my postures, all my reactions – was absolutely tantric, as if I had pursued a tantric discipline. But it was spontaneous, it did not correspond to any knowledge, any idea, any will, nothing, and I thought it was like that simply because, as He knew, naturally I followed.

Later on, when Sri Aurobindo left his body, I said to myself, 'If only I knew what he had known, it would be easier!' So when Swami and later X came, I thought, 'I am going to take advantage of this opportunity.' I had written to Swami that I was working on transforming the cells of the body and that I had noticed the work was going faster with X's influence. So it was understood that X would help when he came – that's how things began, and this idea has remained with X. But I have raced on – I don't wait. I've raced on, I've gone like wildfire. And now the situation is reversed. What I wanted to find out, I found out. I experienced what I wanted to experience, but he is still ... He is very kind, actually, he wants really to help me. So, when I identified with him the other day during our meditation, I realized that he wanted to give silence, control and perfect peace to the physical mind. My own 'trick,' if you will, is to have as little relationship with the physical mind as possible, to go up above and stay there – this *(Mother indicates her forehead),* silent, motionless, turned upwards, while That *(gesture above the head)* sees, acts, knows, decides – all is done from there. Only there can you feel at ease.

Along the way, I once went down into this physical mind for awhile to try to set it right, to organize it a little (it was done rather quickly, I didn't stay there long). So when I went inside X, I saw ... It was rather curious, for it's the opposite of the method we follow. In his material consciousness (physical and

vital), he has trained himself to be impersonal, open, limitless, in communication with all the universal forces. In the physical mind, silence, immobility. But in the speculative mind, the one there at the very top of the head ... what an organization, phew! ... All the tradition in its most superb organization, but such a ri-gi-dity! And it had a pretty quality of light, a silver blue – VERY pretty. Oh, it was very calm, wonderfully calm and quiet and still. But what a ceiling it had! – the outer form resembled rigid cubes. Everything inside was beautiful, but that ... There was a very large cube right at the top, I recall, bordered by a purple line, which is a line of power – all this was quite luminous. It looked like a pyramid; the smaller cubes formed a kind of base, the lower part of which faded into something cloudy, and then this passed imperceptibly downwards to a more material realm, or in other words, the physical mind. The cube on top was the largest and most luminous, and the least yielding – even inflexible, you could say. The others were somewhat less defined, and at the bottom it was very blurred. But up at the top! – that's where I wanted to go, right to the top.

When I got there, I felt a moment of anguish; my feeling was that nothing could be done. Not for him in particular, but universally, for all those in his category – it seemed *hopeless.'* If that was perfection, then nothing more could be done. This lasted only a second, but it was painful. And then I tried ... that is, I wanted to bring my consciousness down into the highest cube – this eternal, universal and infinite consciousness which is the first and foremost expression of the manifestation – but ... nothing doing. It was impossible. I tried for several minutes and saw that it was absolutely impossible. So I had to make a curious movement (I couldn't get through it, it was impassable), I had to come back down into the so-called lower consciousness (not lower, actually – it was vast and impersonal), and from there I came out and regained ... my equilibrium. This is what gave me that splitting headache I told you about. I came out of there as if I were carrying the weight ... the weight of an irreducible absolute – it was dreadful. Unfortunately, I was unable to rest afterwards, and as people were waiting to see me, I had to talk – which is very tiring for me. And this produced a bubbling in my head, like a ... this dark blue light of power in matter was there, shot through with streaks of white and gold, and all this was flashing back and forth in my head, this way and that way – I thought I was going to have a stroke! *(Mother laughs)*

1. Original English.

This lasted a good half hour before I could calm it down, make it quiet, quiet. And I saw that this came from the fact that he wanted to bring the Power down, to transmit the Power into the physical mind! But as soon as I'm put in contact with the Power, you understand, it makes everything explode! *(Mother laughs)* It felt exactly like my head was going to explode!

I felt better that night because I was concentrated, but my head was still hurting a little. Then the following day I said to myself, or rather I told him inwardly, 'Whether you like it or not, I am bringing down what's up above; it is the only way I can feel comfortable!' And I told you what happened – as soon as I sat down I was so surprised, for he didn't start doing what he had

done the day before; I myself did the same thing, I ... participated, so to speak, in his will (so as to find out), but with the resolve to remain consciously in contact with the highest consciousness, as always, and to bring it down. And it came in a marvelous flood. He was quite happy, he did not protest! ... All the pain was gone, there was nothing left, it was perfect. Only towards the end of the meditation did he again want to start doing his little trick of enclosing my physical mind in this construction, but it didn't last – I watched all this from above.

And he isn't aware of this, actually, he isn't aware at all. If he were told, he would absolutely deny it – for him, it's an opening onto Infinity! ... But in fact, it's always like that, we are always shut in, each of us – each one is enclosed inside certain limits which he doesn't feel, for should he feel it, he would get out! Oh, I know this feeling very well, for when I was with Sri Aurobindo I was open in this way *(gesture towards the heights),* and I always had this feeling of 'Yes, my child ...' – He tolerated me the way I was and waited for it to change. That's truly how things are, you know. And now I feel my limits, which are the limits of the world as it is at present, but beyond that there's an unmanifested immensity, eternity and infinity – to which we are closed. It merely seeps in – it is not the great opening. What I am trying to bring about is the great opening. Only when it has opened wide will there really be the ... (how should I put it?) the irreducible thing, and all the world's resistance, all its inertia, even its obscurity will be unable to swallow it up – the determining and transforming thing ... I don't know when it will come.

But this experience with X was really interesting. I learned many things that day, many things ... If you concentrate long enough on any one point, you discover the Infinite (and in his own experience he found the infinite), what could be called your own Infinite. But this is not what WE want, not this; what we want is the direct and integral contact between the manifested universe and the Infinite out of which this universe has emerged. So then it is no longer an individual or personal contact with the Infinite, it's a total contact. And Sri Aurobindo insists on this, he says that it's absolutely impossible to have the transformation (not the contact, but the supramental transformation) without becoming universalized – that is the first condition. You cannot become supramental before being universal. And to be universal means to accept everything, be everything, become everything – really to accept everything. And as for all those who are shut up in a system, even if it belongs to the highest regions of thought, it is not THAT.

But to each his destiny, to each his work, to each his realization, and to want to change someone's destiny or someone's realization is very wrong. For it simply throws him off balance – that's all it does.

But for us who want an integral realization, are all these mantras and this daily japa really a help, or do they also shut us in?

It gives discipline. It's an almost subconscious discipline of the character more than of thought.

Especially at the beginning, Sri Aurobindo used to shatter to pieces all moral ideas (you know, as in the *Aphorisms,* for example). He shattered all those things, he shattered them, really shattered them to pieces. So there's a

whole group of *youngsters'* here who were brought up with this idea that 'we can do whatever we want, it doesn't matter in the least!' – that they need not bother about all those concepts of ordinary morality. I've had a hard time making them understand that this morality can be abandoned only for a higher one ... So, one has to be careful not to give them the Power too soon.

1. Original English.

It's an almost physical discipline. Moreover, I have seen that the japa has an organizing effect on the subconscient, on the inconscient, on matter, on the body's cells – it takes time, but by persistently repeating it, in the long run it has an effect. It is the same principle as doing daily exercises on the piano, for example. You keep mechanically repeating them, and in the end your hands are filled with consciousness – it fills the body with consciousness.

> *I have a hard time making X understand that I have work to do when I'm with him. He doesn't understand that one can work.*

Of course not! A disciplined work, which to us seems important, is to him basically an ignorance. What is true to such a person is a contemplative, ecstatic life – along with a sentiment of compassion and charity, so that nonetheless you spend a bit of your time helping out the poor brutes! But the true thing is ecstatic contemplation. As for those who are advanced and yet still attach some importance to work – it's irrational!

> *The only way I can make him understand that I have work to do is to tell him, 'Mother asked me to do it'; then he keeps quiet.*

Yes, he doesn't dare say a thing ... He doesn't understand it very well. What funny ideas, eh! He must think I have funny ideas, but anyway ... In the end, he tells himself, 'Oh, it's just because she's born in France that she is still carrying this burden'!

It's quite funny.

Sri Aurobindo saw more clearly. He said – it was even the first thing he told the boys around him when I came in 1914 (he had only seen me once) – he told them that I, Mirra (he immediately called me by my first name), 'was born free.'

And it's true, I know it, I knew it then. In other words, all this work that usually has to be done to become free was done beforehand, long ago – quite convenient!

He saw me the next day for half an hour. I sat down – it was on the verandah of the 'Guest House', I was sitting there on the verandah. There was a table in front of him, and Richard was on the other side facing him. They began talking. Myself, I was seated at his feet, very small, with the table just in front of me – it came to my forehead, which gave me a little protection ... I didn't say anything, I didn't think anything, try anything, want anything – I merely sat near him. When I stood up half an hour later, he had put silence in my head, that's all, without my even having asked him – perhaps even without his trying.

Oh, I had tried – for years I had tried to catch silence in my head ... I never succeeded. I could detach myself from it, but it would keep on turning ... But at

that moment, all the mental constructions, all the mental, speculative structures ... none of it remained – a big hole.

And such a peaceful, such a luminous hole!

Afterwards, I kept very still so as not to disturb it. I didn't speak, above all I refrained from thinking and held it, held it tight against me – I said to myself, 'make it last, make it last, make it last ... '

Later on, I heard Sri Aurobindo saying that there were two people here to whom he had done this and as soon as there was silence, they panicked: 'My God, I've gone stupid!!' And they threw it all overboard by starting to think again.

Once it was done, it was done. It was well-rooted.

For years, from 1912 to 1914, I did endless exercises, all kinds of things, even pranayama' – if it would only shut up! Really, if it would only be quiet! ... I was able to go out (that wasn't difficult), but inside it kept turning.

This lasted about half an hour. I quietly remained there – I heard the noise of their conversation, but I wasn't listening. And then when I got up, I no longer knew anything, I no longer thought anything, I no longer had any mental construction – everything was gone, absolutely gone, blank! – as if I had just been born.

* * *

(soon afterwards)

I went to inaugurate the sugar factory* the other day. I had an amusing experience.

From the material point of view, it's almost hellish – the noise, the smell – a nauseating smell. I had to apply all my will not to be physically disturbed – they made me climb up narrow little stairs, go down, climb back up, look into deep pits. At some places there weren't even guardrails, so I had really to control myself.

1. Pranayama: breathing exercises.

2. New Horizon Sugar Mills, which belongs to a disciple. The inauguration was on September 15.

I was watching all this sugar cane – piles of sugar cane – which is thrown into the machine, and then it travels along and falls down to be crushed, crushed, and crushed some more. And then it comes back up to be distilled. And then I saw ... all this is living when it's thrown in, you see, it's full of its vital force, for it has just been cut. As a result, the vital force is suddenly hurled out of the substance with an extreme violence – the vital force comes out ... the English word *angry is* quite expressive of what I mean – like a snarling dog. *An angry force.'*

So I saw this – I saw it moving about. And it kept coming and coming and coming, accumulating, piling up (they work 24 hours a day, six days a week – only on the seventh do they rest). So I thought that this angry force must have some effect on the people – who knows, maybe this is what creates accidents. For I could see that once the sugar cane was fully crushed and had gone back

up the chute, this force that had been beaten out was right there. And this worried me a little; I thought that there must be a certain danger in doing such a thing! ... What saves them is their ignorance and their insensitivity. But Indians are never entirely insensitive in the way Westerners are – they are much more open in their subconscious.

I didn't speak of it to anyone, but it caused me some concern. And just the next day the machine broke down! When I was informed, immediately I thought ... It was then repaired, and again it broke down – three times. Then the following night, just before ten o'clock ... I should mention that during the day I had thought, 'But why not attract these forces to our side, take them and satisfy them, give them some peace and joy and use them?' I thought about it, concentrated a little, but then I didn't bother any further. At ten o'clock that evening, they came upon me – in a flood! They kept coming and coming. And I was busy with them the whole time. They were not ugly (not so luminous either!), they were wholesome, straightforward – honest forces. So I worked on them. This began exactly at 9:30, and for one hour I was busy working. After an hour, I'd had enough: 'Listen, this is quite fine, you're very nice, but I can't spend all my time like this! We shall see what to do later' – for it absorbed my whole consciousness. They kept coming and coming (you understand what that means to a body?!). So at 10:30 I told them, 'Listen, my little ones, be quiet now, that's enough for today ...' At 10:30, the machine broke down!

1. Original English.

I found out, of course, because they log everything at the factory, so when they came to inform me of the breakdown the next morning, I asked them what time it had happened – exactly 10:30.

After that, I made a kind of pact with them – the trouble, you see, is that there are constantly new ones. If only they were the same! They are constantly coming in new floods, so there was the need of a permanent formation over there. I've tried to make this permanent formation, to take and absorb them, to calm them down and scatter them a little so they don't accumulate in one spot, which in the end could be dangerous.

I found this quite amusing.

The most recent incident took place a few days ago, for there was a general excitement in the factory due to the expected visit of a government minister during the day. That afternoon, exactly at half past three, I felt that I had to make a little concentration. So I paid attention and saw poor L' praying to me. He was praying, praying, calling me – such a strong call that it pulled me. I was having my bath (you know what happens when I'm very strongly pulled – I'm stopped right in the very midst of a gesture, then the consciousness goes wandering off! And I can't do anything, it stops me dead. That's exactly what happened to me in the bathroom). When I saw what was happening, I straightened things out. Then they must have had their ceremony, for suddenly I felt, 'Ah, now it has calmed down, it's all right.' And I went on to something else.

The next day, L came to see me. He told me that shortly before 3:30, the

machine had stopped once again, but this time it was quickly set right; they found out right away what had to be done. And then he told me that at 3:45 he had started praying to me that all should go well. 'Oh, I know!' I said.

Things can be done in this way. In truth, a lot can be done – it's man's ignorance that gets him in trouble.

1 The disciple who manages the sugar factory.

September 24, 1960

Imagine! I thought I had lost my hearing. But I just realized that when I don't hear ... it's because I'm elsewhere.

Just now, I concentrated a little and tuned into your voice. And not one word escaped me! It became clear, absolutely clear.

Normally I'm not there. And some people I hear, others I don't hear. But I hadn't imagined that it depended on this – I thought I had lost my hearing. But just now I stopped everything, absolutely everything, I concentrated and tuned in – it became so clear!

Basically, it must be the same for my eyes. Sometimes I see wonderfully, and sometimes it's blurred. It must be for the same reason ... I probably have to learn to concentrate!

Yes, laugh if you want – what I mean is concentrate on what I'm doing. Not concentrate within ... Precisely, I'm rather too concentrated!

October 2, 1960

10.2.60

This wonderful world of delight waiting at our gates for our call to come down upon earth.'

Signed: Mother

* * *

1. Text written by Mother in French and English; it became the New Year's Message for 1961.

This world of Delight above us is waiting – not for us to be ready but for us to accept, for us to condescend to receive it! This is what I am looking at in this photograph.' In fact, this is what I am pulling down.

* * *

My nights contain so many things that I don't always do the necessary work to remember – that takes up a lot of time. Sometimes I get up during the night and sit there recalling precisely everything that has already happened, but that sometimes takes half an hour! – and as urgent work still calls, I don't take the time to remember and it gets erased. But then, you know, with all that's coming you could write volumes!

From a documentary standpoint, my nights are getting quite interesting. In the *Yoga of Self-Perfection,* Sri Aurobindo describes precisely this state you reach in which all things assume meaning and a quality of inner significance, clarification of various points, and help. From this point of view, my nights have become extraordinary. I see infinitely more things than I saw before. Before, it was very limited to a personal contact with people. Now ... In my nights, each thing and each person has the appearance, the gesture, the word or the action that describes EXACTLY his condition. It's becoming quite interesting.

Of course, I much prefer being in my great currents of force – from a personal standpoint, such immensity of action is much more interesting. But these documentary things are also valuable. It is so tremendously different from the dreams and even the vi. signs you have when you enter certain representative realms of the mind (which is what I used to do). It is so different, it has another content, another life altogether: it carries its light, its understanding, its explanation within itself – you look, and everything is explained.

It always gives me the feeling that I am shrinking a little, but it's interesting. And it's useful, for I am constantly moving about and doing things with people; it indicates to me what I have to say and do with each one. It's useful. But all the same, I miss the fullness and joy of the more impersonal Movement of forces.

Before going to bed, sometimes I say to myself, 'I will do what is necessary to spend my night in these great currents of force'

1. A photograph of Mother that accompanied the 1961 New Year's Message.

(because there is a way to do it). And then I think, 'Oh, what an egotist you are, my girl!' So sometimes it happens, sometimes it doesn't – when there's something important to do, it doesn't happen. But all I have to do is concentrate in a certain way before going to sleep to spend my whole night in these ... very far from here, very far ... I can't say very far from the earth, for surely it's in an intermediate zone between the forces from above and the earth's atmosphere. That's what it mainly is, in any case. It's a great universal current as well, but mainly it's what descends and comes onto the earth, and it

is permeating the earth's atmosphere all the time, all the time, and it comes with this wide, overall vision – it makes for wonderful nights ... I no longer bother about people at all – at least not as such, but in a more impersonal way.

(silence)

I have been pestered my whole life by ... something similar to the sense of duty without its stupidity. Sri Aurobindo had told me that it was a 'censor,' that I had with me a 'considerable' one! It was constantly, constantly telling me, 'No, it's not like that, it's like this ... Oh, no! It's wrong to do that; be careful, don't be egotistical; be careful – do this, do that.' He was right, but I sent it away long ago – or rather, Sri Aurobindo sent it away. But there remains the habit ... of not doing what I like. Rather, of doing what MUST be done, and whether it's pleasant or not makes no difference.

This, too, Sri Aurobindo had explained to me. I used to tell him, 'Yes, you always speak of life's "delight," life for the sake of its delight.' But as soon as I had the notion, as soon as I was put in the presence of the Supreme, it was: 'For You – exclusively what You want. You are the sole, the unique and exclusive reason for being.' And that has remained, and this movement is so strong that even when ... you see, now I have ecstasy and ananda in abundance – everything comes, everything. But even then, even when that is there, something in me always turns towards the Supreme and says, 'Does this TRULY serve You? Is it what You expect of me, what You want from me?'

This has protected me from all seeking for pleasure in life. It was a wonderful protection, because pleasure always seemed so futile to me – yes, futile; for the sake of your personal satisfaction. Later, I even understood how foolish it is, for you can never be satisfied – though when you're small you don't yet know that. I never liked it: 'But is it really useful, does it serve some purpose?' And I still have this attitude in regard to my nights. I have this widening of the consciousness, this impersonalization, this wonderful joy of being above ... all that. But at the same time I also have, 'I'm here in this body, on earth, to do something – I mustn't forget it. And this is what I have to do.' But probably I'm wrong! ...

I'm waiting for the Lord to tell me clearly.

But when I say that, I always see Him smiling – a smile ... it's all very good to smile, but ... it encourages you more than it cures you!

October 2, 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Pondicherry, October 2, 1960 Sunday evening

Sweet Mother,

As I did not find the translation of the Message fully satisfying, I have continued pondering over it. Then another possibility, which MAY be better, presented itself. Here it is:

Ce monde merveilleux de félicité, à nos portes, qui attend notre appel pour descendre sur la terre.*

In this way we keep the word *appel* [call], which is strong. All I did was change the relative pronoun (at first you had translated it as *qui, à nos portes, attend notre appel.* 2).

1. 'This wonderful world of delight, at our gates, waiting for our call to come down upon earth.'

2. 'waiting at our gates for our call ... '

I don't know. Perhaps it is more incisive this way.

Your child, with love.

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Monday morning

Yes, my dear little one, it is much better like that – it becomes poetry.'

With all my tender affection.

Signed: Mother

October 8, 1960

There are moments while reading the *Synthesis of Yoga* when I feel so clearly why he put this particular word in that particular place, and why it could not have been otherwise – that's what makes the translation difficult.

For the placement of words is not the same in English and in French. In English, for example, the place an adverb occupies is of major importance for the precise meaning. In French also, but generally it's not the same! If at least it were exactly the opposite of English it would be easier, but it's not exactly the opposite. It's the same thing for the word order in a series of modifiers or any string of words; usually in English, for example, the most important word comes first and the least important last. In French, it's usually the opposite – but it doesn't always work!

The spirit of the two languages is not the same. Something always escapes. This must surely be why' revelations' (as Sri Aurobindo calls them) sometimes come to me in one language and sometimes in the other. And it does not depend on the state of consciousness I'm in, it depends on what has to be said.

1. A somewhat mocking'!' is missing. This note was accompanied by a flower: 'Aristocracy of Beauty'.

And the revelations would probably be more exact if we had a more perfect

language. Our language is poor.

Sanskrit is better. Sanskrit is a much fuller and subtler language, so it's probably much better. But these modern languages are so artificial (by this, I mean superficial, intellectual); they cut things up into little pieces and remove the light behind.

I also read *On the Veda* where Sri Aurobindo speaks of the difference between the modern mind and the ancient mind; and it's quite obvious, especially from the linguistic point of view. Sanskrit was certainly much more fluid, a better instrument for a more ... global, more comprehensive light, a light containing more things within itself.

In these modern languages, it's as if things are passed through a sieve and broken up into separate little bits, so then you have all the work of putting them back together. And something is always lost.

But I even doubt that the modern mind, built as it now is, would be able to know Sanskrit in this way. I think they are cutting up Sanskrit as well, out of habit.

We need a new language.

We need to make a new language.

Not some kind of esperanto! – but sounds springing straight from above.

The SOUND must be captured. There must be one sound at the origin of all language ... And then, to capture it and project it. To make it vibrate ... because it doesn't vibrate in the same way here as it does above.

That would be an interesting work.

The words must have a power – an expressive power. Yes, they should carry the meaning in themselves!

October 11, 1960

I'm just now finishing the *Yoga of Self-Perfection* ... When we see what human life is and, even in the best of cases, what it represents in the way of imbecility, stupidity, narrowness, meanness (not to mention ignorance because that is too flagrant) ... and even those who believe themselves to have generous heart, for example, or liberal ideas, a desire to do good! ... Each time the consciousness orients itself in one direction to attain some result, everything that was in existence (not just one's personal existence, but this sort of collectivity of existences that each being represents), everything that is contrary to this effort immediately presents itself in its crudest light.

It happened this morning while I was walking back and forth in my room. I had finished my japa ... I had to stop and hold my head in my hands to keep from bursting into tears. 'No, it is too dreadful,' I said to myself; 'and to think that we want Perfection!'

Then naturally there came as a consolation: only because the consciousness

is getting closer to THE REAL THING can it see all this wretchedness, and the contrast alone makes these things appear so mean.

And it's true, those things I saw this morning which seemed so ... above all stupid and ugly (I've never had a sense of morality at any time in my life, thank God! But stupid and ugly things have always seemed ... I've always done my best to distance myself from them, even when I was very small). And now I see that these things which seem not only ridiculous but, well, almost shameful were considered, as I recall, remarkably noble earlier on and they represented an exceptionally lofty attitude in life – the very same things. So then I understood that it's quite simply a question of proportion.

And that's how the world is – things which now seem totally unacceptable to us, things we CANNOT tolerate, were quite all right in the past.

The day before yesterday, I spent the whole night looking on. I had read the passage by Sri Aurobindo in *The Synthesis* on 'supramental time' (wherein past, present and future coexist in a global consciousness). While you're in it, it's marvelous! You understand things perfectly. But when you're not in it ... Above all, there's this problem of how to keep the force of one's aspiration, the power of progress, this power which seems so inevitable – so inevitable if existence (let's simply take terrestrial existence) is to mean anything and its presence to be justified. (This ascending movement towards a progressive 'better' that will be eternally better) – How is this to be kept when you have the total vision ... this vision in which everything coexists. At that moment, the other becomes something like a game, an amusement, if you will. (Not everyone finds it amusing!) And when you contain all that, why allow yourself the pleasure of succession? ... Is this pleasure of succession, of seeing things one after the other, equal to this intensity of the will for progress? ... Words are foolish!

The effort to see and to understand this gripped me all night. And when I woke up this morning, I thanked the Lord; I said to Him, 'Obviously, if You were to keep me totally in that consciousness, I could no longer ... I could no longer do my work!' How could I do my work? For I can only say something to people when I feel it or see it, when I see that it's what must be said, but if I am simultaneously in a consciousness in which I'm aware of everything that has led to that situation, everything that is going to happen, everything I'm going to say, everything the other's going to feel – then how could I do it!

There are still many hundreds of years to go before it becomes entirely what Sri Aurobindo describes – there's no hurry!

> *The mental silence Sri Aurobindo gave you in 1914, about which you were speaking the other day ...*

It has never left. I have always kept it. Like a smooth white surface turned upwards. And at any moment at all ... You see, we speak like a machine, but there nothing moves; at any moment at all it can turn towards the heights. It's ALWAYS turned like that, but we can become aware of it being like that. Then, if we listen, we can hear what comes from above. My active consciousness, which was here *(Mother points to her forehead),* has settled above, and it has never again moved from there.

I told this to X – or rather had someone tell him – to see his reaction. And I realized that he did not understand in the least! Once Amrita asked him how he himself SAW and KNEW things. So he tried to explain; he told Amrita that he had to pull his consciousness upwards by a gradual effort, to go beyond the heart, beyond the throat center ... to pull it right up here *(the top of the head),* and once there, you're divine, you know! All of a sudden, I understood that when I said it was there, above the head, it must have seemed absolutely impossible to him! For him, it's the *crown of the head'* (what they call the thousand-petalled lotus), just at the top of the head, whereas in my experience it opens, it rises and you go above, and then you settle there ... For a number of years it even changed my [physical] vision – it was as if I were looking at things from above. It returns from time to time, too, as if suddenly I were seeing from above instead of from here, at eye level.

1. Original English.

But the faculty of forming thoughts is now there, up above; it's no longer here *(Mother points to her forehead).* And that's contrary to their teachings.

The tantrics recognize seven chakras,' I believe. Theon said he knew of more, specifically two below the body and three above. That is my experience as well – I know of twelve chakras. And really, the contact with the Divine Consciousness is there *(Mother motions above the head),* not here *(at the top of the head).* One must surge up above.

Doing japa seems to exert a pressure on my physical consciousness, which goes on turning! How can I silence it? As soon as my concentration is not absolute, the physical mind starts up – it grabs at anything, anything at all, any word, fact or event that comes along, and it starts turning, turning. If you stop it, if you put some pressure on it, then it springs back up two minutes later ... And there is no inner consent at all. It chews on words, it chews on ideas or feelings – interminably. What should I do?

Yes, it's the physical mind. The japa is made precisely to control the physical mind.

I myself use it for a very special reason, because ... You see, I invoke (the words are a bit strange) ... the Lord of Tomorrow. Not the unmanifest Lord, but the Lord as he will manifest 'tomorrow,' or in Sri Aurobindo's words, the divine manifestation in its supramental form.

So the first sound of my mantra is the call to that, the evocation. With the second sound, the body's cells make their' surrender,' they give themselves. And with the third sound comes the identification of this [the body] with That, which produces the divine life. These are my three sounds.

And in the beginning, during the first months that I was doing the japa, I felt them ... I had an almost detailed awareness of these myriads of cells opening to this vibration; the vibration of the first sound is an absolutely special vibration (you see, above, there is the light and all that, but beyond this light there is the original vibration), and this vibration was entering into all the cells and was reproduced in them. It went on for months in this way.

1. Chakra: center of consciousness. 1) The crown of the head *(sahasradala),* 2) between the eyebrows *(ajna),* 3) the throat *(vishuddha),* 4)

the heart *(anahata)* 5) the navel *(manipura),* 6) the abdomen *(svadhishthana),* 7) the base of the spine *(muladhara).*

Even now, when something or other is not all right, I have only to reproduce the thing with the same type of concentration as at the beginning ... for, when I say the japa, the sound and the words together – the way the words are understood, the feel of the words – create a certain totality. I have to reproduce that. And the way it's repeated is evolving all the time. The words are the same, however, the original sound is the same, but it's all constantly evolving towards a more comprehensive realization and a more and more complete STATE. So when I want to obtain a certain result, I reproduce a certain type of this state. For example, if something in the body is not functioning right (it can't really be called an illness, but when something's out of order), or if I wish to do some specific work on a specific person for a specific reason, then I go back to a certain state of repetition of my mantra, which acts directly on the body's cells. And then the same phenomenon is reproduced – exactly the same extraordinary vibration which I recognized when the supramental world descended. It comes in and vibrates like a pulsation in the cells.

But as I told you, now my japa is different. It is as if I were taking the whole world to lift it up; no longer is it a concentration on the body, but rather a taking of the whole world – the entire world – sometimes in its details, sometimes as a whole, but constantly, constantly – to establish the Contact *(with the supramental world).*

But what you are speaking of, this sort of sound-mill, this milling of words interminably repeating the same thing, I've suddenly caught it two or three times (not very often and with long intervals). It has always seemed fantastic to me! How is it stopped? ... Always in the same way. It's something that takes place outside, actually; it's not inside – it's outside, on the surface, generally somewhere here *(Mother indicates the temples),* and the method is to draw your consciousness up above, to go there and remain there – white. Always this whiteness, white like a sheet of paper, flat like a plate of glass. An absolutely flat and white and motionless surface – white! White like luminous milk, turned upwards. Not transparent: white.

When this mill starts turning – usually it comes from this side *(Mother indicates the right side of the head) – it* takes hold of any sound or any word at all, and then it starts turning, harping on the same thing. This has happened to me a dozen times perhaps, but it doesn't come from me; it comes from outside, from someone or something or some particular work. So then you take it – as if you were picking it up with pincers, and then ... (She *lifts it upwards),* then I hold it there, in this motionless white – no need to keep it there for long!

Aren't you aware of this thing up above, this white plate at the crown of the head? It's what receives intuitions. It's just like a photographic plate, and it's not even active – things pass right through it without our even realizing it. And then if you concentrate just a little, everything stops, everything stops.

A few days ago, I recall, I wanted to know something that was going to

happen. I thought that with the consciousness of supramental time, I could find out ... 'I MUST find out what's going to happen. What's going to happen?' – No answer. So I concentrated on it, which is what I usually do, I stopped everything and looked from above – total silence. Nothing. No answer. And I felt a slight impatience: 'But why can't I know?!' And what came was the equivalent of (I'm translating it in words), 'It's none of your business!! '

So I understand more and more. Everything – this whole organization, this whole aggregate, all these cells and nerves and sensors – are all meant uniquely for the work, they have no other purpose than the work; every foolish act that is done is for the work; every stupidity that is thought is for the work; you are made the way you are because only in that way can you do the work – and it's none of your business to seek to be somewhere else. That's my conclusion. 'Very well, as You wish, may Your will be done!' – No, not 'be done'; it IS done. As You wish, exactly as You wish!

And in the end, it's quite fun.

* * *

(Concerning an old 'Question and Answer' of July 4, 1956 at the Playground in which Mother speaks of her first realization of the Divine, in Paris)

Just as the shooting star flashed past, there sprang from my consciousness: 'To realize the divine union, for my body!' And before twelve months were out, it was done.

I remember, it was at the door of our studio' in Paris. I can still see it. That's how I always remember – the picture simply comes to me.

I am just finishing *The Synthesis of Yoga,* and what Sri Aurobindo says is exactly what has happened to me throughout my life. And he explains how you can still make mistakes as long as you are not supramentalized. Sri Aurobindo describes all the ways by which images are sent to you – and they are not always images or reflections of the truth of things past, present or future; there are also all the images that come from human mental formations and all the various things that want to be considered. It is very, very interesting. And interestingly enough, in these few pages I have found a description of the work I have spent my whole life doing, trying to SIFT out all we see.

I can only be sure of something once a certain type of picture comes, and then the whole world could tell me, 'But things didn't happen like that'; I would reply, 'Sorry, but I see it.' And that type of picture is certain, for I have studied it, I have studied their differences in quality and the texture of the pictures. It is very interesting.

* * *

Basically, I see more and more that the Supreme Consciousness makes use

of ANYTHING AT ALL when the time comes.

In these *Questions and Answers,* for example, you had wanted to edit out the words 'Sweet Mother' since people from the West might not understand. But then, we have just now received a letter from someone who suddenly had a very beautiful experience when he came across those words, 'Sweet Mother.' He saw, he suddenly felt this maternal presence of love and compassion watching over the world. The moment had come and, precisely, it did its work. It's very interesting.

Mentally we say, 'Oh, that can't go.' And even I am often inclined to say, 'Don't publish this, don't speak of something or other.' Then I realize how silly it is! There is something that uses everything. Even what may seem useless to us – or perhaps worse than useless, harmful – might be just the thing to give someone the right shock.

1. Rue Lemercier.

October 15, 1960

I see Z every day, yet he asked me, 'Why do you do nothing for me?'!! 'Each time you come here,' I told him, 'I am NECESSARILY doing something for you, it cannot be otherwise!' But since it's just a part of his work,' it doesn't count!

Of course, I don't say, 'All right, now let's meditate! ...' So on his birthday I'll have to sit down and tell him, 'Now we are going to meditate' – that way he'll feel sure. What childishness!

It's so funny – the thing in itself doesn't exist for people. What's important to them is their attitude towards the thing, what they think of it. How odd!

Each thing carries within itself its own truth – its absolute truth, so luminous and so clear. And if you are in contact with THAT, then everything falls into place so wonderfully; but men are NOT in contact with that, they are always in contact through their thought: what they think of something, what they feel about something, the meaning they attach to it (or sometimes it's worse) – but the highest they go is always the thought they have of it. That's what creates all this mixture and all this disorder – things in themselves are very good, and then they get confused.

1. Z's work involved seeing Mother everyday to watch over her health and her food.

October 19, 1960

(The day before 'Kali Puja,' the ritual festival devoted each year in India to the goddess Kali, the warrior aspect of the universal Mother)

She has already been here for two days and ... Oh, yesterday especially, she was so ... in such a mood! – like a warrior. I said to her, 'But why not change them through ... through an excess of love?'

So then she answered (I remember how she put it), 'First a good punch in the chest (she didn't say 'in the nose'!), a good punch in the chest, and then when they're down, gasping for air, they're ready.'

That's one opinion!

* * *

(Concerning a tantric)

Those people deny the reality of all physical needs.

It's quite all right when you've come TO THE END, when you have totally mastered the body by means of the spiritual consciousness. But until then, I don't agree – I do not at all agree.

It's the same as when X tells people, 'I am feeding you, so eat!' And he serves you ten times more than you can put in. If you tell him, 'My stomach can't digest it,' he answers that this is nonsense: 'Eat, and you will see!' And in fact, up above – that is, once you've mastered it – it's perfectly true. But we aren't there yet, far from it! He himself is sick all the time.

Then he would answer,' Everyone is sick.' – But that's no reason.

It's very well to say, 'If you live in the Spirit, it's not the same.' That's quite true, but ... MUCH later. For the last two years, I myself have been learning this, and I see how difficult it is – one mustn't boast. And to say, 'Oh, it's all the same to me,' is a way of boasting. It SHOULD NOT be all the same to you. This body is not meant for us – it wasn't for us that it was given, it's for the Work, so consequently it must be in working order.

> *That's what annoys me sometimes. Why not have this mastery? We SHOULD be masters of it. With consciousness, we should be able to be the masters of our bodies.*

Yes, this was precisely the extraordinary thing Sri Aurobindo had. He made no effort ... But then he didn't use it on himself!

But for humans, this is something UNTHINKABLE.

He wanted to go.

You see, he had decided to go. But he didn't want me to know that he was doing it deliberately; he knew that if for a single moment I knew he was doing it deliberately, I would have reacted with such a violence that he would not have been able to leave!

And he did this ... he bore it all as if it were some unconsciousness, an ordinary illness, simply to keep me from knowing – and he left at the very moment he had to leave. But ...

And I couldn't even imagine he was gone once he had gone, just there, in front of me – it seemed so far away ... And then afterwards, when he came out of his body and entered into mine, I understood it all ... It's fantastic.

Fantastic.

It's ... it's absolutely superhuman. There's not one human being capable of doing such a thing. And what ... what a mastery of his body – absolute, absolute!

And when it came to others ... he could remove an illness like that *(gesture, as if Mother were calmly extracting an illness from the body with her fingertips).* That happened to you once, didn't it? You said that I had done this for you – but it wasn't me; he was the one who did it ... He could give you peace in the mind in the same way *(Mother brushes her hand across her forehead). You* see, his actions were absolutely ... On others, it had all the characteristics of a total mastery ... Absolutely superhuman.

One day, he'll tell you all this himself.'

Now I understand it.

It's tre-men-dous.

I would like very much to ask you something ... Why did he have to go?

Ah! That can't be told.

1. He came to tell us this fifteen years later, as a matter of fact, while we were writing *The Divine Materialism.*

(long silence)

I can tell you why, but in a purely superficial way ... Because for him to do IMMEDIATELY – without leaving his body, that is – what he had to do, well ...

(silence)

We can put it this way: the world was not ready. But to tell you the truth, it was the totality of things around him that was not ready. So when he SAW this (I only understood this afterwards), he saw that it would go much faster if he were not there.

And he was ABSOLUTELY right, it was true.

Once I saw that, I accepted. When I saw it, when he made me understand, I accepted; otherwise ...

There was a difficult period.

(silence)

It wasn't long, but it was difficult.

When he left, I said twelve days, twelve days.' And truly, I gave it twelve days, twelve days to see if the entire Work ... Outwardly, I said, 'After twelve days I will tell you if the Ashram (the Ashram was nothing but a symbol, of course), if the Ashram will continue or if it is finished.'

And later (I don't know – it didn't take twelve days; I said that on December 9, and on the 12th it was all decided – seen, clear and understood), on the 12th, I saw people, I saw a few people. However, we began all the activities again only after 12 days from December 5. But it was decided on the 12th.

Everything was left hanging until the moment he made me understand the COMPLETE thing, in its entirety ... But that's for later on.

He himself will tell you, it's true – later on.

1. Mother stopped all her activities for twelve days from December 5, 1950, the day Sri Aurobindo departed.

October 22, 1960

(Pavitra shows Mother a photograph of the house in which She lived in Paris, rue du Val de Grâce)

Well, well! The house on Val de Grâce! It looks inhabited, the windows have curtains in them. I lived there – a small house, really very small, with a bedroom upstairs.

Here, this is the kitchen; here is the living room, this is the studio. And then behind the kitchen there was a small room that I used as the dining room, and it opened onto a courtyard. Between the dining room and the kitchen there was a bathroom and a small hallway. The kitchen is here; you went up three steps and then there was this small hallway with the stairs leading up to the bedroom. Next to the bedroom was a bathroom about as big as a thimble.

It is part of a huge house. There's a seven-story apartment building on each side, and the street is here.

It wasn't very big. The studio was rather large – a beautiful room ... That's where I received Madame David-Neel – we saw each other nearly every evening.

There was a considerable library in the studio; one whole end was given over to the library – more than two thousand books belonging to my brother. There were even the complete works of several classical writers. And I had my entire collection of the *Revue Cosmique,* and my post card collection (it was down below) – mainly post cards of Algeria, Tlemcen, nearly 200 of them. But there were five years of the *Revue Cosmique.* And written in such a French! How funny it was!

Theon's wife dictated it in English while she was in trance. Another English lady who was there claimed to know French like a Frenchman. 'Myself, I never use a dictionary,' she would say, 'I don't need a dictionary.'

But then she would turn out such translations! She made all the classic mistakes of English words that mustn't be translated like that. Then it was sent to me in Paris for correcting. It was literally impossible.

There was this Themanlys, my brother's schoolmate; he wrote books, but he was lazy-minded and didn't want to work! So he had passed that job on to me. But it was impossible, you couldn't do a thing with it. And what words! Theon would invent words for the subtle organs, the inner senses; he had found a word for each thing – a frightful barbarism! And I took care of everything: I found the printer, corrected the proofs – all the work for a long time.

They were stories, narratives, an entire initiation in the form of stories. There was a lot in it, really a lot. She knew many things. But it was presented in such a way that it was unreadable.

I also wrote one or two things, experiences I had noted down; they were rather interesting, which is why I'd like to get them back. I had described some of my visions to Madame Theon, and then she explained their meaning to me. So I would narrate the vision and give its explanation. That was readable and interesting, because there was some symbolism.

(Pavitra:) What was this 'Chronicle of Kl'?

It wasn't 'Ki' but 'Chi,' for he was the founder of China! – those things were fantastic! The story was almost childish, but there was a whole world of knowledge in it. Madame Theon was an extraordinary occultist. That woman had incredible faculties, incredible.

She was a small woman, fat, almost flabby – she gave you the feeling that if you leaned against her, it would melt! Once, I remember ... I was there in Tlemcen with Andre's father, who had come to join us – a painter, an artist. Theon was wearing a dark purple robe. Theon said to him, 'This robe is purple.' 'No, it's not purple,' the other answered, 'it's violet.' Theon went rigid: 'When I say purple, it's purple!' And they started arguing over this foolishness. Suddenly there flashed from my head, 'No, this is too ridiculous!' – I didn't say a word, but it went out from my head (I even saw the flash), and then Madame Theon got up and came over to me, stood behind me (neither of us uttered a word – the other two were staring at each other like two angry cocks), then she laid my head against her breast – absolutely the feeling of sinking into eiderdown!

And never in my life, never, had I felt such peace – it was absolutely luminous and soft ... a peace, such a soft, tender, luminous peace. After a moment, she bent down and whispered in my ear, 'One must never question one's master!' It wasn't I who was questioning!

She was a wonderful woman, wonderful. But as for him ... well ...

It's funny ... I don't know why, but a short while ago this house on Val de Grâce suddenly came to me ... (to *Pavitra)* When did this photograph come?

Yesterday.

Suddenly the house had come into the atmosphere. 'Well, well,' I said to myself; 'someone is thinking about that house.'

* * *

I entered into your sleep last night. I saw you and told you certain things, I even gave you some explanations: 'You see, you must do it this way ... you must go like this ...' I also said, 'One day, we shall meditate together.' But more precisely, you had once spoken to me about the problem in your physical mind – that it keeps on turning interminably – and you had told me that it happens during your japa. So last night I told you, 'I would like you to do your japa for a few minutes with me one day so that I may see what goes on inside you, in your physical mind.'

But I wasn't speaking to you with words ... Everything I see at night has a special color and a special vibration. It's strange, but it looks sketched ... When I said that to you, for example, there was a kind of *patch,'* a white patch, as I recall – white, exactly like a piece of white paper – a patch with a pink border around it, then this same blue light I keep telling you about – deep blue – encircling the rest, as it were. And beyond that, it was swarming – a swarming of black and dark gray vibrations ... in a terrible agitation. When I saw this, I said to you, 'You must repeat your mantra once in my presence so that I may see if there is anything I can do about this swarming.' And then – I don't know why – you objected, and this objection was red, like a tongue of fire lashing out from the white, like this *(Mother draws an arabesque). So I* said, 'No, don't worry, it doesn't matter, I won't disturb a thing*!' *(Mother laughs mischievously)*

All this took place in a realm which is constantly active, everywhere; it is like a permanent mental transcription of everything that physically takes place ... They aren't actually thoughts; when I see this, I don't really get the impression of thinking, but it's a transcription ... it's the result of thoughts on a certain mental atmosphere which records things.

1. Original English.

2. Traditionally, one's mantra is never to be repeated before anyone except the guru.

And I see it all the time now. If someone is speaking or if I'm doing something, I see the two things at the same time – I see the physical thing, his words or my action, and then this colored, luminous transcription at the same time. The two things are superimposed. For example, when someone speaks to me, it gets translated into some kind of picture, a play of light or color (which is not always so luminous!) – this is why most of the time, in fact, I don't even know what has been said to me. I recall the first time this phenomenon happened, I said to myself, 'Ah, so that's what these modern artists see!' Only, as they themselves aren't very coherent, what they see is not very coherent either!

And that's how it works – it is translated by patches and moving forms, which is how it gets registered in the earth's memory. So when things from this realm enter into people's active consciousness, they get translated into each one's language and the words and thoughts that each one is accustomed to – because that doesn't belong to any language or to any idea: it is the exact IMPRINT of what is happening.

I am constantly seeing this now.

And it is here, too, that I see the result of this confusion and excitement in the Ashram – it jumps, jumps, jumps about. It keeps jumping on the same spot. There are machines like that – constantly shaking; it's exasperating.

* * *

For some time now I've been experiencing a precise moment during my japa when something takes hold of me and I have all the difficulty in the world to keep from entering into trance. Yet I remain standing. Usually I'm walking, but some things I say while leaning up against the window – not a very good place to go into trance! And it grabs me exactly at the same place each time.

Yesterday, I suddenly saw a huge living head of blue light – this blue light which is the force, the powerful force in material Nature (this is the light the tantrics use). The head was made entirely of this light, and it wore a sort of tiara – a big head, so big *(Mother indicates the length of her forearm);* its eyes weren't closed, but rather lowered, like this. The immobility of eternity, absolutely – the repose, the immobility of eternity. A magnificent head, quite similar to the way the gods here are represented, but even better; something between certain heads of the Buddha and ... (these heads most probably come to the artists). Everything else was lost in a kind of cloud.

I felt that this kind of ... yes, immobility came from there: everything stops, absolutely everything stops. Silence, immobility ... truly, you enter into eternity. – I told him it wasn't time!

But I tried to understand what he wanted ... It's been difficult here in the Ashram for some time – everyone is seized with a sort of frenzy, a weary restlessness. They are all writing to me, they all want to see me. It makes for such an atmosphere ... I react as well as I can, but I'm not able to pass this on to them to keep them quiet (the more tired and weary you are, the more calm you ought to remain – certainly not get excited, that's dreadful!). So I understood: this head had come to tell me, 'This is what you must give them.'

But if I were to pass that on to them, they'd all think they were becoming rattle-brained, that they were losing their faculties, that their energy was spent. For they only feel energy when they spend it. They are incapable of feeling energy in immobility – they have to be stirring about, they have to be spending it. Or else, it has to be pounded into them.

I looked at this problem yesterday; it occupied me for much of the day. And I'm sure this head came to give me the solution. For me, it's very easy – at once ... three seconds, and everything stops, everything. But the others are stubborn! And yet I'm positive, I'm positive, I tell them, 'But relax; why are you on pins and needles like that? Relax! It's the only way to overcome your fatigue.' But they immediately start feeling that they'll lose their faculties and become inert – the opposite of life!

And this is surely what oriented my night, for I started my night looking at this problem: How can I make them accept this? For neither should they fall into the other extreme and slip from this weary agitation into *tamas.** That's obvious.

But how many letters I receive from people telling me, 'I feel listless, all I

want to do is sleep, to rest, not do anything.' They go on complaining.

1. Tamas: inertia.

The experience I have – what I mean by 'I' is this aggregate here *(Mother indicates her body),* this particular individuality – is that the more quiet and calm it is, the more work it can do and the faster the work can be done. What is most disturbing and time consuming are all these agitated vibrations that fall on me (truly speaking, each person who comes throws them on me). And this is what makes the work difficult – it stirs up a whirlwind. And you can't do anything in this whirlwind, it's impossible. If you try to do something material, your fingers stumble; if you try to do something intellectual, your thoughts get all entangled and you no longer see clearly. I've had the experience, for example, of wanting to look up a word in the dictionary while this agitation was in the atmosphere, and everything jumps up and down (yet the lighting is the same and I'm using the same magnifying glass), I no longer see a thing, it's all jumping! I go page by page, but the word simply doesn't exist in the dictionary! Then I remain quiet, I do this ... *(Mother makes a gesture of bringing down the Peace)* and after half a minute I open the dictionary: the very spot, and the word leaps out at me! And I see clearly and distinctly. Consequently I have now the indisputable proof that if you want to do anything properly, you must FIRST be calm – but not only be calm yourself; you must either isolate yourself or be capable of imposing a calm on this whirlwind of forces that comes upon you all the time from all around.

All the teachers are wanting to quit the school – weary! Which means they'll begin the year with half the teachers gone. They live in constant tension, they don't know how to relax – that's really what it is. They don't know how to act without agitation.

I think that's what this head came to tell me, and it's precisely what's wrong in the Ashram – everything here is done in agitation, absolutely everything. So it's constantly a comedy of errors; someone speaks, the other doesn't listen and responds all wrong, and nothing gets done. Someone asks one thing, another answers to something else – bah! It's a dreadful con-fu-sion.

(silence)

What if we meditated a little.

Sit as you normally do and ... forget that I'm here!

(After the meditation)

I'm going to tell you what I saw – it's very interesting. First, emanating from here *(Mother indicates the chest),* a florescence of every color like a peacock's tail spread wide; but it was made of light, and it was very, very delicate, very fine, like this *(gesture).* Then it rose up and formed what truly seemed like a luminous peacock, up above, and it remained like that. Then, from here *(the chest),* what looked like a sword of white light climbed straight up. It went up very high and formed a kind of expanse, a very vast expanse, which was like a call – this lasted the longest. And then, in response, a veritable rain, like ... (no, it was much finer than drops) a golden light – white and golden – with various shades, at times more towards white, at times more

golden, at times with a tinge of pink. And all this was descending, descending into you. And here *(the chest),* it changed into this same deep blue light, with a powdering of green light inside it – emerald green. And at that moment, when it reached here *(the level of the heart),* a number of little divinities of living gold – a deep, living gold – came, like this, and then looked at you. And just as they looked at you, there was the image of the Mother right at the very center of you – not as she is commonly portrayed but as she is in the Indian consciousness ... Very serene and pure and luminous. And then that changed into a temple, and inside the temple there seemed to be an image of Sri Aurobindo and an image of me – but living images in a powdering of light. Then it grew into a magnificent edifice and settled in with an extraordinary power. And it remained motionless.

That is the representation of your japa.

It's beautiful.

I had to stop because there is something like time that exists here – what a shame!

But it is very good.

And it shouldn't be difficult to keep that all the time.

I didn't notice you being bothered by these things of the physical mind you had mentioned. However, I had first done this *(gesture of cleansing the atmosphere),* right at the beginning, so that nothing would come to disturb us ... Did you feel anything?

I felt that you were there. I felt your Force.

Ah! You felt it!

Yes, of course – very strongly. At one moment it was very, very powerful.

(Mother laughs heartily) Your japa is lovely. Oh, it's a whole world that's forming, and it's truly harmonious, powerful, beautiful. It's very good. If you like, we'll do this for a few moments from time to time. It was very ... how should I put it? ... very pleasant for me. It feels comfortable, a bit removed from all this porridge! I was very glad.

If you want to prevent these disturbances in your physical mind, then when you sit for japa ... You know my Force, don't you? Well then, wrap it around you, like this, twelve times, from top to bottom.

October 25, 1960

There is a black cloud over the ashram. It's origin is rather unique and very interesting.

S has a nephew in Bombay, and one day towards the end of August or beginning September, he told me an extraordinary story about this nephew, who had disappeared (he showed me his photograph – he looks rather like a medium). He returned home two days later, I believe. He'd been found in a

train in a hypnotic state; fortunately someone shook him and he suddenly woke up: 'Why am I here? What am I doing here?' (He had no intention of travelling, you see; he had simply left his house to visit a neighbor in Bombay.) So he returned home without knowing what had happened to him. And he was quite bizarre, really rather off.

A few days later, this nephew had to go somewhere, I don't know where; he went down to the railway station – and didn't return. Impossible to find out what had happened to him, he was nowhere to be found. Several days had passed when the family decided to send me his photograph and to tell me the story, adding that it was surely a sequel to the previous occurrence (there must be some people doing hypnotism), and then they asked me where he was and what had become of him.

All this happened just on the day X' was leaving. So I told S to take the photograph and letter to X and tell him the story. X consulted some book, did a very short japa for a few seconds and said, 'Oh, he'll come back before September 26, BUT inform Mother so that She may see to ft.' therefore, I concentrated a little.

1. The disciple's tantric guru.

About two weeks later (in other words, ten days or so before September 26), some more news – the boy's older brother, who lives in Ahmedabad (not Bombay), came to visit his mother, father and grandmother (there's also a grandmother), and he asked about his brother. He had come with a friend. 'Your brother has disappeared,' they explained, 'we don't know what has happened to him.' So the two of them decided to search for him: 'We'll find him .'

The day before their departure, the elder brother's friend said he was going to visit the grandmother (she lives some hundred yards away). He went out – and didn't return. Disappeared.

So of course they were terribly worried; they wondered what had happened. I had someone write to X, I concentrated, and four days later the boy (the brother's friend, that is) returned in a lamentable state: white, emaciated, barely able to speak. Then he recounted his story:

On his way to the grandmother's house, he passed by the station and went in to drink something. While drinking, two persons who were there started playing with some balls in front of him. He WATCHED. But suddenly, he felt very uneasy; he wanted to leave and ran towards an exit that opened onto the tracks – it was closed and he could not get out. And these two people were just behind him; suddenly he lost consciousness: 'I don't know what happened to me after that.'

He woke up in a railway station somewhere between Bombay and Poona, and he began telling them that he was hungry (he was with those same two persons). They punched him in the stomach and put a handkerchief over his nose – he again passed out! At Poona, he woke up again (he'd lost his appetite by then!), and again they put the handkerchief over his nose. And it went on like that – they kept on punching him a lot. When he woke up in the country on the outskirts of Poona, four men were around him arguing in a language he

didn't know (his language is Gujarati). They were probably speaking in some other language, I don't know which one – it seems they were very dark. He didn't understand, but from various signs they made he could see that they were arguing about whether to kill him or not. Finally, they told him (probably in a language he could understand), 'Either you join our gang, or we'll kill you.' He grunted in reply so as not to commit himself. The others decided to wait for their chief (thus the chief wasn't there): 'We'll decide after he comes.' Then just to make sure, they punched him a few more times in the belly and put the handkerchief over his nose – out!

Sometime later (he doesn't know how long, for until he returned he had no sense of time), he woke up in a rather dark, low-roofed house way out in the country; there were five persons now, not four. They were busy eating, so he was careful not to budge. Mainly they were drinking (they have prohibition there). Four of them were already dead drunk. So he got up to have a look. The fifth one, whom he hadn't seen before (he must have been the chief), was not yet totally drunk; when he saw the boy stirring, he let out a fearful growl – so the poor boy threw himself flat in the corner and lay still – he waited. After awhile, the fifth one (after downing another bottle) was also dead drunk. So now that he saw them all fast asleep, he got up very cautiously and ... he said he ran for an hour and a half! ... A boy pummelled as he had been, who hadn't eaten for four days! I think that's a miracle.

After running for an hour and a half, he found himself back at the Poona station, he doesn't know how. He caught a train back to Bombay, scarcely knowing how he managed it.

When I found this out, I immediately thought, 'Good, this boy caught the formation' X had made for the other one, and it got him back.' For it's really miraculous that he succeeded. But the other one, the nephew, was left stranded, nowhere to be found. It was obviously the same gang and the same method.

Then the police got involved. They wanted to take him back to the countryside around Poona (naturally I suppose they nursed him in the meantime), but not much came out of it. Seems that wherever he remembered seeing these people, when he said he had seen them, he fainted. Finally, I was told the story, and the poor family wrote to me saying, 'Who are these demons with such a great power that even it withstands Mother's force as well as that of X – and who are holding our son?' So X was again informed and, knowing the story of the elder brother's friend, he said, 'Ah, now I know where the other one is, and I hope it won't take too long.' But then September 26 passed – general despair in the family. They wrote to me, and I concentrated.

It was just before Durga Puja,* or just after – I can't remember (dates and I don't go together) – no, it was after Durga Puja. So I went into a deep concentration and, as a matter of fact, I saw that a very powerful and dangerous *rakshasic'* power was involved. And then, when I started walking for my japa upstairs in my room (I had given some thought to this story and tried asking for something to be done), I suddenly saw Durga before me raising high a lance of white light – the lance of light that destroys the hostile forces – and She struck into a black swarming mass of men.

1. In occult language, a 'formation' is a concentration of power towards a

specific end. In this case, the tantric guru's formation to save the nephew.

2. The yearly ritual worship in honor of Durga, the universal Mother.

But then there came a ... frightful reaction. For one day I was nearly as sick – not quite – as two years ago* (they must have used the same mantra). And, you see, I who never vomit ... terrible vomiting – everything inside came out! Only now I'm a bit more experienced than two years ago (!), so I set it right ... It happened here, downstairs, in the afternoon. I went right back up to my room (I didn't see anyone that afternoon), and I remained concentrated to try to find out what had happened. I saw that it came from there – a backlash of those people trying to defend themselves.

I did what had to be done.

But unfortunately, this spread all over the Ashram, all over everyone – a black cloud everywhere. It was rather ... troublesome!

But some days later, a telephone call: the boy was found in Ahmedabad and brought back to Bombay.

The boy's story is ... fantastic! It's fantastic. He was thin, gray, empty-headed. I no longer recall all the details, but ultimately it was the same story: abducted from a railway station in the same way; he saw some people, an hypnotic state, and then no more recollection of what had happened to him, nothing at all. I don't know if they used a handkerchief on him as well, but he was 'hypnotized.' They punched him also when he asked to eat. And after that, no more appetite! As if they removed all interest in eating – even when there was food, he didn't touch it. And absolutely empty-headed.

However, he recalls them repeatedly telling him this: 'You have no family; that name is not yours; you are called by such-and-such-a-name (they gave him another name); you are all alone and depend exclusively upon us.' But then, probably this boy had a slightly deeper consciousness, for although his brain did not seem to be working outwardly, something deep down was able to observe and remember.

1. The *rakshas* are demons of the lower vital plane.

2. The attack of black magic in December 1958.

Finally, they had him work as a waiter in a small café in Ahmedabad, near the station. One day it even happened that his brother and his brother's friend stopped by (he vaguely recalls having seen them) but he was incapable of speaking to them or of getting them to recognize him. Another time, he tried to leave and headed towards the station, but after awhile he could no longer walk, he was suddenly stopped by something (he doesn't know what), and he had to go back. That's how it was – quite a ... unique state. But one day, a friend of the brother stopped at this café to drink something, and this same boy served him. He had changed a lot, but the other fellow recognized him all the same and asked, 'What's your name?' He saw that the boy seemed dazed and couldn't answer. So he didn't say anything but ran immediately to where the elder brother lived; they came back, took the boy into a corner and doused his face with seltzer water. It seems that then he started becoming more alive. Then they led him away and informed the police.

I don't have any more details yet ...

(Here we introduce, parenthetically, the details of the story as Mother told them two months later)

I found out the details: this boy had to go to the station, but on his way, he went into a shoe store just next to the station to buy a pair of sandals. As he entered, he saw a man there choosing a pair of women's shoes for himself! This seemed strange to him: 'What's this man doing buying ...' and he WATCHED – suddenly, nothing more. He lost consciousness and no longer knew what happened to him. And that's how the story began – a man selecting women's shoes in a shop! He must do strange things – probably intentionally – to attract people's attention. Naturally, out of curiosity, the boy started watching, and that was that – all of a sudden, blank, nothing more! And long afterwards he found himself far away in a train with this man. He's here now with his mother – they came to thank me. It's he who gave me the details. He's a nice boy, but all this has left him with some anxiety, especially when he speaks of it. He's trying to forget. He told me he'd like to join the army and asked my permission. The boy feels a need for force and he has the idea that to be part of such a force would be good for him. (Of course, he didn't tell me all this, he's not that conscious. But that's what he feels – the need to be supported by an organization of force.) So I encouraged him. I told him it was a good idea. His mother wasn't very happy! She feared he was leaping from the frying pan into the fire!

Another curious detail is that after having taken away all his appetite and having put him in the café as a waiter, they told him, 'Now you must eat,' so he tried to eat, and for four days he vomited up everything he put in – it was completely black! After that, he was able to start eating a little. It's a fantastic story!

(The conversation resumes here)

But I was mainly interested by the fact that I felt the danger these people represented – not because they were brigands, but because they had some power – brigands with a power – and from what I saw, it was not merely an hypnotic power. There must have been a tantric force in it, otherwise they would not have been so powerful, and especially so powerful from a distance. I had said to myself, 'They MUST be caught.' Which was why ... (the Force kept on working, you see). And yesterday, the newspaper said that a gang of five men, eight women and half a dozen children had been arrested by the police in Allahabad for using what the newspaper called 'mesmeric' means to rob people, attack them, etc. (They were operating in Poona, Bombay and Ahmedabad, but they were caught in Allahabad). Probably when they realized that the boy was gone, they got frightened and fled to the North. And they were arrested in Allahabad – I had made a very strong formation and had said, 'They MUST be caught.'

As of now, I have no other news ... They've been caught, so they can't do any wrong OUTWARDLY, but still their power is there. We're going to have to be ... And everyone here says the same thing – like a black veil of unconsciousness that has fallen upon us. Even those who aren't accustomed to such things have felt it. I'm presently cleaning the whole place – it's not easy.

Everything is upside down.

I had X informed. But I didn't tell him my difficulty (this mantra they threw on me to kill me), I didn't speak of that at all. For he had insisted, from the beginning he had said, 'Mother must see to it, only Mother's grace can save them.' And I understood – their attack came just at the time of Durga Puja, so I understood that Durga had to intervene. So that's the story.

Things are not going so well for X either; everywhere it's grating. It was probably very important ... I am hopeful that it can bring some change.

But normally, shouldn't the mantra bounce back on them?

Obviously! It's boomeranging back on them. They must be having a rather hard time of it now, but too bad for them! They won't escape it.

I don't know what's going to happen to them ... They must have killed quite a few people. If that's discovered, they'll get what they deserve and we'll be rid of them – they'll become little disembodied demons! It's less dangerous.

Unless they reincarnate somewhere else. Some people are always ready to accept demons, that's the trouble!

> *(No sooner had Mother finished telling this story than, by a curious 'coincidence,' someone brought her a portrait drawn by P.K., one of the Ashram artists. Several days earlier, at about two in the morning during an uncommonly violent lightning storm, P.K. had suddenly SEEN amidst the flashes of lightning in the sky a rather terrible, demoniacal head in front of his very eyes. Having nothing else available, he hastily drew his vision in chalk on a schoolchild's slate, which is the portrait Mother speaks of here:)*

Well, well! So P.K. is clairvoyant! It's him, for sure – this is the being behind those people. That's why they had so much power. And he came here because of that – he was furious. Quite a demon!

I also saw him that night. 'You *fools with your small crackers,'* he said, 'I *will show you what real crackers* are!" – and those flashes of lightning, such an astonishing violence ... Oh, he proclaimed all kinds of things, disasters, what not ... But these are very complex matters and it's better not to go into detail.

(Some days later, Mother added the following:)

Merely by looking at that portrait, one child came down with fever![*]

1. Original English. This happened at the time of 'Deepavali,' the Festival of Light, when people throughout India set off all kinds of fireworks.

2. Which is why we are not publishing it.

I myself didn't dare look at it for long!

Oh, it's terrifying! I don't know who had the stupid idea of showing this to the child, but after he saw it he had a fever for three days, with terrible chills. And I believe the artist too was sick after finishing his sketch.

* * *

(soon afterwards)

What about you, is your health better? *(the disciple had not been well)*

When you have to slip in seven hours of japa a day, it makes your life a bit strange!

It's so contrary not only to the education but to the make up of people from the West! For an Indian ... for a modern Indian it would be difficult, but for those who have kept something of the old tradition it would not be difficult. It's easy for children raised in a monastery or near the guru ...

(silence)

I looked and saw the realm which is under the influence of thought – the power of thought on the body is tremendous! You cannot imagine how tremendous it is. Even a subconscious or sometimes unconscious thought acts and provokes fantastic results! ... I've studied this. I've been studying it IN DETAIL for the last two years – it's incredible! If I had the time one day to explain all this, it would be interesting.

Even tiny, the tiniest mental or vital reactions – so tiny that to our ordinary consciousness they don't appear to have the LEAST importance – act upon the body's cells and can create disorders ... You see, when you observe carefully, you suddenly become aware of a very slight uneasiness, a mere nothing (when you're busy, you don't even notice it), and then if you follow this uneasiness to see what it is, you perceive that it comes from something quite imperceptible and 'insignificant' to our active consciousness – but it's enough to create an uneasy feeling in the body.

Which is why – unless you are intentionally and constantly in what here is called the Brahmic consciousness – it is practically impossible to control. And this is what gives the impression of certain things happening in the body independently of ... not only of our will but of our consciousness – BUT IT IS NOT TRUE.

Only, there is all that comes from outside – that's what is most dangerous. Constantly, constantly – when you eat, you catch it ... oh, what a mass of vibrations! The vibrations of the thing you eat when it was living (they always remain), the vibrations of the person who cooked it, vibrations of ... All the time, all the time, they never stop – you breathe, they enter. Of course, when you start talking to someone or mixing with people, then you become a bit more conscious of what is coming, but even just sitting still, uninvolved with others – it comes! There is an almost total interdependence – isolation is an illusion. By reinforcing your own atmosphere *(Mother gestures, as if building a wall around her),* you can hold these things off TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, but simply this effort to keep them at a distance creates (I'm thinking in English and speaking in French) ... *disturbances.'* Anyway, now all this has been SEEN.

But I know in an absolute way that once this whole mass of the physical mind is mastered and the Brahmic consciousness is brought into it in a continuous way, you CAN ... you become the MASTER of your health.

This is why I tell people (not that I expect them to do it, at least not now, but it's good they know) that it's NOT a matter of fate, NOT something that completely escapes our control, NOT some sort of 'Law of Nature' over which

we have no power – it is not so. We are truly the masters of everything which has been brought together to create our transitory individuality; we have been given the power of control, if only we knew how to use it.

It's a discipline, a tremendous *tapasya.2*

But it's good to know in order to avoid this feeling of being crushed when things are still completely outside your control, this sense of fatality people have – they're born, they live, they die: Nature is crushing and we are the playthings of something much bigger, much stronger than us – that is the Falsehood.

In any case, for myself, in my yoga, only after I KNEW that I AM the Master of everything (provided I know how to BE this Master and LET myself be this Master – provided, that is, that the outer stupidity accepts to stay in its place), did I know that one could be the Master of Nature.

E Original English.

2. Tapasya: asceticism, austerities, severe discipline.

There's also this old idea rooted in religions of Chaldean or Christian origin of a God with whom you can have no true contact – an abyss between the two. That is terrible.

That absolutely has to stop.

For with that idea, the earth and men will NEVER be able to change. This is why I have often said that this idea is the work of the *Asuras,** and with it they have ruled the earth.

Whereas whatever the effort, whatever the difficulty, whatever time it takes, whatever number of lives, you must know that all this doesn't matter: you KNOW you ARE the Master, that the Master and you are the same. All that's necessary is ... to know it INTEGRALLY, and nothing must belie it. That's the way out.

When I tell people that their health depends on their inner life (an intermediate inner life, not the deepest), it's because of this.

During the last two years, I've been accumulating experiences IN THEIR MINUTEST DETAILS, things that might seem most useless. You have to consent to that and not have a mania for greatness; you must know that where the key is found is in the tiniest effort to create a true attitude in a few cells.

The problem is that when you enter into the ordinary consciousness, these things become so subtle and require such a scrupulous observance that people are justified (they FEEL justified) in having the attitude, 'Oh, it's Nature, it's Fate, it's the Divine Will!' But with that conviction, the 'Yoga of Perfection' is impossible and appears as a mere utopian fantasy – but this is FALSE. The truth is something else entirely.

(long silence)

... When I say to someone, 'I shall take care of you,' do you know what I do? I join his body to mine. And then all the work is done in me (as far as possible – essentially it's possible, but there is a relativity because of time; but as far as possible ...). So I find it very interesting to make cross-references and find out the results of my intervention – not so I can boast (there's nothing much to boast about), but for the sake of the SCIENTIFIC study of the

problem: to know how to proceed, how to discriminate, what is active and what isn't, what are the guide lines, etc.

1. Asuras: demons of the mental plane.

And even if at the moment you don't feel very good, you are able to say, 'It doesn't matter; what we have to do, we'll do' (this fear of not being able to do what has to be done is the most irksome), if at that moment you can sincerely say to yourself, 'No, I trust in the Divine Grace ... no, I will do what I have to do, and I'll be given the power to do it, or the power to do it will be created in me' – then that is the true attitude.

I feel that's what you give me.

October 30, 1960

(After a meditation with Mother on the occasion of the disciple's birthday. At the outset of the conversation, Mother had given the disciple a small leather wallet with an Egyptian fresco depicted on it.)

Let me see the wallet *(Mother looks at it)* ... Ah, so that has nothing to do with it!

As soon as the meditation began, I started seeing quite familiar scenes from ancient Egypt. And you, you looked a little different, but quite similar all the same ... The first thing I saw was their god with a head like this *(gesture of a muzzle),* with a sun above his head. A dark animal head with ... I know it VERY WELL, but I don't remember exactly which animal it is. One is a hawk,' but the other has a head like ... (Mother *makes the same gesture)*

Like a jackal?

Yes, like a jackal, that's it. Yes, that's what it was. With a kind of lyre above its head, and then a sun.*

1. Horus, the sun god, child of Isis and Osiris.

2. According to tradition, *Anubis,* the jackal-headed god, helped Isis to rebuild the body of her spouse, Osiris, who had been killed and dismembered by his brother Set. Osiris was the first god to rule over men. Owing to certain special rites, Isis, helped by Anubis, succeeded in bringing him back to life. So we are not very far from the legend of Savitri and Satyavan.

And this god was very intimately related to you, as if you were melted together; you were like a sacrificial priest and at the same time he was entering into you.

And this lasted quite long (it's what I saw most clearly and what I best remember). But there were many, many things – old things that I know – and

certainly a VERY INTIMATE relationship which we had in the days of Egypt, at Thebes.

It's the first time I saw this for you – it was very, very ...

'Was it by chance the wallet that brought this to mind?' I wondered right at first. I had the impression of having given you something Egyptian, but I could no longer remember what it was – I'm happy it wasn't that! ... I hesitated for barely a moment, then said to myself, 'Why?' And what came is that everything, even apparently accidental things, is organized by the same Consciousness for the same ends – it's obvious.

But I found this interesting, so I began looking, and I LIVED the scene, all kinds of scenes of initiation, worship, etc., for quite some time. When that lifted, a light much stronger than the last time *(during the last meditation)* came down, in a wonderful silence. (I might add that the first thing I did, at the beginning, was to try to establish a silence around you, to insulate you from other things so as to keep your mind quiet; it kept jumping a little, but once this light came down ...) And it came down with a very hieratic quality and ... (how can I put this?) Egyptian in character – very occult, very occult, very, very distinct, very specific, like this *(gesture indicating a block of silence descending).*

And then there came a long moment of absolutely motionless contemplation ... with something that now escapes me – it may come back.

Then suddenly I went into a little trance. And in it I saw you, but you were ... physically, you were on one plane, and then I saw another man on a different plane (I saw him quite concretely; he was rather tall, broad-shouldered – not so tall as broad, with a dark, European suit). And he took your hands and started shaking them enthusiastically! – but you were quite indifferent, just as you are now, dressed in Indian fashion and sitting cross-legged. He took both your hands and started shaking them! And then I distinctly heard the words: 'Congratulations, it's a great success!' – it had to do with your book.' And at the same time, I saw all sorts of people and things who were touched by your book – all kinds of people, obviously French, or Westerners in any case ... women, men. There was even one woman (she must have been an actress or a singer or ... anyway, someone whose life was ... she was even dressed for the stage, with some kind of tights – a beautiful girl!) and she said to someone, 'Ah, it has even given me a taste for the spiritual life!' It was extremely interesting ... All kinds of things of this nature. And then once again I came out of this trance and ... In the end, I tried to do some certain thing for you and it turned out well. It turned out quite well.

1. L'Orpailleur, which had just been published. The man's description, as a matter of fact, bears a striking resemblance to the publisher.

But then, just before that, there was this powdering of golden light coming down. And as it descended, it was white with a touch of gold (but it was white) and it came down in a column, with such POWER! ... And then, just at the end, this powdering of gold came and settled into this white light which had remained there the whole time – oh, it was so ... abundant. A great power of realization. I had a hard time coming out of it! At the start, I had decided to

come out of it at half past, so I came out, but still not completely ...

So there, my child. And you, what did you feel?

> *When I meditate with you ... When I'm alone, there is never this power, this ... It's something else ... Sometimes it's strong but it always lacks this particular quality. There are powerful moments when I'm alone, but not like this.*

Of course! I'm also with you there in your room when you meditate, but it does make a difference ...

The physical vibration is important. The circumstances relating to the work of transformation make the physical vibration important. I feel it, for as soon as I want to do something with someone on the physical plane (physical, mind you), it all comes into the body. And the body is simply seized ... I see that absolutely physical vibrations are being used all the time. It's really so different. All the work which is done at a distance *(gesture indicating action stemming from the mind) – it* acts, of course, but ...

You know, even now, all this *(Mother touches her body, her hands)* feels so vibrant and alive that it's difficult to sense its limits ... as if it extends beyond the body in all directions. It no longer has any limits.

But it's still not luminous in the dark. What is normally luminous in the dark is something else ... I had that when I was working with Theon (after returning to France, we had group meditations – though he didn't call it 'meditation,' he called it 'repose,' and we used to do this in a darkened room), and there was ... it was like phosphorescence, exactly the color of phosphorescent light, like certain fish in the water at night. It would come out [of the body], spread forth, move about. But that is the vital, it originates in the vital. It is a force from above, but what manifests is vital. Whereas now it is absolutely, clearly the golden supramental light in ... an extraordinary pulsation, vibrant in intensity ... But probably it still lacks a ... what Theon used to call 'density,' an agent that enables it to be seen in the dark – and then it would be visibly gold, not phosphorescent.

But it is very, very concrete, very material.

I wonder if at night ... Sometimes it's so intense that I wonder if it doesn't radiate. But I can't see as my eyes are closed!

Again last night, for a large part of the night, it was ... the body has no more limits – it's only a great MASS of vibrations.

And the experience just now *(during meditation)* was somehow mixed with what I usually see at night (it was not a combination – or maybe it was a combination ...), for it had that same light ... It was a kind of powdering, even finer than tiny dots – a powdering like an atomic dust, but with an EXTREMELY intense vibration ... but without any shifting of place. And yet it's in constant motion ... Something shifting about within something that vibrates on the same spot without moving (something does move, but it's subtler, like a current of tremendous power which passes through a milieu that doesn't move at all: rather, it vibrates on the same spot with an extreme intensity). But I don't exactly know how it is different from the present experience ... It becomes less golden at night, the gold is less visible, whereas

the other colors – white, blue and a sort of pink – are much more visible.

Oh, now I remember! It was PINK during the second phase, just afterwards, after Egypt! Oh, it was like ... like at the end of a sunrise when it gets very clear and luminous. A magnificent color. And it kept coming down and down, in a flood ... that part was new. It's something I see very rarely. It was not there at all the last time we meditated together. And it came filled with such a joy! Oh! ... It was absolutely ecstatic. It lasted quite a long time. And from there I went into this trance where I saw *(laughing)* that man congratulating you! I heard him say (his voice is what roused me from my trance, and then I saw him), 'Congratulations, it's a great success!' *(Mother laughs)*

It's good. We'll have these little meditations from time to time. For me, it's pleasant, for I have neither to restrict nor contain nor veil myself. It's nice.

And I see what's coming down; it's good.

And there is something very happy, very happy, which keeps repeating, 'It's good, it's good!' Happy ... and rather satisfied because of that.

My impression is that in a while, maybe not in such a distant future, we'll be able to do something, a sort of ... it will no longer be personal. We should be able to establish something.'

* * *

(soon afterwards, when leaving)

Is that all? You have nothing to tell me, nothing to ask?

I'm counting above all on your force to put my body back in order.

Yes, of course! But to be put back in order, it must become a bit stronger. The more fragile you are, the more it breaks down.

All I know is that HERE you must be very careful not to weaken the body's resistance (I don't just mean in India, but here in the Ashram). Here, it's important – the base must be solid, for otherwise it's difficult. The more the Force descends – as it has just now descended – the more the body must be ... rather square. It's important.

I've tried everything, you know, from complete fasting to a meat diet – everything, everything. Well, I noticed that you can have pleasant experiences while fasting, but it's not good, it shouldn't be done – these are all old ideas. No, the body must be solid, solid ... otherwise ...

(Mother gives the disciple a carnation, named by her 'Collaboration')

1. The terrestrial work to be accomplished through the *Agenda.*

So, I won't see you again? ... No, too many people come in the afternoon, it's not pleasant ...

November 5, 1960

These things from the past ... it's rather odd – now, once they come and I've spoken of them, they get erased. As if they were returning one last time to say goodbye before going for good.

All these 'memories' (actually they're rather pictures) seem to be coming forward to show themselves with all the knowledge, truth and HELP they represent; they come to say, 'There! You see, this is the origin of that' – a whole curve. Then once I've seen it, it's gone.

One day, as an experiment, I tried to remember something from the past, for I was interested in what it contained; I tried – impossible! It had been cleaned out, it was gone. So I understood that these things come, they show themselves (you have to be ATTENTIVE and know what purpose they have served) and then they go away.

I have so totally forgotten a whole world of incidents and events that when someone reminds me of something (the people around me have lived with me, so they've seen things and remember them), I get the feeling that they are speaking of someone or something else – it no longer has any connection with me at all. And it's the same with everything, whether near or far, which has brought to my consciousness whatever it had to bring, lost its utility and – disappeared. Only, these memories probably still have some utility for the others, so they remain. But for me it's completely erased, absolutely, as if it had never been.

It's the only way to forget.

People often try to forget the past, but it doesn't work. Only once it has brought all the lessons that it was meant to bring into your life (it's decanted, so you see the thing in its deepest truth), is its utility finished, and it disappears.

I am convinced that at heart *Karma is* simply all the things we haven't used in the true way that we drag along behind us ... If totally and clearly we have learned the lesson which each event or each circumstance ought to have brought, then it's finished, its utility is gone and it dissolves.

It's an interesting experience to follow and observe.

(soon afterwards)

I went down into a place ... a place simply in the human consciousness, thus necessarily in my body ... I have never seen anything more timorous, fearful, feeble and mean! It's ... it must be a part of the cells, part of the consciousness, something that lives in apprehension, fear, dread, anxiety ... It was truly, truly dreadful.

And we carry that within us! We aren't aware of it, it's almost subconscious – for you see, the consciousness is there to prevent us from yielding to that – it's cowardly, and it can make you fall sick IN A MINUTE. I saw it, I saw things that had been cured and overcome in myself (cured in the true manner, not in an outer way), and then they return! It's cured, but then it begins again.

So then I went in search of its origin. It's something in the subconscient – in the cells' subconscient. Its roots are there, and on the least occasion ... And

it's so very, very ingrained that ... For example, you can be feeling very good, the body can be perfectly harmonious (and when the body is perfectly harmonious, its motions are harmonious, things are in their true places, everything works exactly as it should without needing the least attention – a general harmony), when suddenly the clock strikes, for example, or someone utters a word, and you have just the faint impression 'Oh, it's late, I'm not going to be on time' – a second, a split second, and ... the whole working of the body falls apart. You suddenly feel feeble, drained, uneasy. And you have to intervene. It's terrible. And we're at the mercy of such things!

To change it, you have to descend into it – which is what I'm in the midst of doing. But you know, it makes for painful moments. Anyway, once it's done, it will be something. When that is done, I'll explain it to you. And then I'll have the power to restore you to health.

November 8, 1960

(After a conversation with Z, a distant 'disciple' reputed for his loose morals and the object of numerous 'moralistic' or even so-called 'yogic' criticisms among the 'true disciples' in the Ashram)

He lives in a region which is largely a kind of vital vibration which penetrates the mind and makes use of the imagination (essentially it's the same region most so-called cultured men live in). I don't mean to be severe or critical, but it's a world that likes to play to itself. It's not really what we could call histrionics, not that – it's rather a need to dramatize to oneself. So it can be an heroic drama, it can be a musical drama, it can be a tragic drama, or quite simply a poetic drama – and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it's a romantic drama. And then, these 'soul states' (!) come replete with certain spoken expressions ... *(laughing)* I'm holding myself back from saying certain things! – You know, it's like a theatricals store where you rent scenery and costumes. It's all ready and waiting – a little call, and there it comes, ready-made. For a particular occasion, they say, 'You're the woman of my life' (to be repeated as often as necessary), and for another they say ... It's a whole world, a whole mode of human life which I suddenly felt I was holding in my arms. Yes, like a decoration, an ornament, a nicety – an ornament of existence, to keep it from being flat and dull – and the best means the human mind has found to get out of its *tamas*. It's a kind of artifice.

So for persons who are severe and grave (there are two such examples here, but it's not necessary to name them) ... There are beings who are grave, so serious, so sincere, who find it hypocritical; and when it borders on certain

(how shall I put it?) vital excesses, they call it vice. There are others who have lived their entire lives in a yogic or religious discipline, and they see this as an obstacle, illusion, dirtyness *(Mother makes a gesture of rejecting with disgust),* but above all, it's this 'terrible illusion that prevents you from nearing the Divine.' And when I saw the way these two people here reacted, in fact, I said to myself, 'but ...' – you see, I FELT So strongly that this too is the Divine, it too is a way of getting out of something that has had its place in evolution, and still has a place, individually, for certain individuals. Naturally, if you remain there, you keep turning in circles; it will always be (not eternally, but indefinitely)' the woman of my life,' to take that as a symbol. But once you're out of it, you see that this had its place, its utility – it made you emerge from a kind of very animal-like wisdom and quietude – that of the herd or of the being who sees no further than his daily round. It was necessary. We mustn't condemn it, we mustn't use harsh words.

The mistake we make is to remain there too long, for if you spend your whole life in that, well, you'll probably need many more lifetimes. But once the chance to get out of it comes, you can look at it with a smile and say, 'Yes, it's really a sort of love for fiction!' – people love fiction, they want fiction, they need fiction! Otherwise it's boring and all much too flat.

All this came to me yesterday. I kept Z with me for more than half an hour, nearly 45 minutes. He told me some very interesting things. What he said was quite good and I encouraged him a great deal – some action on the right lines which will be quite useful, and then a book ... unfortunately mixed with an influence from that artificial world (but actually, even that can be used as a link to attract people). He must have spoken to you about this. He wants to write a kind of dialogue to introduce Sri Aurobindo's ideas – it's a good idea – like the conversations in *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* by Jules Romain. He wants to do it, and I told him it was an excellent idea. And not only one type – he should take all types of people who for the moment are closed to this vision of life, from the Catholic, the fervent believer, right to the utmost materialist, men of science, etc. It could be very interesting.

This is what you see in life, it's all like that – each thing has its place and its necessity. This has made me see a whole current of life ... I was very, very involved with people from this milieu during a whole period of my existence – and in fact, it's the first approach to Beauty. But it gets mixed.

(Mother remains silent a moment)

Symbolically, in life, we might think of tamas as the earth (the solid and obdurate earth), and this intervention of the vital is water flowing onto it. But when first it touches the earth, it stirs up mud! There's no reason to protest, for it's like that. And thereby the earth becomes less hard and resistant, and it begins receiving.

It's an approach which is not at all mental nor intellectual nor (God knows!) moral in the least – no notion of Good or Evil nor any of those things, absolutely none of that. There's a moment in life when you begin thinking a little and you see all this from an overall or universal point of view in which all moral notions completely disappear – FOR ANOTHER REASON. This

experience with Z reminded me of a certain way of approaching Beauty that enables you even to find it in what appears dirty and ugly to the common vision. It is She trying to express herself in this something which to the common vision is ugly, dirty, hypocritical. But of course, if you yourself have striven assiduously and have greatly held yourself in, then you look at it reprovingly.

From my earliest childhood, instinctively, I have never felt the slightest contempt or ... how should I say ... (well, well! I was thinking in English) shrinking or disapproval, severe criticism or disgust for the things people call vice.

(silence)

I have experienced all kinds of things in life, but I have always felt a sort of light – so INTANGIBLE, So perfectly pure (not in the moral sense, but pure light!) – and it could go anywhere, mix everywhere without ever really getting mixed with anything. I felt this flame as a young child – a white flame. And NEVER have I felt disgust, contempt, recoil, the sense of being dirtied – by anything or anyone. There was always this flame – white, white, so white that nothing could make it other than white. And I started feeling it long ago in the past (now my approach is entirely different – it comes straight from above, and I have other reasons for seeing the Purity in everything). But it came back when I met Z (because of the contact with him) – and I felt nothing negative, absolutely nothing. Afterwards, people said, 'Oh, how he used to be this, how he used to be that! ... And now look at him! See what he's become! ...' Someone even used the word 'rotten' – that made me smile. Because, you see, that doesn't exist for me.

What I saw is this world, this realm where people are like that, they live that, for it's necessary to get out from below and this is a way – it's a way, the only way. It was the only way for the vital formation and the vital creation to enter into the material world, into inert matter. An intellectualized vital, a vital of ideas, an 'artist'; it even fringes upon or has the first drops of Poetry – this Poetry which upon its peaks goes beyond the mind and becomes an expression of the Spirit. Well, when these first drops fall on earth, it stirs up mud.

And I wondered why people are so rigid and severe, why they condemn others (but one day I'll understand this as well). I say this because very often I run into these two states of mind in my activities (the grave and serious mind which sees hypocrisy and vice, and the religious and yogic mind which sees the illusion that prevents you from nearing the Divine) – and without being openly criticized, I'm criticized ... I'll tell you about this one day ...

You're criticized?

Yes, but naturally without daring to criticize me openly. But I'm aware of it. On the one hand, they see it as a kind of *looseness* on my part (oh, not only for that – many things!). And on the other hand,' you know well enough; it applies to other things, slightly different areas, it's not exactly the same, but in this area they're also severe. I'm even told that there are some people who shouldn't be in the Ashram.

My reply is that the whole world should be in the Ashram!

But as I cannot contain the whole world, I have to contain at least one representative of each type.

They also find I give too much time and too much force (and maybe too much attention) to people and things that should be regarded with more severity. That never bothered me much. It doesn't matter, they can say what they like.

But since Z's visit yesterday, and this morning on the balcony ... Oh, it's so ... I had already seen this long ago – this whole milieu that is not very pretty – and I had said, 'Well, it's all right, that's how it is,' and I didn't discuss it further: 'That's how it is, and absolutely the whole world belongs to the Lord – IS the Lord! And the Lord made it so, and the Lord wants it so, and it's quite all right.' Then I put it aside. But with his visit yesterday, it found its place – such a smiling place. And there's a whole world of things of life which have found their true place in this way – with a smile!

(silence)

As if suddenly something were opening in a marvelous way – it has classified a whole part of terrestrial life. It was truly interesting.

1. Mother is referring to traditional tantrism.

(silence)

How strange it is! ... You have the feeling of ascending, of a progress in consciousness, and everything, all the events and circumstances of life follow one another with an unquestioning logic. You see the Divine Will unfolding with a wonderful logic. Then, from time to time, there appears a little 'set' of circumstances (either isolated or repeated), which are like snags on the way; you can't explain them, so you put them aside 'for later on.' Some such 'accidents' have been quite significant, but they don't seem to follow this ascending line of the present individuality. They're scattered along the way, sometimes repeated, sometimes only once, and then they vanish. And when you go through such an experience, you sense that they are things put aside for later on. And then, all of a sudden (especially during these last two years when I have again descended to take all that up), all of a sudden, one after another, all these snags return. And they don't follow the same curve; rather, it's as if suddenly you reach a certain state and a certain impersonal breadth that far surpasses the individual, and this new state enters into contact with one of those old 'accidents' that had remained in the deepest part of the subconscient – and that makes it rise up again, the two meet ... in an explosion of light. Everything is explained, everything is understood, everything is clear! No explanation is needed: it has become OBVIOUS.

This is entirely another way of understanding – it's not an ascent, not even a descent nor an inspiration ... it must be what Sri Aurobindo calls a' revelation.' It's the meeting of this subconscious notation – this something which has remained buried within, held down so as not to manifest, but which suddenly surges forth to meet the light streaming down from above, this very vast state of consciousness that excludes nothing ... and from it springs forth a

light – oh, a resplendence of light! – like a new explanation of the world, or of that part of the world not yet explained.

And this is the true way of knowing.

These things are like landmarks along the ascending path: you go forward step by step, and sometimes it's painful, sometimes joyful, or with a certain amount of toil that bears witness still to the presence of the personality or the individuality and its limitations (the *Questions and Answers* are full of this) – but the other thing is different, completely different: the other thing is an overflowing joy, and not only the joy of knowing but the joy of BEING. An overflowing joy.'

There, my child.

... If you weren't there, all these things would never get said.

I don't know why. I don't know why I wouldn't say them. But I know why I say them to you – I already gave you a *hint.*[*] I told you, didn't I, that there was a reason.

Yes, but you didn't tell me what it was!

(Mother laughs) Because it's not that kind of reason, not a reason that can be explained!! No, it's a ... it's the same thing, a contact.

I know – I told you that I had had a vision, but you didn't understand what I told you that day. It was a vision of the place you occupy in my being and of the work we have to do together. That's really how it is. These things [that I tell you] have their utility and a concrete life, and I see them as very powerful for world transformation – they're what I call 'experiences' (which is much more than an experience because it extends far beyond the individual) – and it's the same whether it's said or not said: the Action is done. But the fact that it is said, that it is formulated here and preserved, is exclusively for you, because you were made for this and this is why we met.

It doesn't need a lot of explaining.

And, even with Sri Aurobindo, even with him I didn't speak of these things for I wouldn't waste his time, and I found it quite useless to burden him with all this. I would tell him ... I always described my visions and experiences at night – I always recounted that to him. And he would remember (I myself would forget; the next day, the whole thing would be gone), he would remember; then sometimes, long afterwards, even years afterwards, he would say, 'Ah, yes! You had seen that back then.' He had a wonderful memory. While myself, I would already have forgotten. But those were the only things I told him, and even then only when I saw that it had a very sure, very superior quality. I didn't bother him with a whole jumble of words. But otherwise . even Nolini,' who understands well ... I never, never felt even the ... (it's not the need) not even the POSSIBILITY.

1. Later coming back to the experience She has just described, Mother added the following: 'It's a very interesting experience. It's a very powerful lever for abolishing the moral point of view in its narrowest forms. And this is precisely what I encounter all the time in people – you see, all those who make a spiritual effort bring me truckloads of morality!'

2. Original English.

I don't want to tell you this too precisely, to expand on it, for these things cannot be explained. I want you to – not know nor think it, but feel it suddenly, like a little electric shock within that leaps forth.

It will come.

I'm really so thick, you know ...

It's the mind that's terrible. It's a nuisance. To have an experience like the one I told you about a little while ago you have to tell it, 'Okay, be quiet; be quiet now, be calm.' But if it's left on its own and you're unfortunate enough to listen to it, it spoils everything. This is what you must learn to do.

But effort is not of much use, my child, it's ... *(long silence)* it's ... you can call it grace, or you can call it a 'knack' – two very different things, yet it has something of each.

If I could only make my head quiet!

That is horrible. It's painful, exhausting.

And the more you try, the more fidgety it gets.

That's it, exactly. It's what I was telling you, that it's not the result of any effort ... In fact, sometimes it comes all by itself when you're no longer thinking about it. Maybe I'll be able to help you one day.

1. The most senior disciple in the Ashram.

Undated, 1960

(Handwritten note from Mother to Satprem)

At the moment when you least expect it.

November 12, 1960

(It has not stopped raining for the last 20 days ...)

Chittagong was hit by a cyclone, there were tidal waves somewhere else ... The cyclone went up the wrong side! – for according to X's predictions, it was Karachi that should have disappeared.

> *He said only in 1962 or 1963 would Karachi totally disappear. And three-fourths of Bombay underwater!*

And just a while ago some volcanoes erupted, so the sea rose and swept away all kinds of things in Japan and all along its path, but it didn't come all the way to India. When I was in Japan, one island was swallowed up just like that, along with its 30,000 inhabitants, glub!

You see, it amuses them; it's the way these beings amuse themselves – only it's on another scale, that's all. They look at us like ants, so what's it matter to them! 'If they don't like it, too bad for them.' Only, ants can't protest, or at least we don't understand their protests! Whereas when we ourselves protest, we can make ourselves heard. We have the means to make ourselves heard.

We can be heard?

Certainly, we CAN be heard. So far I never said anything. It even surprised me, for I had never paid it any attention, I was quite away from all that: it's raining? – so what, it's raining, it happens. It's not raining? – so what, it's not raining, it's the same thing. And then gradually people started mentioning that should it continue, they wouldn't be able to do their exercises, and they wouldn't be ready for December 2.' Then I started receiving desperate letters – one person even told me he was doing his puja underwater! So I answered by saying, 'Take it as the Lord's blessing' but I'm not sure he appreciated it! And then I learned that 200 houses [in the Ashram] – 200! – are leaking. Naturally, each one is in a great hurry – it's terribly urgent! So perhaps I shall file a complaint and ask them what they mean by this!

Actually, if communications are interrupted, it can be troublesome ... Let us see.

(After a moment of silence) We don't have time now to work, it's too late. And anyway, we can't see properly. Did you bring anything?

Yes, some 'Questions and Answers.'

More small talk!

Speaking of which, I looked at T's most recent questions on the *Aphorisms* again. All these children haven't the least sense of humor, so Sri Aurobindo's paradoxes throw them into a kind of despair! ... The last aphorism went something like this: 'When I could read a wearisome book from one end to the other with pleasure, then I knew I had conquered my mind.'* So T asked me 'How can you read a wearisome book with pleasure?'!! I had to explain it to her. And on top of that, I have to take on a rather serious tone, for were I to reply in the same ironic fashion, they would be totally drowned! It throws them into a terrible confusion!

It's a lack of plasticity in the mind, and they are bound by the expression of things; for them, words are rigid. Sri Aurobindo explained it so well in *The Secret of the Veda,* he shows how language evolves and how, before, it was very supple and evocative. For example, one could at once think of a river and of inspiration.

1. The Ashram's annual physical education demonstration at the Sportsground.

2. The actual aphorism reads: 'When I read a wearisome book through and with pleasure, yet perceived all the perfection of its wearisomeness, then I knew that my mind was conquered.'

Sri Aurobindo also gives the example of a sailboat and the forward march of life. And he says that for those of the Vedic age it was quite natural, the two could go together, superimposed; it was merely a way of looking at the same thing from two sides, whereas now, when a word is said, we think only of this word all by itself, and to get a clear picture we need a whole literary or poetic imagery (with explanations to boot!). That's exactly the case with these children; they're at a stage where everything is rigid. Such is the product of modern education. It even extracts the subtlest nuance between two words and FIXES it: 'And above all, don't make any mistake, don't use this word for that word, for otherwise your writing's no good.' But it's just the opposite.

(silence)

So, are you sleeping in water?

It's not that bad!

Yes, everything is getting mildewed, everything you touch. I'm sleeping in a damp bed; to walk on the woolen carpets upstairs is like walking on moss – in the forest! For myself, I don't mind.

There's a certain sensibility which makes any increase in humidity felt. Before it starts raining, even several hours before, it feels like there are drops falling on my body. I can always say when it's going to rain. It's entirely physical, actually, merely a heightened sensitivity. It feels like very tiny drops (you know, like drizzle), the feeling of a very fine spray falling on the body. And yet the sky is clear; I say, 'Hmm, it's going to rain.' And it rains – I felt it. I feel the water, and it never fails to come a few hours later.

(silence)

You asked me just now if we have a say in the matter. Well, last year I didn't go out; I had no intention of going to the Sportsground or to the theater for the December 2 program, but I was often asked to see that the weather be good. So while I was doing my japa upstairs, I started saying that it shouldn't rain. But 'they' weren't in a very good mood! (When I used to go out myself, it had an effect, for it kept the thing in check, and even if it had been raining earlier, that day it would stop.) So they said, 'But you aren't going out, so what does it matter.' I said I was counting on it. Then they answered, 'Are you prepared to have it rain the next time you go out?' – 'Do what you like,' I replied. And when I went out on November 24 for the prize distribution, there was a deluge. It came pouring down and we had to run for shelter in the gymnasium – everyone was splashing around, the band playing on the verandah was half-drenched, it was dreadful! – the day before it hadn't rained, the day after it didn't rain. But on that day they had their revenge!

I don't want that to happen this time. Once is enough. So I'm going to see about it.

(silence)

But it's explained very well in *Savitri!* All these things have their laws and their conventions (and truly speaking, a really FORMIDABLE power is needed

to change anything of their rights, for they have rights – what they call 'laws') ... Sri Aurobindo explains this very well when Savitri, following Satyavan into death, argues with the god of Death.' 'It's the Law, and who has the right to change the Law?' he says. And then comes this wonderful passage at the end where she replies, 'My God can change it. And my God is a God of Love.' Oh, how magnificent!

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

It's all right for winning a Victory, but not for stopping the rain for one day!

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

A while ago ... You know that I have TREMENDOUS financial difficulties. In fact, I have handed the whole matter over to the Lord, telling Him, 'It's your affair; if you want us to continue this experience, well, you must provide the means.' But this upsets some of 'them,' so they come along with all kinds of suggestions to keep me from having to ... to resort to something so drastic. They suggest all kinds of things; some time ago they said, 'What about a good cyclone, or a good earthquake? A lot of damage to the Ashram, a public appeal – that would bring in some funds!' *(Mother laughs)* Yes, it's of this order! And it's all quite clear and definite – we have veritable 'conversations'!

1. Yama: the god of Death. He is also the guardian of the Law.

I listen, I answer. 'It's not satisfactory!' I told them. But they've kept to their idea, they like it. When that first storm came some time back (you remember, with those terrible bolts of lightning and that asuric being P.K. saw and sketched): 'Don't you want us to destroy something? ...' I got angry. But it was ... This influence was so close and acute that it gave you goose bumps! The whole time the storm lasted, I had to hold on tight in my bed, like this *(Mother closes her fists tight as in a trance or deep concentration),* and I didn't move – didn't move – like a ... a rock during the entire storm, until he consented to go a bit further away. Then I moved. And even now, it comes – from others (there's not just one, you see, there are many): 'How about a good flood?' A roof collapsed the other day with someone underneath, but he was able to escape. So roofs are collapsing, houses ... 'Arouse public sympathy, we must help the Ashram!' 'It's no good,' I said. But maybe that's what's responsible for this interminable rain. And they offer so many other things ... oh, what they parade past me! You could write books on all this!

But generally – and this is something Theon had told me (Theon was very qualified on the subject of hostile forces and the workings of all that 'resists'

the divine influence, and he was a great fighter – as you might imagine! He himself was an incarnation of an asura, so he knew how to tackle these things!); he was always saying, If you make a VERY SMALL concession or suffer a minor defeat, it gives you the right to a very great victory.' It's a very good trick. And I have observed, in practice, that for all things, even for the very little things of everyday life, it's true – if you yield on one point (if, even though you see what should be, you yield on a very secondary and unimportant point), it immediately gives you the power to impose your will for something much more important. I mentioned this to Sri Aurobindo and he said that it was true. It is true in the world as it is today, but it's not what we want; we want it to change, really change.

He wrote this in a letter, I believe, and he spoke of this system of compensation – for example, those who take an illness on themselves in order to have the power to cure; and then there's the symbolic story of Christ dying on the cross to set men free. And Sri Aurobindo said, 'That's fine for a certain age, but we must now go beyond that.' As he told me (it's even one of the first things he told me), 'We are no longer at the time of Christ when, to be victorious, it was necessary to die.'

I have always remembered this.

But things are PULLING backwards – phew, how they pull! ... 'The Law, the Law, it's a Law. Don't you understand, it's a LAW, you can't change the Law.'

– 'But I CAME to change the Law.'

– 'Then pay the price.'

(silence)

What can make them yield?

Divine Love.

It's the only thing.

Sri Aurobindo has explained it in *Savitri.* Only when Divine Love has manifested in all its purity will everything yield, will it all yield – it will then be done.

It's the only thing that can do it.

It will be the great Victory.

(silence)

On a small scale, in very small details, I feel that of all the forces, this is the strongest. And it's the only one with a power over hostile wills. Only ... for the world to change, it must manifest here in all its fullness. We have to be up to it ...

Sri Aurobindo had also written to the effect, 'If Divine Love were to manifest now in all its fullness and totality, not a single material organism would but burst.' So we must learn to widen, widen, widen not only the inner consciousness (that is relatively easy – at least feasible), but even this conglomeration of cells. And I've experienced this: you have to be able to widen this sort of crystallization if you want to be able to hold this Force. I know. Two or three times, upstairs *(in Mother's room), I* felt the body about to

burst. Actually, I was on the verge of saying, 'burst and be done with.' But Sri Aurobindo always intervened – all three times he intervened in an entirely tangible, living and concrete way ... and he arranged everything so that I was forced to wait.

Then weeks go by, sometimes even months, between one thing and another, so that some elasticity may come into these stupid cells.

So much time is wasted. We are ... oh! We are so hard! *(Mother hits her body)* As hard as a rock.

But three times now, I've really felt that I was on the verge of ... falling apart. The first time it brought a fever, a fever so ... I don't know, as if I had at least 115°! – I was roasting from head to toe; everything became red hot, and then ... it was over. That was the day when suddenly – suddenly – I was ... You see, I had said to myself, 'All right, you must be peaceful, let's see what happens,' so then I brought down the Peace, and immediately I was able to pass into a 'second of unconsciousness – and I woke up in the subtle physical, in Sri Aurobindo's abode.' There he was. And then I spent some time with him, explaining the problem.

But that was really an experience, a decisive experience (it was many months ago, perhaps more than a year ago).

So I explained the problem to Sri Aurobindo, and he replied (by his expression, not with words, but it was clear), 'Patience, patience – patience, it will come.' And a few days after this experience, 'by chance' I came upon something he had written where precisely he explained that we are much too rigid, coagulated, clenched for these things to be able to manifest – we must widen, relax, become plastic.

But this takes time.

> *I don't really see what we can do ... I mean, it's you who does, of course, but I don't see what we can do to help change things.*

Nor do I!

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

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

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

1. Night of July 24, 1959.

November 15, 1960

I don't know if it's due to Z's visit' or simply if the time had come and things converged (because that's what generally happens), but a whole period of the past is coming up again – and it's not a purely personal past, for it includes all the acquaintances I used to have, a whole collection of things that represents not only my individual life but something rather collective (as it always is; each of us is always a collectivity but we aren't aware of it, and if anything were taken away, it would unbalance the whole). A whole set of things that were absolutely wiped clean from the memory (it must have been buried somewhere in the subconscient or the semi-conscient – in any case, something more unconscious than the subconscient), and it has all come back up. Oh, things ... such things ... If just two weeks ago someone had asked me, 'Do you remember that?' I would have replied, 'No, not at all!' And it's coming from every side. Oh, such mediocrity! (mediocre in the way of consciousness, experiences and activities) and so gray, so dull, so flat! Only this morning, while getting ready for the balcony, I thought, 'Is it possible to live like that?!'

And then it became so clear that behind all this there was always the same luminous Presence, this Presence that is everywhere, always, watching over everything.

And as I look now at the things of life, at people, at this totality, I see that it's identically the same thing when seen from there, from that consciousness – it's so drab, dull, insipid, gray, uninteresting, lifeless ... Oh, all of life, WHATEVER IT IS, is like that when seen from that consciousness!

So I understood that this must correspond to a certain realm of experience; I understood all those who say, 'If it has to be like this, if it can never be otherwise, then ...' (this opposition, this abyss between a TRUE life, a TRUE consciousness, a TRUE activity, something living, powerful, fulfilling ... and life as it now is), 'if there must always be this difference between the physical expression as it is or as it can be in the present circumstances, and the true life, then ...' For if despite everything – despite this tremendous distance I've covered in my life (these memories go back more than sixty years) and all the evolutionary effort upwards I have made since that time IN MATTER (I'm not speaking of leaving Matter behind, but IN MATTER, IN action) – if that doesn't further reduce this gap between the true consciousness and the possible material realization, then I understand ... I understand why people say, 'It's hopeless.' (Of course, this 'hopeless' is meaningless to me.)

1. Conversation of November 8, the 'artist' disciple with loose morals.

But I ... (how can I put this?) I lived their experience, I lived it; and even events which seem quite extraordinary when seen from afar, which is the way they appear to most people, even historical things which have furthered the earth's transformation and its upheavals – the crucial events, the great works, you might say – are woven from the SAME fabric, they are the SAME thing! When you look at all this from afar, on the whole it can make an impression,

but the life of each minute, of each hour, of each second is woven from this SAME fabric, drab, dull, insipid, WITHOUT ANY TRUE LIFE – a mere reflection of life, an illusion of life – powerless, void of any light or anything that resembles joy in the least. Oh! ... if it has always to remain like that, then we don't want any of it.

Such is the feeling it gives.

For me it's different, because I KNOW that it can and must become something else. But then all this Consciousness which is there and in which I live and which has this world vision must come forward and manifest in the vibration of EACH second – not in a whole which looks interesting when seen from afar; it must enter the vibration of each second, the consciousness of each minute, otherwise ...

(silence)

How well I understand all those who don't know or to whom it hasn't been shown or revealed that we are GOING towards something else, that it WILL BE something else! ... Such a feeling of futility, stupidity, uselessness, and absolutely devoid of any ... any intensity, any life, any reality, any ardor, any soul – bah! It's disgusting.

While it was all coming up, I thought,' How is this possible? ...' For during those years of my life (I'm now outside things; I do them but I'm entirely outside, so they don't involve me – whether it's like this or like that makes no difference to me; I'm only doing my work, that's all), I was already conscious, but nevertheless I was IN what I was doing to a certain extent; I was this web of social life (but thank God it wasn't here in India, for had it been here I could not have withstood it! I think that even as a child I would have smashed everything, because here it's even worse than over there). You see, there it's ... it's a bit less constricting, a bit looser, you can slip through the mesh from time to time to breathe some air. But here, according to what I've learned from people and what Sri Aurobindo told me, it's absolutely unbearable (it's the same in Japan, absolutely unbearable). In other words, you can't help but smash everything. Over there, you sometimes get a breath of air, but still it's quite relative. And this morning I wondered ... (you see, for years I lived in that way ... for years and years) just as I was wondering, 'How was I AsLE to live that and not kick out in every direction?', just as I was looking at it, I saw up above, above this ... (it is worse than horrible, it is a kind of ... Oh, not despair, for there isn't even any sense of feeling – there is NOTHING! It is dull, dull, dull ... gray, gray, gray, clenched tight, a closed web that lets through neither air nor life nor light – there is nothing) and just then I saw a splendor of such sweet light above it – so sweet, so full of true love, true compassion something so warm, so warm ... the relief, the solace of an eternity of sweetness, light, beauty, in an eternity of patience which feels neither the past nor the inanity and imbecility of things – it was so wonderful! That was entirely the feeling it gave, and I said to myself, 'THAT is what made you live, without THAT it would not have been possible.' Oh, it would not have been possible – I would not have lived even three days! THAT is there, ALWAYS there, awaiting its hour, if we would only let it in.

(silence)

And it's still the same thing; only now I'm up here *(Mother gestures above the head),* I'm here, so it's quite another matter.

I am no longer looking out at the sky from below, but from up above ... I am looking, as if each look at each thing seen established the Contact.

It was like that this morning at the balcony.

The rainy season expresses this state of things so well: a constant descent of luminous sweetness (sweetness is not the right word – there must be a Sanskrit word for it, but this is all we have! ...) in this endless gloom.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother comes back to the same theme)

It all began the day I received the news of Z's arrival. 'All right,' I thought, 'here's a chunk of life sent back to me for clarifying. I must work on it.' But it didn't stop there ... It's strange how all this past had been swept clean – I could no longer remember dates, I couldn't even remember when Z had been here before, I no longer knew what had happened, it had all been wiped clean – which means that it had all been pushed down into the subconscient. I didn't even know how I used to speak to him when I saw him, nothing, it was all gone. All that had remained alive were one or two movements or facts which were clearly connected to the psychic life, the psychic consciousness – but just one or two or three such memories; all the rest was gone.

So a whole slice of my life came back, but it didn't stop there! It keeps extending back further and further, and memories keep on coming, things that go back sixty years now, even beyond, seventy, seventy-five years – they are all coming back. And so it all has to be put in order.

It's quite odd, for this was not a personal consciousness, it was not 'someone remembering his life' – this is what I found most interesting; what came were pieces, little chunks of life's construction, a collection of people and circumstances. And it is impossible to separate the individual from all that is around him, it's clear! It all holds together like ... (if you change one thing, everything is changed) it holds together like an agglomerated mass.

I had seen this earlier from another angle. In the beginning, when I started having the consciousness of immortality and when I brought together this true consciousness of immortality and the human conception of it (which is entirely different), I saw so clearly that when a human (even quite an ordinary human, one who is not a collectivity in himself – as is a writer, for example, or a philosopher or statesman) projects himself through his imagination into what he calls 'immortality' (meaning an indefinite duration of time) he doesn't project himself alone but rather, inevitably and always, what is projected along with himself is a whole agglomeration, a collectivity or totality of things which represent the life and the consciousness of his present existence. And then I made the following experiment on a number of people; I said to them, 'Excuse me, but let's say that through a special discipline or a special grace your life were to continue indefinitely. What you would most likely extend into this

indefinite future are the circumstances of your life, this formation you have built around yourself that is made up of people, relationships, activities, a whole collection of more or less living or inert things.

But that CANNOT be extended as it is, for everything is constantly changing! And to be immortal, you have to follow this perpetual change; otherwise, what will naturally happen is what now happens – one day you will die because you can no longer follow the change. But if you can follow it, then all this will fall from you! Understand that what will survive in you is something you don't know very well, but it's the only thing that can survive – and all the rest will keep falling off all the time ... Do you still want to be immortal?' – Not one in ten said yes! ... Once you are able to make them feel the thing concretely, they tell you, 'Oh no! Oh no! Since everything else is changing, the body might as well change too! What difference would it make!' But what remains is THAT; THAT is what you must truly hold on to – but then you must BE THAT, not this whole agglomeration. What you now call 'you' is not THAT, it's a whole collection of things..

Formerly, that was my first step – a long time ago. Now it's so very different ... I wonder how it was possible to have been so totally blind as to call that 'oneself' at any moment in one's life! It's a collection of things. And what was the link by which that could be called 'oneself'? That's more difficult to find out. Only when you climb above do you come to realize that THAT is at work here, but it could work there as well, or as well here, or here, or here ... At times there is suddenly a drop of something (Oh, I saw that this morning – it was like a drop, a little drop, but with SUCH an intense and perfect light ...), and where THAT falls it makes its center and begins radiating out and acting. THAT is what can be called 'oneself' – nothing else. And THAT precisely is what enabled me to live in such dreadfully uninteresting, such nonexistent circumstances. And at the moment when you ARE that, you see how that has lived and how that has used everything, not only in this body but in all bodies and through all time.

At the core, this is the experience; it is no longer knowledge. I now understand quite clearly the difference between the knowledge of the eternal soul, of life eternal through all its changes, and this CONCRETE experience of the thing.

It's very moving.

It was strange, this morning ... I came a few minutes late. (I blamed the clocks which weren't working, but it wasn't the clocks which were to blame!) I was getting dressed when suddenly all this came upon me – I had a moment of ... it may have lasted one or two minutes, just a few minutes, not long. – Oh, the emotion I had during the experience was ... it was very absorbing.

It was no longer this (that is, life as it is on earth) becoming conscious of That (the eternal soul, this 'portion of the Supreme' as Sri Aurobindo said); it was the eternal soul seeing life ... in its own way – but without separation, without any separation, not like something looking from above that feels itself to be different ... How strange it is! It's not something else, it's NOT something

else, it's not even a distortion, not even ... It's losing its illusory quality as described in the old spiritualities – that's not what it is! In my experience, there was ... there was clearly an ... emotion – I can't describe it, there are no words. It wasn't a feeling, it was something like an emotion, a vibration ... of such TOTAL closeness and at the same time of compassion, a compassion of love. (Oh, words are so pitiful! ...) One was this outer thing, which was the total negation of the other and AT THE SAME TIME the other, without the least separation between them. It WAS the other. So what was born in one was born in the other as well, in this eternal light. A sweetness of identity, precisely, an identity that was necessarily such total understanding with such perfect love – but 'love' says it poorly, all words are poor! It's not that; it's something else! It's something that cannot be expressed.

I lived that this morning, upstairs.

And this body is ... oh, how feeble and how poor it is. All it finds to express itself are the tears that come to its eyes! Why? – I don't know.

It has a lot to do before it is strong enough to LIVE that.

This was still there, like a sweetness, when I came to the balcony ... And the notion that people, objects, life, that all that are 'different' ... is unthinkable! It is not possible. Even thought is so strange!

(silence)

I often find leaving the balcony difficult. And it's only this same gentleman ... (you know, the 'censor') who starts telling me,' You're keeping them there in the rain just because you're in ecstasy; you're just letting them stand there drenched and getting a crick in the neck looking up in the air. Aren't you going to let them go?' – When he insists too much, I go back inside.

Maybe that's why he's still there. Otherwise, if I forgot ... *(Mother laughs)*

November 26, 1960

(Mother had wanted this personal conversation to be erased and remain untranscribed, but considering its importance, we thought it better to preserve it.)

> *Your force cured me in one hour in a spectacular way. I would understand if you had merely cured my flu, for that's something more general, and with a good general vibration it can be removed; but the force acted with an astonishing precision and accuracy: first it wiped out my flu, then it touched a toothache*

that's been hurting for the last three days, and in five minutes that was gone. Finally, I had a pulled ligament which for three or four years now has periodically given me pain (a thigh ligament where it joins the pelvis, to be precise) and this last week it was hurting so much that I found it difficult to sit cross-legged for meditation. And then I felt the force come and touch just there, exactly at this point, and the pain vanished. And yet the problem was of an organic nature, not some general illness! ...

(Mother remains silent a moment, then says:)

Not last night but the night before, I touched at least one of the causes (at that time it felt like THE cause) of a certain powerlessness to act directly on Matter ... You see, when the Will and the Power come, they are extremely effective everywhere UP TO A CERTAIN REGION (in other words, whether people are receptive or not, open or not, makes no difference – when the Will is applied it is all-powerful UP TO a certain region) but once it arrives here, at the most material material, its efficacy depends on many things – and a power which depends on something is no power! For a long, long time I have been searching for the reasons behind this powerlessness. I've located a few, one after another, and upon these points there was an immediate effect. But some things resisted (oh, quite a number, in a number of ways), for example it had difficulty acting on illnesses, on the cells, on doubt (not mental doubt, but rather the doubt of the physical consciousness which can't accept certain things that seem impossible to it – what Sri Aurobindo calls *disbelief,'* not a mental doubt, but the *disbelief* of the physical consciousness which can't accept what is contrary to its own nature and its own working). And as for illnesses, sometimes it has an immediate effect, but sometimes it drags on and has to follow its so-called normal course. On all these three points, I clearly felt that something was hampering it. These are the Enemy's strongholds; all that doesn't want the Divine seizes upon it and even the working of the Power coming from above is obstructed, for when it must work here in the body, it is stopped or deformed or altered or diminished.

All this goes on in the subconscient; these are things that were pushed out of the physical consciousness down into the subconscient, so they're there and they come back up whenever they please.

Two nights ago (no, three – the night before Darshan), I had one of those experiences that ... that leaves you pensive the whole day ...

(silence)

It was still there when I went down for Darshan, and in spite of all my will to be friendly and pleasant, I was like a rock, looking at that ... I can't speak of it now, for it's the key to SOMETHING VERY GREAT.

(silence)

It's the very point where Nature (I mean the passive side of the force of manifestation) is a slave to the hostile forces. There is a point where She is

dominated by them. And this must be cured before the Power from above, the Power of the Shakti, can pass through everything, dominate everything, and be infallible ...

I saw the thing, the experience took place, but sometimes it takes long for all the consequences to be ... *worked out.**

But immediately, the following day – Darshan day – as the thing developed (you see, something was working inside), I could again turn my attention to the people who were there. And oddly enough, just when you came, there was suddenly a kind of little shock, like an electric shock, and a spark leapt out. And at that moment the Power acted for perhaps a split second ... You see, there has been this bad karma, this old formation around you for a very long time, and it hadn't ... I recall telling you several years ago, 'I shall be able to cure such cases as yours only when the Supramental descends.' And this feeling of incapacity, of something resisting, was still present, still alive – of not having the right power to dominate it. But just as you went by, for a second, there was this flash of ... like a spark when two electric wires touch. It was a golden spark, a resplendent light – zzzt! And it leapt out. 'Ah!' I thought; 'it's good.'

1. Original English.

That was it.

Then afterwards, when you wrote that you were sick, I thought, 'Well, well! What does it mean?' I didn't answer, I didn't say a thing, but when I went back upstairs and started walking for my japa, I brought back this experience of the Darshan – this moment during the Darshan – and I felt that it had left something behind (the effect was not total or absolute, but something had been left), and I decided that through this I would try to make you feel better.

I felt your intervention very clearly. I was really in a bad way, but when I came out of the japa, I knew it was cured. There is still something in the leg that pulls a little, but it has practically disappeared.

It's the memory, the memory in the cells. Good; it's good. I'm happy. It's the first such experience.

Before I fell sick, I had a peculiar dream. I was here in the corridor, and someone quite dark came to tell me that Mother wanted me to change my work. And I recall trying with all my might to ask him, 'But why, why?' Finally you arrived. You were there at a table with some others. I was quite annoyed because all these people upset me, they were hindering me from being with you. And you said to me very clearly, 'It's time this gentleman goes.' perhaps this gentleman represented a part of my being which had to disappear or change, but anyway you asked me to do something extremely difficult – l felt a very great difficulty doing it. I even remember, in my dream, having left you for an instant, as if I wanted to leave the Ashram, then I must have walked up and down for a while. Finally, I must have made an enormous effort to come back and sit next to you on a bench which symbolically was very hard ... The next morning I woke up with the flu.

So, it's very simple. The sickness was due to one part of your being going faster than the rest. A part of the physical consciousness probably remained

behind, and that created this imbalance and triggered the sickness.

It took a huge effort in my dream.

Yes, it's good. It's working as it should. It may not be very nice to tell someone it's good he was sick, but it's good!

(silence)

You see, I'm doing the sadhana really along a ... a path that has never been trod by anyone. Sri Aurobindo did it ... in principle. But he gave the charge of doing it in the body to me.

That was the wonderful thing when we were together and all these hostile forces were fighting ... (they tried to kill me any number of times. He always saved me in an absolutely miraculous and marvelous way). But you see, this seemed to create very great BODILY difficulties for him. We discussed this a great deal, and I told him, *'If one of us must go, I want that it should be me.'*

'It can't be you,' he replied, *'because you alone can do the material thing. "*

And that was all.

He said nothing more. He forbade me to leave my body. That's all. 'It is absolutely forbidden.' he said. 'You *can't, you must remain. "*

After that (this took place early in 1950), he gradually ... You see, he let himself fall ill. For he knew quite well that should he say 'I *must go,'* I* would not have obeyed him, and I would have gone. For according to the way I felt, he was much more indispensable than I. But he saw the matter from the other side. And he knew that I had the power to leave my body at will. So he didn't say a thing, he didn't say a thing right to the very last minute ...

(silence)

Once or twice I 'heard' certain things about him and I told him (for I told him all I saw or heard), and I said that I was ... that these suggestions were coming from the Enemy and that I was violently fighting against them. Then he looked at me – twice – he looked at me, nodded his head and smiled. And that's all. Nothing more was said. 'How strange!' I thought. And that's all. Then I myself must have forgotten. You see, he wanted me to forget.

1. Original English.

I only remembered afterwards.

(silence)

But ...

(silence)

This path is very hard.

(silence)

And then things don't happen at all as they do in ordinary life ... for three or four minutes, sometimes five or ten minutes, I'm a-bo-minably sick, with every sign that it's all over.

(silence)

But it's only to make me find the ... to make me go through the experience

and to find the strength. And also to give the body this absolute faith in its Divine Reality – to show it that the Divine is there and that He wants to be there and that He shall be there. And it's only at such 'moments' as these – when logically, according to the ordinary physical logic, it's all over – that you can seize the key.

You have to go right through everything without flinching.

I haven't told this to anyone until now, especially not to those who take care and watch over me, for I don't want to ... terrify them. Besides, I'm not so sure of their reactions – you understand, if they started getting frightened, it would be terrible. So I don't tell them. But it has happened at least five or six times, usually in the morning before going down to the balcony, just when I don't have the time ... And it has to be done quickly, for I have to be ready on time!

It's very, very interesting. But then, you see, at such moments the ... *concreteness of the Presence** – *concrete* to the touch, really to the material touch – is extraordinary!

How many more such experiences will be necessary? I don't know, you see, I'm only building the path.

(silence)

1. Original English.

Don't write all this down, erase it, because ... I'll speak of it later – once it's over, when I've reached the end. I don't want it to fall into anyone's hands by accident. And for you, keep it in your consciousness.

(silence)

I'm telling you all this because of what happened the other day. It's with such experiences that the ... the true Power is acquired.

And then, at the same time, some rather interesting things are happening. Imagine, X is starting to understand certain things – that is, in his own way he is discovering the progress I am making; he's discovering it as a received teaching *(through subtle channels).* He wrote a letter to Amrita two or three days ago in which he translates in his own language, with his own words and his own way of speaking, exactly my most recent experiences – things that I have conquered in a general way.

This interests me, for these things do not at all enter through the mind (he doesn't receive a thing there, he's closed there). So in his letter he says that this thing or that is necessary (he describes it in his own words), and he adds, 'This is why we must be so grateful to have among us the ... *the great Mother* (as* he puts it), the great Mother who knows these things.' – 'Good!' I said to myself. (It had to do with something specific concerning the capacity for discrimination in the outside world, the different qualities and different functions of different beings, all of which depends on one's inner construction, as it were.) So I see that even this, even these physical experiences, is received (and yet I hadn't tried, I had never tried to make him receive it); it merely works like this, you see *(gesture of a widespread diffusion),* and the experience is very – how should I say? – drastic, with a kind of ... (power *of radiation).*

Imperative.

1. Original English.

December 2, 1960

(After meditating together)

A sort of unification is taking place [in you], as if you had become a more uniform whole within-without. I don't know how to explain this – it feels more unified, more organized – uniform. Not some parts more developed and others less so, some more luminous and others less so; it's much more uniform, and uniform even in the vibration, a kind of ... really a uniformity in all its movements, responses, vibrations, light. And this kind of powdering of the new light which I see is much more widespread. It's as if everything, everything ... what is happening is really a work of unifying – stabilizing, unifying. And this powdering of golden light has completely enveloped you, with this same blue light in your japa, with different intensities of power – both are there. Like a unifying of the consciousness, as if all the less receptive elements were starting to open, thereby creating a much more homogeneous whole. I don't know how your nights are, but ...

Not very conscious.

December 13, 1960

During these last days, I was face to face with a problem as old as the world which had taken on an extraordinary intensity.

It's what Sri Aurobindo calls *disbelief,* and it's located in the most material physical consciousness – it isn't doubt (which mainly belongs to the mind), it is almost like a refusal to accept the obvious as soon as it doesn't belong to the little daily routine of ordinary sensations and reactions – a sort of incapacity to accept and recognize the exceptional.

This *disbelief is* the bedrock of the consciousness. And it comes with a ... ('thought' is too big a word for such an ordinary thing) a mental-physical activity which makes you ... (I am forced to use the word) 'think' things and which always foresees, imagines or draws conclusions (depending on the case) in a way which I myself call DEFEATIST. In other words, it automatically

leads you to imagine all the bad things that can happen. And this occurs in a realm which is absolutely run-of-the-mill, in the most ordinary, restricted, banal activities of life – such as eating, moving ... in short, the coarsest of things.

It's fairly easy to manage and control this in the realm of thought, but when it comes to those reactions that rise up from the very bottom ... they're so petty that you can barely express them to yourself. For example, if someone mentions that so-and-so ate such-and-such a thing, immediately something somewhere starts stealing in: 'Ah, he's going to get a stomach-ache!' Or you hear that someone is going somewhere – 'Oh, he's going to have an accident!' ... And it applies to everything; it's swarming down below. Nothing to do with thought as such!

It's quite a nasty habit, for it keeps the most material state in a condition of disharmony, disorder, ugliness and difficulty.

I tried every possible way ... To get out of it is relatively easy. But then it doesn't change.

The problem appeared again to me very intensely when I read Sri Aurobindo's *The Yoga of Self-Perfection. I* was confronted with a whole formidable world to be transformed – to transform what is already luminous is quite easy, but to transform that! ... ugh – this stuff of life, so low and so coarse, so ordinary ... it's much more difficult.'

For the last several days, I've been at grips fighting with it. How can I stop this idiotic, coarse and above all defeatist automatism from constantly manifesting? It's truly an automatism; it doesn't respond to any conscious will, nothing. So what will it take to ... ? And it's QUITE INTIMATELY related to the body's illnesses (the old habits the body has of coming out of its rhythmic movement, of entering into confusion) – the two things are *very* intimately linked.

1. Later, Mother added the following: 'In this regard – I don't know where, but somewhere – Sri Aurobindo spoke of this physical mind, and he said that there was nothing you could do with it; it must only be destroyed.'

Mother may be alluding to the following passage from *The Synthesis of Yoga:* 'There is nothing to be done with this fickle, restless, violent and disturbing factor but to get rid of it whether by detaching it and then reducing it to stillness or by giving a concentration and singleness to the thought by which it will of itself reject this alien and confusing clement.' (sent. Ed., Vol. XX, p. 300.)

I'm deep in the problem.

For me, 'the problem' doesn't mean explaining the thing (it's easy to explain), but controlling, mastering and transforming it. That will take some time.

We shall see.

Now X is coming, and these days of meditation with trim.' What is going to happen? ... By the way, he no longer writes that he's coming to 'help the Ashram.' He wrote to Amrita that he's coming to have the opportunity (I can't exactly remember his words) ... anyway, to take advantage of his meditations

with me so that he can make the necessary transformations! ... Quite a changed attitude. I had several visions concerning him which I'll tell you later.

December 17, 1960

(Mother gives the disciple a cadamba flower which she has named 'Supramental Sun' – a striking orange ball consisting of innumerable stamens)

It's beautiful, isn't it? It's all together, but it's innumerable. It's ONE thing going in all directions. And what a color! The tree is glorious.

Nature is a marvelous inventor – everything She does is beautiful. I don't believe that man has succeeded in producing anything so perfect. Later, it's true, some new species were developed by him, but nevertheless Nature still remains the origin.

Yes, ugliness seems to begin with man.

1. The tantric guru. During his periodic visits to the Ashram, Mother used to give him almost daily meditations.

I think that even what seems to us ugly in animal and vegetal nature appears so only because of the limitations of our own understanding. But really, as soon as man enters the scene ... phew!

Yes, I have always felt that in Nature one can live in beauty, always. But then once man shows up, something gets thrown out of joint. It's the mind, actually. What gives birth to ugliness is really the intrusion of the mind in life. I wonder if it was necessary, if it could not have been immediately harmonious. But it appears not.

Even stones are beautiful; they are always beautiful in one way or another. When life appeared, there were some forms that were a little 'difficult,' but not to that extent, not like certain human mental creations. Of course, there may have been some animal species which were rather ... but they were more monstrous than actually ugly. And most probably, it only seems like that to our consciousness. But the mind ... And it's the same for all these ideas of sin, of wrong, of ... all that – it's a falsehood. But it was man who invented falsehood, wasn't it? The mind invented falsehood: to deceive! to deceive! And it's a curious fact that animals domesticated by man have also learned to lie!

The curve ...

Anyway, we have to go beyond all that.

Beyond? ... That's quite a task!

So many people are satisfied with their falsehood, their ugliness, their narrowness, all of it. They're quite satisfied. When they're asked to be

something else ...

This realm that I'm now investigating, oh! ... I spend whole nights visiting certain places, and there I meet people I know here materially [in the Ashram]. So many are PERFECTLY satisfied with their ... their infirmities, their incapacities, their ugliness, their powerlessness.

And they protest when you want them to change!

Even last night I went down into it ... It was so gray and dull and ... phew! Banal, lifeless. When they are told that, they retort, 'No, not at all! Things are quite all right as they are, it's you who is living in a dreamland!'

We'll get out of it one day.

But you cannot get out as long as it all seems quite natural to you. What's most unfortunate is when you resign yourself to it.

You realize this when you go back to earlier states of consciousness; you see that it all seemed, if not quite natural, at least almost inevitable – 'that's how things are, you must take them as they are.' And you don't even think about it; you take things as they are, you EXPECT them to be what they are; it's the stuff of our daily lives, and it keeps repeating itself endlessly. And the only thing you learn is to hold on, hold on, not let yourself be shaken, to go right through it all – and it feels endless, interminable, almost eternal. (However, once you understand what eternal is, you see that this CANNOT be eternal, for otherwise ...)

But this particular state of endurance – this endurance that nothing can upset – is very dangerous. And yet it's indispensable; for you must first accept everything before having the power to transform anything.

It's what Sri Aurobindo always said: FIRST you must accept EVERYTHING – accept it as coming from the Divine, as the Divine Will; accept without disgust, without regret, without getting upset or impatient. Accept with a perfect equanimity; and only AFTER that can you say, 'Now let's get to work to change it.'

But to work to change it before having attained a perfect equanimity is impossible. That's what I have learned during these last years.

And for every detail, it's the same. First, 'May Thy Will be done'; then, afterwards, 'The Will of tomorrow' – and then those things will disappear. But first, one must accept.

That's why it takes so long. Because those who readily accept are ... they get encrusted and buried under it; they no longer move. And those who see the future and what must be have a hard time accepting; they pull back, they kick and protest – so they don't have any power.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, concerning the conversation of November 5 on the subconscious roots in the cells that can make everything fall apart in a second: 'To change it, you have to descend into it ... it makes for painful moments ... Once it's done, I'll have the power ... ')

When was this? November 5? And now it's December 17 ...

Well, it's still continuing!

There should be machines to graph the curves, for it's so ...sometimes it goes like this *(gesture of a very steep ascent)* and at such moments you feel, 'Ah! now I've caught the thing.' And then back it falls – toil. Sometimes it even feels like you're falling in a hole, really a hole – and how are you ever going to get out? But that ALWAYS precedes a rapid ascent and a revelation or illumination: 'Ah, how wonderful! I've finally got it!'

And that goes on for weeks and weeks.

To have the exact curve or the REAL history, we'd have to note down everything at each minute, for it's a CONSTANT work that's taking place. You see, the outer activities are becoming almost automatic, whereas this goes on behind – I'm speaking, yet at the same time this is going on behind.

It's a sort of oscillation – really, it's so interesting – between two extremes, one of which is the all-powerfulness and capital or primordial importance of the Physical, and the other its utter unreality.

And it's constantly going back and forth between the two *(seesaw motion)*. And both are equally false, equally true.

It goes back and forth between the two all the time – a kind of curve like an electric arc between them; it goes up, it goes down, it falls and then climbs back up. In a flash comes the clear vision that the universal realization will be achieved along with the perfection of the material, TERRESTRIAL world. (I say 'terrestrial, for the earth is still something unique; the rest of the universe is different – so this blown up speck of dust becomes of capital importance!) Then, at another moment, eternity – for which all the universes are simply ... the expression of a second, and in which all this is a sort of – not even an interesting game, but rather ... a breathing in and out, in and out ... And at such a moment, all the importance we give to material things seems so fantastically idiotic! And it goes in and out ... In this state, everything is obvious and indisputable. And in the other state, everything is obvious and indisputable. But between the two there is EVERY combination and every possibility.

(silence)

And the problem is to hold both of them so PERFECTLY together that they are no longer in opposition. For one second, it comes – ah! – just a thousandth of a second – ah, yes! – and then it's over, it's gone. And you have to begin again.

(silence)

And particularly, this sense of what's 'important' and 'not important' is something which vanishes, leaving no trace at all. You are left like that, with ... nothing. There is no SCALE in importance – that is entirely our mental imbecility. Either nothing is important or EVERYTHING is EQUALLY important.

The speck of dust, there, which you sweep away, or ecstatic contemplation – it's ALL THE SAME.

December 20, 1960

Regarding Christmas, I'll tell you a curious story.

For a while, there was a Muslim girl close to me (not a believer, but her origins were Muslim; in other words, she wasn't at all Christian) who had a special fondness for Santa Claus! She had seen pictures of him, read some books, etc. Then one year while she was here, she got it into her head that Santa Claus had to bring me something. 'He has to bring you something for Christmas,' she told me.

'Try,' I replied.

I don't know what all she did, but she prayed to him to bring me money. She fixed a certain sum. And on Christmas Eve, exactly this sum was given to me! And it was a large sum, several thousand rupees. Exactly the amount she had specified. And it came on that very day in quite an unexpected way.

I found it very interesting.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, concerning the last conversation of December 17 – a speck of dust which you sweep away, or ecstatic contemplation, 'It's all the same')

If I could only note all this down ... It's been so interesting all morning, right from the start – on the balcony, then upstairs while walking for my japa! And it was on this same theme *(experience of the speck of dust)* ... This habit people have (especially in India, but more or less everywhere among those who have a religious nature), this habit of doing all things religious with respect and compunction – and no mixing of things, above all there should be no mixing; in some circumstances, at certain times, you MUST NOT think of God, for then it would be a kind of blasphemy.

There's the religious attitude, and then there's ordinary life where people do things – working, living, eating, enjoying life; they regard these as the essentials, and as for the rest, well, when there's time they think about it. But what Sri Aurobindo brought down, precisely ... I remember at Tlemcen, Theon used to say that there was a whole world of things, such as eating, for example, or taking care of your body, that should be done automatically, without giving it any importance – 'it's not the time to think of things divine.'(!) That's what he preached. So you have the religious attitude of all the religious types, and then ordinary life – I found both of them equally unsatisfactory. Then I came here and told Sri Aurobindo my feeling; I said that if someone is truly in union with the Divine, it CANNOT change no matter what he does (the quality of

what you're doing may change, but the union can't change no matter what you're doing). And when he said that this was the truth, I felt a relief. And that feeling has stayed with me all through my life.

And now, all these different attitudes which individuals, groups and categories of men hold are coming from every direction (while I'm walking upstairs) to assert their own points of view as the true thing. And I see that for myself, I'm being forced to deal with a whole mass of things, most of which are quite futile from an ordinary point of view – not to mention the things of which these moral or religious types disapprove. Quite interestingly, all kinds of mental formations come like arrows while I'm walking for my japa upstairs *(Mother makes a gesture of little arrows in the air coming into her mental atmosphere from every direction);* and yet, I'm entirely in what I could call the joy and happiness of my japa, full of the energy of walking (the purpose of walking is to give a material energy to the experience, in all the body's cells). Yet in spite of this, one thing after another comes, like this, like that *(Mother draws little arrows in the air):* what I must do, what I must answer to this person, what I must say to that one, what has to be done ... All kinds of things, most of which might be considered most futile! And I see that all this is SITUATED in a totality, and this totality ... I could say that it's nothing but the body of the Divine. I FEÉL it, actually, I feel it as if I were touching it everywhere *(Mother touches her arms, her hands, her body).* And all these things neither veil nor destroy nor divert this feeling of being entirely this ... a movement, an action in the body of the Divine. And it's increasing from day to day, for it seems that He is plunging me more and more into entirely material things with the will that THERE TOO it must be done – that all these things must be consciously full of Him; they *are* full of Him, in actual fact, but it must become conscious, with the perception that it is all the very substance of His being which is moving in everything ...

It was quite beautiful on the balcony this morning ...

A sweetness, a sensation ... (both together) a sensation of eternity, and a sweetness! I wonder if it's even possible for anything to escape That!

(silence)

Of course, if one is so unfortunate as to start thinking, it's all over.

(silence)

It's a FACT. It's not a thought, not something you observe – you aren't a witness: it's A FACT which is LIVED. So if you want to translate the experience, you'd have to say the most paradoxical of things, like Sri Aurobindo – so paradoxical that they are almost offensive to reason! Yes, more, far more than paradoxical.

December 23, 1960

(Mother arrives from a meditation with X, the tantric guru)

I come empty-handed ...

(Mother remains absorbed for a long time)

I sat down shortly before ten o'clock for meditation. I was in my normal state and I was interested to see if there would be any difference from earlier times. And really, at first there was no difference at all. Then slowly, slowly, I felt this type of smiling and serene peace that I live in entering into the body. The cells are still not always conscious of it (sometimes they feel a sort of ... tension of life – I don't know what to call it). They're conscious of their existence and of what it means and of the Energy that is acting (yes, conscious of the Action and the Energy that acts), but during the meditation THAT descended and there was an extraordinary relaxation. Not the relaxation that comes with *surrender,'* which I normally feel before sleeping, but the relaxation that comes from a kind of serene, immutable and eternal joy. At that moment the body felt it could remain like that forever! 'Oh, how nice I feel! ...' it said. And as a matter of fact, I'm not sure but I think he felt the meditation was over, whereas I was still ... I felt him stirring, so I stopped.

There was a marked difference.

For when something isn't right, a pressure always comes down on the body from above, the pressure of the descending Force. But in this case it wasn't that at all; rather, it was like this *(Mother holds her palms upwards in an attitude of total surrender),* but beatific in that it lives in itself, it is existence in itself – and that's all.

I came here in that state directly after the meditation, and when I sat down ... You see, I didn't even have the ... (naturally there is no question of 'idea') I don't know, not even the instinct to pick up a flower for you, you understand? And when I sat down here, the consciousness of the column of Light started coming. There was no more personality, no more individuality: there was only a column of Light descending right into the very cells of the body – and that's all.

Then it gradually became conscious of itself, conscious of BEING this column of Light. And then the ordinary consciousness slowly returned.

(silence)

1. Original English.

It's interesting for me to come here soon after the meditation, for it's as if I were objectivizing my experience. Otherwise I'd be within, like that *(gesture),* and there's no longer any ... (you see, I say 'I' – but at that moment it doesn't exist!) and even THE BODY feels this way, a kind of immutable and beatific eternity, and that's all.

I tell you, not even ... When I arrived, I said to you, 'My hands are empty'; merely the contact with your atmosphere made me say it. But otherwise the 'my,' the 'hands' – none of it had any meaning.

It's interesting.

December 25, 1960

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)
Pondicherry, December 25, 1960
Sweet Mother,
I want to tell you that X completely changed my japa this morning. Instead of ten hours a day, I now have only about half an hour to do three times a day!
He told me that 'everything' is in this new japa.
And I want also to tell you how grateful I am. You think of us even in the smallest human details – grateful is not even the word. Simply, may I serve you better, may I better give of myself.
With love.
Signed: Satprem

December 31, 1960

(Mother usually improvised on the harmonium the morning of January 1 before reading the New Year's Message. She has come the day before to try out the instrument.)

Let's see ... How many months has it been? I haven't touched this instrument for at least eight months! And now tomorrow I have to play – don't feel like it. Anyway, since I must, I must! ... We'll meditate on it *(the New Year's Message') – you* know what it is, for we worked on it together – and then I'll see if something comes.

(silence)

This throng looks more like a chaos. A dreadful confusion. But from next week people will start leaving. The crowning day will be January 6, which is Epiphany (but we have made it into a day for the offering of the material world to the Divine: the material world giving itself to the Divine) – it will be the climax, * and I shall then see you on the 7th. After that, we'll work hard! But until then, no work – my head's in a kind of soup ... Oh, if you only knew! It's

dreadful what people bring me, what they ask ...

(Mother sits at the harmonium)

Oh, my dress is caught under one of the stool legs. Are you strong?

Oh yes!

Can you lift me up? I'm very heavy, you know! ...

No, I'm afraid of making you capsize.

95 pounds.

95 pounds!

Yes, I was joking when I said that I was very heavy.

I thought as much!

I weigh 95 pounds. I should normally weigh 130 pounds.

(After playing)

1. 'This wonderful world of Delight waiting at our gates for our call, to come down upon earth.'

2. Original English.

It'll be something like that ... or something else – I've no idea!

X seemed happy about his visit this time. We had long meditations of half an hour – he never seemed to want to leave at all! There was above all a kind of extremely calm universalization. An absolute and universal calm in all the cells of the body. I don't know if it was only me, but it seemed he was in the same state – unable to move, quite content, smiling. Once I heard the clock chime, and as I thought it was time and that perhaps he was ready to leave, I looked; he had removed the *mala'* that he wears around his neck and I found him doing japa. As soon as he saw me looking, he quickly put it back on!

But what's most surprising is that with me, not a word, nothing, neither he nor I. And it seems to be just as comfortable for him as it is for me!

(silence)

On the 6th, everyone will finally be gone. But tomorrow is going to be dreadful; I have to sit there for at least two hours distributing calendars. And on top of that, there are all these controversies over the music they play at the library each week. Some say that it's very good, others that it's very bad (the usual things). And each party has pleaded his case. They told me that they'll give me a concert at *Prosperity*[*] so that I may judge for myself. It's all recorded. I'm afraid it will be rather noisy ... For myself, I know quite well how to get out of it – I 'think' of something else! But it's going to ... I can see it already. Didn't I tell you we're in a chaos? Well, I have the feeling that this is going to beat all.

How do you mean a chaos?

Noise, movement, confusion, people ... Noise always gives me the impression of chaos, always.

> *I must say that downstairs on Darshan days people chat, look each other over, see how he or she is dressed – it's like a county fair around the Samadhi.*

1. Mala: a kind of necklace of wooden beads with which one repeats a

mantra.

2. The room where Mother distributed to the disciples their needs (soap, paper, etc.) on the first of each month.

Yes, it's true – who's there, who isn't, how he looks, who's he with ... Oh!

(silence)

And you? What news?

It's not always easy.

Why isn't it easy!?

Oh, but you know, night after night, night after night, I SEE how things which in their truth are so simple become complicated here in the human atmosphere. Really, it's so interesting; I have visions ... you see, the thing in its truth is so simple it's stupefying, and then here it becomes so complicated, painful, exhausting, upsetting.

But it's enough to take one step behind to come out of it all.

I'll tell you about that ... Wait, we still have three minutes; I want to tell you one of my most recent visions (but it's almost the same thing every night):

I was in my home, somewhere – a world whose light is like a sun (golden with scarlet reflections); it was very beautiful. It was in a town, and my house was in that town. I wanted to take to someone some ... not presents, but things he needed. So I got everything together, prepared it all, and then loaded my arms with all the packages (I had taken my own time to arrange everything nicely), and I went out when the whole town was completely deserted – there was not a soul on the streets. A complete solitude. And such a sense of well-being, of light and force! Yes, really a kind of felicity, for no reason. And instead of weighing me down, it seemed as if my packages were pulling me! They pulled me on in such a way that each step was a joy, like a dance.

This lasted the whole time I was crossing the town. Then I came to a border, right at the beginning of another part where I was to take my packages; there, just a little below me, I saw a house under construction – the house belonging to the person to whom I had to deliver these presents (the symbolism in all this, of course, is quite clear).

As I approached the house, but still from some distance, I suddenly saw some men busy at work. Then instantly ... instantly this road which was so vast, sunlit and smooth – so smooth to the feet ... oh, it became the top level of a scaffolding. And what is more, this scaffolding was not very well made, and the closer I came the more complicated it got – there were planks jutting out, beams off balance. In short, you had to watch every single step to keep from breaking your neck. I began getting annoyed. Moreover, my packages were heavy. They were heavy and they so saddled my arms that I was unable to hold onto anything and had constantly to do a balancing act. Then I began thinking, 'My God, how complicated this world is!' And just at that moment, I saw a young person coming along, like a young girl dressed in European clothes, with a hat on her head ... all black! This young person had white skin, but her clothes were black, and she wore black shoes on her small white feet. She was dressed all in black – black, all in black. Like complete unconsciousness. She

also came carrying packages (many more than me), and she came hopping along the whole length of the scaffolding, putting her feet just anywhere! 'My God,' I said to myself, 'she's going to break her neck!' – But not at all! She was totally unconscious; she wasn't even aware that it was dangerous or complicated – a total unconsciousness. But her unconsciousness is what allowed her to go on like that! I watched it all. 'Well, sometimes it's good to be unconscious!' Then she disappeared; she had only come to give me a demonstration (she neither saw me nor looked at me). And looking down at the workers, I saw that everything was getting more and more complicated, more and more, more and more – and there wasn't even any ladder by which to get down. In other words, it was getting unbearable. Then something in me rebelled: 'Ah, no! I've had enough of all this – it's too stupid!'

And IMMEDIATELY, I found myself down below, relieved of my packages. And everything was perfectly simple. (I had even brought the packages along without realizing it.) All, all was in order, very neat, very luminous, very simple – simply because I had said, 'Ah, no! I've had enough of this business! Why all these stupid complications! "

But these are not 'dreams,' they are types of activity – more real, more concrete than material life; the experience is much more concrete than ordinary life.

I have had hundreds of such examples ... It's not always the same scene. The scenes are different, but the story is always the same – the thing, in its truth, is absolutely luminous, pleasant, charming; then as soon as men get involved, it becomes an abominable complication. And once you say, 'No! I've had enough of all this – it's NOT TRUE! it goes away.

1. Mother later discovered that this world of complications is the symbol of the physical mind.

There have been similar stories in 'dreams' with X. I saw him when he was very young (his education, the ideas he had, how he was trained). And the same thing happened. I was with him ... but I'll tell you that another time ...' And then at the end, I'd had enough and I said, 'Oh, no! It's too ridiculous!' and with that I left the house. At the door was a little squirrel sitting on his haunches making friendly little gestures towards me. 'Oh!' I said, 'here's someone who understands better!'

But later I observed, I saw that this had helped drain him of all the weight of his past education. Very interesting ... Night after night, night after night, night after night – plenty of things! You could write novels about it all.

1. Mother later narrated the end of her 'dream' with X:

'It was his house, and it was rather complicated to enter. I was saying a mantra or japa when X came along; he had a ... a terribly reproachful air! Then he smelled my hands: 'It's a bad habit to wear perfume. *(Mother laughs)* You cannot live a spiritual life when you wear perfume.' then I looked at him and thought, 'My God, does he have to be so backward!' But it annoyed me, so I said, 'Very well, I'm going.' When I got near the door, he started saying, 'Is it true you have been married several times, and that you've been divorced?' Then a kind of anger entered me *(laughing)* and I told him, 'No, not just once,

but twice!' Thereupon, I left. All the old ideas ... After that was when I saw the little squirrel.'

Mother's Agenda
Vol. 2

Institut de Recherches Evolutives
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January 7, 1961

I came down at 9:30 sharp, thinking half an hour would be enough to cross the corridor and get here. Apparently not!

(Mother gives Satprem a rose.) This is the Tenderness of the Divine for ... for himself! The tenderness He has for his creation. 'Creation' ... I don't like that word, as if it all were created from nothing! It is He himself, creating with all his tenderness. Some of these roses get quite big; they're so lovely!

And I am ... how to put it? Nothing we say is ever absolutely true, but, to stretch it a bit, while I am ... not worried, not perturbed, not discouraged, I feel I can't get anything done; I spend all my time, all my time, seeing people, receiving and answering letters – doing nothing. I haven't touched my translation[1] for over a week. T. sent me her notebook with questions and I had it for two weeks before I found time to answer.[2] Nothing is ready for the *Bulletin* except what you have done.

It's a pity you have no time to do your work.

Even the translation.... You know, when I am tired and work on the translation I feel rested. But, oh, all these letters! Even the best of them are stupid. Anyway.... When I came here just now there was someone waiting to see me – I told him to come at 11: 00, and by then there will be 700 people waiting for me to come out. They are already gathered around the Samadhi.[3]

Well, enough grumbling. Let's get to work. [17]

* * *

(Later, during the course of the conversation, Mother remarked.)

Understanding *The Synthesis of Yoga is* quite simple: I have only to be silent for a moment, and Sri Aurobindo is here. It's not this body's understanding: HE is here!

January 10, 1961

I have a stack of unread letters this high and an even bigger stack I've read but haven't answered. How can I work on the *Aphorisms* when I am constantly hounded by people 'pulling' on me simply because they have written! If I don't answer immediately, they say (not in words, but ...): 'So you're not answering my letter!' These are not very favorable conditions! Everything is in an awful confusion.

(silence)

What is the next aphorism?

> 49 – To feel and love the God of beauty and good in the ugly and the evil, and still yearn in utter love to heal it of its ugliness and its evil, this is real virtue and morality.[4]

Do you have a question?

> *How can one collaborate in curing the evil and ugliness seen everywhere? By loving? What is the power of love? What effect can an individual consciousness, acting alone, have on the rest of mankind?*

How to collaborate in curing evil and ugliness? ... We can say that there's a kind of hierarchic scale of collaboration or action; a negative cooperation and a positive cooperation. [18]

To begin with, there's what could be called a negative way, the way expounded by Buddhism and similar religions: the refusal to see. To be in a state of such purity and beauty that there is no perception of evil and ugliness. It's like something that doesn't touch you because it doesn't exist in you. This is the perfection of the negative method.

It is quite elementary: never take notice of evil, never speak of the evil present in others, never perpetuate the vibrations of evil by observation, criticism or giving undue attention to the evil deed. This is what Buddha taught: each time you mention an evil you help spread it.

This skirts the issue.

Nevertheless, it ought to be a very general rule; yet its critics have a reply: 'If you don't see evil you can never cure it. If you leave someone to his squalor he will never emerge from it.' (It's not exactly true, but it's how they legitimize their actions.) In this aphorism, Sri Aurobindo has anticipated these objections: it is not through ignorance or unconsciousness or indifference that you fail to see evil – you can see and even feel it, but you refuse to collaborate in spreading it by giving it the force of your attention or the support of your consciousness. And for that, you must yourself be above the perception and sensation – able to see evil or ugliness without suffering, without feeling shocked or troubled. You see them from a height where such things do not exist, yet you have the conscious perception of them – they don't affect you,

you are free. This is the first step.

The second step is to be POSITIVELY conscious of the supreme Goodness and Beauty behind all things and supporting all things, permitting them to exist. Once you have seen Him, you can perceive Him behind the mask and the distortion – even ugliness, even cruelty, even evil are a disguise for that Something which is essentially good or beautiful, luminous, pure.

With this comes TRUE collaboration. For when you have this vision, this awareness, when you live in this consciousness, you also get the power to PULL That into the manifestation on earth and put it into contact with what, for the time being, distorts and disguises; thus the deformation and disguise are gradually transformed by the influence of the Truth behind.

Here we are at the top rung on the scale of collaboration. [19]

Put this way, there is no need to bring the principle of love into our explanation. But if we want to know or understand the nature of the Force or Power that permits and accomplishes this transformation (specially in the case of evil, but for ugliness to some extent as well), we see that of all powers, Love is obviously the mightiest, the most integral – integral in that it applies to all cases. It's even mightier than the power of purification which dissolves bad wills and is, in a way, master over the adverse forces, but which doesn't have the direct transforming power; because the power of purification Must FIRST dissolve in order to form again later. It destroys one form to make a better one from it, while Love doesn't need to dissolve in order to transform: it has the direct transforming power. Love is like a flame changing the hard into the malleable, then sublimating even the malleable into a kind of purified vapor. It doesn't destroy: it transforms.

Love, in its essence and in its origin, is like a white flame obliterating ALL resistances. You can have the experience yourself: whatever the difficulty in your being, whatever the weight of accumulated mistakes, the ignorance, incapacity, bad will, a single SECOND of this Love – pure, essential, supreme – melts everything in its almighty flame. One single moment and an entire past can vanish. One single TOUCH of That in its essence and the whole burden is consumed.

It's easy to understand how someone who has this experience can spread it and act upon others, since to have it you must touch the unique, supreme Essence of the whole manifestation – the Origin and the Essence, the Source and the Reality of all that is; then you immediately enter the realm of Unity where there is no more separation among individuals: it's a single vibration that can repeat itself endlessly in outer forms.[5]

If you go high enough, you come to the Heart of everything. Whatever manifests in this Heart can manifest in all things. This is the great secret, the secret of divine incarnation in an individual form. For in the normal course of things, what manifests at the center is only realized in the outer form with the awakening and RESPONSE Of the will within the individual form. But if the central Will is constantly, permanently represented in one individual, he can then serve as an intermediary between that Will and all beings, and will FOR THEM. [20]

Whatever this being perceives and consciously offers to the supreme Will

is replied to as if it came from each individual being. And if individuals happen to be in a more or less conscious and voluntary relationship with this representative being, their relationship increases his efficacy and the supreme Action can work in Matter in a much more concrete and permanent way. This is the reason for these descents of what could be called 'polarized' consciousnesses that always come to earth for a particular realization, with a definite purpose and mission – a mission decided upon before the actual embodiment. These mark the great stages of the supreme incarnations upon earth.

And when the day comes for the manifestation of supreme Love – a crystalized, concentrated descent of supreme Love – that will truly be the hour of Transformation, for nothing will be able to resist That.

But as it's all-powerful, a certain receptivity must be prepared on earth so its effects are not devastating. Sri Aurobindo has explained it in one of his letters. Someone asked him, 'Why doesn't this Love come now?', and he replied something like this: If divine Love in its essence were to manifest on earth, it would be like an explosion; for the earth is not supple enough or receptive enough to widen to the measure of this Love. The earth must not only open itself but become wide and supple. Matter – not just physical Matter, but the substance of the physical consciousness as well – is still much too rigid.

> *Wouldn't it be better if each time you answered these questions on the Aphorisms verbally?*

Ah, that's always better! With pencil and paper I have to look at what I'm writing and it holds me back like a leash.

> *Then why don't you just speak? T or Z could come and listen to you – they would be overjoyed!*

[21] Oh no, my child, you don't see at all! To speak I must have a receptive atmosphere! The idea of talking aloud all alone in my room would never occur to me. Sound doesn't come: what comes is a direct transmission – and if I manage to connect it to my hand and write it's transmitted, although it always gets somewhat pulled down. I can be doing anything at all, it doesn't matter, but it must be something that doesn't monopolize my attention, like brushing my hair in the morning for example: then it comes directly and nothing stops it! But I would never think of uttering a word! That only happens when I find some receptivity in front of me, something I can use.

What I say to people depends entirely upon their inner state. That's precisely why I had such enormous difficulty at the Playground[6] – the atmosphere was so mixed! It was a STRUGGLE to find someone receptive so I could speak. And if I'm in the presence of people who understand nothing, I can't say a word. On the other hand, some people come prepared to receive and then suddenly it all comes – but usually there's no tape-recorder!

I have replied endlessly, I have given all sorts of explanations about the organization of the School, about *World Union,*[7] about the true way to organize industry (its true functioning) – so many things! If all that were compiled we could publish brochures! Sometimes I've spoken three-quarters of an hour non-stop to people who listened with delight and were receptive but quite incapable of making a written report of it. At times like that we could have used one of your machines! But when things are organized in advance, it may well be that nothing comes out at all – mentalizing stops the flow. if I is in front of me, I can't say anything to her because she doesn't understand. I already have trouble writing to her – what I have to say is always brought down a bit; but if she were here in the room and I had to speak to her, nothing at all would come out!

No, when we feel like it and when she doesn't raise any question about an aphorism – at least not an impossible question – we'll do this: I will speak here, it's much easier for me. This way things come that I haven't seen before; while when I write like that, they are usually things I've seen on other occasions (not that I try to recall them, they are there and simply come back). But when there's a new contact, something new always comes. [22]

* * *

(A little later, Mother made the following remark concerning the Agenda of December 13, 1960, where she speaks of the physical Mind's. 'disbelief' and defeatist reactions as intimately linked to the body's illnesses.)

This defeatist Mind is still functioning – and in full swing! When we get out of that.... I want to be able to act directly without its help – do what Sri Aurobindo said: be rid of it!

January 12, 1961

What is the next aphorism?

> 50 – To hate the sinner is the worst sin, for it is hating God; yet he who commits it glories in his superior virtue.

Do you have a question?

> *When we enter a certain state of consciousness, we plainly see that we are capable of anything and that ultimately there is no 'sin' not potentially our own. Is this impression correct? And yet certain things make us rebel or disgust us. We always reach some inadmissible point. Why? What is the true, effective attitude when confronted with Evil?*

There is no sin not our own.... [23]

You have this experience when for some reason or other, depending on the case, you come into contact with the universal consciousness – not in its limitless essence but on any level of Matter. There is an atomic consciousness, a purely material consciousness and an even more generally prevailing psychological consciousness. When, through interiorization or a sort of withdrawal from the ego you enter into contact with that zone of consciousness we can call psychological terrestrial or human collective (there is a difference: 'human collective' is restricted, while 'terrestrial' includes many animal and even plant vibrations; but in the present case, since the moral notion of guilt, sin and evil belongs exclusively to human consciousness, let us simply say 'human collective psychological consciousness'); when you contact that through identification, you naturally feel or see or know yourself capable of any human movement whatsoever. To some extent, this constitutes a Truth-Consciousness, or at such times the egoistical sense of what does or doesn't belong to you, of what you can or cannot do, disappears; you realize that the fundamental construction of human consciousness makes any human being capable of doing anything. And since you are in a truth-consciousness, you are aware at the same time that to feel judgmental or disgusted or revolted would be an absurdity, for EVERYTHING is potentially there inside you. And should you happen to be penetrated by certain currents of force (which we usually can't follow: we see them come and go but we are generally unaware of their origin and direction), if any one of these currents penetrates you, it can make you do anything.

If one always remained in this state of consciousness, keeping alive the flame of Agni, the flame of purification and progress, then after some time, not only could one prevent these movements from taking an active form in oneself and becoming expressed physically, but one could act upon the very nature of the movement and transform it. Needless to say, however, that unless one has attained a very high degree of realization it is virtually impossible to keep this state of consciousness for long. Almost immediately one falls back into the egoistic consciousness of the separate self, and all the difficulties return: disgust, the revolt against certain things and the horror they create in us, and so on.

It is probable – even certain – that until one is completely transformed

these movements of disgust and revolt are necessary to make one do WITHIN ONESELF what is needed to slam the door on them. For after all, the point is to not let them manifest.

In another aphorism, Sri Aurobindo says (I no longer recall his exact words) that sin is simply something no longer in its place. In this perpetual Becoming nothing is ever reproduced and some things disappear, so to speak, into the past; and when it's time for them to disappear, they seem – to our very limited consciousness – evil and repulsive: we revolt against them because their time is past.

24

But if we had the vision of the whole, if we were able to contain past, present and future simultaneously (as it is somewhere up above), then we would see how relative these things are and that it's mainly the progressing evolutionary Force which gives us this will to reject; yet when these things still had their place, they were quite tolerable. However, to have this experience in a practical sense is impossible unless we have a total vision – the vision that is the Supreme's alone! Therefore, one must first identify with the Supreme, and then, keeping this identification, one can return to a consciousness sufficiently externalized to see things as they really are. But that's the principle, and in so far as we are able to realize it, we reach a state of consciousness where we can look at all things with the smile of a complete certainty that everything is exactly as it should be.

Of course, people who don't think deeply enough will say, 'Oh, but if we see that things are exactly "as they should be," then nothing will budge.' But no! There isn't a fraction of a second when things aren't moving: there's a continuous and total transformation, a movement that never stops. Only because it's difficult for us to feel that way can we imagine that by our entering certain states of consciousness things would not change. Even if we entered into an apparently total inertia, things would continue to change and we along with them!

Ultimately, disgust, rebellion and anger, all movements of violence, are necessarily movements of ignorance and of limitation with all the weakness that limitation implies. Rebellion is a weakness, for it's the feeling of an impotent will. When you feel, when you see that things are not as they should be, then you rebel against whatever is out of keeping with your vision. But if you were all-powerful, if your will and your vision were all-powerful, there would be no opportunity to rebel! You would always see that all things are as they should be! That is omnipotence.[8] Then all these movements of violence become not only useless but profoundly ridiculous. [25]

Consequently, there is only one solution: by aspiration, concentration, interiorization and identification, to unite with the supreme Will. And that is both omnipotence and perfect freedom. It's the only omnipotence, the only freedom – all the rest are approximations. You may be en route, but it's not

That, not the total thing.

If you make the experiment, you will come to see that this supreme freedom and this supreme power are accompanied by a total peace and an unfaltering serenity; if you notice any contradiction – revolt, disgust or something inadmissible – this indicates that some part in You is not touched by the transformation, is still en route: something still holding on to the old consciousness, that's all.

> *In this aphorism, Sri Aurobindo speaks of those who hate sinners – that one mustn't hate sinners.*

It's the same problem seen from another angle, but the solution is the same.

> *But the difficulty isn't so much not hating the sinner, but not hating the virtuous! That's far more difficult! Because one readily understands sinners, those poor people, but the virtuous....*

Actually, what you hate in them is their self-righteousness, only that. After all, they're right not to do evil – they can't be blamed for that! But what's hard to tolerate is their sense of superiority, the way they look down their noses at all these poor fellows who are no worse than they!

Oh, I could cite a few shining examples!

Consider the case of a woman with many friends, and these friends are very fond of her for her special capacities, her pleasant company, and because they feel they can always learn something from her. Then all of a sudden, through a quirk of circumstances, she finds herself socially ostracized – because she may have gone off with another man, or may be living with someone out of wedlock – all those social mores with no value in themselves. And all her friends (I don't speak of those who truly love her), all her social friends who welcomed her, who smiled so warmly when passing her on the street, suddenly look the other way and march by without a glance. This has happened right here in the Ashram! I won't give the details, but it has happened several times when something conflicted with accepted social norms: the people who had shown so much affection, so much kindness ... oh! Sometimes they even said, 'She's a lost woman!' [26]

I must say that when this happens here.... In the world at large it seems quite normal, but when this happens here it always gives me a bit of a shock, in the sense that I say to myself, 'So they're still at that level! ...'

Even those who claim to be broad-minded, above these 'conventions,' immediately fall right into the trap. And to ease their consciences they say, 'Mother wouldn't allow that. Mother wouldn't permit that. Mother wouldn't tolerate such a thing!' – to add a further inanity to the rest.

This state is very difficult to get out of. It is really Pharisaism – this sense of social dignity, this narrow-mindedness – because no one with an atom of intelligence would fall into such a hole! Those who have traveled through the world, for instance, and seen for themselves that social mores depend entirely upon climatic conditions, upon races and customs and still more upon the times, the epoch – they are able to look at it all with a smile. But the self-righteous ... oooh!

This is a primary stage. As long as you haven't gone beyond this condition, you are unfit for yoga. Because truly, no one in such a rudimentary state is ready for yoga.

* * *

A short while later:

I am going downstairs on the 21st, for Saraswati Puja.[9] They have prepared a folder with a long quotation from *Savitri* and five photos of my face taken from five different angles.

The title of the folder is the line from *Savitri* that gave me the most overpowering experience of the entire book (because, as I told you, as I read, I would LIVE the experiences – reading brought, instantly, a living experience). And when I came to this particular line .. I was as if suddenly swept up and engulfed in ... ('the' is wrong, 'an' is wrong – it's neither one nor the other, it's something else) ... eternal Truth. Everything was abolished except this: [27]

For ever love, O beautiful slave of God[10]

That alone existed.

Undated

(Regarding the ego and the ancient religious initiations which taught: 'You are That' or 'You are the All.)

A moment comes when self-observation is no longer possible.

Even in these expressions 'All is You' or 'You are the All' (and the same holds for 'You are the Divine' or 'The Divine is you'), there is still something watching.

A moment comes – it comes in flashes and doesn't easily remain – when it's the All who thinks, the All who knows, the All who feels, the All who lives. There's not even – not even – the feeling that you have reached this state.

Then it is good.

But up to this point there is still a small corner [of the 'I'] somewhere – generally the observer, the witness who is watching.

(silence)

I don't know if it's worth keeping this. Or rather let's keep it for later. It's a little too much.... We have to go by stages.

It's not correct to say that you know you have no more ego. The only correct thing would be to affirm that you are ON THE WAY to having no more ego.[11] [28]

January 17, 1961

> 51 - When I hear of a righteous wrath, I wonder at man's capacity for self-deception.

What do you have to say?

> *Our self-deception is always in good faith! We always act for the welfare of others or in the interests of humanity and to serve you (that goes without saying!). How exactly do we deceive ourselves?*

I would like to ask you a question in turn – because there are two ways of understanding your question. It can be taken in the same ironic or humorous tone that Sri Aurobindo has used in his aphorism when he wonders at man's capacity for self-deception. That is, you are putting yourself in the place of the self-deceiver and saying, 'But I am of good faith! I always want the welfare of others – the interests of humanity, to serve the Divine (of course!). Then how can I be deceiving myself?'

But actually, there are really two quite different forms of self-deception. One can be very shocked by certain things, not for personal reasons but precisely because of one's goodwill and ardor to serve the Divine, when one sees people misconducting themselves, being egoistical, unfaithful, treacherous. There comes a stage when one has mastered these things and doesn't permit them to manifest IN ONESELF; but to the extent that one is in contact with ordinary consciousness, ordinary viewpoints, ordinary life and thought, their possibility is still there, latent, because they are the inverse of the qualities one is striving for. And this opposition always exists until one has risen above and no longer has either the quality or the defect. As long as one has virtue, one always has its latent opposite. The opposition disappears only when one is beyond virtue and sin. But until then, there is this kind of indignation stemming from the fact that one is not entirely above: it's a period when one totally disapproves of certain things and would be incapable of doing them. And up to this point, there is nothing to say, unless one gives an external, violent expression to his indignation. If anger interferes, it indicates an entire contradiction between the feeling one wants to have and this reaction towards others. [29] Because anger is a deformation of vital power originating from an obscure and thoroughly unregenerate vital,[12] a vital still subject to all the ordinary actions and reactions. When an ignorant, egoistic individual will exploits this vital power and encounters opposition from other individual wills around it, then under the pressure of opposition this power changes into anger and tries to obtain through violence what could not be achieved by the pressure of the Force alone.

Anger, moreover, like all forms of violence, is always a sign of weakness, impotence and incapacity. Here the deception comes from the approval one gives it or the flattering adjective one covers it with; for rage can be no more than blind, ignorant and asuric – opposed to the light.

But this is still the best of cases.

There is another case where people – without knowing it or because they WANT to ignore it – always pursue their personal interests, their preferences, their attachments, their concepts; people who are not entirely consecrated to the Divine and make use of moral and yogic ideas to conceal their personal motives. These people doubly deceive themselves: not only do they deceive themselves through their outer activities, their relations with others, but they also deceive themselves about their personal motives; instead of serving the Divine they are serving their own egoism. And this happens constantly, constantly! One serves his own personality, his egoism, while pretending to serve the Divine. This is no longer even self-deception: it's sheer hypocrisy.

This mental habit of always cloaking everything with a favorable appearance, of giving all movements a favorable explanation, is at times so flagrant that it can fool nobody but oneself (although it may occasionally be

subtle enough to create an illusion). It is a sort of habitual self-exoneration, the habit of giving a favorable mental excuse, a favorable mental explanation for all one does, all one says, all one feels. For example, someone with no self-control who strikes another in great indignation and is ready to call it divine wrath! *Righteous*[13] is perfect, because *righteous* immediately introduces this element of puritanical morality – wonderful! [30]

This power of self-deception, the mind's craft in devising splendid justifications for any ignorance or folly whatsoever, is tremendous.

And it's not a random experience coming now and then, it's something you can witness minute by minute. You generally see it far more readily in others! But if you watch yourself carefully, you will catch yourself a thousand times a day – looking at things in a favorable way: 'Oh, it's NOT the same thing!' And besides, it's NEVER the same for you as it is for your neighbor!

January 19, 1961

I am going to let you work. No work for me! I'm a little.... I haven't eaten for two days, so ... not very bright.

It won't tire you if I read these texts?

No. It's purely physical. It's because people.... When I came down, I felt fine. Only they kept me standing there, on and on. When I am seated, it's all right; but beyond a certain point, speaking also becomes difficult.

* * *

After the work:

I think it would be wiser if I went back upstairs – although if I leave here too early, people will be waiting for me and I'll have to see them before going up. We could meditate a little; as soon as I meditate, everything is fine.

(meditation) [31]

January 22, 1961

(Mother had been unwell the past few days. She speaks here of the causes behind the physical disorder.)

Ah! How are you?

You're the one who should be asked that!

I'm all right.

All right? ...

I saw it last night ... oof! It was a kind of artificial hurricane created by semi-human beings (that is, they have human forms but they aren't men). They created the storm to cut me off from 'my home.' But everything and everyone was disrupted - it must have been going on for a rather long time. Finally last night it became quite amusing: I kept attempting to get to 'my home' which was up above, but each time I tried to find a way everything was blocked by ... try to imagine, artificial, mechanical and electric thunderstorms, and then things made to cave in. All of it was artificial, nothing real, and yet terribly dangerous.

At last I found myself in a big place down below where there was a row of houses, all kinds of things, and it was absolutely essential that I go back up – when suddenly a somewhat indistinct form (rather dark, unluminous) came to me and said, 'Oh, don't go there, it's very bad, very dangerous! They've set it all up in a terrifying way: none can withstand it! You mustn't go there, wait a bit. And if you need something, do come, you know I have everything you need! *(Mother laughs)* it's a little old and dusty but you'll manage!' Then she led me into a huge room filled with objects piled one on top of another, and in one corner she showed me a bathtub – my child, it was a marvel! A splendid pink marble bathtub! But it was unused, dusty and old. 'We'll just wipe it off,' she said, 'and you'll be able to use it!' She showed me other areas for washing and dressing, there was everything one could possibly need. 'You can use it all. Don't go up there!' I looked at her closely. She struck me as having a tiny face, it was odd – it wasn't a form, it was ... it was a form and yet it wasn't! As imprecise as that. [32] Then I clasped her in my arms and cried out, *'Mother, you are nice!' (Mother laughs)* I knew then that she was material Mother Nature.

After that I felt quite at ease. The battle was over – it was over FOR THE

MOMENT, because they weren't finished: they continued their uproar on the other side; but I didn't have to go there anymore.

It has been deferred because I was still down below; I had not yet returned to the upper levels. Anyhow....

But they are furious! There is evidently a whole alignment of forces (they must be vital forces) between here and ... my domain. They're furious! They set up explosions, demolitions.... And I could see all the settings – they were quite artificial, nothing real, but dangerous nonetheless.

All in all, it was rather amusing.

You were disrupting their work, is that it?

Yes, I am disrupting their work – I know perfectly well that I am disrupting their domination of the world! All these vital beings have taken possession of the whole of Matter *(Mother touches her body)* – life and action – and have made it their domain, this is evident. But they are beings of the lower vital, for they seemed artificial – they didn't express any higher form, but an entire range of artificial mechanisms, artificial will, artificial organization, all deriving from their own imagination and not at all from a higher inspiration.[14] The symbol was very clear.

And I saw my own domain through them and through it all; I saw my domain: 'I can see it!', I said. But no sooner would I start on my way than the path would be lost, I no longer saw it, I couldn't see anymore where I was going. It became almost impossible to get my bearings there: hundreds and thousands of people, things – utter confusion. An incoherent immensity – and violent, what violence!

I felt something last night....

Yes, it was last night. [33]

I received some extraordinarily violent vibrations.

Ah, you felt them too! ...

At one point, it seized me here in the belly as if it wanted to rip something out.

Yes, yes – oh, what violence, what fury!

At first I thought it was coming from you (!) – as if you were trying to remove something undesirable in me.

Oh, no! *(Mother laughs)* I don't use such violent means! No, no! It was very strange.... When it fell upon me (four or five days ago, I no longer recall), everything I had gained materially disappeared! As though all that had been conquered and mastered, even what had begun to change, even wrong functionings that had completely ceased, all that had been set right and brought under control: gone! Gone! Completely gone! As if everything came back in one fell swoop.

I remained perfectly tranquil, there was nothing else to do; I knew it meant a battle. I was perfectly tranquil, but I could no longer eat, I could no longer rest, do japa[15] or walk, and my head felt as though it would burst. I could only abandon myself *(Mother opens her arms in a gesture of surrender)*, enter into a very, very deep trance, a very deep *samadhi* – this is something one can always do. But that was the only thing left to me. Ideas were just as clear as ever (all that is above and doesn't budge), but my body was in a very bad way. It was a fight, a fight at each second. The least thing, just to walk a step, was a struggle, an awful battle!

Then last night I saw the symbol, the image of the thing. But ... what was it? It was an element in the most material Matter,[16] because it was deep down below; yet despite it all, Mother Nature was in charge there: she was familiar with everything, knew everything and it was all at her disposal – absolutely the most material Nature. And she herself had no light, but was very, very ... she had a concealed power that was completely invisible. [34]

Each time I set out to leave her domain and ascend above, it triggered a hurricane. I would pass this way and the storm started up, pass that way, unleash a gale. Finally she approached me and said very gently, very sweetly, in a most unassuming way, 'No, don't go there, don't go! Don't try to return to your home. They have set up a dreadful hurricane!' And artificial: there were explosions like bombs everywhere, and even worse, like thunderbolts. One could see the artificial tricks and electrical effects they were using to create their thunder, but it was on a tremendous scale!

It isn't over.

I simply consented to stay there. 'You will have all you need, stay here quietly.' And what beautiful things she had, lovely things! They were unused and dusty. (It was surely the symbol of ancient realizations – realizations of the ancient Rishis, things like that. Who knows?) They were first class, but completely neglected and thick with dust, like material objects left unused – which no one knew HOW to use. She put them at my disposal: 'Look, look, let

me show you!' There was a tremendous accumulation of things, piled in such great confusion that one couldn't see. Yet the marvel of it was that when she led me to a corner to show me something, everything immediately moved aside and order was restored, so that the object she wanted to show me stood out all by itself. And oh, a thing of beauty! ... Made of pink marble! A pink marble bathtub of a shape I didn't recognize – not Roman, not antique (not modern, far from it!) – how beautiful it was! And whenever she wanted to show me something in this untidy and cluttered room full of objects piled one on top of another, they would organize themselves, take their proper place, and all became neat. 'You will just have to dust them off a bit,' she said. *(Mother laughs)*

But I'm not surprised it came down on you.

> *Oh, I felt it! It was very violent. It came down on me three times and I told myself, 'Hmm, someone is cleaning out!' It felt like something was being removed from me that shouldn't be there. But the third time I doubted it was you because it became so violent, particularly around the abdomen, like something being torn out of me. Strange.... Vibrations, nothing but vibrations ... very, very violent.*

For me it was in the head (not last night but over the past few days), when I was trying to do my *japa* – oh, it was as though my head would burst![35] All the nerves were not just tense *(Mother touches the nape of her neck),* but cramped. And my head felt as if boiling oil were being poured inside it; it was about to explode, and I couldn't see clearly.

Something was obviously bent on preventing me from going down for the distribution.[17] But by an act of will I went down. 'I will do it,' I said. But it was difficult. There were moments when it sidled up to me: 'Now you're going to faint,' and then, 'Now your legs will no longer be able to walk. Now....' It kept coming like that. So I kept repeating the japa the whole time, and it was touch-and-go right up to the end. Finally I couldn't distinguish people, I saw only shapes, forms passing by, and not clearly. When the distribution was over, I got up (I knew I had to get up), I stood up without flinching and stepped down from the chair without faltering. But I was not careful and when I turned away from the light in the room to go towards the staircase – an abrupt blackout. Not the blackout of a faint – my eyes no longer saw. I saw only shadows. 'Ah!' I said to myself, 'where is the step?!' And to avoid missing it, I clutched the railing. What a commotion that made! Champaklal came rushing up, thinking I was about to fall!

Anyhow....

It was only afterwards, a long time after, that I began to see again. It was clearly something that was NOT WILLING. But when will it give in? ... I can't

say. No victory has been won, far from it. And it has remained like this: status quo.

It will probably have to begin again, but in what manner?

Evidently all the vital forces who have taken the habit of ruling the earth (last night it had the proportions of the earth, it wasn't universal) are the very ones who refuse to listen; they don't at all like what I am doing.

You see, personal *surrender* and devotion is an excellent solution for the individual, but it doesn't work for the collectivity. For example, as soon as I am alone and lying on my bed – peace! (Ah, I forgot! They had invented yet another thing: making my heartbeats irregular. Every three or four beats it would stop; then it would start up again, pounding as if I had been struck. Three, four beats, a faint little beat, then stop ... then, bang! Blow after blow.... One more of their extraordinary inventions!) But, as soon as I stretch out and make a total *surrender* of all the cells – no more activity, nothing – everything goes well. [36]

But I am well aware that this surrender has an effect on the action only to the extent that the Supreme Lord has decided upon the action, and those movements stretch over long periods of time[18]: all sorts of things may happen before the final Victory is won. Because, for us, the scale is very small; even if it were of terrestrial proportions, it would be a very small scale; but on a universal scale.... These forces have their place and their action, their universe, and as long as their place and their action are maintained, they will be here. So before their action can be exhausted or become useless, many things can happen....

Individually, however, there is almost instantaneous bliss. But this is not a true solution ... it's a solution in the long run, by repercussion. To have true command here in this world, all of that must be mastered.

And this is the confusion made by all those people who believed that their ... what they called their 'personal salvation' was the salvation of the world – it's not true at all! It isn't true – it's a PERSONAL salvation.

(silence)

But all of that is wonderfully, accurately expressed and EXPLAINED in *Savitri.* Only you must know how to read it! The entire last part, from the moment she goes to seek Satyavan in the realm of Death (which affords an occasion to explain this), the whole description of what happens there, right up to the end, where every possible offer is made to tempt her, everything she must refuse to continue her terrestrial labor ... it is my experience EXACTLY.

Savitri is really a condensation, a concentration of the universal Mother – the eternal universal Mother, Mother of all universes from all eternity – in an earthly personality for the Earth's salvation. And Satyavan is the soul of the

Earth, the Earth's *jiva.* So when the Lord says, 'he whom you love and whom you have chosen,' it means the earth. [37] All the details are there! When she comes back down, when Death has yielded at last, when all has been settled and the Supreme tells her, 'Go, go with him, the one you have chosen,' how does Sri Aurobindo describe it? He says that she very carefully takes the SOUL of Satyavan into her arms, like a little child, to pass through all the realms and come back down to earth. Everything is there! He hasn't forgotten a single detail to make it easy to understand – for someone who knows how to understand. And it is when Savitri reaches the earth that Satyavan regains his full human stature.

January 24, 1961

I have something to tell you now.... We'll work later.

In the middle of the night before last, I woke up (or rather I returned to an external consciousness) with the feeling of having a much larger (by larger I mean more voluminous) and much more powerful being in my body than I usually have. it was as if it could scarcely be held inside me but was spilling over; and SO COMPACTLY POWERFUL that it was almost uncomfortable. The feeling of: what to do with all this?

It lasted the remainder of the night and all day long I had considerable trouble containing an overwhelming power that spontaneously created reactions utterly disproportionate to a human body and made me speak in a way that.... When something was not going well: wham! Such an instantaneous and strong reply that it looked like anger. And I found it difficult to control the movement – it had happened already in the morning and it very nearly happened again in the afternoon. 'That last attack has weakened me terribly!' I told myself, I don't have the strength to contain this Power; it's difficult to remain calm and controlled.' That was my first thought, so I insisted upon calm.

Then yesterday afternoon, when I went upstairs to walk,[19] a couple of things occurred – not personal, but of a general nature – concerning, for instance, certain old-fashioned conventions having to do with women and their particular nature (not psychological, physical) – old ideas like that which had always seemed utterly stupid to me suddenly provoked a kind of reprobation completely out of proportion to the fact itself. [38]

Then one or two other things[20] happened in regard to certain people, certain circumstances (nothing to do with me personally: it came from here and there). Then suddenly, I saw a Force coming ('coming,' well, 'manifesting')

which was the same as that 'thing' I had felt within me but even bigger; it began whirling upon the earth and within circumstances ... oh, like a cyclone of compact power moving forward with the intention of changing all this! It had to change. At all costs, it must change!

I was above, as usual *(Mother points above her head, indicating the higher consciousness),* and I looked at that *(Mother bends over, as if looking down at the earth),* and said to myself, 'Hmm, this is getting dangerous. If it continues like this, it will result in ... in a war or a revolution or some catastrophe – a tidal wave or an earthquake.' So I tried to counteract it by applying the highest consciousness to it, that of a perfect serenity. And I saw especially that this consciousness has been missioned to transform the earth through the Supermind and by the supramental Force, avoiding all catastrophes as far as possible: the Work is to be done as luminously and harmoniously as the earth would allow, even by going at a slower pace if need be. That was the idea. And I tried to counteract that whirlwind power with this consciousness.

(long silence)

I must say that after this, when I read *The Secret of the Veda* as I do each evening.... In fact, I am in very close contact with the entire Vedic world since I've been reading that book: I see beings, hear phrases.... It comes up in a sort of subliminal consciousness, a lot of things are from the ancient Vedic tradition. (By the way, I have even come to see that the pink marble bathtub I told you about last time, which Nature had offered me, belongs to the Vedic world, to a civilization of that epoch.[21]) [39] There were – there are always – Sanskrit words coming up, sentences, bits of dialogue.... This is of interest, because I realized that what I had seen the other day (I told you about it) and then what I saw yesterday – that whole domain – was connected to what the Vedas call the dasyus – the *panis* and the dasyus[22] – the enemies of the Light. And this Force that came was very clearly a power like Indra's[23] (though something far, far greater), and at war with darkness everywhere, like this *(Mother sketches in space a whirling force touching points here and there throughout the world),* this Force attacked all darkness: ideas, people, movements, events, whatever made stains, patches of shadow. And it kept on going, a formidable power, so great that my hands were like this *(Mother clenches her fists).* Later when I read (I happened to be reading just the chapter concerning the fight against the *dasyus),* this proximity to my own experience became interesting, for it was not at all intellectual or mental – there was no idea, no thought involved.

The remainder of the evening passed as usual. I went to bed, and at exactly a quarter to twelve I got up with the feeling that this 'presence' in me had increased even further and really become rather formidable.... I had to instill a great deal of peace and confidence into my body, which felt as though ... it wasn't so easy to bear. So I concentrated, I told my body to be calm and to let itself go completely.

At midnight I was lying in bed. (And I remained there from midnight until I o'clock fully awake. I don't know if my eyes were open or closed, but I was wide awake, NOT IN TRANCE – I could hear all the noises, the clocks, and so forth.) Then, lying flat, my entire body (but a slightly enlarged body, exceeding the purely physical form) became ONE vibration, extremely rapid and intense but immobile. I don't know how to explain this, because it did not move in space but was a vibration (that is, it wasn't motionless); yet it was motionless in space. [40] And the exact form of my body was absolutely the most brilliant white Light of the supreme Consciousness, the consciousness OF the Supreme. It was IN the body and it was as though in EACH cell there was a vibration, and it was all part of a single BLOCK of vibration. It extended this much beyond the body *(gesture indicating about six centimeters).* I was absolutely immobile in my bed. Then, WITHOUT MOVING, without shifting, it began consciously to rise up – without moving, you understand: I remained like this *(Mother holds her two joined and motionless hands at the level of her forehead, as if her entire body were mounting in* prayer) – consciously ... like an ascension of this consciousness[24] towards the supreme Consciousness.

The body was stretched out flat.

And for a quarter of an hour, the consciousness rose, rose, without moving. It kept rising up, up, up – until ... the junction was made.

A conscious junction, absolutely awake, NO TRANCE.

Thus the consciousness became the ONE Consciousness: perfect, eternal, outside time, outside space, outside movement ... beyond everything, in ... I don't know, in an ecstasy, a beatitude, something ineffable.

(silence)

It was the consciousness OF THE BODY.

I have had this experience before in exteriorization and trance, but this time it was THE BODY, the consciousness of the body.

It remained like that for a certain time (I knew it was a quarter of an hour because the clock chimed), but it was completely outside time. It was an eternity.

Then, with the same precision, the same calm, the same deliberate, clear and concentrated consciousness (absolutely NOTHING MENTAL), I began to come back down. And as I was descending, I realized that all the difficulty I had been fighting the other day and which had created this illness was absolutely ended, ANNULLED – mastered. Actually, it was not even mastery but the non-existence of anything to be mastered: Simply THE vibration from top to bottom; yet there was neither high nor low nor any direction.

And it went on like that. After this, Slowly, Still WITHOUT MOVING, everything went back into each of the different centers of the being. [41] (Ah, let me say parenthetically that it wasn't AT ALL the ascent of a force like the ascent of the Kundalini! It had absolutely nothing to do with the Kundalini movement and the centers, it wasn't that at all.) But while re-descending, it was as though WITHOUT LEAVING THIS STATE, without leaving this state which remained conscious ALL the time, this supreme Consciousness began to reactivate the different centers: first here *(Mother points to the center above the head and then touches the crown of the head, the forehead, throat, chest, etc.)* then there, there, there. At each there was a pause while this new realization organized everything. It organized and made the necessary decisions, sometimes down to the most minute details: what had to be done in this case or said in that case; and all of that TOGETHER, at once, not one by one but seen entirely as a whole. It kept on descending – I noted many things, it was extremely interesting – down and down, farther and farther, right to the depths. Everything went on at the same time,[25] simultaneously, and at the same time this supreme Consciousness was organizing everything separately.[26]

This descending reorganization ended exactly when the clock struck one. At that moment I knew that I had to go into trance for the work to be perfected, but until then I was wide awake.

So I slipped into trance.

I came out of this trance two hours later, at 3 a.m. And during these two hours I saw ... with a new consciousness, a new vision, and above all a NEW POWER – I had a vision of the entire Work: all the people, all the things, all the systems, all of it. [42] And it was ... it was different in appearance (this is only because appearances depend upon the needs of the moment), but mainly it differed IN POWER – A considerable difference. Considerable. The power itself was no longer the same.[27]

A truly ESSENTIAL change in the body has occurred.

I see that the body will have to – how can I express it? ... It will have to accustom itself to this new Power. But essentially the change has been accomplished.

It's not ... it is far, very far from being the final change, there's a lot more to be done. But we may say that it's the conscious and total presence of the supramental Force in the body.

(silence)

When I got up today, I was going over all this to myself, and my first instinct was not to speak of it, to observe and see what would happen; but then I received a distinct and precise Command to tell it to you this morning. The experience had to be noted down just as it occurred, recorded in its exact form.

In the body now, there is a very clear ... not only a certitude, but a *feeling* that a certain omnipotence is not far away, and that very soon when it sees ('it'

sees ... 'it'! There is only one 'It' in this whole affair, which is neither 'he' nor 'she' nor ...), when it sees that something must be, it automatically will be.

There is still a long, long way to go. But the first step on the way has been taken.

* * *

(Shortly afterwards, concerning a rampant flu epidemic.)

There is a terrible epidemic in the country – a triple epidemic.

Does a servant come to your house? ... No one is sick in his family ? Because what happens is that they don't want to lose their jobs or their salary, so they don't warn you. They may have smallpox or measles or chickenpox and they don't take the slightest care to wash or change their clothes; they come to your house and of course they bring along the disease. So the number of cases keeps multiplying and multiplying. I have been meaning to tell Pavitra to be careful of that little character who works for him – even ordinarily I don't like to see him running around here. It's strange how it sullies the atmosphere – oh, you can't imagine! Almost all of them, almost all! [43]

It's not at all the same as in the West, in Europe or America, not at all. Basically, the people in those countries are made of the same stuff as we are. But here that's not the case, because for centuries it never changed – a Brahmin, for example, always remained a Brahmin, a Kshatria was always a Kshatria and all his servants were Kshatrias. It stayed in the family, in the sense that in each caste the servants – often poor relatives – be longed to that same caste. From a social standpoint this might not have been too pleasant, but as far as atmosphere was concerned, it was very good. This was changed, however, first by the Muslim invasion, and then especially by the British.

The British, you see, were served only by pariahs (in fact, it's we Europeans who named them that!). But they were not actually pariahs by birth, they became pariahs out of HABIT.

I have studied the problem very closely, because when you come from Europe you bring all your European ideas with you and you don't know or understand a thing about the way it really is. I immediately came into contact with Brahmin servants and pariah servants, but I didn't know that some were Brahmins and others pariahs, nobody had told me anything; it depended upon the people I was with and the places I went. But the contact, the atmosphere *(gesture of fingering the air).... You* know, I didn't even need to touch them physically! There was such a difference that I asked Sri Aurobindo, 'But what is it?' So he explained the whole thing to me.

You see, originally these 'pariahs' were people who took their delight

(their pleasure) in filth and falsehood, in crime, in violence and robbery – it was a joy for them. They had castes among themselves; there is still a caste of brigands nearby – I once went to their village to have a look – people who always keep a dagger on them, they love to play with daggers. They steal not so much out of need as out of pleasure. And dirty-they abhor cleanliness! And they will lie even if they have to contradict themselves fifteen minutes later, for the sheer delight of lying.

What an atmosphere it creates! ... It's palpable *(Mother fingers the air).*

I had a woman here with me who was born among these people. She had been adopted by Thomas (the French musician who composed the comic-opera, *Mignon).* [44] They had come to India and found this little girl who at the time was very young; she was only thirteen, quite pretty and nice. So they took her back to France with them as a nanny and treated her as one of their own children. She was cared for, educated, given everything, treated absolutely like one of the family; she remained there for twenty years. Moreover, she was gifted with clairvoyance and could tell fortunes by reading palms, which she did remarkably well. She even worked for a while in a café, the Moulin-Rouge or a similar place, as a 'Hindu Fortune Teller'! What a maharani she was, with her magnificent jewels – and beautiful, as well. In short, she had completely left all her old habits behind.

Then she returned to India and I took her in with me. I continued to treat her almost as a friend and I helped her to develop her gifts.... Mon petit,[28] how dirty she started to get, lying, stealing, and absolutely needlessly – she had money, she was well treated, she had everything she needed, she ate what we did – there was absolutely no reason! When I finally asked her, 'But why, why! ?' (she was no longer young at this point), she replied, 'When I came back here, it took hold of me again; it's stronger than I am.' That was a revelation for me! Those old habits had been impervious to education.

We think these people are the way they are because the environment is bad, the education is poor, the conditions are difficult – it's not true! In the universal economy of things they REPRESENT something, a certain type of force and vibration. It will have to be either dissolved or transformed. Transformed? But perhaps that is.... It may disappear along with the hostile forces. Perhaps once everything has been transformed it will disappear – I don't know when.

In any case, I really tried my best, with all the power I had, all the knowledge I had, because I liked this girl a lot, it wasn't at all a question of charity, I found her very interesting. But I watched – with a kind of horror, really – as this past repossessed her more and more, more and more each day, until we were finally obliged to dismiss her, to tell her, 'Go.' 'Yes, I understand,' she replied, 'I can't stay here.'

She lived in France from the age of thirteen, with all that those people did

for her! (It was Ambroise Thomas, I remember now. They were so kind to her.) And naturally she had picked up very fine manners – the outer appearances were all there.

All this is just to tell you that some contacts are not very favorable. [45] And I understand full well: I could never tolerate people like that coming into my room – sometimes it would take me hours and hours to put things right!

We have to be careful.

There was a time when we had only a minimum of servants here and they always remained apart – we never had an epidemic. I don't know for how many years it was – years and years while Sri Aurobindo was here – we never had a single case of an epidemic disease. It began when people started coming here with children; necessarily they brought their servants along with them, who went to the bazaar and even to the movies and here and there. Then everything came in.

But now the situation is bad. There are something like thirty cases of measles, four or five of smallpox and some chickenpox as well. You must be careful. I need you in good health, otherwise we'll have to stop everything!

There are places where it happens like that: suddenly everything stops – no more school, no more mail, no more trains. I remember a poor little village in Japan where they had a flu epidemic, the first of its kind. They didn't know what it was and the whole village fell ill. It was winter, the village was snowed in and there was no more communication with the outside (the mail came only once every fifteen days). The postman arrived ... and everyone was dead, buried beneath the snow.

I was there in Japan when it happened.

A little vale of snow – no one left.

January 27, 1961

(On the moralistic reactions of someone who thought that certain acts 'angered' God:)

They are only too eager to believe that God can get angry with them! I try to dispel this notion as much as I can, because it's not true – it isn't true.

(long silence) [46]

This time, something has really been achieved.

Since the last experience [January 24] I see it daily. The following day, probably for reasons connected with the body's development and adaptation, I was rather seriously ill – what is usually called 'painfully ill': the body was suffering a lot, or WOULD HAVE suffered a lot had it been in its former normal consciousness. That's where I saw the difference – a fantastic difference!

I was perfectly conscious (now when I say 'I', it refers to my body, I am not speaking of the whole higher consciousness), the body was perfectly conscious of its suffering, the reason for its suffering, the cause of its suffering, everything – and it did not suffer. You understand, the two perceptions were there together: the body saw the disorder, saw the suffering just as it would have felt it a few weeks earlier, it saw all that ('saw,' 'knew'... I don't know how to express it – it was conscious, *it was aware*) and it did not suffer. *The two awarenesses* were absolutely simultaneous.

There is now a kind of VERY PRECISE knowledge of the whole inner mechanism for all things – and what has to be done materially. This is developing, as a flower blossoms: you see one petal open and then another and then another; it is proceeding like that, slowly, taking its time. It's the same process for the Power.

To illustrate this, an interesting thing came up – yesterday, I think. (All these experiences come to show me the difference, as if to give proof of the change.) Someone had had a dream about me whispered to him by the adverse forces for specific reasons (I won't go into the details). He was much affected by it, so he wrote down the dream and gave it to me. I was carrying his letter along with all the others, as I usually do, but suddenly I knew I had to read it right away: I read it. Then I saw the whole thing with such clarity, precision, accuracy: how it had come about, how the dream had been produced, its effect – the whole functioning of all the forces. As I read along and it went on unfolding, I did what was necessary for him (he was present at the time) in order to undo what the adverse forces had done. Then at the end, when I had finished, said everything, explained what it was all about and what had to be done, something SO CATEGORICAL came into me (I cannot verbalize this kind of experience, it is what I call the 'difference' in power: something categorical). I took the letter, uttered a few words (which I won't repeat) and said, 'You see, it's like this: so much for that,' and I ripped the letter a first time. 'Then, that's for that,' I tore it a second time ... and so on. I ripped it up five times and the fifth time I saw that their power was destroyed. [47]

I have done these things before – it's a knowledge I already had – and it always had its effect when I did them; it's not that I am passing from powerlessness to power, not at all. But it's this kind of ... yes, something definite, absolute – a kind of absolute in vision, in knowledge, in action and ABOVE ALL in power – a kind of absolute that doesn't need to conquer obstacles and resistances, but ANNULS the resistance automatically. Then I saw that something had truly changed.

(After a digression, Mother gives another example of the change:)

I told you something concerning the power of the will, didn't I?...

Well, yesterday I saw R. He was asking me questions about his work and particularly about the knowledge of languages (he's a scholar, you know, and very familiar with the old traditions). This put me in contact with that whole world and I began speaking to him a little about what I had already said to you concerning my experience with the Vedas. And all at once, in the same [absolute] way as I told you, when I entered into contact with that world a whole domain seemed to open up, a whole field of knowledge from the standpoint of languages, of the Word, of the essential Vibration, that vibration which would be able to reproduce the supramental consciousness. It all came, so clear, so clear, luminous, indisputable – but unfortunately there was no tape recorder!

It was about the Word, the primal sound. Sri Aurobindo speaks of it in *Savitri:* the essence of the Word and how it will express itself, how it will bring in the possibility of a supramental expression that will take the place of languages.... I began by speaking to him about the different languages, their limitations and possibilities; and I warned him against the deformations imposed on languages with the idea of making them a more flexible means of expressing something else. I told him how completely ridiculous it all was, and that it didn't correspond at all to the truth. Then little by little I began ascending to the Origin. So yesterday again, I had this same experience: a whole world of knowledge, of consciousness and of CERTAINTY – precluding the least possibility of contradiction, discussion, or opposition; the possibility DOES NOT EXIST, it doesn't exist. And the mind was absolutely silent and immobile, listening with obvious pleasure because these things had never before come into my consciousness; I had never been concerned with them in that way. It was completely new – not new in principle but completely new in action. [48]

The experiences are multiplying.

A sound that can bring in the supramental Force?

Yes. While speaking, you see, I went back to the origin of sound (Sri

Aurobindo describes it very clearly in *Savitri:* the origin of sound, the moment when what we called 'the Word' becomes a sound). So I had a kind of perception of the essential sound before it becomes a material sound. And I said, 'When this essential sound becomes a material sound, it will give birth to the new expression which will express the supramental world.' I had the experience itself at that moment, it came directly. I spoke in English and Sri Aurobindo was concretely, almost palpably, present.

Now it has gone away.

(silence)

Oh, another little example. You know those photos I distributed on the 21st for the Saraswati Puja) Amrita told me he was going to send them to X,[29] I but I told him, 'No, don't bother.' (The 21st was a terrible day for me. All the *dasyus* of the world were in league against me, trying to stop me – I understood this afterwards, when I saw those things.[30] 'So that's what it is!' I said to myself, 'That's what has been going on!') Then after the night of the 24 h, I went down for *balcony-darshan*[31] with such a foursquare certainty – you know, cubic: such a cubic certainty – and I said to Amrita, 'You can send him those photos today,' without an explanation, without a word, with nothing but a feeling of certainty, a kind of definite and absolute THAT'S HOW IT IS.

And that is a change, truly a change. [49]

January 29, 1961

My legs are tired....

(Mother looks at T's questions on Sri Aurobindo's Aphorisms.)

> 53 – The quarrels of religious sects are like the disputing of pots, which shall be alone allowed to hold the immortalizing nectar. Let them dispute, but the thing for us is to get at the nectar in whatever pot and attain immortality.

What is this nectar of immortality?

This consciousness of immortality ... is OUR becoming conscious of the

realms where immortality exists; but to bring immortality into the physical consciousness requires not only a transformation of physical consciousness but a transformation of physical substance as well. So....

* * *

(Concerning the last conversation where Mother spoke of the essential Sound, or the 'Word' of the Vedic Rishis.)

I promised Nolini I would show him this.

Yes, Mother, this is a problem.... Often when you tell me things of such importance I feel I benefit from them quite egoistically – could they be shown to Pavitra now and then? Do you want them to be kept absolutely confidential, or may I show them to Pavitra occasionally?

It depends.... You can tell Sujata whatever you like.

I have never said anything. I never say a word.

You can tell her anything you like, it doesn't matter – just tell her to keep it to herself. [50]

But otherwise.... Some of the things you note down I just put away. But some I show to Nolini (of them all, Nolini is the one who can best understand). I give him certain things to read, but otherwise, no. It is completely different between us, as I told you – completely different. If you benefit from it, so much the better! If it helps you in your inner development, good, I have no objection – on the contrary. It's quite natural, the natural consequence of our meetings.

But if while speaking with Sujata you feel that something might help her, I have no objection to your telling her – simply say that it's between the two of you.

So far, I haven't said anything. You know how I am: I keep quiet, I don't say a word.

Oh, yes, that's best. Because one must absolutely beware.... But as I said, with her I have no objection.

A short while later:

It continues. Now they have begun attacking my legs – they always have to find something new!

Your legs are giving you trouble?

For a long time. It began in the middle of November. I saw the symbol of it only recently,[32] but the battle itself has been going on since mid-November.

(silence)

You shouldn't have to suffer too much from this.

I feel all kinds of....

Yes, yes, of course, it's inevitable. But you must call in tranquillity, that's the only thing.... It keeps coming and coming from all sides; but when you feel things going badly, when you're uneasy or thoroughly upset, you must remember to call in tranquillity. [51]

But it's about you, directed against you, all sorts of suggestions that make me....

That want to cut you off from me. Yes, I know perfectly well. It's like that for everybody, not just for you.

We must keep going right to the end, that's all – there's nothing else to do.

January 31, 1961

(Concerning the experience related on January 24, of the supramental Force reorganizing the activity of each center of consciousness. The experience ended in a deep trance: 'I slipped into trance...')

I neglected to mention something very important.

At the moment of my coming out of the trance, I had a very concrete, positive perception (not a mental understanding, it didn't come from the being's intellectual part, the part that understands and explains everything and Is symbolized, I think, by Indra; it wasn't in any way conveyed through that higher intelligence, it wasn't mental). A kind of perception (not really a sensation, it was more than a sensation) of the almost total unimportance of the external, material expression of the body's condition: the consciousness OF THE BODY was absolutely indifferent to external, physical signs, whether they were like this or like that (the BODY'S consciousness was what had experienced the identity). And this body-consciousness had the perception of the EXTREME RELATIVITY of the most material expression.

I am translating it to make myself understood – it wasn't like that at the time of the experience. Suppose, for example, that there was a disorder here or there in the body, not actually an illness (because illness implies some important inner factor such as an attack or the necessity for some transformation, many different things), but the outer expression of a disorder, such as swollen legs or a malfunctioning liver – not an illness, a disorder, a functional disorder. [52] Well, it was all utterly unimportant: IT IN NO WAY CHANGES THE BODY'S TRUE CONSCIOUSNESS. Although we are in the habit of thinking that the body is very disturbed when it's ill, when something is going wrong, it's not so. It isn't disturbed in the way we understand it.

Then what is disturbed if not the body?

Oh, it's the physical mind, this stupid mind! It makes all the trouble, always.

It isn't the body at all?

No! The body is VERY enduring.

Then what suffers?

Suffering also comes through the physical mind, because if this entity is calmed down, we no longer suffer – exactly what happened to me!

The physical mind, you see, makes use of the nervous substance; if we withdraw it from the nervous substance, we no longer feel anything, for that's what gives us the perception of sensation.... We know something is wrong, but we no longer suffer from it.

This was a very important experience. Afterwards (especially yesterday afternoon and this morning), I gradually began to realize that this kind of

indifferent detachment is the ESSENTIAL condition for the establishment of true Harmony in the most material Matter – the most external, physical Matter *(Mother pinches the skin of her hand).*

This experience has been like a stage – an indispensable stage for establishing this complete detachment; an indispensable stage so that the harmony of the body-consciousness (which came with the body's experience of the Divine) might have its effect upon the most external, superficial part of the body.

(silence)

This is the logical consequence of the research I have been doing for a long time now on the cause of illnesses and how to overcome them. [53]

This ought to be noted down, because it's important. It has seemed all the more important to me these last two days. Beginning yesterday evening, there was a whole series of experiences, and this morning I came to a certain conclusion, whose starting point, I realized, was that experience I had upon coming out of trance....

The rest will come later.

It was the very moment I was coming out of the trance, at 3 a.m. – I came out of it with that[33]; it was the first contact. I had forgotten to mention this to you because it took on importance only very recently.

* * *

(A little later, concerning the Saraswati Puja photos that Mother first refused to send to X on the 21st, then decided to send on the 25th, with a kind of imperative 'cubic certainty'.)

X has replied. He said something like this, which Amrita translated: 'I have received the photos. It is a...' I don't know whether he said 'illumination' or Tame,' 'ascending towards the Truth, leading towards the Truth.' That's the impression it gave him: that it was leading somewhere.

That's good – he received it as I sent it.

But would it really have made a difference to send these photos on the 21st, as Amrita wanted, rather than later?

Ah, yes! (How to explain? ...) On the 21st, these photos could still have created a kind of difficulty in X's consciousness (a semiconscious difficulty) because of all the obstacles, all the contradictions, all that was coming to put up a fight – he is very sensitive to these things and I didn't want to put him in contact with that realm. Later, though ... they had been given a good thump on

the head *(Mother abruptly bangs down both hands)* and were keeping still. Then I said, 'All right, now you can send them.'

I always avoid putting him in contact with the realm of conflicts and contradictions because he is extremely sensitive and it causes him difficulties. That's why I said, 'No, don't bother.' Afterwards, it was fine! [54]

(silence)

Now I have begun reading those hymns[34].... Oh, now I understand! All those obstacles were a preparation straight from Sri Aurobindo. Now I understand! (What I mean by 'understand' is that it's a help for making progress.) I understand the nature of certain obstructions and certain difficulties, and what allows certain forces to oppose each other – I understand it quite clearly.

I have read only two hymns so far. By the time I reach the end ... I will probably have found something.

* * *

(After the work, Mother begins speaking of her translation of 'The Synthesis of Yoga'.)

A few days ago I had an experience related to this. For some time I had been unable to work because I was unwell and my eyes were very tired. And two or three days ago, when I resumed the translation, I suddenly realized that I was seeing it quite differently! Something had happened during those days (how to put it?) ... the position of the translation work in relation to the text was different. My last sentence was all I had with me, because I file my papers as I go along, so I went back to it along with the corresponding English sentence. 'Oh, look!' I said, 'That's how it goes!' And I made all the corrections quite spontaneously. The position really seemed different.

It's not yet perfect, it's still being worked on, but when I read it over, I saw that I had truly gone beyond the stage where one tries to find a correspondence with what one reads, an appropriate expression sufficiently close to the original text (that's the state I was in before). Now it's not like that anymore! The translation seems to come spontaneously: that is English, this is French – sometimes very different, sometimes very close. It was rather interesting, for you know that Sri Aurobindo was strongly drawn to the structure of the French language (he used to say that it created a far better, far clearer and far more forceful English than the Saxon structure), and often, while writing in English, he quite spontaneously used the French syntax. When it's like that, the translation adapts naturally – you get the impression that it was almost written in French. [55] But when the structure is Saxon, what used to happen is that a French equivalent would come to me; but now it's almost as if something were

directing: 'That is English, this is French.'

It was there, it was clear; but it's not yet permanent. Something is beginning. I hope it's going to become established before too long and that there will be no more translating difficulties.

Meanwhile, I am interested in seeing how it functions in your mind.... I think that after some time – perhaps not too long from now – we will be able to do this work together in an interesting way....

The trouble is the time shortage. There isn't enough time![35]

Oh, yes, this is very, very annoying, my child! You don't need to tell me! I have never in my life had enough time. Whatever I do, whether I am speaking to someone, organizing something, doing a particular work, the time is always too short, and I have the feeling, 'Oh, if I could only do that quietly!' Anything, no matter what, becomes interesting if it can be done calmly, with the right attitude and the right concentration. Yet we are perpetually hurried by the next thing coming along.

But this is a shortcoming. And I know it, I know it – I will find the solution. And when I have found it, it will be....

But time isn't elastic! If the days had three more hours in them it would be perfect!

Ye ... es ... but it's because we are still too bound up in the outermost form of things. You can't imagine the difference this makes! One does the SAME thing in exactly the same way, the motion is identical, but in one case it takes time, while in the other case it doesn't.

I have experienced this very concretely. In the mornings, for instance, I have a very short time, very limited and very fixed, to get to the balcony for darshan, and there are a number of completely material things I must do beforehand. It's quite natural to feel that time must always be the same – but it's not true. It's not true – even I am astonished! [56]

With my japa the contrast is the same, it's absolutely astounding: I feel I am saying the words in the same way, with the same sound, exactly the same rhythm, but in some cases, with a particular inner attitude, the time by the clock is different! Yet nevertheless, bound up as we are in our physical Matter, we imagine it has taken exactly the same amount of time! That's what is so strange, this extraordinary relativity vis-à-vis the clock.

This must be what they tried to express by Joshua making the sun stand

still.

There is something there ... to be found. Something extraordinary. How wonderful it will be when we find it!

There are a few secrets like that – I feel them as secrets. And now and then it's as though I am given an example, as though I am being told, 'You see, that's really how it is.' And I am dumbfounded.... In ordinary language, one would say, 'It's miraculous!' But it isn't miraculous, it is something to be found.

And we shall find it! [36]
So, mon petit, that's all. [57]

February 4, 1961

Here, I have brought you two flowers. They have two different yet very typically Indian fragrances: this one is Straightforwardness,[37] and this is SIMPLICITY.[38] I have always found that this one *(Mother holds out the Simplicity)* has a cleansing fragrance: when you breathe it, ah, everything becomes clean – it's wonderful! *(Mother breathes in the flower's fragrance.)* Once I cured myself of the onset of a cold with it – this can be done when you catch it at the very beginning. It fills you completely, the nose, the throat.... And this [Straightforwardness] is right at the other end of the spectrum. I find it very, very powerful – strange, isn't it?

It's not at all sweet-smelling.

Oh, no! It's quite strong.

It's largely the fragrances that have made me give flowers their significance.... I find these studies quite interesting; it corresponds to something really TRUE in Nature.

Once, without telling me anything, someone brought me a sprig of tulsi.[39] I smelled it and said, 'Oh, Devotion!' It was absolutely a ... a vibration of devotion. Afterwards, I was told it's the plant of devotion to Krishna, consecrated to Krishna.

Another time, I was brought one of those big flowers (which are not really flowers) somewhat resembling corn, with long, very strongly scented stalks .[40] I smelled it and said, 'Ascetic Purity!' Just like that, from the odor alone. I was later told it was Shiva's flower when he was doing his *tapasya.*[41]

These people have an age-old knowledge – the ancient Vedic knowledge which they have preserved. In other words, it is something CONCRETELY

TRUE: it doesn't depend at all on the mind, on thought or even on feelings – it's a vibration.

What about this flower, this long corn-like stalk? [61]

Yes, this flower is Shiva, doing his *tapasya.*

And interestingly enough, its smell is fantastically attractive to snakes; it makes them come from far away to nest in the shrubs. And as you know, the serpent is the power of evolution, it is Shiva's own creature; he always puts them on his head and around his neck because they symbolize the power of evolution and transformation. And snakes like this flower; it often grows near rivers, and wherever there is a cluster of the plants you are sure to discover snake nests.

I find this very interesting, for WE didn't decide it should be like this: these are conscious vibrations in Nature. The fragrance, the color, the shape, are simply the spontaneous expressions of a true movement.

What does the serpent represent physically? What does it embody in the material world?

The vibration of evolution.

I don't mean symbolically, but physically, materially: the animal itself.

A formidable concentration of vitality – of all animals, the serpent has the most vitality. It's tremendous! And energy ... progressive energy, energy of movement (progressive in the mechanical sense). Its meaning has been changed to a psychological one, but it's a force of movement.

Then why do these creatures always seem so evil to us?

The Christians say it's the spirit of evil, but this is due to a lack of understanding.

Theon always told me that the true interpretation of the Biblical story of the serpent in the Garden of Eden is that humanity wanted to pass from a state of animal-like divinity to the state of conscious divinity by means of mental development, symbolized by eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. And this serpent, which Theon always said was iridescent, reflecting all the colors of the prism, was not at all the spirit of evil, but the power of evolution – the force, the power of evolution. And it was natural that this power of evolution would make them taste the fruit of knowledge. [62]

Now, according to Theon, Jehovah was the chief of the *Asuras,*[42] the supreme Asura, the egoistic God who wanted to dominate everything and keep everything under his control. And of course this act made him furious, for it enabled mankind to become gods through the power of an evolution of consciousness. And that's why he banished them from Paradise.

Although told in a childish manner, there's a great deal of truth in this story, a great deal.

(silence)

One could almost say that of all animals, the serpent is the most sensitive to hypnotic or magnetic power. if you have it (magnetic power comes from the most material vital), you can easily gain a mastery over snakes; all the people who like snakes have it and use it to make snakes obey them.... That's how I got out of my encounter with the cobra at Tlemcen[43] – do you know the story? Theon had told me about this power and I was aware of it in myself, so I was able to make the cobra obey and he left. Afterwards (I've told this story, too), I was visited by the King of Serpents – I mean the spirit of the species. He came to me in Tlemcen after this and another incident when I helped a cat overpower a little asp (there are asps over there like Cleopatra's, very dangerous) – a big russet angora cat. At first it started to play with the asp, but then naturally grew furious. The asp struck at the cat, but the cat leapt aside with such swiftness that the asp missed it (I watched this going on for more than ten minutes, it was extraordinary). Just as the snake darted by, the cat would swat at it with all his claws out – and the asp got scratched each time, so that little by little it ran out of energy, and at the end.... I stopped the cat from eating it – that part was disgusting!

Then after these two incidents, I received a visit one night from the King of Serpents. He was wearing a superb crown on his head – symbolic, of course, but anyway, he was the spirit of the species He had the appearance of a cobra, and he was wonderful! A formidable beast, and ... wonderful! He said he had come to make a pact with me: I had demonstrated my power over his species, so he wanted to come to an understanding. 'All right,' I said, 'what do you propose?' [63] 'I not only promise that serpents won't harm you,' he replied, 'but that they will obey you. But you must promise me something in return: never to kill one of them.' I thought it over and said, 'No, I can't make this promise, because if ever one of yours attacks one of mine (a being that depends upon me), my pact with you could not stop me from protecting him. I can assure you that I have no bad feelings and no intention of killing – killing is not on my program! But I can't commit myself, because it would restrict my freedom of decision.' He left without replying, so it remains status quo.

I have had several experiences demonstrating my power over snakes (not so much as over cats – with cats it's extraordinary!). Long ago, I often used to take a drive and then stop somewhere for a walk. One day after my walk, as I was getting back into the car to drive away (the door was still open), a very large snake came out, right from the spot I had just left. He was furious and heading straight towards the open door, ready to strike (luckily I was alone, neither the driver nor Pavitra were there, other-wise ...). When the snake had

come quite near, I looked at him closely and said, 'What do you want? Why have you come here?' There was a pause. Then he fell down flat and off he went. I hadn't made a move, only asked him, 'What do you want? Why have you come here?' You know, they have a way of suddenly falling back, going limp, and prrt! Gone!

How many, many experiences there were during those days at Tlemcen! Surely you've heard them.... Were you there when I told the story about the big toad? A huge toad, covered with warts. No?... The sitting room was upstairs in Theon's house (the house was built on a hillside) and it was connected by large open doors to a small terrace that sat almost on top of the hill. I played the piano in this room every day. And one day, what did I see hopping in through the open bay windows but an enormous black toad – enormous! He sat down on his backside right in the entrance and puffed up his throat: poff! poff! And for the whole time I played, he stayed there going 'Poff! poff!', as though in a state of delight! When I finished, I turned around and he gave me one last 'Poff!' and hopped away. It was comical!

Theon also taught me how to turn aside lightning.

Is it possible?!

Ah, yes-he used to do it. [64]

But it must take a formidable power!

Oh *(laughing),* he had a formidable power! Theon had a formidable power.... One stormy day (there were terrible thunderstorms there), he climbed to the high terrace above the sitting room. 'It's a strange time to be going up there,' I said to him. He laughed, 'Come along, don't be afraid!' So I joined him. He began some invocations and then I clearly saw a bolt of lightning that had been heading straight towards us suddenly swerve IN THE MIDST OF ITS COURSE. You will say it's impossible, but I saw it turn aside and strike a tree farther away. I asked Theon, 'Did you do that?' He nodded.

Oh, that man was terrible – he had a terrible power. But quite a good external appearance!

Have you seen his photo? No? I'll have to show it to you. He was a handsome man, about sixty years old – between fifty and sixty.

And do you know how he received me when I arrived there?... It was the first time in my life I had traveled alone and the first time I had crossed the Mediterranean. Then there was a fairly long train ride between Oran and Tlemcen – anyway, I managed rather well: I got there. He met me at the station

and we set off for his place by car (it was rather far away). Finally we reached his estate – a wonder! It spread across the hillside overlooking the whole valley of Tlemcen. We arrived from below and had to climb up some wide pathways. I said nothing – it was truly an experience from a material standpoint. When we came in sight of the house, he stopped: 'That's my house.' It was red! Painted red! And he added, 'When Barley came here, he asked me, "Why did you paint your house red?"' (Barley was a French occultist who put Theon in touch with France and was his first disciple.) There was a mischievous gleam in Theon's eyes and he smiled sardonically: 'I told Barley, "Because red goes well with green! "'With that, I began to understand the gentleman.... We continued on our way uphill when suddenly, without warning, he spun around, planted himself in front of me, and said, 'Now you are at my mercy. Aren't you afraid?' Just like that. So I looked at him, smiled and replied, 'I'm never afraid. I have the Divine here.' *(Mother touches her heart.)*

Well, he really went pale.

There were all kinds of stories in the countryside, terrible stories....

One day I will find his photo and show it to you; he is there with [65] a big dog he called 'Little Boy,' a dog that could exteriorize – he would dream and go out of his body! This dog had a kind of adoration for me. (I should mention that at a fixed time in the afternoons I used to meditate and go into trance. When it was finished I would go out walking with Theon, and the dog always came with us, usually coming to fetch me in my room.) One day I was lying on a divan in trance when I felt his cold muzzle nudging my hand to wake me. I opened my eyes ... no dog. Yet I had positively, clearly felt his cold muzzle. So I got ready, went downstairs, and who did I find fast asleep on the landing but Little Boy – he was in trance as well! He had come to wake me in his sleep. When I reached the landing he woke up, shook himself and trotted off.

It was an interesting life....

We used to go for walks in the nearby countryside to see the tombs (it was a Muslim country). I no longer recall their Arabic name, but there is always a guardian at Muslim tombs – a sage, like the fakirs of India, a kind of priest responsible for the tomb. Pilgrims go there as well. Theon was friendly with one particular sage, and would speak with him and tell him things (at these times I would see the mischief in Theon's eyes). One day, Theon took me along. (According to Islamic tradition I should have been fully covered, but I always went out in a type of kimono!) Theon addressed the sage in Arabic; I didn't understand what he said, but the sage rose, bowed to me very ceremoniously and went off into another room, returning with three cups of sweetened mint tea (not teacups, they put it in special little glasses – extremely sweet tea, almost like mint syrup). The sage was watching me, I was obliged to take it ....[44]

The pine tree story is also from Tlemcen.

Someone had wanted to plant pine trees – Scotch firs, I think – and by

mistake Norway spruce were sent instead. And it began to snow! It had never snowed there before, as you can imagine – it was only a few kilometers from the Sahara and boiling hot: 113' in the shade and 130' in the sun in summer. Well, one night Madame Theon, asleep in her bed, was awakened by a little gnome-like being – a Norwegian gnome with a pointed cap and pointed slippers turned up at the toes! From head to foot he was covered with snow, and it began melting onto the floor of her room, so she glared at him and said: [66]

'What are You doing here? You're dripping wet! You're making a mess of my floor!'

'I'm here to tell you that we were called to this mountain and so we have come.'

'Who are you?'

'The Lord of the Snow.'

'Very well,' replied Madame Theon, 'I shall see about that when I get up. Now go away, you're spoiling my room!'

So the little gnome left.

But when she awoke, there was a puddle of water on the floor, so it couldn't have been a dream. And when she looked out the window, all the hills were snow-covered!

It was the first time. They had lived there for years but had never seen snow. And every winter after that, the hillsides would be covered with snow.

(silence)

You see, when people are in this occult consciousness, everything is possible – it creates an atmosphere where ALL, all is possible. What to our European common sense seems impossible ... is all possible.

She was English and he.... I don't know whether he was Polish or Russian (he was of Jewish origin and had to leave his country for that reason). But they were both European.

It was a very interesting world. Really, what I saw there.... Well, once you left, you would ask yourself, 'Was I dreaming?!' It all seemed so fantastic!

But when I recounted these experiences to Sri Aurobindo, he told me it was quite natural: when you have the power, you live in and create around yourself an atmosphere where these things are possible.

Because it is all here, it just hasn't been brought to the surface.

So, it's time to go and we still haven't worked – once again I've been talking away! Don't bother noting it all down; I've told it just for you, for your personal entertainment!

But many things here will interest everyone!

No. Besides, there are things.... There are things I don't want to speak of because ... (and I haven't said them, either) because, after all, he taught me a lot.

(long silence) [67]

So, mon petit.... Sri Aurobindo always said the greatest obstacle to true understanding and participation in the Work is common sense. He said that's why Nature creates madmen from time to time! They are people not strong enough to bear the dismantling of this petty stupidity called common sense.

It's time to go now. Do you have anything to say?

Sometimes I am a little troubled because I don't feel I am advancing much or having any experiences.... Nothing seems to be happening. It's rather discouraging and at times I wonder why...

Lately, the nights are being spent in a subconscious realm that absolutely must be clarified; it's precisely the realm where one feels helpless, foolish, ignorant, utterly unprogressive, bound up in all sorts of stupidities. It all must be clarified.

These nights, I have been having experiences which, if I didn't know what I do or hadn't had the experiences I've had, would be very discouraging: how to get out of it? Seekers have always had the very same impression: that we are all incurable imbeciles. And always the same solution, to flee life and escape this folly. Now I see it from another angle....

But it's truly a burden.

Well, I am going on with the work, and what I would recommend to all those with the capacity and possibility to follow me is to remain very calm, don't fret, don't be troubled. And if you feel a little depressed, don't pay any attention to it; live quietly from minute to minute, without worrying about anything – it will pass. It will pass....

Naturally, the more calm and confident you are, the more quickly it will pass. That's all.

I can assure you that you are well fastened, very well indeed; you are automatically caught up in my whole forward movement. So don't worry.

Begin your book on Sri Aurobindo.

But first I would have to reread everything!

Haven't you done that already?

In ten months I've had time to read two books!

It doesn't matter! Put your ideas down on paper. There are [68] things you already know you want to say. Put it all on paper. I assure you it will do you good. I have seen it several times recently and I wanted to tell you: begin your book on Sri Aurobindo! Begin anywhere at all, at any point – the middle, the end, the beginning – it doesn't matter! Whatever you feel you have to say, write it down. It's good to keep yourself occupied like that now, during this period. And for our next meetings you can work a little on *The Synthesis of Yoga* and we will look at it together instead of you always making me talk! ... I have increased your work, there will be no end to it. If it goes on like this, there will never be an end!

Fortunately!

So, mon petit, don't worry. You are SURE, sure not only to advance but to reach the goal. And as for this troubled mind, keep it occupied with the book on Sri Aurobindo.

Good-bye now, petit. Don't worry.

February 5, 1961

O my Lord,

If this swelling of the legs is useful for Thy work, let it be.

But if it is only an effect of my stupidity,
I ardently pray that Thou shouldest remove it quickly.

February 5, 1961 [69]

February 7, 1961

(Mother reads the following letter aloud in English, before sending it to a disciple.)

'You ask me what you must do. It would be better to ask what you must be, because the circumstances and activities in life have not much importance. What is important is our way of reacting towards them.'

This is where it begins....

'Human nature is such that when you concentrate on your body you fall ill; when you concentrate on your heart and feelings you become unhappy; when you concentrate on the mind you get bewildered.'

(Laughing) And it's absolutely true!

'There are two ways of getting out of this precarious condition.

'One is very arduous: it is a severe and continuous tapasya. It is the way of the strong who are predestined for it.

'The other is to find something worth concentrating upon that diverts your attention from your small, personal self. The most effective is a big ideal, but there are innumerable things that enter into this category. Most commonly, people choose marriage, because it is the most easily available *(Mother laughs)*. To love somebody and to love children makes you busy and compels you to forget your own self a little. But it is rarely successful, because love is not a common thing.

'Others turn to art, others to science; some choose a social or a political life, etc., etc.

'But here also, all depends on the sincerity and the endurance with which the chosen path is followed. Because here also, there are difficulties and

obstacles to surmount.

'So, in life, nothing comes without an effort and a struggle.

'And if you are not ready for the effort and the struggle, then it is better to accept the fact that life will be dull and unsatisfactory, and submit quietly to this fact.' [70]

That's for the complainers.

(long silence)

And it's absolutely true – true at each stage, on all levels. Whatever level you have attained, even the very highest, if you concentrate on that [the body], it is finished! And all the difficulties begin, you know, with that very concentration that tries to draw down Light and Power – yogic concentration itself.

So it would seem ... that if one wants to use his individuality, his body, to transform the whole – that is, if one wants to use his bodily presence to act upon the universal corporeal substance – there's no end to it. No end to the difficulties, no end to the battle ... BATTLE!

(silence)

Those who try to lead a spiritual life have always been compared to warriors (there are classic writings on this subject), and one must truly be a *fighter* – 'fighter' is more exact than 'warrior' because you wage war against no one: everything wages war against you! Everything ... *(Mother makes a gesture like an avalanche falling upon her)* and with such savage opposition! ...

Ah, well....

(silence)

You see, as long as there are currents swirling within you – swirling in the mind or the vital – you tell yourself that these currents are the cause of all the difficulties. But when there is nothing any longer? ... When there is a serene and immutable peace ... but still you are relentlessly hounded – oh, with such ferocity! ... You cannot imagine.

(silence)

Since mid-November, this body has been living through every possible difficulty, one after another, one after another – sometimes all together – with relentless violence!

It has been good for it (not externally, but inwardly, for its state of consciousness: the body-consciousness), it has done the body some good, but.... Now it's like this *(Mother opens her hands in a gesture of total surrender)*. For each blow it receives (it's a bludgeoning, my child!), for each

blow, it remains like this *(same gesture)*. [71] Yesterday, to make it happy, I wrote down something like this (concerning its latest difficulty): If this present difficulty is useful ... (it's the body addressing the Lord, and the Lord.... it's a perpetual adoration: all the cells vibrate, vibrate with the joy of Love; yet despite that ...), if this or that difficulty is useful for Your Work – so be it. But if it is an effect of my stupidity (it's the body speaking), if it's an effect of my own stupidity, then I beseech You to cure me of this stupidity as quickly as possible.

It doesn't ask to be cured of the illness! It doesn't ask, it is ready; 'All right,' it says. 'As long as I can keep going, I will keep going. As long as I can last, I will last. But that's not what I'm asking for: I am asking to be cured of my stupidity.' I believe this is what enables it to ... yes, what gives it the necessary endurance.

That's enough. I said I wouldn't say anything! You see how you are.... When I'm up in my room, I always tell myself, 'Not a word today!' I don't want to start saying unpleasant things. And then....

Unpleasant?

Yes. It is better to speak of victory than ... *(Mother laughs)* to speak of difficulties!

(silence)

When we used to discuss all these things and the difficulties of the path, Sri Aurobindo told me (he was comparing his body to mine): 'I don't have the stuff of such endurance. I was not cut out like that – your body is solid!' *(gesture)*

What trials it has gone through! ... And it's so docile, so docile, it doesn't complain.

So, my child, if your body has some trouble, just tell yourself they are sympathy pains *(Mother laughs),* then you won't be troubled. That's all. [72]

February 11, 1961

(Mother comes in with T.'s notebook of questions on Sri Aurobindo's Aphorisms.)

> 55 – Be wide in me, O Varuna; be mighty in me, O Indra; O Sun, be very bright and luminous; O Moon, be full of charm and sweetness. Be fierce and terrible, O Rudra; be impetuous and swift, O Maruts; be strong and bold, O Aryama; be voluptuous and pleasurable, O Bhaga; be tender and kind and loving and passionate, O Mitra. Be bright and revealing, O Dawn; O Night, be solemn and pregnant. O Life, be full, ready and buoyant; O Death, lead my steps from mansion to mansion. Harmonise all these, O Brahmanaspati. Let me not be subject to these gods, O Kali.[45]

He invokes all these Vedic gods and tells each one to take possession of him; and THEN he tells Kali to free him from their influence! It is very amusing!

It's written in black and white, but the people here read and don't understand what they're reading, and that's a pity. They have to be told, 'This means that'!

> *T. asks, 'Why don't the gods help us? Why do they keep us in bondage?'*

That's not what Sri Aurobindo means! He means he doesn't WANT to be limited by the gods, not even by their powers. He wants to be vaster than they are: vaster, more total, more complete. It's not a question of getting rid of their influence but of becoming more than that.

(silence)

For Sri Aurobindo, the important thing was always the Mother. As he explained it, the Mother has several aspects, and certain aspects are still unmanifest. So if he has represented the Mother by Kali in particular, I believe it's in relation to all those gods. [73] Because, as he wrote in *The Mother,* the aspects to be manifested depend upon the time, the need, the thing to be done. And he always said that unless one understands and profoundly feels the aspect of Kali, one can never really participate in the Work in the world – he felt that a sort of timid weakness makes people recoil before this terrible aspect.

* * *

How are things going for you? All right?

Yes, but what about you?

Ah, for me it's all right.

All right ... because it's always all right! But.... Well, it doesn't matter.

The trouble is, they hinder my work *(Mother indicates her legs).* Not the work up in my room – there, on the contrary, it is going well, very well, clear, precise.... Yesterday again I worked on the translation of *The Synthesis of Yoga,* and it was so pleasant. So pleasant.

You see, I can't stand up; and these people persistently try to keep me standing.... But I can't remain standing, it's all out of order. Anyway, it doesn't matter, it will pass.

> *Last night I had a dream about you that made a vivid impression on me. It's probably absurd, but it was so real!... You had called me because you were going to leave your body: you had decided to leave and you wanted somehow to say good-bye. It was so real! I came to you and for a moment you placed my head on your knees, and I was filled with light; it was very tender. But at the same time, I knew you were saying good-bye, you were going to leave your body, and I wept in my dream. Then I went to sit in a corner because there were other people who probably had come to see you as well. I remained in that corner, stricken – it seemed so real, you understand! Just then, aman I didn't know entered the room (I knew he was French), a stranger dressed all in black, and he started making a loud commotion. He was smoking a pipe,[46] a very coarse man, and he wanted to make all the people there, the disciples, get out of the room ....[47] It was so real! I awoke with a start and almost cried aloud, 'Ah, it's a dream! It's only a dream!' [74]*

Oh, it was that real!

> *Yes, it was that real! It was during the first hours of sleep, at 11:40 p.m. It was very, very vivid I awoke with a start, exclaiming to myself, 'Ah! It's only a dream!...'But it seemed so TRUE! It left a deep impression on me. I remained awake for a long time, wondering, 'What can this mean?...' You had a tiny, pinched face (you were dressed all in white), such a pinched face, very ... (how*

can I express it?) emaciated, as though you were suffering.

(Mother remains silent for a long while, then replies.) Quite evidently, the adverse forces are not only trying to convince everyone but me too, that this is how it's going to turn out.

But I have as yet had no indications.

I have asked to be forewarned, not for reasons of.... It can happen any time at all, I am always ready. I can do nothing more for the work than what I am doing now, and I haven't a single practical measure to take because I have already taken them all. So that isn't why, but to ... AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE to withdraw from the body all that has been put into it. There is such an accumulation inside it of force, consciousness, power, oh! ... All the cells are impregnated and it would take some time if it all had to be taken out. But I have had no indication of this, neither by night nor by day, neither awake nor in trance – no indication. The indication rather points to all that must be clarified, purified so the physical may keep what it received from that experience [of January 24, 1961].

From an ordinary standpoint, I believe the situation is dangerous, because ... *(laughing)* the doctor refuses to tell me what the consequences might be. I asked him but he wouldn't tell me, so that's what it must mean! But I really have no indications and ... I hope I won't be told, 'Now you must go,' only at the very last minute!

The body doesn't ask (it's so docile), it doesn't even ask for its sufferings to stop – it adapts to them. It's mainly my contact with people that makes the thing difficult: when I am all alone upstairs, everything goes well, quite well. But when I spend one or one and a half hours in the afternoon seeing people, afterwards I feel exhausted. [75] That, obviously, is what's making the thing difficult.... But the body doesn't complain. It doesn't complain, it's ready. The other day when it went back upstairs, it felt a bit – well, at the end of its resources, as though it had pushed itself to the limit. It said to the Lord (and it said this so clearly, as though the consciousness of the cells were speaking; I noted it down): If this (I can't call it an illness – there is no illness! It's a condition of general disequilibrium), if this condition is necessary for Your Work, then so be it, let it go on. But if it's an effect of my stupidity ... (you see, it's the BODY saying, 'If it's because I don't understand or I am not adapting or not doing what I should or not taking the proper attitude ...'), if it is an effect of my stupidity, then truly I pray that.... It asks only to change – to know and to change!

It is attached to nothing: none of its habits, none of its ways of being-nothing. It says in all sincerity, J ask only for the Light, only to change.' That is its state. it has never, never said, 'Oh, I'm tired, I've had enough!' Bah! It's not like that. It is attached to nothing – for a long, long time it has ceased to have desires – it is attached to nothing at all, to nothing. There isn't a single thing for which it says, 'Oh, I can't do without that!' Not one. It doesn't care-if

something comes, it takes it; if it doesn't come, the body doesn't think about it. In other words, it's truly good-natured. But if this isn't sufficient, then it doesn't know and it says, 'If there is something I can't do or I don't know or I am not doing ...' It asks for nothing more than to make the necessary effort!

(silence)

It all began with some extremely violent attacks. So if your dream is not premonitory, then it must be the result of 'their' formation, by which they intend to disseminate the conviction everywhere, as much as possible, that this is the end.... Two years ago, when I had to retire to my room, a formidable campaign was set into operation upon all the Ashram people; and all those who were a little receptive, either in dreams or through an openness to suggestions, heard it clearly announced: 'On the 9th of December of this year [1958], Mother will leave. There's no doubt about it, it's sure.' It was said to me as well: 'This will be the end, you will leave.' It was repeated to everybody, everybody, a great many people heard it – they were virtually awaiting it. And this is why (you know how extremely ill I was at the time, I was really ill), this is why I didn't react, but all the same I didn't go to the lake [the lake estate where Mother was to have gone on the 9th of December], because I told myself, 'If anything happens there, it will be awkward – I had better not go.' [76] But still I knew it wasn't true, I knew it.

Now this kind of attack has stopped, it is no longer like that. But there are beings who send dreams. For example, some dreams were sent to Z (who, as you know, is quite clairvoyant), in which she was told I would be 'broken to pieces.' She was very upset and I had to intervene. Is your dream of this nature, or ... are you being forewarned? I don't know, I can't say.... If the doctor were asked, perhaps he would say that if it continues like this, obviously ... (you see, one thing after another is getting disorganized), if it continues in this way, how long can the body last?

But this body feels so strongly that it exists ONLY because the divine Power is in it. And constantly, for the least thing, it has only one remedy (it doesn't think of resting, of not doing this or that, of taking medicine), its sole remedy is to call and call the Supreme – it goes on repeating its mantra. And as soon as it quietly repeats its mantra, it is perfectly content. Perfectly content.

(silence)

Two nights ago, I saw a formation of illness over the entire Ashram, a kind of adverse formation trying to prevent me from leaving my room, and I had to hide to get out, leave clandestinely. Oh, what a terrible atmosphere, so heavy, so gray – everybody was ill. And this formation had some actual effects because many people fell ill who normally never do. It is an adverse formation and there's no reason to concede its victory; it's simply a force which doesn't want us to succeed, of course – so we need not pay attention.

The trouble is, if I were thirty or forty years old, people wouldn't be

affected. But unfortunately they think about how old I am all the time and ... it creates a bad atmosphere. 'After all,' they keep saying, 'Mother is old and....'All the usual nonsense.

But I know differently and so does my body – to me it's all foolishness and has no importance. For instance, when Vinoba Bhave came to see me[48] (the man who takes care of poor people), he looked at me and said, 'Oh, you'll live a hundred years!' And I simply said, 'Yes,' it all seemed so natural. At that moment, there wasn't even (how to put it?) the least intimation of a doubt. [77] Of course it's a cliché, but nevertheless, he said it; afterwards he told people that this was what he had felt. And it seems completely natural – I know if my body can last till it's a hundred (a little less than twenty years more), then we will be on the other side – the difficulty will be over.

I rather feel that your dream is another part of this present mass attack, but....

> *There was one bizarre little detail: someone told me you were leaving because you had swallowed something – I understood it to be a 'grain of rice' – and that was why you had to leave! You had swallowed something ... and that was making you leave.*

(After a long silence) This would rather indicate those who disapprove of my non-asceticism. It would seem to originate from those particular forces.

You see, there's a curious fluctuation possibly indicating that your dream is part of the present attack which continues with such violence.... The night before last, between midnight and half-past, there was a formidable attack. When I emerged from it, I felt that something had lifted, a victory had been won and that the body's condition had improved. It happens like that, the horizon clears and this Certainty comes with.... (The presence is always here – Sri Aurobindo and I are together almost every night – but the night when I saw that formation, the *illness spell* over the Ashram, Sri Aurobindo was quite sick in his bed, just as I saw him in 1950.) So when it lifts, all is well: once again there is harmony, there is joy, there is force ... and again the whole thing continues, the effort continues, consciously. Yet there is a kind of fluctuation: it will go on like that for a few moments or a few hours and then suddenly everything becomes muddled again and I am beset by ... a fatigue. A fatigue which is – I can't say almost unbearable, because nothing in the consciousness feels it to be unbearable – but it makes me like this *(Mother clenches her fist tightly in a tension to 'hold on).*

For example, at five-thirty in the evening, after I've spent an hour and a half here with people, it's a labor to climb the stairs; and by the time I get upstairs, I feel strained to the breaking point. Then I begin to walk (I don't stop, I don't rest), I immediately begin to walk with my japa, and within half an

hour, pfft! it has lifted. [78]

But the body's fatigue doesn't go: it's there – it's contained but it is there.

Yet I haven't the slightest impression that the horizon is blocked – you know, that the end is at hand, that the condition has to be changed and the Work begin again on another plane and in another way; in other words, that everything attempted so far would have been only a preparation for ... for later. I still don't have that feeling. If I ever do, I will say, 'Very well, that's quite all right with me,' but I don't have this feeling. Will I ever have it? ... I don't know – usually *(laughing), I* know these things! For instance, I know for certain when someone is going to die, even before there's the least indication. So....

In the present case, of course, the body is always saying, 'I am ready for everything – I will do anything at all'; yet I still can't say that it has this.... It's trying to be completely 'pure' according to the spiritual concept – it doesn't sense its separate personality. More and more, year after year, it has been striving to feel only the divine Presence, the divine Life, the divine Force and the divine Will, all within itself; and to feel that without them it is nothing, it doesn't exist. This is fully realized in its consciousness (the conscious part). In the subconscient and inconscient,[49] obviously... it is not realized ... otherwise, logically, it shouldn't be ill.

The whole disorder evidently originates from the subconscient and inconscient; all the more so as it came with various indications (sent by the hostile forces – but this can always be useful, provided you are careful) saying, 'Yes, everything is going well in your higher centers, but...'(because the different points of attack have clearly followed the order of the centers). Four or five days ago, or maybe a week, before this latest difficulty occurred, I saw little beings coming out of the subconscient and saying, 'Ah! Your legs haven't had any trouble for a long time! It's the turn of the lower centers!' I swept it all away, of course, but....

Taken this way, it could be an indication that all this needs ... a somewhat brutal preparation in order to be put in the necessary condition.

(silence) [79]

The most violent attack came immediately after that experience [of January 24]. But of all the experiences in my life, this was the most wonderful – for the simple reason that it was NOT EVEN preceded by an aspiration, not even an aspiration from the body – it came directly as the Supreme Will, bang! *(Mother bangs down her hands in an irresistible gesture)* And then there was nothing, nothing but ... THE thing, WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL PARTICIPATION WHATSOEVER: no will, no aspiration, not even the satisfaction of it – nothing. It was.... I was (in my higher consciousness) filled with wonder at the ABSOLUTENESS of the experience. It came, a thing DECREED and eternal –

like that *(same irresistible gesture)*.

(silence)

This detachment, as I told you, came afterwards (it was evidently indispensable); and as soon as it came, everything began to get disorganized. Well, the detachment must surely have come so that.... Actually, my immediate impression was: so that I wouldn't get worried and say to myself, 'Oh, now it won't work any more – this is the end.' So I wouldn't worry. 'All right,' I said, 'don't bother with it.'*(gesture of surrender, hands opened upwards)* And for the first two or three days I was absolutely detached, watching and not bothering about it. It's only with this last attack on my legs.... Because the rest of it tired me and made me ill but it didn't hinder my work; but things become difficult when the legs don't function.

We shall see, mon petit! We'll see what's going to happen *(Mother laughs)*.

> *But I have no doubts about that! It just came to me – not because I was consciously concerned about Your physical future: this dream simply came so unexpectedly and vividly....*

No, no – I know that! I tell you, it can only be one of two things: either a good kick from the Enemy who is still trying to find a support in someone's mentality, or else premonitory.

> *I certainly hope not!*

Yes, the grain of rice rather makes me think otherwise – that it comes from that quarter. [80]

We shall see, we shall see! We have only to wait. One day we are sure to know!

(silence)

I know for certain that if I can keep going until 1964, then.... That isn't long, but it will be dangerous until 1964. It's these years in particular: '61, '62 ... '63 is better, '64 is decidedly better, and from 1965, we should be on the safe side.

But truly speaking, the minute one completely emerges from the ordinary mind, NO EXTERIOR SIGN IS A PROOF, absolutely none. There is absolutely no standard to go by – neither splendid good health nor good equilibrium, nor an almost general disorganization – none of these. All depends exclusively – exclusively – on ... what the Lord has decided. Exclusively. Consequently, if one remains very quiet, one is sure to know what He has decided.

When I am perfectly tranquil, I immediately live in a beatific joy where questions don't arise – there are no questions! One asks for nothing – one LIVES! One lives happily, and that's all. There's no, 'Will it be like this? Will it be like that?' – how childish! There are no questions, questions don't arise. One is a beatitude manifesting, that is all.

All the rest is unimportant.

Basically, if we were capable of.... When I am up in my room, it's very easy, very easy: it comes and ... what is a little more difficult is getting out of that state. There I am, like this *(gesture of blissful abandonment),* and when I feel it's time to go downstairs or I have something to do or someone is coming with lunch or whatever, then it's a little difficult; otherwise, I am like that *(same gesture)*. What's difficult is my contact with the Ashram people. As soon as I go down and ... simply that, having to fidget on my feet, giving people flowers .... And they are so unconsciously egotistical! If I don't go through the usual concentration on each one of them, they wonder, 'What is it? What's wrong? Have I done something?...' And ... and it turns into a big drama.

Otherwise, concentration is very good, it doesn't tire me – when my body is not *drained,* when it isn't constantly aware that it exists because it hurts here, hurts there, aches here, aches there (pain is what gives it a sense of existing), when the body is able to forget itself, things go well, it's nothing. Now the Force passes through me without causing fatigue, while many years ago, too much Force created tension; but it's not like that now, not at all – on the contrary, the body feels better when a lot of force has passed through it. [81]

I don't know. We shall see.

(silence)

To realize what one has to realize, it is absolutely indispensable to be TOTALLY free of all ties with the ordinary, false consciousness common to material body-consciousness – the consciousness of the body-substance – deriving from the subconscient and the inconscient. This must not only be mastered (it has been mastered for a long time) – but there must be complete independence so that it no longer has the power to provoke any reaction at all. But we aren't there yet, it's still not like that, and as long as it isn't, we are not *on the safe side.* But when all the body's cells, even in their most subconscious reactions, will come to know what I myself know, that the Supreme alone exists, when they will know that, it will be good – not before. As I told you just now, they still have ordinary reactions: 'If I have to stay on my feet,' (this isn't a thought; I'm obliged to use words, but it isn't a thought), 'If I have to stay on my feet, I'm going to get tired; if I do too much, I'll be tired, if I do this, it will have that consequence, if....' This stupid, automatic little mechanism. it's not yet THAT, not yet That!

Of course, there's the constant difficulty of all the thoughts coming from outside and from the people you live with. But now the consciousness is such that these outer things are seen objectively *(Mother makes a gesture of seeing vibrations coming and stopping before her eyes)* – automatically I see everything that comes from the surrounding vibrations objectively: far, near, above, below, everywhere. The vibration comes WITH THE KNOWLEDGE. In other words, it's not that you see what it is only after it has been received and absorbed: it comes with the knowledge, and this is a great help. This type of perception has considerably increased and become much more precise since that experience [of January 24], much more; it has made a big difference.

But perhaps there will have to be many experiences of this nature before the work is done. It is possible.

Something from that experience – an effect, a vibratory effect, so to speak – has not left. But the totality of the experience is not here the whole time, it's not established. I had a reminder of it one night, but not for very long; all at once, for a brief moment, this same vibration came, and my entire body was nothing other than this Vibration.

It didn't last longer than a quarter of an hour and it wasn't as total.

(long silence) [82]

This particular period was very bad last year too.[50] There was a tremendous opposition because of February 29th [first anniversary of the supramental manifestation]. But always a little before *Darshans*[51] or days for special blessings there is a new outbreak of adverse attacks – always.

Well, mon petit, we have done nothing but talk. It's time to go and we haven't done anything!

> *There is one question I would very much like to ask you... How can all this work you are doing on your body, this work of consciousness, act upon the corporeal substance outside you? How is it generally valid?*

In the same way as always – because the vibration spreads out! That's how it works.

For example, each time I have been able to master something, I mean find the true solution for an 'illness' or a malfunctioning (the TRUE solution, not a mental one, not some ordinary knowledge, but the spiritual solution: the vibration that will UNDO the wrong working or set you on your feet again), it has always been very easy for me to cure the same thing in others, through the emission of this vibration.

That's how it works. Because all substance is ONE. All is one – we constantly forget that! We always have a sense of separation, and that is total, total falsehood; it's because we rely on what our eyes see, on ... *(Mother touches her hands and arms, as if to indicate a separate body, cut off from other bodies).* That is truly Falsehood. As soon as your consciousness changes a little, you realize that ... what we see is like an image plastered over something. But it's not true, NOT TRUE AT ALL. Even in the most material

Matter, even a stone – even in a stone – as soon as one's consciousness changes, all this separation, all this division, completely vanishes. These are ... (how to put it?) modes of concentration (something akin to yet not quite that), vibratory modes WITHIN THE SAME THING.[52]

[83] *(The clock strikes)* Oh, now I must go!

(silence)

My legs feel better after staying still! *(Mother laughs)*

Anyway, I don't need to tell you that the best attitude to take regarding this dream is: 'May Your Will be done,' and tranquil, tranquil.

You can even receive the answer yourself and know where this dream comes from – simply turn towards the supreme Truth, remain like that *(immobile)* and say, 'May Your Will be done.' It has to go very high, very high, to the highest, to that which is supreme Freedom. And then, if you are absolutely silent, you will have, not a thought or a word, but a kind of feeling, and you will know.

For me, at the moment, your dream does not correspond to a precise fact.

So good-bye, mon petit.

(Mother gets up to leave when suddenly, turning upon the threshold, She looks at Satprem with her eyes like diamonds and, in a tone of voice he has never heard before, as if it were a Command from above, says.)

In any case, one thing: never forget that what we have to do, we shall do; and we shall do it together because we have to do it together, that is all – like this, like that, in this way, in that way *(Mother tilts her hand from right to left as though to indicate this side of the world or the other, 'life' or 'death),* it has no importance. But this is the true fact. [84]

There, petit.

February 14, 1961

Sri Aurobindo speaks here of the 'higher soul.'[53] *Yet we can't*

translate it by 'âme supérieure,' as if there were an 'inferior soul,' can we?

Sri Aurobindo wants to make the distinction between the progressive soul (the soul which has experiences and progresses from life to life), what can be called the 'lower soul,' and the higher soul, that is, the eternal, immutable and divine soul – essentially divine. He wrote this when he was in contact with certain Theosophical writings, before I introduced Theon's vocabulary to him. For Theon, there is the 'divine center' which is the eternal soul, and the 'psychic being'; similarly, to avoid using the same word in both cases, Sri Aurobindo speaks in later writings of the 'psychic being' and of the divine center or 'central being' – the essential soul.

What if we translate it 'la partie supérieure de l'âme,' [the higher part of the soul], rather than 'âme supérieure?'

Then the soul would appear to be divided!

* * *

(After the work, when it is time to leave, Mother makes the following remark.)

Later on there will be a lot to say.

(silence) [85]

Ah, if we can hold out – or to put it in a better way, after we have held out – there will indeed be some interesting things to say....

February 18, 1961

(Mother gives Satprem a flower she has named 'Supramental Action.'[54])

Don't you find it beautiful?

How living, vibrant! Isn't it lovely!

Oh, the other day I had some zinnias *(Endurance)* – literally works of art, as though each petal had been painted, and all together so harmonious and so varied at the same time. Oh, Nature is wonderful! ... In the end, we are just copycats, and clumsy ones at that.

(after a moment of silence)

Well, that's all. The situation remains the same.

And your legs?

Right in the subconscient, a subconscient ... oh, hopelessly weak and dull and ... (how to put it?) enslaved to a host of things – enslaved to EVERYTHING. It has been unfolding before me night after night, night after night, to show me. Last night, it was indescribable! It goes on and on – it seems to have no limits! Naturally, the body feels the effects of this, poor thing! It is the body's subconscient, but it's not personal – it is personal and not personal: it becomes personal only when it enters the body.

You can't imagine the accumulation of impressions recorded and stored in the subconscient, heaped one on top of another. Outwardly, you don't even notice, the waking consciousness isn't aware of it; but they come in, they keep on coming and coming, piling up ... hideous! [86]

So we'll see how long this is going to last.... I understand why people have never tried to change it: stir up that quagmire? ... No! It takes a lot *(laughing),* a lot of courage! Oh, it's so easy to escape, so easy to say, 'None of that concerns me. I belong to higher spheres, it doesn't concern me.'

Anyway, it's obvious that nobody has succeeded, so far not a single person – and I understand! I understand. When you find yourself face to face with it, you wonder, 'How could anything possibly withstand this!'

My body was strongly built, solid, full of endurance – it had a tremendous energy, yet ... it's beginning to feel that it isn't easy.

(silence)

Now, what do you have to tell me? I have nothing to say. As long as it's like this, it will keep going on, that's all. Later on, we shall see.

But is it necessary to descend to the same level as all these subconscious things? Can't they be acted upon from above?

Act from above.... My child, I have been acting from above for more than thirty years! It changes nothing – or if it changes ... it doesn't transform.

Then one must descend to that level?

Yes. By acting from above, one can keep these things under control, hold them in place, prevent them from taking any unpleasant initiatives, but that's not.... To transform means to transform.

Even mastery can be achieved – it's quite easy to do from above. But for the transformation one must descend, and that is terrible.... Otherwise, the subconscient will never be transformed, it will remain as it is.

One can even pose as a superman! *(Mother laughs)* But it remains like that *(gesture in the air),* it's not the real thing. It's not the new creation, it's not the next step in terrestrial evolution.

You might as well say, 'Why are you in a hurry? Wait for Nature to do it.' But Nature would take a few million years and in the process squander away a host of people and things. A few million years are unimportant to her – a passing breeze.

(silence) [87]

Anyhow, I was sent here to do this work, so I am trying to do it, that's all. I could have.... If it hadn't been for the work, I would have left with Sri Aurobindo; there you have it. I remained only for the sake of the work – because it was there to be done and he told me to do it and I am doing it.... Otherwise, when one is perfectly conscious, one is far less limited without a body: one can see a hundred people at the same time, in a hundred different places, just as Sri Aurobindo is doing right now.

If I may ask, has Sri Aurobindo remained quite conscious of material things?

Completely. *(Mother reflects a moment)* Well, completely material, no – only through me. He is conscious of material things through me, not directly. He is very conscious in the subtle physical, but that's not quite the same, not quite *(Mother makes a vague gesture),* there is a difference.

To give a rather curious example, there was a kind of *spell of illness* over the Ashram, stemming mainly from people's thoughts, from their way of thinking. It was quite widespread and it was horrible, gloomy, full of fear, pettiness, blind submission, oh! Everyone was in a state of expectation....[55] In short, the atmosphere was such that there was an attempt to prevent me from

leaving my room – I had to sneak out! It was disgusting! Well, on the very night I saw the *spell* over the Ashram, Sri Aurobindo was lying sick in his bed, just as I had seen him in 1950. Normally, we spend almost every night together, doing this, seeing that, arranging things, talking – it's a kind of second life behind this one, and it makes existence pleasant. But that night when I had to sneak out of my room (in my nightgown!), and people were trying to find me to ... *(laughing)* force me back into bed, he was lying sick in bed – and this struck me hard, for it means these things still affect him in his consciousness. He was in a kind of trance and not at all well. It didn't last, but nonetheless....

Oh, the things that can collect there,[56] ugh!

(silence) [88]

I hope you aren't noting down all these unpleasant things I'm saying, because it's really not encouraging.

It isn't encouraging, but it's relevant. It's part of the battle.

Oh, yes! That, surely! *(Mother laughs)*

If we spoke only of success.... And besides, we share these difficulties, more or less.

The day victory is won, all this will become infinitely interesting. But why speak of it if the victory isn't won? It just makes another lengthy description of *... failures.*

I don't believe in failure.

Run aground ... like a ship![57]

A defeat? ...

Ah, it's not a defeat! It is not a defeat *(Mother emphasizes this very vigorously),* it is not a defeat!

A postponement ?

It is something which has not come to fruition because the time for it has not come; but what is done is done. It is not a defeat: what is gained is gained.

But I don't at all believe it won't bear fruit – a fruition is inevitable!

For the moment, I haven't been told. We'll see. No one (I mean no one with authority) has announced to me it would be a failure. But we shall see.

The world's outer evolution is moving ahead so rapidly – in terms of scientific developments – that this change CANNOT be put off for millions of years. Man's inner development needs to catch up with all that, doesn't it? [89]

Yes, surely – oh, yes!

It's inevitable.

* * *

(A short while later, concerning a book on Sri Aurobindo that Satprem was to write:[58])

Have you seen Bharatidi?[59]

No, you know how I am, I don't go out.

She saw your publishers in Paris and they told her they are impatiently awaiting *(Mother is mocking)* your book on Sri Aurobindo....

I wish I could help them out!...

... that they are counting on it, that it's going to be a 'big hit' world-wide, and so forth. They put out a feeler with *L'Orpailleur,* and seem quite pleased. They are very, very impatient – they say now is the time. 'Now is the time' – but it will be more and more 'the time,' that's what they don't know! The time is only beginning.

The other day you were telling me to start this 'Sri Aurobindo' from any point at all....

Yes, can't you write that way?

I don't know. Perhaps I'm biased, but I feel that this book should flow from beginning to end.

Oh, yesterday or the day before, I had the occasion to write a sentence about Sri Aurobindo. [90] It was in English and went something like this: In the world's history, what Sri Aurobindo represents is not a teaching nor even a revelation, but a decisive ACTION direct from the Supreme.

(silence)

I tell you this because just now as we were speaking about the book and you were saying it would come all at once in a single flow, I saw a kind of globe, like a sun – a sun shedding a twinkling dust of incandescent light (the sun was moving forward and this dust came twinkling in front of it), like this *(gesture)*. It came towards you, then made a circle around you as if to say, 'Here is the formation.' It was magnificent! There was a creative warmth in it, a warmth like the sun's – a power of Truth. And here again, I was given the same impression: that what Sri Aurobindo has come to bring is not a teaching, not even a revelation, but a FORMIDABLE action coming direct from the Supreme.

It is something pouring over the world.

Your book should convey this feeling – without stating it. Convey the feeling, transmit it – transmit this solar light.

(silence)

Our means are very poor, it's true; if what I have just seen (and what I'm still seeing right now) could be expressed ... what an absolutely splendid cover it would make for your book! But the best we can do is flat, flat, flat. Oh, our means are so poor!

* * *

(After another digression, Mother again speaks of her experience of January 24, which triggered a backlash of subconscious difficulties.)

A great deal has been brought to light since that experience.... It has been the starting point for such *turmoil,* even physically, such strong jolts that I might have wondered, 'Was I dreaming or was it real?'.... And more and more I am coming to understand that this is the INDISPENSABLE preparation in the most material world for that experience to become definitively established, to express itself outwardly, constantly – this is obvious. [91]

If the experience remained permanently, it would be something very close to omnipotence. I felt at the time that there was no such thing as an impossibility: it was truly the sensation of omnipotence. It is not omnipotence, because there is always a greater Omnipotence (one knows this only in the higher realms). But in terms of the material world, it was clearly something

very, very different from all that has ever been seen or heard or told by all extant traditions – it all seems like the babbling of a child in comparison. At that moment itself there was only the 'Something' which sees, decides – and it is done.

(silence)

It did not remain. It has remained above, but not here.

It has given the physical consciousness a certain self-confidence in the sense that when I see something now, I am sure of it, there are no hesitations: 'Is this right or not? Is this true, is this....'All that has vanished – when I see, there is certainty. That is, there has really been a great change in the material CONSCIOUSNESS; but that formidable power is not there. I tell you, had that power stayed here, had I remained constantly as I was during those hours that night, well, many things would obviously have changed.

All this must be a preparation; there is a lot to be cleared out before the experience can be firmly established. That's logical, it is quite natural.

What's natural also – and annoying – is that people know nothing, understand nothing, even those who see me all the time, like the doctor. He still hasn't been able to understand and he suddenly grew worried, thinking I was on my way to the other side! All this makes a mess of the atmosphere – it just doesn't help! Their faith is not sufficiently ... (how to put it?) enlightened for them to keep still and simply say, 'Well, we shall see,' without questioning. They are not beyond questioning and this complicates matters.

I have a feeling (but these are old ideas) that if I were all alone somewhere and didn't have to look after these people and things, it would be easier. But that would not be the TRUE thing. For when I had the experience [of January 24], all that is normally under my care was present: the whole earth seemed to be present at the experience. There is no individuality *(Mother indicates her body). I* have difficulty finding an individuality now, even in my own body. What I do find in this body are the subconscious vibrations (conscious as well as subconscious) of a WORLD, a whole world of things. So it can be done ONLY on a large scale, otherwise it's the same old story ... but then it's not the power HERE [in matter] – one simply quits this world. [92] Oh, these people can't imagine what it is! They have made such a fuss over their 'departure.' They have wanted us to believe it was something quite extraordinary. But it's infantile, it's child's play, it's nothing at all to quit this world! One simply goes 'poff!', like diving into water – a little kick and one resurfaces, and that's all there is to it, it's done *(Mother laughs).*

And the same goes for their stories about attachments and desires – my god! There's nothing to it! Imagine, with anything concerning my body, through all this horror of the subconscient, NOT ONCE have I had to bear the consequence of a desire; I have always had to bear the consequences of the

battle against life's unconscious and malicious resistances, but not once has something come up like that *(gesture of something resurging from below)* to tell me, 'You see! You had a desire, now here's the result of it!' Not once – very, very sincerely.

That's really not the difficulty – the difficulty is that the world is not ready! The very substance one is made of *(Mother touches her body)* shares in the world's lack of preparation – naturally! It's the same thing, the very same thing. Perhaps there is a tiny bit more light in this body, but so little that it's not worth mentioning-it's all the same thing.... Oh, a sordid slavery!

(silence)

I want you to have enough time to write your book, because I feel that Sri Aurobindo is interested in it – the sun that came a while ago was from him. I feel he is interested and confident you can do it.

What have you reread?

'Essays on the Gita.'

Oh, what a treasure that is – a gold mine!

And part of 'The Secret of the Veda,' as well as two other things because they contain many of Sri Aurobindo's letters: I re-read Z's book on Sri Aurobindo, since there are many letters in it, and....

Yes, only unfortunately *he has tampered with it.* [93]

With the letters?!

Sri Aurobindo had made certain statements about me in those letters, and Z deleted them. (Anyway, it makes no difference for your book, because I'm not at all keen on having any statements about me published.)

But Z is not honest. He hasn't been honest at all.... We were forced to intervene once or twice because his deletions distorted the meaning. We finally told him (for the book published here), 'We won't publish it unless you restore these things.'

(silence)

I have also reread A.P.'s 'Evening Talks.'

Oh, in that, too, there are a lot of.... I myself wasn't present, so I don't

know what Sri Aurobindo said, but I have a kind of feeling.... Just recently they wanted to publish something similar in *Mother India*[60] – 'Conversations' with me noted by A. Luckily it was sent to me first: I Cut EVERYTHING! Such platitudes, my child! Oh, it was disgusting. I said, 'This is impossible. I have NEVER spoken like that, never!' It was flat, flat, flat, with a superficial, word-for-word understanding! Oh, horrible, horrible.... Whatever passes through people is terribly, terribly lowered – popularized, made commonplace.

Anyhow.... Only Sri Aurobindo can speak of Sri Aurobindo. And as for their notes, it's still Sri Aurobindo A la Z, or Sri Aurobindo A la A, and all the more so since Sri Aurobindo wrote in very different ways depending upon the person he was writing to *(gesture indicating different levels).*

Well, if you feel the time will be found, it will surely be found.

Not only do I feel it, I'm set on it.

(Mother gets up to leave) [94]

Tomorrow I'll be going down for handkerchief distribution[61] – to wipe away the tears! *(Mother laughs like a mischievous little girl and goes out.)*

February 25, 1961

(Mother gives Satprem some flowers.)

This one is the Constant Remembrance of the Divine.[62] This is Life Energy[63] and Purified Life Energy.[64] Then Faithfulness[65]: the peace of Faithfulness – Faithfulness to the Divine, of course, that's understood! This is Divine Solicitude[66] ;this is the Aspiration for Transformation,[67] and the response: see how beautiful it is – like velvet! it's the Promise of Realization.[68] Here is Light Without Obscurity,[69] and finally Realization[70] – the first flower from the tree at Nanteuil.[71]

There you are.

You can easily make a speech using flowers and I have noticed that this can effectively replace the old Vedic images, for instance, which no longer

hold meaning for us, or the ambiguous phraseology of the ancient initiations. Flower language is much better because it contains the Force and is extremely plastic – since it's not formulated in words, each one is free to arrange and receive it according to his own capacity. You can make long speeches using flowers! [95]

I have nothing more to say now, except that the same situation prevails.

The Darshan went rather well, much better than I was expecting; but the following two days it was difficult here [in the body]. Then one night (I don't remember which), I ... I can't say 'grumbled,' but ... (it wasn't my body 'grumbling,' it is very docile and doesn't protest), but I sometimes find that ... well, I found it a little exaggerated that day. 'All the same,' I said, 'this may be demanding a bit too much of it!' And then *(Mother laughs)* the whole night through, each time I awoke and looked (not with my physical eyes), I saw serpents! They were drawn up straight in a circle – magnificent cobras with white bellies, pearl gray backs and flecks of gold on their hoods! They surrounded me, watching, exactly as though they were saying, 'All the necessary energy is there! You needn't worry!' So I concluded that this whole affair[72] must have its utility – it can't be simply the body's lack of plasticity and incapacity to receive. It must have a usefulness – but what? ... I haven't understood. Perhaps I will get the explanation later, once it's over.

And the next afternoon, I closed my eyes while I was bathing and what did I see but an enormous, magnificent cobra! It gazed at me, almost smiling, and stuck out its tongue! 'Good,' I said, 'then everything is all right! *(laughing)* I have only to hold on.'

So, that's all I have to say.

And what about you? ... Nothing to say?

(long silence)

There's an American living in Madras, a rather important man, it seems, and an intimate friend of Kennedy, the new President. He has read and reread all of Sri Aurobindo's books and is extremely interested. He wrote to Kennedy that he would like him to come here so he can bring him to the Ashram. This man has posed a very interesting question, drawing an analogy.... Deep in a forest, a deer goes to quench its thirst; no one is aware of it, yet someone who has made a special study of deer hunting would know by the tracks that the deer had passed by – not only what particular type of deer, but its age, size, sex, etc. Similarly, there must be people with a spiritual knowledge analogous to that of hunters, who can detect, perceive, that a person is in touch with the Supermind, while ordinary people know nothing about it and wouldn't notice. So he asks, 'I would like to know by what signs such a person can be recognized?' [96]

It is a very intelligent question.

I replied very briefly in English. I haven't brought my answer with me, but I can tell you right away that there are two signs – two certain, infallible signs. I know them through personal experience, for they are two things that can ONLY come with the supramental consciousness; without it, one cannot possess them – no yogic effort, no discipline, no tapasya can give them to you, while they come almost automatically with the supramental consciousness.

The first sign is perfect equality as Sri Aurobindo has described it (you must know it, there's a whole chapter on equality, *samata*, in *The Synthesis of Yoga*) – exactly as he described it with such wonderful precision! But this equality (which is not 'equanimity') is a particular STATE where one relates to all things, outer and inner, and to each individual thing, in the same way. That is truly perfect equality: vibrations from things, from people, from contacts have no power to alter that state.

In my reply I mentioned this first, though I didn't give him all these explanations. I put it in a few words as a kind of test of his intelligence, and in a somewhat cryptic form to see if he would understand.

The second sign is a sense of ABSOLUTENESS in knowledge. As I have already told you, I had this with my experience [of January 24]. This state CANNOT be obtained through any region of the mind, even the most illumined and exalted. It's ... not a 'certainty,' it's *(Mother lowers both hands like an irresistible block descending), a* kind of absoluteness, without even any possibility of hesitation (there's no question of doubt), or anything like that. Without (how to say it ?).... All mental knowledge, even the highest, is a 'conclusive' knowledge, as it were: it comes as a conclusion of something else – an intuition, for instance (an intuition gives you a particular knowledge, and this knowledge is like the conclusion of the intuition). Even revelations are conclusions. They're all conclusions – the word 'conclusion' comes to me, but I don't know how to express it. This isn't the case, however, with the supramental experience – a kind of absolute. The feeling it gives is altogether unique – far beyond certainty, it is ... *(Mother again makes the same irresistible gesture)* it is a FACT, things are FACTS. It is very, very difficult to explain. But with that ... one naturally has a complete power – the two things always go together. [97] (In my reply to this man I didn't speak of 'power' because the power is almost a consequence and I didn't want to speak of consequences.) But the fact remains: a kind of absoluteness in knowledge springing from identity – one is the thing one knows and experiences: one is it. One knows it because one is it.

When these two signs are present (both are necessary, one is incomplete without the other), when a person possesses both, then you can be sure he has been in contact with the Supermind. So people who speak about receiving the Light ... well, *(laughing)* it's a lot of hot air! But when both signs are present, you can be sure of your perception.[73]

(silence)

It is quite evident that with these two things, you truly ... it's what Sri Aurobindo says: *you step into another world*, you leave this entire hemisphere behind and enter another one. That's the feeling.

The day it's established, it will be good.

(silence)

And it results neither from an aspiration nor a seeking nor an effort nor a *tapasya* nor anything else: it comes, bang! *(same irresistible gesture)* And when it goes away, something like ... like an imprint in the sand remains – in the consciousness. The consciousness is like a layer of sand on which the experience has left an imprint. If you stir about too much, the imprint vanishes; if you remain very still, it.... But it's only an imprint. And it can't be imitated. What's marvelous is that it can't be imitated! All the rest, all the ascetic realizations, for example, can be imitated, but you can't imitate this, it is ... there is no equivalent. [98]

It's like the extraordinary feeling I had in my experience that night [January 24] – the individuality, even in its highest consciousness, even what's known as the *atman*[74] and the soul, had nothing to do with it. For it comes like this *(same gesture),* with an absoluteness. There is NO individual participation – it's a decision coming from the Supreme.

It's the same thing for the rest: all your aspiration, all your tapasya, all your efforts, all that is 'individual' – absolutely no effect. It comes, and there it is.

There is only one thing you can do – ANNUL YOURSELF as much as possible. If you can annul yourself completely, then the experience is total. And if your 'disappearance' could be constant, the experience would be constantly there – but that's still far away.... I don't know if all this ... *(Mother looks at her body).*

(silence)

Obviously, the body needed a test, a VERY SEVERE test, because ... from a personal viewpoint, it's the only explanation I can find for all these disorders. There are many explanations from a general viewpoint, but.... Anyway, I will know the day I am told – all these imaginings are useless. But from a personal viewpoint.... You see, for a long time (more than a year now, probably almost two), this body hasn't felt its limits.[75] It is not at all its former self; it is scarcely more than a concentration now, a kind of agglomeration of something; it is not a body in a skin – not at all. It's a sort of agglomeration, a concentration of vibrations. And even what is normally called 'illness' ... (but it is not illness, these are not illnesses, they are functional disorders), even these functional disorders don't have the same meaning for the body as they have for the doctor, for instance, or for ordinary people. It's not like that, the body doesn't feel it like that. It feels it rather as ... as a kind of difficulty in adjusting to some new vibratory need.

(silence)

Formerly, when it couldn't do its work, the body had a kind of impatience – a feeling that despite all its aspiration and goodwill to be a fit instrument,

these disorders were barring the way. Even this has completely gone. [99]

Now the body has a kind of extraordinary smile for everything. At the end of the day, with the accumulation of everything coming from the people I have seen and the work I have done, when I have to push and pull myself just to climb the stairs because my legs are like ... iron rods, without any will (that's the most terrible part: they don't respond to the will), even at times like these, when my arms are what pull me up the stairs (no longer my legs), the body doesn't protest, doesn't protest. Then it begins walking back and forth for japa. And after half an hour of walking, things are infinitely better *(Mother makes a gesture of the Force descending into her body).*

(silence)

But the body itself doesn't know why this is happening.... And in fact, it finds it unnecessary to try: it's like that because it's like that. And were it called upon, it would say, 'Very well, when conditions ought to be otherwise, they will be otherwise.' That's exactly its position.

(silence)

Evidently this was necessary.

We shall see.

(silence)

All this [the world, the Ashram] is held in my consciousness with a kind of essential compassion applying equally to all things, all difficulties, all obstacles. I receive letters by the dozens, as you know, and each person comes to me with his own little misery or problem, inner or outer (a tiny pimple becomes ... a mountain). When people come to me, my inner consciousness always responds in the same way, with a kind of ... equality and compassion for all. But when people are talking to me or I am reading a letter and my body grows conscious of what it calls the 'to-do' they make over their miseries, it has a kind of feeling (I mean there is a feeling in the cells): 'Why do they take things like that! They are making things much more difficult.' The body understands. It understands that their way of taking the least little difficulty in such a blind, egotistical and *self-centered* manner, increases its difficulties furiously! [100]

It's a rather amusing sensation, a combination of sensation and feeling, that the ordinary human attitude towards things multiplies and magnifies the difficulties to FANTASTIC proportions; while if they simply had the true attitude – a NORMAL attitude, quite simple, uncomplicated – ahh, all life would be much easier. For the body feels the vibrations (those very vibrations which concentrate to form a body), it feels their nature and sees that its 'normal' reaction, a peaceful and confident reaction, makes things so much easier! But as soon as this agitation of anxiety, fear, discontent comes in, the reaction of a will that 'doesn't want any of it' ... oh, right away it becomes like water boiling: pff! pff! pff! like a machine. While if the difficulty is accepted with confidence and simplicity, it's reduced to its minimum, and I mean purely

materially, in the material vibration itself.

Almost (I say 'almost' because the body hasn't had every experience), but almost all pains can be reduced to something absolutely negligible. (Of course, some pains it hasn't had, but it has had a sufficient number!) It's this anxiety resulting from a semi-mental vibration (the first stirrings of Mind) that complicates everything, everything! For example, take this difficulty I mentioned of climbing the stairs: in the doctor's consciousness or anyone else's, pain causes it. According to their ordinary reasoning, pain is what tenses the nerves and muscles so one can no longer walk – but this is absolutely FALSE. Pain does not prevent my body from doing anything at all. Pain isn't a factor, or rather it's a factor that can be easily *dealt with.* It's not that: it is Matter; Matter (probably cellular matter, or ...) losing its capacity to respond to the will, to will-power. But why? ... I don't know! It depends upon the particular disorganization; but why is it like that? I don't know.... Now each time I climb the stairs, I am trying to find the means of infusing Will in such a way that this lack of response doesn't last – but I still haven't found it. Although there's all this accumulated force and power and will (a tremendous accumulation, I am BATHED in it, the whole body is bathed in it!), yet for some reason it doesn't respond. Here and there, groups of cells fail to respond, and the Force cannot act. So what must be found is....

(silence)

Even in this, right now, in what I am saying, there's a sense of tapasya; there's the whole inner consciousness making the body do a tapasya. [101] But my knowledge and my certainty (what I KNOW) is that it may be a necessary preparation, but it is NOT what accomplishes the work.[76] Rather, it is something acting like that *(Mother abruptly turns her hand over to indicate a reversal of states).* And when it goes 'like that,' it is done, all is done. All is done.

Are these disorders necessary for it to become 'like that'? ... I have my doubts. I have my doubts. But the question can't even be asked, because what it implies seems to verge on a fatalism having no truth in itself – it is not a fatalism, not at all. What is it? ... Something that defies expression.

(silence)

Even the body, the body itself, has the constant perception of bathing in the vibration of the CONCRETE divine Presence; so certainly from a psychological standpoint there is not the slightest shadow in the picture. Even from the material standpoint, this Presence is here. Yet although it is here, felt, perceived and experienced, there is still this disorder! (I call it disorder.)

(long silence)

It is a great Mystery ... oh!

(silence)

All is a great Mystery.

(silence)

What Sri Aurobindo calls 'the Great Secret' – a GREAT secret.

The day we find it ... things will change.

(silence)

How clearly one sees and knows that even the HIGHEST, the most luminous intelligence can understand nothing, nothing – it is idiotic to try.

(silence)

All our aspirations, all our seekings, all our ascents always remind me of that flower I gave you the other day[77]: it's something like that *(Mother makes a vague, ethereal gesture),* vibrating, vibrating, vibrating, very luminous, very delicate, essentially very lovely ... [102] *(silence)* but it is not THAT *(Mother again turns her hand over to indicate an abrupt reversal).* It is not That.

(silence)

It is the VERY NATURE that changes, it is ... something else.

Always, when this feeling of absoluteness – an absolute – comes (in whatever realm it may be), it carries EVERYTHING within it, it is....

(silence)

Even 'absolute' is not strong enough *(Mother makes a gesture of a solid block descending).* That is why one speaks of an irrevocable, irremediable absolute ... but I don't know how to express it. And NOTHING BUT this Absolute exists, there is nothing else. There is only that.

And everything is there in it.

When that comes, all is well.

(silence)

So, mon petit, I have talked the whole time and we still haven't done anything – another day without working! *(Mother laughs)*

It's a curious thing ... speaking evidently helps me follow the experience. But I can't just begin speaking all alone up in my room! And talking to a tape recorder is useless. Up to now, it certainly flows the best with you – by far. I haven't tried with others, although occasionally I've said something to Nolini, but his receptivity is fuzzy (I don't know whether you can understand this impression: it's as though my. words were going into cotton-wool). Once, as I told you, I spoke with R., and with him I felt that three quarters of it was absolutely lost – and as a matter of fact it was. But with you I begin to SEE,

and the need to formulate makes me concentrate on my vision. And this I experience with you more than I ever have with anyone. So....

So you are bearing the consequences!

Well, then – do you need anything? ... Nothing? ... Petit, when I have something especially good for lunch, I always feel like giving it to you! ... [103]

February 28, 1961

I have brought you the exact text of that sentence on Sri Aurobindo I told you about the other day.[78] It was in reply to a letter....

You know this mental habit (which people take for mental superiority!) of lumping everything together on the same level: all the teachings, all the prophets, all the sects, all the religions. You know the habit: 'We are not prejudiced, we have no preferences – it's all the SAME THING.' A dreadful muddle!

It's one of the biggest mental difficulties of this age.

Anyway, in reply to this nonsense, I have said: 'Your error, to be precise, is that you go to the Theosophical Society, for example, with the same opening as to the Christian religion or to the Buddhist doctrine or with which you read one of Sri Aurobindo's books – and as a result, you are plunged into a confusion and a muddle and you don't understand anything about anything.'

And then the reply came to me very strongly; something took hold of me and I was, so to say, obliged to write: *What Sri Aurobindo represents in the world's history is not a teaching, not even a revelation; it is a decisive action direct from the Supreme.*[79]

It's not from me. It came from there *(gesture upwards).* But it pleased me. [104]

March 4, 1961

(Mother gives Satprem a ruffled mauve petunia.)

Look, it's Enthusiasm, see how beautiful it is! It must be put in water right away, otherwise.... It needs vital force and water is vital force. It's lovely! What fantasy! And this one is the Consciousness one with the Divine Consciousness,[80] but supramentalized – beginning to be supramentalized. And here is a very pretty Promise of Realization[81], and here's Balance[82] and ... the Peace of Faithfulness.[83]

There you are, mon petit.

Now then, anything to ask?

(silence)

Oh, it's dreadful, each one ... *(Mother is referring to the disciples).*

Well, never mind.

I'm not so late today.

What do you have to say?

To say?

Oh, to say, work on, do, decide, arrange, anything!

One day when you have time, I would like to ask you a question.

Ask it.

It isn't a personal question, but something that has been troubling me a little. It's about World Union [84]...

Oh, World Union! ... What troubles you?

Listen, mon petit, you don't need to ask, I will tell you right away. [107]

Sri Aurobindo has written somewhere that the movement of world transformation is double: first, the individual who does *sadhana*[85] and establishes contact with higher things; but at the same time, the world is a base and it must rise up a little and prepare itself for the realization to be achieved (this is putting it simply). Some people live merely on the surface – they come alive only when they stir about restlessly. Whatever happens inside them (if anything does!) is immediately thrown out into movement. Such people always need an outer activity; take J. for example: he fastened onto Sri Aurobindo's phrase, 'World Union,' and came to tell me he wanted....

He has been like that since the beginning *(gesture expressing agitation),* and he had a go at a considerable number of things – but none ever succeeded! He has no method, no sense of order and he doesn't know how to organize work. So World Union is simply to let him have his way, like letting a horse gallop.

I used to send him around to the various centers (because he had to do something!), and he would visit, speak to people ... I don't know about what. And during one of his trips to Delhi he happened to meet Z, who had been sent by the government of India to the Soviet Union, where it seems he delivered an extraordinary speech (it must have been extraordinary, because I have been receiving letters from everywhere, including America, asking for the text of this sensational speech in which he apparently spoke of 'human unity'). So Z returned with the idea of forming a 'World Union,' and J. and Z met. Furthermore, they were encouraged by S.M.[86] and even by the Prime Minister,[87] who probably had a special liking for Z and had given him a lot of encouragement. That's how things began.

I treated it as something altogether secondary and unimportant – when people need to gallop, I let them gallop (but I hadn't met Z). Then J. and Z left together on a speaking-tour of Africa and there things began to go sour, because Z was working in one way and J. in another. Finally, they were at odds and came back here to tell me, 'World Union is off to a good start – with a quarrel!' *(Mother laughs) Z* was saying, 'Nothing can be done unless we base ourselves EXCLUSIVELY on the teaching of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother and they are behind us giving support.' And J. said, 'No, no! We are not sectarian! We accept all ideas, all theories, etc.' I replied, and as it happens, I said that Z was right, though with one corrective: he had been saying that people had to recognize us as their guru. [108] 'No,' I said, 'it's absolutely useless – not only useless, I refuse. I don't want to be anybody's guru. People should simply be told that things are to be done on the basis of Sri Aurobindo's thought.[88]

So they kept pulling in opposing directions. Eventually they tried to set something up (which still didn't hold together), and finally they wrote me a little more clearly. (There is one very nice man involved, Y. He isn't particularly intellectual but has a lot of common sense and a very faithful heart – a very good man.) Y asked me some direct questions, without beating around the bush, and I replied directly: 'World Union is an entirely superficial thing, without any depth, based on the fact that Sri Aurobindo said "the masses" must be helped to follow the progress of "the elite" – well, let them go ahead! If they enjoy it, let them go right ahead!' ... I didn't say it exactly like that (I was a bit more polite!), but that was the gist of it.

Now it has all fallen flat. They are carrying on with their little activities, but it's absolutely unimportant. They publish a small journal, and V, who writes for them, is far from stupid. She is rather intelligent and I have some control over her, so I will try to stop her from writing nonsense.

They also had a sudden brainstorm to affiliate with the Sri Aurobindo Society. But the Sri Aurobindo Society has absolutely nothing to do with their project: it's a strictly external thing, organized by businessmen to bring in

money – EXCLUSIVELY. That is, they want to put people in a position where they feel obliged to give (so far they have succeeded and I believe they will succeed). [109] But this has nothing to do with working for an ideal, it is COMPLETELY practical.[89] And of course, World Union has nothing to offer the Sri Aurobindo Society: they would simply siphon off funds. So I told them, 'Nothing doing – it's out of the question!'

'But your name is there as President of the Sri Aurobindo Society,' they said. My name is there to give an entirely material guarantee that the money donated will really and truly be used for the Work to be done and for nothing else; it's only a moral and purely practical guarantee. These people aren't even asked to understand what Sri Aurobindo has said but simply to participate. It's a different matter for those in World Union, who are working for an ideal: they want to prepare the world to receive *(laughing)* the Supermind! Let them prepare it! It doesn't matter, they will achieve nothing at all, or very little. It's unimportant. That's my point of view and I have told them so.

In addition, I told them it was preferable not to hold any functions here – they can be held at Tapogiri in the Himalayas, or elsewhere – and this is understood. They did hold a seminar here (a perfect fiasco, besides), but it had been arranged a long time ago. They invited people who promised to come (I think very few showed up in the end), and it was of very secondary importance. Nevertheless, I told them, 'This is the last time; don't do it here any more. At Tapogiri, as often as you like: it's a beautiful spot in the mountains, a health resort, people go there in the summer for the fresh air and ... to sit around and chat!'

> *What shocked me was.... You know I rarely leave my house, but each time I would come to the Ashram for darshan or to see you, always, as if by chance, I would find J. off in a corner with some European visitor. The repetition of this coincidence made me wonder, 'What's he doing so systematically with ALL the European visitors?!' And it shocked me to imagine myself in their place: just suppose, I said to myself, you are coming to the Ashram for the first time, very open, in search of a great truth, and you stumble upon this man who tells you: Sri Aurobindo = World Union. Well, my first reaction would be, 'I'm leaving, I'm not interested!' [110]*

It serves as a test, my child, a very good test! There are many things like that....

For example, there's someone here, Mridou (you know her, she's as round as a barrel[90]), who gossips to everybody. She had quite a clientele for a long time because she used to make Indian sweets and the Europeans went to her place for snacks. She is a woman who, when there isn't any gossip, invents it! She tells all the dirt imaginable to all her visitors – a fact which was brought to my attention. I recall that a long time ago Sir Akbar from Hyderabad warned me, 'You know, she's the second Mother of the Ashram, be careful!' 'It's a good test,' I replied, 'people who don't immediately sense what it is aren't worthy of coming here!'

Well, with J. it's the same – from an intellectual viewpoint, it's the very

same thing: if people are taken in by what he says, it means they're not ready AT ALL.

But the danger isn't to be 'taken in,' but to be disgusted by it!

Disgusted? But that amounts to the same thing!

They'll say, 'So that's Sri Aurobindo!...'

Then it proves they have never read anything by Sri Aurobindo. It's unimportant. No, it's even better than unimportant: it's a test. This place is full of tests, full, full, full! People don't realize.... One can see it happening, as though it were done on purpose just to trip people up (not really 'on purpose,' but that's how it acts). It protects me from hordes of good-for-nothings! I am not eager to have a lot of people here.

Another thing that shocked me was in their journal....

I've never seen it – full of stupidities?

> *It's outrageous! First of all, they use Sri Aurobindo's name, putting it on a level with Vinoba Bhave or Dr. Schweitzer or who knows what other sage; then at the end they launch an appeal for people to 'enroll'! So the reader is left wondering, 'But I thought Sri Aurobindo....' You understand, this indiscriminate mixture, this diminishing.... [111]*

I wrote them a letter where I stuck this nonsense of theirs right under their noses.

> *Listen to this appeal: 'If the opportunity offered by this movement appeals to you, if you have the feeling that you are one of those who have been prepared to collaborate in the spiritual adventure, we invite you to write to us, enrolling yourself as a member of World Union....'*

I'm going to send this to V, asking her innocently, 'Has this appeared in your journal? Because it would be better if it didn't: we don't make propaganda.' Oh, I am hard on them, you know!

But it doesn't matter, we must always keep smiling, mon petit. In the end,

good always comes out of such things – it's a sorting-out! A splendid, splendid sifter!

The truth is, VERY FEW people are ready to be here, very few. We have taken in all types – we accept, we accept, we accept – afterwards, we sift. And the sifting goes on more and more. Actually, we accept everything, the entire earth, and then ... *(gesture)* there's a *churning.* And everything useless goes away.

The opposition is clearly becoming stronger and stronger, a very good sign – it means we are advancing. But circumstances are growing more and more difficult: the least thing becomes an opportunity to demonstrate bad will and spite – on the part of the government, on the part of people here and so on. Seen from a superficial viewpoint, we are more than ever in the soup. But this makes my heart rejoice! I take it as a sign that we are getting nearer.

Don't let it trouble you, you must always smile. Smile, be absolutely above it all – absolutely.

(silence)

I told them.... Because at World Union they asked me what their mistake had been (they didn't state it so candidly, but in a roundabout way), and I replied (not so candidly, either – not exactly in a roundabout way, but in general terms). I told them their mistake was being unfaithful and I explained that to be unfaithful means to put everything on the same level (that's when I sent them those lines[91]). I told them, 'Your error was in saying: "One teaching among many teachings – so let us be broad-minded and accept all teachings."' [112] So along with all the teachings, you accept every stupidity possible.

But if someone is taken in, it proves he's at an elementary stage and unready.

Oh, I've had all sorts of examples! ... All these errors serve as tests. Take the case of P.: for a long time, whenever someone arrived from the outside world and asked to be instructed, he was sent to P.'s room. (I didn't send them, but they would be told, 'Go speak to P.!') And P. is the sectarian par excellence! He would tell people, 'Unless you acknowledge Sri Aurobindo as the ONLY one who knows the truth, you are good for nothing!' Naturally *(laughing),* many rebelled! (You see, out of laziness – so as not to be bothered with seeing people or answering their questions – one says, 'Go find so-and-so, go ask so-and-so,' and passes off the work to another.) Well, it was finally understood that this wasn't very tactful, and perhaps it would be better not to send visitors to P., since so many had been put off. But actually.... I was told about it afterwards and I replied, 'Let people read and see for THEMSELVES whether or not it suits them! What difference does it make if they're put off! If they are, it means they NEED to be put off! We'll see later.' Some of them have come full circle and returned. Others never came back – because they

weren't meant to. That's how it goes. Basically, all this has NO importance. Or we could put it in another way: everything is perfectly all right.

(silence)

Each one of us must learn his lesson – that's a different matter. WE are not perfectly all right because we can be better – circumstances are simply the outgrowth of what we are, nothing else. And we needn't worry – I never worry myself!

What's more, I find it so funny! A time comes when all such things seem so childish, so stupid, so ... *meaningless!* What difference can it make! As long as people are still at that level, that's where they are. The day they get away from it, they too will smile!

Of course, I have a kind of responsibility because people expect me to organize everything, so I try to put things in their place. That's why I told them I preferred they didn't hold seminars here, because it appears a bit ... I didn't say 'parasitic,' but it's like *(laughing)* a toadstool growing on an oak tree! [113]

* * *

(Mother begins the work. A mosquito bites her and she remarks.)

Oh, I don't like that! You know, I have filariasis in my legs. Yes, I think so – there's every reason to believe it! *(Mother laughs)* But it doesn't matter, it will go away ... I think. I don't like to be bitten on account of the germs; but during the day there's nothing for them to pick up – they only pick up germs around midnight.

There are no mosquitoes upstairs.

(Mother resumes the work.)

* * *

(At the doorway, as she is leaving.)

Each time I have a 'Cheerfulness,'[92] I will bring it to you. It is a GREAT FORCE, a great force.

Things are going very badly: a pack of enemies assailing me, friends deserting us – it's going very, very badly. Then yesterday evening, while I was walking for japa and all these 'good tidings' were arriving, I said to the Lord,

'Listen, Lord, you have Indra to help the good people – I beseech you, send him to me; he has some work to do!' *(Mother laughs)* Then my walk became so amusing! I was watching them come in as I walked – Indra and all the other gods – and they were hard at work. Delightful!

March 7, 1961

(Mother arrives late ... as usual. Crossing the corridor was like crossing through a jungle and has taken her almost one hour.)

How long it has taken me ... oh, it's disgraceful! I'll have to start coming down at 9 a.m., but then I won't get anything done upstairs, that's the problem. [114]

> *But Mother, the earlier you come down, the more of your time they'll take!*

Anyway....

I have brought you a whole discourse! *(Mother gives Satprem some flowers)* First, the goal of the Vedas: Immortality.[93] That was their goal: the Truth that led to Immortality. Immortality was their ambition. I don't think it was physical immortality – but I am not sure, because they do speak of the *forefathers* and this refers to the initiatory tradition prior to the Vedas as well as the Kabbala, and immortality on earth is spoken of there: the earth transformed – Sri Aurobindo's idea. So although they didn't explicitly state it, perhaps they knew.

(Mother gives more flowers) This one is more on the personal side: Friendship with the Divine,[94] the friendly relationship you can have with the Divine – you understand each other, you don't fear each other, you're good friends! And this one is a wonder! *(Mother gives Divine Love Governing the World[95])* What strength! It's generous, expansive, without narrowness, pettiness, or limitations – when that comes....

* * *

(After the work, towards the end of the conversation:)

I've been feeling lazy! I have received an abominable avalanche of letters, three-quarters of which are useless – but I have to look at them to know whether they're useless or not, so it takes up my morning before coming downstairs. I usually translated *The Synthesis of Yoga* in the afternoons, or answered questions, but nowadays I go into concentration at that time: I don't do anything. I want to cure my legs.

I am determined to cure myself – they told me it was incurable. The doctors poison you to cure you (as they poisoned our poor S.), and that's no cure! When they don't feel the need to show off in front of the patient, they openly acknowledge that it isn't at all sure that their medicines cure: they merely make you inoffensive to others! [115] But I don't believe in it – I don't believe in doctors, I don't believe in their remedies and I don't believe in their science (they are very useful, they have a great social utility, but for myself, I don't believe in it).

I knew when I caught it: it was at the Playground.[96] Certain people poisoned me with a mosquito bite – the instant the mosquito bit me, I knew, because it so happens I am a little bit conscious! But I controlled it like this *(gesture of holding the disease in abeyance and under control), so* it couldn't stir. Probably it would never have stirred if I hadn't had that experience [of January 24] and the body didn't need to be made ready. For the body to be 'ready,' a host of things belonging to the *dasyus,* as the Vedas say, can't be stored inside it! These are very nasty little *dasyus (laughing),* they have to be chased away!

When the disease came back, I said to myself, 'Very well, this means it must be *dealt with in a new way.'*

(silence)

The body is waging a magnificent battle, oh, a magnificent battle! And it's faring quite well.

It's a rather difficult business and could last a long time: I don't want it to stay dormant and then resurface with the next attack of this or that. So I am proceeding slowly and cautiously, which means it takes time: I concentrate and work on it for one hour after lunch every day. (I used to do my translation then, but since I'm at least two or three years ahead of the *Bulletin,* it doesn't matter, I won't be delaying the work! I have almost finished 'The Yoga of Divine Love'; now there's only 'The Yoga of Self-Perfection' – that's quite a job, oh! ... I miss it – this translation was my pleasure.) But the work on the body is useful – something must be attempted in life; we are here to do something new, aren't we?!

But were you bitten like that 'by accident'?

No, no, it wasn't by accident, but because....

Mon petit, I don't claim to be totally universal, but in any case I am open enough to receive.... [116] You see, given the quantity of material I have taken into my consciousness, it's quite natural that the body bears the consequences. There is nothing, not one wrong movement, that my body doesn't feel[97]; generally, though, things are automatically set in order *(gesture indicating that Mother automatically purifies and masters the vibrations coming to her).* But there are times – especially when it coincides with a revolt of adverse forces who don't want to give up their domain and enter into battle with all their might – when I must admit it's hard.... If I had some hours of solitude it would be easier. But particularly during the period of my Playground activities, I was badgered, harassed; I would rush from one thing to the next, one thing to the next, I had no nights to speak of – nights of two and a half or three hours rest, which isn't enough, there's no time to put things in order.

Under those conditions I could only hold the thing like this *(same gesture of muzzling the illness or holding it in abeyance).*

All the same, wasn't it a mosquito that bit you?

Yes, it was a mosquito.

It was a mosquito but there was an INSTANTANEOUS, localized poisoning. It was ... hideous! I knew it when I got the bite and I tried ... but it was at the Playground, I was busy and I couldn't do anything about it until an hour or an hour and a half later. Then it was too late, it was already circulating in the blood.

I have had three bites like that, but not of the same thing; I knew this last bite was filariasis. It was on the arm. Since my legs are covered when I am outside they don't get bitten; but my arms....

Long ago when Sri Aurobindo was still here, I was once bitten by a mosquito that had just come from a leper. He was sitting on the street corner, although I didn't know it at the time (I was in my bathroom, just opposite the corner). Suddenly I was bitten here, on the chin, and I knew IMMEDIATELY: 'Leprosy!' Within a few seconds it became terrible – hideous! I did what was necessary at once (as I was in the bathroom, I had what I needed). Then I suddenly got the impulse to go and look out the window – there was the leper. And I understood: the mosquito had been kind enough to fly from him to me! [117] But in that instance I was able to check it right away (it lasted three or four days) – I say 'check' because they claim leprosy sometimes takes fifteen years to surface, so.... But now it has been more than fifteen years *(Mother laughs)*, so it's finished!

No, the difference, the great difference, is that when one is conscious, the thing is KNOWN immediately and one can react.

That's all, mon petit.

Yesterday I sent you something (there wasn't much of it, just a taste): it's a bit of the pistachio puree they make for me. Concentrated food.[98] It's funny – I have got it into my head to make you a gourmand! *(Mother laughs)* Good-bye, mon petit.

March 11, 1961

Good morning!

I have to fight to get out of there! I began to scold them all, saying they were wasting all my time – then I was able to come. Otherwise, impossible.

(Satprem puts a cushion under Mother's feet)

It's almost a luxury these days!

When was it? ... Not last night, but the night before, I was with you; and while I was with you I heard the clock strike. I didn't count, but I told myself, 'It's 4 o'clock!' and got out of bed.... One hour later I saw that it was 4 a.m.: I had risen at 3, and by then we had been together for quite a long time. I had gone ... where? I don't know. I was living some place (certainly somewhere in the Mind) and we were together, we had been working together, doing all sorts of things and spending a lot of time together ... I don't know for how long because time there isn't the same.

Then I had to return here – that is, to my home in India, to Sri Aurobindo's home: I had to return to Sri Aurobindo's home. [118] Pavitra was also working there and he didn't want to let me leave; when he saw me going he came and tried to stop me. You, on the contrary, were helping. 'Shall I take anything with me or not?' I asked myself ... 'Oh, I don't need anything, I'll go all alone.' That worried you a little because of the journey ahead, and you said, 'There will be many complications....' 'It doesn't matter!' I replied *(laughing)*. But if you

only knew how living and concrete it was! The impressions were so ... there was the feeling of making a long voyage – it was a LONG voyage, as if I were crossing the sea (but not physically), a long voyage. I remember setting off (I was with you, you were there) and telling myself, 'At last he's here! At last I have found a reasonable being who doesn't try to stop me from doing what I must do!' I had ... *(laughing mischievously)* a very high opinion of you, that's why I am telling you this!

I was abruptly awakened by the clock striking (I didn't count), and my immediate feeling was, 'Well, he is really very nice! Now there's a good companion!'

But I woke up one hour too early![99]

Oh! *(Mother notices the flowers in her hands)* This is Supramental Beauty,[100] this is Supramental Victory and this is the Endurance[101] needed to get there and the Promise.[102] Then this one is a lily that grows here *(Mother looks at it for a long time)* ... and inside I have put "Attachment for the Divine"[103] – I brought it for you because it's so lovely.

What are we working on today? *(Mother looks at Sri Aurobindo's Aphorisms)* ... I've already begun replying!

Already!

Yes ... you know, I read and it comes like that, brrm! Like opening a tap. *(Mother reads.)*

> 56 – When, O eager disputant, thou hast prevailed in a debate, then art thou greatly to be pitied; for thou hast lost a chance of widening knowledge. [119]

How fine! Many things could be said....

What use are discussions? in general, those who like to discuss need the stimulation of contradiction to clarify their ideas.

It's a thing I live almost constantly: I have people like that around me!

It's clearly the sign of a rudimentary intellectual stage.

But if you can 'witness' a discussion as an impartial spectator (I mean even if you are involved in the discussion), you can always gain a lot from it by considering a question or a problem from several points of view; and by trying to reconcile opposing opinions, you can broaden your ideas and rise to a more comprehensive synthesis.

What is the best way to make others understand what you feel to be true ?

By LIVING it – there is no other way.
* * *

Read me another aphorism.

> 58 -The animal, before he is corrupted, has not yet eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; the god has abandoned it for the tree of eternal life; man stands between the upper heaven and the lower nature.

Do you have a question?

Was there actually an earthly paradise? Why was man banished from it?

From an historical viewpoint (not psychological, but historical), based on my memories (only I can't prove it, nothing can be proved, and I don't believe any truly historical proof has come down to us – or in any case, it hasn't been found yet), but according to my memories.... *(Mother shuts her eyes as if she were going off in search of her memories; she will speak all the rest of the time with eyes closed.)* Certainly at one period of the earth's history there was a kind of 'earthly paradise,' in the sense that there was a perfectly harmonious and perfectly natural life: the manifestation of Mind was in accord – was STILL in complete accord – and in total harmony with the ascending march of Nature, without perversion or deformation. [120] This was the first stage of Mind's manifestation in material forms.

How long did it last? It's hard to say. But for man it was a life like a sort of flowering of animal life. My memory is of a life where the body was perfectly adapted to its natural surroundings. The climate was in harmony with the needs of the body, the body with the demands of the climate. Life was wholly spontaneous and natural, as a more luminous and conscious animal life would be, with absolutely none of the complications and deformations brought in later by the mind as it developed.

I have a recollection of this life, for I relived it when I first became conscious of the life of the entire earth; but I can't say how long it lasted or what area it covered – I don't know. I only remember the conditions at that time, the state of material Nature and the human form and human consciousness, and this state of harmony with all the other elements of the earth: harmony with animal life and a great harmony with plant life – there was

a kind of spontaneous knowledge of how to use the things of Nature, the qualities of plants, fruits and all that vegetal nature could offer. There was no aggressiveness, no fear, no contradictions or frictions, and no perversion – the mind was pure, simple, luminous, uncomplicated.

It was certainly with the progress of evolution, the march of evolution, when the mind began to develop for and in itself, that ALL the complications, all the deformations began. Indeed, this story of Genesis that seems so childish does contain a truth. The old traditions like Genesis resembled the Vedas in that each letter[104] was the symbol of a knowledge; it was the pictorial résumé of a traditional knowledge, just as the Veda contains a pictoral résumé of the knowledge of its time. But what's more, even the symbol had a reality in the sense that there was truly a period when life upon earth (the first manifestation of mentalized Matter in human forms) was still in complete harmony with all that preceded it. It was only later that....

The tree of knowledge symbolizes this kind of knowledge ... a material knowledge, no longer divine because its origin was the sense of division – and this is what began to spoil everything. How long did this period last? I am unable to say. (Because my recollection is of an almost immortal life; it seems that it was through some sort of evolutionary accident that the destruction of forms became necessary for progress.) [121] And where did it take place? ... From certain impressions (but these are only impressions), it would seem that it was in the vicinity of either this side of Ceylon and India or the other, I don't know exactly *(Mother indicates the Indian Ocean either west of Ceylon and India or to the east between Ceylon and Java),* although certainly the place no longer exists; it must have been swallowed up by the sea. I have a very clear vision of the place and a consciousness of that life and its forms, but I can't give precise material details. Did it last for centuries, was it ... ? I don't know. To tell the truth, when I was reliving those moments I wasn't curious about such details (for one is in another mental state where there is no curiosity about material details: all things turn into psychological facts). It was something so simple, luminous, harmonious, far removed from all our usual preoccupations – those very preoccupations with time and space. It was a spontaneous life, extremely beautiful, and so close to Nature – a natural flowering of animal life. There were no oppositions or contradictions, nothing of the kind – everything happened in the best way possible.

(silence)

A similar memory has recurred several times under different circumstances – not exactly the same scene and the same images, because it wasn't something I was seeing but A LIFE I was living. During a certain period, at any time, night or day, I would experience a particular state of trance in which I was rediscovering a life I had lived. I was fully conscious that this life had to do with the first flowering of the human form upon earth, the first human forms able to incarnate the divine being from above. This was the first time I could manifest in a particular terrestrial form (not a general life but an individual

form); that is, for the first time, through the mentalization of this material substance, the junction between the higher Being and the lower being was made. I have lived that several times, and always in a similar setting and with quite a similar feeling of such joyous simplicity, without complexity, without problems, without all these questions. It was the blossoming of a joy of life – nothing but that; love and harmony prevailed: flowers, minerals, animals all got along together perfectly.

Things began to go wrong only a LONG time afterwards, long after (but this is a personal impression), probably because certain mental crystallizations were necessary, inevitable, for the general evolution, so that the mind might prepare itself to move on to something else. [122] That was when ... oh, it seems like a fall into a pit – into ugliness, darkness! Everything became so dark, so ugly, so difficult, so painful. Really ... really the sense of a fall.

(silence)

Theon used to say it wasn't ... (how to put it?) inevitable. In the total freedom of the manifestation, this voluntary separation from the Origin is the cause of all the disorder. How to explain it? ... Words express these things so poorly. We can call it 'inevitable' because it happened! But outside of this creation, a creation can be imagined (or could have been) where this disorder would not have occurred. Sri Aurobindo saw it in approximately the same way: a sort of 'accident,' as it were – but an 'accident' allowing the manifestation a far greater and more total perfection than if it had never occurred. But this is all still in the realm of speculation, and useless speculation at that. In any case, the experience, the feeling, is that all at once ... *(Mother makes the gesture of a brutal fall)* oh!

For the earth it probably happened like that, all at once: a sort of ascent, then the fall. But the earth is a tiny concentration – universally, it's something else.

(silence)

The recollection of those times is stored somewhere in the terrestrial memory, that region where all the earth's memories are inscribed. Those who contact this memory can tell you that the earthly paradise still exists somewhere.[105] But it doesn't exist materially.... I don't know, I don't see it.

(silence)

Of course, these things can always be explained symbolically. Theon explained man's 'exile' like this: when the Being – the hostile Being – assumed the position of the Lord Supreme in relation to the terrestrial realization, he didn't want humanity to progress mentally and gain a knowledge permitting it to stop obeying him! ... [123] That is Theon's occult explanation.

According to Theon, the serpent wasn't the spirit of evil at all: it was the

evolutionary Force. And Sri Aurobindo fully agreed; he used to tell me the same thing: the evolutionary power – the mental evolutionary power - is what drove man to gain knowledge, a knowledge of division. And it's a fact that along with the sense of Good and Evil, man became conscious of himself. Naturally, this ruined everything and he couldn't stay: it was his own consciousness that drove him out of Paradise - he could no longer stay.

Then was man banished by Jehovah or by his own consciousness ?

These are just two ways of seeing the same thing!

In my view, all these old Scriptures and ancient traditions have a graduated content *(gesture showing different levels of understanding),* and according to the needs of the epoch and the people, one symbol or another was drawn upon. But a time comes when one goes beyond these things and sees them from what Sri Aurobindo calls 'the other hemisphere,' where one realizes that they are only modes of expression to put one in contact – a kind of bridge or link between the lower way of seeing and the higher way of knowing.

A time comes when all these disputes – 'Ah, no, this is like this, that is like that'-seem so silly, so silly! And there is nothing more comical than this spontaneous reply so many people give: 'Oh, that's impossible!' Because with even the most rudimentary intellectual development, you would know you couldn't even think of something if it weren't possible!

(silence)

So, mon petit, we've had quite a little chat!
Is everything all right? ... Yes?
Oh, you know, if that could be found again.... But how?[106]
Truly, they have ruined the earth, they have ruined it – they have ruined the atmosphere, they have ruined everything; and for it to become something like the earthly paradise again, ohh! What a long way to go – psychologically, above all. [124] Even the very structure of Matter *(Mother fingers the air around her),* with their bombs and their experiments and their ... oh, they have made a mess of it all! They have truly made a mess of Matter.

Probably ... no, not probably, it's absolutely certain that this was necessary for kneading matter, churning it, to prepare it to receive THAT, the new thing yet to manifest.

Matter was very simple and very harmonious and very luminous not complex enough. This complexity is what ruined everything, but ... it will lead to an INFINITELY more conscious realization – infinitely more conscious. And when the earth again becomes as harmonious, simple, luminous, pure – simple, pure, purely divine – then, with this complexity added, something can be achieved.

(Mother gets up to leave)

It doesn't matter. Fundamentally, it doesn't matter. Yesterday, while I was walking ... I was walking in a kind of universe that was EXCLUSIVELY the Divine – it could be touched, felt: it was within, without, everywhere. For three-quarters of an hour, NOTHING but that, everywhere. Well, I can assure you, at that moment there were certainly no more problems! And what simplicity – nothing to think about, nothing to want, nothing to decide: to BE, be, be! ... *(Mother seems to dance)* To be in the infinite complexity of a perfect unity: all was there but nothing was separate; all was in movement yet nothing changed place. Truly an experience.

When we become like that, it will be very easy.

Good-bye, petit. You know, I enjoy myself, I enjoy myself every day !

(Mother notices a brilliant crimson canna in a vase)

Ah, there were many flowers just like that in the landscape of this earthly paradise – red, and so beautiful! [125]

March 14, 1961

I haven't done anything, haven't worked, answered questions or prepared anything for the *Bulletin* – nothing at all.

You saw the people waiting in the corridor; when I left the other day they kept me there three-quarters of an hour and when I finally went upstairs I was ill. Not really ill but not well. So once again it's all called into question.

> *(Mother goes on to the work and listens to the reading of an old Talk of September 26, 1956, to be used in the Bulletin. In it she speaks of moments of opening in the yoga:* 'Then there are days when you are in contact with the divine Consciousness, with the Grace, and all is tinged, colored by this Presence, and things which usually seem dull to you become charming and pleasant ... all is alive, all is vibrant. At other moments you are clouded, closed, you no longer feel anything, everything loses its flavor ... you are like a walking block of wood.')

It comes and goes along the way, you don't keep it permanently; it's like crossing a zone, a perfumed zone, and then it's past – for the moment, it's over. A fleeting caress.

* * *

After the work:

Generally speaking, the progress is undeniable, but the physical body ... has a terrible need of rest. It's annoying, for it prevents me from working.

How to explain it? ... It's rather strange: the cells' attitude and their state of consciousness is changing with extraordinary rapidity; yet from the ordinary viewpoint of 'health,' there is no corresponding progress, quite the contrary. One could say things aren't going too well, but I see clearly that it's not true. I see that it isn't true, it's only an appearance – but reconciling the two is difficult.

I have been honored with a form of filariasis which occurs perhaps not once in a million cases.... The doctor isn't tearing his hair out because that's not his way, but he is perplexed. [126]

Yet the cells sense so perfectly that.... All the experiences in the subconscient at night are quite clear proofs that a ... a WORLD of things and vibrations is being cleaned out – all the vibrations opposed to the cellular transformation. But how can one poor little body do all that work! The body is quite aware of being a sort of accumulation and concentration of things (yet there is inevitably a selection – *Mother laughs* – because if everything had to be worked out in one center like this [her body] it would be ... it would be impossible!). Oh, if you knew how deeply and perfectly convinced these cells are, in all their groups and sub-groups, each one individually and within the whole, that everything is not only decreed but executed by the Divine, everything! They have a kind of constant awareness so filled with... a conscious faith in His infinite wisdom, even when there is what the ordinary consciousness calls suffering or pain. That's not what it is for the cells – it's something else! And the result is a state of ... yes, a state of peaceful combat. There is a sense of Peace, the vibration of Peace, and simultaneously an impression of being ... (how to put it?) on the alert, in constant combat. Taken all together it creates a rather odd situation.

And within ... oh! It's like waves, constantly, the equivalent of those nuances of color I was speaking about, waves of this joy of life, the joy of life rippling past, touching; but instead of being.... At times, you see, the body is in a sort of equilibrium (what we, in our ordinary outer consciousness, call 'equilibrium' – that is, good health), and then this joy is constant, like swells on the sea *(Mother shapes great waves)*: it seems to flow on behind everything; it comes and shows its face for a moment, then vanishes. In the very tiny things of life – yes, physical life – the joy of these things, the joy life contains, this luminous, special kind of vibration, rises up as if to remind us that it's here; it

is here, it mustn't be forgotten, it's here – but it's kept down by this ... tension.

Then, from time to time, everything seems to be on the edge of a precipice; the body doesn't fall simply because it keeps its balance – but without this higher state of perfect faith, one would surely fall!

All together, as a whole, it's something so ... peculiar![107]

(long silence) [127]

There is the sense of all things being organized, concentrated and arranged according to a rhythm, and if one manages to maintain the equilibrium of this rhythm, something permanent results.

(Mother remains absorbed within herself) The equilibrium of this rhythm – the progressive, ascending equilibrium of this rhythm – is what, for Matter, must constitute Immortality.

Yet even so....

March 17, 1961

> Aphorism 57 -Because the tiger acts according to his nature and knows not anything else, therefore he is divine and there is no evil in him. If he questioned himself, then he would be a criminal.

What might be man's true, 'natural' state? Why does he question himself?

Man on earth[108] is a transitional being and as a consequence, in the course of his evolution, he has had several successive natures following an ascending curve which they will continue to follow until he touches the threshold of the supramental nature and is transformed into a superman. This curve is the spiral of mental development.

We tend to apply the word 'natural' to all spontaneous manifestation not

resulting from a choice or a preconceived decision – that is, with no intrusion of mental activity. That's why a man with an only slightly mentalized vital spontaneity seems more 'natural' to us in his simplicity. But this naturalness bears a close resemblance to the animal's and is quite low on the human evolutionary scale. [128] Man will not recapture this spontaneity free of mental intrusion until he attains the supramental level, until he goes beyond the mind and emerges into the higher Truth.

Up to that point, all his modes of being are naturally natural! But with the mind's intrusion, evolution was, if not falsified, then deformed, because by its very nature the mind was open to perversion and it became perverted almost from the start (or to be more exact, it was perverted by the asuric forces). And what appears unnatural to us now is this state of perversion. At any rate, it's a deformation.

You ask why man questions himself, but this is the nature of the mind!

Along with the mind came individualization, an acute sense of separation and a more or less precise feeling of a freedom of choice – all of that, all these psychological states, are the natural consequences of mental life and open the door to everything we see now, from the worst aberrations to the most rigorous principles. Man's impression of being free to choose between one thing and another is the deformation of a true principle that will be totally realizable only when the soul or psychic being becomes conscious in him; were the soul to govern the being, man's life would truly be a conscious expression of the supreme Will translated individually. But in the normal human state, such a case is still extremely rare and doesn't seem at all natural to ordinary human consciousness – it seems almost supernatural!

Man questions himself because the mental instrument is made for seeing all possibilities and because the human being feels he has freedom of choice ... and the immediate consequences are the notions of good and evil, right and wrong, and all the ensuing miseries. This can't be called a bad thing: it's an intermediate stage – not a very pleasant stage, but nevertheless ... it was certainly inevitable for a total development.

* * *

Between 2 and 3 o'clock this morning, I had an experience ... something resurging from the subconscient: it was appalling, my child, the *disclosure* of an appalling inefficiency! Disgraceful!

The experience occurred in a place corresponding to ours [the main Ashram building], but immense: the rooms were ten times bigger, but absolutely ... one can't say empty – they were barren. Not that there was nothing in them, but nothing was in order, everything was just where it shouldn't be. [129] There wasn't any furniture so things were strewn here and there – a dreadful disarray! Things were being put to uses they weren't made for, yet nothing needed for a particular purpose could be found. The whole

section having to do with education [the Ashram School] was in almost total darkness: the lights were out with no way to switch them on, and people were wandering about and coming to me with incoherent, stupid proposals. I tried to find a comer where I could rest (not because I was tired; I simply wanted to concentrate a little and get a clear vision in the midst of it all), but it was impossible, no one would leave me alone. Finally I put a tottering armchair and a footstool end-to-end and tried to 'rest'; but someone immediately came up (I know who, I'm purposely not giving names) and said, 'Oh! This won't do at all! It CAN'T be arranged like that! Then he began making noise, commotion, disorder – well, it was awful.

To wind it all up, I went to Sri Aurobindo's room – an enormous, enormous room, but in the same state. And he appeared to be in an eternal consciousness, entirely detached from everything yet very clearly aware of our total incapacity.

He hadn't eaten (probably because no one had given him anything to eat), and when I entered, he asked me if it was possible to have some breakfast. 'Yes, of course! I said, 'I'll go get it,' expecting to find it ready. Then I had to hunt around to find something: everything was stuffed into cupboards (and misplaced at that), all disarranged – disgusting, absolutely disgusting. I called someone (who had been napping and came in with sleep-swollen eyes) and told him to prepare Sri Aurobindo's breakfast – but he had his own fixed ideas and principles (exactly as he is in real life). 'Hurry up,' I told him, 'Sri Aurobindo is waiting.' But hurry? Impossible! He had to do things according to his own conceptions and with a terrible awkwardness and ineptitude. In short, it took an infinite amount of time to warm up a rather clumsy breakfast.

Then I arrived at Sri Aurobindo's room with my plates. 'Oh,' said Sri Aurobindo, 'it has taken so long that I will take my bath first.' I looked at my poor breakfast and thought, 'Well, I went to so much trouble to make it hot and now it's going to get cold!' All this was so sordid, so sad.

And he seemed to be living in an eternity, yet fully, fully conscious of ... of our total incapacity.

It was so sad to see how good-for-nothing we were that it woke me up, or rather I heard the clock strike (like the other day, I didn't count and leapt out of bed; but I quickly noticed that it was only 3 o'clock and lay back down). [130] Then I began 'looking' and told myself, 'If we really have to emerge from all this ... infirmity before anything can truly be well done, then we have quite a long road to travel!' It was pitiful, pitiful (first on the mental, then on the material plane), absolutely pitiful. And I was depending on these people! (Sri Aurobindo was depending on me and therefore on them.) 'Good god,' I said, 'if I only knew where things were kept! If they had just let me handle things, it could have been done quickly.' But no! All those people had to be involved Oust as we always depend on intermediaries in real life).

It made me wonder.

(silence)

When I told you last time about that experience [of March 11, with Pavitra] the night I met you and was saying 'good-bye,' I neglected to mention one very important point, the most important, in fact: I was leaving the subjection to mental functioning permanently behind That was the meaning of my 'departure.'

For a very long time now I have been watching all the phases of the subjection to mental functioning come undone, one after another – for a very long time. That night was the end of it, the last phase: I was leaving this subjection behind and rising up into a realm of freedom. You had been very, very helpful, as I told you. Well, this latest experience was something else! It came to make me look squarely at the fact of our incapacity!

Can you imagine!

One thing after another, one thing after another! This subconscient is ... interminable, interminable, if you only knew ... I am skipping the details-such stupidity, oh! This person I won't name, who so clumsily prepared breakfast, told me, 'Ah, yes, Sri Aurobindo is a little ... morose today, *he is depressed.*' I could have slapped him: 'You fool! You don't understand anything!' And Sri Aurobindo, although he didn't want to show it, was completely aware of our incapacity.

(silence)

Now I should say-if it's any consolation – that each time something like this comes into my consciousness at night, things go better afterwards. it is not useless, some work has been done – cleaning, cleaning, cleaning out. But there's quite a lot to do!

> *Does this have an effect on people's consciousness – I mean their outer consciousness? [131]*

Ah ... not much!

Yes and no in the sense that I do manage to bring about a general progress. Some individuals are receptive, sometimes astonishingly so, receiving the exact suggestion exactly where it's needed, but such a person is one in a hundred-even that is an exaggeration.

A sort of power over circumstances does come to me, however, as if I could rise above it all and give the subconscient a bit of a work-over. Naturally this has some results: entire areas are brought under control. That's the most

important thing. Individuals get the repercussions later because they are very... very coagulated, a bit hard! A lack of plasticity.

Take the case of this man I'm not naming – I've been training him, working with him, for more than thirty years and I still haven't managed to get him to do things spontaneously, according to the needs of the moment, without all his preconceived ideas. That's the point where he resists: when things have to be done quickly he follows his usual rule and it takes ... forever! This was illustrated strikingly that night. I told him, 'Just look: it's there – it's THERE – hurry up and warm it a little and I'll go.' Ah! ... He didn't protest, didn't say anything, but he did things exactly according to his own preconceptions.

It's a terrible slavery to the lower mind, and so widespread! Oh, all these goings-on at the School, my child, all the teaching, all the teachers ....[109] Terrible, terrible, terrible! I was trying to turn on the switches to give some light and not one of them worked!

Of course, these scenes are slightly exaggerated because they are seen in isolation from the rest; within the whole many things crisscross and complete each other, diminishing each other's importance. But in an experience like last night's, things are taken singly and shown in isolation, as through a magnifying glass. And after all ... it's a good lesson.

Inefficiency.... All right, then.

And it all exists PRIMARILY because each individual is shut up in his own little personal formation *(Mother forms an eggshell),* a formation of the most ordinary mind, the mind that fabricates the details of everyday life; it's like being cramped into a narrow prison. [132]

March 21, 1961

Last night I had two consecutive experiences showing with extreme precision that black magic is at the root of all this *(Mother is speaking of both general and personal difficulties, in the Ashram and in her body).*

First of all, on the mental plane (the physical-mind, the material mind) I saw an individual.... I am not entirely certain of his identity (when I saw him last night I didn't associate him with anyone in particular) but from his outer appearance he is evidently a sannyasi. He was pursuing me, blocking my way and trying to stop me from doing my work (it was a long, long affair). But I

was very conscious and could foresee everything he was about to do, so it had no effect. After a long while I emerged from this – I had something else to do and I left – and on my way home he was everywhere, hiding and trying to catch me; but he didn't succeed in doing anything. And I knew he had been acting in this manner for a long time.

Then I woke up (I always wake up three or four times during the night) and when I went back to bed I had an attack of what the doctor and I have taken to be filariasis – but a strange type of filariasis, for as soon as I master it in one spot it appears in another, and when I master it there it reappears somewhere else. Last night it was in the arms (it lasted quite a while, between 2:30 and 4 a.m.); but I was fully conscious, and each time the attack came, I went like this *(gestures over the arms, to drive away the attack)* and my arms were not affected at all. When it was over, I consciously entered the most material subtle physical, just beyond the body. I was sitting in 'my room' there (an immense, cubic room) reading or writing something, when I heard the door open and close, but I was busy and didn't pay attention, presuming it was one of the people usually around me. Then suddenly I had such an unpleasant sensation in my body that I raised my head and looked, and I saw someone there. Do you know how the magicians in Europe dress, in short satin breeches and a shirt? ... He was wearing something like that. He was Indian, tall and rather dark, with slicked-down hair – what you would normally call a 'handsome young man.' He seemed to have been 'drawn'[110] there because he was standing in front of me staring into space, not looking at me. [133] And the moment I saw him, there was the same sensation in all my cells as I have with what I've been calling filariasis (it's a special, minute kind of pain) and simultaneously all the cells felt disgust – a tremendous will of rejection. Then I sat up straight (I didn't stand up) and said to him as forcefully as possible, *How do you dare to come in here!* I said it so loudly that the noise woke me up! I don't know what happened then, but things went much better afterwards.

The moment I saw this person I knew he was only an instrument, but a well-paid instrument – someone paid a great deal to have him do that! I would recognize him again among hundreds ... I can still see him ... I see him more clearly than with physical eyes. He is an unintelligent man with no personal animosity, merely a very well-paid instrument – someone is hiding behind him, using him as a screen.

Before that experience, as part of the attack, I also got a sore throat. I didn't believe it would manifest, but around 9:30 this morning when I came downstairs for meditation with X,[111] it did. It's nothing at all, though. The whole time I was with X (and even before, when I was waiting for him), it was halted completely – everything in that room came to a halt. It started up again only after he left and I came here. But it's nothing.

X told me he has been doing something for me in his *puja*[112] – since December, it seems – so this morning I thought he should know about the

experience and I sent Amrita to tell him. He replied to Amrita that this confirmed his certainty that Z has been making black magic against me since December. He had been told that Z was practicing black magic in Kashmir. Could this be the same person I saw before [during the December 1958 attack]? Since it was someone who concealed his identity, I can't say – but this form was robed as a sannyasi. Perhaps it's he, I don't know. I reserve my judgment because I don't know personally. But this is what X said, and he's going to redouble his efforts.

That's the situation.

I had a talk with the doctor this morning and he told me, 'In fact, your case of filariasis has some symptoms missing and others that don't normally exist.' He was a bit perplexed because it's impossible for him to understand what it might be if it's not filariasis. [134] I said that perhaps (because as I told you, I did have filariasis some years ago, but brought it under control) perhaps it's being used as a base for this attack.

Of course, there are certain symptoms which never appear with filariasis. And the doctor has been astounded at the control I've had over it: it began in the feet, I checked it there; it went higher, I checked it there; then it went higher still and I continued to control it. Finally, the other day, it tried to get into the arms, but it couldn't hold out – and last night there was a real riot! ... *(Mother laughs)* So perhaps it's the deformation or transposition of some sort of mantric effort, like last time in '58 when there was an attempt to make me throw up all my blood but only food came out! It's probably something similar. My impression (I've had it from the start) is that they have made a try at thrombosis (you know, when something blocks the circulation). Besides, it seems that X asked the doctor if blood-poisoning might be involved, so he must have seen this possibility. There has been absolutely nothing of the kind, but there has been an effort to block the circulation in the veins, probably an 'adaptation' of the magic attack. And along with this have come all the usual things: all the usual suggestions, all the usual 'prophecies' [about Mother's departure].... But for me, these are the normal facts of life, that's all. I am used to it. It has no importance.

Do you really believe Z could be behind this magician you saw?

It could be.

I hadn't thought of it at all – not at all. I have seen Z's thoughts several times, but not in this form: very, very angry thoughts but simply trying to ... catch my attention.[113] But this was something else. X said it was Z, that's what X saw. He doesn't seem to have attached the slightest importance to my magician – obviously this person was just a screen. it must be someone who knows magic and is being used by another as an instrument. But when I saw it all this morning, I must say I didn't once think of Z. It's only X who said so.

But Z ... I don't know how to explain my relationship with him. He is sheltered by a 'light of benediction,' so.... [135]When he was here I opened the doors for him to a realization he was incapable of having, something light years beyond him; and it gave him an appalling ambition, totally spoiling everything. From this point of view, it's a great blessing for him; even if he becomes a dreadful Asura, it will come to a good end! It doesn't matter, it's not important. That's why this morning, even when I heard what X said about Z, it was the same thing: this great Light of the supreme Mother going out towards Z. His magic is not important, but if he indulges in it, too bad for him. It doesn't concern me: it's X's business and X is doing what's necessary – and I believe *(laughing)* he hits hard!

(silence)

When I came down this morning I didn't want my cold to disturb the meditation with X, and this immobility came *(Mother brings down her fists, showing a solid mass descending).* It's what he uses for healing and I must say that the same thing happens to me, even when it doesn't come from him: a Force that seizes everything, stops everything – no more vibrations, an immobility.

I had told N. to knock at the door when he arrived with X, but he didn't do it – luckily I heard the door opening. I stood up, still in that state ... and almost fell over! X must have thought I was having a spell of weakness or something, because I was holding onto the arms of the chair, and when I took his flowers, my hands were trembling – I wasn't in my body. And afterwards, ah, what a concentration! We remained in it for about thirty-five minutes. It was SOLID – an extraordinary solidity! I didn't want to waste time waiting for it to subside before coming here, and you must have seen how I was when I arrived: like a sleepwalker! I said to the people I passed in the corridor, 'I'm coming back, I'm coming back!' That's all I could say, like an idiot.

(silence)

I wanted to tell you about this because it's an indication. It's better to say such things as soon as they happen, to be sure of being accurate.

This stupid cold ... in the middle of the night. It was the start of the attack. [136]

> *And now the door is open – that's not so good! (Satprem gets up to close the door.)*

(Mother laughs) No! I'm not cold, I'm hot!

> *Yes, but there's a draft.*

I'm hot! It's a congestion. We'll see if last night's discovery has any results.... This cold was all I needed! It's absolutely ridiculous.

I didn't give it to you, did I?

Do you have a cold?

No ... but a bit of a bad mood!

Yes, I noticed.... What use is a bad mood?

I'm a little overloaded by ... too many things.

Too much work. No, you shouldn't have to do this work.[114]

Who can do it, then? There is no one here. That's why I wish greater attention would be paid in publishing translations of Sri Aurobindo....

Yes, it's a problem. That's why I don't categorically tell you not to do it, because after all, he shouldn't be massacred!

Yes, I can't do it superficially, you understand. I can't, it's impossible for me.

No, but.... Well, we will try. You can't imagine how difficult things are now! You have to hold on tight: everything is difficult, everything. [137] It's not an individual problem: everything is grating everywhere, as though there were sand in all the gears. And things are reaching a kind of climax now.

We simply have to hold on and endure – no movement. The remedy is the same as for an illness: no movement.[115]

It will pass.

I'm putting everything I can into your food – except my cold!

March 25, 1961

(On the previous day, Satprem had written a letter to Mother complaining of never having any concrete experiences.[116] After a meditation together, this is what Mother replied.)

It's not that you don't have experiences! You even have access to regions where people very rarely go; you are capable of receiving light, intuitions, revelations – but this is probably so normal for you that you don't notice it! I came to meditate with you especially to see what was preventing you from being conscious.... And on your right side, I saw a sort of crystallization ... somewhat as though you were inside a statue.

It seemed made of transparent alabaster – hard, harder than stone. It was the result of an individualization – that was my impression – an individualization that has become very ... hardened. It has tried to become entirely transparent but has no tangible contact with things – things enter only through the higher regions, through intellectual perceptions (not intellectual, a sort of mental vision). And I began to bang on it!

It was mainly on your right side – I banged on it. But strangely enough, it didn't break ... it became supple, but then it lost its beauty. (It was so beautiful, as though sculptured!) [138] I tried to pass through it, but to do so (this is what I found interesting), instead of passing through at this level *(the chest),* the psychic plane – the level of the soul's vibration – I had to climb up above and then descend; and finally, without even realizing it, I found myself inside – I had entered through sheer force of concentration. There, at the vital level, the emotional vital *(solar plexus), I* put two flowers: one very large Endurance in the Most Material Vital [zinnia] and another flower like the one X just gave me [cosmos] but bigger and pure white (it concerns sexual movements, light in sexual movements). But curiously enough, I passed inside through a trance; I was quite busy trying to make it more fluid when all at once, poof! I found myself inside. But since I entered through a trance it became completely objective: no more thought, nothing. And I saw I had put these two flowers there *(at the levels of the abdomen and chest),* one more active, a very large, dark purple Endurance flower, and another much smaller, pure white, slightly lower down. While I was watching this I think the clock must have struck – something pulled me and it all faded away.

And I found it interesting that when I received your letter yesterday evening I concentrated for a moment, almost out of curiosity: 'Why doesn't he ever feel he has an experience? Why doesn't he feel anything?' I wanted to

know precisely what type of experience would give you the feeling of having an experience!

> *If I could receive the Light: if I could SEE this Light; if I could see the vastness opening before my eyes....*

Then it's in the realm of visions, of conscious perception.

> *Yes, conscious perception, vision – otherwise, nothing ever happens!*

I understand! But yesterday when I was concentrating, I seemed to be sitting right in front of you again; and in the same way, with my left side, I was banging, banging on that absolutely rigid thing on your right. I was astonished: 'Why am I banging?' (I had no intention of banging!) It was strange. The left side isn't like that, it's the right.

But now I have done some damage!

(silence)

Strangely enough, I've received the same complaint from S. He says, 'I don't have any experiences.' 'What kind of experience do you have?' [139] I asked. He replied, 'I sit in meditation and what comes is peace, peace, peace ... it's always the same thing!'(Some people would be very happy with that, but him ....) I asked him, 'What experience do you want?' 'To be conscious,' he told me, 'to be conscious of the Divine, conscious of the divine Presence!' And I always answer him, 'It's because your mind is barricaded.' *(Mother forms a geometrical figure)* He is so convinced that he knows! He tells me, 'No! It's not that.' He doesn't believe me!

At any rate, I have had no results with him, nor with X.

Several times in my life I have met with the particular phenomenon of having an absolutely exceptional and unique experience and at the same time feeling that a part of my being was unaware of it! I would tell myself, 'if I hadn't been both here and there at the same moment *(Mother indicates two different levels in her consciousness)*, I might have had all these experiences and never known it!' And this happened not just once but many times. Some were utterly unique, like certain ancient Vedic experiences – utterly unique. When I recounted them to Sri Aurobindo, he told me, 'Oh, it's extremely rare! Some people try all their lives to attain that.' And it happened to me not just once but often: the experience took place there *(gesture above)* and something up there knew, and yet there was something down here that would never have known if the other hadn't *(same gesture)*. Nevertheless ... the total experience was there.

It's very difficult to explain, it's extremely subtle.

But it made me think that something like this must be happening with people here. Because, not to boast, but I do give you people experiences!

Of course, all of you would be perfectly justified in replying, 'What good does that do if we're not aware of it!' But it must be a phenomenon like the one I described. I am looking for the reason ... something ... *which refuses the knowledge.* A part of the being is refusing – although not consciously – to become aware of the experience.

Can I do something practical about it?

It's rather.... It may be something more in the line of childlike candor, childlike simplicity and candor – where there is now a very intellectualized consciousness.

It is something very much on its guard, that doesn't want to be duped or be a victim of imagination. [140]

A sort of childlike candor is lacking somewhere.

March 27, 1961

(Mother brings along a note she had written the same morning concerning a meditation with X, the tantric 'guru.')

> 'The extreme subjectivity of experiences is very disconcerting.
>
> 'Yesterday, while waiting for X, I was as usual in communion with the Supreme in his aspect of Love. Suddenly I felt X arriving and spontaneously, like a Veda, a movement of gratitude for his great goodwill arose from my heart, and it was formulated as a prayer to the

> Supreme: "Give him [X] the bliss of Your Love and the joys of Your Truth."
>
> 'For a long time X has said nothing about his meditations with me, but just yesterday he told N. that he had some difficulty at the start of the meditation due to the presence of an adverse force, and it took him five minutes to overcome it!
>
> 'Evidently he was in a completely different state of consciousness....
>
> 'But....'

And for me the experience was so clear! So lovely and so spontaneous! And it's the first time – at the very beginning of our relationship, I had often concentrated on X to thank him for what he had done, but this is the first time it came like that: such a sweet, sweet atmosphere, so luminous, so radiant. Then in the afternoon N. tells me this [that an adverse force was present in the atmosphere]!

I had felt NOTHING. Nothing. [141]

You know he said someone has been doing black magic against me; but I have never felt anything of the sort in the room where we meditate, because I make a point of coming half an hour early and this of course clears the atmosphere: everything is always ready when he arrives, in silence, in perfect peace. Hasn't he always told you that when he comes into that room he enters another world, like Kailas? ...[117] And that's the way it has always been. If there has been a change, it's that now it's even more like that – because (how to put it?) it's more stable. Before, it fluctuated a bit: it came, went, came.... But now it's like a tranquil mass *(Mother lowers her arms)* that doesn't stir. Yesterday in particular, this was the experience: I felt him coming (when he is about to come in, I always sense something drawing me outward a little so that I won't be completely in trance and can stand up), and this prayer came so spontaneously, oh! ... And then *(laughing)* in the afternoon N. tells me, 'Oh, X said he had some difficulty at the start of today's meditation – a hostile force was present and it took him five minutes to clarify the atmosphere!'

It gave me the impression you get in outer life: all the pieces more or less dovetail but with no inner unity – there's not ONE thing, not one, that is true, essentially and always true. We know it is like that outwardly, of course; but I have always felt that with people who have an inner life, one could attain a

kind of identity of vibration and knowledge – but no!

'Very well,' I said, 'if that's how it is .....

All yesterday evening I was wondering, 'Is it ... *hopeless* ?' That's obviously not true, I know very well it's not *hopeless.* Yet what does it need to be different? Clearly nothing less than the supramental transformation. Well, there's still quite a long way to go.

I was under the impression, for example, that when I thought something (not actually 'thought,' but when I had an inner perception) X could receive it; particularly when I had such a feeling for him and summoned the Force, made the Force come down, my impression was that he knew it!

But if it's like that....

It's not encouraging.

Ah, no! I didn't feel encouraged.

Because truly ... it was truly the best I could have done for someone! It came so spontaneously! And then *(laughing)* he comes in and feels a hostile force!! [142]

He was evidently on another plane entirely.

What ruffles me is that someone like X, who has worked on himself, ought to have felt it. Why do I feel it? Because since I have been doing all this work on my body, it senses things and it is never mistaken. I have had repeated proof that it is never mistaken. When a higher vibration comes, it feels it right away! But I must say that this has only been the case since the body became very universalized. However, I was under the impression that X must have been somewhat universalized to have the powers he has, but now I don't know....

It's not that I was disappointed by his way of being, certainly not; but it has suddenly confronted me with a terrible problem: 'Is it impossible to live a truth in material consciousness? Is it really impossible? An absolute, I mean an absolute truth – not something entirely subjective and relative, each one living his own truth in his own manner. Will one person always be like this and the other like that and the third like something else? So that only by putting all the pieces together do we actually amount to anything – and yet to what?! Is it completely impossible for absolute truth to manifest in the present state of Matter?' This is the problem that has seized me.

Why? Probably because I was ready to face it. But it has been posed so intensely.... It was so intense that it was painful.

It reinforces what the old Schools have always taught – but Sri Aurobindo rejected it! Sri Aurobindo told us precisely that the Truth could be lived IN material life.... Of course, there must be a change of consciousness, but I thought....

(silence)

My body's consciousness has changed – that much I know. Not totally, of course, but enough to feel that there's no separation, that vibrations are unpartitioned – there are no partitions! And I felt this very strongly with X: that when we were face to face in meditation there was no longer any difference between us, that this Vibration I was feeling – this Vibration of a strong and very solid, very balanced peace – was the same for him as for me. I didn't feel that I was here and he was there. I had only to shut my eyes and there was no difference between us. (This doesn't happen just with him: I feel it with everyone; but I am aware of how it is with others, I can sense why they don't feel it.) But I was under the impression that he, at least, would have felt it – I must have been mistaken! This incident came to tell me I was mistaken. [143]

Still, it surprises me.... Because sitting in that room, one has the feeling (I say 'one,' it's probably ... I don't know what it is), I thought he had the same feeling I did: oh, it could last an eternity! It's like that: tranquil, tranquil, peaceful, balanced, strong. On other occasions there was a kind of movement: it came, went, came, went; but this time ... *(Mother stretches forth her arms as if time had stopped)* and I am like that (not the 'I' here, the 'I' above), I see it like that. Then just as the clock is about to strike, when the half-hour is finished, something comes and tells my body, 'Now!' A tiny shock, and two or three seconds later the clock strikes. I always feel beforehand, 'Now it's over.' Otherwise there would be no reason for it to end – it's so peaceful! And not something diluted, as it were, but strong, compact. Compact. Then that tiny shock and the body comes to attention: 'Ah, I'm going to have to move!' And always after about two seconds, the clock strikes. I open my eyes, look at X and wait. Three or four seconds later, or after a minute or two, he opens his eyes, bows to me and gets up. Then I get up. It's always the same. So I don't know why.... I don't understand what goes on in his consciousness. I no longer understand.

I'm not so sure about what he said to N....

(Laughing) Neither am I![118]

He doesn't speak about these things with N. Perhaps N. has confused two different times or.... Because Xs way of expressing himself can seem very vague when you don't know him well, especially when it concerns time and place. This attack may not have occurred during the meditation with you, but beforehand or elsewhere.

I don't know, because N. said quite categorically: 'X told me that on arriving for this morning's meditation he had some difficulties and it took him five minutes to get over it; an adverse force was present.' N. was quite positive and I even made him repeat it. 'Are you sure,' I asked him, 'that it didn't happen when X came to you.

'No,' N. replied, 'X met that force THERE.' He said THERE! Yet that it could have been there, with all the force, light and peace that descended ... is incomprehensible to me. Because the first thing I do when I sit down is to make a thorough cleaning. [144]

It ruffles me because it's like a negation of my power. Till yesterday I had never experienced anything of the kind! ... On the 29th, you know, it will be forty-seven years since I first came here[119] – that's not -exactly yesterday! And ever since I began working with Sri Aurobindo, I have had the sense of this Power, it has never left me; so.... It is disconcerting to have this kind of episode come up after such a long time.

I'll try to speak with X and find out exactly what happened.

That risks a terrible misunderstanding; be careful. Perhaps he won't even remember what he said anymore. It's difficult with X because he doesn't say things with his mind – it just comes like that, and then he forgets. You know how it is. Something may have made him speak. For instance, I know that with N. he almost always says unpleasant things about people and situations and this entirely results from N.'s atmosphere. I have told N., 'He speaks like that because of your inner attitude.' To one person he will say one thing, to another something completely different on the same subject – it depends a great deal on who he's talking to. No, I haven't told you all this for you to speak with X about it, I have told you because ... it has posed a serious problem for me.

It's best to wait and see. I put a certain force into that note I wrote this morning (I wrote it at a very early hour) and you know that a 'formation'[120] is created when I write; I willed it to go to him – and he may have received it. We'll see what happens. It's better not to speak of it because it might ... speaking is too external.

On other occasions (as I have told you) I had difficulties with X on the mental plane; now all that has cleared up, cleared up very well. But this present situation is on another plane, so let's wait. Perhaps ... probably it will clear up. [145]

(silence)

I probably needed the experience.... You remember that type of detachment I spoke of when I had that experience – when the BODY had that experience

[of January 24, 1961] – well, it has increased to such an extent that it now applies to anything and everything linked with action on earth. This detachment was probably necessary. It began with something like ... things dissolving *(Mother makes a gesture of crumbling something between her fingers);* certain kinds of links between my consciousness and the Work were dissolving (not links with me, because I don't have any, but with the body; the whole physical consciousness, all that attaches it to the things in its environment, to the Work and to the entourage – I spoke to you about that in regard to physical immortality; well, that's what is happening now). It's like things dissolving – dissolving, dissolving, dissolving. And it's more and more pronounced. During these last days, things have been becoming increasingly difficult – difficulties have been coming one after another, one after another. Formerly, I had the power to get a grip on them and hold them *(Mother tightens her grip as though mastering circumstances);* but now that this type of detachment has begun, things drift away everywhere – everywhere, everywhere....

So this episode with X is probably part of the same process. What has been affected is a certain confidence in the REALITY of the Power, the REALITY of spiritual action; there seems to be no communication between here *(above)* and there *(below).*

Does that mean you're breaking all contacts with the earth?

No, that's not it. Things go on. I don't know, I have no idea. I can't say exactly what it is, but.... It's a.... Don't know. In any case, it seems obvious that the NATURE of the contact must become very different. Because in proportion to this detachment, the reality of the Vibration – and especially the vibration of divine Love – keeps growing and growing (out of all proportion to the body, even) in a FORMIDABLE manner, formidable! The body is beginning to feel nothing but that.

Is this detachment necessary, then, for divine Love to be established? I don't know.

Yes, it's as if I were living, as if the BODY were living (despite all the illnesses and attacks, all the ill will besetting it), living in a bath of the divine vibration – bathing in something ... immense – immense, immense ... limitless, and so stable! The body lives in it like this *(gesture as if Mother were floating)*. [146] So even when there is what we call physical pain, even when there are blows to morale (like having a cashier ask you for money and you have none to give him[121]), well, despite it all, despite all the possible complications (coming all at the same time), EVERYTHING, everything that happens now, even things which seem extremely unpleasant to our mental conceptions or our mental reactions, everything is a bath, a bath of the vibration of divine Love. So much so that if I didn't control my body, I would be smiling at everything

all the time like an idiot. A beatific smile for everything (I don't show it because I control myself).

(silence, the clock strikes the hour)

No, no: *do not brood about it.* Let it be, it will work out. It will work out the way it has to work out.

X is sensitive mentally, but to what degree? And to what degree do things crystallize differently for him because of all his ideas? ...

We'll see.

(silence)

But you know, it's no *joke,* this transformation!

(silence)

Yesterday I had such a strong feeling that ALL constructions, all habits, all ways of seeing, all ordinary reactions, were all crumbling away – completely. I felt I was suspended in something ... entirely different, something ... I don't know.

(silence)

And truly, with the feeling that ALL one has lived, all one has known, all one has done, all of it is a perfect illusion – that's what I was living yesterday evening.

And then.... [147]

It's one thing to have the spiritual experience of the illusion of material life (some find this painful, but I found it so wonderfully beautiful and happy that it was one of the loveliest experiences of my life); but now the whole spiritual construction as one has lived it is becoming ... a total illusion! Not the same illusion, a far more serious illusion.

If That was not there.... Obviously, That [divine Love] is here, like a mattress placed so you won't break your neck when you fall. That's precisely the feeling: this experience of the vibration of divine Love is the mattress ... so you don't break your neck!

So, petit, don't brood; whatever your difficulties may be *(laughing), you* can tell yourself they are only beginning!

And I'm not exactly a baby; I have been here forty-seven years, and for something like ... yes, certainly for sixty years I have been doing a conscious

yoga, with all that memories of an immortal life can bring – and see where I am! When Sri Aurobindo says you must have endurance, I think he is right!

This path is not for the weak, that's for sure.

I believe this body has suffered as much as a body can bear without going to pieces, and it keeps going, it has never asked for mercy – not once has it said, 'No, it's too much,' not once. It says, 'As You will, Lord: here I am.'

And so it continues.

(Mother gets up to leave)

Well, I'm never going to tell people that it's just a promenade! No, it's nothing like a promenade. Some say, 'Oh, you're too severe!' But too bad for them; it's better to tell the truth, isn't it?

We mustn't get discouraged.

The absolute certainty of the Victory is unquestionable; but I am not speaking at the scale of our bounded mind. It's up to us to CHANGE TACK – this is what's expected of us, to change tack and not keep going round in circles.

There you are, petit.

It's a process of tempering, you know – we get tempered.

And there's no point in giving up, because it would just have to be started all over again next time. What I always say is: 'Here's the opportunity – go right to the end.' It's no use saying, 'Ah, I can't,' because next time it will be even more difficult. [148]

April 7, 1961

X tells me you're feeling better now....

X hears about it from the doctor. He asks the doctor and the doctor tells

him whatever he likes. X says to him, 'I will completely cure her,' and the doctor replies, 'That's impossible – it can't be cured!' So X says, 'You have no faith,' and the doctor replies, 'You're living in illusions'!

The truth is that the body is holding its own quite well. But it's a formidable affair. They[122] are multiplying by the millions; so you can see it will take time to get rid of them! They circulate throughout the body, sometimes for two, three or four hours at night, *pricking* and stinging from inside out; they prick like fiery needles. And they go everywhere, in the legs, the trunk, the arms – they're really having fun! But anyway, it's subsiding: the legs are better. It's not quite right yet, but it's coming along. It's nothing.

* * *

Later

Each time X comes here, all the difficulties rise up to their maximum, they seem to become absolute. And I understand why: his power acts in a domain full of human pettiness. What a domain! Oh, awful! And we're not out of it yet: quarrels, divisions, misunderstandings, bad will.... I fully understand that it all has to come up in order to be healed. But it gives me a tremendous amount of work!

Anyway....

In your case, it is very clear: each time he comes, everything seems to go askew. And the only reason for it is the conflict between the force he brings down (of course, when he comes I encourage it to come down!), and the inner resistances; and this creates the Contradiction, which becomes more and more pronounced.

It speeds up the work, but at the same time it makes it a bit ... taxing.

As for him, even now his way of working consists in eliminating all obstacles – just the opposite of what Sri Aurobindo was doing. [151] Sri Aurobindo used to envelop them, like this *(Mother opens her arms to embrace everything),* and then act upon them so that they would no longer be obstacles. But the first thing X said when he first came to the Ashram was, 'Oh, there are a lot of elements which shouldn't be here!' And he would talk about a 'purge': eliminate, eliminate, eliminate. But if you eliminate everything from life which is unresponsive to the Divine, what will be left?

> *He certainly hasn't understood Sri Aurobindo's yoga. And it's useless to try to explain anything to him.*

He began to understand after a year, and he understands much better now.

But he is shut up in his construction. He doesn't have the kind of personality that can see the earth as something very small. And that's basically what is needed with Sri Aurobindo: the earth must be seen as just a small field of experience ... within an eternity.

But that is difficult.

* * *

(After the work, Mother embarks on another topic.)

I am continuing my reading of the Veda. I had to stop for some days because of a sore throat. But anyway, I'm starting again.

The Vedas, after all, were written by people who remembered a radical experience, which must have taken place on earth at a given moment, as an example of what was to come. (This always happens in the yoga: a first radical experience comes like a herald of the future realization.) So in the terrestrial yoga – in the yoga of the earth, of the planet earth – there was a moment when it came; they who are called the *forefathers* must have created, through their effort and their yoga, at least an image of the supramental realization. And those who wrote the Vedas, who composed all these hymns, remembered or kept the tradition of that experience. And oh, mon petit, it had the same effect on me as when I read the 'Yoga of Self-Perfection' in *The Synthesis of Yoga (Mother catches her breath):* there is such a gulf between what we are, what life on earth and human consciousness now are, even among the most enlightened, the most advanced, and THAT! ...

I don't know if it's because I have been so violently attacked – bludgeoned-by all these malevolent energies, but in any case, I sensed acutely the FORMIDABLE immensity of what has to be done ... in order for THAT to be realized. [152]

(silence)

When external difficulties subside, when the body becomes passive and quiet, when it is not constantly demanding attention, then you can LIVE in this supramental consciousness and it does not seem so difficult; you feel it is so victorious in its essence that it will end all difficulties.

But for this to come about, you must remain for a while on those higher reaches and not be constantly, constantly dragged down below where you have to fight each minute simply to LAST – to last in all ways: not just personally, but collectively.[123] It's a minute-to-minute bout, simply to last. And how long do we have to last for the thing to be done? ...

It is a difficult period.

And there has been a decline in everyone's health. Many people are sick. The illnesses are of a more serious nature – there has been a decline.

You have to look at all this with a smile, of course (and I do), but I must say that ... the enthusiastic side (you know, that fire of enthusiasm) ... has been dampened. Well, there's no need to get excited – it will take time.

We just have to keep on going, keep on moving: one step after another, one

step after another, one step after another, without asking how many steps it's going to take, or recalling how many we've taken.

What we really have to do is come alive from minute to minute, living always in the present moment, stubbornly, like this *(Mother puts a fist on the arm of her chair, then another, and so on, in a slow, dogged, unrelenting march).*

> *Yet Sri Aurobindo seemed to say that things would be easier once the Supermind came down.*

Yes. Yes, obviously! But easier than what, mon petit? [153]

> *I don't know. I have reread some of his writings where he seemed to say the work would be easier. What happened, why isn't it like that? He seemed to be saying everywhere: things will be easier, the work will be easier...*

Yes. But 'easier' is only relative.

> *You mean that even so it's easier than before?*

Ah, yes! I mean that something is being done which couldn't be done before.

> *Ah!...*

(silence)

It's not something 'miraculous,' you know. To be really satisfied, the human mind always needs some kind of miracle. In its thought, the miraculous is associated with the Divine. I know, because I was born like that. I felt like that when I was very young. And only because life has dealt me some extremely brutal denials have I come to this kind of ... sober and reasonable attitude. You know (I told you this the other day), it's disgusting! *(Mother laughs)* All the bloom has gone ... banished by the hard knocks of life. For I was born with this feeling that ... yes, that Truth is something miraculous, which has only to show itself to prevail.

It would be like that – without the adverse forces.

The universe would be like that, if it had not been for the deviation of the adverse forces – I see it very clearly. The perversion, the cold-blooded and cruel perversion of sheer malevolent will keeps it from being like that. That's what intervenes.... They all call it an 'accident,' but a lot of good that does us! The fact is there.

The adverse force is what keeps the Divine from blossoming miraculously

whenever He appears. Because I know that wherever Matter is not under the influence of this adverse will to any degree, it blossoms immediately. And everything in the human heart, in human consciousness, in human thought, all that is slightly sheltered from this adverse influence – sheltered by the psychic, the divine Presence – blossoms, becomes ... immediately becomes marvelous, without any obstacle – all the obstacles come from that source. So it's all very well to call it an 'accident,' but....

It's obviously reparable, there's no doubt about that, but at what price? And how it complicates things! [154]

We are told it will be all the more beautiful later – I am absolutely sure of this – I don't doubt it for a minute, but....

The world as it is, really ... say what you like, even upon the most perfect heights, it's woeful. It is woeful.

There have been moments, you know, in supreme experiences of perfect union in a wondrous Love, when I have turned towards the world – simply turned the consciousness for a second towards the world as it is ... (with the aspiration, I remember, for EVERYTHING to participate) and in that state of ecstasy, really, there were ... tears of burning sorrow. It happened just like that.

Theoretically, it shouldn't be that way, but in fact it is. Something will never be perfect until this accident has been abolished.

That is my experience.

And to come to this experience I had to pass through a state of the most supreme indifference, where the whole terrestrial manifestation is an illusion; I passed through that, I had my experience BEYOND that. And beyond that ... at the moment of supreme ecstasy came fiery tears of grief.

(silence)

I have wondered, at times, whether some extraordinary *tapasya* might not achieve that.... But....

(silence)

But the indispensable foundation is truly an indomitable courage and unflinching endurance – from the most material cells of the body to the highest consciousness, from top to bottom, entirely. Without that, we're pretty useless.

And I am really in the most favorable conditions, because my body says 'yes.' It says yes, yes, yes – it doesn't complain. This may be the sense behind all this illness and difficulty.... Not a single day of complaint.

The night before last I was again awakened at midnight (not 'awakened': I came out of my trance) with those stings burning from inside out, from the tips of the feet up to here, everywhere, in the back ... it lasted four hours, non-stop. Well, my body didn't once complain. Not once did it ask for it to stop; it just kept quiet, saying: 'Thy Will be done.' And not only saying it but FEELING it, quietly – four hours of minuscule tortures. It didn't say a thing.

Saying nothing is elementary for me! But the body didn't say anything – it didn't even fidget; it didn't even have, you know, that feeling of, 'When will it be over?' [155] Nothing. It just stayed quiet, quiet. I was like a statue in my bed, stinging from head to toe. So I really can't complain! The instrument I

have been given is of truly good quality. An unflinching goodwill.

But without any doubt, this is diabolical.

(silence)

Well, mon petit.

And if you really want to please me (I believe you do!), if you want to please me, concentrate on the book on Sri Aurobindo – you can't imagine how much I am interested! And as I LOOK, I see into the future (not with this little consciousness), I see that it's a thing of GREAT importance. It will have a great action. So, I want to clear the way for you now, for us to have time.

I will surely need a quiet mind to prepare the work.[124]

Yes, yes of course.

To finish this reading and assimilate it quietly. I don't feel capable of writing at all, unless I can receive the inspiration.

But you will receive it!

Yes, I have faith in that.

I haven't the slightest doubt. It's a certainty, a certainty.

I have never written or spoken to X about this, but through mental contact I have told him I don't know how many times: 'Satprem has a work to accomplish that is INFINITELY more important than reciting mantras. If it can help him to discipline himself, fine, but it's nothing more; he will not accomplish his work by reciting mantras. He has something to do and he will do it.' I have hammered that into his head *(Mother laughs)*.

So, petit, see you tomorrow. [156]

April 8, 1961

After more than a month I have resumed my translation [of *The Synthesis*

of Yoga], and I fell exactly – it's splendid! – exactly on the passage that helped me understand what has happened, why there are all these difficulties. And the *Synthesis* and the Veda go hand in hand, so reading that passage brought some improvement; it's like being able to shift position, you know, so that now it's a bit better. Anyway....

* * *

(Then Mother listens to a reading from the 1960 'Agenda.' At the end, Satprem remarks, as though to excuse himself for noting some apparently irrelevant details.)

> *All these things are interwoven, you see – each time, you seem to be adding a touch. Even a detail that doesn't seem 'relevant' by itself becomes part of a gradually emerging picture when seen with the whole.*

Yes, of course. But it's basically a description of my *sadhana,* that's all, and I always say that it will be interesting only if I go through to the end.

> *Bah!*

When I reach the end or when something truly concrete is realized, then it will become interesting, but not before.

> *But still, the story of the journey is interesting!*

Until something is realized, it's nothing at all.

> *It will make it easier to understand ...*

Oh, mon petit! As if anyone ever understands anything about anything! Anyway.... We'd better go back to work. [157]

* * *

(Later, concerning the disciple's very traditionalist guru who falls ill each time he comes to the Ashram:)

He seems to understand better. In his own way, he is 'progressive' – unfortunately, it always makes him sick! The Force is too great for his body to bear.

He is used to maintaining a kind of poise, the poise of the traditional

attitude of indifference towards everything material: 'It's an illusion, it has no importance, there's no need to be concerned with it. Nature is acting, not 1; Nature is acting and Nature is built like that, so why bother about it, why worry.' That's how he lived until he came here, and it's why he had this attitude of indifference. But here it began to change. And of course his body isn't used to it; it has difficulty keeping up, it lacks plasticity.

The first thing he did was to go see the Doctor and ask him to heal his ear, heal his stomach, heal.... So the Doctor told him, 'But why do you eat just anything at any time of day? Naturally you're sick....' And then he was constantly running up against our ways of organizing material things here – people like him don't organize, they don't care, they just let things drift. Regarding his son, for instance, the Doctor told him, 'It's because you don't look after him. If you did, this wouldn't happen.' And X very bluntly replied, 'But why!?..

There's a gap.

April 12, 1961

(The disciple asks for permission to poison some cats who have been disturbing him every night. Mother replies.)

I once had a cat with almost a child's consciousness, and someone poisoned it. And when he came back poisoned, dying, I cursed all people who poison cats. And that's serious, so you mustn't do it. It was a real curse – I was with Sri Aurobindo, so it was serious – so don't do it.

But there is a way....

158

You know, I made a pact with cats, with the King of the Cats – it goes back very, very far. And it's extraordinary (it happened in Tlemcen, entirely on the occult plane), extraordinary! For certain reasons, the King of the Cats gave me a power over these creatures – and it's true. Only I have to see them.

We shall try.

(silence)

> *What do these animals represent in the terrestrial manifestation? They're so strange....*

Cats are vital forces, incarnations of vital forces. The King of the Cats – that is, the spirit of the species – is a being of the vital world.

For instance, cats can very easily incarnate the vital force of a dead person. I have had two absolutely astounding experiences of this.

The first was with a boy who was a Sanskritist and had wanted to come to India with us. He was the son of a French ambassador – an old, noble family. But he learned that his lungs were bad, and so he joined the Army; he enlisted as an officer, just at the start of the 1914 war. And he had the courage of those who no longer cling to life; when he received the order to advance on the enemy trenches (it was incredibly stupid, simply sending people to be slaughtered!), he didn't hesitate. He went. And he was hit between the two lines. For a long time, it was a no man's land; only after some days, when the other trench had been taken, could they go and collect the dead. All this came out in the newspapers AFTERWARDS. But on the day he was killed, of course, no one was aware of it.

I had a nice photo of him with a Sanskrit dedication, placed on top of a kind of wardrobe in my bedroom. I open the door and ... the photo falls. (There was no draft or anything.) It fell and the glass broke into smithereens. Immediately I said, 'Oh! Something has happened to ... Fontenay.' (That was his name: Charles de Fontenay.) After that I came back down from my room, and then I hear a miaowing at the door (the door opened onto a large garden courtyard[125]). I open the door: a cat bursts in and jumps on me, like that *(Mother thumps her breast)*. I speak to him: 'What is it, what's the matter?' He drops to the ground and looks at me – Fontenay's eyes! Absolutely! No one else's. And he just stayed put, he didn't want to go. I said to myself, 'Fontenay is dead.' [159]

The news came a week later. But the newspapers gave the date when they had moved out of the trenches and been killed – it had been on that day.

(silence)

The other story dates farther back. I was living in another house (we had the whole fifth floor), and once a week I used to hold meetings there with people interested in occultism – they came to have me demonstrate or tell them about occult practices. There was a Swedish artist, a French lady and ... a young French boy, a student and a poet. His parents were decent country people who bled themselves white to pay for his life in Paris. This boy was very intelligent and a true artist, but he was depraved. (We knew about it, but it was his private life and none of our business.) One evening, when four or five

of us were to meet, this boy didn't turn up, although he had said he would. We had our meeting anyway and didn't think much about it – we thought he must have been busy elsewhere. Around midnight, when the people were leaving, I open the door. A big black cat was sitting in the doorway and, in a single bound, it jumps on me, just like that, all curled up in a ball. So I calm it down, I look at it – 'Ah, the eyes!' They were this boy's eyes. (I no longer recall his name.) Right away (at the time we were all involved in occultism), we knew something had happened; he had been unable to come and the cat had incarnated his vital force.

The next day, all the newspapers were full of a vile murder: a pimp had murdered this boy – it was disgusting! Something utterly vile. And it had happened at the very moment he should have come – the concierge had seen him going into the house with this pimp. What happened? Was it just for money or for something else – vice? Or what?

But both times, the incarnation was so (how to put it?) powerful that the eyes changed; the eyes of the cat changed completely into the eyes of the dead person. Unmistakable. Both came to me and both times there was the same movement, the same kind of feline howl – you know how they sound.

But I have had some cats.... I had a cat who was the reincarnation of the mind of a Russian woman. I had a vision of it one day, it was so strange – this woman had been murdered at the time of the Russian Revolution, along with her two little children. And her mind entered a cat here. (How? I don't know.) But this cat, mon petit.... I got her when she was very young. She would come and lie down, stretched out like a human being, with her head on my arm! [160] (I used to sleep on a Japanese tatami on the floor.) And she would stay there, so well-behaved, didn't stir all night long! I was really amazed. Then she had kittens, and wanted to give birth to them lying stretched out, not at all like a cat. It was very difficult to make her understand that it couldn't be done that way! And one night after she had had her kittens, I saw her ... I saw a young woman in furs, with a fur bonnet – you could just see a tiny human face; she had two little ones and she came to me and placed them at my feet. Her whole story was there in her consciousness: how she and the two children had been murdered. And then I realized she was the cat!

The cat wouldn't leave her kittens for a moment! Not for anything. She wouldn't eat, wouldn't go outside to relieve herself, nothing: she stayed put. So I told her, 'Bring me your kittens.' (If you know how to handle them, cats understand very well when they're spoken to.) 'Bring me your little ones.' She looked at me, went and brought one of her kittens, and placed it between my feet. Then she went to fetch the other one and placed it between my feet (not beside, between my feet). 'Now you can go out,' I told her. And out she went.

I had another cat named Kiki. He had a wonderful color and was just like velvet. We used to have meditations and he would come, get up on a chair and

go into trance; he would make the brusque movements of trance during the meditation. And I had to rouse him out of it, otherwise he wouldn't wake up!

Once this cat was stung by a scorpion. A foolhardy youngster, he used to play with scorpions. I had to rescue him one day; I came onto the verandah just when he was playing with a big scorpion. I caught the cat, put him on my shoulder and killed the scorpion. But another time I wasn't there, and he was stung. He came inside, done for. I clearly saw the signs that he had been poisoned by a scorpion. I put him on a table and went to call Sri Aurobindo. 'Kiki has been stung by a scorpion,' I said. (He was dying, almost in a coma.) Sri Aurobindo pulled up a chair, sat down facing the table and began to gaze at Kiki. This lasted about twenty or twenty-five minutes. Then suddenly the cat relaxed completely and ... fell asleep. When he woke up, he was entirely cured.

Sri Aurobindo didn't touch him, he didn't do anything; he simply gazed at him.

I had another cat I called Big Boy. Oh, how beautiful he was! Enormous! A tail like the train of a gown. He was beautiful! [161] Since there were all kinds of cats prowling around, including a big fierce tomcat who was extremely vicious, I was very afraid for this one when he was little and I got him used to spending his nights inside (which is hard for a cat to do). I forbade him to go out. So he spent his nights inside and when I got up in the morning, he got up too and came and sat down in front of me. Then I would say, 'All right, Big Boy, you can go,' and he would jump out the window and go off – but never before. And this is the one who was poisoned.

Because later on he would go roaming about; he had become terribly strong and would prowl around everywhere. At that time I was living in the Library house, and he would go off as far as the Ashram street (the Ashram didn't belong to us yet, the house was owned by all kinds of people), but when I would go out on the terrace across from Champaklal's kitchen and call, 'Big boy! Big Boy!' although he couldn't hear it, he could sense it, and he would come back galloping, galloping. He always came back, unfailingly. The day he didn't come back, I got worried; the servant went looking for him – and found him moaning, vomiting, poisoned. He brought him to me. Oh, really! it was.... He was so nice! He wasn't a thief or anything – he was a wonderful cat. Someone had laid out poison for god knows what cat, and he ate it. I showed him to Sri Aurobindo and said, 'He has been killed.'

Before that, I lost another one from that kind of typhoid cats get. He was called Browny and he was so beautiful, so nice, such a marvelous cat! Even when utterly sick, he wouldn't make a mess, except in a corner prepared just for that; he would call me to carry him to his box, with such a soft and mournful voice. He was so nice, with something sweeter and more trusting than a child. There is a trust in animals which doesn't exist in humans (even children already have too much of a questioning mind). But with him, there

was a kind of worship, an adoration, as soon as I took him in my arms – if he could have smiled, he would have. As soon as I held him, he became blissful.

That one too was beautiful, with such a color! Golden chestnut, I have never seen a cat like him. He is buried here beneath the tree I named 'Service.' I put him beneath the roots myself. There had been an old mango tree there that was withering away. We replaced it with a little copper pod tree with yellow flowers.

These animals are so nice when you know how to handle them.

When I moved here to the Ashram, I said, 'We can't bring any cats into this house, it's quite impossible.' This was after Big Boy's death, and we had had enough of cats. I gave away the others, but the first one, the mother of the whole line, was old and didn't want to leave, so I felt her behind. [162] She stayed in a house over there, within the Ashram compound. And one day – she was very old and could no longer move – I saw her come dragging in and sit down on that terrace on the other side. (Now you can't see it any more – the Service Tree has hidden it completely – but in those days you could see it very clearly.) She came and sat down over there where she could watch me ... until she died. Quietly, without moving, she died watching me.

All these cat stories! If we had photographs, we could make a pretty little album of cat stories.

And extraordinary, extraordinary details! Showing such intelligence, oh! ... This woman – I mean this cat who had been a woman – if you knew how she brought up her children, oh! With such patience, such intelligence and understanding! It was extraordinary. One could tell long, long stories: how she taught them not to be afraid, to walk along the edge of walls, to jump from a wall to a window. She showed them, encouraged them, and finally, after showing and encouraging them very often (some would jump, others were afraid), she would give them a push! So of course they would jump immediately.

And she taught them everything. To eat, to.... This cat would never eat before they had all eaten. She would show them what to do, give each one what it needed. And once they had grown up and she didn't have to look after them anymore, if they kept coming back she would send them away: 'Go away! Your turn is over, it's finished. Go out into the world!' And she would take care of the new ones.

Once one of her kittens was ill. She was pretty and gray colored, clear gray like a very soft fur, very pretty. She had caught this cat sickness and was lying down. And the mother was teaching all the little ones not to come near her; she would make them go all the way around, as if her instinct told her it was contagious. And you would see them (the sick kitten was right in their way)

going all the way around, never coming near.

These cat stories went on for years and years....

And it isn't true that they don't obey! It's just that we don't know how to handle them. Cats are extremely sensitive to the vital force, to vital power, and they can be made perfectly obedient – and with such devotion! Cats are said to be neither devoted nor attached nor faithful, but that's not true at all. You can have quite a friendly relationship with them. [163]

And, an incredible thing ... this cat was very pretty, but she had a wretched tail, a tail like an ordinary cat; and one day when I was with her at the window, one of the neighbor's cats wandered into the garden – an angora with three colors, three very prominent colors, and such a beautiful tail trailing behind! So I said (my cat was just beside me), 'Oh! Just see how beautiful she is! What a beautiful tail she has!' And I could see my cat looking at her. My child, in her next litter she had one exactly like that! How did she manage it? I don't know. Three prominent colors and a magnificent tail! Did she hunt up a male angora? Or did she just will for it intensely?

They are really something, you can't imagine! Once, when she was due to give birth and was very heavy, she was walking along the window ledge and ... I don't know what happened, but she fell. She had wanted to jump from the ledge, but she lost her footing and fell. It must have injured something. The kittens didn't come right away, they came later, but three of them were deformed (there were six in all). Well, when she saw how they were, she simply sat on them – killed them as soon as they were born. Such incredible wisdom! (They were completely deformed: the hind paws were turned the wrong way round – they would have had an impossible life.)

And she used to count her little ones. She knew perfectly well how many she had. I just had to tell her, 'Keep only two or three' – although the first time there were only three, which was still too many, yet it was absolutely impossible not to let her keep them all. But later on I had to chide her. I didn't take them from her, but I would speak to her, convince her: 'It's too much, you'll be ill. Just keep these. See how nice these two are. Take care of them.'

Oh, what lovely cat stories! That was a whole period ... for many, many years.... Many years.

Mind you, I would never have considered having any, but two cats were already there when I came to the house. They were not very interesting cats, but they became the parents of the one I just told you about (those boys who were living with Sri Aurobindo had already had some experience; they knew quite a few things about cats), and that was the origin of all the cats I had here. But people (you know how simplistic they always are!) believed I had some special attachment for cats, so then of course everybody started keeping cats! It

was no use my telling them, 'No, it's a particular study we're making – I wanted to see, to learn certain things, and I learned what I had to – but now that I have moved to another house, the cat era is over; the old friends are gone, only the younger generation is left.' I gave them all away and said) 'That's enough.' [164] But it's hard to make people understand – some people here have 25 cats! That's unreasonable! It's not the way to deal with cats. You have to look after them as I did, and then it becomes interesting.

There was one – I know I SAW it: when he died there was already the embryo of a psychic being, ready for a human incarnation. I made them progress like wildfire.

Well, petit....

April 15, 1961

I am in a state that is ... how can I put it? ... Non-existent.

Nonexistent because ....

I would rather say nothing. Let's work.

* * *

(Later, after the work:)

> *All kinds of things are coming up from the subconscient. We seem to be constantly descending instead of ascending.*

Oh, the subconscient! Every night it's a real invasion of things that are so ... the WHOLE subconscient keeps coming up, coming up, coming up – not just mine but everybody's. There seems to be no end to it.

But now I have the knack of forgetting – I just forget. Because when I used to remember, I had to fight for entire days. So as soon as I wake up, I erase it right away: go away! Gone!

But all night long I am fully conscious of a lot of things – they can't be called trivial, but.... Oh, it's as though everything that can comes to tell me:

‘You think there will be a supramental transformation? Well then, just look: there is this and that and that and this, this one and that one, this circumstance, that thing, the world, people, things....’ Oh, a deluge! [165]

And in the evening before going to sleep I read the Vedas, which aggravates the situation. Because those people remember – either they have heard of it, or they remember it themselves – a supramental realization; and they describe it all so beautifully that it makes you feel very far from it, so very, very far....

After that, I spend hours concentrated in prayer – not exactly ‘prayer’ but ... *(gesture palms turned upwards),* like that, beseeching.

What has been achieved now is that I am absolutely detached from EVERYTHING. From everything, beginning with my body and including the work, ideas, conceptions, even the ... [people], all, all of them. It all seems to me so utterly ... dull and nonexistent.

Before, I used to find joy in a beautiful idea or a beautiful experience – all that is finished. I am in a state where nothing, absolutely nothing has any value except ONE SINGLE THING.

(silence)

I could say something formidable ... *(Mother is about to speak, then restrains herself).* But it’s not true, it’s not like that. If I say it, it will become something else.

It’s better to say nothing.

But don’t let that discourage you.

Oh, you know, nothing is very encouraging, either!

No, but it’s obviously indispensable.

I feel that I’ve never been as low as I am now.

Low? No, you aren’t low – I see you too, among the things I am looking at, and it isn’t true. No, you are much better than you were! *(Mother laughs)*

(silence)

But you know, what seems to have gone is all this illusory enthusiasm we confuse with.... Sri Aurobindo speaks of it very often, and each time I read that sentence of his it’s like an icy shower *(Mother laughs)*. I no longer know the exact wording, but he uses two words: *illusory hopes ... all the human illusory*

hopes. It goes plunk! Well, all that has entirely gone. [166] When I saw it I deliberately rejected it. 'Yes,' I said to myself, 'we are always trying to cheer ourselves up with hopes....'

(Mother turns towards the tape recorder) Don't keep all that. It's not worth it, don't keep it. It's quite useless. Take it out.

This is merely a passing phase, that's all.

* * *

(Just before leaving)

If I could remain quiet like this for hours on end, without letters, without ... oh, without seeing people! Would it perhaps go more quickly? ... I don't know.

Why don't you take a break for a while?

I can't.

Take a real break for some time, and then....

It's impossible. I can't. Even two years ago, when I was really sick and took to my room for the first time, I couldn't let the work go. I can't do it. It's not possible.

But surely there are things you could cut down?

Yes, if I could cut down a bit it would help.

(long silence)

Ah, petit! ... *(Mother remains absorbed for a long time.)*

On the 24th, how long will it be? ... Forty-one years since I came here. And I haven't moved since.

It's really strange: there is no space between that time and now. I don't know how to explain it.... I have no feeling of time, none at all, none.

(long silence)

I live in the constant feeling of PUSHING against a world of tremendous obstacles, with the certainty that – suddenly – the resistance will give way ...

and there will be enlightenment – no, far more than that! [167]

That's all.

I have become only this *(Mother slowly moves her arm forward with clenched fist, as if to show all her force tensed and pushing, inexorably pushing).*

(Mother gets up)

All night long and whenever my attention is not being drawn away by something or other – and even then, it's there as if behind a veil – I am nothing but a force that pushes. That's what I have become.

(silence)

Don't worry. You definitely haven't gotten worse.

Oh, I feel we are constantly betraying – betraying you.

Betraying? Oh ... I also feel that I am betraying myself, so you see! ...

Actually it is because, without knowing it, you are becoming aware of the true Self, and that awareness always produces a sense of betrayal. But it's neither 'you' nor 1' nor 'he' nor anything other than THAT which is being betrayed. All that we are is a betrayal of That. This is what it is. And we are constantly pushing, pushing, pushing to go beyond.

It's all right. Don't worry. When you are a little upset, you only have to think: Oh, Mother is here, and she will do the work.

And don't have any more toothaches. I don't like you to have toothaches!

(silence)

Good-bye, petit. Just be very, very quiet.

Things are moving ... that's all.

We are all moving. [168]

April 18, 1961

The subconscient is seething.... We shall see. And you?

> *I stumbled upon a sentence from Sri Aurobindo yesterday or the day before. From the occult standpoint it has to do with a rather important problem, and I would really like some light on this question: 'The man who slays is only an occasion, the instrument by which the thing done behind the veil becomes the thing done on this side of it.'*

It means exactly this (I am going back to the preceding sentence): Who can protect the one whom God has already slain?[126] He has already been slain by God. When God has decided that someone is to be slain, nothing can protect him or keep him from being slain. And Sri Aurobindo adds: the man who slays (because it is not God who slays directly, he uses a man), the man who slays is only a circumstance, the instrument through which the thing decided by God behind the veil is accomplished materially here.

These are political texts from the revolutionary period, concerning bomb attacks against the English. And then he says that the man God has protected can never be touched. However hard you try, you will never be able to slay him. But who can protect the man God has already slain? He has already been slain by God. And man is simply the instrument used by God to do here what has been done there (it has ALREADY been done there). it's very simple.

Yes, I quite understand. But in general, does EVERYTHING that happens here first get played out on the other side in some way? It's an occult problem, and furthermore a problem of freedom.

According to my experience both things are simultaneous, so to speak. It's we who introduce the notion of time, but the notion of time doesn't exist on the other side. [169]

For example, if I were asked how much time it takes for a thing decided upon there to be realized here, I would answer that it is absolutely indeterminate. That is my experience. I always give the following example because it's so clear: Thirty-five years before India became free, I saw that she was free. It was already done. And I have also seen things which for us are almost instantaneous – something is decided there and realized almost instantly here. And there are all sorts of possibilities between these two extremes, because the notion of time is not at all the same – so we can't judge. It is facile to say that what you are seeing will happen in a year or in a week or in an hour – but in fact, this is impossible. It depends upon the case and certain factors which are part of the whole.

in one chapter of *The Synthesis of Yoga,* Sri Aurobindo says that there is a state of consciousness in which all is from all eternity – everything, without exception, that is to be manifested here....

In detail?

In a certain state of consciousness (I no longer remember what he calls it – I think it's in the 'Yoga of Self-Perfection'), one is perfectly identified with the Supreme, not in his static but in his dynamic aspect, the state of becoming. In this state, everything is already there from all eternity, even though here it gives us the impression of a becoming. And Sri Aurobindo says that if you are capable of maintaining this state,[127] then you know everything: all that has been, all that is and all that will be – in an absolutely simultaneous way.

But you must have a firm head on your shoulders! Reading some of these chapters in 'Self-Perfection,' I thought it would be better if it didn't fall into just anyone's hands.

Anyway, in this state the feeling of uncertainty completely disappears (he explains it very well).

We think it's BECAUSE we do such and such a thing that something else happens. (And how frequently, too!) People are constantly saying and writing: do this and that will happen. But the fact that this person speaks and the other one acts is also absolutely decreed. [170]

If we could really get this into our heads, it would probably make them swim.

But things as they are wouldn't be changed at all. I have had a very clear experience of this: the absoluteness of all that is materially; everything we think we are doing, or are planning, or intending, doesn't change anything about anything. But then, I was intent upon understanding what difference there can be between the true and the false state, SINCE MATERIALLY EVERYTHING IS EXACTLY AS IT SHOULD BE. (We think that things are like this or like that because of certain reactions we have, but our very reactions are as absolute and decreed as the thing itself.) And yet....

I have had this experience, and I remember it even went on for several days; I saw all material circumstances as an absolute – an absolute that we perceive as an unfolding, but which is an eternally existing absolute. I had this experience, and at the same time I had a very clear perception of what falsehood is – the lie; what, from the psychological, the mental point of view, Sri Aurobindo, translating from the Sanskrit, called *crookedness.*[128] We attribute the course of circumstances to our psychological reactions – and indeed, they are used momentarily because everything collaborates either

consciously or unconsciously to make things be what they have to be – but things could be what they have to be without the intervention of this falsehood. I lived in that consciousness for several days, and it became apparent that this was what separated falsehood from truth. In this state of knowledge-consciousness, the distinction can be made between falsehood and truth; and when seen in that truth-consciousness, material circumstances change character.

Now I no longer have the experience of that state except as a memory, so I can't formulate it accurately. But what was very clear and comes very often – very often – is the perception of a superimposition of falsehood over a real fact. This brings us back to what I was telling you some time ago,[129] that everything is very simple in its truth, that human consciousness is what complicates everything. But the former was an even more total experience of it. [171]

It is very interesting from the standpoint of death. I saw it once so clearly when someone (I no longer remember whom) had left his body. The word 'death' and all these human reactions seemed so foolish! So senseless, ignorant, stupid – false, without reality. There was simply something that shifted, like this *(Mother draws a curve showing a shift of consciousness from one mode of being to another),* and then we, in our false consciousness, made a drama out of it. But it was simply something evolving *(same gesture).*

Let me tell you about a recent occurrence. E. had sent a telegram saying that she had a perforated intestine (but it must have been something else because they operated on her only after several days, and when you are not operated on immediately in such cases, you die). Anyway, it was very serious and she was on the threshold of death – that much is certain. She wrote me a letter the day before the operation (what is interesting is that now she doesn't even remember what she wrote). It was a magnificent letter saying that she was conscious of the Divine Presence and of the Divine Plan. 'Tomorrow they will operate on me,' she said. 'And I am entirely aware that this operation has ALREADY been done, that it is a fact accomplished by the Divine Will; otherwise it could be *a fatal ordeal.'* And she said she was conscious of the supreme Will's action, in a perfect peace. It was a magnificent letter. And the whole thing went off almost miraculously; she recovered in such a miraculous way that the surgeon himself said, *I must congratulate you,* to which she replied, 'How surprising! You did the operation!' 'Yes,' he said, 'we did the operation, but it is your body that willed to be healed, and I congratulate you for your body's willpower.' Of course she wrote to me that she knew who had been there to see that all went well. And this feeling of the thing being already accomplished is a beginning of the consciousness Sri Aurobindo speaks of in the 'Yoga of Self-Perfection,' where one is simultaneously both here and there. Because, as Sri Aurobindo says, some people have managed to be entirely 'there,' but what he has called the 'realization' is to be both there and here simultaneously.

Of course, one might wonder what the meaning of everything here

is, if it has all been already accomplished above, on an occult plane, and we are merely re-enacting it.

No, no! [172]

We are like puppets!

No! That's exactly our falsehood! What we see is not THE THING; it's a reflection, a distorted image in our consciousness. The thing itself exists outside this reflection, and in that existence it doesn't have the character we attribute to it. Once we have grasped this, we understand that we can get out of it – otherwise, we could never get out!

There is a universal unfolding, the true unfolding, that of the Supreme Lord who watches (this is the best way to put it) his own unfoldment. But for some reason or other, there has been a deformation of consciousness which makes us see this unfolding as something separate, a more or less adequate expression of the Divine Will. But it isn't so! It is the very unfolding of the Divine within Himself – within Himself, from Himself, for Himself. And it's simply our falsehood that makes a separate thing of it ... The very fact of objectifying (what WE call 'objectification') is already a falsehood.[130]

I have had this particular consciousness in flashes. The difficulty is that in expressing it, we use all our mental faculties, and they themselves are false – so we are *cornered.* Because when you follow through.... Whatever you say – ‚If this, if that, if the other...' – is all part of our general stupidity. Going right to the end of it, you are suddenly like this: 'Ah!' *(Mother remains suspended midway in her sentence)* There is nothing more to do, not a move to make.

Only, as I have told you, practically speaking this experience can be dangerous. When it came, you see, one part of me was having the experience, and one part wasn't yet ready for it. Well, I was awake enough to tell myself, 'The part experiencing this prevails and keeps the rest calm, yet if the preparation had not been adequate, it could have produced an imbalance.' And if by mischance someone without sufficient strength had the possibility of picking up something of that, well, he would lose his head.

This has made it very clear to me why certain things can illuminate some people (I have clearly seen it) and drive others utterly mad – completely destroy their balance. [173] You might say to me, 'Then it's because they had to go mad!' Yes, evidently.

But even if it's put in absolute terms, the relationships remain exactly the same.[131] You see, the initial impulse is to say, 'What's the use of doing anything?' But look here, the very fact that you might want to do something is part of the general determinism! Because we always keep something back and

won't admit it into the total scheme of things, otherwise.... There is no way to get out of it – that's just the way it is.

And Sri Aurobindo explains this in such a complete, total and compact way, that there is no escape; so this so-called incapacity, this idea of still being incapable of emerging from one's divided state, becomes false.

But you have to have a firm head on your shoulders. You must always be able to refer to THAT *(pointing above)* and then here, silence *(Mother touches her forehead):* peace, peace, peace, stop everything, stop everything. Don't try, above all, don't try to understand! Oh, there is nothing more dangerous! We try to understand with an instrument not made for understanding, that's incapable of understanding.

In any case, for your question it's very simple: we don't need to go to these extremes!

> *No, I wasn't putting the problem on a metaphysical plane but on an occult one ... as if the play were acted out occultly and we were executing it materially.[174]*

For us, it seems like that.

> *It seems like that.... You mean it is He who is playing within Himself.*

That is still another way of putting it!

(silence)

When I used to speak at the Playground, I tried to explain this one day – I was facing the same problem: what really is? And clearly, it is utterly impossible to understand with the mind. But I had a vision of a kind of infinite Eternity through which the Supreme Consciousness voyages[132]; and the path this Consciousness travels is what we call the 'manifestation.' And this vision explained absolute freedom, it explained how both things – absolute freedom and absolute determinism – could coexist in an absolute way. The image in my vision was of an eternal Infinity in which that Consciousness voyages – one can't even say 'freely,' because 'freely' would imply that it could be otherwise.

All who experience this say that the first movement of the manifestation, or the creation (creation, manifestation, objectification: all these words are imperfect) is CHIT, Consciousness that becomes Power. Consequently, Consciousness goes voyaging along in SAT, in Being – static, eternal, infinite and necessarily outside time and space – and this movement of Consciousness is what produces time and space within this Infinity and Eternity.[133] This leads to the understanding that things can simultaneously be absolutely free and

absolutely determined. [175]

This vision I had is of no value to anyone else, but it gave me a kind of satisfaction, a kind of peace (for a while).

(long silence)

I go on reading the Vedas and I see quite well how beautiful it is and how effective it must have been for those people, what a power for realization these hymns must have had! But for me....

Yet for a time I was in contact with all these gods and all these things, and they had an entirely concrete reality for me; but now ... I read and I understand, but I cannot live it. And I don't know why. It still hasn't triggered the experience. You see, experience for me – the constant, total and permanent Experience – is ... that there is nothing other than the Supreme – only the Supreme – that the Supreme alone exists. So when they speak of Agni or Varuna or Indra ... it doesn't strike a chord. However, what the Vedas succeed in doing very well is to give you the perception of your infirmity and ineptitude, of the dismal state we are in now; it succeeds wonderfully in doing that!

Yesterday, this ardor of the Flame was there – burning all to offer all. It was absolutely concrete, an intensity of vibrations; I could see the vibrations – all the movements of obscurity and ignorance were cast into that. And I recall a time when I was translating these hymns to Agni with Sri Aurobindo, and Agni was real for me. Well, yesterday it wasn't that, it wasn't the god Agni, it was a STATE OF BEING. It was a state of the Supreme, and as such, it was intimate, clear, intense, vibrant and living.

(silence) [176]

Only just towards the end of the night, after 2 a.m., does all this subconscient rise up to be relived. And with such a new and unexpected perception, oh! ... It's incredible! It changes all values and relationships and reactions *(Mother shapes great movements of shifting forces);* it's like a chessboard ... absolutely unexpected!

And I see a very *steady,* insistent and regular action to eliminate moral values. How I have been plagued all my life by these moral values! Everything is immediately placed on a scale of moral values (not ordinary morality – far from it! But a sense of what has to be encouraged or discouraged, what helps me towards progress or what hampers it); instantly everything was seen from the angle of this will to progress – everything, all circumstances, reactions, movements, absolutely everything was translated by that. Now, the subconscient is mounting upwards and, knee-deep in it, you see it as a lesson to tell you: so much for all your notions of progress! They are all based on illusions – a general lie. Things are not at all what they seem, they don't have the effects they appear to have, nor the results that are perceived – all, all, all,

oh Lord!

(silence)

Well, obviously to establish contact with and manifest what the people of the Vedas called the 'Truth,' I still have a lot of things to change ... a lot.

And yet it's a fact that I am in the state where nothing exists any longer but the Divine, the Supreme – the Supreme in every vibration, in everything I do, everything I feel. But in some way it must still be conditioned by my consciousness, since ... since it's not yet THE Truth.

(long silence)

Something is happening there *(Mother touches her head);* something is taking shape, being worked on.... Every day, twice a day, during my long evocation-invocation-aspiration (or prayer, if you like), I say to the Supreme Lord, 'Take possession of this brain.' (I don't mean 'thought,' I mean *this – Mother points to her head* – this substance inside.) 'Take possession of it!'

Once during the night, I went exploring inside this head; some cells still had fresh imprints of things registered during the day – for whatever reason they hadn't had time to be combined into the whole, so they showed up as tiny, very clear images, minuscule things utterly devoid of any mental or psychological movement – simply like tiny photographic images. [177] There were three or four images like that, and it was so shocking to see them in this Presence that ... all at once I said to myself, 'Am I going mad?!' It was that shocking. And I had to bring in a peace, a peace – not to make the movement of possession stop, but to accompany it simultaneously with a mighty peace so I wouldn't tell myself, 'You're losing your head.' That's how shocking it was.

A tiny, very tiny image, just like a little photograph, clear! Everything else was in a vibration of transformation – splendid!

You know, mon petit, you really must have your feet on the ground, be very solid, firmly balanced, and not get carried away!

> *But you seem to be saying that the ideas which govern or underlie our progress are more or less false moral ideas; so what should underlie our progress? What would make us say: this is good or not good, useful or not useful for progress?*

That's just it – none of it is necessary!

Now I know that it's not necessary at all – not at all. Simply the aspiration must be constantly like this *(gesture of a rising flame).* Aspiration – that is, knowing what you want, wanting it. But it cannot be given a definite form; Sri Aurobindo has used certain words, we use other words, others use still other

words, and all this means nothing – they are simply words. But there is something beyond all words, and that ... for me, the simplest thing (the simplest to express) is, 'The Supreme's Will.'

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

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

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

The important thing is the flame.

(silence)

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

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

When one is in this state, there is no need to worry – nothing else matters *(Mother bursts into laughter)*.

April 22, 1961

1 never manage to finish my morning's program. Things just keep piling up....

(Soon afterwards, concerning X, who had stated that the most recent attacks against Mother, and even those of two years earlier when she had been forced to withdraw to her room, were the result of black magic, and that certain members of the Ashram were DIRECTLY responsible for them, or in any case, had served as intermediaries – as a 'switchboard,' to quote him – in connection with an outside magician.) [179]

I have been racking my brains, but really, I can't hit on who, IN THE ASHRAM, could be doing magic against me! Having bad thoughts is very widespread, but that doesn't matter in the least.

Yet I don't understand how someone might be doing something positively evil, to the extent that X says, 'They will repent of it.' I don't understand it, I just don't. Because usually when people are like that, they can't stay, they go. Certain people have left for just that reason. It's like this story of black magic 'performed at the Ashram' the first time I fell ill two years ago; I can't believe it, because it would prove that I am totally unconscious! And I don't think I am.

I know all the people here. I know everything that's going on, I see it night and day. But I haven't seen this. Yes, there are ill-intentioned people, but they are even obliged to tell me so! There are people who ... oh, they almost wish I would leave, because they feel my presence as a constraint! They tell me so very frankly: I As long as you're here, we're obliged to do the yoga, but we don't want to do the yoga, we want to live quietly; so if you weren't here, well, we wouldn't have to think about yoga anymore!' But they are a bunch of fools with no power in them at all. As I said, they are even forced to tell me their true feelings.

There are many – many – who think I am going to die and are making preparations so as not to be left completely out on the street when I go. I am aware of all this. But it's childishness – if I leave, they are right; if I don't, it doesn't matter!

(silence)

I had a vision last night which lasted for a long time – it was rather interesting – about your work concerning Sri Aurobindo: the plane where it's

situated, what place Sri Aurobindo gives it and the HELP he is giving you. It was very, very interesting. I no longer recall all the details, but broad bands of a bluish-white light seemed to be spreading out in special forms *(Mother sketches spirals in the air),* showing how it would touch the earth's mental atmosphere. It was truly interesting.

And Sri Aurobindo spoke of it as my work with you. I told him that I myself was doing nothing! But he told me it was my work with you.

It went on for a long time – between midnight and 2 a.m. [180]

April 25, 1961

(Mother comes in with a book by Alice Bailey, 'Discipleship in the New Age,' which had recently been sent to her. Pavitra is present and shows Mother a brochure he has received, 'World Goodwill Bulletin,' and protests against this proliferation of movements all claiming to work towards 'world union,' and proselytes making so-called 'spiritual' propaganda without having found, within and by themselves, the true spiritual foundation. Mother goes on.)

But these people just can't get out of their education! Here is a lady [A. Bailey], quite renowned, it seems (she's dead now), who became the disciple of a Tibetan lama ... and she still speaks of Christ as the sole Avatar! She just can't get out of it!

And each one has the absolute Truth!

(Laughing) But it made me so angry (why, I don't know). Not anger, but a kind of ... oh, it's exasperating!

And I am surrounded by people who tell me, 'I'm sending your message to so-and-so, they MUST come here, they HAVE to meet you.' Oh! ... 'I'm going away!' I said to myself, 'I'm going to hide somewhere.' I've had enough.

I don't want to be the leader of a group – oh Lord, no! Not at any price! It's disgusting.

It began with this famous *World Union* [134] and now the Sri *Aurobindo*

Society[135] is meddling in it! They have put together a brochure saying, 'We will facilitate your relations with the Mother'!! Luckily, the draft was sent to me. I said, 'I do not accept this responsibility.' I agreed to be President because money is involved and I wanted to be a guarantee that all these people who make propaganda don't put the money into their own pockets for their personal use; so I agreed to be President – to guarantee that the money would really go to work for Sri Aurobindo, that's all. But no spiritual responsibility; I have nothing to teach to anyone, thank God!

> *(Pavitra.) But Mother, A. has also been bitten by the propaganda bug; in the by-laws he sent, he put: 'The goal of the Centre d'Etudes de Sri Aurobindo [Sri Aurobindo Study Center, in Paris] is to steer people towards Pondicherry and the Mother....' [181]*

Ooh! ... OH! ... How dreadful. How dreadful. He too!

(silence)

I'm going to make a declaration: 'I am not the leader of a group, I am not at the head of an Ashram.' Oh! It's disgusting.

And that's not all. This J.M., who thinks herself highly intelligent, has written a letter saying, '... It is exactly the same teaching – exactly.' It's always exactly the same teaching! They are abysmally ignorant.

> *(Satprem:) They jumble everything up.*

Yes. They have no discrimination. As long as the words are there, that's it – it's enough!

And what an atmosphere it all makes ... phew!

The first thing I did this morning was to open this book by Alice Bailey (I've had it for several days, I had to have a look at it). So I looked ... Ah, I said – well, well! Here's a person who's dead now, but she was the disciple of a Tibetan Buddhist lama and considered a very great spiritual leader, and she writes, 'Christ is the incarnation of divine love on earth.' And that's that. 'And the world will be transformed when Christ is reborn, when he comes back to earth.' But why the devil does she put 'Christ'? Because she was born Christian? ... It's deplorable.

And such a mixture of everything – everything! Instead of making a synthesis, they make a pot-pourri. They scoop it all up, toss it together, whip it up a little, use a bunch of words that have nothing to do with one another, and then serve it to you!

And they want to shove me in there, too! No thanks.

After this, I received the draft of the Sri Aurobindo Society's brochure to be distributed among all disciples, all society members, in order to 'encourage' them. Well, that was the last straw! Oh, the most asinine propaganda! And plump in the middle of a bunch of other things (which had nothing to do with me), I come across this: 'We have the great fortune to have the Mother among us, and we propose to be the intermediary for all who wish to come into direct contact with her'! They wanted to print this and distribute it, just like that! [182] So I took my brightest red ink and wrote: 'I do not accept this responsibility, you cannot make this promise.' And that was that. I cut it. And now here's A., doing the same thing!

(silence)

I'm wasting my time.

Already, with all the people here.... (But I never told them they were my 'disciples,' I told them they were my children – and with children, to begin with, there's no need to do everything they want!) I already waste all my time answering their letters, which are worse than stupid. What questions they ask – questions already answered at least fifty times – simply for the pleasure of writing! So now I've stopped answering. I write one or two words, and that's it.

No, it's disgusting!

> *(Satprem.) There's this passage on propaganda by Sri Aurobindo I sent to the World Union people. It should really be published everywhere. Do you remember it? 'I don't believe in propaganda....'*[136]

Look here, there's a muddle in all this. The Sri Aurobindo Society people had ABSOLUTELY nothing to do with the spiritual life when they began; they didn't at all present themselves as a 'spiritual group' – nothing of the kind; they were people of good will who volunteered to collect money to help the Ashram. So I said, 'Very well, excellent' and as long as it's like that, I'm behind it. Leaflets can be handed out – whatever people like; it's enough if their interest is aroused, if they know there is an Ashram and that it needs some help to go on. But that's all. It has nothing to do with yoga or spiritual progress or anything of the kind – it was a strictly practical organization. It was not the same thing as World Union. [183] World Union wanted to do 'a spiritual work on earth' and to create 'human unity.' I told them, 'You are taking something of an inward nature and you want to externalize it, so naturally it immediately goes rotten.'(But it's almost over now, I've pulled the rug out from under them.)

Anyway....

(Pavitra.) Yes, but now it's resurging in the form of the Sri Aurobindo Society.

Ah, no! That's not the same thing at all, They have nothing to do with each other. Nothing. They wanted to merge: I refused. I told them, 'You have nothing to do with each other. You, World Union, are idealists (!) wanting to realize your ideal externally (without any foundation), while they are businessmen, practical people, wanting to bring money to the Ashram, and I fully agree with that, because I need it.'

It's another thing entirely.

But then, they [the S.A.S. people] began posing as ... almost as teachers! Luckily, the draft of their brochure was brought to me. I said, *'Nothing doing.* If you want to talk to people, tell them what you like, it's all the same to me, but I am not publishing this. What you have written about me is not to be printed and you are not to distribute it. I'm not in the picture. My name, the fact that I am president, is simply to give my guarantee that the money won't go into the pockets of those who collect it but will be used for the Ashram, the running of the Ashram, and that's all. And on this basis alone I give my guarantee. I am in no way going to help people imagine they are doing a yoga!' It's absurd.

The other day, I told N. (and I told him loud enough for everyone to hear): 'We can dispense with a good half of the ashramites straight-away and not lose a single *sadhak.*'[137]

Well, his jaw dropped! ... People imagine that by the simple fact of being here they become disciples and apprentice yogis! But it's not true.

So, now I'm not angry any more!

It's especially this mental paucity ... everywhere they say, 'Oh, they have the same ideas as we do! Oh, they teach the same thing! Oh! ...'Deplorable.

(silence) [184]

* * *

Pavitra leaves.

Mother gives flowers to Satprem:

Here, this is Grace.[138] Here, Balance[139] (how lovely!). Here, 'Light without

Obscurity.'[140] And this is purity: an 'Integral Conversion'[141] *(in the cup of this flower, Mother has placed two other flowers: 'Service'[142] and 'Sri Aurobindo's Compassion'[143]),* an integral conversion, with Sri Aurobindo, with his compassion – his compassion which gives us the opportunity to serve him.

Oh, mon petit, we need to say something a bit intelligent, don't you think? I'm counting on you.

I'm counting on you!

Yes, of course – Sri Aurobindo told me so. But I stay behind, invisible! You don't even need to tell me things – you may tell me if you like, but it isn't necessary.

(silence)

Now and then, I feel like saying outrageous things.... I almost said, 'How well I understand Sri Aurobindo – who passed to the other side!'

I have no intention of doing so, none at all. Not that I'm the least bit interested in all this outer jumble, not for that, but ... I promised Sri Aurobindo I would try.... So....

So, that's that.

Only one thing would actually be true, one single thing: to DO it. All this talking and talking and promising and painting things in glowing colors – just DO it.

(silence)

Ah, but that's far more difficult than talking – far more! Far more, infinitely more difficult than talking. If you are a bit clear, transparent – it's enough just to be like this, at a given moment *(gesture of opening upwards),* to catch the Light, and then you can talk about it. Once you have seen it, you don't forget it. But to do.... [185]

This paucity, this narrowness.... It's relatively easy to get out of mental paucity, mental narrowness: one has only to pierce a hole, go beyond, and view things from above; and yes, immediately, it all widens. That's relatively easy. But this vital and PHYSICAL paucity, material narrowness ... ohh!

For mental narrowness, we know the means – one has only to go beyond it – we know the means. But this *(Mother touches her body),* however much one keeps bringing in, bringing in, bringing in the Light and the Force.... Yes, for a few moments one can live a universal life, even in the sensations – but in the body....

(silence)

For obviously it has to be done in this life. The body's progress can't be preserved, can it?

Of course not – that's just it!

It could be, yes, but to no avail. If all these cells which have become so conscious have to break up .... It would result in cells that are conscious, but mixed with .... What would it amount to, mixed with the sum total of all the unconscious cells of the earth? It would be useless.

Yes, it would be useless; I mean, perhaps after millions of years it would gradually snowball and have some effect – but that's just how Nature functions when left to her own interminable way – it is not yoga.

> *But once you have effected the transformation in your own body, will it be transmittable to others? Will your experience and your realization be transmittable?*

It's a question of contagion. Spiritual vibrations are quite clearly contagious. Mental vibrations are contagious, and to a certain extent even vital vibrations are contagious (not often in their finer effects, but anyway, it's clear – a man's anger, for instance, spreads very easily). Well then, the quality of cellular vibrations should also be contagious.

But the difficulty.... You see, so far as Mind is concerned, the whole yoga has been done – like a path blazed through the virgin forest. And since it has been done, it's relatively simple: the landmarks are there and one follows them. But here, nothing has been done! One doesn't know which end to take hold of – no one has ever done it! [186] You meet all the same obstacles before which others have simply said, 'It's impossible.' Sri Aurobindo explains that it's not impossible, but nothing more. And he himself hadn't done it.

No, for the least little thing, the whole mechanism has to be discovered, and discovered in a realm of the most total ignorance, where, really, unconsciousness is the most unconscious and ignorance the most ignorant....

(silence)

Well, we shall see.

* * *

After the work:

Our habitual state of consciousness is to do something FOR something. The Rishis, for example, composed their hymns with an end in view: life had a purpose – for them, the end was to find Immortality or Truth. But at any level whatsoever, there is always a goal. Even we speak of the 'supramental realization' as the goal.

Just recently, though, I don't know what happened, but something seemed to take hold of me ... (how to say it?) this perception of the Supreme who is everything, everywhere, who does everything – what has been, what is, what will be, what is being done – everything. And suddenly there was a kind of ... not a thought or a feeling, it wasn't that; it was rather like a state: the unreality of the goal – not 'unreality,' uselessness. Not even uselessness: the nonexistence of the goal. And even what I was saying just now – this will to make the experiment lingering in the body – even this has gone!

It's ... something ... I don't know.[144]

There used to be a kind of mainspring, which had its raison d'être and so persisted: do this to arrive at that, and this leads to that (it's more subtle, of course); but this mainspring suddenly seems to have been abolished, because it became useless.

Now a kind of absoluteness prevails at each and every second, in each movement, from the most subtle, the most spiritual, to the most material. The sense of linking has disappeared: that isn't the 'cause' of this, and this isn't done 'for' that; there is no 'there' one is heading towards – it all seems....

(silence) [187]

Is this, perhaps, how the Supreme sees? ... Perhaps that is what it is: the supreme perception, an absolute.

Rather curious.

An absolute – innumerable, perpetual and simultaneous.

(silence)

Curious.

The sense of connection has gone, the sense of cause and effect has gone – all that belongs to the world of space and time.

Each ... each what? What is that 'that'? You can't say a 'movement,' you can't say a 'state of consciousness,' you can't say a 'vibration' (all this still belongs to our ordinary mode of perception), so you say 'thing' – 'thing' means nothing. Each 'thing' carries in itself its own absolute law.

oh, how clumsy all this is! But what is clear, completely clear, is the total absence of cause and effect and of goal, of intention – *purpose.* There is no ... *(Mother makes a horizontal motion)* this kind of connection doesn't exist; it's like this *(Mother makes a vertical motion which towers over and embraces everything at once).*

And so, in an individual consciousness it's expressed by an infinitesimal

point – a physical body and everything dependent on it; but it's exactly the same thing as the Supreme Point and everything depending on that. It's the same thing. It is only like the shifting of a glance – if it can be called a 'glance' – like a needle point occupying no space.[145] And yet it is the same consciousness – 'consciousness': is it 'consciousness'? ... Something like that. It is not 'consciousness' as we understand it, nor is it 'perception'; it is a kind of will to see (good God, what words!), and with such absolute freedom and omnipotence: it can be this or that, or yet another, and it is EXACTLY the same thing.

Don't try to understand!

It is obviously untranslatable.

But what can be translated is this kind of sensation that the sequence of cause and effect, of *purpose,* of goal, all seems to be very far below, very, very DISTANT, very ... human – perhaps divine, too (from the viewpoint of the gods it may be like this also, I don't know), because in the consciousness of the universal Mother it is still there, there is still this ardent love to serve: 'To do Your Will.' That is still there, so it's there with the gods also.

(silence) [188]

It seems unreal. How very curious.

It came last night. It came slowly, but last night it was very strong: no more sequence, no more linking of cause and effect, no more goal, no more *purpose,* no more intention – a kind of Absolute which does not exclude the creation. It is not Nirvana, it has nothing to do with Nirvana (I know Nirvana very well, I've had it – just yesterday evening, for instance, while walking for japa, and even this morning.... You see, I begin by an invocation to the Supreme under his three aspects, and no sooner have I uttered the sound, TAT ... when all is abolished: Nirvana. And the last few days I have noticed that it's instantaneous, so easy! Oh, a delight! ... Bah! ...). But it's not Nirvana, it's beyond that; it contains Nirvana and it contains the manifested world and it contains everything else; all the appearances and disappearances[146] – all of that is contained in it.

Something....

Something which has neither cause nor effect nor prolongation *(Mother makes a horizontal motion)* nor *purpose* nor intention – intention to do what?! There is nothing to be done! It's like this *(Mother makes the same vertical motion as before).*

I hope I'm not driving you to a lunatic asylum! *(Mother laughs)*

(Mother gets up to leave)

What is most interesting is that everything stays the same. Everything stays the same. You see how it is – I can do anything, I talk to you, I joke.... Everything stays the same, it doesn't make a change in anything.

My problem begins when I ask myself how it's going to change!

There it is, petit. I think we would do well to keep all this secret.[147] [189]

April 29, 1961

(Some fragments of this conversation were originally published in Mother's 'Commentaries on the Aphorisms' of Sri Aurobindo. Considering it too personal, Mother had not wanted the unabridged text to appear even in her Agenda. However, we felt it should be kept. This conversation's starting point was the following aphorism.)

> 59 – One of the greatest comforts of religion is that you can get hold of God sometimes and give him a satisfactory beating. People mock at the folly of savages who beat their gods when their prayers are not answered; but it is the mockers who are the fools and the savages.

Poor T.! She asked me, 'What does it mean *(laughing)* to give God a "satisfactory beating"? How is this possible?...' I still haven't answered. And then she added another question: 'Many people say that Sri Aurobindo's teachings are a new religion. Would you call it a religion?...' You understand, I began to fume!

I wrote *(Mother reads her answer):* 'Those who say that are simpletons and don't even know what they're talking about! It is enough to read everything Sri Aurobindo has written to know that it is IMPOSSIBLE (underlined) to found a religion upon his writings, since for each problem, for each question, he presents all aspects and, while demonstrating the truth contained in each approach, he explains that to attain the Truth a synthesis must be effected, overpassing all mental notions and emerging in a transcendence beyond

thought.

'Your second question, therefore, makes no sense! Furthermore, if you had read what appeared in the last *Bulletin*,[148] you could never have asked it. 'Let me repeat that when we speak of Sri Aurobindo, it is not a question of teaching nor even of revelation, but of an Action from the Supreme; upon this, no religion whatsoever can be founded.'

This is the first blast. [190]

The second is:

'Men are such fools' *(laughing:* it doesn't get any better!) 'that they can change anything at all into a religion, so great is their need for a fixed framework for their narrow thought and limited action. They don't feel secure unless they can affirm: "This is true and that is not" – but such an affirmation becomes impossible for anyone who has read and understood what Sri Aurobindo has written. Religion and yoga are not situated on the same plane of the being, and the spiritual life can exist in its purity only if it is free from all mental dogma.'

People must really be made to understand this.

Yes, it is indispensable!

They are all always ready – even in the Ashram – ready to create a religion.

Yes, the people T. is talking about are Ashramites.

They are just as dogmatic as Catholics or Protestants....

Yes, it's the SAME thing. The same thing.

It means they have understood nothing.

But this: 'How can one give God a beating?' *(Mother laughs a lot).* It's funny, isn't it!

But what exactly did he mean?

What did Sri Aurobindo mean? ...

Do you have the English text? We may have somewhat ... popularized it?

The English word is 'beating': a good beating.

'Beating?' Then that's just it: *'une raclée'!*

Religion always has a tendency to humanize, to create a God in the image of man – a magnified and glorified image, but essentially always a god with human attributes. And this *(laughing)* creates a sort of intimacy, a sense of kinship!

T. has taken it literally, but it's true that even the Spanish, when their god doesn't do what they want, take the statue and throw it in the river! [191]

There are people here who do the same thing. I know some people who had a statue of Kali in their house (it was their family divinity), and all kinds of calamities befell them, so the last generation became furious and took the idol and threw it into the Ganges. They are not the only ones – there have been several cases like that. And to cap it all, one of them even asked my permission before doing it!

Creating a god in the image of man gives you the possibility of treating it as you would treat a human enemy.

There could be many things to say....

But these idols aren't merely human creations – they are self-existent, aren't they?

Oh, I've had some very interesting revelations on this point, on the way people think and feel about it. I remember someone once made a little statue of Sri Aurobindo; he gave it a potbelly and ... anyway, to me it was ridiculous. So I said, 'How could you make such a thing?!' He explained that even if it's a caricature for the ordinary eye, since it's an image of the one you consider God, or a god, or an Avatar, since it's the image of the one you worship, even if only a guru, it contains the spirit and the force of his presence, and this is what you worship, even in a crude form, even if the form is a caricature to the physical eye.

Someone made a large painting of Sri Aurobindo and myself, and they brought it here to show me. I said, 'Oh, it's dreadful!' It was ... to the physical eye it was really dreadful. 'It's dreadful,' I said, 'we can't keep it.' Then immediately someone asked me for it, saying, 'I'm going to put it up in my house and do my puja before it.' Ah! ... I couldn't help saying, 'But how could you put up a thing like that!' (It wasn't so much ugly as frightfully banal.)

‘How can you do puja before something so commonplace and empty!’ This person replied, ‘Oh, to me it’s not empty! It contains all the presence and all the force, and I shall worship it as that: the Presence and the Force.’

All this is based on the old idea that whatever the image – which we disdainfully call an ‘idol’ – whatever the external form of the deity may be, the presence of the thing represented is always there. And there is always someone – whether priest or initiate, sadhu or sannyasi – someone who has the power and (usually this is the priest’s work) who draws the Force and the Presence down into it. And it’s true, it’s quite real – the Force and the Presence are THERE; and this (not the form in wood or stone or metal) is what is worshipped: this Presence. [192]

Europeans don’t have the inner sense at all. To them, everything is like this *(gesture),* a surface – not even that, a film on the surface. And they can’t feel anything behind. But it’s an absolutely real fact that the Presence is there – I guarantee it. People have given me statuettes of various gods, little things in metal, wood or ivory; and as soon as I take one in my hand, the god is there. I have a Ganesh[149] (I have been given several) and if I take it in my hand and look at it for a moment, he’s there. I have a little one by my bedside where I work, eat, and meditate. And then there is a Narayana[150] which comes from the Himalayas, from Badrinath. I use them both as paperweights for my handkerchiefs! (My handkerchiefs are kept on a little table next to my bed, and I keep Ganapati I and Narayana on top of them.) And no one touches them but me – I pick them up, take a fresh handkerchief, and put them back again. Once I blended some nail polish myself, and before applying it, I put some on Ganapati’s forehead and stomach and fingertips! We are on the best of terms, very friendly. So to me, you see, all this is very true.

Only....

Narayana came first. I put him there and told him to stay and be happy. A while later, I was given a very nice Ganapati; so I asked Narayana – I didn’t ask his permission, I told him, ‘Don’t be angry, you know, but I’m going to give you a companion; I like you both very much, there’s no preference; the other is much better looking, but you, you are Narayana!’ I flattered him, I told him pleasant things, and he was perfectly happy.

It has always been like that for me – always. And I have never, never had the religious sense at all – you know, what people call this kind of ... what they have in religions, especially in Europe. I see only the English word for it: *awe,* like a kind of terror. This always made me laugh! But I have always felt what’s behind, the presences behind.

I remember once going into a church (which I won’t name) and I found it a very beautiful place. It wasn’t a feast or ceremony day, so it was empty. [193] There were just one or two people at prayer. I went in and sat down in a little

chapel off to the side. Someone was praying there, someone who must have been in distress – she was crying and praying. And there was a statue, I no longer know of whom: Christ or the Virgin or a Saint – I have no idea. And, oh! ... Suddenly, in place of the statue, I saw an enormous spider ... like a tarantula, you know, but *(gesture)* huge! It covered the entire wall of the chapel and was just waiting there to swallow all the vital force of the people who came. It was ... heart-rending. I said to myself, 'Oh, these people...' There was this miserable woman who had come seeking solace, who was praying there, weeping, hoping to find solace; and instead of reaching a consciousness that was at least compassionate, her supplications were feeding this monster!

I have seen other things – but I have rarely seen anything favorable in churches. Here, I remember going to M I was taken inside and received there in quite an unusual way – a highly respected person introduced me as a 'great saint'! They led me up to the main altar where people are not usually allowed to go, and what did I see there! ... An *asura* (oh, not a very high-ranking one, more like a *rakshasa*[151]), but such a monster! Hideous.... So I went wham! *(gesture of giving a blow) I* thought something was going to happen.... But this being left the altar and came over to try to intimidate me; of course, he saw it was useless, so he offered to make an alliance: 'If you just keep quiet and don't do anything, I will share all I get with you.' Well, I sent him packing! The head of this *Math* [152] .... It was a Math with a monastery and temple, which means a substantial fortune; the head of the Math has it all at his disposal for as long as he holds the position – and he is appointed for life. But he has to name his successor ... and as a rule, his own life is considerably shortened by the successor – this is how it works. Everyone knew that the present head had considerably shortened the life of his predecessor. And what a creature! As asuric as the god he worshipped! I saw some poor fellows throw themselves at his feet (he must have been squeezing them pitilessly), to beg forgiveness and mercy – an absolutely ruthless man. But he received me – you should have seen it! ... I said nothing, not a word about their god; I gave no sign that I knew anything. But I thought to myself, 'So that's how it is! ...' [194]

Another thing happened to me in a fishing village near A., on the seashore, where there is a temple dedicated to Kali – a terrible Kali. I don't know what happened to her, but she had been buried with only her head sticking out! A fantastic story – I knew nothing about it at all. I was going by car from A. to this temple and halfway there a black form, in great agitation, came rushing towards me, asking for my help: 'I'll give you everything I have – all my power, all the people's worship – if you help me to become omnipotent'! Of course, I answered her as she deserved! I later asked who this was, and they told me that some sort of misfortune had befallen her and she had been buried with only her head above ground. And every year this fishing village has a festival and slaughters thousands of chickens – she likes chicken! Thousands of chickens. They pluck them on the spot (the whole place gets covered with feathers), and then, after offering the blood and making the sacrifice, the people, naturally, eat them all up. The day I came this had taken place that very

morning – feathers littered everywhere! It was disgusting. And she was asking for my help!

But the curious thing is that these vital beings are aware of what is happening. I knew nothing about any of it, neither the story, nor the being, nor the head sticking out of the ground – and she wanted me to get her out of it. They 'feel' the atmosphere. They are aware – they may not be conscious on higher planes, but they are conscious on vital planes, aware of vital power and the vital force it represents.... It's like this asura from M.: when I came in he suddenly seemed to tremble on his pedestal; then he left his idol and came to seek my alliance.

But it's strange....

(silence)

In churches, I don't know.... I haven't been to them very often. I have been to mosques and temples – Jewish temples. The Jewish temples in Paris have such beautiful music; oh, what beautiful music! I had one of my first experiences in a temple. It was at a marriage, and the music was wonderful – Saint-Saens, I later learned; organ music, the second best organ in Paris – wonderful! I was 14 years old, sitting high up in the galleries with my mother, and this music was being played. There were some leaded-glass windows – white, with no designs. I was gazing at one of these windows, feeling uplifted by the music, when suddenly through the window came a flash like a bolt of lightning. Just like lightning. [195] It entered – my eyes were open – it entered like this *(Mother strikes her breast violently),* and then I ... I had the feeling of becoming vast and all-powerful.... And it lasted for days.

Of course, my mother was such an out-and-out materialist, thank God, that it was impossible to speak to her of invisible things – she took them as evidence of a deranged brain! Nothing counted for her but what could be touched and seen. But this was a divine grace – I had no opportunity to say anything. I kept my experience to myself. But it was one of my first contacts with.... I learned later that it was an entity from the past who had come back into me through the aspiration arising from the music.

But I have rarely had an experience in churches. Rather the opposite: I have very often had the painful experience of the human effort to find solace, a divine compassion ... falling into very bad hands.

One of my most terrible experiences took place in Venice (the cathedrals there are so beautiful – magnificent!). I remember I was painting – they had let me settle down in a corner to paint – and nearby there was a ... (what do they call it?) ... a confessional. And a poor woman was kneeling there in distress – with such a dreadful sense of sin! So piteous! She wept and wept. Then I saw the priest coming, oh, like a monster, a hard-hearted monster! He went inside; he was like an iron bar. And there was this poor woman sobbing, sobbing; and

the voice of the other one, hard, curt.... I could barely contain myself.

I don't know why, but I have had this kind of experience so very often: either a hostile force lurking behind and swallowing up everything, or else man – ruthless man abusing the Power.

In fact, I have seen this all over the world. I have never been on very good terms with religions, neither in Europe, nor Africa, nor Japan, nor even here.

(silence)

At the age of eighteen, I remember having such an intense need in me to KNOW.... Because I was having experiences – I had all kinds of experiences – but my surroundings offered me no chance to receive an intellectual knowledge which would have given me the meaning of it all: I couldn't even speak of them. I was having experience after experience.... For years, I had experiences during the night (but I was very careful never to speak about them!) – memories from past lives, all sorts of things, but without any base of intellectual knowledge. (Of course, the advantage of this was that my experiences were not mentally contrived; they were entirely spontaneous.) [196] But I had such a NEED in me to know! ... I remember living in a house (one of these houses with a lot of apartments), and in the apartment next door were some young Catholics whose faith was very ... they were very convinced. And seeing all that, I remember saying to myself one day while brushing my hair, 'These people are lucky to be born into a religion and believe unquestioningly! It's so easy! You have nothing to do but believe – how simple that makes it.' I was feeling like this, and then when I realized what I was thinking *(laughing),* well, I gave myself a good scolding: 'Lazybones!'

To know, know, KNOW! ... You see, I knew nothing, really, nothing but the things of ordinary life: external knowledge. I had learned everything I had been given to learn. I not only learned what I was taught but also what my brother was taught – higher mathematics and all that! I learned and I learned and I learned – and it was NOTHING. None of it explained anything to me – nothing. I couldn't understand a thing!

To know! ...

It was to happen to me two years later when I met someone who told me of Theon's teaching.

When I was told that the Divine was within – the teaching of the Gita, but in words understandable to a Westerner – that there was an inner Presence, that one carried the Divine within oneself, oh! ... What a revelation! In a few minutes, I suddenly understood all, all, all. Understood everything. It brought the contact instantly.

(silence)

But all the same, can't it be said that whatever the appearances – these vital spiders or frightful Kalis – the Divine still acts and helps people through them? It's not all totally swallowed up and lost, is it?

No, but this is something else. Those who are capable of personal experiences pass through everything. But not the common herd.

(silence)

I have had discussions – not 'discussions,' exchanges of views – with prelates. There was one cardinal in particular.... I told him my experience, what I KNEW. He replied, 'Whether you want to or not, you belong to the Church; because those who know belong to the Church.' [197] And he added, 'You have the knowledge we are taught when we become cardinals.' 'Nobody has taught me anything,' I said, 'this is my experience.' Then he repeated, 'Whether you like it or not, you belong to the Church.' I felt like telling him a thing or two, but I didn't.

Otherwise, you just keep turning in circles, oh, caught by the form, locked in by the form!

I remember a good-hearted priest in Pau [Southern France] who was an artist and wanted to have his church decorated – a tiny cathedral. He consulted a local anarchist (a great artist) about it. The anarchist was acquainted with André's father and me. He told the priest, 'I recommend these people to do the paintings – they are true artists.' He was doing the mural decoration – some eight panels in all, I believe. So I set to work on one of the panels. (The church was dedicated to San Juan de Compostello, a hero of Spanish history; he had appeared in a battle between the Christians and the Moors and his apparition vanquished the Moors. And he was magnificent! He appeared in golden light on a white horse, almost like Kalki.[153]) All the slaughtered and struggling Moors were depicted at the bottom of the painting, and it was I who painted them; it was too hard for me to climb high up on a ladder to paint, so I did the things at the bottom! But anyway, it all went quite well. Then, naturally, the priest received us and invited us to dinner with the anarchist. And he was so nice – really a kind-hearted man! I was already a vegetarian and didn't drink, so he scolded me very gently, saying, 'But it's Our Lord who gives us all this, so why shouldn't you take it?'... I found him charming. And when he looked at the paintings, he tapped Morisset on the shoulder (Morisset was an unbeliever), and said, with the accent of Southern France, 'Say what you like, but you know Our Lord; otherwise you could never have painted like that!'

Well.

In short, I have known people from everywhere, I have been everywhere, I have seen and heard everything.... It was very strange, very strange. And I

didn't do it on purpose, but just ... because the Lord willed it.

What experiences!

Well, mon petit, I have to go now. I've been talking in torrents!

I wanted to carry on with my morning's program, but I couldn't. There's a mound of letters, all in a muddle! [198] Oh, these people here – letter upon letter, letter upon letter, 'urgent' needs to see me.... I thought we would prepare a reply to T., but then I chatted away.

> *But surely much of this could be used? I'll note down what's publishable ... make a selection.*

Oh, yes, definitely do that. But I am not keen on keeping all that – it's much too personal. It involves a lot of people and a lot of things, and I don't want.... I've told it to you, that's all. Keep it for yourself – not even for the *Agenda,* it's not necessary. If you enjoy it, you can keep it – that's all. I told it to you just like that – probably because I felt like chatting!

I could say many other things which would be almost the opposite of all I've just said! It all depends on the orientation. If I really started talking, you know, I would seem like ... I don't know what, something like a lunatic, because with equal sincerity and equal truth, I could say the most opposing things.

And experiences! ... I have had the most contradictory experiences! Only one thing has been continuous from my childhood on (and the more I look, the more I see how continuous it has been): this divine Presence – and in someone who, in her EXTERNAL LIFE, might very well have said, 'God? What is this foolishness! God doesn't exist!' So you understand, you see the picture.

You know, it's a marvelous, marvelous grace to have had this experience so CONSTANTLY, So POWERFULLY, like something holding out against everything, everything: this Presence. And in my outward consciousness, a total negation of it all. Even later on, I used to say, 'Well, if God exists, he's a real scoundrel! He's a wretch and I want nothing to do with this Creator of ours....' You know, the idea of God sitting placidly in his heaven, creating the world and amusing himself by watching it, then telling you, 'How well done!' 'Oh!' I said, 'I want nothing to do with that monster!'

(Mother gets up)

So there we are, mon petit.

I don't see you at the balcony anymore – you don't come?

I'm a little groggy.

(Laughing) Groggy?! [199]

I'm sorry, but I have a huge amount of work.

No, it's not to ask you to come – I just want to know, if by chance I don't find you in the crowd, whether you're there and I am just not seeing you.

I could come, but....

No, no! It isn't necessary.

I still have five or six days of work left on the book....

Which one?

Pavitra's book. It's a huge task. But anyway I feel your Force – otherwise ...

Good.

No, when I don't see you at the balcony, I send the Force to your room, *I pack* it off to you there!

That's exactly what I've been telling myself *(laughing):* he must be groggy! [200]

May 2, 1961

There is obviously a force at work....

When Sri Aurobindo was here, the work was done in another way; there

was such an impression of hovering above difficulties, of acting on them from above. It was so strong that even rebellious elements, even things which were not going well, even ... they were dominated from above and they could not manifest – they stayed like that. And as they could not manifest, they faded quietly away.

I have seen people (people from outside) who were enemies – all their enmity was pacified, pacified, pacified. They were unable to do any harm, even when they wanted to. Everything was made innocuous in that way. And it was the same thing here in the Ashram; as always, people had wrong movements and wrong thoughts, but all this, too, was dominated – it was pacified, pacified.

I had continued to work in the same way. But now ... it's as if everything has been engulfed. And the number of ugly things, petty movements, nasty reactions – everywhere, everywhere, in everyone, oh! ... I am swamped with letters, and such letters! Such letters!

And I don't see, I really do not see why all that needs to manifest in order to disappear. Because before, when it didn't manifest, it faded away by itself; but now it creates problems and problems and problems. (For me they are not problems but stupidities; they are problems and complications for others.) And it's so useless! So much time is lost, so much time coping with stupid reactions.... I don't know why.

And nothing can be done until it's over.[203]

May 12, 1961

> Aphorism 60 - There is no mortality. it is only the Immortal who can die; the mortal could neither be born nor perish.

The Immortal can pass from the condition of life to the condition of death (but not 'death' as we understand it); 'can die' means 'can change condition.' The Immortal can pass from this condition to that condition and back and forth again. We call it 'death,' but it has nothing to do with either life or death. They are changes of state.

(silence)

I've had this notebook[154] for days – don't feel like answering.

You’re not well?

I think I am! I’m not sick, in any case. No, I don’t need to be concerned with my body. It’s not that.... Probably the word-machine isn’t working. Whatever I read seems stupid to me, whatever I am living seems stupid to me; as for the way others understand things, it’s dumbfounding!

No, the mind must have gone on strike.

It’s uninteresting.

(silence)

I have finished my reading of the Veda. I have really tried my best, but I cannot manage to recapture that consciousness; do what I will, it seems childish to me, I don’t know why. Or else I am in the presence of a realization so far removed from what we are capable of now – but to enter into that we have to go behind the words, which requires a mighty effort.

If they really had that experience, it is admirable.

But I don’t know. I don’t know if they had it PHYSICALLY – in the inner worlds of course, certainly! It’s all very well, one is very happy living in those worlds. But it is here – HERE! How to make of this life here, this world here, something really worth living.... Haven’t yet found the trick.

That’s all I can say. That’s what I am up against.

That’s all, I am waiting.

(silence)

Yet there are worthwhile things in the physical life. I don’t know, but I still feel a nostalgia for... [204]

Nostalgia for what? Have you actually known something worth being nostalgic about? What?

It goes back very far, to when I was a child: a sailboat on the sea.

Oh, such a trifle! It’s nothing, childish.

But it’s a wide physical life, and not without its beauty!

The physical life – yes, it’s nothing at all. All these things of the physical life – nothing at all, nothing at all! It’s childish, not worth thinking about for a second.

Unless one has the sense of the TRUE LIFE, of the Truth – it is nothing, nothing. All the rest is nothing, nothing – pastimes, childish amusements, the

business of people who have nothing else to do. Ah, no! It's not worth a second's thought.

You don't understand.

Even those momentary breakthroughs one can have in life before having found the Truth, when one is on the way and suddenly has glimpses of an immortal Consciousness, the contact with a truth, even that.... These experiences are all very fine, it's very good, but it's on the way. It is not THAT.

What is worthwhile is to seek the TRUE SENSE of life: to what does it really correspond? What is there behind it all? Why has the Lord created it? What is He heading towards? What does He want? What does He want to happen? That, we have not found. What does He want!!

He obviously has a secret, and He is keeping it. Well, I want His secret.

Why is everything the way it is?

It's certainly not the way it is just to be the way it is – it's meant to become something else. And it's this something else that I want. What is worth seeking is the something else that He wants, but as long as I don't have it.... [205]

May 19, 1961

(During the work, the difficulty of competently translating Sri Aurobindo comes up.)

Something is inevitably lost in translating; we translate, we lose something.

Not something – a great deal. A great deal.

The more I see these texts, the more.... At first I had the impression of a certain nebulous quality in the English text, and that precisely this quality could be used to introduce the spirit of another language. Now I see that this

nebulousness was in my head! It was not in what he wrote.

Yes, I see what you mean – there's a sense in the way it is put.

Every word, mon petit! Every word and the POSITION of the word in the sentence – even the position of an adverb has a fundamental importance for the meaning. All the finesse, all the profound wisdom evaporates in translation, and finally we express only platitudes by comparison – platitudes. They are not platitudes compared to ordinary intellect, but they are platitudes compared to the kind of keen PRECISION with which Sri Aurobindo discerns things.

And the trouble is that if one translates literally, into poor French, it doesn't yield the deeper sense either, because that also considerably demolishes the meaning.

If we want to translate literally it's as much a mistranslation as translating freely.

Yes, yes! Actually only one thing would do – to have his genius!

Yes, we have to rethink it all.

(Laughing) It's the only solution!

Personally, I don't see at all how to write this book on Sri Aurobindo. The further I go, the more it seems to me.... [206]

That is another matter. After all, you are writing it for people who know nothing.

Yes, I agree, but still....

And despite everything, our translations of Sri Aurobindo are superior to those published in France; because those translations you know....

It's an absolute betrayal.

Oh, the translations by H. and company are appalling!

It's a betrayal. A betrayal.

Yes, and done with such self-assurance! Imperturbable.

Not very long ago I met someone from France who told me, 'Personally, you understand, I had no wish at all to read Sri Aurobindo – Sri Aurobindo translated by H.: no, thank you.' And then he read some things translated here. 'Ah,' he said, 'that makes a difference!'

But still, I am not satisfied.

Anyway, what can we do, poor creatures like us! *(Laughing)* We do our best, that's all.

* * *

(Later, Satprem wanted to read certain past conversations to Mother for her to add to her Agenda. Mother refused to listen – it wasn't the first time, either – and lively protestations ensued.)

You don't want to hear them?

I don't find it very interesting, mon petit!

Obviously, for you it's a review. But it is absorbingly interesting – no doubt about it.

I mean there is nothing sensational, interesting to recount. It's a minuscule labor, minute to minute, like ... oh, it's not even like cutting a path through a virgin forest, because a virgin forest is pleasant to look at! But this.... It's almost like laying stones together to build a road. [207] Every day and all the time, night and day and at any moment whatsoever, there are tiny, tiny things, tiny things, tiny – it's not interesting.

There are successive curves, each second of which would have to be noted down; and in the course of one of these curves, something is suddenly found. For example, at the beginning of *The Yoga of Self-Perfection,* Sri Aurobindo reviews other yogas, beginning with Hatha Yoga. I had just translated this when I remembered Sri Aurobindo saying that Hatha Yoga was very effective but that it amounted to spending your whole life training your body, which is an enormous time and effort spent on something not essentially very interesting. Then I 'looked' at it and said to myself, 'But after all,' (I was looking at life as it is, as people ordinarily live it) 'one spends at least 90% of one's life merely to PRESERVE one's body, to keep it going! All this attention and concentration on an instrument which is put to hardly any use.' Anyway, I was looking at it with that attitude, when suddenly all the cells of my body

responded, in such a spontaneous and WARM way.... How to say it? Something so ... so moving. They told me, 'But it's the Lord who is looking after Himself in us!' Each one was saying: 'But it's the Lord who is looking after Himself in us!'

It was truly lovely. Then I gave my reason a good poke: 'How stupid can you be! You always forget the essential.'

It was very spontaneous and quite lovely.

So there you are-things like that happen, one thing or another, but it's nothing.

(silence)

This feeling was so warm, so intimate, so ... I don't know how to express it. At once so soft and so powerful and so.... Oh, it was concrete! The whole atmosphere, the whole atmosphere became solid – all, all had the taste of the Lord. I don't know how to make it clear. It was quite material, as if you had a mouthful of it, everything was full of it – it was like that. In such a PHYSICAL way! Like.... You might compare it to the most delicious taste you could ever have – it was the sense of touch and of taste – very, very material. It was like closing your hand on something solid – such a warm, soft vibration, and SO STRONG, so powerful, so concrete!

It is evidently proof of an evolution in this direction, within this whole cluster of cells, but....

Finally, we want something else. [208]

Finally, what we want is ... *(long silence)* it's something like an absolute in the presence, the action, the consciousness, which annuls this ... *(here Mother makes a gesture which – perhaps – expresses a distance, a separation, or an exchange between two distinct things).* It can hardly be called a duality any more, but all the same there is 'something which sees and which feels.' And that's what is irritating.

I do sense that all, all in me is reaching for ONE thing: 'You, You alone, let there be only You One cannot say 'I'(there is always a misunderstanding with that idiotic 'I'), but it isn't 'You,' it isn't 'I' it is ... one single thing. Let THAT be, and nothing else.

As long as it's not THAT, ah! ... Yes, we are paving the road.

it's not entertaining to talk about.

Yes, it's important.

(long silence)

It's night and day and day and night, when I see people, when I don't see them....

When I am all alone, it's wonderful! As soon as this body is left all alone, oh! ... it melts, it melts. There are no more limits, it is content: 'Oh, at last I can cease to be!'

And then truly, truly it forgets itself; truly it passes on to something else.

But all the rest of the time.... From morning to evening, letters to read, things to organize, people to see. And at night, every time I come out of my trance there is a swarm of things here *(gesture around the head)* waiting to be heard, demanding attention.

Sometimes there are amusing things – if I were to note down all I see! There are things ... things which don't appear as they are in ordinary life, but as they ARE when seen with a slightly more clairvoyant eye – it's rather amusing. But it amounts to nothing-a sort of distraction.

And all the time the body says.... You know, it's marvelous-all the time, whenever I grumble or grouse, it says, 'But it's for Me, it's Me, it's Me, it's for Me ...' like that. 'Don't forget, it's for Me, it's Me, it's Me bringing in the people, it's Me organizing, it's Me making them ask things, it is Me....'Very well. So I tweak my ears or pull my hair and say to myself, 'How stupid!'

(silence)

This was the first time I had this experience. It was much more substantial than the physical contact, which, as I told you, I had already had.[155] [209] It was much more material, and related to taste. It was as if the whole atmosphere and all the things in it were a marvelous food ... an ecstatic nourishment.

I had already had the experience for the sense of smell – the divine vibration, the vibration of Ananda in odors. Just under my window, you know, Nripendra has his kitchen, where every morning and afternoon food is prepared for the children[156] – it all comes wafting up on gusts of air. And when the Samadhi tree is in flower, the scent wafts up to me on gusts of air; when people burn incense down below, it comes wafting up here on gusts of air – each and every fragrance ('fragrance' – let's say odor). And generally it all comes while I am walking for my japa – an Ananda of odors, each one with its meaning, its expression, its ... (how to say it?) its motivation and its goal. Marvelous! And there are no longer any good or bad odors – that notion is gone completely. Each one has its meaning – its meaning and its raison d'être. I have been experiencing this for a long time.

But this experience of taste was completely new. It didn't last long, only a

few minutes, because it amazed me so! It was as if I had a mouthful of the most marvelous foods one could imagine. And my hands were gathering it up in the atmosphere – it was so funny!

The body is obviously being prepared for something.

But this body is still much too open to people's mental formations, so it has to struggle against ... oh!

That's my reproach to it – why does it struggle? Why, suddenly, do I have a terrible fatigue falling over me and have to brace myself? The body, naturally, does only one thing – it automatically repeats the mantra; then all becomes quiet, all is set in order. But why is this effort necessary? It should be done automatically [the sweeping away of bad vibrations]. Why is there a need to remember or to put up a struggle? Oh, a battle!

It's not the body complaining, it doesn't complain at all – I am the one who complains! I think that it's doing its best, but it's thwarted by this type of (one can scarcely speak of a mind) this kind of mind-like activity in matter[157] interfering . it is sordid. I haven't yet been able to eliminate it completely.

There are moments when it's brought to a dead halt. Oh, sometimes while I walk for the japa everything is held like this *(gesture of all being dominated from above and immobilized),* inflexibly. [210]

But then the difficulty is that for the ordinary consciousness – and unfortunately I am surrounded by a lot of people who have a very ordinary consciousness (at least it seems very ordinary to me, although from the human standpoint they are probably rather remarkable people) – for the ordinary consciousness I seem to be in a stupor, a coma, a state of imbecility, of ... yes, of torpor. It has all those appearances. Something which becomes immobile, unresponsive, stopped short *(same gesture as before);* one can no longer think, one can no longer observe, one can no longer react, one can no longer do anything, one is like that *(same gesture).* But all these things keep coming from outside, all the time, coming and trying to interrupt that state; yet if I manage to prevent this, if I can keep this condition, after a while it becomes something so MASSIVE! So concrete in its power, so massive in its immobility, ohh! ... It must lead somewhere.

But I could not remain in that state long enough (it would have to go on for HOURS), I could not, due to all these constant interruptions. And then, when the body is pulled brusquely out of it, it seems to lose its balance – it has a few difficult moments.

I understand people who choose to leave! But that's not what is wanted of me! I should have enough flexibility so that the two can exist together *(gesture expressing the interlocking or the fusion of the two worlds).*

(silence)

If you only knew ... (because the perception, the conscious perception ... I've had it for years and years, but it is becoming more and more keen and precise ...), if you could perceive this atmosphere I am made to breathe, mon petit! *(gesture around the head)* The foolishness, the stupidity, the nastiness, the inanity. It is full, full of all that – full. One cannot breathe without breathing that!

Not to mention the letters people write.

They say I have become deaf.... I believe it's the Lord's grace, because when I make an effort to hear what is being said to me, nine times out of ten it's completely useless and it's absolutely stupid. It's better not to hear!

So there, mon petit – and I said I wasn't going to talk! It's always the same thing.

It doesn't matter. [211]

You have to suffer for it *(laughing)*, having to listen to all that!

> *Not at all! It seems bizarre [this atmosphere Mother is made to breathe]... But no, I understand. 'Understand' – I mean I appreciate.*

(silence)

When these 'promised things' are achieved, then something like a Power will come – personally I don't consider that I have power. For the moment it's nothing. It is NOTHING. My conception of Power is that when 'this must be' comes into the consciousness, well, it MUST be. But it's not like that now. All the other forces, the other movements of consciousness, enter and interfere,[158] and the usual mess results; there is a little bit of that, a bit of this, a bit of the other – in short, an approximation. Sometimes it works, but then it is....

The movement of *initiating* the action always proceeds in the same way – as something imperatively SEEN. Consequently, it should ALWAYS have an effect; but all kinds of things enter and cause a disturbance. So I don't call that Power – it's too haphazard. But don't worry yourself over all this chatter.

> *Oh, listen!...*

May 23, 1961

(Satprem inquires about Mother's health.)

It's obviously a type of filariasis which obstinately refuses to go away, but anyway.... It causes only one inconvenience now: it makes the legs very weak - very weak. I go through what seem like terrible gymnastics to climb the stairs. Other than that it doesn't matter. [212] From time to time it *pricks,* it stings, it bites, it swells up – but it's nothing.

X said it would go away completely. The doctor said, 'It will not go away.' So my body is observing the phenomenon! *(Mother laughs)*

* * *

(Mother reviews some earlier 'Questions and Answers.' In one of them – dated November 14, 1956 – someone had asked if mastery over circumstances depended on self-mastery, citing the case of Vivekananda, who was said to possess great mastery over circumstances even though he could not master his own anger.)

I never knew Vivekananda. I only know what I have heard or read about him, but that isn't what I call knowing. So I can't say anything, and above all I don't want to seem to give credence to all the gossip that has been spread about him. I have had no personal contact with him, neither in the physical nor elsewhere – not with him personally. Naturally I could if I made an effort, but....

To tell the truth, this question seems stupid to me, because one can have mastery over circumstances only if one becomes the Supreme – because the Supreme alone has mastery over circumstances. So the question is senseless.

If you become identified with the Supreme and there is but ONE will – His – then of course you have supreme mastery. Otherwise it's all nothing but illusion. You imagine that by wanting a certain thing you can change circumstances, but you still have to be in total ignorance to believe that the change occurs because YOU want it to – in fact, the Supreme is making use of you. Consequently, you have no mastery at all; you are an instrument used by the Supreme, and that's all.

So all these things [the earlier *Questions and Answers]* seem quite childish to me, quite childish – irrelevant chatter. You are outside the garden talking about what is within. It would be best to delete the whole thing.

(In vain, Satprem protests, complaining that Mother always wants to delete everything.) [213]

* * *

After working, as she is about to leave, Mother remarks:

The atmosphere has lifted slightly. Have you noticed? ... No? Not yet....

Yes, it has been a difficult period. I've really had the impression that....

Oh, it was dreadful! Dreadful.

May 30, 1961

After working:

And you? What's new?

I don't know very well where I stand.

Oh, it's best not to know!

Personally I have stopped – I have stopped trying to know. With the stubbornness of a child, I keep repeating to the Lord, 'It's time You change all this!'

There are moments, you know, when you want to weep – which is idiotic! So you surrender it all to the Lord: 'I leave this work to You – do what You will, as You will, when You will.'

And I try to be as tranquil as I can *(Mother makes a gesture of mental immobility),* but when you do so, you become aware of ... oh, it's like a swarm of flies coming – from here, from there, from above, from below, oh ... coming and coming and coming!

It's probably worse for me than for others because of all these people around me, clinging like leeches. But even for an ordinary being it is ... a swarm; it keeps on coming and coming – you would need to spend all your time fanning it away! [214]

June 2, 1961

(Regarding an earlier 'Questions and Answers' – March 13, 1957 – where Mother says: 'And finally, isn't the Divine the best friend one could have? The Divine to whom one can tell all, reveal all, because here is the source of all mercy, of all power to efface error when it no longer recurs....'Surprised, Satprem blurts out.)

But there's no more problem when the error no longer recurs! Isn't it when the error recurs that it needs to be effaced?

When one does not repeat one's past mistakes, the divine power, the power of the divine Grace, abolishes their consequences – their karma – in the being. But as long as mistakes are repeated nothing can be abolished, because one re-creates them at every minute. When a person has made a serious error, say, a serious mistake (it can be serious or not, but we are concerned primarily with the serious ones), such mistakes have their consequences in life, a karma which has to be exhausted. The divine Grace, if you call upon it, has the power to abolish that karma, to cut short the consequences – but the Grace can only do this when you, within yourself, don't begin all over again, when the mistake committed is not renewed. The past can be completely purified and abolished, on condition that one does not keep making it into a perpetual present.

I have said it there in one sentence, but I didn't want people to believe that they can continue making the same stupid blunder indefinitely and have the

Grace indefinitely annul all the consequences.[159] It isn't like that! The past can be cleansed to the point where it has no effect of any kind on the future, but only on condition that you stop the wrong vibration in yourself, that you don't reproduce the same vibration indefinitely.

I know why I gave no explanations as I was speaking: because of the intensity of the experience. There is something like it in *Prayers and Meditations. I* remember an experience I had in Japan which is noted there.... *(Mother looks through 'Prayers and Meditations' and reads a passage dated November 25, 1917:)*[160] [217]

'Thou art the sure friend who never fails,
the Power, the Support, the Guide. Thou art
the Light which scatters darkness,
the Conqueror who assures the victory....'

It was a series of experiences resulting from external circumstances. And then I speak of the tears shed, not for oneself but for others. *(Mother reads a passage dated July 12, 1918.)*

'But a few days ago did I know, did I hear:
If you weep before Me
without restraint, without pretence,
many things will change,
a great victory will be won.
And that is why, when the tears
welled up from my heart to my eyes,
I came to sit before Thee
and let them flow reverently in offering.
And how sweet and how comforting
was this offering! [161]

'And now, although I weep no longer,
I feel so near, so near to Thee
that my whole being quivers with joy.

'Let me stammer out my offering':

I have cried too with the joy of a child,

‘O Supreme and only Confidant, Thou who
knowest beforehand all we can say to Thee
because Thou art its source!
‘O Supreme and only Friend, Thou who acceptest,
Thou who lovest, Thou who understandest us
just as we are, because it is Thyself
who hast so made us.
‘O Supreme and only Guide,
Thou who never gainsayest our highest will
because it is Thou Thyself who willest in it!
‘It would be folly to seek elsewhere than in Thee
for one who will listen, understand, love and guide,
since always Thou art there
ready to our call and never wilt Thou fail us!
‘Thou hast made me know the supreme,
the sublime joy of a perfect confidence,
an absolute serenity, a surrender total and
without reserve or coloring, free from
effort and constraint.

‘Joyous like a child I have smiled and wept
at once before Thee, O my Well-Beloved!’ [218]

It was under very tragic circumstances.

I was reliving this experience [during the Talks of March 13, 1957] – that is why I didn’t want to comment on it.

Tragic circumstances?

... After that experience the decision was taken to come back to India – only then could I manage to return. There were all sorts of projects and things ... we were even on the point of going to China and, oh! ... But after that it was decided to come back to India.

* * *

After working:

D. asked me if changing the time of her japa had much importance. I told her she can change the time if she has to, provided she remains sincere – that's the most important thing.

These are small details. I myself am unable to do it at fixed hours; I had always hoped to do it between 5 and 6 in the afternoon, but I usually can't manage to go upstairs before ten to six! So ... so I do it from 6 to 7.

Fundamentally, I have noticed one thing: if you yourself are in the right state, the right atmosphere is immediately created. And in addition, I am always in a sort of ... not even a conviction – an ABSOLUTE perception that all that happens is the Lord's doing. [219] When He makes me late going upstairs it's because He wants me to be late, and consequently, if I take it well – if instead of closing myself and getting annoyed I say, 'Good, that's fine' – immediately a very interesting atmosphere is created, because at the same time I see all the advantages of this change. But this movement must not be mental – it has to be spontaneous.

Therefore, I have told her (to put it simply): provided you are sincere in your attitude, all is well.

* * *

Later:

Here is something interesting. I am translating the 'Yoga of Self-Perfection.' My first look at it stiffened me – now it's a delight! And I have done nothing in between but simply let it work within; it's so easy!

My translation is poorly written, hardly French at all, but to me it is limpid.

And I see that the translation would go quickly if one moved into another domain. In one domain it is laborious, terrible, difficult, and the result is never very satisfying. But contrary to what I had thought, the domain of comprehension does not suffice, even the domain of experience does not suffice: something else is needed (oh, how to explain it?), a state in which effort is left totally behind. There is a state (which probably must be beyond the mind, because one no longer thinks at all, not at all) where everything is smiling and easy, and the sentences come to you all by themselves. It's peculiar – I read, and even before I finish reading the sentence to be translated I know what's in it; and then without waiting – almost without waiting to know what's in it – I know what to put for it. When it's like that I can translate a page in half an hour.

But it doesn't last – it ought to last. Usually it ends in a trance: I go off into the experience, I am in a beatific state ... and ten minutes later I notice that I've been in that state with my pen poised in my hand. It's not favorable to the work! But otherwise it's-I can't even say it's like someone dictating (it's not that, I don't 'hear'); it comes by itself. Oh, the other day there were one or two sentences! ... I wrote something and suddenly saw what I was writing – and doing so pulled me out of that state. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'how nicely put!' And plop! *(Mother laughs)* Everything was gone.

Be in that domain, and you will never grow tired.

But to get there, believe me, you must accept to be a total imbecile for quite some time! I am not exaggerating. [220] I have found myself in such states: you no longer understand anything, no longer know anything, no longer think anything, no longer want anything, no longer can do anything – no more power, no more will, no more thought, no more anything – you are ... like that. And when I am like that (when I WAS, because now it's beginning to go away), I see the external world, people like those around me, looking at me and thinking, 'Ah! Mother is lapsing into her second childhood'! ... Their vibrations come to me and unfortunately they sometimes have the power to shake me – I have to make a movement to free myself from the thoughts of others.

(silence)

it was an odd thing, it seized me suddenly – I was no longer able to climb the stairs! I didn't know how to do it! It also took hold of me once as I was having lunch – I no longer knew how to eat! This, of course, is what the external world calls 'lapsing into second childhood.' So I considered the problem of the poor old people who are thought to be lapsing into their second childhoods – might they not, by chance, be on the frontier ... of liberation?! Perhaps.

My brain is good!! *(Mother laughs)*

It's good, but my skull.... You know, there are people who read your character from the shape of your skull – it would be interesting to have one of them touch mine. Mon petit, it's a mountain range! With peaks and valleys! There are deep hollows, precipices, Himalayan peaks! And it's increasing!

Increasing!

Oh, yes, it's increasing from year to year! The hollows become hollower, the bumps become bumpier! And they are everywhere! It's quite interesting!

For years and years, until I was past forty, my skull was soft here *(Mother touches the front part of her skull),* something which seems to be absolutely

unheard-of. It was soft and becoming more *so (gesture of the skull opening)* and then, when you pressed there.... I didn't bother about it, but then suddenly I noticed that here *(Mother touches the back part of her skull)* it is truly like mountainous scenery – there are bumps everywhere, and hollows, vales – very interesting! It's increasing.

It means it must be getting more and more complicated in there! [221]

I once fell down and dented my head (for a long time it was even painful); and since then the dent has become deeper and deeper and the bump has become larger and larger. I told the doctor about it (he had been called in at the time because it was bleeding profusely and people were upset – it healed in a day) and he told me there had been an accumulation of blood causing the bone to increase in size. But this is a doctor's reason.

It is quite interesting.

(silence)

What is necessary is to abandon EVERYTHING. Everything: all power, all comprehension, all intelligence, all knowledge, everything. To become perfectly nonexistent, that's the important thing. But the very atmosphere makes things difficult – what people expect of you, what they want of you, what they think of you – it's very bothersome. You have to spend all your time fanning it away.

June 6, 1961

(Mother arrives looking weary. Satprem asks if she is tired.)

No.... I had finished reading the Veda and wanted to take up *The Life Divine,* but as I had never read *On Himself,*[162] I chose it instead. I read the first chapter dealing with his life in England and to me it all seemed.... Oh, why speak of all these things in connection with Sri Aurobindo? Why? I know quite well that he himself has replied – or rather rectified inexact things people had said about him – but it made such a painful impression on me! Such a painful impression.

Something must definitely be done which is free of that whole useless jumble about who his father was and so forth – pah! I don't like that sort of thing. [222]

Yes, it's a grab-bag of odds and ends – very important letters are mixed in with all sorts of pointlessness. Take the ICS. examination, for instance – they seem to be pleading Sri Aurobindo's case! It's ridiculous.[163]

Yes, I wasn't looking after anything when that was published [in *1953]*. It has given me something like a malaise.

(After the work, Mother remains absorbed for a long time,
then speaks.)

What is bewildering is the subtlety of the problem.

Take absolutely identical circumstances: the same outer circumstances, the same inner circumstances – the 'psychological condition' is the same; circumstances of life, the same; events, the same; people, no appreciable difference. Identical circumstances, a few hours – not even a day – apart. And in one case, the body – that is, the cellular consciousness – feels a sort of eurhythmy and general harmony, everything dovetails in such a marvelous way, without rubbing, without friction – everything functions and organizes itself in a total harmony. It's a peace and a joy (without the vital intensity, of course – it's something physical). All, all is so harmonious and truly you feel a sense of the divine organization of everything, of all the cells – all is marvelous and the body feels well. Then in the other case ... everything is the same, the consciousness is the same and ... something escapes – the perception of harmony is no longer there. For what reason? One doesn't understand anymore. And then the body begins to function wrongly. Yet everything is absolutely identical – mental conditions, vital conditions, physical conditions, all identical – and suddenly it all seems ... *meaningless.* One still has the consciousness, the full consciousness of the divine Presence, and ... one senses somewhere something escaping, and all becomes ... it's like running after something that escapes. Things become meaningless. In absolutely identical conditions – even the movements of the body (functional movements, I mean) may be identical, but they are felt to be disharmonious (these words are much too crude, it's more subtle than that), meaningless, disharmonious. [223] And what escapes? You can't make it out.

What is it?

Yesterday it was all so marvelous! Yet everything was identical, absolutely identical, down to the least detail.

Strangely, it happened after reading that first chapter of *On Himself;* while reading I felt a sort of malaise in my body, so slight that it was almost imperceptible, but still a malaise – and it lasted through the night. Why? Nothing had changed in the consciousness.

More and more I have the impression of – what? How can it be explained? A question of vibrations in Matter. It's incomprehensible, completely eluding all mental law, all psychological law: a self-existent something.

So many question marks!

The more one goes into it in detail, the more mysterious it becomes. One always thinks one has grasped it; when one talks about such things[164] one is being very nice, one seems to know something, one talks ... but when it comes to putting it into practice! ...

It's so subtle! It could almost be.... It's almost like being on the border between two worlds. It's the same world and it's – is it two aspects of this world? I can't even say that. Yet it's the SAME world; all is the Lord, He and nothing but He, only it's.... And so subtle, so subtle: if you go like this *(Mother tilts her hand slightly to the right),* it's perfectly harmonious; if you go like that *(Mother tilts her hand slightly to the left),* oof! It's ... it's at once absurd, *meaningless,* and laborious, painful. But it's the SAME thing! It's all the same thing.

What is it?

There is such a strong impression of facing something which completely escapes comprehension, reason, intelligence, everything mental or intellectual (even the most elevated); it's not that, it's.... And then truly, if you stand back from it and employ big words, you would say, 'All this *(Mother tilts her hand to one side)* is Truth, and all that *(she tilts her hand to the other side)* is Falsehood' – but it's the SAME thing! [224] In one case, you have the sense of being carried – not only the body but the entire world, all circumstances – carried, floating in a beatific light towards an eternal Realization; and in the other case, it's like this *(Mother makes a gesture of being burdened),* deadening, heavy, sorrowful – exactly the same thing! Almost the same material vibrations.

And it's so subtle, so incomprehensible – there's a distinct impression of it TOTALLY eluding even the highest conscious will. What is it? What is it?

If we found that, perhaps we would have it all – the total Secret.

(silence)

That must have been how Truth became Falsehood. But 'how' – what is that 'how'?

(silence)

And why did reading that book *[On Himself]* give me this malaise?

Oh, it was so lovely yesterday! The whole day – and all, all, all was the

same as now – all the circumstances, the condition of the body, everything. It can't even be said that in one case the body was well and in the other it wasn't – it isn't true, it was all the same thing, all was the same. But in one case you float – you float in a beatific light which carries you for all Eternity; and in the other case you seem to be walking through shifting sands ... without seeing clearly, without understanding – deadened, absolutely deadened.

That's why I had difficulty listening to you just now [during the work], because since last night I have been constantly facing this problem, and all morning long I've had to ... you know, do like this *(Mother clenches her fist, as though getting a grip on herself)* in order to come here and listen. I didn't feel like seeing anyone, doing anything ... only staying like this *(Mother keeps still, her arms at her sides)* until that problem is willing to explain itself.

But if you had seen me yesterday.... I would probably have said nothing, but it was so lovely! Exactly the same thing, the same people, the same circumstances, the same conditions in the body. Everything, everything was the same.

> *But wasn't it universal waves – wasn't this malaise something cosmic rather than personal?*

Yes, of course! It's the universal Problem. That is my sole concern. [225]

> *Something that veils?*

I am up against this fact: how did Truth become Falsehood? I am not asking myself intellectually – that doesn't interest me at all! It is here, in Matter, that the thing must be found.

It is double, it is double.

How did it happen? (But not just 'how' as in a story: the MECHANISM). And how will we get out of it?

You see, all the things that have been told, even all the things Sri Aurobindo has said (he has said the most in Savitri), all that is necessarily ... (what can it be called?) mental, the super-intellectual spiritualized mind. But it is not THAT! It's a form, it's an image, it's not ... the concrete fact.

(silence)

And with a sort of prescience I see that only the body can know – that's the extraordinary thing!

(silence)

And when the body makes this movement (gesture of stepping back from physical appearances) – what to call it? This movement of fusion (is it 'fusion'?), of no longer being a separate body, of being the Divine – there is something which.... There is a sort of abstraction of something (and even that is putting it too concretely). And sometimes it succeeds, the body floats in the Light; sometimes it's only partial. Sometimes all the inner consciousness is there, full and total – but HERE things remain as they are, stupid, stupid, utterly stupid! Blind, in shifting sands, painful (and it's not a thought, it's not even a sensation; I don't know what it is).

And THERE the conscious will can do nothing. Nothing. All it could do it has done, and it continues to do all it can at each minute, and it's nothing, it is not THAT – what is it??

That is a true Secret. How splendid it will be when it is found.

And at the same time there's a kind of prescience, like a sensation beforehand, of an omnipotence – the TRUE Omnipotence. And nothing but THAT can satisfy you, nothing else – all the rest is ... nothing.

(Mother gets up to leave)

There you are, petit.

Don't worry. [226]

After all, that's what I am here for, isn't it?! It MUST be done, it has to be done.

But it's quite a disgusting job.

All yoga, all the yogas, mon petit, are amusements. Oh, all the disciplines are joys.... But it's not THAT.

It's a nasty job.

June 17, 1961

So far, the meditations with X are much better than last time. Today

especially it was very good.

It's a contemplation going right up to the Supreme, with a constant, continuous Descent: something which doesn't waver the whole time ('doesn't waver' – I mean doesn't vary), during the whole meditation. But if I ask him what happened, he'll tell me a little story!

Yesterday I saw N. and he told me, 'Oh! X had an experience during the meditation with you this morning.' 'Ah!' I said to myself, 'This is going to be interesting.' (I was wrong to think so, by the way, even for a quarter of a second.) 'Yes,' he told me, 'he saw what seemed to be a transparent golden veil descending over you; and by your side were flowers like roses, or colored like roses, with the feet of a child upon them.'

All the 'psychics' tell you such stories!

It was the same thing yesterday, the same Experience, only less strong and less continuous. But all these petty imageries don't interest me.

So I don't ask him anything.

Do you mean that different people can see different things under the same circumstances? The phenomenon isn't objective ?

Oh, it depends entirely upon the plane in which you find yourself! No, five different people will see five different things. [227] Only when one is in marvelous accord, in an identical vibration, as happened to me with Sri Aurobindo.... But that never took the form of little stories!

Whenever there was a special force descending, or an opening, or a supramental manifestation, we would know it at the same time, in the same manner. And we didn't even need to talk about it; we would sometimes exchange a word or two concerning the consequences, the practical effects on the work, but that's all. I never had this with anyone except Sri Aurobindo.

There have been times when I did things for people and they sensed exactly what I had done. It has happened. It is rather rare, but still it has happened.

But I see more and more that the realm where my experience is situated is.... Well, it only worked with Sri Aurobindo!

* * *

(At the end of the conversation, Satprem complains to Mother of the tiresome task of eating, and asks her if he couldn't cut it down drastically.)

The time has not yet come when we can stop eating. Never in my life has food interested me; there have been long periods when I ate almost nothing. One day I said to myself, 'Why lose so much time eating?' And the reply was, 'Don't stop yet, wait; that's not your look-out.'

After that I decided I would encourage everyone to eat!

June 20, 1961

(Following a meditation with X.)

We've been having these meditations for four days now and this is the fourth day of total silence – motionless, soundless (I don't know if there is sound outside or not; I don't know anything). A complete immobility right to the end. [228]

> *When all is immobile like that and nothing seems to happen, is something happening?*

Something happening? I don't know. But that state IN ITSELF is something. When the body is conscious of that it means precisely that it has come out of its narrowness – it is the same Infinite as the one you get when out of the body.

What I do now when X comes is take it all *(gesture from below to above)* and do like this *(gesture of offering up),* in an aspiration – and then I let it go. Then all the Immobility, the Silence, the Light, the Peace comes down from above into everything and doesn't move. But that in itself is ... very difficult for the body to have, very difficult: something is always vibrating and moving.

It's as if it put everything back in order, but nothing is moved.

Yesterday, when I was in that immobility, suddenly I felt something obliging me to turn my head. I didn't turn my head, but the consciousness turned *(gesture to the left),* and then I saw myself standing there in the corridor (that kind of corridor separating the hall and Sri Aurobindo's room) in my usual outdoor dress [Indian shirt and light trousers]. I was standing up very straight and holding a globe of light above my head – and such a light! It was

shining brighter than those strong electric bulbs – dazzling. My own clothing seemed to be made of golden-pink light. I was standing very straight and carrying this globe *(gesture above the head).* When I saw that I said to myself, 'Now why on earth is he making me see this?' And that was all. Nothing else happened except that. But near me there was a figure I didn't know, and it reminded me of X's great guru,[165] whom I had already seen once. There he was by my side, a tall figure, and he seemed to be the one who had tugged at me to make me see that vision.

It was a large globe. Although no distinct rays could be seen, it appeared to be projecting innumerable rays like flashes of lightning. It was sparkling all over.

What does it mean?

Don't know. I didn't bother much about it. He certainly wanted to make me see it – but what is it? What does it mean? Don't know.

It was the dress I wear when I go out. Why? It must have had a meaning, although I must say I didn't exert myself to understand! [229] I simply saw, smiled (it made me smile), and that was all. It was just before the meditation ended.

At any rate, it's the fourth day of this same silence *(Mother clenches her fists, as if to show a compact mass).* Not only silence – immobility *(same compact gesture),* WITHOUT TENSION, without tension, effortless, without anything; like a kind of eternity – in the body.

I have no trouble getting out of it – I don't get 'out' of it, to tell the truth; it's not like a trance you have to pull out of, it's not that. This state seems quite natural to me: I hear the clock chime.

> *(Satprem remarks on the gap between the inner realization of certain yogis like X and their outer behavior, which doesn't always seem up to the mark.)*
>
> *I truly have the impression of a kind of abyss between the X I can sense, who attracts me, and the outer man.*

I don't know the outer X, I have been very careful not to enter into contact with him! But from the first day I sensed a gap.

> *It's odd!*

No, it's the old tradition – you step back from Nature and Nature does

whatever she wants. It doesn't concern you, you have no responsibility, 'you are not that.' It's the old idea.

Sri Aurobindo was completely against it. Somewhere he makes fun of a man who said he was the Supreme and that whatever he did, it wasn't he himself doing it – and then he was angry when his meal was late! But of course it wasn't him: the stomach-nature was angry![166]

It's one of the most ironic things Sri Aurobindo has written.

I've known that and have always taken great care to avoid it, for it opens the door to all deformations. [230] Lele[167] was like that – Lele did the same thing: he behaved like a lout; he said it wasn't himself, it was Nature – he had nothing to do with it. This is all very well, but still there's a sort of affinity between your physical comportment and what you are inside, isn't there?!

Sri Aurobindo didn't accept this tradition at all.

For instance, X is completely caught up in all his family affairs; he said to Amrita, 'In August the girls will go back home to their husbands, the boy will be at college, and I'll be able to live tranquilly.' But there will be something else! There is always something else, naturally!

Anyway, it doesn't matter – I assure you that for the half-hour he is here with me he is splendid.

Oh, he is splendid! There is such a sweet warmth in him, so good, and a mastery (mastery of inner movements, of the vital movement) and the ability to bring into the physical this peace, this absolute immobility. It's splendid! I have been doing this for something like forty years and you can't imagine how difficult it is, how much effort it takes to achieve it! With him it comes all by itself. That's the tantric mastery.

And to a certain extent it has a healing power (to a certain extent). But it's not that supramental thing Sri Aurobindo had: he would pass his hand like this *(gesture),* and the disorder would be gone completely!

I have never seen anyone but Sri Aurobindo do that.

June 24, 1961

I have received your note[168] and it didn't surprise me, because just about a month ago I received what seemed like an SOS from your mother, telling me

your father was rapidly declining. I have done what I could, mainly to bring in some tranquillity, some calm, some inner peace. But I haven't done.... You see, there are always two possibilities when people are so seriously ill: they can be helped to die quickly, or else made to linger on for a very long time. [231] When I have no outer or inner indications, all I ever do is apply the consciousness for the best to happen to them (the best from the soul's standpoint, of course).

Do you know whether your father has expressed any wish?

According to my mother's letter, he says he no longer particularly cares to live, that his days are so miserable....

But he still doesn't want to pass away? Is he suffering a great deal ?

He's suffering.

(Mother remains silent for a moment, then says.) Over the years I have had a considerable number of experiences in this realm, and my first action is always the same: send the Peace (I do this in all cases, for everyone) and apply the Force, the Power of the Lord, for the best thing to happen. Some people are very sick, sick to the point where there is no hope, where they cannot be cured, where the end is coming; but they sense that their souls must still need to have certain experiences, so they hang on-they don't want to die. In such cases I apply the Force for them to last as long as possible. In other cases, on the contrary, they are weary of suffering, or indeed the soul has finished its experience and desires to be liberated. In such a case, if I am sure of it, sure that they themselves are expressing the desire to depart, it's over in a few hours – I say this with certainty because I've had a considerable number of experiences. There is a certain force which goes out and does what is necessary. I haven't done either of these things for your father – neither to prolong his life (because when people are suffering it's not very kind to prolong their lives indefinitely), nor to finish it, because I didn't know – one can't do either without knowing the person's conscious wish.

As for your mother, she must have been thinking of me, for otherwise she wouldn't have come in that way – she would have come through you (it's different when things come through you). But she came to me directly, so I thought that for some reason she must have remembered me. I don't know. And I looked and said to myself (it came just like that), 'Now that she will be left all alone, why doesn't she come here?' I haven't done anything about that, either, one way or the other. [232]

That's odd – the same thought has been coming to me these last

three or four days: why doesn't she come here?

It didn't come from me, you understand; it didn't stem from a construction made by me: it came from outside. 'Why doesn't she come here?' I wondered.

The same thought came to me three or four times.

Then she is thinking about it – perhaps not consciously, but in her subconscient.

it happened some time ago. I even spoke to Sujata about it and said that someone over there was calling you. Did she tell you?

No.

That your mother was pulling on you.

She had Z write to me.

As I said, I have done nothing, neither one way nor the other. So don't do anything. You know, from time to time when people are very sick, something comes out of them to indicate their will. But one has to be present, one has to hear it.

(silence)

There was an experience like that quite recently. A.'s mother was ill – old and seriously ill. Seeing her declining, A. wrote to me: 'If the time has come, make it happen quickly – don't let her suffer.' Then I saw very clearly that there was still something in her which didn't want to go; and when I applied the Force for the best to happen she suddenly began to recover! It must have coincided with a kind of inner aspiration in her – no more fever, she was feeling well. And A. began preparing to come back here. 'If she's recovering,' he said, 'there's no longer any point in my staying!' The same evening she had a relapse and he sent me a telegram. Meanwhile (it was evening) I had gone upstairs to 'walk'; suddenly The Will came (which is a very, very rare thing), The Will: 'Enough, now it must finish – it's enough as it is.' Within half an hour she was dead.

These things are very interesting. [233] They must form part of the work I have come on earth to do. Because even before encountering Theon, before knowing anything, I had experiences at night, certain types of activities looking after people who were leaving their bodies – and with a knowledge of the process; I didn't know what I was doing nor did I seek to know, yet I knew

exactly what had to be done and I did it. I was around twenty.

As soon as I came upon Theon's teaching (even before meeting him personally), and read and understood all kinds of things which I hadn't known before, I began to work quite systematically. Every night, at the same hour, I was working to construct – between the purely terrestrial atmosphere and the psychic atmosphere – a path of protection across the vital, so that people wouldn't have to pass through it (for those who are conscious but without knowledge it's a very difficult passage – infernal.) I was preparing this path, doing this work (it must have been around 1903 or 1904, I don't remember exactly) for months and months and months. All sorts of extraordinary things happened during that time – extraordinary. I could tell long stories....

Then, when I went to Tlemcen, I told Madame Theon about it. 'Yes,' she told me, 'it is part of the work you have come on earth to do. Everyone with even a slightly awakened psychic being who can see your Light will go to your Light at the moment of dying, no matter where they die, and you will help them to pass through.' And this work is constant. Constant. it has given me a considerable number of experiences concerning what happens to people when they leave their bodies. I've had all sorts of experiences, all kinds of examples – it's really very interesting.

Lately it has increased, become more precise.

There is a boy here, V., who is especially interested in what happens at the moment of death (this seems to be one reason why he has reincarnated). He's a conscious boy, a remarkable clairvoyant, and he has a power. And we have had (how to put it?) some quite interesting correlations of experiences concerning people who pass away here. Extremely interesting and extraordinarily precise: he sends word to me, I reply, and at night when the disincarnated person comes he says, 'Mother has done this and says to do that,' and the person does it. And we don't need to speak – such precision!

This happens in sleep?

He might do this work in sleep, or sometimes in meditation, or in a kind of trance he enters into – it depends on the case. [234]

I will give you a concrete example, then you'll understand. When I.B. was killed, I had to gather up all his states of being and activities, which had been dispersed by the violence of the accident[169] – it was terrible, he was in a dreadful state of dispersion. For two or two and a half days the doctors fought in the hope of reviving him, but it was impossible. During those two days I gathered up all his consciousness, all of it; I collected it over his body, to the point where, when it had come and formed itself there, such vitality, such life was coming back into his body that after some hours the doctors believed he would be saved. But it couldn't last (it wasn't possible – a part of the brain had

come out). Well, when not only his soul but his mental being, his vital being, and all the rest had been properly collected and organized over his body and had realized that the body had become quite unusable, it was over – they gave up the body and it was over.

I was keeping I.B. near me because I already had the idea of putting him immediately back into another body – his soul was not satisfied, it had not finished its experience (there was a whole combination of circumstances) and it wanted to continue to live on earth. Then, that night, his inner being went to find V., lamenting, saying he was dead and hadn't wanted to die, that he had lost his body and wanted to continue to live. V. was very perplexed. He let me know about it in the morning: 'Here's what has happened.' I sent word to him of what I was doing, that I was keeping I.B. in my atmosphere and that he should stay very calm and not get excited, for I was going to put him back into a body as soon as possible – I already had something in view. The same evening I.B. again went to find V., with the same complaint. V. told him very clearly, 'Here is what Mother says, here is what she is going to do; come now, be calm and don't torment yourself.' And he saw in I.B.'s face that he had understood (the inner being was taking on I.B.'s physical appearance, naturally); his face relaxed, he became content.

He went away and he never came back. That is, he stayed tranquilly with me, until I was able to put him into C'.s child.

This correlation in the work is very interesting because it has quite practical effects – V. was able to communicate exactly what I had to say to I.B., and I.B. understood better through him than through me directly (because I do the work, but don't have time to deal with all the details, to tell each individual what to do).

I was telling you the other day how vexing it is that we are all on [235] different planes all the time,[170] but on that particular plane it works very well with this boy – on this one point, this tiny, precise point concerning the moment of leaving the body. We can do interesting work this way.

Is one snatched up by the vital zone upon leaving the body?

No, it depends.

It depends entirely upon the way people die: on the way they leave their bodies, on what is around them, on the atmosphere created for them.

If they call me, then it goes well.

There have been very, very few cases, a quite minimal number, when people have called (not very sincerely) and their call hasn't had much effect.

But even these people have a protection. There was a woman here, an old woman who was not very sincere (she didn't live here – she only came to visit) and the last time she visited she fell ill and died. Then I saw that she was completely dispersed into all her desires, all her memories, all her attachments ... and it had all been scattered here and there, into all sorts of things (one part of her was seeking, seeking where to go and what to do); anyway, it was rather pitiful. Afterwards I was asked, 'How did it happen? She was calling all the time.' I replied that I had not heard her call – it must not have been very sincere, only a formula.[171]

But it's very rare that people get no response.

Not long ago M.'s sister died (psychologically, she was in a terrible state – she had no faith). Well, on that day,[172] just when I came to know that she was passing away, I remember being upstairs in the bathroom communicating with Sri Aurobindo, having a sort of conversation with him (it happens very often), and I asked him, 'What happens to such people when they die here at the Ashram?' 'Look,' he replied, and I saw her passing away; and on her forehead, I saw Sri Aurobindo's symbol in a SOLID golden light (not very luminous, but very concrete). There it was. [236] And with the presence of this sign the psychological state no longer mattered – nothing touched her. And she departed tranquilly, tranquilly. Then Sri Aurobindo told me, 'All who have lived at the Ashram and who die there have automatically the same protection, whatever their inner state.'

I can't say I was surprised, but I admired the mighty power by which the simple fact of having been here and died here was sufficient to help you to the utmost in that transition.

But there are all sorts of cases. Take N.D., for example, a man who lived his whole life with the idea of serving Sri Aurobindo – he died clasping my photo to his breast. This was a consecrated man, very conscious, with an unfailing dedication, and all the parts of his being well organized around the psychic.[173] The day he was going to leave his body little M. was meditating next to the Samadhi when suddenly she had a vision: she saw all the flowers of the tree next to the Samadhi (those yellow flowers I have called 'Service') gathering themselves together to form a big bouquet, and rising, rising straight up. And in her vision these flowers were linked with the image of N.D. She ran quickly to their house and – he was dead.

I only knew about this vision later, but on my side, when he left, I saw his whole being gathered together, well united, thoroughly homogenous, in a great aspiration, and rising, rising without dispersing, without deviating, straight up to the frontier of what Sri Aurobindo has called 'the higher hemisphere,' there where Sri Aurobindo in his supramental action presides over earth. And he melted into that light.

Some time before his heart attack he said to his children: *the gown is old, it must be thrown away.*

(silence)

But people are so ignorant! They make such a fuss over death, as if it were the end – this word 'death' is so absurd! I see it as simply passing from one house into another or from one room to another; you take one simple step, you cross the threshold, and there you are on the other side – and then you come back.

Have I told you about the experience I had the day I suddenly found myself in Sri Aurobindo's home in the subtle physical?[174] [237] Well, it's as if I took a step and entered a far more concrete world than the physical – more concrete because things contain more truth. I spent a good while there with Sri Aurobindo and then, when it was over, I took another step and I found myself back here ... slightly dumbfounded. It took me quite some time to regain my bearings here, because it was this world that seemed unreal to me, not the other.

But it's simply that – you take a step, and you enter another room. And when you live in your soul there is a continuity, because the soul remembers, it keeps the whole memory; it remembers all occurrences, even outer occurrences, all the outer movements it has been associated with. So it's a continuous, uninterrupted movement, here and there, from one room to another, from one house to another, from one life to another.

People are so ignorant! That's what irritates those who have passed to the other side – people don't understand, they shoo them away: 'What does he want? Why does he bother me? He's DEAD!'

* * *

Later, as Mother is about to leave:

I have to go – a high-priest is waiting for me! Yes, the man in charge of all the temples of Gujarat, thoroughly orthodox – he has come to the Ashram for some mysterious reason and he wants to see me. 'Is it really necessary?' I asked. He wanted an interview, he wants to speak to me (naturally he'll be speaking god knows what – Gujarati!). I had him told, 'I can't hear, I'm deaf!' It's very convenient – I'm deaf, I can't hear. If he wants to receive a flower from me (I didn't say make a *pranam,* [175] because that would be scandalous!), he can come and I'll give him a flower. I told him eleven o'clock – it's that time now.

This is all X's work. The most unexpected people, people you'd think

would rather be cursed than come to a place like this, are coming from everywhere, from the most diverse milieus – the most materialistic materialists, fanatical communists, as well as all sorts of sannyasis, bhikkus, swamis, priests – oh! People who previously were not at all ... they weren't so much disinterested as actually displeased with the Ashram. [238]

We have a disciple here who returns to his birthplace from time to time, and after the first year X began to do his puja to get people interested in the Ashram, he said it was extraordinary. He had previously been looked at askance and had to argue with people, but now everyone came to call on him as soon as he arrived! He wrote that he was completely astonished (he wasn't aware of X's work); hundreds of people came to ask him to hold huge meetings; sadhus, monks and priests came to him for information on the Ashram. Things have developed so rapidly and completely that they now have some land where they have built a center and hold meetings.

And it's like that almost everywhere.

When P. returns from Switzerland, she will have some very interesting stories to tell. She has written me of experiences she had with Swiss children, genuinely interesting experiences. It is going on everywhere, everywhere, everywhere, and in a much more precise and exact way than one would ever believe. Even in America.

Do you know the story of the two simultaneous operations of E. and of T.? T. is that vice-admiral who came here and became quite enthusiastic – he had a kind of inner revelation here. The two of them were operated on for a similar complaint, a dangerous ulcer in the digestive system. He was in one town and she was in another, and they were operated on a day apart – both serious operations. And in each case, after a few days had gone by, the surgeon who did the operation said, 'I congratulate you.' Practically the same phrase in both cases. And they both protested: 'Why are you congratulating me?' (Each one wrote me about this separately; they were living far from one another and only met afterwards.) 'Why? You did the operation – you should be congratulated for my quick recovery.' And in both cases the doctor replied, 'No, no; we only operate, the body does the healing; you have healed yourself in a way which can qualify as miraculous, and I genuinely congratulate you.' And then the two of them had the same reaction – they wrote to me saying, 'We know where the miracle comes from.' And they had both called me. Moreover, E. had written me a remarkable letter a few days before her operation, where she quoted the Gita as if it were quite natural for her, and told me, 'I know that the operation is ALREADY done, that the Lord has already done it, and so I am calm.'

Things like that, everywhere – and PRECISE! Something quite precise. Of course, to say that I work consciously is almost silly, it's commonplace. [239] But in many cases one may work consciously for long years without getting that precision in the result – the action enters a hazy atmosphere and makes a

kind of stir, and out of it comes the best that can, but no more than that. But now it's exact, precise – it's becoming interesting.

And now I know why this sort of impersonalization of the material individuality is so important. It is very important for the exactness of this action, so that it is only – ONLY – the purest divine Will (if it can be put that way), expressing itself with a minimum of admixture. Any individualization or personalization results in admixture. But the divine Will acts like this *(direct gesture)*.

Oh, it was magnificent at the balcony this morning!

And then one understands all, all – all the details. Some things can be understood intellectually or psychologically (which is very good, it has an effect and it helps you), but that always seems so hazy; it works through an imprecision. But now the vibration's mechanism is understood – its MECHANICS; and thus it becomes precise. All these attitudes the yoga recommends – beginning with action done as offering, then complete detachment from the result (leaving the result to the Lord), then perfect equanimity in all circumstances, all these stages which one understands intellectually, feels sentimentally, and has fully experienced – well, all this takes on its TRUE MEANING only when it becomes what could be called a mechanical action of vibration – at that point one understands why it must be like it is.

And these last few days, especially yesterday and this morning, oh! Extraordinary discoveries! We are on the right track.

That's all, mon petit – now I'm off to see the priest. What a face he's going to make!

(Mother gets up to leave)

At least fifty people wait for the last days of the month to see me and they imagine.... One thing I have not yet comprehended: what to do to make physical time lose its physical reality? ... It may come. As you see, I still have to watch the clock, and when I am late, well, time gets short! Maybe I'll get the power of (what is it called?) ... ubiquity. I believe that's the solution! To be here, and then there – just like that! It would be very amusing. [240]

June 27, 1961

> Aphorism 62 – I heard a fool discoursing utter folly and wondered what God meant by it; then I considered and saw a distorted mask of truth and wisdom.

Is there really no such thing as utter stupidity or absolute falsehood? Is there always a truth behind?

Practically speaking, there can be no absolute falsehood, since the Divine is behind everything.

It's like asking if certain elements will disappear from the universe. What can it mean, the destruction of a universe? Once we are out of our stupidity, what can we call 'destruction'? Only the form is destroyed, the appearance (that, yes – all appearances are destroyed, one after the other). It is also said (it's written everywhere) that the adverse forces will either be converted – that is, become aware of their own divinity and become divine – or be destroyed. But what does 'destroyed' mean? Their form? Their form of consciousness can be dissolved, but what about the 'something' which brings it – and everything else – into existence? How can that 'something' be destroyed? This, mon petit, is difficult to comprehend. The universe is a conscious objectification of That which exists from all eternity. Well, how can the All cease to be? The infinite and eternal All, without limits of any kind – how can anything be thrown out of it? There is nowhere to go! (You can rack your brains over it, you know!) Go where? There is only THAT.

And even when we say 'there is only that' we are situating it somewhere – which is perfectly idiotic. It is everywhere – so how can anything be thrown out of it?

Of course, one can conceive of a universe being thrown out of the present manifestation – that, yes; one can conceive of successive universes, with what was in the first universes no longer being in the others – it's even obvious. One can imagine how a whole sum of falsity and untruth (what for us, NOW, is falsity and untruth) may come to no longer belong to the world in its future unfolding; one can comprehend all that. But 'destroy'? Where can it go to be destroyed? When we say something is 'destroyed,' it's only a form which is destroyed (it may be a form of consciousness, it may not be a material form, but it's always a form). But how can the formless be destroyed? [241]

Therefore, to speak of an absolute falsehood disappearing would simply mean that a whole set of things will live eternally in the past but not belong to the coming manifestations, that's all.

You can't get out of THAT, can you? There you are!

But will these things simply remain in the past?

We are told that when you ascend both beyond Nirvana or Nothingness and beyond Existence (the two SIMULTANEOUS and complementary aspects of the Supreme), there is a state of consciousness where all simultaneously and eternally exists. Thus – although God knows, it may be yet another stupidity – we can conceive of a whole set of things passing into Non-Being, and for our consciousness this would be disappearance or destruction.

Is it possible? I don't know. We would have to ask the Lord! But He generally doesn't answer such questions – He just smiles!

You know, there comes a time when, really, you can no longer say anything; you feel that whatever you say is, if not absolute rubbish, then the next thing to it, and that in practice it's best to keep silent. That's the difficulty. And in some of these aphorisms you get the feeling that he has suddenly captured something beyond – beyond anything which can be thought. So what to do?

(silence)

Naturally, when you come back down here you can – oh, you can say many things!

Jokingly you can say (you can always joke, although I hesitate to do so, because people take my jokes so seriously) but you can very well say, without being totally in error, that you sometimes learn much more listening to a madman or a fool than to a reasonable person. Personally, I'm convinced of it! There is nothing more deadening than reasonable people.

At any rate, this simultaneity of past, present and future can't be a physical simultaneity, can it?

Ah, no! Not here.

I've heard about a curious theory which says one could reincarnate into the past. [242]

Reincarnate into the past?

Yes, reincarnate from now, so to speak, into a past epoch of history.

This, too, is a manner of speaking.

Reincarnate? No. One can relive the past; that, yes – very well, very well.

I have had an oft repeated experience of reliving the past[176] (it's a phenomenon of consciousness, possible because everything is preserved and

continues to exist somewhere), with a kind of will – which would be the sign of a power – to change it. I don't know, but at the moment of reliving it, instead of reliving the past just as it had been preserved, a power to make it different was introduced. I am not speaking of the power to change the consequences of the past (that is obvious and functions all the time) – it wasn't that; it was the power to change the circumstances themselves (circumstances not quite material but of the subtle physical, with a predominantly psychological content). And since the will was there, from the standpoint of consciousness it actually happened – that is, instead of circumstances developing in one direction, they developed in another. So it must correspond to something real, otherwise I would not have had the experience. It wasn't a product of the imagination; it wasn't something one thinks of and would 'really like to be different' – it wasn't that; it was a phenomenon of consciousness: my consciousness was reliving certain circumstances (which are still quite living and obviously continue to exist within their own domain), but reliving them with the power and the knowledge acquired between that past moment and the present, and with a power to change the past moment. A new power entered the scene and turned the circumstance being relived in a new direction. I have had this experience many times and it has always surprised me – it's not a phenomenon of mental imagination, which is something else entirely.

It opens the door to everything.

But it belongs to the past.

Does the past... ? We know it remains present somewhere. [243] Does this fact enable the past to participate in the progressive movement (progressive for us) of universal change within the manifestation? There is no reason why not.

But it remains present through its consequences....

No., no, no! The past IN ITSELF. In itself. Not through its consequences, that's something else – in itself. And within the TERRESTRIAL atmosphere (not on the most material plane, but very near; very, very near).

I have what could be called a tactile sensation that the contents of the subtle atmosphere are increasing. This atmosphere is not part of material space as we conceive of or see it physically, where one thing has to give place to another *(Mother changes the position of an eraser on the table)* – and even that *(laughing)* I believe is an illusion! It only SEEMS like that to us! It's not on the wholly material plane, but just behind or within (how to put it?), and its contents are increasing. And as it's happening within inner dimensions, it can augment, so to speak, indefinitely; things become more and more interwoven, if you see what I mean – where there was one phenomenon of consciousness there may now be hundreds, interwoven with each other in the inner

dimensions; which means, for example, considering only our tiny planet, that the earth is becoming more and more compact and rich with all that has been since the beginning of its formation – because it's all there, it is all still there.

Actually, as soon as one is not totally, totally tied down by the physical sense organs.... For example, I am more and more frequently experiencing changes in the quality of vision. Quite recently, yesterday or the day before, I was sitting in the bathroom drying my face before going out and I raised my eyes (I was sitting before a mirror, although I don't usually look at myself); I raised my eyes and looked, and I saw many things *(Mother laughs,* greatly *amused)*.... At that moment, I had an experience which made me say to myself, 'Ah! That's why, from the physical, purely material standpoint, my vision seems to be a bit *blurred*.' Because what I was seeing was MUCH clearer and infinitely more expressive than normal physical sight. And I recalled that it is with these clearer eyes that I see and recognize all my people at balcony darshan. (From the balcony I recognize all my people.) And it's that vision (but with open eyes!) which.... It is of another order.

I am going to study what Sri Aurobindo says when I come to it in *The Yoga of Self-Perfection*. [244] He says there comes a time when the senses change – it's not that you employ the senses proper to another plane (we have always known we had senses on all the different planes); it's quite different from that: the senses THEMSELVES change. He foretells this change – he says it will occur. And I believe it begins in the way I am experiencing it now.

The CONTENT is different, mon petit. I see ... I see, but.... The state of consciousness of the person I'm looking at, for instance, changes his physical appearance – for my PHYSICAL eyes. And this has nothing to do with the banalities of ordinary psychology, where your physiognomy is said to be changed by the feelings you experience. The CONTENT of what I see is different. And then the eyes of the person I am looking at are not the same – it is rather.... I couldn't sketch it, but perhaps if I made a painting it would give some idea (I would need to use a somewhat blurred technique, not too precise). The eyes are not quite the same, and the rest of the face too, even the color and the shape – that's what sometimes makes me hesitate. I see people (I see my people every morning) and I recognize them, and yet they are different, they are not the same every day (some are always, always the same, like a rock, but others are not). And I even ... I hesitate sometimes: 'Is it really he? But he is very.... It is indeed he, but I don't quite know him.' This generally coincides with changes in the person's consciousness.

In conclusion: we know nothing.

(silence)

it is the undeniable fact of the ... (oh, how to put it!) the constant Presence ... but 'Presence' means nothing ... *(Mother remains silent for a long time, then gives up trying to explain).*

Oh, the more you try to capture it, the more it slips out of your grasp!

* * *

(After listening to the conversation of June 24, concerning death:)

You know, we are just on the frontier, on the edge: it's as if there were a semi-transparent curtain – one sees things on the other side, tries to grasp them, but as yet cannot. But there is such a sense of proximity! [245]

Sometimes, all of a sudden, I see myself as a FORMIDABLE concentration of power, pushing, pushing, pushing in an inner concentration to pass through. It happens to me anywhere, any time, at any moment – I see a whole mass of consciousness gathered into a formidable power pushing, pushing, pushing to pass to the other side.

When we have passed to the other side, all will be well. [246]

July 4, 1961

(Mother remarks in passing that the inspiration coming to her from Sri Aurobindo when she writes is sometimes in French and sometimes in English, and adds:)

Sri Aurobindo told me he had been French in a previous life and that French flowed back to him like a spontaneous memory - he understood all the subtleties of French.

How is your work going?

Tomorrow I'll begin on 'Savitri.'

O lucky man! What joy!

You know, *Savitri is* an exact description – not literature, not poetry (although the form is very poetical) – an exact description, step by step, paragraph by paragraph, page by page; as I read, I relived it all. Besides, many of my own experiences that I recounted to Sri Aurobindo seem to have been incorporated into *Savitri.* He has included many of them – Nolini says so; he

was familiar with the first version Sri Aurobindo wrote long ago, and he said that an enormous number of experiences were added when it was taken up again. This explained to me why ... suddenly, as I read it, I live the experience – line by line, page by page. The realism of it is astounding.

As for me, I'm now on the second part of *On Himself* ; I am beginning to enjoy myself....

(silence)

Last night or the night before you were associated with an experience. Following my reading [*On Himself*] I had a sense of how very small we are and of how to expand. You were associated, very intimately associated with this expansion. Sri Aurobindo was there (you know he has adopted you as his biographer; I have told you this and I repeat it because I have evidence of it all the time), and he was giving a kind of practical demonstration – not intellectual, practical – of how to expand not only the consciousness but the whole being, down to its most material parts. You were there, associated with this, and he was showing you as well as me what had to be done. *(Mother makes a gesture of breaking through limits.)*

This made me very glad. There you are, petit. [249]

July 7, 1961

(Mother gives Satprem a white zinnia she has named 'Integral Endurance,' then an allamanda or 'Victory,' and finally a flower of 'Supramental Victory.')

Here is an Integral Endurance. But ... victory. Victory. And this one is Supramental Victory – that is, victory in ALL details.

It grows in huge clusters of many, many flowers. There.

And I go on reading....

'On Himself'?

Yes – the explanation of his yoga and of what he wants us to realize. After reading it yesterday evening I said to him, 'How do you expect it to be done in *this!'(Mother laughingly indicates her own body.)* 'No, no, no!' he replied, 'That's not it! What is needed now is to learn how to last. We'll speak of this again,' he told me, 'in two or three hundred years.' Ah! *(laughing)* 'Very well!' I said. 'Learn to last,' he told me.

Well, we're going to learn how to last.

That's why I gave you 'Integral Endurance' – it is his message.

(silence)

Unless one is ABSOLUTELY indifferent, truly one cannot last. This is quite clear. That is the way it must be *(gesture of a becalmed sea).* For suddenly you find yourself in a state which feels like it could last forever – nothing matters, it goes on and on and on *(Mother stretches out her arms, as if floating on a vast, infinite sea)* ... like this, forever. I have been in this state very often, and you truly feel that.... [250] But the experience must not be in the head (that can be easily had); it has to be HERE *(Mother slaps her knees),* here in the body. When the body catches on to this, nothing is either disagreeable or agreeable to it – it takes no pleasure, feels no disgust, no uneasiness, no anything. It's in a state, ah! ... *(same gesture of a becalmed sea)*

It's very interesting.

This happens quite often on the balcony, because there I am concentrated on ... the descending Light. Then, very often, the body becomes completely still, like this.

That way one can last. Very well. Let's work.

(Mother takes up 'Thoughts and Aphorisms.)

Have you brought a question?

Yes.

Ah! I have seen T., who told me she was finding it too difficult to ask questions [on Sri Aurobindo's *Aphorisms*] because it always seemed to be the same thing! So now she has nothing to ask. We have decided she won't ask any more questions, unless, by chance, something suddenly arouses a question in her. Otherwise, no more questions *(Mother breathes a sigh of relief).*

63 – God is great, says the Mahomedan. Yes, He is so great that He can afford to be weak, whenever that too is necessary.

64 – God often fails in His workings; it is the sign of His illimitable godhead.

65 – Because God is invincibly great, He can afford to be weak; because He is immutably pure, He can indulge with impunity in sin; He knows eternally all delight, therefore He tastes also the delight of pain; He is inalienably wise, therefore He has not debarred Himself from folly.

Can God truly be said to be weak or to fail? Does this actually happen, or is it simply the Lord's play? [251]

That's not how it is, mon petit! This is precisely how the modern Western attitude has become twisted compared to the ancient attitude, the attitude – it isn't exactly ancient – of the Gita. It's extremely difficult for the Western mind to comprehend vividly and concretely that ALL is the Divine. It is so impregnated with the Christian spirit, with the idea of a 'Creator' – the creation on one side and God on the other! Upon reflection, one rejects this, but ... it has entered into our sensations and feelings, and so – spontaneously, instinctively, almost subconsciously – one credits God with all one considers to be the best, the most beautiful, and especially with what one wishes to attain, to realize. (Each individual, of course, changes the content of his God according to his own consciousness, but it's always what he considers to be the best.) And just as instinctively, spontaneously and subconsciously, one is shocked by the idea that things one doesn't like or doesn't approve of or which don't seem to be the best, could also be God.

I am putting this purposely into rather childish terms so that it will be clearly understood. But this is the way it is. I am sure of it because I have observed it in myself for a VERY long time, and I had to.... Due to the whole subconscious formation of childhood – environment, education, and so forth – we have to DRUM into this *(Mother touches her body)* the consciousness of Unity : the absolute, EXCLUSIVE unity of the Divine – exclusive in the sense that nothing exists apart from this Unity, even the things which seem most repulsive.

Sri Aurobindo also had to struggle against this because he too received a Christian education. And these *Aphorisms* are the result – the flowering – of the necessity to struggle against the subconscious formation which has produced such questions *(Mother takes on a scandalized tone):* 'How can God be weak? How can God be foolish? How....' But there is nothing but God! He alone exists, there is nothing outside of Him. And whatever seems repugnant to us is something He no longer wishes to exist – He is preparing the world so

that this no longer manifests, so that the manifestation can pass beyond this state to something else. So of course we violently reject everything in us that is destined to leave the active manifestation. There is a movement of rejection.

Yet it is He. There is nothing other than He! This should be repeated from morning to night, from night to morning, because we forget it every minute.

There is only He, there is nothing other than He. He alone exists, there is no existence without Him. There is only He! [252]

(silence)

There are some reflections a little further on ... *(Mother leafs through the text and stops at Aphorism 68).* Oh, he has such wonderful things to say!

> 68 – The sense of sin was necessary in order that man might become disgusted with his own imperfections. It was God's corrective for egoism. But man's egoism meets God's device by being very dully alive to its own sins and very keenly alive to the sins of others.

(Mother laughs) Marvelous!

In any case, there it is – asking that kind of question is still taking the attitude of those who make a distinction between what is Divine and what is not Divine, or rather what is God and what is not God. 'How can He be weak?' It's a question I could never ask.

> *I quite understand. But when one speaks of the Lila, the divine play, it implies that He in some way remains in the background and doesn't really 'get into the act,' as they say – that He's no really part of the game, but simply watches.*

Yes, yes He is! He is totally involved in it. He Himself is the Play.

It must be remembered that there are all these gradations of consciousness: when we speak of God and his Play we are speaking of God in his transcendent state, beyond everything, beyond all the degrees of matter; when we speak of the Play we are speaking of God in his material state. So we say that God transcendent is watching and playing – in Himself, by Himself, with Himself – his material game.

But all language – all language! – is a language of Ignorance. All means of expression, all that is said and all the ways of saying it, are bound to partake of that ignorance. And that's why it's so difficult to express something concretely true; to do so would require extremely lengthy explanations, themselves, of course, fully erroneous. Sri Aurobindo's sentences are sometimes very long for precisely this reason – he is trying to get away from this ignorant language.

Our whole way of thinking is wrong!

All the believers, all the faithful (those from the West in particular) think in terms of 'something else' when they speak of God – He cannot be weak, ugly, imperfect, He is something immaculate – but this is wrong thinking. [253] They are dividing, separating. For subconscious thought (I mean thinking without reflecting, instinctively, out of habit, without observing oneself thinking), what is generally considered 'perfection' is precisely what is seen or felt or postulated as being virtuous, divine, beautiful, admirable – but it's not that at all! Perfection means something in which nothing is missing. The divine perfection is a totality. The divine perfection is the Divine in his wholeness, with nothing left out. The divine perfection is the whole of the Divine, with nothing subtracted from it. For the moralists it is the exact opposite: divine perfection is nothing but the virtues they stand for!

From the true standpoint, the divine perfection is the whole *(Mother makes a global gesture),* and the fact that within this whole nothing can be missing is precisely what makes it perfect.[177] Consequently, perfection means that each thing is in its place, exactly what it should be, and that relationships among things are also exactly what they should be.

Perfection is one way to approach the Divine; Unity is another. But Perfection is a global approach: all is there and all is as it should be – that is to say, the perfect expression of the Divine (you can't even say 'of His Will,' because that still implies something apart, something emanating from Him!).

It could be put like this (but it brings it down considerably): He is what He is and exactly as He wants to be. The 'exactly as He wants to be' takes us down quite a few steps, but it still gives an idea of what I mean by 'perfection'!

Divine perfection implies infinity and eternity – all is coexistent beyond time and space.

(silence)

While 'walking' in my room, a series of invocations or prayers have come to me[178] (I didn't choose them – they were dictated to me) in which I implore the Lord to manifest his Perfection (and I am quite aware of how foolish this expression is, but it does correspond to an aspiration).[179] [254] When I say 'manifest,' I mean to manifest in our physical, material world – I'm asking for the transformation of this world. And the moment I utter one of these invocations, the sense of the particular approach it represents is there; that's why I am now able to give such a lecture on Perfection – Perfection is one of these approaches. 'Manifest this,' I tell Him, 'Manifest that, manifest Your Perfection....' (The series is very long and it takes me quite a while to go through it all.) Well, each time I say 'Manifest Your Perfection,' I have *an awareness* of what constitutes Perfection – it is something global.

It's like the word 'purity' – one could lecture endlessly on the difference between divine purity and what people call purity. Divine purity (at the lowest level) is to admit but one influence – the divine Influence (but this is at the lowest level, and already terribly distorted). Divine purity means that only the

Divine exists – nothing else. It is perfectly pure – only the Divine exists, nothing other than He.

And so on.

This is the third year [of japa] – so it's becoming very clear.

* * *

What shall we do now?

Speak about your experience.

I risk repeating myself.

No, never! It's a new experience each time – it's never the same.

Yes. I marvel at people who have the same experience several times over, who hold on to their realizations – I have never been able to do so. There was a time when I tried, but I realized it was stupid, so I don't try anymore. I have never had the same experience twice – never could.

The experience I described the day I said 'I have something to tell you' [January 24, 1961] was truly very pleasant and I did try to relive it – but I never could. [255] Whenever I try, whenever something in me insists on recapturing the experience, I always see a Smile and something tells me, 'No, no! Let go! You'll see, you'll see. So I let go. All right, that's enough-enough for you! And you – what are you doing?

I'm re-reading 'Savitri.'

Lucky man! I would love to read it again. And the more you read, the more marvelous it becomes.

July 12, 1961

(Regarding the last conversation, where Mother spoke of divine

Perfection and of the series of invocations in her japa imploring the Lord to manifest his various aspects.)

... But Perfection is only one side, one special way of approaching the Divine. There are innumerable sides, angles, aspects – innumerable ways to approach the Divine. When I am walking, for example, doing japa, I have the sense of Unity (I have spoken to you of all the things I mention when I am upstairs walking: will, truth, purity, perfection, unity, immortality, eternity, infinity, silence, peace, existence, consciousness – the list goes on). And when one follows a particular tack and does succeed in reaching or approaching or contacting the Divine, one realizes through experience that these many approaches differ only in their most external forms – the contact itself is identical. It's like looking through a kaleidoscope – you revolve around a center, a globe, and see it under various aspects; but as soon as the contact is established, it's identical.

The number of approaches is practically infinite. Each one senses the path which accords with his temperament.

This japa, you know, didn't at all come from here *(Mother points to her head).* It's something I received fully formed, and to such an extent that I couldn't even change the place of a single thing – a will seemed to oppose any change. [256] It's a long series unfolding according to a law that probably corresponds to what is needed to develop this consciousness and the work it has to do (I suppose – I don't really know and I haven't tried to know). But a sort of law makes it impossible to change the position of even a single word, because these are not words – they are fully formed states of consciousness. And the whole series culminates with:

'Manifest Your Love.'

This is the highest summit of the possibility of manifestation.

That's what I wanted to say.

July 15, 1961

Before coming downstairs I felt like writing a few words. These words ... are the result of everything now being done. They almost expressed *a protest.* After all, I thought, to be a saint or a sage is not very difficult! *(Mother laughs)* But the supramental transformation is another affair. Oh!

And it has become acute since ....[180] No, I don't read these days, because I've had a hemorrhage in this eye. There have been too many letters, and it's difficult for me to decipher handwriting – the result is this hemorrhage. So I have gone on strike. 'All right,' I said, 'I won't read any letters for a week. People can write as much as they please, it's all the same to me – I'm not reading any more.' But just before stopping (I stopped reading for only three days), I read a passage where Sri Aurobindo speaks of his own experience and his own work and explains in full what he means by the 'supramental transformation.' [257] This passage confirmed and made me understand many experiences I had after that experience of the body's ascent [January 24, 1961] (the ascent of the body-consciousness, followed by the descent of the supramental force into the body); immediately afterwards, everything (how to put it?) ... outwardly, according to ordinary consciousness, I fell ill; but it's stupid to speak this way – I did not fall ill! All possible difficulties in the body's subconscient rose up en masse – it had to happen, and it surely happened to Sri Aurobindo, too. How well I understood! How well, indeed. And it's no joke, you know! I had wondered why these difficulties had hounded him so ferociously – now I understand, because I am being attacked in the same relentless fashion.

Actually, it springs from everything in material consciousness that can still be touched by the adverse forces; that is, not exactly the body-consciousness itself but, one could say, material substance as it has been organized by the mind – the initial mentalization of matter, the first stirrings of mind in life making the passage from animal to human. (The same complications would probably exist in animals, but as there is no question of trying to supramentalize animals, all goes well for them.) Well, something in there protests, and naturally this protest creates disorder. These past few days I have been seeing.... No one has ever followed this path! Sri Aurobindo was the first, and he left without telling us what he was doing. I am literally hewing a path through a virgin forest – it's worse than a virgin forest.

For the past two days there has been the feeling of not knowing anything – NOTHING at all. I have had this feeling for a very long time, but now it has become extremely acute, as it always does at times of crisis, at times when things are on the verge of changing – or of getting clarified, or of exploding, or.... From the purely material standpoint – chemically, biologically, medically, therapeutically speaking – I don't believe many people do know (there may be some). But it doesn't seem very clear to me – in any case, I don't know. Yogically (I don't mean spiritually: that was the first stage of my sadhana), it's very easy to be a saint! Oh, even to be a sage is very easy. I feel I was born with it – it's spontaneous and natural for me, and so simple! You know all that has to be done, and doing it is as easy as knowing it. it's nothing. But this transformation of Matter ... ! What has to be done? How is it to be done? What is the path?

Is there a path? Is there a procedure? Probably not.

(silence) [258]

To be in a condition in which all is the Supreme, all is wonderful, all is marvelous, all is marvelous love, all is ... all is profound Joy – an unchanging, immutable, ever-present condition. To live in That, and then to have this bodily substance contradict it through every possible stupidity – losing sight, losing strength, pains here, pains there, disorders, weaknesses, incapacities of every type. And at the SAME TIME, the response within this body, no matter what happens to it, is, 'O Lord, Your Grace is infinite.' The contradiction is VERY disconcerting.

From experience, I know perfectly well that when one is satisfied with being a saint or a sage and constantly maintains the right attitude, all goes well – the body doesn't get sick, and even if there are attacks it recovers very easily; all goes very well ... AS LONG AS THERE IS NOT THIS WILL TO TRANSFORM. All the difficulties arise in protest against the will to transform; while if one says, 'Very well, it's all right, let things be as they are, I don't care, I am perfectly happy, in a blissful state,' then the body begins to feel content!

That's the problem: something totally new is being introduced into Matter, and the body is protesting.

After my 'interview' with Nature, when she told me that she would collaborate,[181] I thought this difficulty would cease; many things have improved considerably (ONE part of Nature is collaborating), but not this. Plainly and clearly, it comes from the subconscient and the inconscient (wherever there is consciousness, all is well); it's rising up all the time, all the time, and with – oh, disgusting persistence!

And then of course it's accompanied by all the usual suggestions (but that's nothing, it comes from a domain which is easily controlled). Suggestions of this type: 'Well, but Sri Aurobindo himself didn't do it!' (I know why he didn't. but people in general don't know.) And every adverse vibration naturally takes advantage of this: 'How do you expect to succeed where he didn't!' But... my answer is always the same: 'When the Lord says it's all over with, I will know it's all over with; that will be the end of it, and so what!' This stops them short.

But it doesn't keep them from starting up again! They did so particularly after I read the passage where Sri Aurobindo affirms, 'THIS time I have come for THAT – and I shall do it.' [259] The day when I read this I turned towards him, not actually putting the question to him but simply turning towards him, and he told me, 'Read the book through to the end.' And I know, I know it's true – when I have read the book through to the end I will understand what he has done and I will even have the power to reply to all these suggestions. But

meanwhile, everything that wants to keep me from doing it, all this obscure and subconscious ill will, tries its best to keep me from reading, including giving me this eye hemorrhage.

Well, since I believe – rightly or wrongly, I don't know – that the doctor has more experience than I, that from the therapeutic and biological standpoint he knows a bit more, I showed him the eye and asked, 'Can I read?' *'Better not read until it's finished,'* he replied, and told me to wash my eyes with glucose. (It's a useful piece of information for those with tired eyes: mix the glucose – liquid glucose, the kind that comes in ampoules for injection – with something like the 'blue water' we make here, half and half. Open the ample, put a third of it in the eye-cup, then add the 'blue water.') I have already tried it once and found that it gives a great deal of strength to the eyes. Tomorrow I'm going to start doing it regularly. There you are.

What made Sri Aurobindo stop?

He hasn't stopped.

Stopped him physically, you mean?

Yes. What made him stop?

He decided he had to go.

We tried, oh – myself in particular! I concentrated all my power to prevent him from going, and it made him suffer greatly, because ... he WANTED to go, he had decided – 'he' – the Supreme Lord had decided that he would go.

Yes, but why exactly was there this halt? He had come for that.

But nothing has stopped! That's precisely the point – he refuses to acknowledge that anything has stopped. Nothing has stopped. He came for that, and he arranged things to... to give a maximum number of chances ('chance' is one way of putting it), of possibilities – to put all the winning cards on our side.

(long silence) [260]

Obviously, were I to leave now I can say there would be a halt, because I don't see anyone at the moment who could continue. But there's a good chance that.... We will see....

Yes, we will see.

Everything depends upon the balance (not the equilibrium, the proportion) between the amount of resistance in physical substance, and the Power.

But are these merely material resistances or are they rather hostile forces?

No; outside Matter, the hostile forces don't have even a BIT of power: NONE.

Their power is in Matter?

In Matter; practically inconscient Matter.

They are in inconscient Matter?

More accurately, they represent the unconsciousness of Matter. Hostile – we say 'hostile,' but of course this is just a manner of speaking.

You see ... *(Mother is about to say something, then decides not to).* Now is not the time to speak of these things.

We will see.

(silence)

For example, as I was saying at the beginning, the body's formation has a very minimal, a quite subordinate importance for a saint or a sage. But for this supramental work, the way the body is formed has an almost crucial importance, and not at all in relation to spiritual elements nor even to mental power: these aspects have no importance AT ALL. The capacity to endure, to last is the important thing.

Well, in that respect, it is absolutely undeniable that my body has an infinitely greater capacity than Sri Aurobindo's had.

That was the basic problem – because the identification of the two [Sri Aurobindo and Mother] was almost child's play, it was nothing: for me to merge into him or him to merge into me was no problem, it wasn't difficult. [261] We had some conversations on precisely this subject, because we saw that ... (there were many other things, too, but this isn't the time to speak of them) the prevailing conditions were such that I told him I would leave this body and melt into him with no regret or difficulty; I told him this in words,

not just in thought. And he also replied to me in words: *Your body is indispensable for the Work. Without your body the Work cannot be done.* After that, I said no more. It was no longer my concern, and that was the end of it.

This was said in ... 1949, just a little more than a year before he left.

(silence)

And that's really how it is.

But now I am set face-to-face with the fact ... the immensity, or the ... something.... This work is so formidable!

In the final analysis, everything obviously depends upon the Supreme's Will because, if one looks deeply enough into the question, even physical laws and resistances are nothing for Him. But this kind of direct intervention takes place only at the extreme limit; if His Will is to be expressed in opposition, as it were, to the whole set of laws governing the Manifestation – well, that only comes ... at the very last second. Sri Aurobindo has expressed this so well in *Savitri*, so well! At least three times in the book he has expressed this Will that abolishes all established laws, all of them, and all the consequences of these laws, the whole formidable colossus of the Manifestation, so that in the face of it all, That can express itself – and this takes place at the very last 'second,' so to speak, at the extreme limit of possibility.

I must say that there was a time when, as Sri Aurobindo had entrusted his work to me, there was a kind of tension to do it (it can't be called an anxiety); a tension in the will. This too has now ended *(Mother stretches her arms into the Infinite)*. It's finished. But there MAY still be something tense lurking somewhere in the subconscient or the inconscient – I don't know, it's possible. Why? I don't know. I mean I have never been told, at any time, neither through Sri Aurobindo nor directly, whether or not I would go right to the end. I have never been told the contrary, either. I have been told nothing at all. And if at times I turn towards That – not to question, but simply to know – the answer is always the same: 'Carry on, it's not your problem; don't worry about it.' So now I have learned not to worry about it; I am consciously not worried about it.

(silence) [262]

Oh, it's measured out with such wisdom! I mean the ... *awareness* – not exactly consciousness, but a state between consciousness and perception – the awareness of the stupendous difficulty of the 'thing' is given to me drop by drop ... so that it won't be crushing.

But there has evidently been some rather considerable progress, because lately the enormity of the thing has been shown to me far more ... concretely, oh! ... I tell you, it has reached the point where all spiritual life, all these peoples and races who have been trying since the beginning of the earth, who have made so many efforts to realize something – it all seems like nothing, like

child's play. It's nothing: you smile and then ... you are joyous. It's nothing at all, nothing at all! ...

To put things in ordinary terms, mon petit, this work is without glory! You get no results, no experiences filling you with ecstasy or joy or wonder – none of that. It is ... hideous, a hideous labor.

If there weren't this clear vision and constant aspiration within – oh, it's so dreary and exasperating ... so dull, so gray ... ugh!

(silence)

Some months ago, when this body had once again become a battlefield and was confronting all the obstacles, when it was suspended, asking itself whether ... it wasn't wondering intellectually, but asking for a kind of perception, wanting to touch something: it wondered which direction it was taking, which way things were going to tilt. And suddenly, in all the cells, there was this feeling (and I know where it came from): 'If we are dissolved out of this amalgam, if this assemblage is dissolved and can no longer go on, then we shall all go straight, straight as an arrow' – and it was like a marvelous flame – 'straight to rejoin Sri Aurobindo in his supramental world, which is right here at our door.' And there was such joy! Such enthusiasm, such joy flooded all the cells! They didn't care at all whether or not they would be dissociated.... 'Oh,' they felt, 'so what!'

This was truly a decisive stage in the work of illuminating the body.

All the cells felt far more powerful than that stupid force trying to dissolve them; what is called 'death, left them entirely indifferent: 'What do we care? We shall go THERE and consciously participate in Sri Aurobindo's work, in the transformation of the world, one way or the other – here, there, like this, like that – what does it matter!' [263]

This came more than a year ago, I think. It has never left. Never. All anxiety and all conscious tension have gone.

Only – there is an 'only' in all this – if there were a more liberal proportion between the 'refreshing' (if I may say so) freedom of solitude and the necessity for collective work, there would probably be fewer difficulties.... Towards the end of the first year after I retired upstairs[182] (perhaps even before, but anyway, some time after I began doing japa while walking), I recall having such sessions up there! ... Had there been a personal goal, this goal was clearly attained; it is indescribable, absolutely beyond all imaginable or expressible splendor.

And that was when I received the Command from the Supreme, who was right here, this close *(Mother presses her face)*. He told me, 'This is what is promised. Now the Work must be done.'

And not individual but collective work was meant. So naturally, because of the way it came, it was joyously accepted and immediately implemented.

But when I remember that experience and consider what I have now....

(silence)

Well, what Sri Aurobindo did by leaving his body is somewhat equivalent, although far more total and complete and absolute – because he had that experience, he had that, he had it; I saw him, I saw him supramental on his bed, sitting on his bed.

(silence)

He has written: I am not doing it individually, for myself, but for the whole earth. And it was exactly the same thing for me – but oh, that experience! Nothing counted for me anymore: people, the earth – even the earth itself had absolutely no importance.

(The clock strikes.) [264]

* * *

Later, just before leaving:

But you know, this present state gives me the feeling that actually we know nothing at all, at all, at all – nothing at all. Everything else, everything leading to the spiritual life, to liberation and so forth – well, yes, it's all very well, all very well. But compared to what one must know to do this work....

Perhaps it's better not to know.

Because evidently I can't say that my experiences are the result of a mental aspiration or will or knowledge – I don't know, I don't know at all. I don't know how it should be, nor what it should be, nor anything at all. I don't know what should be done, I don't know what should not be done – nothing. It's truly a blind march *(gesture of groping along),* in a desert riddled with all possible traps and difficulties and obstacles – all this heaped together. Eyes blindfolded, knowing nothing *(same gesture of groping blindly),* one plods on.

The only thing to do is to be like this *(Mother turns her hands towards the Heights in a gesture of abandonment).* Provided you don't fall asleep! You mustn't enter into a beatific state where you.... No, we must keep moving on.

I don't know what to do. It's not easy.

(Mother rises)

Ah, I have something for you, but I forgot to bring it! *(Mother laughs)* [183]

It's part of an experience.... I was told that NOTHING joyful should be rejected – but it's an entirely different kind of 'joy,' it has nothing to do with what is called joy when one lives in the vital – nothing of that! *(Laughing)* It's a funny kind of joy! [265]

July 18, 1961

> 66 – Sin is that which was once in its place, persisting now it is out of place; there is no other sinfulness.

I don't feel any inspiration.

Do you have a question?

> *Sin is said to be something no longer in its place. But has something like cruelty, for example, ever had a 'place'?*

Exactly what came to me – I receive all the questions people ask. The question arises immediately: if one kills out of cruelty, for instance, or inflicts pain out of cruelty, did that ever have a place? ... For even though deformed in appearance, it is nevertheless (we always come back to the same thing) an expression of the Divine.

What lies behind, tell me?

Sri Aurobindo always said that cruelty was one of the things most repugnant to him, but he explained it as the deformation of an intensity. We could almost call it the deformation of an intensity of love – something not satisfied with half-measures, something driven to extremes (which is legitimate) – it's the deformation of the need for extremely strong sensations.

I have always known that cruelty, like sadism, is the need to cut through a

thick layer of totally insensitive *tamas*[184] by means of extremely violent sensation – an extreme is needed if anything is to be felt through that tamas. I was always told, for example (in Japan it was strongly emphasized to me), that the people of the Far East are very tamasic physically. The Chinese in particular are said to be the remnants of a race that inhabited the moon before it froze over and forced them to seek refuge on earth (this is supposed to account for their round faces and the shape of their eyes!).... Anyway *(laughing),* it's a story people tell! But they're extremely tamasic; their physical sensibility is almost nil – appalling things are required to make them feel anything! And since they naturally presume that what applies to them applies to everyone, they are capable of appalling cruelty. Not all of them, of course! But this is their reputation. Have you read Mirbeau's book? (I believe that's his name.) I read it sixty years ago – something on Chinese torture. [266]

Yes, it's well-known.

Very well-known.

But the Chinese are also great artists.

Yes. When I read that book (it was very well written), I understood the problem, and my understanding was confirmed when I went to Japan. Many Japanese also have a blunted sensibility ('blunted' in the sense that to feel anything they need extremely violent stimuli). Perhaps an explanation could be found along these lines.

But behind it all, the original problem remains unresolved:' Why has it become like this? Why this deformation? Why has it all been deformed?...' There are some very beautiful things behind, very intense, infinitely more powerful than we ourselves can even bear, marvelous things. But why has it all become ... so dreadful here? That's what comes up immediately – it's why I told you I had no inspiration.

It is....

The notion of sin is something I don't understand, that I have never understood. To me, original sin seemed to be one of the most monstrous ideas people have ever had – sin and I just don't go together!

So, of course, I fully agree with Sri Aurobindo when he says there's no such thing as sin – that's understood, but....

Certain things can be called 'sin,' if you like, such as cruelty. Well, the only explanation I see for such things is the deformation of the need or taste for extremely strong sensations. I have noticed that cruel people experience an

Ananda in their cruelty – they find an intense joy in it. It is thereby legitimized. Only it's in such a deformed state that it's repugnant.

The idea that things are not in their place, mon petit, is something I understood even as a youngster, and it was eventually explained to me by Theon. [267]

In his cosmogony, Theon accounted for the successive *pralayas*[185] of the different universes by saying that each universe was an aspect of the Supreme manifesting itself: each universe was built upon one aspect of the Supreme, and all, one after the other, were withdrawn into the Supreme. He enumerated all the successively manifested aspects, and what an extraordinarily logical sequence it was! I have kept it some place, but I no longer know where. Nor do I remember exactly what number this universe has in the sequence, but this time it was supposed to be the universe which would not be withdrawn, which would, so to speak, follow an indefinite progression of Becoming. And this universe is to manifest Equilibrium, not a static but a progressive equilibrium.[186] Equilibrium, as he explains it, is each thing exactly in its place: each vibration, each movement, each ... and so on down the line – each form, each activity, each element exactly in its place in relation to the whole.

This is quite interesting to me because Sri Aurobindo says the same thing: that nothing is bad, simply things are not in their place – their place not only in space but in time, their place in the universe, beginning with the planets and stars, each thing exactly in its place. Then when each thing, from the most colossal to the most microscopic, is exactly in place, the whole Will PROGRESSIVELY express the Supreme, without having to be withdrawn and emanated anew. [268] On this also, Sri Aurobindo based the fact that this present creation, this present universe, will be able to manifest the perfection of a divine world – what Sri Aurobindo calls the Supermind.

Equilibrium is the essential law of this creation – it is what permits perfection to be realized in the manifestation.

> *In line with this idea of things 'in their place,' another question comes to me: with the descent of the Supermind, what exactly are the very first things that the supramental force will want to or is trying to dislodge?*

The first things it will dislodge?

> *Yes, individually and cosmically, so that everything is in its place.*

Will it dislodge anything?... If we accept Sri Aurobindo's idea, it will put each thing in its place, that's all.

One thing must inevitably cease: the Deformation, the veil of falsehood covering Truth, because all we see existing here is due to that. If the veil is removed, things will necessarily be completely different, completely: they will be as we experience them when we emerge individually from that deformed consciousness. When one comes out of that consciousness and enters the Truth-Consciousness, one is incredulous that such things as suffering, misery and death can exist; it's amazing, in the sense that (when one is truly on the other side) ... one doesn't understand how all this can be happening. And, although this state of consciousness is habitually associated with the experience of the unreality of the world as we know it, Sri Aurobindo tells us that this perception of the world's unreality need not exist for the supramental consciousness: only Falsehood is unreal , not the world. And this is most interesting – the world has its own reality, independent of Falsehood.

I suppose this will be the first effect of the Supermind – perhaps even its first effect in the individual, because it will begin in individuals first.

This state of consciousness[187] probably has to become constant, but that would pose a problem: how could one then keep in contact with the world as it is in its deformation? [269] Because I have noticed that when this state is very strong in me, very strong, so strong that it can withstand everything bombarding it from outside, people don't understand a thing I say, NOTHING! Therefore, it would seem to cut off a useful contact.

What would it be like, for instance, to have a small supramental creation as a nucleus of action and influence radiating upon earth (to limit it to the earth)? Is it possible? It's easy to conceive of a superhuman nucleus – a creation of supermen, that is, of men who by virtue of evolution and transformation (in the true sense of the word) have succeeded in manifesting the supramental forces; yet since their origin is human, there is inevitably a contact; even if everything is transformed, even if their organs are transformed into centers of force, a sort of human coloration still remains. These are the beings who, according to tradition, will discover the secret of direct, supramental creation, bypassing the process of ordinary Nature. Then through them the true supramental beings will be born, who will necessarily have to live in a supramental world. But how would contact be made between these beings and the ordinary world? How to conceive of a transformation of nature sufficient to enable this supramental creation to take place on earth? I don't know.

Of course, we know that such a thing will require a considerable amount of time to be done, and it will probably go by stages, by degrees, with faculties appearing that at the moment we can't know or imagine, and which will change the conditions of the earth – this is looking ahead a few thousand years.

There is still this problem: is it possible to make use of the notion of space – I mean space on the planet earth?[188] Is it possible to find a place where the

embryo or seed of the future supramental world might be created?

What I myself have seen ... was a plan that came complete in all details, but that doesn't at all conform in spirit and consciousness with what is possible on earth now (although, in its most material manifestation, the plan was based on existing terrestrial conditions). It was the idea of an ideal city, the nucleus of a small ideal country, having only superficial and extremely limited contacts with the old world. [270] One would already have to conceive (it's possible) of a Power sufficient to be at once a protection against aggression or bad will (this would not be the most difficult protection to provide) and a protection (which can just barely be imagined) against infiltration and admixture.... From the social or organizational standpoint, these problems are not difficult, nor from the standpoint of inner life; the problem is the relationship with what is not supramentalized – preventing infiltration or admixture, keeping the nucleus from falling back into an inferior creation during the transitional period.

(silence)

All who have considered the problem have always imagined some place like a Himalayan gorge, unknown to the rest of humanity, but this is no solution. No solution at all.

No, the only solution is occult power. But that.... Before anything at all can be done, it already demands a certain number of individuals who have reached a great perfection of realization. Granting this, a place is conceivable (set apart from the outside world – no actual contacts) where each thing is exactly in its place, setting an example. Each thing exactly in its place, each person exactly in his place, each movement in its place, and all in its place in an ascending, progressive movement without relapse (that is, the very opposite of what goes on in ordinary life). Naturally, this also means a sort of perfection, it means a sort of unity; it means that the different aspects of the Supreme can be manifested; and, necessarily, an exceptional beauty, a total harmony; and a power sufficient to keep the forces of Nature obedient: even if this place were encircled by destructive forces, for example, these forces would be powerless to act – the protection would be sufficient.

It would all require the utmost perfection in the individuals organizing such a thing.

(long silence)

It must be similar to what happened when the first men appeared.

Have we ever really known how the first humans were formed, the first mental realization? Were they isolated individuals, or were they in groups – did the phenomenon take place in a collective milieu or in isolation? I don't know. It may be analogous to the case of the coming supramental creation.

It isn't difficult to conceive of an individual in the solitude of the

Himalayas or in a virgin forest beginning to create around himself his miniature supramental world – this is easy to imagine. [271] But the same thing would be necessary: he would need to have attained such perfection that his power would act automatically to prevent any outside intrusion.

Because such beings would automatically become the target of outside attacks?

They would need to be automatically protected; that is, any foreign or opposing element should be kept from approaching.

There are stories like this, you know, about people who lived in an ideal solitude, and it's not at all impossible to imagine. When one is in contact with this Power, when it is within you, you can see that such things are ... child's play! It even reaches the point where there is the possibility of changing certain things, of influencing vibrations and forms in the surrounding environment by contagion, so that automatically they begin to be supramentalized. All that is possible – but confined to the individual scale. While if we take the example of what is happening here, where the individual remains right in the midst of all this chaos.... That's the difficulty! Doesn't this very fact make a certain perfection in realization impossible to attain? But the other case, the individual isolated in the forest, is always the same thing – an example giving no proof that the rest will be able to follow; while what's happening here should already have a much broader radiating influence. At some point this has to happen – it MUST happen. But the problem still remains: can it happen simultaneously with or even before the supramentalization of the single individual?

(silence)

The realization under community or group conditions would clearly be far more complete, integral, total and probably more perfect than any individual realization, which is always, necessarily – necessarily – extremely limited on the external material level, because it's only one way of being, one mode of manifestation, one microscopic set of vibrations that is touched.

But for the facility of the work, I believe there's no comparison!

(silence)

But the problem remains: Buddha and all the rest have FIRST realized, then resumed contact with the world. That makes it very simple. But for the total realization of what I envisage, isn't it indispensable to remain in the world? ... [272]

(Mother is absorbed for a while, gazing into the distance)

I am constantly seeing images! Not images, living things – like answers to questions. A magnificent peacock was taking shape (it's the symbol of victory here in India) and its tail opened out, and on it a construction appeared, like this construction of an ideal place.... It's a pity this subtle world can't be photographed! There ought to be photographic plates sensitive enough to do it. It has been tried. It would be interesting because it moves, it's like a movie.

All right, then. What did you want to ask?

I think you've already answered!

No, I don't remember; I went off – wandering.

I asked you about your Force, or the supramental Force; what initial action is it taking now?

Ah yes.

Is it putting things in their places?

In my experience, it is; and it has come to the point where the more concentrated the Force, the more things turn up at the very moment they ought to, people come just when they should and do just what they ought to be doing, the things around me fall into place naturally – and this goes for the LEAST little detail. And simultaneously it brings with it a sense of harmony and rhythm, a joy – a very smiling joy in organization, as if everything were joyously participating in this restructuring. For example, you want to tell someone something and he comes to you; you need someone to do a particular work and he appears; something has to be organized – all the required elements are at hand. All with a kind of miraculous harmony, but nothing miraculous about it! Essentially it's simply the inner force meeting with a minimum of obstacles, and so things get molded by its action. This happens to me very often, VERY often; and sometimes it goes on for hours. [273]

But it's rather delicate, like a very, very delicate clockwork, like a precision machine, and the least little thing throws everything out of gear. When someone has a bad reaction, for instance, or a bad thought, or an agitated vibration, or an anxiety – anything of this nature is enough to dissolve all the harmony. For me, it's translated straight-away into a malaise in my body, a very particular type of malaise; then disorder sets in, and the ordinary routine returns. So again I have to gather up, as it were, the Presence of the Lord and begin to infuse it everywhere. Sometimes it goes quickly, sometimes it takes longer; when the disorganization is a little more radical, it takes a little longer.

This eye [hemorrhage], for instance, resulted from such a disorder, a very dark force that someone allowed to enter, not deliberately, not knowingly, but through weakness and ignorance, always mingled, of course, with desire and ego and all the rest. (Without desire and ego, such things would find no access – but desire and ego are very widespread.) At any rate, that was plainly the cause and I sensed it immediately. Sometimes when it comes, it creeps up like this *(Mother brings her hand to her throat),* a black shadow strangling you. Yet inwardly nothing is affected at all, to such an extent that if I didn't pay attention to the purely external reaction, I wouldn't know anything had happened (it's the great Play); but externally the indication is immediate: half an hour later I had this eye hemorrhage. I was struggling against a wholly undesirable intrusion, and I knew it – although from an outer point of view, the cause was insignificant. It's not always the events we consider serious or important that produce the most harmful effects – far from it. Sometimes it's an altogether INSIGNIFICANT intrusion of falsehood, for some quite insignificant reason – what is commonly labeled a stupidity. This stems from the fact that the adverse forces are always lying in wait, ready to rush in at the least sign of weakness.

The incomprehension generated by doubt (the kind of doubt that always results from an egoistic movement) is very dangerous. Very dangerous. It's not even necessary to be in a psychic consciousness – even for an enlightened vital consciousness, it produces no effect; but HERE, in this material swarm....

But I don't see how all this work could be done in the solitude of the Himalayas or the forest. There's a great risk of entering into that very impersonal, universal consciousness where things are relatively easy – the material consequences are so far below that it doesn't much matter! One can act directly only in the MIDST of things. [274]

Anyway, at the moment I have no choice – and I am not looking for any. Things are what they are and as they are; and taking them as they are, the work has to be done. The manner of working depends on the way things are.

But it's so lovely when this Harmony comes. You know, puttering about, arranging papers, setting a drawer in order.... It all sings, it's lovely, so joyous and luminous ... so delightful! And all, all, all.... All material things, all activities, eating, dressing, everything becomes delightful when this harmony is there, delightful. Everything works out smoothly, it's so harmonious, there's no friction. You see ... you see a joyous, luminous Grace manifesting in all things, ALL things, even those we normally regard as utterly unimportant. But then, if this Harmony withdraws, everything – exactly the SAME conditions, the SAME things, the SAME circumstances – becomes painful, tiresome, drawn out, difficult, laborious, oh! ... It's like this, and like that *(Mother tilts her hand from side to side as on a narrow frontier)* like this, like that.

It makes you sense so clearly that things in themselves don't count. What

we call 'things in themselves' are of no true importance! What really counts is the relationship of consciousness to these things. And there's a formidable power in this, since in one instance you touch something and drop or mishandle it, while in the other it's so lovely, it works so smoothly. Even the most difficult movements are made without difficulty. It's an unheard-of power! We don't give it importance because it has no grandiose effects, it's not spectacular. Yes, there are indeed states of grace when one is in the presence of a great difficulty and suddenly has all the power needed to face it – yes, but that's something else. I am speaking of a power active in ordinary life.

There was an instance of this the other day: someone in a completely detestable mood wrote me a letter; it was impossible, I couldn't reply – I didn't know what to say. I simply applied the Force and remained like this *(gesture of an offering to the Light). I* said, 'We shall see.' Several hours later (I knew I was going to see this person) I didn't even know if I was going to say I had read the letter – or rather if what I was going to say would result from having read it. I had come to that point – nothing. But that very morning a little circumstance occurred that ... changed everything! And when I met the person I knew immediately what had to be said, what had to be done, and everything worked out.

That is ONE example. I mention it because it happened the day before yesterday, but this goes on all the time. [275]

I have made it a habit to always do this *(gesture of abandonment to the Light).* When a problem comes up, I offer it to the Lord and then leave it. And the moment the solution is required, it comes – it comes in facts, in deeds, in movements.

I would be satisfied only if.... Can one ever be satisfied? At any rate, I would begin to be satisfied only if this were a constant and total condition, active in all circumstances and at every moment, day and night. But is it possible with this INUNDATION pouring in from outside? Constantly! While walking this morning I was (how to put it?) something of a witness, watching what was coming in from outside. One thing after another, one thing after another – what a mixture! From all sides, from everyone and everything and everywhere. And not only from here, but from far, far away on the earth and sometimes from far back in time, back into the past – things out of the past coming up, presenting themselves to the new Light to be put in their place. It's always that: each thing wanting to be put in its place. And this work has to be done constantly.... It's as if one keeps catching a new illness to be cured.

A fresh disorder to be straightened out.
Actually, we are very lazy.

Sri Aurobindo wrote that he was very lazy – that consoled me! We are very lazy. We would like *(laughing)* to settle back and blissfully enjoy the fruit of

our labors!

So there, mon petit; it's time to go.

July 26, 1961

(Satprem reads several passages from the July 15th conversation where Mother says that Sri Aurobindo left before saying what he had been doing, and that it was a path through a virgin forest: 'Eyes blindfolded, knowing nothing, one plods on....')

It's still true. When shall we see the end? In a hundred years? [276]

(For an instant Mother remains pensive)

It came fleetingly: twenty years. I give it to you for whatever it's worth!

July 28, 1961

Here is something important. Sri Aurobindo says that everything is involved down here – the mind, the vital, the supermind – and that what is involved evolves. But if everything is involved, including the supermind, what is the need for a 'descent'? Can't things evolve by themselves?

Ah! He has explained this somewhere.

But I don't remember seeing anything that satisfied me.

Isn't it in the *Essays on the Gita* ? He explains what Krishna says and how the two [descent and evolution] are combined. I read it not long ago because I

was interested in this very question. And I even said something myself about the difference between what evolves (what emerges from this involution) and the Response from what already exists above in all its glory.

We'll have to find this passage.

There are two lines in the ancient traditions, two ways of explaining this. One says it is by the 'descent' of what already exists in all its perfection that what is involved can be awakened to consciousness and evolution. It's like the old story: when what Sri Aurobindo calls the universal Mother or the Shakti (or *Sachchidananda*[189]*)* realized what had happened in Matter (that is, in what had created Matter) and that this involution had led to a state of Inconscience, total unconsciousness, the ancient lore says that at once the divine Love descended straight from the Lord into Matter and began to awaken what was involved there. [277]

Other traditions speak of the Consciousness, the divine Consciousness, instead of Love. One even finds accounts full of imagery depicting a Being of prismatic light lying in deep sleep in the cave of the Inconscient; and this Descent awakens him to an activity which is still (how to put it?) inner, an immobile activity, an activity by radiation. Countless rays issue from his body and spread throughout the Inconscient, and little by little they awaken in each thing, in each atom, as it were, the aspiration to Consciousness and the beginning of evolution.

I have had this experience.

I have had the experience of being 'missioned,' so to speak, in a form of Love and Consciousness combined – divine Love in its supreme purity, divine Consciousness in its supreme purity – and emanated DIRECTLY, without passing through all the intermediate states, directly into the nethermost depths of the Inconscient. And there I had the impression of being, or rather of finding a symbolic Being in deep sleep ... so veiled that he was almost invisible. Then, at my contact, the veil seemed to be rent and, without his awakening, there was a sort of radiation spreading out.... I can still see my vision.[190]

(silence)

There is always what could almost be called a popular way of presenting things. Take the whole Story of the Creation, of how things have come about: it can be told as an unfolding story (this is what Theon did in a book he called *The Tradition* – he told the whole story in the Biblical manner, with psychological knowledge hidden in symbols and forms). There is a psychological manner of telling things and a metaphysical manner. The metaphysical, for me, is almost incomprehensible; it's uninteresting (or interesting only to minds that are made that way). An almost childish, illustrative way of telling things seems more evocative to me than any metaphysical theory (but this is a personal opinion – and of no great moment!).

The psychological approach is more dynamic for transformation, and Sri Aurobindo usually adopted it. He doesn't tell us stories (I was the one who told him stories! Images are very evocative for me). [278] But if one combines the two approaches.... Actually, to be philosophical, one would have to combine the three. But I have always found the metaphysical approach ineffective; it doesn't lead to realization but only gives people the IDEA that they know, when they really know nothing at all. From the standpoint of *push,* of a dynamic urge towards transformation, the psychological approach is obviously the most powerful. But the other [the symbolic approach] is lovelier!

In *The Hour of God*, there's a whole diagram of the Manifestation made by Sri Aurobindo[191]: first comes this, then comes that, then comes the other, and so forth – a whole sequence. They published this in the book in all seriousness, but I must say that Sri Aurobindo did it for fun (I saw him do it). Someone had spoken to him about different religions, different philosophical methods – Theosophy, Madame Blavatski, all those people (there was Theon, too). Well, each one had made his diagram. So Sri Aurobindo said, 'I can make a diagram, too, and mine will be much more complete!' When he finished it, he laughed and said, 'But it's only a diagram, it's just for fun.' They published it very solemnly, as if he had made a very serious proclamation. Oh, it's a very complicated diagram!

> *But the trouble is that people will say: what's the need for a 'descent' if all is involved and then evolves? Why a descent? Why should there be an intervention from a higher plane?*

I beg your pardon, but what was built up through this involution had to be unbuilt. The CAUSE of this involution had to be undone.

The way Theon told it, there was first the universal Mother (he didn't call her the universal Mother, but Sri Aurobindo used that name), the universal Mother in charge of creation. For creating she made four emanations: Consciousness or Light; Life; Love or Beatitude and *(Mother tries* in vain *to remember the fourth)* ... I must have cerebral anemia today! In India they speak only of three: Sat-Chit-Ananda (Sat is Existence, expressed by Life; Chit is Consciousness, expressed by Power; Ananda is Bliss, synonymous with Love). But according to Theon, there were four (I knew them by heart). Well, these emanations (Theon narrated it in such a way that someone not a philosopher, someone with a childlike mind, could understand), these emanations, conscious of their own power, separated themselves from their Origin; that is, instead of being entirely surrendered to the supreme Will and expressing only.... [279] Ah, the fourth emanation is Truth! Instead of carrying out only the supreme Will, they seem to have acquired a sense of personal power. (They were personalities of sorts, universal personalities, each representing a mode of being.) Instead of remaining connected, they cut the link – each acted on his own, to put it simply. Then, naturally, Light became darkness, Life became

death, Bliss became suffering and Truth became falsehood. And these are the four great Asuras: the Asura of Inconscience, the Asura of Falsehood, the Asura of Suffering and the Asura of Death.

Once this had occurred, the divine Consciousness turned towards the Supreme and said *(Mother laughs):* 'Well, here's what has happened. What's to be done?' Then from the Divine came an emanation of Love (in the first emanation it wasn't Love, it was Ananda, Bliss, the Delight of being which became Suffering), and from the Supreme came Love; and Love descended into this domain of Inconscience, the result of the creation of the first emanation, Consciousness – Consciousness and Light had become Inconscience and Darkness. Love descended straight from the Supreme into this Inconscience; the Supreme, that is, created a new emanation, which didn't pass through the intermediate worlds (because, according to the story, the universal Mother first created all the gods who, when they descended, remained in contact with the Supreme and created all the intermediate worlds to counterbalance this fall – it's the old story of the 'Fall,' this fall into the Inconscient. But that wasn't enough). Simultaneously with the creation of the gods, then, came this direct Descent of Love into Matter, without passing through all the intermediate worlds. That's the story of the first Descent. But you're speaking of the descent heralded by Sri Aurobindo, the Supramental Descent, aren't you?

> *Not only that. For example, Sri Aurobindo says that when Life appeared there was a pressure from below, from evolution, to make Life emerge from Matter, and simultaneously a descent of Life from its own plane. Then, when Mind emerged out of Life, the same thing from above happened again. Why this intervention from above each time? Why don't things emerge normally, one after another, without needing a 'descent'?*

You may as well ask why everything has gone wrong! No, with experience it becomes easy to understand. [280]

Take the experience of Mind, for example: Mind, in the evolution of Nature, gradually emerging from its involution; well – and this is a very concrete experience – these initial 'mentalized forms,' if we can call them that, were necessarily incomplete and imperfect, because Nature's evolution is slow and hesitant and complicated. Thus these forms inevitably had an aspiration towards a sort of perfection and a truly perfect mental state, and this aspiration brought the descent of already fully conscious beings from the mental world who united with terrestrial forms – this is a very, very concrete experience. What emerges from the Inconscient in this way is an almost impersonal possibility (yes, an impersonal possibility, and perhaps not altogether universal, since it's connected with the history of the earth); but anyway it's a general possibility, not personal. And the Response from above is what makes it

concrete, so to speak, bringing in a sort of perfection of the state and an individual mastery of the new creation. These beings in corresponding worlds (like the gods of the overmind,[192] or the beings of higher regions) came upon earth as soon as the corresponding element began to evolve out of its involution. This accelerates the action, first of all, but also makes it more perfect – more perfect, more powerful, more conscious. It gives a sort of sanction to the realization. Sri Aurobindo writes of this in *Savitri* – Savitri lives always on earth, with the soul of the earth, to make the whole earth progress as quickly as possible. Well, when the time comes and things on earth are ready, then the divine Mother incarnates with her full power – when things are ready. Then will come the perfection of the realization. A splendor of creation exceeding all logic! It brings in a fullness and a power completely beyond the petty shallow logic of human mentality.

People can't understand! To put oneself at the level of the general public may be all very well[193] (personally I have never found it so, although it's probably inevitable), but to hope that they will ever understand the splendor of the Thing.... They have to live it first! [281]

I myself would NEVER try to deal with the 'why'; I would always say 'this is how it is.' When people ask me, 'Why did it happen like this? Why is the world so unhappy? Why does it have to be dark before growing luminous? Why has there been this "accident" (if it can be called an "accident")? Why did the Lord permit You can say it's because of this, because of that – there are fifty thousand replies and they're all worthless.

It's like this because that's the way it is!

It wasn't so much a question of the 'why' as of the process.

The process? I am giving you an historical process that I know through experience.

Both are needed.

Yes. The earth is a representative and symbolic world, a kind of crystallization and concentration of the evolutionary labor giving it a ... more concrete reality. It has to be taken like this: the history of the earth is a symbolic history. And it is on earth that this Descent takes place (it's not the history of the universal but of the terrestrial creation); the Descent occurs in the individual TERRESTRIAL being, in the individual terrestrial atmosphere.

Let's take *Savitri,* which is very explicit on this: the universal Mother is universally present and at work in the universe, but the earth is where concrete form is given to all the work to be done to bring evolution to its perfection, its goal. Well, at first there's a sort of emanation representative of the universal

Mother, which is always on earth to help it prepare itself; then, when the preparation is complete, the universal Mother herself will descend upon earth to finish her work. And this She does with Satyavan – Satyavan is the soul of the earth. She lives in close union with the soul of the earth and together they do the work; She has chosen the soul of the earth for her work, saying, 'HERE is where I will do my work.' Elsewhere *(Mother indicates regions of higher Consciousness),* it's enough just to BE and things Simply ARE. Here on earth you have to work.

There are clearly universal repercussions and effects, of course, but the thing is WORKED OUT here, the place of work is HERE. So instead of living beatifically in Her universal state and beyond, in the extra-universal eternity outside of time, She says, 'No, I am going to do my work HERE, I choose to work HERE.' The Supreme then tells her, 'What you have expressed is My Will.'.... 'I want to work HERE, and when all is ready, when the earth is ready, when humanity is ready (even if no one is aware of it), when the Great Moment comes, well ... I will descend to finish my work.' [282]

That's the story.

So if people ask 'why,' we can tell them, 'I don't know, but that's how it is.' Why? *(Mother shrugs her shoulders)* How can a small human brain understand why! When you live it, you know! There's no problem, it's clear; it's like that because it's like that. It had to be that way – that's how it is.

You can find all sorts of explanations for it: consciousness would never have been so complete, joy would never have been so full, the realization would never have been so total, if one had not passed through ... all that. But these explanations are just to satisfy the mind. When you live in it, there's no need for explanations.

As for hoping to make people understand! ... The only thing that really matters is that they read your book with interest. Let them read it with interest; each one will imagine he has understood (and of course he will have 'understood'!), and through (I was going to say *under)* their interest, well, something will be awakened in their consciousness, a kind of first aspiration towards the need to realize – that's all. If you do that, good Lord, you have done a great thing!

Make them understand! How to understand? As long as one is there [at the mind level], one does not understand. One can imagine all sorts of things, explain all sorts of things, but ... with a pinch of common sense, you see very well that you don't explain a thing.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Extract from the 'Cosmic Review' of 1906)

A VISION
(of Mother's)

From sleep, I now emerge awakened.

I slept upon the westward waters and now I plunge into the ocean to fathom its depths. Its surface is the green of beryl, silvered by moonbeams. Below, the water is the blue of sapphire and already faintly luminous.

Reclining on the waves' silken folds, I descend; rocked from one undulating wave to another in a gentle rhythm, I am borne straight towards the west. [283] The deeper I go, the more luminous the water becomes, great silvery currents coursing through it.

Cradled from wave to wave, for a long while I descend deeper, ever deeper.

All at once, as I gaze above me, I glimpse something roseate; I draw nearer and discern what appears to be a shrub, as large as a tree, held fast to a blue reef. The denizens of the waters glide to and fro, myriad and diverse. Now I find myself standing upon fine, shining sand. I gaze about me in wonder. There are mountains and valleys, fantastic forests, strange flowers that could as well be animals, and fish that might be flowers – no separation, no gap is there between stationary beings and mobile. Colors everywhere, brilliant and shimmering, or subdued, but always harmonious and refined. I walk upon the golden sands and contemplate all this beauty bathed in a soft, pale blue radiance, tiny, luminous spheres of red, green and gold circulating through it.

How marvelous are the depths of the sea! Everywhere the presence of the One in whom all harmonies reside is felt!

Ever westward I advance, without weariness or hesitation. Spectacle succeeds spectacle in incredible variety; here upon a rock of lapis lazuli stretch fine and delicate seaweed like long blond or violet tresses; here great, rose-hued fortress walls, all streaked with silver; here flowers seem chiseled from enormous diamonds; here goblets, as beautiful as if carved by the most gifted sculptor, are filled with what appear to be droplets of emerald, alternately vibrant with light and shadow.

Presently I find myself between two rock walls of sapphire blue, upon a path flecked with silver; and the water becomes ever purer and more luminous.

A sudden turn in the path and I come to a grotto which seems fashioned of crystal, scintillating in prismatic radiance.

Standing there between two iridescent pillars is a very tall figure; his face, framed in short blond curls, is that of a very young man; his eyes are sea-green; he is clad in a pale blue tunic, and like wings upon his shoulders are great,

snow-white fins. Beholding me, he steps aside against a pillar to let me pass. Scarcely have I crossed the threshold when an exquisite melody strikes my ears. The waters are all iridescent here, the ground aglow with glossy pearls; the portico and the vault, hung gracefully with stalactites, are opaline; delectable perfumes hover everywhere; galleries, niches and alcoves open out on all sides; but directly ahead of me I perceive a great light and towards it I turn my steps. [284] There are great rays of gold, silver, sapphire, emerald and ruby, radiating outward in all directions, born from a center too distant for me to discern; to this center I feel drawn by a powerful attraction.

Now I see that these rays emanate from a recumbent oval of white light encircled by a superb rainbow, and I sense that the one whom the light hides from my view is plunged into a profound repose. For long I remain at the outer edge of the rainbow, trying to pierce through the light and see the one who is sleeping encircled by such splendor. Unable to discern anything, I enter the rainbow, and thence into the white and shining oval. Here I see a marvelous being: stretched on what seems to be a mass of white eiderdown, his supple body, of incomparable beauty, is garbed in a long, white robe. His head rests on his folded arm, but of that I can see only his long hair, the hue of ripened wheat, flowing over his shoulders. A great and gentle emotion sweeps through me at this magnificent spectacle, and a deep reverence as well.

Has the sleeper sensed my presence? For now he awakens and rises in all his grace and beauty. He turns towards me and his eyes meet mine, mauve and luminous eyes with a gentle, an infinitely tender expression. Wordlessly he bids me a sublime welcome and my whole being joyously responds. Taking my hand, he leads me to the couch he has just left. I stretch out on this downy whiteness, and his harmonious visage bends over me; a sweet current of force enters wholly into me, invigorating, revitalizing each cell.

Then, wreathed by the splendid colors of the rainbow, enveloped by lulling melodies and exquisite perfumes, beneath his gaze so powerful, so tender, I drift into a beatific repose. And during my sleep I learn many beautiful and useful things.

Of all these marvelous things, understood without the noise of words, I mention only one.

Wherever there is beauty, wherever there is radiance, wherever there is progress towards perfection, whether in the Heaven of the heights or of the depths, there, assuredly, is found the form and similitude of man-man, the supreme terrestrial evolutor.[194] [285]

August 2, 1961

When one descends into the subconscient, a time comes when it's no longer personal – the whole world is there! Then what can we do? I'm not speaking of you, but what can people like us do to change it? It's a Sisyphean labor! Vibrations from the whole world keep coming in at each instant. How can we change it?

No, you have to approach the problem from the other direction. Evolution begins with the Inconscient, complete Inconscience; and from this Inconscient a Subconscient gradually emerges – that is, a half or quarter-consciousness.... There are two different things here. Consider life on earth (because the process is slightly different in the universe); earth-life begins with total Inconscience and little by little what was involved within it works out and changes this Inconscience into semi-consciousness or subconsciousness. At the same time, there is an individual working that awakens the INDIVIDUAL inconscient to an individual semiconsciousness, and here, of course, the individual has control – although it's not actually individualized because individualization begins with consciousness. The subconscient of plants or animals, for example, isn't individualized; what we call an animal's behavior doesn't arise from individualization but from the genius of the species. Consequently, the individual subconscient is something already evolved out of the general Subconscient. But when one descends to accomplish a work of transformation – to bring Light into the different layers of life, for instance – one descends into a cosmic, terrestrial Subconscient, not an individual Subconscient. And the work of transformation is done within the whole – not through individualization, but through the opposite movement, through a sort of universalization.

No, what I mean is that as we progress, we automatically become universalized....

Yes, necessarily.

And we are told that we have to change the Subconscient, to bring Light into it; but being universal it has no end! New vibrations keep coming in at every instant ... [289]

No!

... vibrations from the outside, from here, there – it's endless. How can we change it?

No, it isn't endless – it's limited to the earth's atmosphere.

That's already quite a lot!

Yes, but not endless.

Then how can we act upon it – all these vibrations that keep pouring in from all over the world, from the whole earth?

It isn't difficult – the minute you become universalized you act upon the whole.

Even Buddha said that if you have a vibration of desire, this vibration goes all around the terrestrial atmosphere. The opposite is what's impossible! It's impossible to separate yourself. You can have the idea of being separate, but you can't be separate in reality. In fact, if you are trying to eliminate the Subconscient in yourself your movement must necessarily be general; it can't be personal, you would never get anywhere.

Yes, of course, but these vibrations are ceaselessly re-created.

No, they are not re-created.

But there are people having wrong movements at every instant, so ... ?

So it all keeps circling round and round in the earth's atmosphere. But compared to the universe, the earth's atmosphere is a very tiny thing. Well, all this keeps circling around within it. And in fact, because of the movement of evolution, there is a progress. The present Inconscient is not as unconscious as the initial Inconscient, and the present Subconscient is not as subconscious nor as generalized as it was at the beginning. This is the meaning of terrestrial evolution. [290]

But if, as you say, it keeps circling around in the earth's atmosphere, doesn't this mean that vibrations are ceaselessly re-created?

Not re-created – they keep circling around, which is not the same thing!

A re-creation would mean that a new contingent of the Inconscient and Subconscient would come in from other spheres, or from the Supreme – well, this isn't the case. We consider the Inconscient to be an 'accident': if it happened, it happened; but it's not part of an infinite and eternal creation.

> *Then are our vibrations of consciousness effective for changing these general vibrations?*

Ah, yes!

In fact, we are the first possible instruments for making the world progress. For example (this is one way of putting it), the transformation of the Inconscient into the Subconscient is probably far more rapid and complete now than it was before man appeared upon earth; man is one of the first transformative elements. Animals are obviously more conscious than plants, but WILLED (and thus more rapid) progress belongs to humanity. Likewise, what one hopes (more than hopes!), *what one expects is* that when the new supramental race comes upon earth, the work will go much more swiftly; and man will necessarily benefit from this. And since things will be done in true order instead of in mental disorder, animals and everything else will probably benefit from it also. In other words, the whole earth, taken as one entity, will progress more and more rapidly. The Inconscient (oh, all this comes to me in English, that's the difficulty!) is *meant to go* and necessarily the Subconscient will go too.

> *Broadly speaking, does this mean that physical Matter will become conscious?*

Yes, in a certain way. It will become receptive. The mode of life won't necessarily change, but the form of life will change. Matter will become *responsive. Do* we say that in French?

> *Receptive? ... [291]*

No, receptive is one thing and responsive is another. To respond: Matter will respond to the conscious will. Indeed, this is why there is hope – how else could there be a transformation? Things would always remain as they are! What kind of earth would it be for the supramental race to live on if no Matter gave response, if Matter did not begin to vibrate and respond to the Will? The same difficulties would always be there. And it isn't limited: for instance, even if we imagine a power over the body making corporeal life different, this new corporeal life still has to exist within an environment – it can't remain hanging in thin air! The environment must respond.

It's quite obvious that the Inconscient, the Subconscient and the semi-conscient are accidental; they are not a permanent part of the creation, so are bound to disappear, to be transformed.

Years ago, when Sri Aurobindo and I descended together from plane to plane (or from mode of life to mode of life) and reached the Subconscient, we saw that it was no longer individual: it was terrestrial. The rest – the mind, the vital and of course the body – is individualized; but when you descend below this level, that's no longer the case. There is indeed something between the conscious life of the body and this subconscious terrestrial life – elements are thrown out[195] as a result of the action of individual consciousness upon the subconscious substance; this creates a kind of semiconsciousness, and that stays. For example, when people are told, 'You have pushed your difficulty down into the subconscient and it will resurface,' this does not refer to the general Subconscient, but to something individualized out of the Subconscient through the action of individual consciousness and remaining down there until it resurfaces. The process is, so to speak, interminable, even the personal part of it.

Every night, you know, I continue to see more and more astounding things emerging from the Subconscient to be transformed. It's a kind of mixture – not clearly individualized – of all the things that have been more or less closely associated in life. For example, some people are intermingled there. One relives things almost as in a dream (although these are not 'dreams'), one relives it all in a certain setting, within a certain set of symbolic, or at any rate expressive, circumstances. Just two days ago I had to deal with someone (I am actively at work there and I had to do something with him), and upon seeing this person, I asked myself, 'is he this one or that one?' [292] As I became less involved in the action and looked with a more objective consciousness, the witness-consciousness, I saw that it was simply a mixture of both persons – everything is mixed in the Subconscient.... Already when I lived in Japan there were four people I could never distinguish during my nighttime activities – all four of them (and god knows they weren't even acquainted!) were always intermingled because their subconscious reactions were identical.

In fact, this is what legitimizes the ego; because if we had never formed an ego, we would have lived all mixed up *(laughing),* now this person, now another! Oh, it was so comical, seeing this the other day! At first it was a bit bewildering, but when I looked closely, it became utterly amusing: two little people with no physical resemblance, yet of a similar type – small and ... in short, a similarity. It's like the four men I used to see in Japan: there was an Englishman, a Frenchman, a Japanese and one more, each from a different country; well, at night they were all the same, as if viewed one through the other, all intermingled – very amusing!

But individualization is a slow and difficult process. That's why you have an ego, otherwise you would never become individualized, but always be ...

(Mother laughs) a kind of public place!

In the end, individualization – and the consequent necessity for the ego – exists for the return to Divine Consciousness to be conscious and willed, with full, conscious participation.

> *Speaking of individualization, there's a question I've been wondering about: when one speaks of the 'central being,' this central being is not something here in physical life, is it? ... It's above....*

It is above and within and everywhere! *(Mother laughs)*

No, unless you learn to think at all times with the fourth dimension, you will never understand anything.

> *But Sri Aurobindo says that this central being is 'unborn.' I would like to know whether it is something individual – whether each person has a central being.*

The one is not separate from the other.

> *The one is not separate from the other? In what sense? The central being isn't separate from the Divine, it's one with the Divine. But does each person have a particular, individual central being, or is there one central being for everyone? [293]*

It becomes personal in our consciousness. It is a phenomenon of consciousness.

But it's not separate – never separate.

> *Yes, it isn't separate, but does it have an individuality?*

It's never separate, neither from the Center (if it can be called a 'center'!) nor from the whole. And as soon as one is in touch with it, this problem no longer arises: it's plain that it can't be otherwise!

> *Because when one loses his ego and finds this central being, Sri Aurobindo says that an individuality remains – it isn't a dissolution – one retains a personality.*

Yes, a personality remains.

Then this is the personality of the central being, the True Personality.

Yes.

Then after all, it's an individual, not an impersonal self.

Individual in action, in manifestation.

This is where the problem arises. Sri Aurobindo says it's permanent, while all the ancient traditions say it disappears with the body.

A permanent individual self?

Otherwise there could be no permanent material life – for this [individuality] is the very nature of materialization. Were it destined to disappear, then the phenomenon of physical dissolution would become permanent, and there would never be physical immortality; because, after exhausting a certain ... basically, a certain number of illusions or disorders or falsehoods, one would return to the Truth. [294] But according to Sri Aurobindo, it isn't like that: this individualization, this individual personalization is the Truth, a real, authentic divine phenomenon – the only falsehood is the deformation of consciousness. Well, when we rediscover the true consciousness of Unity – that Unity which is both in and above the manifest and the non-manifest ('above' in that it contains both the manifest and non-manifest equally), well, this Truth includes material personalization, otherwise that[196] could not exist.

But each individual has a different personality.

Yes ... perhaps not in the present state of disorder! But in principle.

Every conscious being?

Yes, in principle – each TRUE soul.

True, meaning formed?

Yes, 'formed' if you consider it from below. But if you consider it from above ... *(Mother laughs).*

Each individual represents something of the Divine?

It could be expressed like that, but it's still a separative way of putting it.

But then what is this 'personality'!?

It's a mode of being.

It's what makes one being different from the other.

A mode of being, yes, in a way, in its essence – in its essence, because in the manifestation all this is destined to disappear. Yes, they are modes of being – like those first four modes of being[197] created at the first manifestation. [295]

But in our case, would there be innumerable modes of being, each representing one particular aspect?

Yes, the multitude – otherwise there can be no Play.

I just translated a passage where Sri Aurobindo speaks of the enjoyment and possession of the One by the multitude, of the multitude by the One, and of the multitude by the multitude.[198] Such a play must then involve an innumerable diversity – innumerable!

Then why have those who had realizations in the past, who found the true Sell, all said it meant the dissolution of the individual, that no personality remained?

Not all! only those who went off into Non-existence said this. In the Vedas, for example, it's plain that the 'forefathers' spoken of were men who had realized immortality upon earth. (Who knows, they may still be alive!) Their conception of things was similar to Sri Aurobindo's.

The other tradition – Theon said it was the origin of both the Kabbala and the Vedas – also held the same concept of divine life and a divine world as Sri Aurobindo: that the summit of evolution would be the divinization of everything objectified, along with an unbroken progression from that moment on. (As things are now, one goes forward and then backwards, then forward and backwards again; but in this divine world, retrogression won't be

necessary: there will be a continuous ascent.) This concept was held in that ancient tradition – Theon spoke to me very clearly of it, and Sri Aurobindo hadn't yet written anything when I met Theon. Theon had written all kinds of things – not philosophy, but stories, fantastic stories! Yet this same knowledge was behind them, and when asked about the source of this knowledge he used to say that it antedated both the Kabbala and the Vedas (he was well-versed in the Rig-veda).

But Theon had no idea of the path of *bhakti,*[199] none whatsoever. [296]

The idea of *surrender* to the Divine was absolutely alien to him. Yet he did have the idea of the Divine Presence here *(Mother indicates the heart center),* of the immanent Divine and of union with That. And he said that by uniting with That and letting That transform the being one could arrive at the divine creation and the transformation of the earth.

Theon was the first one to give me the idea that the earth is symbolic, representative – symbolic of concentrated universal action allowing divine forces to incarnate and work concretely. I learned all this from him.

> *In this respect, you say somewhere that the gods too must incarnate to become fully conscious.*

Yes, because....

> *How is this possible? Aren't the gods already fully conscious?!*

No, they have no psychic being, so that whole side of life does not exist for them.

In all the traditions here in India (and in other countries and other religions as well), most of the time these gods behave impossibly! This is simply because they have no psychic being. The psychic being is the one thing belonging specifically to terrestrial life; it has been given as a grace ... to repair, to undo what had been done.

> *Yes, but aren't the gods conscious of the Divine?*

Listen, mon petit, they are conscious of their own divinity, and of that above all!

They are connected with the Divine, yes, but I know from experience that they haven't the faintest notion of what *surrender* is!

I had a VERY interesting experience – it was last year or the year before, I don't recall, but after I retired to my room upstairs ....[200] You know that during *pujas* these goddesses come all the time – they don't enter the body and tie themselves to it, but they do come and manifest. [297] Well, this time – I think it must have been for last year's puja – Durga came (she always arrives a few days in advance and remains in the atmosphere; she is present, like this – *gesture as if Durga were walking up and down with Mother*). I was in touch with her during my meditations upstairs, and this new Power in the body was in me then as it is in me now, and ... (how to put it?) I made her participate in this concept of *surrender. What* an experience she had, mon petit! An extraordinary experience of the joy of being connected with That. And she declared, 'From now on, I am a *bhakta* of the Lord.'

It was beautiful.

This formidable Power, you see – a universal Power, an eternal and formidable Power – well, she had never had such an experience before, she had only experienced her OWN power. She was used to receiving and obeying Commands, but in an automatic way. Then all at once, she felt the ECSTASY of being a conscious instrument.

Truly ... it was truly beautiful.

I knew how it was with her because I remember the days when Sri Aurobindo was here and I used to go downstairs to give meditations to the people assembled in the hall. There's a ledge above the pillars there, where all the gods used to sit – Shiva, Krishna, Lakshmi, the Trimurti, all of them – the little ones, the big ones, they all used to come regularly, every day, to attend these meditations. It was a lovely sight. But they didn't have this kind of adoration for the Supreme. They had no use for that concept – each one, in his own mode of being, was fully aware of his own eternal divinity; and each one knew as well that he could represent all the others (such was the basis of popular worship,[201] and they knew it). They felt they were a kind of community, but they had none of those qualities that the psychic life gives: no deep love, no deep sympathy, no sense of union. They had only the sense of their OWN divinity. They had certain very particular movements, but not this adoration for the Supreme nor the feeling of being instruments: they felt they were representing the Supreme, and so each one was perfectly satisfied with his particular representation.

Except for Krishna.... In 1926, I had begun a sort of overmental creation, that is, I had brought the *Overmind* down into matter, here on earth (miracles and all kinds of things were beginning to happen). I asked all these gods to incarnate, to identify themselves with a body (some of them absolutely refused). [298] Well, with my very own eyes I saw Krishna, who had always been in rapport with Sri Aurobindo, consent to come down into his body. It was on November 24th, and it was the beginning of 'Mother.'[202]

Yes, in fact I wanted to ask you what this realization of 1926 was.

It was this: Krishna consented to descend into Sri Aurobindo's body – to be FIXED there; there is a great difference, you understand, between incarnating, being fixed in a body, and simply acting as an influence that comes and goes and moves about. The gods are always moving about, and it's plain that we ourselves, in our inner beings, come and go and act in a hundred or a thousand places at once. There is a difference between just coming occasionally and accepting to be permanently tied to a body – between a permanent influence and a permanent presence.

These things have to be experienced.

But in what sense did this realization mark a turning point in Sri Aurobindo's sadhana?

No, the phenomenon was important FOR THE CREATION; he himself was rather indifferent to it. But I did tell him about it.

It was at that time that he decided to stop dealing with people and retire to his room. So he called everyone together for one last meeting. Before then, he used to go out on the verandah every day to meet and talk with all who came to see him (this is the origin of the famous 'Talks with Sri Aurobindo'[203] ... – *Mother is about to say something severe, then reconsiders* – anyway ...) I was living in the inner rooms and seeing no one; he was going out onto the verandah, seeing everyone, receiving people, speaking, discussing – I saw him only when he came back inside.

After a while, I too began having meditations with people. I had begun a sort of 'overmental creation,' to make each god descend into a being – there was an extraordinary upward curve! Well, I was in contact with these beings and I told Krishna (because I was always seeing him around Sri Aurobindo), 'This is all very fine, but what I want now is a creation on earth – you must incarnate.' [299] He said 'Yes.' Then I saw him – I saw him with my own eyes (inner eyes, of course), join himself to Sri Aurobindo.

Then I went into Sri Aurobindo's room and told him, 'Here's what I have seen.' 'Yes, I know!' he replied *(Mother laughs)* 'That's fine; I have decided to retire to my room, and you will take charge of the people. You take charge.' (There were about thirty people at the time.) Then he called everyone together for one last meeting. He sat down, had me sit next to him, and said, 'I called you here to tell you that, as of today, I am withdrawing for purposes of sadhana, and Mother will now take charge of everyone; you should address yourselves to her; she will represent me and she will do all the work.' (He

hadn't mentioned this to me! – *Mother bursts into laughter)*

These people had always been very intimate with Sri Aurobindo, so they asked: 'Why, why, Why?' He replied, 'It will be explained to you.' I had no intention of explaining anything, and I left the room with him, but Datta began speaking. (She was an Englishwoman who had left Europe with me; she stayed here until her death – a person who received 'inspirations.') She said she felt Sri Aurobindo speaking through her and she explained everything: that Krishna had incarnated and that Sri Aurobindo was now going to do an intensive sadhana for the descent of the Supermind; that it meant Krishna's adherence to the Supramental Descent upon earth and that, as Sri Aurobindo would now be too occupied to deal with people, he had put me in charge and I would be doing all the work.

This was in 1926.

It was only ... (how can I put it?) a participation from Krishna. It made no difference for Sri Aurobindo personally: it was a formation from the past that accepted to participate in the present creation, nothing more. It was a descent of the Supreme, from ... some time back, now consenting to participate in the new manifestation.

Shiva, on the other hand, refused. 'No,' he said, 'I will come only when you have finished your work. I will not come into the world as it is now, but I am ready to help.' He was standing in my room that day, so tall *(laughing)* that his head touched the ceiling! He was bathed in his own special light, a play of red and gold ... magnificent! Just as he is when he manifests his supreme consciousness – a formidable being! So I stood up and ... (I too must have become quite tall, because my head was resting on his shoulder, just slightly below his head) then he told me, 'No, I'm not tying myself to a body, but I will give you ANYTHING you want.' [300] The only thing I said (it was all done wordlessly, of course) was: 'I want to be rid of the physical ego.'

Well, mon petit *(laughing),* it happened! It was extraordinary! ... After a while, I went to find Sri Aurobindo and said, 'See what has happened! I have a funny sensation *(Mother laughs)* of the cells no longer being clustered together! They're going to scatter! He looked at me, smiled and said, *Not yet.* And the effect vanished.

But Shiva had indeed given me what I wanted!

Not yet, Sri Aurobindo said.

No, the time wasn't ripe. It was too early, much too early.

(silence)

I had it two years ago.[204] But now there is something else – things are

different now.

So, I still haven't answered your questions.

Oh, yes, you've answered all sorts of questions!

August 5, 1961

(Mother gives Satprem some flowers.)

This is Skill in Works.[205]
And Mahalakshmi,[206] which means success.
Tomorrow I'm going downstairs.

Oh, yes?

You didn't know? Tomorrow is Sunday, I'm distributing saris and napkins. [301]
So, mon petit, do you have any questions?

Not many more. Some small details.[207]

Could you hand me a fan? The mosquitoes are a nuisance. Well then?

First of all, in the 'Questions and Answers' you speak of the 'reversal of consciousness.' Is this synonymous with the psychic realization? Because in one Conversation you connect the two things: the reversal of consciousness and the discovery of the psychic being.

It's the result of this discovery. In fact, it's the result of union with the psychic being.

Another detail. In several places, Sri Aurobindo speaks of the 'circumconscient' or 'environmental consciousness' through which we enter into contact with the external world. Is this the same as the 'subtle physical,' the subtle envelope? What is this circumconscient?

It's the encircling consciousness. Isn't it called the 'milieu' in French?

No, the milieu isn't personal.

Does he speak of it as being something personal?

Yes, there is subconscient, conscient, subliminal and circumconscient.

Oh!

Perhaps I should bring you the passage where he speaks about it.

Yes, because I don't quite understand. You see, the subtle physical extends a long way beyond the body. [302]

Then comes what Theon called the 'nervous sub-level,' which lies between this subtle physical and the vital. And it acts as a protection: if it is stable, harmonious and strong, it protects you – it protects you even physically – from contagious diseases, for instance, and even from accidents. I experienced it when I was living at Val-de-Grâce. It was the year I resolved to attain union with the psychic being and I was concentrated on this from morning to night and night to morning. Every day I spent some time in the Luxembourg Gardens. They were right near the house, but to get there I had to go all the way down Rue du Val-de-Grâce and cross Boulevard Saint Michel, where there were streetcars, automobiles, buses – the whole circus. I would remain in my concentration the whole time, and once, while crossing the boulevard, I felt a shock about this far from my body [slightly more than arm's length], so spontaneously I jumped back – just enough for the streetcar to pass by. I hadn't heard anything; I was totally absorbed, and without that warning I would surely have been run over; instead, I jumped back just in time, and the streetcar sped by. I understood then that this nervous sheath was something entirely concrete, because what I had felt was not an idea of danger but a shock – a material SHOCK.

So it's true that as long as this envelope is strong and undamaged, you are protected. But for instance, if you are over-tired or worried or flustered –

anything that brings disorder into the atmosphere seems to make holes in this envelope, and all kinds of things can enter.

Perhaps this is what Sri Aurobindo is speaking of.

But isn't this the subtle physical?

It surrounds the subtle physical.

First there is the subtle physical and then the circumconscient?

Yes; the subtle physical is visible – visible. You have seen heat vibrations when it's very hot, haven't you? That's the subtle physical – one form of it.

The subtle physical is right here *(gesture on the surface of the skin)*. Some people are sensitive in the subtle physical; you move your hand near them and they feel it immediately. Others don't even notice – it depends on the subtle physical's sensitivity. And the circumconscient surrounds it like an envelope. [303] If there are no tears in it, this envelope is a magnificent protection.[208] And it's not dependent on any spiritual or intellectual rationale, but on a harmony with Nature and life, a kind of stability in the material being. People with strong envelopes are almost always in good health and succeed in what they do. It isn't something mental – when they do a work it comes out nicely, if they want to meet someone, they meet him. Things of this nature.

The circumconscient must be that.

Is it through this envelope that we come into contact with others ?

Ah, yes, I should think so! When you are sensitive, mon petit, it becomes almost unbearable to be in a tightly packed crowd – it's all mixed up, and it's horrible. There is a suffocating sense of intrusion, as if you were inside things you hadn't chosen to have near you!

Is that all?

Another detail. Is there a difference between sleep and death, or are they the same?

Death and sleep? Oh, no!

They are not the same.

No.... Are you thinking of Buddha? (Ah, I thought of this two or three days ago; it came suddenly and I wondered why!) I remembered that before Buddha left his home, he passed through the rooms of the palace and saw his wife and parents sleeping and it felt to him as though they were dead. That's where we hear of sleep being like death. [304]

> *But isn't it like death? ... When you are asleep, you aren't in your body: everything else goes out just as it does at the time of death, doesn't it?*

Oh, no! Not at all. No. The cataleptic state of trance is like death, yes, except for the link that remains – only a link remains, but otherwise one has entirely gone out. Actually, the body becomes cataleptic only when one has entirely gone out; otherwise everything that is most material in the vital remains.

> *I mean, aren't the places you go to in sleep the same as the ones you go to in death?*

No, no, no. Most of the time in sleep, with very few exceptions, one is in contact with all that rises up from the subconscient: a cerebral subconscient, an emotive subconscient, a material subconscient; this is what produces ninety-nine percent of the dreams people have. Sometimes – usually – the mind goes wandering, but ninety-nine and a half percent of the time, one remembers nothing when it returns, because the link is not properly established.

The purpose of sleep is to re-establish contact with the consciousness of *Sachchidananda.* But I don't think one person in a hundred does so! They enter into unconsciousness far more than into *Sachchidananda.*

Yet no two sleeps are the same, mon petit! And it's the same with deaths, no two are the same. But sleep and death are different because ... they are different STATES. As long as you have a body, you are not in the same state as when you are 'dead.' There is a period of seven days after the doctors declare you 'dead' when you are still in an intermediary state; but the actual state of death itself is completely different BECAUSE there is no longer this physical base.

Once when I was at Tlemcen with Theon (this happened twice, but I'm not sure about the second time because I was alone), my body was in a cataleptic state and I was in conscious trance.... It was a peculiar kind of catalepsy in the sense that my body could speak, though very slowly – Theon had taught me how to do it. But this is because the 'life of the form' always remains (this is what takes seven days to leave the body) and it can even be trained to make the

body move – the being is no longer there, but the life of the form can make the body move (in any case, utter words). [305] However, this state is not without danger, the proof being that while I was working in trance, for some reason or other (which I no longer remember, but obviously due to some negligence on the part of Theon who was there to watch over me), the cord – I don't know what to call it – went snap! The link was cut, malevolently,[209] and when it was time and I wanted to return, I could no longer re-enter my body. But I was still able to warn him: 'The cord is cut.' Then he used his power and knowledge to help me come back – but it was no joke! It was very difficult.[210] And this is when I had the experience of the two different states, because the part that had gone out was now without the body's support – the link was cut. Then I knew. Of course, I was in a special state; I was doing a fully conscious work with all the vital power, and I was in control not only of my surroundings but.... You see, what happens is a kind of reversal of consciousness: you begin to belong to another world; you feel this quite distinctly. Theon instantly told me to concentrate (I was finding it all interesting – Mother laughs – I was making experiments and getting ready to go wandering off, but he was terribly scared that I would die on him!). He begged me to concentrate, so I concentrated on my body.

When I re-entered, it hurt terribly, terribly – an excruciating pain, like plunging into a hell.

Into a ... ?

Into a hell *(Mother laughs)*.

It was frightful. it doesn't last long.

He made me drink half a glass of cognac (he always made me take some every day after the trance because I would work in trance for more than an hour, which is generally a forbidden practice). Still, I am quite sure that with anybody but me and him, this would have been the end. I would not have reentered. [306]

So I know a little bit, even in my outermost consciousness. A little bit, that's all.

No, sleep is something else. Yes, something else. It's more like a relapse into Inconscience – a sort of invasion of tamas.[211]

We all know, of course, that the Divine Consciousness is there in the depths of the Inconscient; but even so, sleep appears to be a fall, and there are people who fall almost completely back into the Inconscient and come out of their sleep far duller than when they entered it. But for some reason, probably due to the necessities of the Work, I have never to my knowledge had a fully

unconscious sleep.

There was another thing (laughing): even as a young child, I would all of a sudden, right in the middle of an action or a sentence or anything at all, go into trance – and nobody knew what it was! They would all think I had gone to sleep! But I remained conscious, with an arm raised or in the middle of a word – and poof! No one there *(Mother laughs)*. No one there outwardly, but inwardly quite an intense, interesting experience. That used to happen to me even when I was very young.

I remember once (I must have been ten or twelve years old at the time), there was a luncheon at my parents' house for a dozen or so people, all decked out in their Sunday best – they were family but all the same it was a 'luncheon' and there was a certain protocol; in short, one had to behave properly. I was at one end of the table next to a first-cousin of mine who later became director of the Louvre for a while (he had an artistic intelligence, a rather capable young man). So there we were, and I remember I was observing something rather interesting in his atmosphere (mind you, although the faculties were already there, I knew nothing about occult things; if someone had spoken to me of 'auras' and all that.... I knew nothing). I was observing a kind of sensation I had felt in his atmosphere and then, just as I was putting the fork into my mouth, I took off! What a scolding I got! I was told that if I didn't know how to behave, I shouldn't come to the table! *(Mother goes into peals of laughter)*

It was during this period that I used to go out of my body every night and do the work I've spoken of in *Prayers and Meditations* (I only mentioned it in passing).[212] Every night at the same hour, when the whole house was very quiet, I would go out of my body and have all kinds of experiences. [307] And then my body gradually became a sleepwalker (that is, the consciousness of the form became more and more conscious, while the link remained very solidly established). I got into the habit of getting up – but not like an ordinary sleepwalker: I would get up, open my desk, take out a piece of paper and write ... poems. Yes, poems – I, who had nothing of the poet in me! I would jot things down, then very consciously put everything back into the drawer, lock everything up again very carefully and go back to bed. One night, for some reason or other, I forgot and left it open. My mother came in (in France the windows are covered with heavy curtains and in the morning my mother would come in and violently throw open the curtains, waking me up, brrm!, without any warning; but I was used to it and would already be prepared to wake up – otherwise it would have been most unpleasant!). Anyway, my mother came in, calling me with unquestionable authority, and then she found the open desk and the piece of paper: 'What's that?!' She grabbed it. 'What have you been up to?' I don't know what I replied, but she went to the doctor: 'My daughter has become a sleepwalker! You have to give her a drug.'

It wasn't easy.

I remember once.... She scolded me quite often (but it was very good, a very good lesson), she scolded me very, very often – for things I hadn't even done! Once she came down on me for something I had done but which she hadn't understood (I had done it with the best of intentions); I had given something to someone without her permission, and she reproached me for it as though it were a crime! At first I stiffened and said, 'I didn't do it.' She started to say I was lying. Then all at once, mutely, I looked at her and felt ... I felt all this human misery and all this human falsehood, and soundlessly the tears began to fall. 'What! Now you're crying!' she said. At that, I became a bit *fed up.* 'Oh, I'm not crying about myself,' I told her, 'but about the world's misery.'

'You're going mad!' She really believed I was going mad.

It was quite funny.

It's strange.... I say 'strange' because it's due to her that I took birth in this body, that it was chosen. When she was very young she had a great aspiration. She was exactly twenty years older than 1; she was twenty when I was born and I was her third child. The first was a son who died in Turkey when he was two months old, I think – they vaccinated him against smallpox and poisoned him, *(laughing)* god knows what it means! He died of convulsions. Next was my brother who was born in Egypt, at Alexandria, and then me, born in Paris when she was exactly twenty years old. [308] At that time (especially since the death of her first child) she had a kind Of GREAT aspiration in her: her children had to be 'the best in the world.' It wasn't an ambition, I don't know what it was. And what a will she had! MY mother had a formidable will, like an iron bar, utterly impervious to all outside influence. Once she had made up her mind, it was made up; even if someone had been dying before her eyes, she wouldn't have budged! And she decided: 'My children will be the best in the world.'

one thing she did have was a sense of progress; she felt that the world was progressing and we had to be better than anything that had come before – and that was sufficient.

It's strange, but that was sufficient.

Did I tell you what happened to my brother? No?... My brother was a terribly serious boy, and frightfully studious – oh, it was awful! But he also had a very strong character, a strong will, and there was something interesting about him. When he was studying to enter the Polytechnique, I studied with him – it interested me. We were very intimate (there were only eighteen months between us). He was quite violent, but with an extraordinary strength of character. He almost killed me three times,[213] but when my mother told him, 'Next time, you will kill her,' he resolved that it wouldn't happen again – and it never did. But what I wanted to tell you is that one day when he was eighteen,

just before the Polytechnique exams, as he was crossing the Seine (I think it was the *Pont des Arts*), suddenly in the middle of the bridge ... he felt something descend into him with such force that he became immobilized, petrified; then, although he didn't exactly hear a voice, a very clear message came to him: 'If you want, you can become a god' – it was translated like that in his consciousness. He told me that it took hold of him entirely, immobilized him – a formidable and extremely luminous power: 'If you want, you can become a god.' Then, in the thick of the experience itself, he replied, 'No, I want to serve humanity.' And it was gone. Of course, he took great care to say nothing to my mother, but we were intimate enough for him to tell me about it. I told him, 'Well *(laughing),* what an idiot you are!'

That's the story.

At that moment he could have had a spiritual realization: he had the right stuff. [309]

Three years later I had that experience – I've told you about it – of the Light piercing through me; I physically saw it enter into me. It was obviously the descent of a Being – not a past incarnation, but a Being from another plane. It was a golden light – the incarnation of a divine consciousness. Which proves that she succeeded for both her children.

But she ...

She was down on her knees before my brother. My mother scorned all religious sentiments as weakness and superstition and she absolutely denied the invisible. 'It's all brain disease,' she would say! But she could say just as well, 'Oh, my Matteo is my God, he is my God.' The devil knows why, but in Alexandria she gave him the Italian name Matteo! And she truly treated him like a god. She left him only when he married, because then she really couldn't continue to follow him around any longer.

But what's interesting, for instance, is that when her father died she knew it; she saw him. She thought it was a dream-'a stupid dream.' But he came to let her know he was dead and she saw him. 'It's nothing,' she said, 'a dream!' *(Mother laughs)*

When my grandmother died.... My grandmother had the occult sense. She had made her own fortune (a sizeable fortune) and had had five children, each one more extravagant than the other. She considered me the only sensible person in the family and she shared her secrets with me. 'You see,' she told me, 'these people are going to squander all my money!' She had a sixty year old son (she had married in Egypt at the age of fifteen, and had had this son when she was quite young). 'You see this boy, he goes out and visits impossible people! And then he starts playing cards and loses all my money!' I saw this 'boy,' I was there in the house when he came to her and said very politely, 'Good-bye, mother, I'm going out to so-and-so's house.' 'Ah, please

don't waste all my money, and take an overcoat – it's getting chilly at night.' Sixty years old! It was comical.... But to return to my story, after my grandmother died (I took a lot of care over her), she came to my mother (my mother was with her when she died; they embalmed her – she had gotten it into her head that she wanted to be burned, and since she died at Nice they had to embalm her so she could be burned in Paris). I was in Paris. My mother arrived with the body and told me, 'Just imagine, I'm constantly seeing her! And what's more, she gives me advice! "Don't waste your money!" she tells me.' 'Well, she's right, one must be careful,' I replied. 'But look here, she's dead! Dead! How can she talk to me! She's dead, I tell you, and quite dead at that!' I said to her, 'What does it mean, to die?'

It was all very funny. [310]

There was another reason.... My father was wonderfully healthy and strong – well-balanced. He wasn't very tall, but stocky. He did all his studies in Austria (at that time French was widely spoken in Austria, but he knew German, he knew English, Italian, Turkish ...), and there he had learned to ride horses in an extraordinary manner: he was so strong that he could bring a horse to the ground simply by pressing his knees. He could break anything at all with a blow of his fist, even one of those big silver five-franc pieces they had in those days – one blow and it was broken in two. Curiously enough, he looked Russian. I don't know why. They used to call him Barine. What an equilibrium – an extraordinary physical poise! And not only did this man know all those languages, but I never saw such a brain for arithmetic. Never. He made a game of calculations – not the slightest effort – calculations with hundreds of digits! And on top of it, he loved birds. He had a room to himself in our apartment (because my mother could never much tolerate him), he had his separate room, and in it he kept a big cage ... full of canaries! During the day he would close the windows and let all the canaries loose....

And could he tell stories! I think he read every novel available, all the stories he could find – extraordinary adventure stories, for he loved adventures. When we were kids he used to let us come into his room very early in the morning and, while still sitting in bed, tell us stories from the books he had read – but he told them as if they were his own, as if he'd had extraordinary adventures with outlaws, with wild animals.... Every story he picked up he told as his own. We enjoyed it tremendously!

But one day when my brother had disobeyed him (Matteo must have been ten or eleven, and I perhaps nine or ten), I came into the dining room and saw my father sitting on a sofa with my brother across his knees; he had pulled down his trousers and was spanking him, I don't know what for. It wasn't a very serious spanking, but still.... I came in, drew myself up to my full height and said, 'Papa, if you ever do that again, I am leaving this house!' And with such authority, mon petit! He stopped and never did it again.

Some very funny stories!

Anyway, I think that's enough for now. How I have chatted away! You always make me chat! [311]

August 8, 1961

X has written expressing his 'gratitude for all the revelations OF THE SUPREME' he has had during his meditations with me.

This is something new he has accepted, because the Supreme doesn't usually appear in tantrism – they are in contact with the Shakti and don't bother about the Supreme. But here he has come to accept it.

He has tried very hard to understand. But his spiritual conception has remained like this: one can – one MUST – master life, and in life, to some extent, a certain adaptation to the higher forces can be achieved; but there is no question of transformation: the physical world remains the physical world. It can be a little better organized, more harmonious, but there is no question of something else, of divinization – no question at all.

And this is probably why there are things he can't make out in his contact with me, because he simply doesn't understand. For example, these physical disorders baffle him, they seem incompatible with my realization. As long as the question of transformation does not come into play, the realization I had was sufficient to establish a kind of very stable order – reaction against the transformative will is what causes these disorders. And this he does not understand – to him something seems not to be functioning properly. He must feel a contradiction between certain things he perceives in my consciousness and my contact with the material world. 'This being this,' he thinks, 'that ought to be like that; so why...?' He doesn't understand.[214] [312]

August 11, 1961

(Regarding the book on Sri Aurobindo that Satprem was preparing to write.)

Again this morning, between 3 and 4 o'clock, Sri Aurobindo seemed to be showing me around the world of expression. I see a host of people I don't know (and some I do). There are immense rooms – not libraries (there are no books) yet everything is there, arranged and organized, in great open roofless rooms. And I walk along with Sri Aurobindo as he passes from one person to another, one group to another, one place to another, one room to another – and he coordinates it all. To some he says a few words; others show him things. And it's all for the *background* of your book, for it to be filled with all this – not explicitly, but potentially – for the Force to be there.

And the clarity! It is limpid-an atmosphere so transparent, so limpid, so clear! There are people of today, people of times past, people of forever. They are like living intelligences gathering together the earth's memories. Day after day, day after day, Sri Aurobindo has been showing this to me.

* * *

(A little later Mother begins to sign some 300 books. She remarks:)

I have a convenient signature....

Your signature takes wing!

Oh, yes – it's a bird!

It's the Bird of Grace descending from heaven. The dot at the end is very important. The dot is the seeing consciousness: the eye. There's a tail, a wing, another wing, and the eye-the seeing consciousness.

Mind you, I didn't think of it in advance! The awareness came later – I looked and said, 'Ah! ... [313]

*

Later

What shall we do?

There's some work if you like.

Oh no, nothing doing! What's marvelous is that I haven't a single idea in my head – nothing. Not 'idea'; I never have many of them! *(laughing)* No words, mon petit, nothing. I have two of T.'s notebooks here – I read them, said 'Ah!', and put them away. They've already stayed there for two weeks or ... I don't know how long. NOTHING, completely *blank.* But on the lowest plane, some interesting things: suddenly (not from time to time, but all the time, or almost all the time), all the body's cells suddenly seem to participate in a movement of force, a sort of circular movement containing all the vibrations – physical vibrations – right from the most material sensation *(Mother touches the skin of her hands)* to all the feelings of strength, power and comprehension (especially from an active standpoint, the standpoint of actions, movements, influences). it's not at all limited to the body; it's like that, like that, like that ... *(Mother makes a gesture stretching to infinity).* It has neither beginning nor end. The body itself is starting to feel how Energy behaves.

It's very interesting.

At any moment, if I just pay a little attention, it's like that. And then the body has no more limits – more and more, they seem to disappear.

And for the least little things, the least little things; and ... all taking place within the Supreme, with the ecstasy of His Presence. For the tiniest, tiniest little things: how the Force behaves when you're arranging objects, when you're moving something ... for everything, for food, for....

And it is strangely indifferent to any scale of values or circumstances. Sometimes when I am meeting and speaking with someone, when I am seeing someone, this great universal Light of a perfect whiteness comes streaming in. Well, I must admit, this also occurs for the merest trifles, when I'm tasting some cheese somebody has sent me, for example, or arranging objects in a cupboard, or deciding what things I'm going to use or have to organize. It doesn't come in the same massive way as when it comes directly. When it comes directly it's a mass, passing through and going out like that *(Mother shows the Light descending directly from above like a mass and passing through her head in order to spread out everywhere).* [314] In these small things it's pulverized, as though it came through an atomizer, but it's that same sparkling white light, utterly white. Then, whatever I'm doing, there's a sensation in the body that's like lying on a sea of something very soft, very intimate, very deep and eternal, immutable: the Lord. And all the body's cells

are joyously saying, 'You, You, You, You....'

That's my present condition.

The moments of forgetting are brief – plunk! A knock from someone or something – the shock of the ordinary vibration. It's unimportant, you turn your head and push it away. But I don't want that either, it [the movement of rejection] must go away entirely.

From a practical, concrete, effective standpoint, there are some results. Even when they don't write, people are beginning to receive my response very clearly, very precisely. People I don't know at all have written, and they receive my reply even before I write back (they tell this to intermediaries). I had another example only today. It's having results.

The earth is tiny.

(Mother gets up to leave)

That's all, petit. Once again I've bored you with my stories instead of speaking with you about your book....

Ah, no!

Perhaps it's better I don't talk to you about it....

You're the one who knows!

Because this kind of creative Power coming from on high, from up, up, up on the highest heights, beyond all forms of manifestation, mon petit, it's like ... something tremendous ... held behind a floodgate. And sometimes *(Mother smiles)* there's a temptation to open the floodgate a little.

When it pours out ... that will be something.

I'm starting to say stupidities – I'm leaving! [315]

August 18, 1961

(Satprem began his book on Sri Aurobindo on August 15.)

Have you been working?

Yes.

Ah! ... Good.

Here *(Mother gives some flowers),* this is the Generosity[215] of inspiration, and this is the crowning achievement [Divine Love[216]].

So, petit, everything all right? ... Yes?

A little difficult.

That *(pointing to the forehead)* must remain silent....

Well, yes.

... Let it come from here *(pointing to the heart).*

I am fully confident.

Even if there is some trouble with the continuity (at times you do have to link sections together), it will work out on the second reading. I am fully confident.

Your health is all right?

Yes, yes, it's all right.

Good.

People aren't sending me any more cheese![217]

I still have some, you know.

Oh! How can that be? [316]

Sometimes I forget to eat it, so it's left over.

Well, so much the better, because I don't have much left!

I have quite a supply right now.

You better cut it up in smaller pieces. In the meantime, I'll send you some more.

But Mother, I still have enough for at least a week!

Ah, all right. That should last until the next time I see you. So, petit, you have nothing to ask?

No, Mother....

Then everything is going all right.

It's not flowing well.

That doesn't matter. Don't worry – it will come. I don't even need to ask you: I'm sure of it.

It's not the ideas – I can feel and see the ideas – it's rather the expression. There is something slightly frozen.

Ah! ...

There's a thickness....

Warmth is missing.

A thickness that hinders the flow.

It must come from here *(the heart).* That's what I was told: it must come from here. Not there *(the head),* not even there *(above the head);* HERE *(the heart).* Usually expression comes from above, but it's not there: it is here *(same gesture to the heart).* It's a spontaneous little something coming all at once.... [317]

(silence)

Yesterday I had an experience. It didn't last long, no more than an hour or an hour and a half, but it was interesting.... Experiences always take place here for me now, on the completely material plane. Well, in action, in relation to the world and things (it was quite a general feeling, in any case terrestrial – not universal, terrestrial), there was no more center. From the standpoint of sensations and reactions, exchanges – no more center. Everything was dispersed like that, everywhere. There was only ONE center, the highest Center (highest or deepest) – the sole Center. All sensations, all contacts, all exchanges – everything was like that.

It was rather interesting in that I wasn't expecting it; it came suddenly when I was walking in my room in the evening – the feeling ... not positively that the body no longer existed, since it kept walking, but that there was no more center. I can't put it any other way – there was no more center. There was only one Center. It was all, all the same thing, and from the absolutely material standpoint, the standpoint of sensations – material sensations, exchanges, vibrations – everything. At one point it even became so strong that something laughed and said, 'Ah! So that's how to no longer exist!'

It was very interesting. However, the experience could not last because ... after a while I wasn't alone anymore. Actually, it was dinner time. Not that I couldn't eat in that state – it makes no difference (I can eat very easily through others, for instance: it has happened quite frequently that someone else eats and I am satisfied; there's no need to put anything inside, it's very convenient! These are experiments.) But this was ... it was the almost total annihilation of the center. It didn't last because of the people (four, as always) bringing in dinner, serving the plates, etc. – their concentration weakened the experience: it faded. The feeling of 'I'm eating' returned a little – not 'I'! That notion disappeared a long time ago! Not my true 'I' – my true 'I' has been settled up above for a very long time, and it doesn't move from there. But 'this body is eating'; this body which has been put at the disposal of the work is eating (it didn't come in so many words and sentences, but still!). In short, the experience faded with the sensation of eating and I was unable to know its effect.

But I would like to know the effect it must have on the body's functioning. It would be interesting to know if the functioning becomes wholly harmonious or ... what? ... We will probably see. But the experience must last; it must last for at least one day, or even two or three – then the result would be interesting to see. [318]

Well, petit....

Now your cheese is going to run out! *(Mother laughs merrily)*

If you have anything to ask, just write.

Oh, there's nothing.

No, if for some reason or other you need something, tell me – I'm not making a fixed rule, it's simply so as not to disturb you in your work.

Besides, it goes without saying that I am there [with you] quite consciously – and I am not alone!

There you are, petit.

August 25, 1961

(Mother gives flowers) This is Alchemy.[218] And here! *(Mother hands Satprem some cheese)*

I still have plenty, you know!

It doesn't matter, mon petit, this is the last of it. I may have one or two boxes left, but that's all.

How is the work going?

I don't know.

It doesn't matter.

You must know how it's going!

(Mother laughs) Yes! And I say: 'It doesn't matter if you don't say anything!' I knew you wouldn't! But it's going all right, it's all right. [319]

Anyway, X has written to me (and to M. also), telling me he will be here on the 29th, but will have to leave on the 10th, so it won't be for very long – all because of various ceremonies....[219] He writes me that he's going to train someone to replace him for all these ceremonies so he can be freer to come here for longer periods. But to M. (the devil knows what M. wrote to him), he says something like, 'Yes, there is a very sorry situation in the Ashram and people's jealousy and envy are increasing more and more.' Yet nevertheless he feels so drawn by 'the Mother's' presence that he will come.

I admit I didn't like this letter. But I don't hold him responsible because.... When people tell him things, he believes them. God knows what story M. told him!

(silence)

Three or four years ago I had to make a little effort to meditate or give a meditation to someone in a very bad condition. But now ... absolutely no more effort. No effort at all. And I don't notice a bit when X is having difficulty, not a bit. I prepare myself as usual before he comes and as soon as he arrives, all I have to do is call (although generally that's not necessary); I call, and then I become blissful. And I haven't found more difficulties in certain cases than in others – I DON'T FEEL THE RESISTANCE, neither in the atmosphere nor in people. The Force is imperative. That's why I was so astounded those other times when he began to say he needed at least ten minutes to put himself into meditation – it seemed fantastic to me! He said so himself, otherwise I would never have believed it.[220]

Well, we shall see.

What else, mon petit?

The book isn't progressing very quickly, you know.

It's not progressing quickly.... Did you begin at the beginning?

Yes.

Ah! ... Did that work? ... Yes, I know it did ... I'm not asking you for a declaration!

I can't say that I'm satisfied. [320]

Hmm! ...

* * *

A little later:

Oh, again last night ... some delightful things.

Nowadays I always spend a part of the night in the realm of expression, a realm where generally I never used to go at all. It's a very lovely place, very human in the sense that it's not a scene from Nature: there are huge rooms and great, highly intellectual arrangements; yet it's very lovely, with such a clear and limpid atmosphere – all in clear shades... (Mother *gives up trying to describe it).* Oh, it's so luminous and lovely, very well organized, as far as the eye can see; it seems as big as the earth. The rooms are roofless, just imagine! Huge roofless rooms flooded with light, and transparent partitions. And the people inside seem very, very aware – not a lot of people, but extremely studious and attentive, and they are creating arrangements of things. They must be people writing books. They are making compositions – oh, if you knew how lovely it was! It's as if they were taking colors and more or less geometrical forms and placing them in relation to one another. There are huge pigeonholes where everything is in order, and yet without doors, not closed up – wide open and still completely protected. An interesting place. I don't usually go there – I've gone maybe two or three times in my life, without paying much attention – but lately, because of this book you are writing, Sri Aurobindo is taking me there all the time.

And there are people with no country – he takes me to a place where the people have no country, no race, no special costume – they seem very universal. And they move around harmoniously, silently, as though they were gliding – and with precision, everything is extremely precise. Some of them have even shown me things: there were some lovely colored papers! But these colors are unearthly, somehow transparent. They were arranging it all, demonstrating and explaining to me how it has to be arranged to give the maximum effect.

I have seen you there several times. You were wearing something similar to what you are wearing now [dhoti]: not European – they wear the costume of no particular country. It's usually white, but not made of cloth. it's all on a VERY luminous, very orderly, very clear mental plane-no objects lying around, only things like sheets of paper, which seem to be ideas or compositions of ideas, but no clutter. It's vast, vast, so vast you can see no end to it! [321] And up above it's wide open, and a light is constantly descending. What you walk on is a little more solid, but not much more. It's an interesting place.

I go there almost every night for half or three-quarters of an hour, and Sri Aurobindo shows it all to me. Some people are waiting for him – in certain corners everything is ready and waiting and when he comes they show him what they have done. Then he explains: a word, a gesture, not much, and then, ah! It takes a form. It's an interesting place. I am putting you in touch with it all the time, all the time, every day – it doesn't matter if you don't remember, it's not important....

(Satprem doesn't seem to agree)

After all, remembering is merely an amusement. I have come to the conclusion that it's amusing and personally satisfying but not necessary at all. I see that MOST Of My work is done – and done with great precision – without needing to be recorded here; it's quite unnecessary. I am fully conscious when I'm doing the work, but I would really rather not remember it.

That's all, petit.

You really don't need anything?

No, Mother, I have all I need.

Tell me if you need anything. You must take care of yourself while you're working.

I'm quite all right.

Good-bye, mon petit. [322]

September 3, 1961

(The beginning of this conversation has unfortunately disappeared. It dealt with the book that Satprem was writing on Sri Aurobindo, and he spoke to Mother of his dream of writing automatically, without even needing to think, letting the writing flow along by itself.)

... You would like to carry thought into higher domains, beyond the province of thought itself! ... This is something practically impossible.

You understand, if I were British and writing in English, I could try to do a book on Sri Aurobindo using 'Savitri' alone. With quotations from Savitri one can maintain a certain poetical rhythm, and this rhythm can generate an opening. But in French it isn't possible – how could it be translated?

Yes, that's what I mean-but even in English....

In English it should be possible. But after all, it's intended for the general public – Id better not drown them!

It's not so much a question of the reading public as a question of language. As for the readers ... you know, at any level whatsoever it is possible to suddenly touch a soul, anywhere. The level doesn't matter, and fundamentally if one reaches one or two souls with a book like this, it's a fine result. It opens the way to people intellectually, and those who want to can follow along.

I don't think your book will hold any surprises for me when I have it! Sometimes I listen to whole sections of it. Last night it was almost as if you were reading the book to me – not exactly with words but ... I woke up and Sri Aurobindo was there and – as though you had been reading something – he approved of it, saying, 'Yes, it's fine like that, *it's all right.*'

(silence)

There you are, mon petit.

One whole week to go without seeing each other.... We remain very close. Very close – you don't even need to feel it! [325]

(Satprem makes a face)

... to feel it is a luxury. That will come later.
Good-bye.

September 10, 1961

(Concerning the tantric guru:)

Has A. spoken to you about this? ... X told him that you were the bridge between him and me (he even spoke in English): 'Oh, Satprem was the bridge.' (Mother smiles) And a second later he added, 'But now we don't need it anymore!' (Mother laughs merrily) I was much amused!

* * *

(A little later, regarding the book on Sri Aurobindo:)

Anything one can write is so flat, so flat in comparison with what one perceives!

Yes, in comparison with Sri Aurobindo's contact (the vibration that comes from him, if you like), it always seems meager, always flat. Even the most ... you know, spiritual experiences that have been described, experiences that others have had – well, even experiences that are stronger, clearer, more powerful, more complete than any of those seem ... when you make contact with Sri Aurobindo, oh, how thin they all seem, so thin!

Besides, as a means of expression.... writing is hard labor, you know. It's not pleasant, it's not like composing music or painting.

No indeed!

Oh, let me tell you.... [326]

It's hard.

It's hard. I would rather have been a musician – it would have changed my life completely. I feel I have always lacked something to open up....

No. Perhaps....

I don't know, but Sri Aurobindo spoke of it at the end of the book on the Vedas, in the chapter on the origin of languages. He seems to be saying that it's better if one goes back to the origin of the vibrations. Ultimately, as a language grows more intellectual, it hardens and dries up. Perhaps when we had only sounds (the A's and the O's; the O's especially are very flexible, the whole gamut of O's), perhaps it was more ... supple.

I feel this so often now. How to put it.... I always try not to talk – talking bothers me. Yes, it's a real nuisance. When I see someone, the first thing I do is to avoid talking. Then, when the Vibration comes, it's good; there is a sort of communication, and if the person is the least bit receptive, what comes is like a ... it's subtler than music; it's a vibration bringing its own principle of harmony. But people usually get impatient after a while and, wanting something more 'concrete,' oblige me to talk. They always insist on it. Then,

being in a certain atmosphere, a certain vibration, I immediately feel something going like this (gesture of a fall to another level), and then hardening. Even when I babble (you see, the very effort of trying to be more subtle makes me babble), even my babblings (laughing) ... become dry by comparison. There are all sorts of things that are so much fuller – full, packed with an inner richness – and as soon as this is put into words, oh! ...

The night before last, around 3 in the morning, I was in a place where there were a lot of people from here (you were there), and I was trying to play some music, precisely in order to SAY something. There were three pianos there, which seemed to be interlocked into each other, so I leaned over sideways to get at one of the three and began playing on it. It was in a large hall with people seated at a distance, but you were just at my left alongside a young lady who was a symbol figure (that is, the vibration or impression I received from her and the relationship I had with her could be applied as well to four or five persons here: it was like relating to an amalgam – something that is very interesting and often happens to me). Anyway, I was leaning over one of the keyboards and trying ... trying to work something out, to illustrate how 'this' would translate into 'that.' [327] Finally I realized that playing half-standing, half-leaning was unnecessary acrobatics, because a grand piano was right there in front, so I sat down before it. Well, the most amusing part of it was that the keys (there were two keyboards) were all blue – like the marbled paper we are making now, all blue, and with every possible marbled effect. Black keys, white keys, high keys, low keys (all of them were the same width, quite wide, like this), all seemed to be coated – but it wasn't paper – with this blue. Facing the piano I said to myself, 'Well now, this can't be played with physical eyes – it has to be played FROM ABOVE.'

While I was playing, I kept telling myself, 'But this is what I've tried to do with music all my life – play on the blue keyboard!'

It was great fun, you know.

Suddenly, along came a SOUND! Not physical, but so complete, so full, as if ... as if something exploded, like a.... I don't know what, much more resounding than an orchestra – something exploding. It was overwhelming!

I was so sorry to have to get up. Because *(laughing) I* thought, 'At least I would have heard something good for once!' It was such an outburst of sound! So extraordinary and so powerful that.... But it was 4 o'clock and time to get up.

Maybe this is what you were thinking of – what you would like to express in your book. it occurred in a place similar to the realm of expression where, as I told you, I have frequently been going lately. It is very, very vast, very open, but this time there were no walls. No ceiling, no walls. There was only a kind of ground – very pale, luminous, vast and ... very empty, empty. People were

seated but I didn't see any chairs. Only the pianos were visible, and they were quite odd: you could hardly see anything but the keyboards, which were sort of overlapping. In front was a grand piano, and over here was a somewhat bigger one – the one I had been leaning over sideways to play on – and then there was one turned to the other side. And then this grand piano, right in front – but with only the keyboard visible! 'Well, why shouldn't I be comfortable!' I said to myself, and I sat down. Then everything became blue – great, blue notes. 'How am I going to play?' I wondered. I tried to play as usual and then: 'It doesn't work, it doesn't work,' I said. 'Ah! It has to be played from above – it has to be played from above!' So I place my hands on the keys, I concentrate ... and brrff! It was like some ... not violent, not loud and noisy, but – oh, overwhelming! Three, four – not notes: sounds, harmonies ... I don't really know what. [328]

But this must be what you were thinking of, what you would like to use for your book.[221]

Yes, I would certainly like to....

It will come. Ah, it will come!
It's time for me to leave now.
So there you are, petit; it will come.

September 16, 1961

(Satprem complains of his difficulties in writing the book on Sri Aurobindo. He says in particular that he has a feeling of being 'blocked')

I have asked Sri Aurobindo to help you.

You know, we are surrounded by complications, but there is always a place where it all opens out simple and straight – this is a fact of my experience. You go around in circles, seeking, working at it, and you feel stuck; then something in the inner attitude gives way, and all of a sudden it opens out – quite simply.

I have had this experience very often. So I have asked Sri Aurobindo to give it to you.

And he says repeatedly, insistently: *Be simple, be simple. Say simply what*

you feel. Be simple, be simple, insistently. These are only words, but as a matter of fact, when he spoke these words it was like a path of light opening up, and everything became very simple: 'Just take one step after another, that's all we have to do!' – that's how it seemed to me.

It's curious, all the complications seemed to be there *(Mother touches her temples),* very complicated and very difficult to adjust; and then when he said, *Be simple* – how strange – it was like a light coming from his eyes, as if one had suddenly emerged into a garden of light. [329]

It gave that impression – like a garden bathed in light.

Such great insistence on the simple thing: say simply what you see or what you know – simple, simple. A simplicity ... it was altogether the impression of a joyous garden.

Be simple, be simple.

The complications are there *(same gesture)*, it is hard and complicated – and then a door opens: *Be simple.*

As if there were too much mental tension: something here at the temples.

(silence)

I have to face a similar difficulty, mind you, although it's on another level. There is such a tremendous accumulation of people to see, things to do, questions to be resolved – everything. The accumulation is So TIGHTLY packed – so compact! Too compact for the life – for the hours, the time, the forces – of an ordinary body. Yet behind it all, there is a sort of constant 'active immobility,' in the sense that the consciousness has the impression of being immobile, of being borne along on the stream of progress and evolution. But this immobility.... If I should try to do what I have to do, you know, everything I have to do, well ... it becomes impossible, things clog up, it gets painful. And here his answer is the same: *Be simple, be simple.*

This morning when I was 'walking,' the program of the day and the work ahead of me was so formidable that I felt it to be impossible. And yet simultaneously there was this ... immobile inner POSITION in me; as soon as I stop my movement of formation and action, it becomes like a dance of joy: all the cells vibrating (there is a sort of vivacity, and an extraordinary music), all the cells vibrant with the joy of the Presence – the divine Presence. But when I see the outside world entering and attacking, well ... this joy doesn't exactly disappear, but it retreats. And the result is that I always feel like sitting down and keeping still – when I can do that it is marvelous. But of course, all the suggestions from outside come in: suggestions of helplessness and old age, of wear and tear, of diminishing power, all that – and I know positively that it's false. But calm in the body is indispensable. Well, for me also Sri Aurobindo's

answer is always the same: *Be simple, be simple, very simple*. [330]

And I know what he means: to deny entry to regimenting, organizing, prescriptive, judgmental thought – he wants none of all that. What he calls being simple is a joyous spontaneity; in action, in expression, in movement, in life – *be simple, be simple, be simple.* A joyous spontaneity. To rediscover in evolution that condition he calls divine, which was a spontaneous and happy condition. He wants us to rediscover that. And for days now he has been here telling me (and the same goes for your work): *Be simple, be simple, be simple.* And in his simplicity was a luminous joy.

A joyous spontaneity.

What's terrible is this organizing mind. It's terrible! It has us so convinced that we can't do without it that it's very difficult to resist. Indeed, it has convinced all humanity. The whole so-called elite of humanity has been convinced that nothing worthwhile can be achieved without this mental organizing power.

But Sri Aurobindo wants us to have the same simple joy as a blossoming rose: *Be simple, be simple, be simple.* And when I hear it or see it, it's like a rivulet of golden light, like a fragrant garden – all, all, all is open. *Be simple*.

So you see, mon petit ...

These last two or three days I have been constantly seeing this for you. Then this morning it came for me, because the accumulation of work has become so tremendous that I would need ten times more time than I have merely to bring things up to date. So there I was, feeling a bit cornered; there was even a force wanting me to stop in the midst of my walk and RELAX, and I was resisting it with all my will – until I realized I was doing something foolish. It was the same thing, he said the same thing for me. I relaxed – and immediately everything was fine.

Essentially, we live with too much tension, don't we?

There you have it, mon petit, my message for the week.

What to do about it? Oh, that will come. But it's true, we are always too tense – always. And I know that as long as we are controlled by that admirable mind, we feel that to relax means to fall into tamas and unconsciousness. All these old notions remain, prolonging themselves; and there's something like the residue of one of those marvelous censors, telling you: 'Be careful, tamas, tamas! Be careful, you are dozing off – very bad, very bad.' And it's idiotic, because tamas is neither joyous nor luminous, while this is an immediate joy and light. [331]

* * *

A little later:

I am still unable to write a line, except when someone needs a reply; then it comes straight-away, without reflecting, a few lines – that's all right. But to read a question and then answer, oh! It's not lassitude, it's a refusal to budge.

Yes, but you are besieged by so many people who really don't...

Oh, mon petit, it's disgraceful.

Yes.

It's disgraceful.

I don't know, I only get echoes from Sujata, I don't really know what's happening, but I get the impression that a lot of your time is being uselessly taken up.

Oh, it's awful. Imagine, nowadays I go upstairs at 6:30 or 7 in the evening.

Well, yes, that's what Sujata told me. It isn't good.

It's awful. And WHY?

Sri Aurobindo says, in one of the letters quoted in *On Himself,* 'All the same, you would not expect us to spend all our time acting like the head of the family and reconciling all your stupid quarrels .....

Yes!

'... and busying ourselves with your stupid affairs.' He is very frank, you know, he doesn't mince words; he states it very clearly: *It is idiotic.* That cheered me up! *(Mother laughs)*

Listen, here is a letter I have written to one of the teachers at the School *(Mother reads): 'We are not here to do only a little better what the others do, we are here to do what the others CANNOT do, because they do not have even the idea that it can be done. We are here to open the way of the Future to children who belong to the Future. Anything else is not worth the trouble and not worthy of Sri Aurobindo's help.'* [332]

That's what I wrote.
It is Sri Aurobindo, of course, because it came in English.

(Mother gets up to leave)

There you are, petit. Now if I can pass this vision along to you, your book will come easily.

September 23, 1961

> *I have the right to 150 pages! The publisher is giving me 150 pages in his collection.... Terrible.... But in this 'Sri Aurobindo,' you understand, I would like to make his whole poetic aspect stand out, that poetry which is like the Veda, like a revelation, so a bit of space is required: it can't be squeezed into a few lines, or reduced to a skeleton.*

This analogy between the ancient form of spiritual revelations and *Savitri,* this blossoming into poetry of his prophetic revelation is ... what could be called the most exceptional part of his work. And what is remarkable (I saw him do it) is that he changed *Savitri:* he went along changing it as his experience changed.

It is clearly the continuing expression of his experience.

There were whole sections he redid completely, which were like descriptions of what I had told him of my own experiences. Nolini said this. When I recently reread *Savitri,* some phrases were very familiar and I said to Nolini, 'How odd, these are almost my very words!' And he replied, 'But this has been changed, it was written differently; it has BECOME like this.' As the thing became more and more concrete for him, he changed it. The breath of revelatory prophecy is extraordinary! It has an extraordinary POWER!

What struck me is that he never wanted to write anything else. To write those articles for the *Bulletin*[222] was really a heavy sacrifice for him. [333] He had said he would complete certain parts of *The Synthesis of Yoga,*[223] but when he was asked to do so, he replied, 'No, I don't want to go down to that mental level'! *Savitri* comes from somewhere else altogether. And I think that *Savitri*

is the most important thing to speak about.

From time to time I use a line from 'Savitri,' placing it in the book like an open window. That's all I can do.

* * *

(A little later, concerning Sri Aurobindo's biography, Mother remarks.)

All those details have always horrified me.

If anyone ever wanted to write about me, the first thing I would say is: NOT ONE WORD about my personal life – not a word.

September 28, 1961

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Sweet Mother,

I feel completely abandoned to myself. This book is a real SUFFERING. I don't see where I am going, I am groping in all directions. Mother, do help me. Where lies the fault? I am suffering, you know. I would like to do it well, but it comes only in fits and starts, nothing coherent. Sometimes I feel quite incapable of carrying out this task properly.

What should I do?

Your child,
Signed: Satprem [334]

(Mother's reply)

Thursday

Satprem, my dear child,

If you agree, here is what we could do: read aloud to me what you have written; perhaps seeing it in my consciousness will help you.

If you think this could be useful, I will see you on Saturday at 10 o'clock.

With all my tenderness,
Signed: Mother

September 30, 1961

(Mother gives Satprem a flower she has recently named 'Unostentatious Certitude': Platycodon grandiflorum)

This is the complete negation of 'bluff.' I find it very beautiful. When I saw this flower, it struck me as something very profound, very calm – absolutely sure, immobile. I don't know why, but the longer I looked at it, the more it gave that impression and when I was asked its significance, I said, 'Unostentatious Certitude.' It's what one might call a superlative good-taste in the realm of spiritual experience: something with greater content than it expresses.

* * *

(Following the letter Satprem had written to Mother the previous day regarding the book on Sri Aurobindo.)

I had a clear vision of the two kinds of opposites in nature (not only in nature but in life) which almost everyone carries within himself: one is the possibility of realization, the other is the path chosen to attain it. [335] There is always (it's probably inevitable) the stormy path of struggle, and then there is the sunlit path. After much study and observation, I have had a sort of 'spiritual ambition' (if it can be called that) to bring to the world a sunlit path, to eliminate the necessity for struggle and suffering: something that aspires to replace this present phase of universal evolution with a less painful phase.

It greatly interested me when I read your letter. I was looking at why you have so many difficulties; twice in your note you wrote that it [writing] is a 'suffering.' You have very often written this word, very often spoken it, and it

seems dominant in one aspect of your being – while in the other is the glory of a supreme joy, the very stuff of the future realization.

These are what could be called the two modes, not of your character, but of your soul.[224]

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo told me, *He has all the necessary stuff.*

This book is self-existent and you have only to follow it along, with simplicity, the way you would follow a path that has already been blazed that is already THERE, automatically brought into being by its own necessity. *(For a long while Mother gazes in front of her)* ... Don't be alarmed, I'm just looking!

You don't need to suffer; it's not necessary.

That's what I want to tell you.

The difficulties all stem from the fact that you think they are there.

Good-bye, mon petit. Do you want to see me a day ahead of time?

I don't want to take up your time uselessly. [336]

Mon petit, I am doing absolutely nothing. I have an avalanche of letters, a pile this high *(gesture)* that I haven't answered; I haven't written a word – nothing. I'm not doing anything except seeing people, and that is neither important nor interesting. [337]

October 2, 1961

1 was holding one of these flowers [Integral Generosity[225]] in my hand when I saw Z, and I explained to him what I meant by 'integral generosity.' The effect of the ego, I told him, is to shrivel the being. It's the cause of aging, it dries you up – the being shrivels under it like a withering flower. And as I was speaking to him, the experience came; all I remember now is the idea, but the idea is nothing – the experience itself was there.

I know that at a certain moment I was making the distinction between the two states, between the person – the individual, personal being – turning

towards the Lord, imploring Him to reveal His Will, and then this experience of becoming – by extending oneself, by opening, by enlarging, by merging into the creation – of BECOMING the Will of the Lord, the Supreme's Will. No longer any need to implore Him, to 'know' His Will and receive it like something foreign to you – you become that Will.

The experience was there at that moment, and it was eloquent enough.

And I was giving him the example of BEING the thing you manipulate and so – since you ARE the thing – having not only the joy of perfect knowledge of manipulation, but the joy of collaboration as well (not collaboration: rather a participation from the thing being utilized). And this from the smallest thing (objects you put in order, for example) right up to the universal transformation that comes with the new Creation – and it's all the same movement of abolishing limits, the movement of expansion, of a generosity that abolishes limits. It begins with self-giving, it ends in identification.

(silence)

I am investigating the consequences of an experience that was truly very interesting. It was one of those concrete experiences of something already 'known,' something one has the knowledge of ... but what is knowledge! It's only a VERY SMALL part of it. When one is the experience of the thing, then it becomes interesting.... I am in search of exactly what constitutes the Falsehood of the world. [341]

The story began with an entirely concrete and material incident very amusing; this is not the first time it has happened, but it was so concrete and so precise that it became interesting. Someone was complaining of being ill, quite a serious, psychological illness: periodic possession by a spirit of falsehood, recurring regularly every month, of more or less long duration. This person comes to see me, and the moment she's here there's an upwelling of that profound Compassion of Love, with a considerable, concentrated Power to drive away the possession; and all of this accompanied, even outwardly, by quite an affectionate gesture. This person leaves and within half an hour I receive a letter: 'Now I know: you hate me, you want me to be ill and you want me to die because I disgust you.'

It was interesting because it was so concrete. I was conscious of my movement of compassion and love and of what it had become in the other person's consciousness!

It's very easy to explain: she was already more than half possessed, and of course this spirit of falsehood hardly felt comfortable! And the identification[226] (not only mental but sensory, vital) was so complete that she felt this love as a movement of hatred. When I saw the two phenomena, I also saw that this is exactly what happens in the world! It's exactly what EVERYONE is.

I must add that the experience came after I had been concentrating for three

days (concentrating almost constantly) on finding an explanation for this: why has it become this way? It is impossible to find the 'why' because it's the reason asking and this goes beyond reason – but what is the MECHANISM? Finding the mechanism would already be something – to have the experience of the mechanism. And then came this CONCRETE superposition of the vibration of Love and the reception of hate. 'But this is exactly what happens!' I said. 'The Lord is All-Love, All-Truth, All-Bliss, All-Delight – He is CONSTANTLY like that – and the world, especially the human world, constantly receives him in the other way.' And the two things are superposed *(Mother covers her left hand with her right).*

Words don't convey anything; it was the experience. I made ... contact. It was very interesting. It lasted a long time, some two or three days. Since it was also linked to a state of health – a headache that had to be cured – it bore its consequences: a crystal clear explanation of illness came.... [342] But I must again add something that preceded this.

This concentration on finding the mechanism sprang from the fact that there were disorders in the body which were vanishing and then reappearing – permanent cure seemed impossible. So I told myself, 'Somewhere, probably in the subconscient, something must be justifying their presence.' Then, after concentrating and searching and concentrating some more, suddenly a memory rose up from the subconscient (a memory which is a kind of continued existence under a certain form), the memory of a particular set of movements and actions (not physical movements, but attitudes) that go back many years and had never attracted my attention. None of it had ever been included in the general clearing-out because, like so many other things, it all seemed to be due to normal, ongoing circumstances. But that's just where I saw (what to call it?) *the hue,* the taint of Falsehood. It's very subtle. These are very subtle things. But suddenly, oh! ... It caught hold of me and created a revolution in the whole being. All those vibrations were cast up and transformed – an extraordinary thing. It stirred up much more commotion and revolution than I had ever expected. And ... ah! ... A relief. Something was clarified, bringing a brilliant, new comprehension, and then quite interesting physical results. Before this, I was really feeling rather poorly, extremely tired, with the impression of a decline into decrepitude – relatively speaking! (It was in a very superficial part of the being, but it was enough to be disagreeable.) And all of it – pfft! Gone in a single stroke.

And that very day, I had this experience with the possessed person – it all came together. And then afterwards, a sort of mastery over the problem and the impression of a breakthrough – an opening up of the WAY to change, which is this enlargement. First, the movement of generosity (not that shriveling movement, but its exact opposite – the movement of expansion), and from there you go on to universality, and from universality to Totality.

It makes a whole set of interesting experiences.

Then there is a doctor, V., who comes here twice a year to give a check-up to all who take part in the physical education program and all the children. He is an extremely honest and sincere man who believes in the mission of medical science. Each time he comes, I write something in his diary on the day of his departure (his whole diary is full of things I've written – they usually appear in the *Bulletin* or somewhere). On that very same day I learned that V. was leaving, and it suddenly came to me – so clearly! [343] Falsehood in the body – that sort of juxtaposition of contraries, the inversion of the Vibration (only it doesn't really invert – it's a curious phenomenon: the vibration remains what it is but it's received inverted) – this falsehood in the body is a falsehood in the CONSCIOUSNESS. The falsity of the consciousness naturally has material consequences ... and that's what illness is! I immediately made an experiment on my body to see if this held, if it actually works that way. And I realized that it's true! When you are open and in contact with the Divine, the Vibration gives you strength, energy; and if you are quiet enough, it fills you with great joy – and all of this in the cells of the body. You fall back into the ordinary consciousness and straight-away, without anything changing, the SAME thing, the SAME vibration coming from the SAME source turns into a pain, a malaise, a feeling of uncertainty, instability and decrepitude. To be sure of this, I repeated the experiment three or four times, and it was absolutely automatic, like the operation of a chemical formula: same conditions, same results.

This interested me greatly.

And then, from a purely external and practical standpoint, I said, 'Illnesses are the falsehoods of the body' (there is no question of *lie* here, it is a matter of *falsehood;* in French we have only the one word "mensonge") 'and each doctor...' (here, of course, one would have to insert a little qualification: each sincere, honest doctor who truly wants to cure), '... each true doctor is a soldier in the great army of those who fight for Truth.'[227]

That was the sentence I wrote for my doctor. And that's the story of these last two days.

* * *

(Towards the end of the conversation, Satprem once again complains of his difficulties in writing his book. Mother proposes that he try to unblock the way by reading his manuscript to her.)

You know, it [Mother's consciousness] is an immobile mirror that projects things from below upwards and receives things from above to transmit them below. [344] This mirror is two-surfaced, and absolutely immobile, not adding any vibration to what is received or transmitted: a perfect neutrality. In this mirror, therefore, you would be able to see your book a little more impersonally, outside yourself and your own creative power.

(Satprem makes a face; he feels shy about reading his text aloud)

Yes, you can find out if it's consistent with your state of consciousness and your manner of working!

If you give it to me to read when it's all finished, as you did with the other one *[L'Orpailleur],* that's how it will be received; it won't pass through the mind at all. It will be reflected in the mirror and from the mirror it will go above. That's the way I saw the other book, and I was shown many things about you I hadn't known. So you can do it either way; I mean you can use the mirror before finishing the book – not for what I may think of it, because that has no importance at all, but for the effect it might have on your work. It's up to you.

It's not quite ready. I still have a lot to correct.

Correct? ... Many doors are open, and through these open doors things immeasurable for you can act through what you have written, bringing infinitely more to the reading than you think you have put there. People will be brought into contact with the thing, and each one, according to his receptivity, will catch hold of something. And this is very important – it must not be touched.[228]

I don't mind reading it, but it will take up your time....

No, no! As soon as I listen, everything is silenced, it all keeps quiet. I really become an immobile mirror.

But some people I don't hear at all! I see lips moving, but there is nothing, nothing, not even an ordinary thought! When people are capable of a little clear-thinking, I hear everything. But with others, it's like oo-oo-oo.... Just recently there was something really comical! I no longer know who it was, but someone came to see me and when he began to talk ... I understood nothing! All I heard was noise. What to do? ... [345] This person was asking me questions (he came here for sadhana, mind you, not for external matters; it was a serious visit), and all that came out was oo-oo-oo-oo, nothing else. So I concentrated and put myself in contact with his soul, which was the only thing I could contact. It took some time. I kept silent, and finally so did he, since he saw that I was not replying. Then suddenly it came, so clearly, like drops of water falling from above: ready-made sentences. I began to tell him all sorts of things about what his soul wanted, what he had to do in the world.... It was a revelation! 'Ah!' he said, 'I have been waiting to hear this all my life!'

But it took some time, because first of all he had to stop talking, and then I had to concentrate.

And I never did find out what he said to me!

* * *

(As she is leaving, Mother asks for some papers left by Pavitra for her to examine: some proposals for school reforms.)

Give me that stuff.

I am their despair because I always tell them, 'It doesn't make any difference! Do it like this or do it like that, it all comes down to the same thing.' They are indignant: 'What do you mean it all comes to the same thing!' *(Mother laughs wholeheartedly)*

So there we are.

October 15, 1961

(During the two preceding meetings, Satprem read to Mother several fragments of his manuscript on Sri Aurobindo.)

You have brought me a very strange experience.

The first time you read your manuscript, I called Sri Aurobindo to hear it. He was in the subtle physical and he listened. Yesterday when I sat down to listen, I thought, 'It would be much better if he entered my brain because that way In fact, I called him; he entered my brain. [346] It took some time; all through the beginning of the reading we were still two; then he came in more and more, more and more, more and more.... My head – my physical head – seemed to be swelling up! There was no longer space for anyone but him. It was the light ... that dark blue light of mental power (but true mental power) in the physical – the tantrics use it, you always see it with X's action, but I've never seen it this way before! My head was full, you know – full, full, not an atom of space to spare – I could feel it swelling up!

And this light was absolutely immobile – vibrationless, totally compact and ... coherent. When I see X's light, for example, there are always vibrations in it;

it vibrates, vibrates, things are shifting about; out with this, not a single vibration, not one movement: a MASS that seemed eternally immobile but which was (how to put it?) attentive, listening. It was a volume with the form of the head, as if 'that' had wholly taken over the head. it was full, so full, yet with no feeling of tension or of anything resisting, none at all; there was only a kind of immobile eternity – and COMPACT, compact, absolutely coherent, no vibrations. And it increased, increased more and more, it became heavy, but with a very particular heaviness – not a weight, the feeling of a mass.

And within all this, I no longer existed. I seemed to vanish into a kind of trance, yet I was conscious – not 'I': the consciousness was conscious of what Sri Aurobindo was conscious of. And he was following the reading. But I couldn't remember anything; at the time, it was impossible to observe. I can only describe it all to you now because the experience remained for at least an hour and a half afterwards; when I left here, I began to objectify it, to see what it was – aside from that, it was merely a STATE I found myself in. But in this state there was an awareness of what he was hearing, and at two or three places in your reading he seemed to be saying (I can't be exact, I can only give the impression), *Not necessary.* In fact, that's what made me call this passage 'too philosophical' (although when you first asked my opinion I was in a peculiar condition, nothing was active in me). With him, it was very clear, it was almost as if there were a certain number of words about which he said, *That, not necessary. That, not necessary.* Not many, not often, but once in a while. Especially at the end (he was still there inside my head while you were talking), when you were saying that it's necessary 'to explain' to people; there he very clearly said, *No, not necessary.*

But I was incapable of remembering or of registering anything – the only head present there was his. [347]

It's the first time this has happened to me.

Receiving his thought (thinking his thought, for instance) happens all the time, all the time, but this was different; it was a PRESENCE – A presence in the skull. And my skull seemed to gradually grow bigger and heavier, heavy with an unaccustomed power. And this stayed with me; oh, it stayed for a long, long time! Never before have I had this physically, never this kind of power, a material power of thought-force – material thought-force in the brain.

One sees glimpses of it. I told you I've often seen it with X. I also saw it with another tantric who came here (someone said to be greatly renowned in the North) – this sort of very well organized mental power, a mental-physical power. But it was always vibrating or intermittent or partial, passing flashes or fluctuating formations. Here it wasn't that; it was a feeling of eternity.

Normally one would have said that my body was in trance; yet it could move, it could speak – since I did speak to you; but nevertheless, it was a peculiar feeling (which I still have somewhat), like having a head too large for

my body. It's not painful or disagreeable, but I'm not used to it.

After our meeting yesterday, as soon as I saw clearly and could objectify it, I immediately 'sent' all this to you (I didn't write because I had no time, but I 'told' it all to you), for I felt that, not knowing what had happened, you might have thought I wasn't listening, or I don't know what!

No, no! I felt that what I had written wasn't 'it.'

But it was a formidable experience! Formidable. And really proof that this book interests him.

But I have to do all last week's work over.

Why? Don't you like it?

The thread is missing. It's not 'it.'

You know, he was so pleased the first day you read to me! I was seeing his force, his power inside it, and it was golden; a kind of power of propulsion was there. But of course, I know nothing at all about what you read to me yesterday; I was a bit overwhelmed by this experience! It's the first time I've had it. [348]

For a long, long time I have been asking for.... When I would say, 'Lord, take possession of this brain,' I expected something of the sort, but I was expecting it with the supramental light (which, partially and momentarily, I have had). But this! It was really.... I don't know what he did with my brain – not brain, my mental power. Probably during that period he absorbed it (I suppose that's what happened because there was no sense of difference). My impression was that as a result of this the physical cells were going to develop materially and be transformed (I think it will happen – I had a sort of assurance that it will). Because now, as I'm talking to you, I'm looking at it and I see – the effect is still there: no longer with the same overwhelming power, but the effect is there and it gives a sort of ... (it can't be compared to anything physical) ... a sort of warmth; it's not *heat,* but *warmth.* Everything is seized by it, both ears *(Mother touches her head),* everything – here, there, all around! Tremendous. And this immobility! As soon as one stops, it is immor ... *(Mother cuts off her word),* it is eternity.

It is truly bringing THAT down here [into Matter].

Well then, are you going to read the rest to me or not?

No, Mother, I feel I have to do it all over. I don't have the thread. I just have scraps here and there, bits and pieces – I don't have the thread.

But is this thread so very necessary? Because the last time you read (I can't pinpoint exactly where), Sri Aurobindo seemed to intervene each time any of those habitual coherences of reason intruded, things you probably inserted precisely in order to join passages together and make them comprehensible. It was at these junctures (I can't remember them exactly) where he would occasionally say, *Not necessary, not necessary. That can go, that can go.*

Afterwards, I tried to understand (I tried to identify enough to be able to understand) and I got the feeling that he finds it will be much more powerful if you don't follow normal logical lines (I'm elaborating a bit – it wasn't quite like this); rather, if you like, it is better to be prophetic than didactic – fling abroad the ideas, ploff! Then let people do what they can with them. I felt he was viewing this not only from the essential standpoint, but from the standpoint of the public, and he wanted to ensure that it doesn't become tiresome – at all costs, don't let it be tiresome. It can be bewildering, but not tiresome. [349] Let them be hurled right into things ... strange and unknown things, perhaps, but.... For instance (this is my own style, you can take it for what it's worth), it would be better for people to say, 'He's a madman,' than to say, 'He's a boring sermonizer.' And all this was coming with his sense of humor, the way he has of saying, for example, that folly is closer to the Divine than reason!

I don't know, I didn't hear the beginning, but certainly everything dealing with physical events [of Sri Aurobindo's life] will be expressed in a very reasonable and normal style so that there will be no danger of people saying, 'He's a half-cracked visionary!' I don't know, the first part of what you read to me was so good! Gusts of golden light kept coming. Perhaps you wanted to explain too much. You don't know what happened?

Yes, it's precisely this need to explain.

He seems to find it unnecessary!

Above all, he would like the end to be brief. That's something I felt from the very first day – let the end surge up and leave you in suspense; above all, don't try to be reasonable. An upsurge of light like a door bursting open onto a very luminous and unknown future, but with no attempt to make it tangible and approachable. I am sure of this – this impression of a closed door (people live behind doors, you know), and then abruptly the door is flung wide-open on an explosion of light and ... you are left there: sit down, look, contemplate – and wait for the moment to be ripe for venturing forth.

Above all, have no ambition to make anyone understand anything whatsoever.

> *But you have to make people understand the work of Sri Aurobindo – what he came to do, what his work is!*

But this really is what he came to do – it's like ... an upside-down volcano.

An eruption, an explosion.

He casts forth the seeds; and then, for those who can gather them up, comes the slow and lengthy labor.

(silence)

When one follows the curve of his last writings, one sees very clearly that after having sown the seeds (yes, it's like a great seeding of light) and even after having said, 'This is to be realized now,' well, the further he went on in his work, the more he continued to work towards this realization, the more he saw all the stages that had to be crossed, the more he ... saw all that, well, the more he used to say, 'Don't imagine this will happen to you all at once. Don't think this path is an instant miracle.' [350]

After speaking of the descent of the Supermind, he said that an INTERMEDIARY must be prepared between our present mental state (even the most elevated higher mind) and the supramental region, because if one entered directly into Gnosis, well, it would produce such an abrupt change that our physical constitutions would be unable to support it – an intermediary is needed. The experiences I've had make me absolutely convinced of it; twice the supramental world took veritable possession of me and both times it was as if the body – truly the physical body – was going to completely disintegrate, due to ... what you could almost call the opposition of the two conditions.

And yesterday again I clearly saw ... *(Mother touches this mass in her head).* My eyes are full of it ... my eyes are full, you know, and I see that as it works to settle itself in here, it produces this little vibration – a twinkling of vibrations – which seems to be indispensable for it to enter into this Matter.

But what's interesting is that it produced neither headache, nor malaise, nor anything of the kind; yet neither was there any great joy or satisfaction. It is ... the words we use always take on a pejorative tone and spoil it, but the difference between our habitual way of functioning and this new way is something so tremendous and overwhelming that an adaptation is evidently required. And he always said that the adaptation would at first be a diminution, and that only gradually could one regain the original purity. That's just how it is.

But it's not the time to say all this, mon petit!

For example, I have nothing for the next *Bulletin; I* could have given something from those things you've transcribed [for the *Agenda],* but it's not possible, it CANNOT be done! This can't be made public, it's impossible; it's not the moment, not the moment. People don't understand even the simplest things I say! I've seen that even Nolini sometimes hesitates; he doesn't get it. So you can imagine, the public! ...

(silence)

What he has actually done is this: he seems to have poured over the world – with the power of the Origin – the new Possibility; 'The time has come for THIS,' ploff ! ... Now let us be quiet and see how things evolve. [351]

(silence)

Indeed, he is so very much HERE.

Two or three days ago, in one of those moments when you feel a little stupid ('little' is an understatement!), I said to myself, 'Yes, how good it was when I used to feel him with me all the time. In this period now, I no longer feel him.' Then he told me so clearly, so positively, *You don't feel me because I am you.*

And I saw that it was true, that the identification was established in such a ... detailed way, one could say, that there is no longer the joy – a joy of feeling like this *(gesture of being embraced).*

(silence)

Now I understand! He used to tell me, *You alone have the endurance,* and oh, mon petit, what endurance it takes!

But how to speak of all this to people! How to speak of it? They are a million miles away.

Simply awaken hope in them – the Hope. A hope based on the certainty of an experience. You know, if they could imagine the Supreme Himself coming and saying, 'Listen now, I'm here to tell you that this is the way it is, get ready.'

Always, always, the first reaction of people on earth has been to say, 'He's mad.'

But what of it!

And precisely because a large part of the book is reasonable enough, artistic, well-expressed and well-presented, it can afford a few pages (there

need not be many), a few pages that are like a leap into sheer madness!

I SEE, I am looking at all that, sparkling....

So if you want to read something to me, I'm listening – I have come to hear.

No, Mother, I have to catch hold of the thread.

You have to catch hold ... yes.

Well then, concentrate, call it! Make an invocation, call it in – it is THERE, contact it. That is the thread to catch – not in the head.

But that's just it, you see-before working I always become completely silent and in that silence there is NOTHING. I could stay like that for hours! [352]

Yes, indeed, mon petit!

But nothing comes!

Well?

Well, after a certain length of time – because after all, time passes – I have to work....

Ah, but perhaps that's not the way!

Then, obviously, I catch hold of some idea – sometimes it's the right idea, sometimes it isn't.

It's not so much a question of an idea being right or not but of the vibration of the Force.

If I say all this it's because I see to what extent Sri Aurobindo views this book as an important too] for world-wide work – from the beginning he has taken it seriously. And he is so very much HERE that it seems to me ... not at all impossible that he HIMSELF is stimulating the expression.

It's not so much a question of ideas, because all that is quite fine.

Read your final page to me. I don't care about the coherence of ideas. Read the final page for me to see whether I feel that same Force in it.

Yes, but I will have to redo all that precedes it.

You are going to do it all over? But it doesn't matter. You know what the logic of a book means to me!

You see, when I want a TRUE impression of a book, I open it at random; then I look at the first page, the last page – sometimes I read the ending, then I go back to the beginning – it doesn't matter where. What I want to know is whether the Force is there.

Ordinary logic... Read! Anywhere, the middle of a sentence, it doesn't matter!

(after the reading)

I would like to go over it all again. [353]

But isn't what you call the 'thread' going to make the whole thing heavy?

A thread is missing. I don't know, some people can write in bits and pieces, here and there, but not me. If I don't feel that everything behind me is completed, I can't go ahead. I need to have a flow.

Listen, think it over.... Because I'm not so sure. When I see, I see segments: a blank, another segment, a blank *(Mother seems to sketch a kind of diagram in space),* then an apotheosis at the end – your ending is magnificent.

It's not necessary for the whole book to proceed in the same way. The most revelatory part can be in segments (you know, just as it comes). The thread is an invisible one – the link of a Presence – otherwise it comes in bursts, and that has a lot of force.

All you've read to me now is quite fine, and it would certainly be less fine if something were there connecting it all up.

To me it's clear that some segments are unsuitable.

Unsuitable or incomplete?

Unsuitable.

Well, then take them out! Why not? It may be contrary to logic, even to higher logic, but what do we care!

I will try to see.... If I catch the thread, it will be all right – but I must catch it.

You have to concretely feel that Sri Aurobindo's full Power of expression is there (I don't mean the words, it's not a question of words), but the power to transmit knowledge (not mental knowledge, experience). it's constantly there. So ... an attentive silence – but be very patient, because as soon as the Force comes, something begins to stir in the mental regions. Then there is also a sort of *eagerness* to seize hold – and it ruins the thing.

I have noticed that the true inspiration doesn't come when one is very, very anxious, nor even when you have a very intense aspiration, but (how to put it?) ... when you succumb in a smile, and it all goes blank. [354] Then there's nothing; but if you know how to curb impatience (simply delighting in His beatitude, even if ages pass – delighting in His beatitude), then suddenly, when you least expect it – flash! That's IT!

This has happened to me very, very often – suddenly, poff! And with such certainty!

Mother, give me one single indication. Don't you think I should cut out what I read to you yesterday? It would be a relief if you told me.

I don't think so, mon petit! I don't think so. I can't tell you for sure because I'm not the one who heard it – you know what I mean? No memory is operating. Were you to ask me to repeat a single word of what you have written, I couldn't do it – yet I listened to you.

I have a sort of vision in my head of parts of sentences, three or four words where the impression was what I told you: *Not necessary.* But it was a very minor thing. It was more an attitude, an attitude in the expression. But it wasn't disturbing.

I keep feeling that Sri Aurobindo wants the conclusion to be swift; and I myself (probably not with his power of comprehension) have a vision, a sort of feeling coming from a great height above, that the most important part of the book should be very abrupt – like breaking through a door, flinging it wide-open, and emerging in a rush of light. That's all. Now keep quiet and see what happens.

* * *

(Mother gets up to leave)

We are too much the slaves of time.

It's not always when you think you're wasting your time that things go slowest. I have found out that there's a certain attitude – an attitude of openness towards eternity, to be precise – that makes things happen more quickly. Much more quickly. [355]

October 30, 1961

(The day before and at the beginning of this conversation, Satprem read aloud some passages of his manuscript relating to the Veda. Then Mother chose the photograph of Sri Aurobindo for the frontispiece. She speaks slowly, as though from a great distance, in a semi-trance.)

That's how I first saw him, at the head of the staircase.

(silence)

I had an experience while listening to you read; it was as if I heard, 'The beginning of the legend ... the beginning of the legend....'

It's rather strange.

He is there and the atmosphere is full of a sort of concentration of force, and there are these two things: 'This is how legends come into being ... how legends begin.... The beginning of the legend....' I hear this. And there is also a kind of analogy to the old stories of Buddha, of Christ.... It's strange.

I seemed to be looking back into the present from some thousands of years ahead (it's no longer now, but as if I were propelled somewhere several thousand years ahead, looking backwards) and it's the beginning of the legend.

And the photo adopted by the legend is this full-face one of him as a young man. It was made in France from an old snapshot (a poor one, and only the bust was kept); that photo of me wearing a veil was done at the same time.

A strange impression....

And Sri Aurobindo is ever the same.

What I would have liked at the beginning of the book is my vision – how I see him now. But it's untranslatable.

(silence)

It's so compact.

Curious, this impression – the feeling of the body and the atmosphere when I was propelled into the future. It's something more ... more compact, denser than the physical: the New Creation. One always tends to think of it as something more ethereal, but it's not! [356] Theon spoke of it, but he didn't express himself very well; his way of speaking didn't have the power of revelation (it was based on experience, but the experience wasn't his, it was Madame Theon's. She was a marvelous woman from the standpoint of experience – unique – but with no real intelligence ... oh, she was intelligent and cultivated, but no more than that, and it didn't amount to much). But they really had come as *forerunners,* and Theon always insisted, 'It will have a greater density.' Scientifically, this seems like heresy, for 'density' is not used in that sense – but this was what he said, 'A greater density.' And the impression I get of this atmosphere is of something more compact – more compact and at the same time without heaviness or thickness. All this is evidently absurd scientifically – yet there is a feeling of compactness.

It was like that yesterday – something so ... solid was with me *(Mother touches her head);* how to put it? ... It's solid, but not in the way we usually speak of solidity! It's not like that.

And my head became heavy.

But he was there the whole time you were reading (and now again it's the same thing, he is there). In his consciousness, all this was already past – I was transported forward, the present moment was behind me – and then, 'Ah, here is the beginning of the legend.'

So there will be a legend.

I got the impression of there being the same difference between the physical fact of Christ or the physical fact of Buddha – and everything we know and say and think and feel about them today – as there is between what we now know of Sri Aurobindo and what will be known of him in the time I was propelled into.

This book was like the *initiator* of the legend. Sri Aurobindo was there, Sri

Aurobindo as I know him now – the eternal Sri Aurobindo I know now.

And it was all so solid! oh, so cohesive, SO MASSIVE, and at the same time... I don't know, it's something completely different from anything you might expect. You can't imagine it.

It stayed all day long – something compact and undivided.

Yesterday afternoon and evening, my head seemed soft when I touched it! That's the amazing thing *(Mother touches her head).* It feels soft when I touch it, as if the head has become soft! And at the same time, it's a compact mass.

What is it?

They'll lead me off to a padded cell!

Well, mon petit, here's an experience for your birthday!

When I began to see this yesterday, I said, 'Ah, we've struck gold!' [357] I don't even know why, but it was the way you presented the thing, the way you explained that the most unconscious and the most conscious meet.[229] That was the ... the thread or the key, I don't know. Then I followed the thread and came to this experience. And it's still going on today.

I mean that there's a feeling of being on the wrong track: ordinarily, when seeking the Supermind, one looks for it on the heights. But that's not it! That's not it. And one always imagines a sort of subtilization, something etherealized, but it's not that.

All right, you don't need to keep a record of this [for the *Agenda*]. They'll lock me up, I'm telling you!

I said to myself this morning, 'if I go on like this, I'll soon have to stop talking – otherwise they'll put me in an asylum!' Don't you agree? ...

No, Mother, it seems very....

No danger? *(Laughter)*

Oh, I'm not afraid of anything!

There you are, mon petit. So, have a good year – it's off to a good start, your year!

* * *

ADDENDUM

The Secret of the Veda

(Extracts from the passage in 'Sri Aurobindo and the Transformation of the World' read to Mother by Satprem. This unpublished manuscript would become the first rough draft of 'The Adventure of Consciousness')

Since the time of Adam, it seems we have been choosing to eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and there can be no half-measures or regrets along this way, for if we remain prostrate in a false humility, our noses in the dust, the titans or the djinns among us will know all too well how to snatch the Power left unclaimed; this is in fact what they are doing – they would crush the god within us. [358] It is a question of knowing – yes or no – whether we want to escape once again into our various paradises, abandoning the earth to the hands of Darkness, or find and seize hold of the Power to refashion this earth into a diviner image – in the words of the Rishis, 'make earth and heaven equal and one.'

There is obviously a Secret, and all the traditions bear witness to it – the Rishis, the Mages of Iran, the priests of Chaldea or Memphis or Yucatan ....

.....

When he first read the Vedas – translated by Western Sanskritists or Indian pandits – they appeared to Sri Aurobindo as 'an important document of [Indian] history, but seemed of scant value or importance for the history of thought or for a living spiritual experience.'[230] Fifteen years later, however, Sri Aurobindo would reread the Vedas in the original Sanskrit and find there 'a constant vein of the richest gold of thought and spiritual experience.'[231] Meanwhile, Sri Aurobindo had had certain 'psychological experiences of my own for which I had found no sufficient explanation either in European psychology or in the teachings of Yoga or of Vedanta,' and which 'the mantras of the Veda illuminated with a clear and exact light....'[232] And it was through these experiences of his 'own' that Sri Aurobindo came to discover, from within, the true meaning of the Vedas (and especially the most ancient of the four, the Rig-veda, which he studied with special care). What the Vedas brought him was no more than a confirmation of what he had *received directly.* But didn't the Rishis themselves speak of 'Secret words, clairvoyant wisdoms, that reveal their inner meaning to the seer' (Rig-veda IV, 3.16)?

It is not surprising, therefore, that exegetes have seen the Vedas primarily as a collection of propitiatory rites centered around sacrificial fires and obscure incantations to Nature divinities (water, fire, dawn, the moon, the sun, etc.), for bringing rain and rich harvests to the tribes, male progeny, blessings upon their journeys or protection against the 'thieves of the sun' – as though these shepherds were barbarous enough to fear that one inauspicious day their sun might no longer rise, stolen away once and for all. Only here and there, in a

few of the more 'modern' hymns, was there the apparently inadvertent intrusion of a few luminous passages that might have justified – just barely – the respect which the Upanishads, at the beginning of recorded history, accorded to the Veda. [359] In Indian tradition, the Upanishads had become the real Veda, the 'Book of Knowledge,' while the Veda, product of a still stammering humanity, was a 'Book of Works' – acclaimed by everyone, to be sure, as the venerable Authority, but no longer listened to. With Sri Aurobindo we might ask why the Upanishads, whose depth of wisdom the whole world has acknowledged, could claim to take inspiration from the Veda if the latter contained no more than a tapestry of primitive rites; or how it happened that humanity could pass so abruptly from these so-called stammerings to the manifold richness of the Upanishadic Age; or how we in the West were able to evolve from the simplicity of Arcadian shepherds to the wisdom of Greek philosophers. We cannot assume that there was *nothing between the early savage and Plato or the Upanishads.*[233]

.....

Nor was it insignificant that fire, *Agni*, was the core of the Vedic mysteries: *Agni*, the inner flame, the soul within us (for who can deny that the soul is fire?), the innate aspiration drawing man towards the heights; *Agni*, the ardent will within us that sees, always and forever, and remembers; *Agni*, 'the priest of the sacrifice,' the 'divine worker,' the 'envoy between earth and heaven' (Rig-veda III, 3.2) 'he is there in the middle of his house' (1.70.2). 'The Fathers who have divine vision set him within as a child that is to be born' (IX.83.3). He is 'the boy suppressed in the secret cavern' (V.2.1). 'He is as if life and the breath of our existence, he is as if our eternal child' (I.66.1). 'O Son of the body' (III.4.2), 'O Fire, thou art the son of heaven by the body of the earth' (III.25. 1). 'Immortal in mortals' (IV.2. 1), 'old and outworn he grows young again and again' (11.4.5). 'When he is born he becomes one who voices the godhead: when as life who grows in the mother he has been fashioned in the mother he becomes a gallop of wind in his movement' (III.29.11). 'O Fire, when thou art well borne by us thou becomest the supreme growth and expansion of our being, all glory and beauty are in thy desirable hue and thy perfect vision. O Vastness, thou art the plenitude that carries us to the end of our way; thou art a multitude of riches spread out on every side' (II. 1. 12). 'O Fire ... brilliant ocean of light in which is divine vision' (III.22.2), 'the Flame with his hundred treasures ... O knower of all things born' (I.59). [360]

But the divine fire is not our exclusive privilege – Agni exists not only in man: 'He is the child of the waters, the child of the forests, the child of things stable and the child of things that move. Even in the stone he is there...' (I.70.2).

.....

But we have not yet reached the heart of the Vedic secret. The birth of Agni, the soul (and so many men are still unborn) is merely the start of the voyage. This inner flame seeks, it is the seeker within us, for it is a spark of the

great primordial Fire and will never be satisfied until it has recovered its solar totality, 'the lost sun' of which the Veda incessantly speaks. Yet even when we have risen from plane to plane and the Flame has taken successive births in the triple world of our lower existence (the physical, vital and mental world), it will still remain unsatisfied – it wants to ascend, ascend further. And soon we reach a mental frontier where there seems to be nothing to grasp any longer, nor even to see, and nothing remains but to abolish everything and leap into the ecstasy of a great Light. At this point, we feel almost painfully the imprisoning carapace of matter all around us, preventing that apotheosis of the Flame; then we understand the cry, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and the insistence of India's Vedantic sages – and perhaps the sages of all worlds and all religions – that we must abandon this body to embrace the Eternal. Will our flame thus forever be truncated here below and our quest always end in disappointment? Shall we always have to choose one or the other, to renounce earth to gain heaven?

Yet beyond the lower triple world, the Rishis had discovered 'a certain fourth,' *touriam svid;* they found 'the vast dwelling place,' 'the solar world, 'Swar: 'I have arisen from earth to the mid-world [life], I have arisen from the mid-world to heaven [mind], from the level of the firmament of heaven I have gone to the Sun-world, the Light' (Yajur-veda 17.67). And it is said, 'Mortals, they achieved immortality' (Rig-veda 1. 110.4). What then was their secret? How did they pass from a 'heaven of mind' to the 'great heaven' without leaving the body, without, as it were, going off into ecstasies?

The secret lies in matter. Because *Agni* is imprisoned in matter and we ourselves are imprisoned there. It is said that *Agni* is 'without head or feet,' that it 'conceals its two extremities': above, it disappears into the 'great heaven' of the supraconscient (which the Rishis also called 'the great ocean'), and below, it sinks into the 'formless ocean' of the inconscient (which they also called 'the rock'). We are truncated. [361] But the Rishis were men of a solid realism, a true realism resting upon the Spirit; and since the summits of mind opened out upon a lacuna of light – ecstatic, to be sure, but with no hold over the world – they set upon the downward way.[234] Thus begins the quest for the 'lost sun,' the long 'pilgrimage' of descent into the inconscient and the merciless fight against the dark forces, the 'thieves of the sun,' the panis and vritras, pythons and giants, hidden in the 'dark lair' with the whole cohort of usurpers: the dualizers, the confiners, the tearers, the COVERERS. But the 'divine worker,' Agni, is helped by the gods, and in his quest he is led by the 'intuitive ray,' Sarama, the heavenly hound with the subtle sense of smell who sets Agni on the track of the 'stolen herds' (strange, 'shining' herds). Now and again there comes the sudden glimmer of a fugitive dawn ... then all grows dim. One must advance step by step, 'digging, digging,' fighting every inch of the way against 'the wolves' whose savage fury increases the nearer one draws to their den – Agni is a warrior. Agni grows through his difficulties, his flame burns more brilliantly with each blow from the Adversary; for, as the Rishis said, 'Night and Day both suckled the divine Child'; they even said that Night and Day are

the ‘two sisters, Immortal, with a common lover [the sun] ... common they, though different their forms’ (1. 113.2,3). These alternations of night and brightness accelerate until Day breaks at last and the ‘herds of Dawn’[235] surge upward awakening ‘someone who was dead’ (1. 113.8). ‘The infinite rock’ of the inconscient is shattered, the seeker uncovers ‘the Sun dwelling in the darkness’ (111.39.5), the divine consciousness in the heart of Matter.... In the very depths of Matter, that is to say, in the body, on earth, the Rishis found themselves cast up into Light – that same Light which others sought on the heights, without their bodies and without the earth, in ecstasy. And this is what the Rishis would call ‘the Great Passage.’ Without abandoning the earth they found ‘the vast dwelling place,’ that ‘dwelling place of the gods,’ Swar, the original Sun-world that Sri Aurobindo calls *the Supramental World*: ‘Human beings [the Rishis emphasize that they are indeed men] slaying the Coverer have crossed beyond both earth and heaven [matter and mind] and made the wide world their dwelling place’ (1.36.8). They have entered ‘the True, the Right, the Vast,’ *Satyam, Ritam, Brihat,* the ‘unbroken light,’ the ‘fearless light,’ where there is no longer suffering nor falsehood nor death: it is immortality, amritam. [362]

.....

All is reconciled. The Rishi is ‘the son of two mothers’: son of Aditi, the luminous cow, Mother of infinite Light, creatrix of the worlds; and son as well of Diti, the black cow, Mother of ‘the tenebrous infinite’ and divided existence – for when Diti at last reaches the end of her apparent Night, she gives us divine birth and the milk of heaven. All is fulfilled, The Rishi ‘sets flowing in one movement human strengths and things divine’ (IX.70.3), he has realized the universal in the individual, become the Infinite in the finite: ‘Then shall thy humanity become as if the workings of these gods; it is as if the visible heaven of light were founded in thee’ (V.66.2). Far from spurning the earth, he prays: ‘O Godhead, guard for us the Infinite and lavish the finite’ (IV.2.1 1).

The voyage draws to its close. Agni has recovered its solar totality, its two concealed extremities. ‘The inviolable work’ is fulfilled. For Agni is the place where high meets low – and in truth, there is no longer high nor low, but a single Sun everywhere: ‘O Flame, thou goest to the ocean of Heaven, towards the gods; thou makest to meet together the godheads of the planes, the waters that are in the realm of light above the sun and the waters that abide below’ (111.22.3). ‘O Fire ... O universal Godhead, thou art the navel-knot of the earths and their inhabitants; all men born thou controllest and supportest like a pillar’ (1.59.1). ‘O Flame, thou foundest the mortal in a supreme immortality ... thou createst divine bliss and human joy’ (1.31.7). For the world’s heart is Joy, Joy dwells in the depths of all things, ‘the well of honey covered by the rock’ (11.24.4). [363]

November 5, 1961

(Mother would prefer Satprem not to mention Paul Richard by name in his book on Sri Aurobindo.)

I have done my best, all these years, to try to keep him at a distance. He has a power – a terrible asuric power. Between you and me, I saw him like that from the start – that's why I became involved with him. I never intended to marry him (his family affairs made it necessary), but when we met, I recognized him as an incarnation of the 'Lord of Falsehood' – that is his 'origin' (what he called the 'Lord of Nations'); and in fact, this being has directed the whole course of world events during the last few centuries. As for Theon, he was....

It was not by choice that I met all the four Asuras – it was a decision of the Supreme. The first one, whom religions call Satan, the Asura of Consciousness, was converted and is still at work. The second [the Asura of Suffering] annulled himself in the Supreme. The third was the Lord of Death (that was Theon). And the fourth, the Master of the world, was the Lord of Falsehood; Richard was an emanation, a vibhuti,[236] as they say in India, of this Asura.

Theon was the vibhuti of the Lord of Death.

It's a wonderful story, a real novel, which will perhaps be told one day ... when there are no more Asuras. Then it can be told.

Anyway, it was because of Theon that I first found the 'Mantra of Life,' the mantra that gives life, and he wanted me to give it to him, he wanted to possess it – it was something formidable! It was the mantra that gives life (it can make anyone at all come back into life, but that's only a small part of its power). And it was shut away in a particular place,[237] sealed up, with my name in Sanskrit on it. I didn't know Sanskrit at that time, but he did, and when he led me to that place, I told him what I saw: 'There's a sort of design, it must be Sanskrit.' (I could recognize the characters as Sanskrit). He told me to reproduce what I was seeing, and I did so. It was my name, Mirra, written in Sanskrit – the mantra was for me and I alone could open it. 'Open it and tell me what's there,' he said. [367]

(All this was going on while I was in a cataleptic trance.) Then immediately something in Me KNEW, and I answered, 'No,' and did not read it.

I found it again when I was with Sri Aurobindo and I gave it to Sri Aurobindo.

But that's yet another story....

(silence)

As soon as you enter the occult world, it's fantastic what can exist and be lived there – but that's for later, when the time comes to speak of such things.

At any rate, you understand that I'm not very keen on having Richard introduced into the book – the simple fact of mentioning him attracts him.[238]

He was a pastor at Lille, in France, for perhaps ten years; he was quite a practicing Christian, but he dropped it all as soon as he began to study occultism. He had first specialized in theological philosophy in order to pass the pastoral examinations, studying all the modem philosophy of Europe (he had a rather remarkable metaphysical brain). Then I met him in connection with Theon and the Cosmic *Review,* and I led him into occult knowledge. Afterwards, there were all sorts of uninteresting stories.... He became a lawyer during the early period of our relationship and I learned Law along with him – I could even have passed the exam! Then the divorce stories began: he divorced his wife; they had three children and he wanted to keep them, but to do so he had to be legally married, so he asked me to marry him – and I said yes. I have always been totally indifferent to these things. Anyway, when I met him I knew who he was and I decided to convert him – the whole story revolves around that.

As a matter of fact, the books he wrote (especially the first one, *The Living Ether)* were based on my knowledge; he put my knowledge into French – and beautiful French, I must say! I would tell him my experiences and he would write them down. Later he wrote *The* Gods (it was incomplete, one-sided). Then he became a lawyer and entered politics (he was a first-class orator and fired his audiences with enthusiasm) and was sent to Pondicherry to help a certain candidate who couldn't manage his election campaign single-handed. [368] And since Richard was interested in occultism and spirituality, he took this opportunity to seek a 'Master,' a yogi. When he arrived, instead of involving himself in politics, the first thing he did was announce, 'I am seeking a yogi.' Someone said to him, 'You're incredibly lucky! The yogi has just arrived.' It was Sri Aurobindo, who was told, 'There's a Frenchman asking to see you....' Sri Aurobindo wasn't particularly pleased but he found the coincidence rather interesting and received him. This was in 1910.

When Richard had finished his work, he returned to France with a poor photograph of Sri Aurobindo and a completely superficial impression of him, yet with the feeling that Sri Aurobindo KNEW (he hadn't at all understood the man that Sri Aurobindo was, he hadn't felt the presence of an Avatar, but he had sensed that he had knowledge). Moreover, I think he always held this opinion, because he used to say that Sri Aurobindo was a unique intellectual giant ... without many spiritual realizations! (The same type of stupidity as Romain Rolland's.) Well, my relationship with Richard was on an occult plane, you see, and it's difficult to touch upon. What happened was far more exciting than any novel imaginable.

But he was a man who....

He isn't dead and he's still terribly dangerous because of what's behind him [the Lord of Falsehood].

You didn't record that, did you?

Yes.

Ah, no! It must all be erased. Simply put a note in your book: 'Paul Richard, who met Sri Aurobindo for the first time in 1910....' And you can mention that he was a theological writer or something of the sort to explain how he prompted Sri Aurobindo to write.

When he returned, he told me he would take me there as soon as he could.

The *A rya* began in June 1914, and the first issue was scheduled to come out on August 15, Sri Aurobindo's birthday; and the war broke out before the first issue appeared – on August 3, I believe – a very interesting point. June 21 was Paul Richard's birthday,[239] so on that day we announced the coming publication of the *A rya* and that the first issue would appear on August 15. Between June 21 and August 15, the war broke out. But since everything was ready we went ahead and published it. [369]

> *I wrote in my book that Paul Richard intended to bring out simultaneously in Paris a 'Review of the Great Synthesis.' Is this true?*[240]

No, it's not true! This was never intended, never! The *Arya* was bilingual, one part in French and one in English, but it was one and the same magazine published here in Pondicherry. There was never any question of publishing anything in France; this is incorrect, entirely false – a myth. Besides, it was I who translated the English into French, and rather poorly at that!

I have noticed that as soon as one speaks of Richard one is unwittingly led to tell lies. That's why I am so terribly careful to avoid the subject.

The first issue began with *The Wherefore of the Worlds* (the English following the French), and in it Richard attributed the origin of the world to Desire. They were in perpetual disagreement on this subject, Richard saying, 'It is Desire,' and Sri Aurobindo, 'The initial force of the Manifestation is Joy.' Then Richard would say, 'God DESIRED to know Himself,' and Sri Aurobindo, 'No, God had the joy of knowing Himself.' And it went on and on like that!

When Richard went to Japan, he sent his manuscripts to Sri Aurobindo, including *The Wherefore of the Worlds* and *The Eternal Wisdom,* and Sri

Aurobindo continued to translate them into English.

Frankly, it was a relief for Sri Aurobindo when we left; he even wrote to someone or other (but in a totally superficial way) that Richard's departure was a great relief for him.

When we returned to France, Richard got himself declared unfit for military service on health grounds – a yogic heart ailment! But life in France was impossible; and my presence there was dangerous because monstrous things were going on, monstrous; as Sri Aurobindo said, my sitting at home all alone was generating revolutions – armies were revolting.[241] I saw that happening and I didn't want the Germans to win, which would have been even worse, so I said, 'I had better go.' [370] Then Richard managed to have himself sent to Japan on business (an admirable feat!), representing certain companies. People didn't want to travel because it was dangerous – you risked being sunk to the bottom of the sea; so they were pleased when we offered and sent us to Japan.

Once there (this would also make a great novel), Richard continued writing and sending his manuscripts to Sri Aurobindo. Finally, when the Peace Treaty was signed and it was possible to travel, the English said that if we tried to return to India they would throw us in jail! But it all worked out miraculously, almost becoming a 'diplomatic incident': the Japanese government decided that if we were put in prison they would protest to the British government! (What a story – I could write novels!) In short, Richard returned here with me. And that's when the tragi-comedy began....

I will tell you about it one day – fantastic!

It was certainly Sri Aurobindo's power that made Richard decide to leave. For twelve years I had been Richard's 'guru' (that's where our relationship stood), but I hadn't succeeded in converting him, and when we came back here I said, 'I'm through with it. I've tried and I've failed. I've failed completely. Ask Sri Aurobindo.' When Sri Aurobindo took him in hand, that was another story.... He couldn't take it – he left.

But the whole affair was diabolic, you know; it had turned into something fantastic.

Finally he left.

This man clearly led a rather loose life. Right after he left here he spent some time in the Himalayas and became a Sannyasi. Then he went to France and from France to England. In England he married again – bigamy! I didn't care, of course (the less he showed up in my life, the better), but he was in a fix! One day I suddenly received some official letters from a lawyer telling me I had 'initiated divorce proceedings against Richard.' it seems I had a lawyer over there! A lawyer I had never asked for, whose name I didn't know, a lawyer I didn't even know existed – 'my lawyer'! The trial was taking place at

Nice, and 'I' was accusing Richard of abandoning me without any means of support! (That was nothing new – I had paid all the expenses from the first day we met! But anyway ....) Naturally, he couldn't plead that he was a bigamist; nor could he have me accuse him of being a bigamist, because it was true! So it seemed he hadn't been paying my expenses; but then I wasn't claiming anything from him in the case, no alimony – a little incoherent, all that.... After a few months I was finally informed that I was divorced, which was rather convenient for me as far as the bank was concerned. [371] I had a marriage contract stipulating that our properties were separate; since I was the one with the money (he had nothing), I wanted to be free to do with it as I pleased. But the French were impossible in such matters: the woman was considered the minor party, so even if the money was the wife's and not the husband's, she couldn't withdraw it without his authorization. I don't know if it's still like that, but in those days the husband always had to countersign – an annoying situation! I got around this in Japan (the banker there found the rule stupid and told me to ignore it), but the bank here can be a pain in the neck, so it was good to get this cleared up.

He remarried two or three more times. By now (I believe) he is the father of quite a large family, with grandchildren and perhaps great-grandchildren. He lives in America. Someone once told me he was dead, but I could sense that he wasn't. Then, out of the blue, E. arrived, full of admiration, telling me she had met Richard and how stunningly he could preach to people....

He had quite a life, you know!

I don't like to talk about these things, though – they don't interest me. As Sri Aurobindo said, I lived my whole life absolutely free. I watched myself living through events like watching a movie. I had an inner vision, an inner will, and my inner reason for doing things was an Order received, an Order I was conscious of; but outwardly – fantastic! ... Naturally – how else could it have been?

Here 'in Pondicherry, those last days might have become tragic (but of course it was impossible). There was the great argument (for he was perfectly aware of who I was): 'But after all,' he would tell me, 'since you are the eternal Mother, why have you chosen Aurobindo as Avatar? Choose me! You must choose me – me!' It was the Asura speaking through him. I would smile and not discuss it. 'That's not how it's done!' I would tell him *(laughing).* Then one day he said, 'Ah, so you don't want to.... *(gesture to the throat)* Well, if you don't choose me, then....' He was a strong fellow with powerful hands. I kept quite calm and said inwardly, *My Lord, my Lord*.... I called Sri Aurobindo and I saw him come, like that *(gesture enveloping Mother and immobilizing everything).* Then Richard's hands loosened their grip.

There were marks on my neck.

A few days later, it was the same scene again. It was always the same

scene.... Then he would take the furniture (it wasn't ours, we had rented a furnished apartment) and start throwing it out the window into the courtyard! [372]

A novel....

(silence)

And you understand, it wasn't the struggle of a man against a god, but the struggle of a god against a god. And when he was like that, he clearly had a formidable, formidable Power! He forced everybody to obey him – but it was Falsehood. And he preached an ascetic spirituality,[242] you can't imagine! He was incredibly convincing, but he couldn't see a petticoat without.... Boys, girls, nothing got by him!

Fantastic.[243]

He wrote 'The Lord of Nations'.... And I saw him, oh! I saw this Lord of Nations. During the last war [World War III I had some dealings with him again, but not through Richard – directly. The being who used to appear to Hitler was the Lord of Nations. An incredible story! ... And I knew when they were going to meet (because after all, he's my son![244] That was the funniest part of it); and on one occasion I substituted myself for him, became Hitler's god and advised him to attack Russia. Two days later he attacked Russia. But upon leaving the 'meeting' I encountered the other one [the real Asura] just as he was arriving! He was furious and asked me why I had done that. 'It's none of your business,' I said, 'it's what had to be done.' 'You will see,' he replied, 'I KNOW, I know you will destroy me, but before being destroyed I will wreak just as much havoc as I can, you can be sure of that.'

When I returned from my nocturnal promenades I would tell Sri Aurobindo about them.

What a life! ... People don't know what goes on. They know nothing – nothing. But it's fantastic.

Occasionally some people were slightly conscious. For instance, during the last war I spent all my nights hovering above Paris (not integrally, but a part of myself) so that nothing would happen to the city. [373] Later it came out that several people had seen what seemed to be a great white Force with an indistinct form hovering above Paris so that it wouldn't be destroyed.

Throughout the war Sri Aurobindo and I were in such a CONSTANT tension that it completely interrupted the yoga. And that is why the war started in the first place – to stop the Work. At that time there was an extraordinary descent of the Supermind; it was coming like that *(massive gesture),* a descent! Exactly in '39. Then the war broke out and stopped everything cold. For had we personally continued [the work of transformation] we were not sure of having enough time to finish it before 'the other one' crushed the earth to a

pulp, setting the whole Affair back ... centuries. The FIRST thing to be done was stop the action of the Lord of Nations.

The Lord of Falsehood....

You don't believe he is going to begin again?

(silence)

X is convinced that it's going to begin again.

We are trying.

We are trying.

Sri Aurobindo said that if we can hold on until 1967, then it will be over.... Could be.

But the 'ifs'.... There is a domain where no more 'ifs' exist, and when I am 'there,' I still don't find any signs of ... inevitability. The place X looks from is all mixed up. I have had a certain number of visions, but not THE vision of inevitable war.

Not that they aren't trying!

(silence)

Well, petit, when will you have finished?

??

Ever since I've known that Sri Aurobindo attached importance to this book, I have been doing a great deal of 'looking.' I told you what I saw the other day, didn't I? ... You asked my advice in choosing the photos and you had picked the one of him in 'meditation' [Sri Aurobindo on his bed after he left his body]. [374] Earlier, I had seen the photo of him young; and while I was looking at it, Sri Aurobindo was there and he suddenly took me thousands of years into the future – I've told you about this – and said to me, *The beginning of the legend.* Then I understood that this was the right photo for the book.

Evidently he is making your book the *starting point* for all that will be thought and said and done upon earth on the intellectual plane. And I assure you that I am helping you and he is helping you!

You must ask him.

If that *(Mother indicates the head)* could only keep quiet! There is tremendous tension there *(the temples)*. When you have problems that need solving, if you could just raise your consciousness and receive the indication,

receive the inspiration from above. And keep that *(the head)* quiet, quiet, quiet – this tension is what tires you out!

You know, two or three minutes of silence can do a lot, and it doesn't take much time.

> *You don't have time now or I would bring up a problem.... It can wait for another occasion.*

Which problem?

> *About the discovery of the Supermind in the Veda and by Sri Aurobindo. There is something I don't quite grasp.*

Because in the Veda it's incomplete.

No, they had a *hint,* like a vision of the 'thing,' but there is no proof that they realized it. What's more, had they realized it, it seems to me that we would certainly have found some traces – but no traces remain.

Theon knew something about it, and he called it 'the new world' or 'the new creation on earth and the glorified body' (I don't remember his exact terminology); but he knew of the Supermind's existence – it had been revealed to him and he announced its coming. He said it would be reached THROUGH the discovery of the God within. And for him, as I told you the other day, this meant a greater density – which seems to be a correct experience. Well, on my side, I have made investigations and had innumerable visions concerning the earth's history, and I spoke about it a good deal with Sri Aurobindo....

(silence) [375]

According to what Sri Aurobindo saw and what I saw as well, the Rishis had the contact, the experience – how to put it? ... A kind of lived knowledge of the thing, coming like a promise, saying, 'THAT is what will be.' But it's not permanent. There's a big difference between their experience and the DESCENT – what Sri Aurobindo calls 'the descent of the Supermind': something that comes and establishes itself.

Even when I had that experience [the 'first supramental manifestation' of February 29, 1956], when the Lord said, 'The time has come,' well, it was not a complete descent; it was the descent of the Consciousness, the Light, and a part, an aspect of the Power. It was immediately absorbed and swallowed up by the world of Inconscience, and from that moment on it began to work in the atmosphere. But it was not THE thing that comes and gets permanently established; when that happens, we won't need to speak of it – it will be obvious!

Although the experience of '56 was one more forward step, it's not.... It's not final.

And what the Rishis had was a sort of promise – an INDIVIDUAL experience.

> *Anyhow, there's a problem I want to ask you about, but you don't have time now.*

Would you like to write it to me?

November 6, 1961

(Letter to Mother from Satprem:[245])

Sweet Mother,

When I read the Veda I thought I understood that the Rishis, finding the passage blocked above (since they would fall into ecstasy and lose their hold over the body), set out to find the Supermind by the downward path. [376]

But reading Sri Aurobindo, I seemed to understand the opposite: that FIRST he rose up, and then made the Light redescend to open the passage, and that the pressure of the Light from above is what opens the doors below, in Matter.

I would like to understand the process.

With all my love,

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

It is by rising to the summit of consciousness through a progressive ascent

that one unites with the Supermind. But as soon as the union is achieved, one knows and one sees that the Supermind exists in the heart of the Inconscient as well.

When one is in that state, there is neither high nor low.

But GENERALLY it is by REDESCENDING through the levels of the being with a supramentalized consciousness that one can accomplish the permanent transformation of physical nature.

There is no proof that the Rishis used another method, although, to effect this transformation (if they ever did), they must necessarily have fought their way through the powers of inconscience and obscurity.

November 7, 1961

(Regarding Satprem's letter to Mother on the Veda:)

This has confronted me with a problem....

You are asking about the process, aren't you?

Yes. [377]

My impression from the Veda is not the same as yours. You say that when they reached the heights they went into trance and then tried the other method. When I read the Veda ... at least what Sri Aurobindo translates for us, because otherwise I have no direct knowledge....

But they say nothing about this.

I know my own experience and I can speak of it in detail; and according to what Sri Aurobindo told me, it was the same for him – although he NEVER wrote of it anywhere. But since it has been my experience, I naturally feel that it's the simplest method.

There is also what Theon and Madame Theon used to say. They never spoke of 'Supermind,' but they said the same thing as the Vedas, that the world of Truth must incarnate on earth and create a new world. They even picked up the old phrase from the Gospels, 'new heavens and a new earth,'[246] which is

the same thing the Vedas speak of. Madame Theon had this experience and she gave me the indication (she didn't actually teach me) of how it was to be done. She would go out of her body and become conscious in the vital world (there were many intermediary states, too, if one cared to explore them). After the vital came the mental: you consciously went out of the vital body, you left it behind (you could see it) and you entered the mental world. Then you left the mental body and entered into.... They used different words, another classification (I don't remember it), but even so, the experience was identical. And like that, she successively left twelve different bodies, one after another. She was extremely 'developed,' you see – individualized, organized. She could leave one body and enter the consciousness of the next plane, fully experience the surroundings and all that was there, describe it ... and so on, twelve times.

I learned to do the same thing, and with great dexterity; I could halt on any plane, do what I had to do there, move around freely, see, observe, and then speak about what I had seen. And my last stage, which Theon called '*pathétisme*,'[247] a very barbaric but very expressive word, bordered on the Formless – he sometimes used the Jewish terminology, calling the Supreme 'The Formless.' (From this last stage one passed to the Formless – there was no further body to leave behind, one was beyond all possible forms, even all thoughtforms.) In this domain [the last stage before the Formless] one experienced total unity – unity in something that was the essence of Love; [378] Love was a manifestation more... 'dense,' he would always say (there were all sorts of different 'densities'); and Love was a denser expression of That, the sense of perfect Unity – perfect unity, identity – with no longer any forms corresponding to those of the lower worlds. It was a Light! ... An almost immaculate white light, yet with something of a golden-rose in it (words are crude). This Light and this Experience were truly wonderful, inexpressible in words.

Well, one time I was there (Theon used to warn against going beyond this domain, because he said you wouldn't come back), but there I was, wanting to pass over to the other side, when – in a quite unexpected and astounding way – I found myself in the presence of the 'principle,' a principle of the human form. It didn't resemble man as we are used to seeing him, but it was an upright form, standing just on the border between the world of forms and the Formless, like a kind of standard.[248] At that time nobody had ever spoken to me about it and Madame Theon had never seen it – no one had ever seen or said anything. But I felt I was on the verge of discovering a secret.

Afterwards, when I met Sri Aurobindo and talked to him about it, he told me, 'It is surely the prototype of the supramental form.' I saw it several times again, later on, and this proved to be true.

But naturally, you understand, once the border has been crossed, there is no more 'ascent' and 'descent'; you have the feeling of rising up only at the very start, while leaving the terrestrial consciousness and emerging into the higher

mind. But once you have gone beyond that, there's no notion of rising; there's a sense, instead, of a sort of inner transformation.

And from there I would redescend, re-entering my bodies one after another – there is a real feeling of re-entry; it actually produces friction.

When one is on that highest height, the body is in a cataleptic state.

I think I made this experiment in 1904, so when I arrived here it was all a work accomplished and a well-known domain; and when the question of finding the Supermind came up, I had only to resume an experience I was used to – I had learned to repeat it at will, through successive exteriorizations. It was a voluntary process.

When I returned from Japan and we began to work together, Sri Aurobindo had already brought the supramental light into the mental world and was trying to transform the Mind. [379] 'It's strange,' he said to me, 'it's an endless work! Nothing seems to get done – everything is done and then constantly has to be done all over again.' Then I gave him my personal impression, which went back to the old days with Theon: 'It will be like that until we touch bottom.' So instead of continuing to work in the Mind, both of us (I was the one who went through the experience ... how to put it? ... practically, objectively; he experienced it only in his consciousness, not in the body – but my body has always participated), both of us descended almost immediately (it was done in a day or two) from the Mind into the Vital, and so on quite rapidly, leaving the Mind as it was, fully in the light but not permanently transformed.

Then a strange thing happened. When we were in the Vital, my body suddenly became young again, as it had been when I was eighteen years old! ... There was a young man named Pearson, a disciple of Tagore, who had lived with me in Japan for four years; he returned to India, and when he came to see me in Pondicherry, he was stupefied.[249] 'What has happened to you!' he exclaimed. He hardly recognized me. During that same period (it didn't last very long, only a few months), I received some old photographs from France and Sri Aurobindo saw one of me at the age of eighteen. 'There!' he said, 'That's how you are now!' I wore my hair differently, but otherwise I was eighteen all over again.

This lasted for a few months. Then we descended into the Physical – and all the trouble began.[250] But we didn't stay in the Physical, we descended into the Subconscient and from the Subconscient to the Inconscient. That was how we worked. And it was only when I descended into the Inconscient that I found the Divine Presence – there, in the midst of Darkness.

It wasn't the first time; when I was working with Theon at Tlemcen (the second time I was there), I descended into the total, unindividualized – that is, general – Inconscient (it was the time he wanted me to find the Mantra of Life).

And there I suddenly found myself in front of something like a vault or a grotto (of course, it was only something 'like' that), and when it opened, I saw a Being of iridescent light reclining with his head on his hand, fast asleep. All the light around him was iridescent. When I told Theon what I was seeing, he said it was 'the immanent God in the depths of the Inconscient,' who through his radiations was slowly waking the Inconscient to Consciousness. [380]

But then a rather remarkable phenomenon occurred: when I looked at him, he woke up and opened his eyes, expressing the beginning of conscious, wakeful action.

I have experienced the descent into the Inconscient many times (you remember, once you were there the day it happened – it had to do with divine Love[251]); this experience of descending to the very bottom of the Inconscient and finding there the Divine Consciousness, the Divine Presence, under one form or another. it has happened quite frequently.

But I can't say that my process is to descend there first, as you write. Rather, this can be the process only when you are ALREADY conscious and identified; then YOU DRAW DOWN the Force (as Sri Aurobindo says, 'one makes it descend') in order to transform. Then, with this action of transformation, one pushes [the Force into the depths, like a drill]. The Rishis' description of what happens next is absolutely true: a formidable battle at each step. And it would seem impossible to wage that battle without having first experienced the junction above.

That is my experience – I don't say there can't be others. I don't know.

One can realize the Divine in the Inconscient rather quickly (in fact, I think it can happen just as soon as one has found the Divine within). But does this give the power to TRANSFORM DIRECTLY? Does the direct junction between the supreme Consciousness and the Inconscient (because that is the experience) give the power to transform the Inconscient just like that, without any intermediary? I don't think so. I simply haven't had that experience. Could all these things I've been describing be happening now if I didn't have all those experiences behind me? I don't know, I can't say.

One thing is certain – as soon as one goes beyond the terrestrial atmosphere, beyond the higher mind's 'highest' region, the sensation of 'high' and 'low' totally vanishes. There are no longer movements of ascent and descent, but *(Mother turns her hand over)* something like inner reversals.

I think the problem arises only when you try to see and understand with the mental consciousness, even with the higher mind. [381]

I am telling you this because, as soon as I got your letter, I replied with what I'll read to you now; then I was immediately faced with something I couldn't formulate, the kind of thing that gives you the feeling of the unknown

(all I knew was my own experience). So I did the usual thing – became 'blank,' turned towards the Truth; and I questioned Sri Aurobindo – and beyond – asking, if there were something to be known, that it be told to me. Then I dropped it, I paid no more attention. And only as I was coming here today was I told – I can't really use the word 'told,' but anyway, what was communicated to me concerning your question was that the difference between the two processes [the Rishis' and the present one] is purely subjective, depending upon the way the experience is registered. I don't know if I can make myself clear.... There is 'something' which is the experience and which will be the Realization; and what appears to be a different, if not opposite, process is simply a subjective mental notation of one SINGLE experience. Do you follow?

That's what I was told.

Now I'm going to read you my reply – it's the first reaction (when something comes, I stay immobile; then an initial reaction comes from above my head, but it's only like the first answering chord, and if I remain attentive, other things follow; what I have just told you is what followed). My immediate written response is based upon my own experience as well as upon what Madame Theon told me and what Sri Aurobindo told me. *(Mother reads:)*

'It is by rising to the summit of consciousness through a progressive ascent...' (that's what I meant just now by 'leaving the body,' but without going into details), 'that one unites with the Supermind. But as soon as the union is achieved, one knows and one sees that the Supermind exists in the heart of the Inconscient as well. When one is in that state, there is neither high nor low. But GENERALLY,' (I emphasized this to make it clear that I am not making an absolute assertion) 'it is by REDESCENDING through the levels of the being with a supramentalized consciousness that one can accomplish the permanent transformation of physical nature.' (This can be experienced in all sorts of ways, but what WE want and what Sri Aurobindo spoke of is a change that will never be revoked, that will persist, that will be as durable as the present terrestrial conditions. That is why I put 'permanent.') 'There is no proof that the Rishis used another method, although, to effect this transformation (if they ever did) they must necessarily have fought their way through the powers of inconscience and obscurity.' [382]

Yes, the Rishis give an absolutely living description of what you experience – and experience continually – as soon as you descend into the Subconscient: all these battles with the beings who conceal the Light and so on. I experienced these things continually at Tlemcen and again with Sri Aurobindo when we were doing the Work – it's raging quite merrily even now!

As soon as you go down there, that's what happens – you have to fight against all that is unwilling to change, all that dominates the world and does not want to change.

Ignore the spelling mistakes!

Now, if there's something else you want to ask me, perhaps it will come....

(silence)

After reading your letter, I had a very strong feeling that you put the problem like that because you were considering it from a mental plane, which is the only plane where it exists; if you go beyond, there are no more oppositions or problems. These things are subtle, you know, and as soon as you try to formulate them, they elude you – formulation deforms.

> *What I mean is that it's not necessarily in trance, in another world, that one gets the supramental consciousness....*

No.

> *It's something the Rishis realized with eyes wide open, in day to-day life, if I understand rightly.*

I don't know how they did it....

But I myself have never had it in trance, and neither did Sri Aurobindo – neither of us ever had trances! I mean the kind of trance where contact with the body is lost. That's what he always said, and one of the first things I told him when we met was, 'Well, everybody talks about trance and samadhi and all those things, but I have never had them! I have never lost consciousness.' 'Ah,' he replied, 'it's exactly the same for me!'

It depends upon the level of development, that's what Theon used to say: 'One goes into trance only when certain links are missing.' He saw people as made up of innumerable small 'bridges,' with intermediary zones. [383] 'If you have an intermediary zone that is undeveloped,' he said, 'a zone where you are not conscious because it's not individualized, then you will be in trance when you cross it.' Trance is the sign of non-individualization – the consciousness is not awake and so your body goes into trance. But if your consciousness is wide awake you can sit, keeping full contact with things, and have the total experience. I could go out of my body with no need of trance, except when Theon wanted me to do a particular work. That was a different business – the vital force (not the consciousness, the vital force) had to go out for that work, so the body had to go into trance. But even then.... For instance, very often when I am 'called' and go to do something in response, my body does become still, but it's not in trance; I can be sitting and, even in the middle of a gesture, suddenly become immobile for a few seconds.[252] But I was doing another type of work with Theon – dangerous work, at that – and it would last for an hour.

Then all the body's vital energy would go out, all of it, as it does when you die (in fact, that's how I came to experience death).

But it isn't necessary to have all those experiences, not at all – Sri Aurobindo never did. (Theon didn't have experiences, either; he had only the knowledge – he made use of Madame Theon's experiences.) Sri Aurobindo told me he had never really entered the unconsciousness of samadhi – for him, these domains were conscious; he would sit on his bed or in his armchair and have all the experiences.

Naturally, it's preferable to be in a comfortable position (it's a question of security). If you venture to do these kinds of things standing up, for instance, as I have seen them done, it's dangerous. But if one is quietly stretched out, there is no need for trance.

Besides, according to what I've been told (not physically), I believe that the Rishis practiced going into trance. But I suppose they wanted to achieve what Sri Aurobindo speaks of: a PHYSICAL transformation of the physical body permitting one to LIVE this consciousness instead of the ordinary consciousness. Did they ever do it? ... I don't know. The Veda simply recounts what the *forefathers* have done. But who are these *forefathers*?

> *But surely this supramental consciousness is something to be found in the body?*[253] *[384]*

When one has these experiences, like the ones I've had in the subtle physical, for example, the body is certainly in trance – but the part having the experience doesn't AT ALL feel deprived or lacking in anything. The experience comes with a fullness of life, consciousness, independence, individuality. It's not like going out in trance to accomplish a work and feeling linked to the body – it's not that: the body no longer exists nor has any reason to! It's simply not there. And it's a nuisance to go back into it – 'what is this useless burden!' you wonder. As a result, if this experience becomes permanent, you live in a world that's just as concrete, just as real and just as TANGIBLE as our physical world, with the same qualities of duration, permanence and stability.

It's very difficult to express, because as soon as we notice it....

While having this experience, you are free (as I said, the body no longer exists, it has even no reason to exist, and you don't think of it), and you have just as concrete an OBJECTIVE functioning – even more so! It is more concrete because you have a MUCH CLEARER and more tangible perception of knowledge than ordinary physical perception; our ordinary way of understanding always seems so hazy in comparison. It's not the same phenomenon as going off into trance and being linked to the body, depending upon it for expression, and so forth.

But a certain work [of adaptation] is required to express this experience, and the first impression upon returning is that there's no way to do it. It simply doesn't correspond to anything.[254]

November 12, 1961

(Mother improvises on the harmonium to 'say' something, or perhaps to calm Satprem's nerves, then continues:)

Sri Aurobindo was telling me, 'Satprem has a headache and is tired because he's trying to do an unnecessary work.' [385]

No, it's not me, I didn't think that myself, but it came to me several times. So I wondered if inspiration was coming, after all, but you Were fighting against it. That would be more than enough to make you tired!

But you see, Id been struggling for four or five days with no results. Well, this morning.... I was angry yesterday, angry with you ...

(Unperturbed) Yes.

... because it wasn't coming.

Yes *(laughing),* that's all right with me!

Well, this morning, you see....

It came nicely. After you got angry, it finally came!

No, it was simply a question of linking certain things up.

But is it necessary to 'link up'? I doubt it. It was an extremely mental idea.

No, I don't really mean 'linking,' rather.... Take what came this

morning, for instance; it showed me (I think) that something really had to be changed. I have that feeling....

(Mother nods her head.)

And in the whole last part, there are at least twenty pages like that, with things that need to be perfected. It's a matter of a few little details – if I knew what to do with them, everything would fall into place.

You don't have an example? ... Haven't you brought your text?

It's like a puzzle, with bits and pieces that aren't in their places yet. It has all come in such a fragmentary way, you see, that I've been forced to make repetitions, links. That's the snag: it indicates to me that something isn't going right. For if it were really THAT, there wouldn't be repetitions. [386]

You haven't brought anything?

Yes, I have some things here, if you want....

What?

(Unenthusiastically) You want me to read some things?

Yes, read to me.

(Unconvinced) Yes, I can read them to you.

(after the reading, Mother comments:)

With me it's happening all the time: tzzt! Just like a foil-thrust. That's the only way it comes.

Writing seems a very poor means of expression to me.[255]

But how else can people understand! We must *(laughing)* make a

concession to present terrestrial conditions.

Of all the means of expression, it seems the poorest.

Perhaps.

Perhaps, because it has the greatest pretensions to precision, which naturally shrinks everything down. There's an impression of paucity, of an absence of depth.

Yet in Vedic times they spoke of 'The Word' – the creative Word *[Vak]*. This is the idea behind the mantra. Too bad a book can't be written using mantras!

???

It would be interesting, if it were possible – that's precisely what I mean when I say: no links, no train of logic, no continuity; these are always, always mental. An inspiration, an intuition, a revelation always comes, 'poff!', leaving a score of things unsaid – gaps to be filled in with spiritual experience. [387]

If you start to explain, it falls flat – there's no help for it.

So I wonder, after all, if there aren't many revelations in your book which MUST NOT be explained; then it's left up to each one's capacity to muse over it, to fill in the gaps with his imagination.

In the end, it would be a very interesting attempt: a stimulant for people's intuitive capacities, instead of taking them all for donkeys and spoon-feeding them, going yum-yum-yum-yum-yum so that they'll digest it!

(silence)

I have the feeling.... You know, Sri Aurobindo is trying to make me understand something, and it gives me a very strong feeling that you are creating unnecessary difficulties for yourself, and if ... if only you could let go of something (I don't know what), then suddenly it would be: ah! It's done, it's all done, there it is!

Maybe in a few minutes – in any case not more than a few days – it would be finished. And ORIGINAL. The main impression is that it would be something new, original, unexpected, and that's just what's needed: something unexpected, unlike anything ever done before. Something sudden. At the risk of ... being a bit bewildering – that doesn't matter! It doesn't matter. With all those pictures it will always be accessible to everyone. Especially each time you express this fatigue, this difficulty, what Sri Aurobindo seems to be saying comes back to me: 'But of course! He is banging up against something that shouldn't even be there!'

(Laughing) Perhaps that's why you were angry with me! Because I insist! Upstairs [in Mother's room, during japa], it keeps coming all the time, all the

time: 'Go on – take the plunge! Clear the hurdle, take the plunge, cross to the other side.' Constantly, constantly.

You see, in what you've just read to me, every place where something rushes in from above is VERY good. Then suddenly something in me begins to ... (words are much too crude), begins to grow bored or tired (that's too crude, it's only a slight uneasiness). And I invariably notice that what bothers me are the explanations – I'm exaggerating.

Actually, one always says too much. Always too much.

The art of good writing consists in knowing how to be silent. The things you don't say are far more important than the things you do. [388]

November 16, 1961

In the middle of my walk, I go into trance, something that has never happened to me before! I find myself standing, immobilized, entirely surrounded by white light, in total silence, with absolutely nothing in my head – nothing.

Standing up in that state is rather dangerous, so I lie down on my bed. And it continues – I hear nothing, see nothing but this white light. No more thought, not one idea in my head, nothing at all, to such an extent that if anyone enters noiselessly, I don't know it. But I do feel the pressure of someone watching me; I can sense it, so I open my eyes and there is actually someone there.

But work, mon petit.... I can't work. I can't remember even the simplest things I am supposed to remember! I wanted to tell you when my free days were, but I no longer recall them.

Yet it produces an extraordinarily keen perception of what is behind things. For instance, I've just seen the [school] children;

I'm more or less familiar with them all, and I can see – not with images – their inner natures much more clearly than usual. The inner perception, the perception of what people are feeling and thinking, is very acute, so much so that I see thoughts and feelings more that I see physical appearances.

But work – not a stroke. Ah, yes, I am translating *The Synthesis of Yoga* and it seems much easier. I go slower, a certain tension has disappeared, and the meaning is far clearer than usual. In other words, I'm interiorized – there

you have it.

But it's deplorable from an external viewpoint! Unread letters are piling up; I don't reply to people, I forget everything – I don't even try to remember. From an external point of view, I'm pretty worthless.

It will last just as long as it lasts.

And of course, as always, there's an accumulation of people, of visitors asking to see me.... There is always this external contradiction.

But a day more or less doesn't matter!

I'm already late ... *(Mother gets up hastily).* [389]

November 16, 1961

(Letter from Mother to Satprem on the occasion of his manuscript being sent to Paris:)

11-16-61

Satprem, my dear child,
You were scheduled for the 21st and the Italian 'delegate' for the 23rd. I have switched it around, so on the 23rd you take the place of this lady, whom I will now see on the 21st.
I find the book VERY BEAUTIFUL.

With all my tenderness,

Signed: Mother

November 23, 1961

I'm going to play you ten minutes of music. I have taken a vow of silence. It is very good; it does me good! Bring me a stool.

(music) [390]

December 16, 1961

(Mother comes in with a rolled-up paper.)

Here's my original manuscript – although it's not very 'original.' It's a message for the first of January.

One day ... (I'm translating the last section of *The Synthesis of Yoga,* 'The Yoga of Self-Perfection' – it plunges you into bottomless gulfs ...) and one day (I think I've told you this), I had a vision of the gap between ... not even what ought to be, because we probably haven't the slightest idea of that, but between our concept of what we would like to be and what is. And it was so dreadful that the body was thrown into, oh ... an anguish, a horror; and along with it an intensity of aspiration, a prayer. The gap seemed so tremendous: 'Is it possible?'

That's how it felt.

So to calm the body I took a pencil and wrote: 'My being thirsts .' (to tell the truth, I wanted to write 'this body thirsts ...') '... for perfection, not this human perfection...'(I should tell you that all the things I am translating are simultaneously accompanied by a set of external circumstances OBVIOUSLY arranged in detail to illustrate the translation: a whole set of quite unpleasant circumstances, besides, serving simultaneously as backdrop and illustration. That's what brought on the anguish ...). 'This body thirsts for perfection, not this human perfection which is the perfection of the ego...' (it was so clear to me that everything human beings conceive of as perfection is simply the ego wanting to magnify itself for its own greater glory) '... not this human perfection which is the perfection of the ego and bars the way to the divine Perfection, but that one perfection .. (these repeated 'perfections' are deliberate: it's like a litany) . but that one perfection which has the POWER to

manifest upon earth the eternal Truth.'

It was this need, this need.... All the body's cells began to vibrate with a more and more intense vibration – it was much more than a need; it was a necessity, a necessity to vibrate in unison with Truth. The cells seemed to be sensing the vibration of Truth, and so the entire body was in a state of total tension – not 'tension' in the ordinary sense, but ... it was like trying to find a note that rings true. That's what it was: to make the cells' vibration ring true to the Vibration of Truth. [393]

But you can't get that down on paper!

The experience was extremely intense, so I didn't do anything with my note, I put it aside. Then recently someone mentioned the first of January. 'What the devil am I going to read to them?' I wondered ... (I usually read them a message). And I thought of this text: 'I'll change this scribble a bit, "humanize" it and bring it down a few rungs *(smiling);* then it will do.' So I wrote: 'WE thirst for perfection..., etc.' In the experience it was only the BODY, you understand (the other part of the being is quite all right) – the body is in this state. All the rest is very happy – very happy, in perpetual joy and eurythmy *(gesture of great waves),* feeling divine Love (not Love as such ... I don't know how to say it): this Love without object, this Love which is neither 'originated' nor 'received' – without object, without cause or origin. It's the feeling of floating in something.

That's all very fine. But the body remains miserable.

And if I tell that to people, they go wide-eyed. It makes no sense to them – to even have the idea of a perfection existing somewhere, an attainable perfection, is already quite a lot for them! So I wrote: *We thirst for perfection, not this human perfection which is the perfection of the ego and bars the way to the divine Perfection, but that ONE perfection which has the power to manifest upon Earth the eternal Truth.*[256]

The English version is stronger than the French. That's because it first came in English and then I made a patch-up job in French!

(silence)

I continue to be incredibly lazy!

There, mon petit ... we haven't done anything!

There's the next 'Bulletin.' [394]

Did you bring something?

The 'Bulletin,' if you like.

Wouldn't you like a little music?

(In a low voice) Yes.

Ah, let's see – we'll play 'preferences'! Which do you prefer? Frankly, quite frankly.

From what point of view?

(Laughing) Bulletin or music.

Ah! Which do I prefer?

Yes!

Well, obviously ... dutifully, the 'Bulletin'; spontaneously, the music.

Ah, so that's it! But 'dutifully' doesn't count! The sense of duty is not what I call 'preference'!

(Mother gets up to go to the organ) Between you and me, what I call preference is ... a kind of very ... very tranquil inclination of the soul: 'this would be best.' But I believe ... I ask you but I can sense that it's music! *(laughter)*

The *Bulletin is* a bit boring, isn't it?

No, it's not boring! It's something else. (Laughter)

The sense of duty.... There is nothing more irksome than the sense of duty!

(Mother sits at the organ, plays, then turns halfway around on her stool and says:)

I shut my eyes (that's how I hear best) but then sometimes my fingers make mistakes; they slip. Because I see ... with other eyes; and when I do see with those other eyes, the music comes much better. When I open my eyes it doesn't

come. [395] It's always with eyes closed that I hear clearly, clearly. But then my fingers sometimes slip.

All the time, it comes and it comes, all the time *(Mother shapes great waves).* Someone is playing to me; so if my hands are ABSOLUTELY docile, it goes well.

But the slightest hesitation can make my fingers slip and hit a false note.

Right now it's wide open and flowing *(gesture of waves streaming in).*

And it's saying something all the while.

I don't know WHO comes.

Last year there was a conflict between Krishna on one side (he came, I saw him), and some kind of spirit coming from Shiva; Krishna was playing, and the two of them were constantly quarreling! One wanted it to be like this, with roseate colorations, and the other wanted it all in blues and silvers. And then suddenly, as I was playing (in fact, it was the last time I played and it had started off entirely with Krishna and was going quite well) but suddenly something came like the blow of a fist *(gesture of a blow to the arm),* wham! I completely lost my balance – really I almost....

But then here I am, watching it all, enjoying myself immensely! It's very interesting.

(To Sujata) Look, I almost have a bruise on my arm!

My hands are a little too conscious – from time to time their own consciousness creeps in and wreaks havoc! I'm not much of a medium – it would be a lot better if I were!

(Mother runs her hands over the keyboard)

There was a hand there ... and two kinds of trumpets going O-Oh! *(Mother plays)*

It's quite interesting.

(Mother seems about to get up ...)

Well, then. Now we haven't done anything – but there's nothing more pleasant than doing nothing!

(.. then she plays again for a long while, until....)

There. Enough. [396]

When is our next idle moment? *(laughter)*

Oh, there's nothing wrong with a bit of fun, is there?

It's so monotonous out there *(gesture beyond the door where people are waiting)*.

We have to have a little fun.

I don't know if you enjoy it, but I do!

December 18, 1961

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Sweet Mother,

A long letter from the publisher.

He has understood NOTHING, felt nothing in this book, finding it 'too abstract.' In a word, they won't accept it without extensive modifications and 'explanations.'

May your will be done,

With love,

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply affixed to Satprem's letter.)

This was to be expected.

But don't go and spoil your book just to make it digestible for them.

We shall publish it here, taking out the unnecessary pictures – having only a few will make the book more interesting.

I suppose you can return their money and cancel the contract – but reserve the right to print the book yourself, changing the presentation to avoid any confusion with their collection. [397]

December 20, 1961

(Satprem reads Mother some extracts from the letter he has just received from his publisher in Paris.)

I'm skipping over the carefully phrased introduction....

'Dear Sir ... I must begin by telling you that although this text is an excellent essay, it is not, in its present form, a book for the "Spiritual Masters" series. Let us enumerate the reasons for this. First of all, the general impression is of an ABSTRACT text. I can straight-away imagine your reaction to this and I dread misunderstandings! But putting myself in the reader's place, since, once again, it does involve a collection intended for a wide public that we are beginning to know well, I can assure you that this public will not be able to follow page after page of reflections upon what one is bound to call a philosophical and spiritual "system." Obviously this impression is caused primarily by the fact that you have begun with twenty-one pages where the reader is assumed to already know of Sri Aurobindo's historical existence and the content of the Vedas and the Upanishads, plus I don't know how many other notions of rite, truth, divinity, wisdom, etc., etc.... In my view, and the solution is going to appear cruel to you, for you certainly value these twenty-one pages [on the Secret of the Veda], they should purely and simply be deleted, for everything you say there, which is very rich in meaning, can only become clear when one has read what follows. There are many books in which readers can be asked to make the effort entailed in not understanding the beginning until they have read the end: but not books of popular culture. One could envisage an introduction of three or four pages to situate the spiritual climate and cultural world in which Sri Aurobindo's thought has taken place, provided, however, that it is sufficiently 'descriptive,' and not a pre-synthesis

of everything to be expounded upon in what follows. In a general way ... you are going to smile, finding me quite Cartesian! But the readership we address is more or less permeated by a widespread Cartesianism, and you can help them, if you like, to reverse their methodology, but on the condition that you make yourself understood right from the start. [398]Generally, you don't make enough use of analysis and, even before analysis, of a description of the realities being analyzed.... That is why the sections of pure philosophical analysis seem much too long to us, and, even apart from the abstract character of the chapter on evolution (which should certainly be shorter), one feels at a positive standstill! After having waited patiently, and sometimes impatiently, for some light to be thrown on Sri Aurobindo's own experience, one reads with genuine amazement ... that "one can draw on energies from above instead of drawing on them from the material nature around oneself, or from an animal sleep," or that "one can modify his sleep and render it conscious ... master illnesses before they enter the body." All of that in less than a page; and you conclude that "the spirit that was the slave of matter becomes again the master of evolution. " But how Sri Aurobindo was led to think this, the experiences that permitted him to verify it, those that permit other men to consider the method transmittable, the difficulties, the obstacles, the realizations – doesn't this constitute the essence of what must be said to make the reader understand? ... Once again, it is the question of a pedagogy intimately tied in with the spirit of the collection.... Let me add as well that I always find it deplorable when a thought is not expressed purely for its own sake, but is accompanied by an aggressive irony towards concepts which the author does not share. This is pointless and harms the ideas being presented, all the more so because they are expressed in contrast with caricatured notions: the allusions you make to such concepts as you think yourself capable of evoking – the soul, creation, virtue, sin, salvation – would only hold some interest if the reader could find those very concepts within himself. But, as they are caricatured by your pen, the reader is given the impression of an all too easily obtained contrast between certain ideas admired and others despised. Whereas it would be far more to the point if they corresponded to something real in the religious consciousness of the West.... I have too much esteem for you and the spiritual world in which you live to avoid saying this through fear of upsetting you .....

Amen.

(silence) [399]

Yesterday night Sri Aurobindo told me, 'They wouldn't have been satisfied unless they had been given a good pack of dubious miracles.'

That's exactly what they want – tales about miracles.

I don't believe your book can be changed – it's meaningless to snip at it. If you really want to know what I would do, I would write another one, putting myself in their place: something showing a comprehensible Sri Aurobindo –

almost a congenial Sri Aurobindo – that is, only the constructive side of his teaching, in its most external form, leaving out ... not the philosophical notions, but the truly spiritual ones, for that is completely sealed to their understanding.

They are not ready! They are not ready.

(silence)

Seen from the European angle, Sri Aurobindo represents an immense spiritual revolution, redeeming Matter and the creation, which to the Christian religion is fundamentally a fall – it's really unclear how what has come from God could become so bad, but anyway, better not be too logical! it's a fall. The creation is a fall. And that's why they are far more easily convinced by Buddhism. I saw this particularly with Richard, whose education was entirely in European philosophy, with Christian and positivist influences; under these two influences, when he came into contact with Theon's 'cosmic philosophy' and later Sri Aurobindo's revelation, he immediately explained, in his *Wherefore of the Worlds,* that the world is the fruit of Desire – God's desire. Yet Sri Aurobindo says (in simple terms), 'God created the world for the Joy of the creation,' or rather, 'He brought forth the world from Himself for the Joy of living an objective life.' This was Theon's thesis too, that the world is the Divine in an objective form, but for him the origin of this objective form was the desire to be. All this is playing with words, you understand, but it turns out that in one case the world is reprehensible and in the other it is adorable! And that makes all the difference. To the whole European mind, the whole Christian spirit, the world is reprehensible. And when THAT is pointed out to them, they can't stand it.

So the very normal, natural reaction against this attitude is to negate the spiritual life: let's take the world as it is, brutally, materially, 'short and sweet' (since it all comes to an end with this short life), let's do all we can to enjoy ourselves now, suffer as little as possible and not think of anything else. [400] Having said that life is a condemned, reprehensible, anti-divine thing, this is the logical conclusion. Then what to do? ... We don't want to do away with life, so we do away with the Divine.

That's it exactly.

They can't take it – even those who are very intelligent (and this man is very intelligent): they immediately close up.

> *I feel that this man himself is the obstacle and that if the book came out, it would be understood – not everywhere, but it would be understood. Not by those shut up in Catholicism (there's nothing to do for them), but I'm sure it's accessible to all who couldn't care less about that, who don't have Christian prejudices.*

But I know that if we publish it here it will have a wide public in Europe and America swallowing it down like holy bread, and it will do a magnificent work. IF it comes from here. Not because of what they think of us [the Ashram], but because of what will be in it.

They want to 'tidy up' your book, do they! They can't take it. I saw this when the book was sent off: they can't take it, they just can't. They put up a barrier; they can't receive what is in it, and so they will do all they can to annul its effects.

Coming from here, of course, it will take much more time to touch the general public, but I see how things work in the universe: it will go far more surely and directly to those who are ready to receive it. And we mustn't believe that only an 'elite' public of especially intelligent and refined people will be touched: among very simple, open-hearted people there is a deep intelligence that understands and responds to these things far better than very cultivated people do – far better – because they feel, they feel the vibration of this profound Hope, this profound Joy, something corresponding to the intense need of their being. While the others begin to reason and sophisticate, which takes away half the power.

From the practical standpoint, I would much prefer the book to be printed here and for us to make the necessary effort for it to go out and touch as many people as possible. The publisher may be a handy and less troublesome channel, but he's not at all the best one – far from it. THAT I know, because I am constantly seeing your book with Sri Aurobindo's perception, and I am absolutely positive that he likes it very much; he has put a lot into it and he sees that it can be an enormous help – but not in the short run. There is always the sense of it needing a hundred years to have its full effect. [401] With your publisher, on the other hand, the effects are far more violent, more external and noisy, but they fade far more quickly.

And I feel it's rather essential to change all the emphasis on pictures. I let them go because there was nothing else to do, but I must say I wasn't too happy about it.[257] it was not a deep understanding, a soul-understanding, that chose the pictures, but a very developed intellect.

A few pictures, very few, simply giving an opening for the soul, is quite sufficient.

(silence)

One more thing. Despite their blockage from the deep spiritual viewpoint, they evidently represent a certain goodwill which can be utilized and should be recognized – it must be given a place. That's why I was telling you to write a book on a much less elevated level, a book ... like the one I would write, if I ever wrote one!

But Mother ....

You know how I write – it's always unexpected; you always feel...

No one but you can write like that!

No. No, I don't believe it. It's only a question of attitude, that's all.

No, Mother, it's a question of experience. One's writing must always well up from a deep and constant experience.

Yes!

Yes, but I don't have that! I have a kind of awareness, but not the true experience.... But I'll try, Mother, if you believe I can do it.

I do believe it!

My book, of course, would be: *What I have known of Sri Aurobindo* – and on his supreme level. *What I have known of Sri Aurobindo is* ... what I have been able to perceive of the Avatar. What he represents. That's how I see him. So, *what I have known of Sri Aurobindo,* expressed 'spontaneously,' with a minimum of external events, the very minimum, but with all the experiences of our meetings: at that time, this opened that; at that moment, I realized this or saw that or felt something else ... ; and then I was able to do such and such – and all of it was Sri Aurobindo. [402]

I know it would create a furor if I wrote this book! Because any fool could read it like a story and feel perfectly satisfied – and he wouldn't even notice it taking hold of him inside and changing him.

A philosophical book? ... No. A spiritual book? ... No, not at all! Just a nice, little commonsense book – that's what they would see!

I don't have time.

I could possibly scribble a few things down and have you write a book with them, but.... I don't have the time and ... anyway, I just thought of it this minute. I hadn't an inkling of it ten minutes ago.

I am seeing this book now. I see it. But when I leave here, with that whole throng around me and all that work to do, it will fade away. I would need to be very quiet, have nothing to do, and just write when it comes to me; because I

cannot do things in a logical fashion – I have never been able to, never. The experience must come suddenly – a memory, an experience – then I note it down, put it aside and leave it. And when another comes, the same thing. In this way there would be *(smiling)* no plan to the book! It would be very simple: no plan of ideas, no plan of development, nothing; simply a story.

For example, the importance of the departure[258]: how he was present the whole time I was away; how he guided my entire life in Japan; how.... Of course, it would be seen in the mirror of my own experience, but it would be Sri Aurobindo – not me, not my reactions: him; but through my experience because that's all I can speak of.

There would be interesting things even for....

But I have two very serious objections. One, it would be a major occult revelation (there would be a lot of occultism – what people term 'miracles' or things of that nature), a major revelation. I hesitate to do that because I don't think it's time yet. Mainly that. And then, in spite of everything, it would inevitably be far too personal, even if it weren't written along personal lines – far too personal. And now isn't the time for that.

There would inevitably be far too much of the physical person in it, and that isn't interesting. It would only be interesting if the Person, with a capital P, came to express Itself. [403] That would be tremendous.

I feel that it will be done one day – when that Person does the writing. But now there is still too much mixture, too much of this *(Mother touches her body),* this collection of little ... there's still too much reaction from the small physical person – not in what I might say but in the BRAIN that would have to transcribe it.

But something else could be done.... It's a great pity you never met him.... Perhaps it's best. It's very difficult to rise above appearances.[259]

Here, just to give you an example: when I first began to work (not with Theon personally but with an acquaintance of his in France, a boy[260] who was a friend of my brother), well, I had a series of visions (I knew nothing about India, mind you, nothing, just as most Europeans know nothing about it: 'a country full of people with certain customs and religions, a confused and hazy history, where a lot of "extraordinary things" are said to have happened.' I knew nothing.) Well, in several of these visions I saw Sri Aurobindo just as he looked physically, but glorified; that is, the same man I would see on my first visit, almost thin, with that golden-bronze hue and rather sharp profile, an unruly beard and long hair, dressed in a dhoti with one end of it thrown over his shoulder, arms and chest bare, and bare feet. At the time I thought it was 'vision attire'! I mean I really knew nothing about India; I had never seen Indians dressed in the Indian way.

Well, I saw him. I experienced what were at once symbolic visions and spiritual FACTS: absolutely decisive spiritual experiences and facts of meeting and having a united perception of the Work to be accomplished. And in these visions I did something I had never done physically: I prostrated before him in the Hindu manner. All this without any comprehension in the little brain (I mean I really didn't know what I was doing or how I was doing it – nothing at all). I did it, and at the same time the outer being was asking, 'What is all this?!'

I wrote the vision down (or perhaps that was later on) but I never spoke of it to anyone (one doesn't talk about such things, naturally). But my impression was that it was premonitory, that one day something like it would happen. And it remained *in the background of the consciousness,* not active, but constantly present. [404]

As for Theon, he was European and wore a long purple robe that wasn't at all like the one in my vision. (I'm not sure, but I think he was either Polish or Russian, but more probably Russian, of Jewish descent, and that he was forced to leave his country; he never said anything about this to anyone, it's only an impression.) When I saw him I recognized him as a being of great power. And he bore a certain likeness to Sri Aurobindo: Theon was about the same size (not a tall man, of medium height) and thin, slim, with quite a similar profile. But when I met Theon I saw (or rather I felt) that he was not the man I saw in my vision because ... he didn't have that vibration. Yet it was he who first taught me things, and I went and worked at Tlemcen for two years in a row. But this other thing was always there in the background of the consciousness.

Then when Richard came here he met Sri Aurobindo (he was haunted by the idea of meeting the 'Master,' the Guru, the 'Great Teacher'). Sri Aurobindo was in hiding, seeing no one, but when Richard insisted, he met him, and Richard returned with a photograph. It was one of those early photos, with nothing in it. It was empty, the remnants of the political man, not at all resembling what I had seen – I didn't recognize him. 'It's strange,' I said to myself, 'that's not it' (for I saw only his external appearance, there was no inner contact). But still, I was curious to meet him. At any rate, I can't say that when I saw this photograph I felt, 'He's the one!' Not at all. He impressed me as being a very interesting man, but no more.

I came here.... But something in me wanted to meet Sri Aurobindo all alone the first time. Richard went to him in the morning and I had an appointment for the afternoon. He was living in the house that's now part of the second dormitory, the old *Guest House.*[261] I climbed up the stairway and he was standing there, waiting for me at the top of the stairs.... EXACTLY my vision! Dressed the same way, in the same position, in profile, his head held high. He turned his head towards me ... and I saw in his eyes that it was He. The two things clicked *(gesture of instantaneous shock),* the inner experience immediately became one with the outer experience and there was a fusion – the

decisive shock.

But this was merely the beginning of my vision. Only after a series of experiences – a ten months' sojourn in Pondicherry, five years of separation, then the return to Pondicherry and the meeting in the same house and in the same way – did the END of the vision occur.... [405] I was standing just beside him. My head wasn't exactly on his shoulder, but where his shoulder was (I don't know how to explain it – physically there was hardly any contact). We were standing side by side like that, gazing out through the open window, and then TOGETHER, at exactly the same moment, we felt, 'Now the Realization will be accomplished.' That the seal was set and the Realization would be accomplished. I felt the Thing descending massively within me, with the same certainty I had felt in my vision. From that moment on there was nothing to say – no words, nothing. We knew it was THAT.

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

I don't know, I'm putting it poorly, but this experience was concrete to the point of being physical. It happened in a Japanese country-house where we were living, near a lake. There was a whole series of circumstances, events, all kinds of things – a long, long story, like a novel. But one day I was alone in meditation (I have never had very profound meditations, only concentrations of consciousness – *Mother makes an abrupt gesture showing a sudden ingathering of the entire being);* and I was seeing.... You know that I had taken on the conversion of the Lord of Falsehood: I tried to do it through an emanation incarnated in a physical being [Richard[263]], and the greatest effort was made during those four years in Japan. The four years were coming to an end with an absolute inner certainty that there was nothing to be done – that it was impossible, impossible to do it this way. There was nothing to be done. And I was intensely concentrated, asking the Lord, 'Well, I made You a vow to do this, I had said, "Even if it's necessary to descend into hell, I will descend into hell to do it...." Now tell me, what must I do?...'The Power was plainly there: suddenly everything in me became still; the whole external being was completely immobilized and I had a vision of the Supreme ... more beautiful than that of the Gita. [406] A vision of the Supreme.[264] And this vision literally gathered me into its arms; it turned towards the West, towards India, and offered me – and there at the other end I saw Sri Aurobindo. It was ... I felt it physically. I saw, saw – my eyes were closed but I saw (twice I have had this vision of the Supreme – once here, much later – but this was the first time) ... ineffable. It was as if this Immensity had reduced itself to a rather gigantic Being who lifted me up like a wisp of straw and offered me. Not a word, nothing else, only that.

Then everything vanished.

The next day we began preparing to return to India.

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

(silence)

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

And these are the real milestones of the whole Story.

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

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

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

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

First it comes, afterwards we know it.

For the moment, it's not here.

(silence)

A book like that (sufficiently veiled, of course), written in the simplest way possible (like I wrote 'The Science of Living,' I believe) – and it's fine, you speak to people in their own language. Above all, no philosophy! None! You simply tell some extraordinary stories in the same way you would tell an ordinary story. But the Story is there, that's the most important thing.

It started in my infancy – the Story was already there.

But it never passed through my head first, never, never, never! Experiences came in my childhood that I didn't understand until Sri Aurobindo told me certain things; then I said, 'Ah, so that's what it was! ...' But I never had that kind of curiosity, I never cared to understand with the head, I wasn't interested. I was interested in the result, in the inner change: how my attitude towards the world changed, my position relative to the creation – that interested me from my infancy; how what seemed to be quite ordinary incidents could so completely change my relationship with that whole little world of children. And it was always the same thing: instead of feeling burdened, with a weight on your head, and just plodding on like a donkey, something would lift *(gesture)* and you would be on top of it – you could smile and begin to change. See that thing that's out of place? ... Why not set it right! Like arranging things in a drawer.

Why? How? What does it all mean? ... What do I care! Setting it right is what's important!

It began when I was five, almost eighty years ago.

If God wills and we reach the end, then we will simply tell our story, that's all – NO TEACHING.

There you are, mon petit.

Think it over. I would like us to publish your book exactly as it is, with its full force, with all that Sri Aurobindo has put into it; and we will give it a bit of help to go and do its work. And you should come to an understanding with these people.... But first you should write just a simple book, quite simple and quite positive: the constructive aspect – very constructive, very simple. No attempt to convince, no big problems – no, no, no! Sri Aurobindo has come to tell the world that man is not the final creation, that there is another creation; and he said this not because he knew it but because he felt it. [408] And he began to do it. And that's all.

It needn't be long.

You want me to write a book again!?

Yes ... if it's not too much trouble! *(Mother laughs)* Spontaneously, simply – if you want to, if you feel like it. You know what I mean: a book that is TRUE, in the sense that you won't say anything not perfectly true, but accessible ... not only accessible to the 'superior' man, but to the honest man who finds that life really isn't good or pleasant and is wondering if there isn't

some way to make it better.

Without ... without great speculations.

There are many things like that in Sri Aurobindo's book, *On Himself,* many things.

Just see if you feel like it, mon petit.

If you get a feeling....

Write it in a relaxed way, spontaneously. And we will give them some pretty little photos ... magazine photos! It would be a very fine way to reply: 'Ah, that's what you want! Well, by all means! But I retain the right to publish my original manuscript – I won't be competing with you since we will publish it here in India. So please return my manuscript and we will prepare something very nice for you.'

And mind you, it can be very beautiful in its simplicity, a beauty sorrowful people can feel, people who are tired of life, people whose heads are sick of all these arguments and dogmas – people who are tired of thinking too many great thoughts.

And I am the first among them! Nothing tires me more than philosophers. [409]

December 23, 1961

(Concerning the Sri Aurobindo manuscript, Mother advises against replying to the publisher too hastily, because she sees a possibility that could change the situation.)

There is something deeper. And within this deeper thing there was: quiet, quiet, quiet, we will wait; and the impression (but vague, distant and uncertain) of some attempt being made to introduce a very good possibility into the atmosphere. I never see on the purely physical plane, you know (it's always on the subtle physical, the plane of possibilities – that's more real to me; the purely physical generally eludes me, but I see the subtle physical clearly), and I was seeing ... I don't know, it was like something higher, from above, trying to make someone enter the field of possibilities, a brain that would suddenly be

touched by the book and reverse the situation. I don't know who, I don't know what, I don't know how.... Ah, you know that yellow rose I just gave you? It's fringed in pink. Well, what came was like a slender pink fringe winding through the atmosphere of this situation.

It's possible – all is possible!

I can see from the publisher's letter that he has been touched much more than he thinks. His outer mentality may have responded the way it did, but something was vibrating within – I felt it as soon as you read me his letter. And he is violently denying it of course! It would disturb him a good deal, so he defends himself violently; but this just might give him the idea of having others read it – and it could touch someone. I don't know, I am giving you an explanation of what I saw, of the sensation it gave me: 'Wait, don't move.' And then: 'You will be informed when it is necessary to act.' So let the first of the year go by, and then we will see.

Well then. And you?

Me? .... Not much progress.[265]

Within it is going very well, as you will notice in a while! But it takes time. [410] It takes time and occasionally it takes on bizarre appearances. I can see that this whole peculiar period I've been passing through was a tremendous progress ... and I didn't know it. I am not at the end yet, but now I understand what it is. And it's something of capital importance.

Yes, I felt you were going through a strange period.

Now I know the outcome, and that's what I didn't see before. But it will take time. For the moment it seems.... You know, it wasn't pleasant: everything appears useless, impossible in that condition.... But that's very good! *(Mother laughs)* Very good. But while these things are happening, we shouldn't speak of them. So ... nonetheless, we still need a *Bulletin!*

(For the next 'Bulletin,' Satprem reads to Mother from 'Questions and Answers,' dated January 4, 1956.)

> '... And so a time comes when one would be incapable of saying, "This is divine and that is not ...."

Oh, that's a wonderful thing – at times it's truly stupendous! ... But go on, continue – it would take too long to go into that!

'... Because there comes a time when one perceives the entire universe in such a total and comprehensive way that, in truth, it is impossible to remove anything from it without disturbing everything. And going a couple of steps further, one knows for certain that things which shock us as contradictions of the Divine are simply things out of place. Each thing must be exactly in its place, and what's more, be supple enough, plastic enough, to admit into a harmonious, progressive organization all the new elements constantly being added to the manifest universe. The universe is in a perpetual movement of internal reorganization, and at the same time it's growing: it's becoming more and more complex, more and more complete, more and more integral – indefinitely. And as the new elements manifest, the whole reorganization must be built on a new basis, and thus there isn't a second when ALL is not in perpetual movement. [411] And when the movement is in accord with the divine order, it's harmonious, so perfectly harmonious that it's almost imperceptible.... Now, if you descend from this consciousness towards a more external consciousness, you begin naturally to have a very precise feeling of what helps you attain the true consciousness and what bars the way or pulls you backwards or even fights against your progress. And so the perspective changes and you are obliged to say: this is divine or a help towards the Divine; and that goes against the Divine, it's the Divine's enemy. But this is a pragmatic standpoint, geared to action, to movement in material life – because you haven't yet attained the consciousness surpassing all that; because you haven't reached that inner perfection where you no longer have to fight, since you have gone beyond the field or the time or the utility of struggle. But before reaching that state in your consciousness and action, there is necessarily struggle; and if there is struggle, there is choice; and to choose, you need discrimination.'

(Mother remains silent)

* * *

(Satprem again reads from the same 'Questions and Answers' of 1956.)

'All things are attracted to the Divine. Are the hostile forces also attracted to the Divine?'

You know, I can say one thing about this.... There's a type of woman I have met more or less periodically throughout my life. These beings are under the influence, or are incarnations of, or in any case are responsive to forces which Theon called 'passive' – not exactly feminine forces, but on the *Prakriti*[266] side of the universe: the dark Prakriti side (there is an active dark side, the asuric forces, and a passive dark side). And these are terrible beings, terrible! They have wreaked havoc in life. They represent one of the creation's biggest difficulties. And they are attracted to me! [412]

Mon petit, they adore me, they detest me, they would like to destroy me – and individually they CANNOT do without me! They come to me like ... like fireflies to light. And they hate me! They would like to crush me. That's how it is.

I have met five women like that, the last two here (they were the most terrible). It's a phenomenon of hate and rage mixed with love's greatest power of attraction – no sweetness, of course, no tenderness, nothing like that – but NEED, love's greatest power of attraction, mixed with hate. And they cling, you know, and then ... what fun!

I had a session like that some days ago – it's a work I'm pursuing. (Likewise, I have constantly been with the adverse force I once told you about,[267] who keeps incarnating especially to harass me – so there's also this phenomenon, amiably passing from one being to another!) Anyway, not long ago I had given an appointment to this woman and had decided not to say anything – because there was nothing to be done (the most beautiful things go rotten, there's nothing to do). So I remained silent, indrawn, fully in contact with the Supreme Presence, with the external personality annulled (this experience, in fact, lasting almost one hour, is what gave me the key to everything that has been happening lately). There was only the Supreme, nothing else – the Supreme THERE, in that very body, mon petit, in that whole agglomeration and in that apparently absolutely anti-divine influence – HIS Presence was there!

It was a truly stupendous experience, petty though the object is (she is insignificant, without any great substance or power – a very minor incarnation; she does have certain not quite human capacities, but they are so veiled by a tiny human personality that scarcely anyone but I can see them).

And in the experience there was no difference between my physical and my inner being (actually, it's that way more and more for me); even physically, externally, there was a kind of love full of adoration, and so spontaneous – not even any sense of wonder! And there was such a formidable Power in it, formidable from the standpoint of the entire earth.... It lasted one hour. After an hour, the experience slowly began to fade (it had to fade – for purely practical reasons). But it left me so confident of a radical change – not a total change, for it wasn't permanent – but so radical that even outwardly, way down below in

me, something was saying, 'Ah, how will the meditations with X be now?' [413] I caught Myself ... not thinking, not 'myself': someone thought like that, somewhere way down below. This pulled me out of the experience and I wondered, 'That's strange, who's thinking like that?' It was one of the personalities[268] (in terms of work, it's the one that gives each action its proper place), someone way down below, spontaneously feeling: 'But that's going to change the meditations! What will they be like now?' When I returned and began to look at things with the usual discernment, I told myself that perhaps there actually will be a change.

But truly, EVERYTHING was changed at that moment: something was achieved. It was the perception of Power – the Power that comes from Love (what Love is to the Supreme Consciousness, which has nothing to do with what we usually mean by the word 'love'). And it was ... it was simple! None of those complications resulting from thought, intellect, understanding – all that was gone, all gone. A formidable Power! And it made me understand one thing, that the state I had been put in (by the Lord of Yoga, in fact) was for obtaining the particular power that comes through an identity with all material things, a power possessed by certain persons – not always yogis, certain mediums, for instance. I saw it with Madame Theon: she would will a thing to come to her instead of going to the thing herself; instead of going to get her sandals when she wanted them, she made the sandals come to her. She did this through a capacity to radiate her matter – she exercised a will over her matter – her central will acted upon matter anywhere, since she WAS THERE. With her, then, I saw this power in a methodical, organized way, not as something accidental or spasmodic (as it is with mediums), but as an organization of Matter. And so ... I began to understand: 'With this comes the power to put each thing in its place!'... provided one is universal enough.

Well, I have understood. And now I know where I stand.

Far from the goal, but at least the way ahead is clear.

And if to this material capacity of identification, of exercising the will, is added that Something which was there during my experience and is truly the expression.... I don't know if it's the supreme expression, but for the time being it's certainly the highest I know of. (It's far superior to pure Knowledge through identity, to knowing the thing because one IS it – it's infinitely more powerful than that.) it's something formidable! [414] It has the power to change everything – and how!

One is simply That – one vibration of THAT.

(silence)

Since this experience (three or four days ago, five days, I'm not sure), there has been a constant multiplication of FACTS of identification (one is it, and so one DOES it), for all the small things of Matter, the most trivial things in the

material world.

(Mother gets up)

But it will take a long time. We mustn't imagine that it will be done in the blink of an eye – I am ready to spend years on it (if it comes quicker, so much the better).

But it's the key. The key.

And when it becomes permanent, people will have to watch out when they're with me! *(Mother laughs)*

This Power ... is it Love?

Well ... yes .... It is the essence of Love.

it translates itself into Love. And of course I am not at all speaking of the human, physical quagmire; I am speaking of the most wonderfully beautiful and pure Love imaginable. This Power is the origin of that Love, and it is in the Supreme.

(Mother sits at the organ)

And it has always been said that That and That alone could bring the adverse forces to a halt.

(Music)

[415]

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[1]Mother generally worked a little every day on the French translation of *The Synthesis of Yoga.*

[2]The notebook in which a young woman disciple asked questions on Sri Aurobindo's *Thoughts and Aphorisms.* Later, Mother preferred answering verbally Satprem's questions on the aphorisms. This allowed her to speak of her experiences freely without the restrictions imposed by a written reply. These 'Commentaries on the Aphorisms' were later partially published in the *Bulletin* under the title A Propos. Here they are republished chronologically in their unabridged form.

[3]Where Sri Aurobindo's body lies, in the Ashram courtyard.

[4]Sri Aurobindo's aphorisms appear in the Cent. Ed. Vol. XVII, pp. 79-159.

[5]Later, Satprem asked Mother, 'Is it a single vibration that *CAN REPEAT* itself endlessly or that *REPEATS* itself endlessly?' Mother replied: 'I meant several things at once. This single vibration is in static latency everywhere but when you realize it consciously you have the power to make it active

wherever you direct it; that is, one doesn't "move" something, but makes it active by the insistence of the consciousness wherever you focus it.'

[6]Twice a week, during the period of the Playground Talks, Mother would publicly reply to questions put to her by the disciples assembled at the Ashram Playground.

[7]World Union – a 'movement' launched through the personal initiative of a disciple.

[8]When asked later about the meaning of this somewhat elliptical statement, Mother said: 'There are two stages. The first involves a mental (and possibly intuitive) vision of what will be (perhaps in an immediate future), and this is what we call seeing things "as they should be." The other is an identification with the supreme Will and the perception that at each second everything is exactly as the Supreme wants it to be, that it is the precise expression of the Supreme. The first is a vision of what is coming and says, "That's how things should be." But we overlook the distance between what presently exists and what is coming. While if we go high above and become one with the Consciousness of the supreme Will, we see that at every instant, at every moment in the universe, all is exactly as it should be – exactly as the Supreme wants it to be. That is Omnipotence.'

[9]Saraswati represents the universal Mother's aspect of Knowledge and artistic creativity. On this occasion, Mother would go down to the Meditation Hall and the disciples would silently pass in front of her to receive a message. This year they would receive a folder containing five photographs of Mother.

[10]Savitri, Vol. 29, XI.I.702.

[11]This fragment possibly dates from 1958.

[12]For Sri Aurobindo and Mother, the 'vital' represents the regions of consciousness or the centers of consciousness below the mind between the throat and the sex center, i.e. the whole region of emotions, feelings, passions, etc., which constitute the various expressions of the Life-Energy.

[13]Throughout the *Agenda,* words Mother originally spoke in English are italicized.

[14]These seem to be the forces ruling the subconscious mechanisms or reactions of the body: all the automatism produced by evolution and atavism – what might be termed evolutionary habits. This is the 'descending path,' which started forty years earlier, as Mother said (or the 'physical plunge' referred to by Sri Aurobindo), leading to the pure cellular consciousness.

[15]Japa: the continuous repetition of a mantra. Mother's mantra is a song of the cells, the sole material or physical process used by her for awakening the cells and stabilizing the Supramental Force in her body.

[16]Later, Mother specified: 'These are elements in the material substance entirely possessed by adverse forces and opposed to the transformation.'

[17]On the previous day, January 21, Saraswati Puja, Mother had given a message and photos to each disciple.

[18]Later, on the 27th, Mother remarked: 'I was reading about this very thing yesterday in *The Secret of the Veda,* in the first hymn translated by Sri Aurobindo *(the reference is to the colloquy between Indra and Agastya, Rig Veda 1.170 – cf. The Secret of the Veda, Cent. Ed., X.241 ft.),* and it helped me put my finger on the problem. In this hymn there is a dispute between Indra and the Rishi because the Rishi wants to progress too quickly without first passing through Indra [the god of the Mind], and Indra stops him; finally they reach an agreement. Sri Aurobindo's commentary is quite interesting: when one has the INDIVIDUAL power to go directly, but neglects the steps which are still necessary for the whole, for the universal movement, then one is stopped short. That is absolutely my experience.'

[19]Mother did her japa while walking back and forth in her room.

[20]Satprem later asked Mother what she meant by these 'things,' and Mother replied: 'For example, there was a certain man's attitude with respect to life and to the Divine, and what he thought of himself, and so forth. You see, what came was a whole range of characters and one particular action of one man, and then something else came up.... How to explain? ... These are POINTS OF WORK which come to me, things that present themselves in the atmosphere for me to see – things I see and which have to be acted upon.'

[21]A few days later, Mother rectified: 'I have looked at the experience again and realized that it's not Vedic but pre-Vedic. The experience put me into contact with a civilization prior to the Vedas – the Rishis and the Vedas are a kind of transition between that vanished civilization and the Indian civilization which grew out of the Vedic Age. It was yesterday [January 26] that I perceived this, and it was quite interesting.'

[22]In the Vedas, the panis and dasyus represent beings or forces hidden in subterranean caves who have stolen the 'Riches' or the 'Lights', symbolized by herds of cows. With the help of the gods, the Aryan warrior must recover these lost riches, the 'sun in the darkness,' by igniting the flame of sacrifice. It is the path of subterranean descent.

[23] Indra represents the king of the gods, the master of mental power freed from the limitations and obscurities of the physical consciousness.
[24]The body-consciousness.
[25]Later, Mother added: 'All the experiences took place one after the other, but the new experience did not cancel the preceding one. The Consciousness – this supreme Unity that I had – remained all the time, to the very end, even while the other centers were awakening. And each center that awakened was a kind of addition, taking away nothing from what had come before. So at the end it was all simultaneous: a kind of global consciousness – total and simultaneous – of everything.... You see, while rising up (one is obliged to say "rising" and "descending" for otherwise one would never be understood), while "rising up" to reach this supreme Consciousness, all the rest was annulled, there was only That. When the supreme Consciousness was realized, it remained ALL the time, continuously, to the very end, it did not move; but meanwhile, the other centers began to awaken one after another. And each awakening center assumed its place but canceled nothing either of what had come before or of what was about to come, so that when I reached the end, all of it together was a simultaneous whole – the Supreme Consciousness.' When Satprem asked if this Supreme Consciousness was the 'New Consciousness,' Mother replied, 'Not "new!" One can't say "new" – Supreme Consciousness.'
[26]This entire experience and Mother's insistence that it all happened 'without moving,' unlike the experience of the ascent of the Kundalini, suggests that it is the supramental consciousness concealed in the depths of the cells, that somehow emerges and traverses all the layers until the junction is made with the most material body-consciousness.
[27]Later, Mother added: 'The Power that was acting was no longer the power that had been acting previously.'
[28]Mother frequently addressed Satprem as '*mon petit*' or '*petit*,' terms of endearment she used for very few other people. We have unfortunately been unable to find English equivalents that capture the nuances of Mother's simple '*petit*' and '*mon petit*,' and so have decided to leave them in the original French wherever they appear.
[29]The tantric guru.
[30]The Vedic or pre-Vedic experience of the artificial hurricane and the pink marble bathtub.
[31]*Balcony-darshan*: up to 1962, Mother appeared every morning on the first-floor balcony to be seen by the disciples assembled on the street below.
[32]Experience of January 22 (the artificial hurricane).
[33]That = the perception of the almost total unimportance of the external, material expression of the body's condition.
[34]The Vedic hymns translated by Sri Aurobindo (cf. On *the Veda,* Cent. Ed., X.241, ff.).
[35]Once again, Satprem was doing seven hours of japa daily.
[36]In the equations of Einstein's Theory of Relativity, quantities as 'immutable' as the mass of a body, the frequency of a vibration, or the time separating two events, are linked to the speed of the system where the physical event takes place. Recent experiments in outer space have allowed the validity of Einstein's equations to be verified. Thus a clock on a satellite in constant rotation around the Earth will measure sixty seconds between two audio signals, while an identical clock on Earth measures sixty-one seconds between the same two signals: time 'slows down' as speed increases. It is like the story of the space traveler returning to Earth less aged than his twin: you pass into another 'frame of reference.' It is striking that Mother's body-experiences very often parallel recent theories of modern physics, as if mathematical equations were the means of formulating in human language certain complex phenomena, remote from our day to day reality, which Mother was living spontaneously in her body – perhaps 'at the speed of light.'
[37]*Ixora arborea* (Torch Tree).
[38]*Hymenantherum,* a tiny yellow flower like a miniature daisy.
[39]*Ocimum sanctum* (Basil).
[40]*Pandanus tectorius* (Keora or Screw Pine). Subsequently, Mother named this flower 'Spiritual Perfume.'
[41]Tapasya: ascetic or yogic discipline.
[42]*Asura*: demon of the mental plane embodying the forces of division and darkness.
[43]Tlemcen: a town in northern Algeria.
[44]The story doesn't seem to end here, but perhaps Mother did not wish to say anything further.
[45]Kali symbolizes the destroying or warrior-like aspect of the universal Mother: it is she who severs all bonds ... out of love.
[46]The 'pipe' is obviously symbolic.
[47]As a matter of fact, twelve years later – in May 1973 – we were indeed all forced to 'get out.'

[48] In 1956.
[49]The terminology used by Mother and Sri Aurobindo is distinct from the terminology of Western psychology. This is how Sri Aurobindo defines 'inconscient' and 'subconscient': 'All upon earth is based on the Inconscient, as it is called, though it is not really inconscient at all, but rather a complete "sub"-conscience, a suppressed or involved consciousness, in which there is everything but nothing is formulated or expressed. The subconscient lies between this Inconscient and the conscious mind, life and body.' (Cent. Ed., XXII, p. 354)
[50]Three years earlier, in 1958, Mother had told Satprem that February and March were 'bad months,' and she had spoken of cyclical movements in Nature like those in the individual consciousness, with alternating periods of difficulty and progress.
[51]Four times a year, for 'darshan,' visitors poured into the Ashram to pass one by one before Mother (and formerly Sri Aurobindo as well) to receive her look.
[52]Since 'Bohr's atom' at the beginning of the century, which with its electrons orbiting around a central nucleus like planets around a sun was to have been the mathematical model representing the ultimate constituent of matter, nuclear physicists have discovered many new elementary particles in the universe: from leptons to baryons, with neutrinos, pions, kaons, psi and khi particles in between! A recent – and unifying (!) – theory postulated by the American Nobel Laureate, Murray Gell-Mann, would reduce this somewhat startling enumeration to more reasonable proportions through the introduction of a unique sub-particle constituting all matter: the *quark.* Nevertheless, there would still exist several kinds of quarks (e.g., 'strange,' 'charmed,' 'colored' in red, yellow and blue) for accommodating the various qualities of matter. A proton, for example, would consist of three quarks: red, yellow and blue. However, it should be noted that quarks are basically mathematical intermediaries to facilitate the comprehension or interpretation of certain experiments thus far unexplained. Moreover, the simple question still remains, even if they do exist materially: 'What are quarks made of?' Nevertheless, a mathematical model resulting from a recent theory that attempts to represent our material universe strangely resembles Mother's perception, for it postulates a milieu consisting entirely of electromagnetic waves of very high frequency. According to this theory, Matter itself is the 'coagulation' of these waves at the moment they exceed a certain frequency threshold; our perception of emptiness, of fullness, of the hard or the transparent, being finally due only to the differences in vibratory frequencies – 'vibratory modes within the same thing.' But what is this 'same thing'? In the end, the *Agenda* is simply Mother's long quest in search of the reality of Matter: what is Matter ... truly? The 'transformation', perhaps, means simply to 'un-cover' what is actually there.
[53]*The Synthesis of Yoga,* Cent. Ed., Vol. XX, p. 303.
[54]Barringtonia speciosa.
[55]Note that a few days earlier [the night of February 12], a disciple had a very symbolic dream in which she saw all the disciples gathered near the Ashram's main gate with an air of consternation, as though something had happened to Mother.
[56] In the subconscient.
[57]In French, the word *'échouer'* means both 'to fail' and 'to run aground.'
[58]*Sri Aurobindo et la Transformation du Monde [Sri Aurobindo and the Transformation of the World],* a book that Editions du Seuil had asked Satprem to write and subsequently refused on the pretext that it did not conform to the 'spirit of the collection.' This book would never see the light of day. Satprem would later write another book entitled *Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.*
[59]A long-time disciple (Suzanne Karpeles) and a member of the École Française l'Extrème Orient.
[60]A monthly review published by the Ashram.
[61]On the Sunday preceding each Darshan (this February 21st, Mother would be 84), Mother used to distribute saris, napkins or handkerchiefs to the disciples.
[62]*Lonicera japonica* (Japanese Honeysuckle).
[63]Chrysanthemum, yellow.
[64]Chrysanthemum, white.
[65]Quisqualis indica.
[66]Malvaviscus arboreus.
[67]*Millingtonia hortensis* (Indian Cork Tree).
[68]*Tropaeolum majus* (Nasturtium).
[69]*Eucharis grandiflora* (Amazon Lily).
[70]*Delonix regia* (Gul Mohur Tree).
[71]One of the Ashram houses.
[72]The physical disorder that had principally attacked Mother's legs.
[73]The following is the exact text of Mother's reply to this American gentleman: *Two irrefutable signs prove that one is in relation with the Supermind: 1. A perfect and constant equality. 2. An absolute*

certainty in knowledge. To be perfect, the equality must be invariable and spontaneous, effortless, towards all circumstances, all happenings, all contacts, material or psychological, irrespective of their character and impact. The absolute and indisputable certainty of an infallible knowledge through identity. Mother then made the following commentary regarding the 'impact' of circumstances, happenings, etc.: 'There is no longer this kind of opposition between what is an agreeable impact and what is a disagreeable one. There are no more "agreeable" things and "disagreeable" things: they are simply vibrations one registers. Usually when people receive a shock they do this (gesture of recoil), then they reflect, concentrate, and finally restore peace. But equality does not mean that! That's not what it is. The state must be SPONTANEOUS, constant and invariable.'

[74]Atman: the Self or Spirit.

[75]Here Mother gradually goes into trance and all the rest of this conversation will take place in a state of trance.

[76]I.e., it is not through any effort or tapasya that the true change is brought about.

[77]Barringtonia speciosa ('Supramental Action').

[78] See conversation of February 18: 'Sri Aurobindo is an Action...'

[79]Mother added: *And I am just trying to fulfill that action.*

[80]Hibiscus, double flower, light pink.

[81]Nasturtium.

[82]Begonia.

[83]Portlandia grandiflora.

[84]A movement launched by some disciples for 'the unification of the world.'

[85]*Sadhana:* spiritual quest and discipline.

[86]A politician, disciple of Sri Aurobindo and friend of Jawaharlal Nehru.

[87]Nehru.

[88]This is the text of Mother's reply to J.: 'I have read Z's account and your own letter on this subject. in the faith of his devotion, he must have been quite offended. The truth in what he says is that any idea, WHATEVER its degree of truth, is ineffective if it does not also carry the power acquired through realization, by a real change of consciousness. And if the proponent of this idea does not himself have the realization, he must seek the backing of those who have the power. On the other hand, what you say is true: an idea ought to be accepted on the basis of its inherent truth and not because of the personality expounding it, however great this personality may be. These two truths or aspects of the question are equally true but also equally incomplete: they are not the whole truth. Both of them must be accepted and combined with many other aspects of the question if you want to even begin to approach the dynamic power of the realization. Don't you see how ridiculous this situation is? Three people of goodwill meet in the hope of teaching men the necessity for a "World Union" and they are not even able to keep a tolerant or tolerable union among themselves, because each sees a different angle of the procedure to be followed for implementing their plan.'

[89]Although it began as a fund-raising organization for the needs of the Ashram and Auroville, this 'strictly external thing,' which had 'nothing to do with working for an ideal,' would, after Mother's departure, coolly declare itself the 'owner' and guide of Auroville.

[90]Sri Aurobindo's old cook.

[91]'... What Sri Aurobindo represents is not a teaching, not even a revelation, it is an ACTION direct from the Supreme.'(See conversation of February 18, 1961.)

[92]*Gaillardia*.

[93]*Gomphrena globosa* (purple Amaranth).

[94]*Canna indica,* small red flower.

[95]Brownea coccinea.

[96]Until 1958, Mother went daily to the Ashram Playground, from 5 p.m. to 9 or 10 in the evening, to see people and give her direct spiritual help to some 2,000 disciples who passed before her one by one.

[97]Mother is referring to the movements of consciousness, both good and bad, of those whom she has accepted as disciples and taken into her consciousness.

[98]Mother was already seeking the 'new food.'

[99]This enigmatic experience was actually very important, as Mother will later explain (on March 17): Mother was leaving behind the subjection to mental functioning, symbolized by this place where Pavitra was working.

[100]Salmon-colored hibiscus.

[101]Zinnia.

[102]Nasturtium (Promise of Realization).

[103]Violet orchid.

[104]In Genesis, Hebraic letters.

[105] This is the origin of such legends as *Shangri-la*. But 'psychics' most often confuse two planes of reality, attributing to their SUBTLE vision a physical reality which it does not have or no longer has: they have merely entered into contact with the memory of a place – for places, like beings, have a memory.
[106]At first, Mother had said, 'But it's impossible.' Then, laughing, she had the word deleted.
[107]In other words, this coexistence or simultaneity of joy and tension, combat and peace, progress in the cellular consciousness and physical disequilibrium, form a physiological whole which is ... strange.
[108]Satprem later asked if this 'on earth' wasn't superfluous and Mother replied: 'This precision is not superfluous; I said "on earth" meaning that man does not belong only to the earth: in his essence, man is a universal being, but he has a special manifestation on earth.'
[109]Here, Mother had a passage deleted.
[110]Mother means drawn by a force not his own.
[111]The tantric guru.
[112]Puja: ceremony, invocation or evocation of a god (in this case, a tantric ritual).
[113]Z was Satprem's first guru when he became a sannyasi. Then Z tried to exert his control over Satprem and predicted to Mother that he would never remain in the Ashram. Finally Satprem broke with him and Z went away furious.
[114] Satprem was trying to patch up some French translations of Sri Aurobindo done by well-meaning but not very gifted disciples, who of course wanted 'to publish' at all costs.
[115]This 'massive immobility' Mother spoke of earlier.
[116]This letter has disappeared.
[117]A region high in the Himalayas, also known as the abode of Shiva.
[118]Note that N. will try to be the future 'proprietor' of Auroville. Already Mother was surrounded by lies on all sides.
[119]On March 29, 1914.
[120]In the occult sense, a 'formation' signifies a concentration of power or force directed towards a particular goal. it is like a bullet of force going inexorably to its target. In fact, all beings are constantly making 'formations' with their thoughts and desires, but these formations have scarcely any power other than that of clinging to the one who has made them or returning upon him like a boomerang.
[121]The following undated note (which could date from this or any number of other times!) was found among Mother's scattered papers: Now *the situation has become very critical, all the reserves have been swallowed up, there are debts, many important works remain unfinished and the daily life has become a problem. It is the subsistence of more than 1,200 people which is in question.*
[122]See conversations of February 11 (p. 73) and March 7 (p. 114).
[123]Note that just a few days earlier, the Ashram coffers were completely empty. Mother had sold the last of her jewels: 'It is not for the upkeep of any [Ashram] department that I have sold my jewels; it is for food, lodging [of the sadhaks] and wages for domestic servants.'
[124]Satprem is referring to the enormous amount of material work he had in addition to seven hours of daily japa.
[125]Rue du Val-de-Grace (in Paris).
[126]'Whom God protects who shall slay? Whom God has slain who shall protect?' *(The Ideal of the Karmayogin,* Cent. Ed., Vol. III p. 354)
[127]Satprem had assumed that this state of consciousness was accessible only through a kind of trance or samadhi and that when Mother said one had to be capable of 'maintaining this state,' she meant that one should be capable of bringing it back here, into the waking consciousness. However, Mother rectified: 'It is a state with no "here" or "there". I have had this experience in the waking consciousness and both perceptions (the true and the false) were simultaneous.'
[128]The Rishis distinguished between the 'straight' (almost in the optical sense: that which allows the ray to pass straight through) and the twisted or crooked consciousness.
[129]*Agenda I* of December 31, 1960.
[130]Satprem remarked that this sentence might be interpreted in an 'illusionist' sense (i.e., that the objectification of the material world would be a falsehood), and Mother replied: 'No, it's not the objectification that is a falsehood, but our conception of the objectification as being something other than THAT. When we say that "He objectifies," well, we are thinking something that is not the truth-that is no longer the truth.'
[131]Later, Mother clarified this sentence as follows:
We always reserve a part of ourselves for looking and observing; but if we were capable of including everything, without exception, all the relationships would remain the same – I have experienced this.
Remain the same?

The same as those we have, but without the falsehood. An illustration of this is the well-known story about the man who refused to move out of the path of an elephant on the pretext that he was Brahman and that Brahman had told him to stay put. And the mahout replied, 'But Brahman has told me that you should get out of the way and let the elephant Brahman pass.' Although childishly simplified, it's the same thing. It's because we look 'in this way' yet not , in that way' at the same time, and above all, because we don't look at EVERYTHING at the same time. From the minute we could be integral in our perception, all relationships would remain the same, but instead of being in a state of ignorance, we would experience them in a state of knowledge.
Would remain the same? You mean they would physically be the same as they are now, but would be seen in a different way?
That's it. I don't know if we will ever be able to express ourselves with our present vocabulary! ... We need another language!

[132]In 'Questions and Answers,' February 5, 1958 (the 'Great Voyage of the Supreme').

[133]Once again, Mother's experience coincides with modern science, which is beginning to discover that time and space are not fixed and INDEPENDENT quantities – as, from the Greeks right up to Newton, we had been accustomed to believe – but a four-dimensional system, with three coordinates of space and one of time, DEPENDENT UPON THE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA DEVELOPING THEREIN. Such is 'Riemann's Space,' used by Einstein in his General Theory of Relativity. Thus, a trajectory – i.e., in principle, a fixed distance, a quantity of space to be traversed-is a function of the time taken to traverse it: there is no straight line between two points, or rather the I straight' line is a function of the rate of speed. There is no 'fixed' quantity of space, but rather rates of speed which determine their own space (or their own measure of space). Space-time is thus no longer a fixed quantity, but, according to science, the PRODUCT ... of what? Of a certain rate of unfolding? But what is unfolding? A rocket, a train, muscles? ... Or a certain brain which has generated increasingly perfected instruments adapted to its own mode of being, like a flying fish flying farther and farther (and faster and faster) but finally failing back into its own oceanic fishbowl. Yet what would this space-time be for another kind of fishbowl, another kind of consciousness: a supramental consciousness, for example, which can be instantaneously at any point in 'space' – there is no more space! And no more time. There is no more 'trajectory': the trajectory is within itself. The fishbowl is shattered, and the whole evolutionary succession of little fishbowls as well. Thus, as Mother tells it, space and time are a 'PRODUCT Of the movement of consciousness.' A variable space-time, which not only changes according to our mechanical equipment, but according to the consciousness utilizing the equipment, and which ultimately utilizes only itself; consciousness, at the end of the evolutionary curve, has become its own equipment and the sole mechanism of the universe.

[134]See conversation of March 4.

[135]After Mother's departure, this 'Society' would try to appropriate Auroville: 'Auroville is a project of the Sri Aurobindo Society.' (sic)

[136]The following is the exact text referred to, an extract from one of Sri Aurobindo's letters: 'I don't believe in advertisement except for books etc., and in propaganda except for politics and patent medicines. But for serious work it is a poison. It means either a stunt or a boom – and stunts and booms exhaust the thing they carry on their crest and leave it lifeless and broken high and dry on the shores of nowhere – or it means a movement. A movement in the case of a work like mine means the founding of a school or a sect or some other damned nonsense. It means that hundreds or thousands of useless people join in and corrupt the work or reduce it to a pompous farce from which the Truth that was coming down recedes into secrecy and silence. It is what has happened to the "religions" and is the reason of their failure....' 2.10.1934 (Cent. Ed., On *Himself,* Vol. XXVI, pp. 375-76)

[137]*Sadhak:* seeker of Truth.

[138]*Hibiscus mutabilis,* white.

[139]Begonia, white.

[140]*Eucharis grandiflora* (Amazon lily).

[141]*Hippeastrum* (white amaryllis).

[142]*Peltaphorum pterocarpum* (yellow Copper Pod tree flower).

[143]*Portulaca grandiflora* (rose moss).

[144]Mother gradually goes into trance and 'follows the experience.'
[145] It seemed to us that Mother's experience, related while in a deep trance, could be likened to that of the Rishis, who spoke of 'an eye extended in heaven.'
[146]The creations and 'destructions' of this world or of all worlds.
[147]This 'secret' is no doubt part of the Secret which this entire *Agenda* seeks to track down. So where to stop? And if we are indiscreet, who knows whether the secret of man is not some simian indiscretion!
[148]*Bulletin* of April 1961: 'What Sri Aurobindo represents in the world's history is not a teaching, not even a revelation; it is a decisive action direct from the Supreme.'
[149]*Ganesh* (or Ganapati): The first son of the Supreme Mother, represented with an elephant trunk and an ample belly. Ganesh is the god who presides over material realizations (over money in particular). He is also known as the scribe of divine knowledge.
[150]Narayana: another name of Vishnu, one of the gods of the Hindu trinity. He watches over the creation, whereas Brahma is the creator and Shiva the destroyer.
[151]*Rakshasa:* demon of the vital plane, as opposed to an *asura,* a demon of the mental world.
[152]*Math:* monastery.
[153]*Kalki:* the last Avatar. He rides a white horse.
[154]The notebook of a disciple who asks questions on the Aphorisms which Mother 'must' answer regularly.
[155]Experience of January 24, 1961.
[156]This refers to the Ashram dispensary, managed by Dr. Nripendra.
[157]The physical mind.
[158]Mother is alluding in particular to the physical mind ('this kind of mind-like activity in matter').
[159]In one of the handwritten notes left by Mother, we found the following: 'Sri Aurobindo told me: Never give them the impression that they can do whatever they like, they will always be protected.'
[160]With the exception of the second asterisked passage, which was not included in his English version of selected *Prayers and Meditations,* the following translations are Sri Aurobindo's.
[161]'Homage' is used in the original text.
[162]Sri Aurobindo's letters on his life, his experience and his yoga.
[163]Sri Aurobindo was not admitted to the Indian Civil Service because he refused to appear at the riding test which terminated the examination.
[164]Mother is alluding to two extracts from *Questions and Answers* (dated June 19 and July 17, 1957) which she has just reviewed for inclusion in the Bulletin. In them she speaks of the causes of illness and of using the conscious will for physical development.
[165]X's deceased guru. See *Agenda 1,* October 4, 1958, pp. 200-201.
[166]See the poem entitled *Self (Last Poems,* Cent. Ed., Vol. V, p. 151).
[167]The tantric guru Sri Aurobindo met in 1907 and from whom he received mental silence.
[168]Satprem no longer has the text of this letter.
[169]He was run over by a truck.
[170]*Agenda,* June 17, 1961.
[171]Among Mother's papers we have found the following, which indicates that a state of dispersion after death is rather frequent (it concerns a disciple's mother who did not herself live at the Ashram): 'She has left her body without being at all prepared for the change of condition and has found herself disoriented and rather dispersed. She will need some time to recover from this dispersion before anything useful can be done for her.'
[172]May 17, 1959.
[173]In Sri Aurobindo's and Mother's terminology, 'psychic' or 'psychic being' means the soul or the portion of the Supreme in man which evolves from life to life until it becomes a fully self-conscious being. The soul is a capacity or grace particular to human beings on earth.
[174]Experience of July 24, 1959.
[175]Pranam: To bow down.
[176]Not a past in Mother's present existence.
[177]Mother later clarified this point: 'It is impossible for anything to be missing because it is impossible for anything not to be part of the whole. Nothing can exist apart from the whole. But I am taking this now to its extreme limit of meaning – not down-to-earth, but to the heights, to the extreme limits of meaning. I will explain: everything is not necessarily contained within a given universe, because one universe is only one mode of manifestation – but all possible universes exist. And so I always come back to the same thing: nothing can exist apart from the whole. If we give the whole the name of "God," for example, then we say that nothing can exist apart from Him. But words are so earthbound, aren't they?' *(Mother makes a down-to-earth gesture.)*

[178]See 'Prayers of the Consciousness of the Cells,' *Agenda 1*, pp. 337-350.
[179]As Mother had previously said that 'all is as it should be ... the Divine is what He is and exactly as He wants to be,' one shouldn't need to 'implore' Him to manifest his Perfection.
[180]Since Mother began reading Sri Aurobindo's letters in *On Himself,* which seemed to put her into contact with all the difficulties of the Work.
[181]Experience of November 8, 1957. Mother has commented on this experience in 'Questions and Answers' of January 1, 1958. See *Agenda 1*, p. 131.
[182]End of 1958.
[183]If memory serves, it was a tin of foie gras!
[184]Tamas: the principle of inertia and obscurity.
[185]Pralaya: The destruction of a universe at the end of a cycle. According to Hindu cosmology, the formation of each universe begins with an 'age of truth' (satya-yuga) which slowly degenerates, like the stars, till there is no truth left at all; it becomes a 'dark age'(kali-yuga) like ours, and ends with a cataclysm. Then a new universe is reborn out of this cataclysm and the cycle begins again. There is a correspondence here with a modern cosmological theory according to which a phase of contraction, of galaxies collapsing upon themselves, follows a phase of expansion and precedes a new explosion ('Big Bang') of the 'primal egg' – and so on, in a recurring and apparently endless and aimless series of cosmic births which, like our own human births, develop, attain some sort of 'summit,' then collapse, always to begin again. According to Theon, our present universe is the seventh – but where is the 'beginning'?
[186]Note that modern astronomy is divided between the theory of endless phases of contraction-explosion-expansion, and the theory of a universe in infinite expansion starting with a 'Big Bang,' which seems quite as catastrophic, since the universe is then plunging at vertiginous speed into an increasingly cold, empty, and fatal infinity, like a bullet released from all restraints of gravity, until ... until what? According to astronomers, an exact measurement of the quantity of matter in a cubic meter of the present universe (one atom for every 400 liters of space) should enable us to decide between these two theories and learn which way it will be best for us to die. If there is more than one atom per 400 liters of space, this quantity of matter will create sufficient gravitation to halt the present expansion of galaxies and induce a contraction, ending with an explosion within an infinitesimal space. If there is less than one atom per 400 liters of space, the quantity of matter and thus the gravitational effect will be insufficient to retain the galaxies within their invisible net, and everything will spin off endlessly – unless we discover, with Mother, a third position, that of a 'progressive equilibrium,' in which the quantity of matter in the universe proves in fact to be a quantity of consciousness, whose contraction or expansion will be regulated by the laws of consciousness.
[187]When the veil of falsehood has gone: the supramental consciousness.
[188]Questioned later about the meaning of this sentence, Mother laughed, 'I said that from the other side! It was spoken from a dimension where the notion of space is no longer so concrete.'
[189]*Sachchidananda* is the Supreme Consciousness in its triple aspect of Existence *(Sat),* Consciousness *(Chit)* and Bliss *(Ananda).*
[190]See the addendum following this conversation for a transcription of Mother's vision as she noted it down for publication in Theon's Cosmic *Review* in 1906.
[191]Cent. Ed., Vol. XVII, p. 28 ff.
[192] In Sri Aurobindo's terminology, the 'Overmind' represents the highest level of the mind, the world of the gods and origin of all the revelations and highest artistic creations – the world that has ruled mental man till now. in his gradations of the worlds, Sri Aurobindo speaks of two hemispheres, the upper hemisphere and the lower. The Overmind is the line between these two hemispheres, 'This line is the intermediary overmind which, though luminous itself, keeps from us the full indivisible supramental Light, but in receiving it divides, distributes, breaks up into separated aspects, powers, multiplicities of all kinds.' In the words of the Upanishad, 'The face of the Truth is covered by a golden lid.'
[193]Mother is referring to the book Satprem will write on Sri Aurobindo, which prompted the questions posed in this conversation.
[194]'Evolutor': a word coined by Mother.
[195]I.e., they are cast aside or eliminated from the individual Subconscient.
[196]'That' seems to refer to physical immortality.
[197]Consciousness or Light, Life, Love or Bliss, and Truth, which then became the first four asuras or demons.
[198]See *Thoughts and Glimpses:* 'What then was the commencement of the whole matter? Existence that multiplied itself for sheer delight of being and plunged into numberless trillions of forms so that it might find itself innumerably.... And what is the end of the whole matter? As if honey could taste itself

and all its drops together and all its drops could taste each other and each the whole honeycomb as itself, so should the end be with God and the soul of man and the universe.' (Cent. Ed. Vol. XVI, p. 384)

[199]Devotion, love for the Divine.

[200]After 1958.

[201]Each devotee of a particular cult knows perfectly well that his god is simply one way of representing something that is One.

[202]From 1926, Sri Aurobindo officially introduced Mother to the disciples as the 'Mother'; previously he often called her 'Mirra.'

[203]*Evening Talks,* noted by A.B. Purani.

[204]Again, the dissolution of the physical ego.

[205]Phlox.

[206]*Nymphea* (Water Lily), pure white with golden center.

[207]For the preparation of Satprem's book on Sri Aurobindo.

[208]We are not sure, finally, if this envelope and the circumconscient are one and the same thing, but this is how Sri Aurobindo speaks of it: 'The first thing one sees when one has broken the barrier is the vital-physical body. It is around the physical body and with the physical it forms as it were the "nervous envelope." The force of a disease has to break through it to reach the body – except for the attacks on the most material parts. You can then feel the disease coming and also feel in the nervous envelope the part of the body which it is going to, or intending to, attack because what is in the nervous envelope has a material counterpart in the body. Thus it is the vital-physical which is first attacked and then the force takes the form of a disease in the system. I had myself the experience of fever all around the body.' (A.B. Purani, *Evening Talks with Sri Aurobindo,* Volume 1, p. 232)

[209]Through Theon's malevolence, in fact.

[210]Satprem remembers that a few years earlier Mother had told him about the circumstances of this incident: during her work in trance, Mother discovered the location of the 'mantra of life'-the mantra that has the power to create life (and to withdraw it, as well). Theon, an incarnation of the Asura of Death, was of course quite interested and told Mother to repeat this mantra to him. Mother refused. Theon became violently angry and the link was cut (the link that connected Mother to her body). When he realized the catastrophe his anger had caused, Theon grew afraid (for he knew who Mother was) and he then, as Mother recounts, made use of all his power to help her re-enter her body. Later, Mother gave this mantra to Sri Aurobindo ... who let it quietly sink into oblivion. For it is not through a mantra that the secret of life (or death) is to be mastered, but through knowledge of the true Power – in other words, ultimately, knowledge of the reality of Matter and the mechanism of death: it is the whole cellular yoga of Sri Aurobindo and Mother.

[211]Tamas: inertia, obscurity.

[212]February 22, 1914.

[213]On another occasion, Mother told Sujata more about these three times her brother almost killed her: 'One day we were playing croquet, and either because he got beaten or for some other reason, he flew into a rage and struck me hard with his Mallet; fortunately I escaped with only a slight scratch. Another time, we were sitting in a room and he threw a big chair towards me – I ducked just in time and the chair passed over my head. A third time, as we were descending from a carriage, he pushed me down under it; luckily the horse didn't move.'

[214]X's astonishment raises an extremely important point, drawing the exact dividing line between all the traditional yogas and the new yoga of Sri Aurobindo and Mother. To a tantric, for example, it seems unthinkable that Mother, with a consciousness so powerful as to scoff at the laws of nature and command the elements (if she wishes), could be subjected to absurd head colds or an eye hemorrhage or even more serious disorders. For him, it is enough to simply lift a finger and emit a vibration which instantly muzzles the disorder – yes, of course, but for Mother it is not a question of 'curing' a head cold by imposing a higher POWER on Matter, but of getting down to the cellular root and curing or transforming the source of the evil (which causes death as easily as head colds, for it is the same root of disorder). It is not a question of imposing oneself on Matter through a 'power,' but of transforming Matter. Such is the yoga of the cells.

[215]Balsam. Also called 'Impatiens' because of the fruit's irritability: the instant it is touched, it explodes and projects its seeds far and wide.

[216]Punica granatum (Pomegranate flower).

[217]Each time they met, Mother used to give Satprem a little bit of food: cheese, dried soups, etc.

[218]*Hymenocallis* (Spider Lily).

[219]Tantric ceremonies in the temple of Parvati.

[220]In fact, it was not X who said this, but one of his acolytes, N., who would later throw a great confusion into X's relations with both Mother and Satprem. The hunt for tantric powers was on.
[221]Strangely enough, some years earlier, when Satprem was writing *L'Orpailleur,* Sujata had a vision in which she saw him typing, and from the typewriter came, not typewritten lines, but music!
[222]Mother had asked Sri Aurobindo to write something for the Ashram 'Bulletin.' It was later published as *The Supramental Manifestation upon Earth.*
[223]The third section, 'The Yoga of Self -Perfection,' which was never completed.
[224]This letter to Mother is, with a few others, the sole survivor of thirteen years of correspondence. All the rest, all Satprem's correspondence with Mother since 1960, was confiscated by the Ashram after the Mother's departure, for its own reasons. His letters of 1960, already published in Volume 1, escaped the destruction because Mother herself had kept them. It makes a big hole in this Agenda, not only for him – because he had poured out his heart, his questions and doubts and difficulties into these letters – but also from an historical point of view, for many of these conversations with Mother were invisibly oriented by his own condition. In fact, he was intimately linked with the flow of this Agenda, which thus stands mutilated. Need we add that we had to prepare the first two volumes as fugitives, and it required Mother's miraculous help to avert even more serious mutilations than the auto-da-fé of Satprem's correspondence.
[225]Impatiens balsamina.
[226]Identification of the person in question with the spirit who had taken possession of her.
[227]Here is the exact text of Mother's message: *Truth is supreme harmony and supreme delight. All disorder, all suffering is falsehood. Thus it can be said that illnesses are the falsehoods of the body, and consequently doctors are soldiers of the great and noble army fighting in the world for the conquest of Truth.*
[228]It took Satprem fourteen years to lose the habit of correcting.
[229]The day before, Mother had listened to the passage of the manuscript concerning 'The Secret of the Veda.' Several extracts from it are included in the Addendum to this conversation.
[230]*The Secret of the Veda,* Cent. Ed., Vol. X, p. 34.
[231]*Ibid.*, p. 38.
[232]*Ibid.*, p. 37.
[233]*Ibid.*, p. 25.
[234]In the preceding conversation, Mother was alluding particularly to this passage.
[235]Reminiscent of Homer and the 'herds of Helios.'
[236]Indian tradition makes a distinction between a direct 'incarnation' *(avatar)* and a simple 'emanation' *(vibhuti)* coming from the consciousness of a god – or a devil.
[237]Not a physical place. See conversation of November 7, p. 380.
[238] Richard died in the United States in 1967, then made a vain attempt to reincarnate in Auroville. Thus the danger of 'attracting him,' at least under this form, seems remote.
[239]On June 28, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated at Sarajevo.
[240]Satprem no longer remembers the source of this false information.
[241]Mother is alluding to the following aphorism of Sri Aurobindo: 'If when thou sittest alone, still and voiceless on the mountain-top, thou canst perceive the revolutions thou art conducting, then hast thou the divine vision and art freed from appearances.' This aphorism is completed by another: 'If when thou art doing great actions and moving giant results, thou canst perceive that THOU art doing nothing, then know that God has removed His seal on thy eyelids.' (Cent. Ed., Vol. XVII, p. 92)
[242]It is remarkable that throughout Indian tradition Asuras are depicted as great ascetics. They try to wrest Power by dint of asceticism and austerities. But in fact, human beings are incapable of perceiving and seizing true power – true power is transparent.
[243]According to Mother's wishes, the tape was erased up to this point. But years passed and circumstances changed, and when Satprem found the transcription of this conversation among his papers, he deemed it worthwhile to preserve the major portion of it for its historical interest. Mother's difficulties are always the difficulties of the 'Terrestrial Work'; and this particular Asura, who disturbed the earth in such a particular way, could hardly be passed over in silence.
[244] See conversation of July 28, p. 279.
[245]This letter survived because Mother returned it with her reply written on the reverse.
[246]II Peter 3.13.
[247]A word coined by Theon, which might roughly translate as 'the sublime.'
[248]By 'standard,' Mother means a sort of model or archetype.
[249]Pearson came to Pondicherry in April 1923.
[250]In January 1925, mother had an inflammation of the knee. On May 25 of the same year, Sri Aurobindo noted in a letter, 'The condition here is not very good. I am at present fighting the

difficulties on the physical plane.' (Cited by A.B. Purani, *Life of Sri Aurobindo*, p. 203.) Note that in 1925 the Nazi Party was founded.

[251]We aren't sure, but this may refer to the experience of July 12, 1960, or to that of November 5, 1958, 'the almighty spring' (in fact, they are probably one and the same experience) which gave rise to the 1959 New Year Message: 'At the very bottom of the Inconscient, most hard and rigid and narrow and stifling, I struck upon an almighty spring that cast me up forthwith into a formless, limitless Vast, vibrating with the seeds of a new world.'

[252]Seconds that could last for half an hour!

[253]Mother does not reply directly to this question (although she would probably have answered in the affirmative, since the point is indeed to LIVE this supramental consciousness), but she does reply directly to what is BEHIND Satprem's question – that is, this fundamental, deep-rooted assumption that physical life is the sole, concrete reality.

[254]This conversation was interrupted before Mother could conclude.

[255]Not including poetry.

[256]When Mother was asked for a New Year message, the first inspiration that came to her when she began to 'look' at the coming year was this: 'If the Lord wills that a calamity befall you, why should you protest? Take it as a blessing and in fact it will become one.' Then Mother thought that this message might not be too comforting and she put it aside (after asking the opinion of two disciples). Finally she chose the text of the experience which is the subject of this conversation. But the coming year, 1962, would be marked by the first great turning-point in Mother's yoga and a rather calamitous ordeal for the body.

[257]Satprem did not choose these pictures.

[258]In 1915, when Mother left Pondicherry for France and later Japan.

[259]Actually, Satprem did see Sri Aurobindo in 1946 or 1947.

[260]Themanlys.

[261]Rue François Martin.

[262]Mother is probably alluding to this passage in *Prayers and Meditations* (September 3, 1919): 'Since the man refused the meal I had prepared with so much love and care, I invoke the God to take it.'

[263]See conversation of November 5, 1961.

[264]Perhaps Mother is alluding to this passage from *Prayers and Meditations* (October 10, 1918): 'My Father smiled at me and gathered me into his powerful arms....'

[265]Satprem did not keep the full text of his reply, still under the erroneous impression that his personal questions had no place here.

[266]*Prakriti:* Nature or the executive force, as opposed to *Purusha,* the conscious Soul which sees, knows and creates through its vision. These are the two principles, feminine and masculine, of the universe.

[267]See *Agenda* of March 26, 1959 (Vol. 1, p. 288): the Titan sent especially to attack Mother's body, and who uses the people around her for this purpose.

[268]One of Mother's personalities.

Mother's Agenda

Vol. 3

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January 9, 1962

(Mother has been unwell the past few days and is receiving almost no one.)

Are you better?

I think so! *(Mother laughs)* I don't know.

It's strange, these attacks ... bizarre; they seem to have nothing to do with my state of health.

It's a sort of ... decentralization. You see, to form a body all the cells are concentrated by a kind of centripetal force that binds them together. Well, now it's just the opposite! A kind of centrifugal force seems to be dispersing them. When it gets a bit too much I go out of my body; outwardly I seem to faint – but I don't faint, I remain fully conscious. So obviously this creates a sort of ... bizarre disorganization.

And there's a strange thing about it, which so far I haven't figured out: it always happens (it has already happened three times, and that's a lot for me) when X^1 comes, the night before he arrives.

Yes.

Ah! It doesn't surprise you either?

No, I have noticed that his arrival triggers something off.

Someone happened to be there last time so I didn't fall and hurt myself. But this time I was alone in my bathroom and ... actually I was going through a phenomenon of consciousness in which I was spreading over the world – spreading PHYSICALLY, that's the strange thing! The sensation is in the CELLS. There was a movement of diffusion in me, becoming more and more rapid and intense, and then suddenly I found myself on the floor.

There's a seat in my bathroom upstairs, and between the seat and the wall are two small tables (not tables, but small stools where a few things are kept), and a porcelain towel bar (luckily, everything has rounded corners). I found myself wedged in between the seat and the two small tables (a space about this wide!). And all that matter – the material substance of the table and the objects on the

table and the porcelain seat – it all seemed so unreceptive! It doesn't give way like it should for things to be comfortable; but it wasn't that my body was uncomfortable – there was no body! The whole set-up was bizarre, everything was in a bizarre and absurd situation which I couldn't really understand, couldn't make out: "What's this big lump doing here," I seemed to be wondering, "taking up so much room, getting in the way?"

My elbow had ended up leaning on a little plastic tray I have there, where I keep pencils, ball-point pens, note pads and so forth. The body was leaning on this tray, evidently trying to get up, and the whole thing started cracking noisily under the weight. And in a diffuse but very clear consciousness I was saying to myself, "But why? What's all this ridiculous noise? And what's this heavy thing doing? What disorder.... There shouldn't be such disorder." And it went on crack-crack-cracking. Then suddenly normal consciousness returned – to be exact, what returned was the normal RELATIONSHIP consciousness has with things – and I said, "Well, really! What a ridiculous situation! What is this elbow doing on that tray? It should realize it's breaking it!" And when things were all completely back to normal I told my body, "What are you doing, you idiot! Come on, pick yourself up, get moving! " Immediately, docile as a little child, it extricated itself, turned around, and stood up straight – quite straight. I had scratched my knee, scratched my elbow, and taken three knocks on the head. Luckily there were no sharp edges – it was all hard enough, but no sharp edges. Anyway, in the end I was all right, no damage done.

No damage at all, but it was a bizarre sensation. So I tried to understand how it could have happened, how I could have so lost my sense of relation to things.... For a long time my body had been telling me, "I've got to lie down, I've got to lie down." And I would very sternly reply, "You don't have time!" *(Laughing)* So then this happened. Had I obeyed it and laid down, there would obviously have been no problem. But I was in my experience, going on with my experience, and at the same time I was getting ready to come downstairs. So I told my body, "It's all right, it's all right, you'll lie down later." But it had its own way of lying down! *(Laughing)* It just stretched out right where it was. Actually it wasn't even stretched out – it was all askew.

Afterwards, I looked into it a bit. "What's wrong with you, anyway?" I said. "If you don't have the strength to bear experiences you won't be able to do the work!" My body answered me very clearly that I was overworking it; and Sri Aurobindo's will was clearly behind it, saying, "It's overwork. You can't keep on seeing people and talking for hours on end and then going into these kinds of experiences. You can't do both, you have to choose, or at least strike a better balance." Well, I certainly wasn't going to stop my experiences, so I took advantage of this little incident to get some rest. It was nothing, really! The doctors were saying, "Take care, the heart isn't working properly," and all that. They wanted to start drugging me! All I need is peace and quiet, not drugs. So I took a rest – and since I had to have an excuse, I said I wasn't well and needed rest.

But following that, and because of the overwork, an old thing I thought I had

cured has come back. It was originally brought on by overwork when I was going to the Playground and resting only two hours out of twenty-four, which wasn't enough – a sort of ulcer formed between my nose and throat. It's an old complaint, dating from the removal of adenoids in my childhood; the operation left a kind of small cavity, which was nothing in itself, except that occasionally it would give me a cold. But as a result of overwork it came back in the form of an ulcer, and gave me artificial colds; it was so sour and corrosive, a terrible irritation in the throat and nose. It got much worse when I was giving classes at the Playground, and once I showed it to the doctor. "Why, you have an ulcer!" he said. A big fuss. He offered to treat me. "No thanks!" I said. "Don't worry, it will pass." And I began my own yogic treatment. It was over in a week and for three years there was no further sign of it. Recently (the last two or three months) I had felt it trying to come back, for exactly the same reason of overwork. And with that little adventure the other day, it did come back – it gave me one of those stupid colds: sneezing, coughing. It's not quite over yet. But it's nothing, it just gives me an excuse *(laughing)* to tell people I am still not quite well!

I am resting.

It's a difficult problem to resolve, because at no price do I want to stop the discipline (the *tapasya,*[2] to be precise). I don't want to stop. And both things together are clearly too much for a stupid little body – stupid mainly because it lives in tension.

These past few days I've had some interesting experiences from this standpoint. I had what is commonly called fever, but it wasn't fever – it was a resurfacing from the subconscient of all the struggles, all the tensions this body has had for ... what will soon be eighty-three years. I went through a period in my life when the tension was tremendous, because it was psychological and vital as well as physical: a perpetual struggle against adverse forces; and during my stay in Japan, particularly ... oh, it was terrible! So at night, everything that had been part of that life in Japan – people, things, movements, circumstances – all of it seemed to be surrounding my body in the form of vital[3] vibrations, and to be taking the place of my present state, which had completely vanished. For hours during the night, the body was reliving all the terrible tensions it had during those four years in Japan. And I realized how much (because at the time you pay no attention; the consciousness is busy with something else and not concentrated on the body), how much the body resists and is tense. And just as I was realizing this, I had a communication with Sri Aurobindo: "But you're keeping it up!" he told me. " Your body still has the habit of being tense." (It's much less now, of course; it's quite different since the inner consciousness is in perfect peace, but the BODY keeps the habit of being tense.) For instance, in the short interval between the time I get up and the time I come down to the balcony,[4] when I am getting ready (I have to get this body ready to come down) ... well, the body is tense about being ready in time. And that's why accidents happen at that moment. So the following morning I said, "All right, no more tension," and I was exclusively concerned with keeping my body perfectly tranquil – I was no later than usual! So it's obviously

just one of the body's bad habits. Everything went off the same as usual, and since then things are better. But it's a nasty habit.

And so I looked. "Is it something particular to this body?" I wondered. To everyone who has lived closely with it, my body gives the impression of two things: a very concentrated, very stubborn will, and ... such endurance! Sri Aurobindo used to tell me he had never dreamed a body could have such endurance. And that's probably why.... But I don't want to curtail this ability in any way, because it is a CELLULAR will, and a cellular endurance too – which is quite intriguing. It's not a central will and central endurance (that's something else altogether) – it's cellular. That's why Sri Aurobindo used to tell me this body had been specially prepared and chosen for the Work – because of its capacity for obstinate endurance and will. But that's no reason to exercise this ability uselessly! So I am making sure it relaxes now; I tell it constantly, " Now, now! Just let go! Relax, have some fun, where's the harm in it?" I have to tell it to be quiet, very quiet. And it's very surprised to hear that: "Ah! Can I live that way? I don't have to hurry? I can live that way?"

So that's why I am resting. Am I better or not? Things are always the same. Were I to start doing what I was doing before, which I KNEW all along was absolutely unreasonable.... It's not that I didn't know it; I did know and I wasn't happy about it, because I knew I was doing something I shouldn't. I have no intention of starting again, but if I had said, "I am withdrawing for good," it would have been.... If you knew how MANY things have gone slack [in the Ashram]! And how many people I am telling off: "Well, you wouldn't have done that a week ago!" Oh, that's an experience in itself – to see what people's so-called faithfulness depends on.

You have to constantly keep a firm grip on them – constantly, constantly.

That's how it is.

Here, mon petit,[5] I've been given something very good! *(Mother laughs and gives Satprem a tin of ... perhaps it was foie gras.)*

I've been slacking off too.

For material substance it's a necessity.

It's exactly what I was complaining about: "If this stuff can't go on without flagging, if it can't take it and absolutely has to relax, if it can't keep up with the movement of consciousness and just has to slacken from time to time, well ... how can it ever be supramentalized?" Precisely what everyone has always said: "It CANNOT hold the charge, it has to let go. It can't hold the charge of Energy." And especially THIS Energy, which seems almost abnormal to people – an Energy that works like this *(inflexible gesture)* and can keep it up indefinitely.

And when the body can't take it "like this," it breaks – you find yourself between a table and ... and suddenly you're flat on the floor!

That must be it, because I've fainted fairly often in my life. Even when I was young, I would remain conscious, and there was a whole period when I used to go out of my body, which I would always immediately see in some ridiculous

position (just where it had no business being, of course!). So I would rush back into it and say, "Come on! What's wrong with you!" Then it would shake itself and get moving again, like a donkey – you give it a good whack, and it gets back to work.

This need for relaxation was never psychological with me. And I have seen that the habit people have of slackening has the same origin: it's not necessarily negligence or vital weakness, the body simply gets winded. It bears up under the tension of vital energy, but eventually it gets winded, tired out, and needs rest.

Given the world's present set-up, this is "normal" – but if the supramental world were to be realized, it shouldn't remain normal. Clearly, a considerable change has to take place in the physical substance. That will probably be the essential difference between the bodies fashioned by Nature's methods and those to be fashioned by supramental knowledge – a new element will come in, and we will no longer be "natural." But so long as this natural element is present, well, a certain amount of patience is probably required – let the body catch its breath, otherwise something gives way.

It gets much less winded, of course, when you have the inner equality of the divine Presence. So much fatigue is due to excess tension produced by desire or effort or struggle, by the constant battle against all opposing forces. All that can go.

We tire ourselves out quite needlessly.

(silence)

During that return to the past over the last few days, the life I led with Sri Aurobindo suddenly came back to me.... What helped this to happen was reading passages about me in his book,[6] letters he wrote about me that I had never read before. And it all came back, those full thirty years I lived with him....

Psychologically, there was no struggle, no tension, no effort – not ONCE; I was living in total and confident serenity. On the material plane there were attacks, but even these he took upon himself. Well, I saw it all, all those thirty years of life; not for a SECOND did I have any sense of responsibility, in spite of all the work I was doing, all the organizing and everything. He had supposedly passed on the responsibility to me, you see, but he was standing behind – HE was actually doing everything! I was active, but with absolutely no responsibility. I never felt responsible for a single minute – he took the full responsibility. It was really....

For the first seven years he was doing the work, not me. He was the one who saw people; I looked after his personal affairs, his housekeeping, his food, his clothes and so forth. I kept myself quietly busy with that, doing nothing else, not seeing people, simply looking after his material life – like a child at play. It was seven years of integral peace.

Later, when he withdrew and put me in front, there was naturally a bit more activity, as well as the semblance of responsibility – but it was only a semblance. What security! A sense of total, total security – for thirty years. Not once.... There was just a single scratch, so to speak, when he had that accident and broke his leg.

There was a formation at work (an adverse force) and he wasn't taking sufficient precautions for himself because it was directed against both of us, and more especially against me (it had tried once or twice to fracture my skull, things like that). Well, he was so intent on keeping it from seriously touching my body that it managed to sneak in and break his leg. That was a shock. But he straightened everything out again almost immediately – it all fell back into place and went on like that till the end.

And the feeling was so strong that even during his illness (which lasted for months, you know), I had a sense of perfect security; so much so that the idea of his life being really affected in the least by this illness couldn't even occur to me! I didn't want to believe it when the doctor said, "It's over." I didn't want to believe it. And as long as I stayed in the room ... with me in the room he couldn't leave his body. And so there was a terrible tension in him – on the one hand the inner will to depart, and then this thing holding him there in his body: the fact that I knew he was alive and could only be alive. He had to signal me to go to my room, supposedly to rest (I didn't rest); and no sooner had I left his room than he was gone.

They immediately called me back.... That's how it was. Then when he came to me, when I really saw what had happened, when he went out of his body and entered into mine (the most material part of him, the part involved with external things) and I understood that I had the entire responsibility for all the work AND for the *sadhana*[7] – well, then I locked a part of me away, a deep psychic[8] part that was living, beyond all responsibility, in the ECSTASY of the realization: the Supreme. I took it and locked it away, I sealed it off and said, "You're not moving until ... until all the rest is ready."

(silence)

That in itself was a miracle. If I hadn't done it I would have followed him – and there would have been no one to do the Work. I would have followed him automatically, without even thinking about it. But when he entered into me, he said, "You will do the work; one of us had to go, and I am going, but you will do the work."

And that door was opened again only ten years later, in 1960. Even then, it was done with great care – it was one of last year's major difficulties.

(silence)

And only in the last few days have all those memories been allowed to rise up again from the subconscient where they were being kept; and with that, the state I lived in for thirty years has resurfaced – with this tremendous difference.

And suddenly I said to myself, "How could it be? During all the time he was here, the time we were together (after I came back from Japan, when we were together), life, life on earth, lived such a wondrous divine possibility, so ... really so unique, something it had never lived to such an extent and in such a way, for

thirty years, and it didn't even notice!"

That ....

That's what I have been experiencing recently.

Yes, at one point I wondered (I don't remember when, a few days ago): "How could people have lived here, so near (but the same thing is still happening), how could human beings on earth who had an aspiration, who had their consciousness turned towards those things, have lived that possibility, have HAD that possibility at their fingertips, without being able to take advantage of it! How could something so wonderful and unique have taken place here, and yet people had such a small and childish and superficial image of it!"

Truly, I wondered, "Has the time really come? Is it possible? ... Or will it once again be postponed?"

(silence)

Yesterday evening I read something in the book[9].... Sri Aurobindo is writing to someone who said, "How lucky people are who live near the Mother." "You don't know what you're talking about! " he replies. "To live in the Mother's physical presence is one of the most difficult things." Do you remember this passage? I didn't know he had written that. "Well, well ..." I thought. He writes, "It is hard to stay near her, because the difference between the physical consciousness of all you people and her physical consciousness is so enormous...."[10] Indeed, that's what tires me out. That's what tires my body, because it is used to living in a certain rhythm, a universal rhythm.

(silence)

No one can imagine what it was, those thirty years I had ... beyond all problems and difficulties; we went through every possible difficulty – and it was nothing, NOTHING. It was nothing, it was ... like a great harmonious orchestra.

(silence)

But ... it's clear that Matter must be rigorously hammered if it is to be made ready and able for this Transformation.

(silence)

And nothing, nothing imaginable in the eternal history of the universe can be compared to that shock: to have lived a perfect divine life as something completely natural and everyday, something OBVIOUS (it was never even in question), and then ... all of a sudden, physically – your base is snatched away. Well, to stay on after that! ... You just go, quite naturally: the base goes, you go.

(silence)

I can't blame my body for anything. It may be a bit weary, but it has held out very well.

It was a unique kind of grace, an absolutely miraculous power, which did what I just mentioned, which locked up the part of my consciousness that was CONSCIOUSLY living that miracle, locked it all up tight, padlocked it: "You're locked in, don't stir; no manifestation for you – you're going out of Time and Manifestation until everything else is ready to follow."

That, more than anything else, may be why I needed a bit of solitude: to reactivate that part of the psychic being which was the individual intermediary between true Consciousness and the body-consciousness: the part which had lived THAT, was aware of THAT, knew THAT – knew that wondrous miracle.

(silence)

What's really almost miraculous is that I can speak of it even now.

* * *

So here we are again – we won't get much work done today! Do you have any questions [on Sri Aurobindo's *Aphorisms*]?

(Satprem reads:)

> 67 – There is no sin in man, but a great deal of disease, ignorance and misapplication.
>
> 68 – The sense of sin was necessary in order that man might become disgusted with his own imperfections. It was God's corrective for egoism. But man's egoism meets God's device by being very dully alive to its own sins and very keenly alive to the sins of others.
>
> 69 – Sin and virtue are a game of resistance we play with God in His efforts to draw us towards perfection. The sense of virtue helps us to cherish our sins in secret.

Well?

Do you have any comments?

No; for me the thing to be particularly looked into is the sense of virtue which ...

"... helps us to cherish our sins in secret."

That's not something ordinary human thought can easily grasp.
Helps us to cherish in secret the sense of sin....
But did you think of a question?

It's not directly connected. If you have something to say....

It always revolves around the same thing, but here it's presented in a very subtle way.

To cherish in secret the sense of sin.... No, I can't say I've had that experience, in the sense that I have never had a very pronounced love of virtue.

That's another thing I have noticed: even in my childhood I was already conscious of what Sri Aurobindo calls "living divinely," that is, outside the sense of Good and Evil.

This was counterbalanced by a terrible censor which never left me.[11] It took Sri Aurobindo to clear it from my path. But I didn't have the sense of sin, of Good and Evil, sin and virtue – definitely not! My consciousness was centered around *right action and wrong action*[12] – "this should have been done, that shouldn't have" – with no question of Good or Evil, from the standpoint of work, of action alone. My consciousness has always been centered on action. It was a vision, a perception of the line to be followed – or the many lines to be followed – for the action to be accomplished. And any deviation from what to me was the luminous line, the straight line (not geometrically straight: the luminous line, the line expressing the divine Will), the slightest deviation from that, and ... oh, it was the only thing that tormented me.

And the torment didn't come from me, it came from that character hooked on to my consciousness and constantly whipping me, hounding me, ill-treating me – what people call their "conscience," which has nothing whatsoever to do with consciousness![13] It's an adverse being, and whatever it can change, it changes for the worse; whatever is susceptible to being changed into something antidivine, it changes. And it is constantly repeating the same thing: "This is wrong, that is wrong, this is wrong...."

But this was the only thing; there was never, never the idea of being either virtuous or sinful – never. It was a matter of doing the right thing or not doing the right thing. That's all. No sense of being virtuous or sinful, none at all! I never, ever had that sense. So it's a bit difficult for me to identify with the feeling Sri Aurobindo describes here; it doesn't correspond to anything in me. I understand, of course! I understand very well what he means. But to identify with that sentiment....

But tell me what you wanted to say.

> *All in all, in these last few aphorisms Sri Aurobindo is clearly trying to show us that we must go beyond the sense of sin and virtue. It reminds me of a passage from one of your experiences which struck me very much at the time. In that experience you went to the supramental world: you saw a "ship" landing on the shore of the supramental world and people being put through certain tests – some people were rejected, others were kept. There's a striking passage in your description, and it bears a relation to these aphorisms.... May I read you what you said?*[14]

Yes – I don't remember it any more.

After describing the ship and the disembarkation, you say:

"The criterion or the judgment [for passing the tests] was based EXCLUSIVELY on the substance constituting the people – whether they belonged completely to the supramental world or not, whether they were made of this very special substance. The criterion adopted was neither moral nor psychological. It is likely that their bodily substance was the result of an inner law or an inner movement which, at that time, was not in question. At least it is quite clear that the values are different...."

And then you add:

"At that time, my impression (an impression which remained rather long, almost the whole day) was of an extreme relativity – no, not exactly that, but an impression that the relationship between this world and the other completely changes the criterion by which things are to be evaluated or judged...."

Yes!

"This criterion had nothing mental about it, and it gave the strange inner feeling that so many things we consider good or bad are not really so. It was very clear that everything depended upon the CAPACITY of things and upon their ABILITY to express the supramental world or be in relationship with it. It was so completely different, at times even so opposite to our ordinary way of looking at things!"

Yes.

You go on:

"With people, too, I saw that what helps or prevents them from becoming supramental is very different from what our ordinary moral notions imagine."

Yes. Yes, indeed.

So what I wanted to ask you was: if it's not a matter of moral notions, then what capacity or quality DOES help us on the way towards the Supermind? What is this totally different criterion?

All this is exactly what I have been observing and studying these past few days. I will tell you about it next time.

I was particularly struck at the time.

And it has never left me. Ever since then I have kept that same vision of things. But I have to make it intelligible.

I'll see you on the 12th.

Or, the 12th I'll tell you – I will try to find a way to express it.

(Laughing) Do you have enough cheese, petit? Have you everything you need? You must take care of yourself!

January 12, 1962

(Note from Mother to Satprem concerning his question of January 9, on the capacities required to gain access to the supramental world.)

Capacity for indefinite expansion of consciousness on all planes including the material.

Limitless plasticity, to be able to follow the movement of becoming.

Perfect equality abolishing all possibility of ego reaction.

January 12, 1962

(Concerning Satprem's question on the experience of the "supramental ship":)

Did you get my note, petit?

I've said something on the subject somewhere.... Do you remember that gentleman from Madras who had asked a question?[15] There was an indication there....

Because I followed the thread, I put myself back in contact with the experience of the supramental ship, and I noticed that it had a DECISIVE effect on my position: the required conditions were established quite clearly, precisely, and definitively by that experience. In that respect, it was interesting.

Once and for all it has swept away all these notions – not merely ordinary moral notions, but everything people here in India consider necessary for the spiritual life. In that respect, it was very instructive. And first and foremost, this so-called ascetic purity.... Ascetic purity is merely the rejection of all vital movements. Instead of taking these movements and turning them towards the Divine, instead of seeing, that is, the supreme Presence in them (and so letting the Supreme deal with them freely), He is told *(laughing):* "No – it's none of Your business! You have no say in it."

As for the physical, it's an old and well-known story – ascetics have always rejected it; but they also reject the vital. And they're all like that here, even ... X may have changed somewhat by now, but at the beginning he was no different either. Only things classically recognized as holy or admitted by religious tradition were accepted – the sanctity of marriage, for example, and things like that.... But a free life? Not a chance! It was wholly incompatible with religious life.

Well, all that has been completely swept away, once and for all.

This doesn't mean that what's being asked of us is easier! It's probably far more difficult.

I mentioned the principal psychological requirement in my answer to that American: a state of perfect equality. This is an ABSOLUTE condition. Over the years since that experience I have observed that no supramental vibration whatsoever can be transmitted without this perfect equality. The slightest

contradiction of that equality – in other words, the least movement of ego, of egoistic preference – and everything is blocked, transmission stops. This is already quite a large stumbling block.

And, over and above this, for the realization to be total, there are two other conditions, which aren't easy either. Intellectually, they're not too difficult; in fact, for someone who has practiced yoga, followed a discipline (I am not speaking here of just anyone), they're relatively easy. Psychologically too, given this equality, there's no great difficulty. But as soon as you come to the material plane – the physical plane – and then to the body, it isn't easy. These two conditions are first, the power to expand, to widen almost indefinitely, enabling you to widen to the dimensions of the supramental consciousness – which is total. The supramental consciousness is the consciousness of the Supreme in his totality. By "totality," I mean the Supreme in his aspect of Manifestation. Naturally, from a higher point of view, from the viewpoint of the essence – the essence of that which in Manifestation becomes the Supermind – what's necessary is a capacity for total identification with the Supreme, not only in his aspect of Manifestation, but in his static or nirvanic aspect, outside of the Manifestation: Nonbeing. But in addition, one must be capable of identifying with the Supreme in the Becoming. And that implies both these things: an expansion that is nothing less than indefinite, and that should simultaneously be a total plasticity enabling one to follow the Supreme in his Becoming. You don't merely have to be as vast as the universe at one point in time, but indefinitely in the Becoming. These are the two conditions. They must be potentially present.

Down to the vital, we are still in the realm of things that are more than feasible – they are done. But on the material level it results in my misadventures of the other day.[16]

But even accepting all these misadventures a priori, things remain difficult because there's a double movement: both a cellular transformation and a capacity for '"something" that could replace expansion with readjustment, a constant intercellular reorganization.[17]

The way they are now, of course, our bodies are rigid and heavy – it's unspeakable, actually; if it weren't for that we would never grow old. For instance, my vital being is more full of energy, and thus full of youth and power to grow, than when I was twenty. There's really no comparison. The power is INFINITELY greater ... yet the body is going to pieces – it's really something unspeakable. So a way has to be found to bridge this gap between the vital and the material being.

Not that the problem hasn't been partially solved: hatha yogis have solved it, partially – provided you do nothing else (that's the trouble). Yet having the knowledge, we should have the power to do what's necessary without making it our exclusive preoccupation. At any rate, this possibility is certainly not altogether unknown; for the first few months after I retired to my room,[18] when I had cut all contact with the outside, it was working very well ... even extraordinarily so! Lots of disorders in my body were surmounted, and I had many fairly precise indications that if I continued like that long enough I would regain everything that

had been lost, and with an even better equilibrium. I mean that the functional equilibrium was far superior. Only when I came back into contact with the world did it all come to a halt and begin to deteriorate – all the more so as it was aggravated by this discipline of expansion making me constantly – CONSTANTLY – absorb mountains of difficulties to be resolved. And so....

With the mind, it's rather easy – you can put things back in order in five minutes, it's not difficult. With the vital it's already a bit more troublesome, it takes a little longer. But when you come to the material level, well.... There's a CONTAGION of wrong cellular functioning and a kind of internal disorganization – things not staying in their proper places. Each vibration absorbed from the outside instantly creates a disorder, dislocates everything, creates wrong contacts and disrupts the organization; it sometimes takes HOURS to put it all back in order. Consequently, if I really want to make use of this body's possibility without having to face the necessity of changing it because it can't follow along, then, materially, I would really need, as much as possible, to stop having to gulp down all sorts of things that drag me years backwards.

It's difficult ... difficult.

So long as there's no question of physical transformation, the psychological and in large part, the subjective point of view is sufficient – and that's relatively easy. But when it comes to incorporating matter into the work, matter as it is in this world where the very starting point is false (we start off in unconsciousness and ignorance), well, it's very difficult. Because, to recover the consciousness it has lost, Matter has had to individualize itself, and for that – for the form to last and retain this possibility of individuality – it has been created with a certain indispensable measure of rigidity. And that rigidity is the main obstacle to the expansion, to the plasticity and suppleness necessary for receiving the Supermind. I constantly find myself facing this problem, which is utterly concrete, absolutely material when you're dealing with cells that have to remain cells and not vaporize into some nonphysical reality, and at the same time have to have a suppleness, a lack of rigidity, enabling them to widen indefinitely.

There have been times, while working in the most material mind (the mind ingrained in the material substance), when I felt my brain swelling and swelling and swelling, and my head becoming so large it seemed about to burst! On two occasions I was forced to stop, because it was ... (was it only an impression, or was it a fact?) in any event it seemed dangerous, as if the head would burst, because what was inside was becoming too tremendous (it was that power in Matter, that very powerful deep blue light which has such powerful vibrations; it is able to heal, for example, and change the functioning of the organs – really a very powerful thing materially). Well then, that's what was filling my head, more and more, more and more, and I had the feeling that my skull was (it was painful, you know) ... that there was a pressure inside my skull pushing out, pushing everything out.... I wondered what was going to happen. Then, instead of following the movement, helping it along and going with it, I became immobile, passive, to see what would happen. And both times it stopped. I was no longer

helping the movement along, you see, I simply remained passive – and it came to a halt, there was a sort of stabilization.

(silence)

But Sri Aurobindo must have had the experience [of cellular expansion], because he said positively that it COULD be done.

The question, of course, is the supramentalization of MATTER – the consciousness, that's nothing at all. Most people who have had that experience had it on the mental level, which is relatively easy. It's very easy: abolition of limits set by the ego, indefinite expansion with a movement following the rhythm of the Becoming. Mentally, it's all very easy. Vitally.... A few months after I withdrew to my room, I had the experience in the vital – wonderful, magnificent! Of course to have the experience there, the mind must have undergone a change, one must be in complete communion; without exception, any individual vital being that hasn't been prepared by what might be called a sufficient mental foundation would be panic-stricken. All those poor people who get scared at the least little experience had better not dabble with this – they'd panic! But as it happens – through divine grace, you might say – my vital, the vital being of this present incarnation, was born free and victorious. It has never been afraid of anything in the vital world; the most fantastic experiences were practically child's play. But when I had that experience, it was so interesting that for a few weeks I was tempted to stay in it; it was.... I once told you a little about that experience (it was quite a while ago, at least two years).[19] I told you that even during the day I seemed to be sitting on top of the Earth – that was this realization in the vital world. And what fantastic nights it gave me! Nights I have never been able to describe to anyone and never mentioned – but I would look forward to the night as a marvelous adventure.

I voluntarily renounced all that in order to go further. And when I did it, I understood what people here in India mean when they say: *he surrendered his experience.* I had never really understood what that meant. When I did it, I understood. "No," I said, "I don't want to stop there; I am giving it all to You, that I may go on to the end." Then I understood what it meant.

Had I kept it, oh – I would have become one of those world-renowned phenomena, turning the course of the earth's history upside down! A stupendous power! Stupendous, unheard-of.... But it meant stopping there, accepting that experience as final – I went on.

Well. So now, what can I tell you that's interesting – everything I've just said is a sort of miscellany, and three-fourths unusable.

But, Mother....

I didn't say it with the idea of writing an article!

When I read that note[20] you sent me, I immediately reconnected with the experience, and things became clear. I have told them to you as well as they can be told....

(silence)

The people on that ship had these two capacities: one, the capacity for indefinite expansion of consciousness on all planes, including the material; and two, limitless plasticity in order to follow the movement of the Becoming.

It was taking place in the subtle physical. The people who had patches on their bodies and had to be sent back were always the ones who lacked the plasticity those two movements required. But the main thing was the movement of expansion; the progressive movement, the movement of following the Becoming, seemed to be a subsequent preoccupation – for those who had landed. The preparation on the boat concerned that capacity for expansion.

Another thing I didn't mention to you when I related the experience was that the ship had no engine. Everything was set in motion through will power – people, things (even the clothes people wore were a result of their will). And this gave all things and every person's shape a great suppleness, because there was an awareness of this will – which is not a mental will but a will of the Self, what could be called a spiritual will or a soul-will (to give the word soul that particular meaning). I have that experience right here when there's an absolute spontaneity in action, I mean when the action – for instance, an utterance or a movement – is not determined by the mind, and not even (not to mention thought or intellect), not even by the mind that usually sets us in motion. Generally, when we do something, we can perceive in ourselves a will to do it; when you watch yourself, you see this: there is always (it can happen in a flash) the will to do. When you are conscious and watch yourself doing something, you see in yourself the will to do it – this is where the mind intervenes, its normal intervention, the established order in which things happen. But the supramental action is decided by a leap over the mind. The action is direct, with no need to go through the mind. Something enters directly into contact with the vital centers and activates them without going through the mind – yet in full consciousness. The consciousness doesn't function in the usual sequence, it functions from the center of spiritual will straight to matter.

And so long as you can keep that absolute immobility in the mind, the inspiration is absolutely pure – it comes pure. When you can catch and hold onto this while you're speaking, then what comes to you is unmixed too, it stays pure.

This is an extremely delicate functioning, probably because we're not used to it – the slightest movement, the slightest mental vibration disrupts everything. But as long as it lasts, it's perfectly pure. And in a supramentalized life this has to be the CONSTANT state. Mentalized will should no longer intervene; because you may well have a spiritual will, your life may be the constant expression of spiritual will (it's what happens to all who feel themselves guided by the Divine within), but it still comes through a mental transcription. Well, as long as it's that way, it's not the supramental life. The supramental life NO LONGER goes through the mind – the mind is an immobile zone of transmission. The least little twitch is enough to upset everything.

(silence)

So we can say that the Supermind can express itself through a terrestrial consciousness only when there is a constant state of perfect equality – equality arising out of spiritual identification with the Supreme: all becomes the Supreme in perfect equality. And it must be automatic, not an equality obtained through conscious will or intellectual effort or an understanding preceding the state itself – none of that. It has to be spontaneous and automatic; one must no longer react to what comes from outside as though it were coming from outside. That pattern of reception and reaction must be replaced by a state of constant perception and (I don't mean identical in all cases, because each thing necessarily calls forth its own particular reaction) ... but practically free from all rebound, you might say. It's the difference between something coming from outside and striking you, making you react, and something freely circulating and quite naturally generating the vibrations needed for the overall action. I don't know if I am making myself clear.... It's the difference between a vibratory movement circulating within an IDENTICAL field of action, and a movement from an outside source, touching you and getting a reaction (this is the usual state of human consciousness). But once the consciousness is identified with the Supreme, all movements are, so to speak, inner – inner in the sense that nothing comes from outside; there are only things circulating, which, through similarity or necessity, naturally generate or change the vibrations within the circulatory milieu.

I am very familiar with this, because I am now constantly in that state. I never have the feeling of something coming from outside and bumping into me; there's rather the sense of multiple and sometimes contradictory inner movements, and of a constant circulation generating the inner changes necessary to the movement.

This is the indispensable foundation.

I've had that experience for a very long time and now it's completely established. It used to be transitory, but now it's constant.

It is the indispensable foundation.

And in that state, expansion follows almost automatically, necessitating certain adjustments in the body which are difficult to work out. I am still completely immersed in this problem.

Then that suppleness.... It means a capacity for decrystallizing oneself; the whole span of life given over to self-individualization is a period of conscious, willed crystallization, which then has to be undone. To become a conscious, individualized being there has to be a constant, constant, willed crystallization, in everything; and afterwards, again constantly, the opposite movement has to be made – with an even greater will. But at the same time, the consciousness must not lose the benefit of what has been acquired through individualization.

It is difficult, I must say.

For thought, it's elementary, very simple. It's not difficult for the feelings either; for the heart, the emotional being, to expand to the dimensions of the Supreme is relatively easy. But this body! It's very difficult, very difficult to do

without the body losing its center (how can I put it?) ... its center of coagulation – without it dissolving into the surrounding mass. Although, if one were in a natural environment, with mountains and forests and rivers, with lots of space and lots of natural beauty, it could be rather pleasant! But it's physically impossible to take a single step outside one's body without meeting unpleasant, painful things. At times you come in contact with a pleasant substance, something harmonious, warm, vibrating with a higher light; it happens. But it's rare. Flowers, yes, sometimes flowers – sometimes, not always. But this material world, oh! It batters you from all sides; it claws you, mauls you – you get clawed and scraped and battered by all sorts of things which ... which just don't blossom. How hard it all is! Oh, how closed human life is! How shriveled, hardened, without light, without warmth ... let alone joy.

While sometimes, when you see water flowing along, or a ray of sunlight in the trees – oh, how it sings! The cells sing, they are happy.

Well, mon petit, that's all I can tell you. If you can make something out of it.... But it's a new experience. Isn't it interesting? I have to put it into the form of an experience – there's no other way for it to be.

But keep it as impersonal as possible!

Do you need this thing [Mother's note to Satprem]?

Here, take your piece of paper – it's nothing but an intellectual notation.

(Later, as Mother is leaving)

If we continue along this path, we will surely be able to do some worthwhile work, because it's all new. It's quite new – I never spoke of this with Sri Aurobindo because at the time I didn't have those experiences. I had all the psychological experiences, experiences in the mind, even the most material mind, or in the vital or the physical consciousness – the physical CONSCIOUSNESS – but not in the body. That's something new, it started only three or four years ago.

All the rest is easy. Everything up to that point is settled – settled very nicely.

> *Since the physical transformation is so difficult, one is tempted to wonder whether it wouldn't be advantageous to "materialize" something, to work occultly – to create a new body by occult means....*

That was the idea: for a few beings to first attain, here in this physical world, a level of realization giving them the power to materialize a supramental being.

I once told you I put a body on a vital being[21] – but I couldn't have made that body material; it would have been impossible: something is lacking. Something is lacking. Even if it were made visible, it would probably not be possible to make it permanent – at the slightest opportunity, it would dematerialize. What we can't get is that permanence.

It's something Sri Aurobindo and I have discussed ("discussed" is one way of putting it), something we spoke about, and his view was the same as mine: there is a power, yes, to FIX the form here on earth, a power we don't have. Even people

with the ability to materialize things (like Madame Théon, for instance) can't make their materializations last; it can't be done, they don't last – they don't have the quality of physical things.

And without this quality, well ... the creation's continuity could not be assured.

Yes, that's an interesting point. One might indeed wonder about it.

I knew the whole occult procedure in detail, but I would never have been able to make that being more material, even if I had tried – visible, yes, but not permanent and progressive.

And mind you (this is my personal case), I don't think I have wasted any time. Because you might say that had I known forty years ago what I know now – at the age of forty instead of eighty – well, there would have been the sense of a lot more time to work with. But I haven't been wasting time. I haven't wasted any time. All that time was necessary to get me where I am today.

I don't think I've been going slowly. As I told you last time, I had the most wonderful conditions, those thirty years with Sri Aurobindo – as wonderful as could be. I haven't wasted my time. Oh, it was hour by hour!

It is a long, drawn-out work.

He used to say it would take at least three hundred years – so there's been no time lost.

To begin with, the body needs something that will allow it to last three hundred years.

January 15, 1962

You spoke last time of putting a body on a vital being. Is that being still alive? Who was it?

I have spoken of this before. I told the story of the Chinese revolution, and how this being left me, saying.... It was just five years before the Chinese revolution. I've told the story.

I know I've told it – but it was never noted down.

I used to dictate. Théon taught me to speak while in trance (that is, he had taught my BODY to express itself), and I would tell him everything I was doing while doing it. And he never noted any of it down – I suspect he did it on purpose: he wasn't interested in making revelations. So it's all lost. But had it been noted down, hour by hour, minute by minute, it would have made an extraordinary scientific document on the occult – extraordinary! He never noted it down.

But that vital being who was given a body – did it live on earth for any

length of time?

No, never.

Never?

He stopped at the subtle physical – he refused to go any farther. It was Satan, the *Asura*[22] of Light who, in cutting himself off from the Supreme, fell into Unconsciousness and Darkness (I've told the story many times). But anyway, when I was with Théon, I summoned that being and asked him if he wanted to enter into contact with the earth. It's worth mentioning that Théon himself was an incarnation of the Lord of Death – I've had good company in my life! And the other one [Richard] was an incarnation of the Lord of Falsehood – but it was only partial. With Théon too it was partial. But with Satan it was the central being; of course, he had millions of emanations in the world, but this was the central being in person. The others ... let's keep that for another time.

He agreed to take on a body. Théon wanted to keep him there: "Don't let him go," he told me. I didn't answer. This being told me he didn't want to be more material than that, it was sufficient – you could feel him move the way you feel a draft, it was that concrete.

And he said he was going to set up the Chinese revolution. "I am going to organize a secret society to set up the revolution in China," he told me. "And mark my words: it's going to happen in exactly five years." He gave me the date and I noted it down.

And EXACTLY five years later, it happened. Later I met people coming from China who told me it had all been the work of a secret society. They told me about it because that society used a certain sign, and instinctively, unknowingly, I had made that sign while one of them was talking to me *(Mother puts one fist on top of the other).* And the person said, "Ah, so you're one of us! " I didn't reply. Then he told me everything.

But it's really interesting because the exact date was given. "The revolution will take place in exactly five years," he told me. He knew it before he left. "And that," he continued, "will be the beginning, the first terrestrial movement heralding the transformation of...." (Théon didn't use the word "supramental"; he used to talk about "the new world on earth.")[23]

But I did note that down.

I had forgotten the whole story, because I now live constantly in the Becoming. But it came back to me.

And all the disbelief in the world can't contradict that piece of evidence.

The note itself was stolen from me while I was moving to a new house.

Two things were stolen: that note and the mantra of life (I have told you about that). And I have a suspicion that it was an occult theft, not an ordinary one, because no one even suspected the value of those papers – for most people they had no interest at all.

Well – au revoir, mon petit.

January 21, 1962

(The point of departure for this conversation was one of Sri Aurobindo's aphorisms:)

> 70 – Examine thyself without pity, then thou wilt be more charitable and pitiful to others.

Very good! *(Mother laughs)* That's very good.

It's very good for everyone, isn't it?

Especially for those who think they're so superior.

But it really does correspond to something very deep.

This is exactly the experience I have been going through these past few days; since the day before yesterday it seems to have reached its peak, and this morning it developed into a comprehensive vision, an earth-encompassing vision.

It's almost like a reversal of attitude.

Actually, people have always taken themselves for victims hounded by adverse forces – the courageous fight back, the rest lament. But increasingly there has been a very concrete vision of the role the adverse forces play in the creation, of their almost absolute necessity as goads to make the creation progress and become its Origin again. And there was such a clear vision that one should accomplish one's own transformation – that's what we must pray for, what we must work out – rather than demand the conversion or abolition of the adverse forces.

And this is all from the terrestrial, not the individual standpoint (for the individual standpoint, it's quite clear): I am speaking from the terrestrial standpoint.

And there was the sudden vision of all the error, all the incomprehension, all the ignorance, all the darkness and – even worse – all the ill will in the earth's consciousness, which felt responsible for the prolongation of those adverse forces and beings and offered them up in a great ... it was more than an aspiration, it was a sort of holocaust, so that the adverse forces might disappear, might no longer have any reason to exist, no longer need to be there to point out all that has to change.

The adverse forces were necessitated by all these negations of the divine life. And this movement of earth consciousness towards the Supreme, the offering of all these things with such extraordinary intensity, was a kind of reparation so that those adverse forces might disappear.

The experience was very intense. It crystallized around a small nucleus of experiences too personal to mention (because I wasn't the only one involved), which translated into this: "Take all my wrongdoings, take them all, accept them, obliterate them, and may those forces disappear."

That's essentially what this aphorism says, seen from the other end. So long as

a single human consciousness carries the possibility of feeling, acting, thinking or being in opposition to the great divine Becoming, it is impossible to blame anyone else for it; it is impossible to blame the adverse forces, which are kept in the creation as a means of making you see and feel how far you still have to go.

(silence)

It was like a memory,[24] an eternally present memory of that consciousness of supreme Love emanated by the Lord onto earth – INTO earth – to draw it back again to Him. And truly it was the descent of the very essence of the divine nature into the most total divine negation, and thus the abandonment of the divine condition to take on terrestrial darkness, so as to bring Earth back to the divine state. And unless That, that supreme Love, becomes all-powerfully conscious here on Earth, the return can never be definitive.

It came after the vision of the great divine Becoming.[25] "Since this world is progressive," I was wondering, "since it is increasingly becoming the Divine, won't there always be this deeply painful sense of the nondivine, of the state that, compared with the one to come, is not divine? Won't there always be what we call 'adverse forces,' in other words, things that don't harmoniously follow the movement?" Then came the answer, the vision of That: "No, the moment of this very Possibility is drawing near, the moment for the manifestation of the essence of perfect Love, which can transform this unconsciousness, this ignorance and this ill will that goes with it into a luminous and joyous progression, wholly progressive, wholly comprehensive, thirsting for perfection."

It was very concrete.

And it corresponds to a state where you are so PERFECTLY identified with all that is, that you concretely become all that is antidivine – and so you can offer it up. It can be offered up and really transformed through this offering.

This sort of will in people for purity, for Good (which in ordinary mentality is expressed by a need to be virtuous) is actually the GREAT OBSTACLE to true self-giving. It's the root of Falsehood, the very source of hypocrisy: the refusal to take up one's share of the burden of difficulties. And that's what Sri Aurobindo has touched on in this aphorism, directly and very simply.

Do not try to be virtuous. See to what extent you are united, ONE with all that is antidivine. Take up your share of the burden; accept to be impure and false yourself, and in so doing you will be able to take up the Shadow and offer it. And insofar as you are able to take it and offer it, things will change.[26]

Don't try to be among the pure. Accept to be with those who are in darkness and, in total love, offer it all.

(silence)

From the moment this was seen and DONE, the full power came back – the great creative Power.

(silence)

Most likely the experience could take place only because the time had come for all this to be offered up.

The point is not to perpetuate those things, but to offer them up.

Because the time has come to manifest this Power, which is a power of Love – of LOVE, not merely of identity – of Love, of perfect Love; for perfect Love alone can offer.

It happened this morning, with great simplicity, but at the same time it had something so vast and almighty in it, as if the Universal Mother were turning towards the Lord and saying, "At last! We are ready."

That was my experience this morning.

Do you mean to say there's been a progress on Earth?

Yes, on Earth; it's the Earth's history that's in question.

Now?

In those realms, you know, "now" sometimes stretches over many years. I won't say it's going to be instantaneous; that, I don't know – I don't know. I will probably know in a few days.

It's like opening a door just a crack and catching a glimpse of what's beyond....

It was the same experience when I told Sri Aurobindo that India was free; it was the Universal Mother speaking from what could be called Her origin – it was from that level – and the thing took thirty-five years to come down on Earth.

When I had the experience that the time had come for the supramental Force to descend on Earth, I followed the effects of that descent, I followed the effects and the consequences in my consciousness. But to ordinary eyes it was something like what happened with India's liberation – it's possible, of course, that the Supermind did come down, but for the moment its effects are more than veiled.

The first rather tangible manifestation was this vision of the boat; with that, things became more concrete, it radically changed something in the attitude.

We're at another stage now.

(silence)

This recent period has been very difficult. I see clearly that it was a preparation – to prepare the way for that experience. It came to reverse the attitude, the attitude of struggling to surmount, subdue and abolish everything antidivine in creation.

Up till now, this attitude was probably (not probably – certainly) necessary to prepare things. But now there's a sort of sudden reversal, as if the moment had come for the creative principle, the force, the universal creative Force to say, "This too is Me. For it is time for it to disappear. This too is Me: I no longer treat it as an enemy to get rid of; I accept it as Myself, so that it truly does become Me."

And it was preceded by a kind of anguish: "Will there always be something that, compared with the state to come, seems antidivine?" No: after a long

preparation, it becomes capable of feeling divine – and thus of being divine.

Looking at things externally, in terms of present material reality, there is still a lot of ground to be covered before the new manifestation becomes an actual fact. What we have now is probably the seed of the thing – like the seed of India's freedom, which later blossomed.

ADDENDUM

(Two letters of Sri Aurobindo on psychoanalysis)

Your practice of psycho-analysis was a mistake. It has, for the time at least, made the work of purification more complicated, not easier. The psycho-analysis of Freud is the last thing that one should associate with yoga. It takes up a certain part, the darkest, the most perilous, the unhealthiest part of the nature, the lower vital subconscious layer, isolates some of its most morbid phenomena and attributes to it and them an action out of all proportion to its true role in the nature. Modern psychology is an infant science, at once rash, fumbling and crude. As in all infant sciences, the universal habit of the human mind – to take a partial or local truth, generalise it unduly and try to explain a whole field of Nature in its narrow terms – runs riot here. Moreover, the exaggeration of the importance of suppressed sexual complexes is a dangerous falsehood and it can have a nasty influence and tend to make the mind and vital more and not less fundamentally impure than before.

It is true that the subliminal in man is the largest part of his nature and has in it the secret of the unseen dynamisms which explain his surface activities. But the lower vital subconscious which is all that this psycho-analysis of Freud seems to know, – and even of that it knows only a few ill-lit corners, – is no more than a restricted and very inferior portion of the subliminal whole. The subliminal self stands behind and supports the whole superficial man; it has in it a larger and more efficient mind behind the surface mind, a larger and more powerful vital behind the surface vital, a subtler and freer physical consciousness behind the surface bodily existence. And above them it opens to higher superconscient as well as below them to lower subconscient ranges. If one wishes to purify and transform the nature, it is the power of these higher ranges to which one must open and raise to them and change by them both the subliminal and the surface being. Even this should be done with care, not prematurely or rashly, following a higher guidance, keeping always the right attitude; for otherwise the force that is drawn down may be too strong for an obscure and weak frame of nature. But to begin by opening up the lower subconscious, risking to raise up all that is foul or obscure in it, is to go out of one's way to invite trouble. First, one should make the higher mind and vital strong and firm and full of light and peace from above; afterwards one can open up or even dive into the subconscious with more safety and some chance of a rapid and successful change.

The system of getting rid of things by *anubhava* [experience] can also be a

dangerous one; for on this way one can easily become more entangled instead of arriving at freedom. This method has behind it two well-known psychological motives. One, the motive of purposeful exhaustion, is valid only in some cases, especially when some natural tendency has too strong a hold or too strong a drive in it to be got rid of by *vicara* [intellectual reflection] or by the process of rejection and the substitution of the true movement in its place; when that happens in excess, the sadhak has sometimes even to go back to the ordinary action of the ordinary life, get the true experience of it with a new mind and will behind and then return to the spiritual life with the obstacle eliminated or else ready for elimination. But this method of purposive indulgence is always dangerous, though sometimes inevitable. It succeeds only when there is a very strong will in the being towards realisation; for then indulgence brings a strong dissatisfaction and reaction, *vairagya,* and the will towards perfection can be carried down into the recalcitrant part of the nature.

The other motive for *anubhava* is of a more general applicability; for in order to reject anything from the being one has first to become conscious of it, to have the clear inner experience of its action and to discover its actual place in the workings of the nature. One can then work upon it to eliminate it, if it is an entirely wrong movement, or to transform it if it is only the degradation of a higher and true movement. It is this or something like it that is attempted crudely and improperly with a rudimentary and insufficient knowledge in the system of psycho-analysis. The process of raising up the lower movements into the full light of consciousness in order to know and deal with them is inevitable; for there can be no complete change without it. But it can truly succeed only when a higher light and force are sufficiently at work to overcome, sooner or later, the force of the tendency that is held up for change. Many, under the pretext of *anubhava,* not only raise up the adverse movement, but support it with their consent instead of rejecting it, find justifications for continuing or repeating it and so go on playing with it, indulging its return, eternising it; afterwards when they want to get rid of it, it has got such a hold that they find themselves helpless in its clutch and only a terrible struggle or an intervention of divine grace can liberate them.

Some do this out of a vital twist or perversity, others out of sheer ignorance; but in yoga, as in life, ignorance is not accepted by Nature as a justifying excuse. This danger is there in all improper dealings with the ignorant parts of the nature; but none is more ignorant, more perilous, more unreasoning and obstinate in recurrence than the lower vital subconscious and its movements. To raise it up prematurely or improperly for *anubhava* is to risk suffusing the conscious parts also with its dark and dirty stuff and thus poisoning the whole vital and even the mental nature. Always therefore one should begin by a positive, not a negative experience, by bringing down something of the divine nature, calm, light, equanimity, purity, divine strength into the parts of the conscious being that have to be changed; only when that has been sufficiently done and there is a firm positive basis, is it safe to raise up the concealed subconscious adverse elements in order to destroy and eliminate them by the strength of the divine calm, light, force

and knowledge. Even so, there will be enough of the lower stuff rising up of itself to give you as much of the *anubhava* as you will need for getting rid of the obstacles; but then they can be dealt with with much less danger and under a higher internal guidance.

* * *

I find it difficult to take these psycho-analysts at all seriously when they try to scrutinise spiritual experience by the flicker of their torch-lights, – yet perhaps one ought to, for half-knowledge is a powerful thing and can be a great obstacle to the coming in front of the true Truth. This new psychology looks to me very much like children learning some summary and not very adequate alphabet, exulting in putting their a-b-c-d of the subconscient and the mysterious underground super-ego together and imagining that their first book of obscure beginnings (c-a-t cat, t-r-e-e tree) is the very heart of the real knowledge. They look from down up and explain the higher lights by the lower obscurities; but the foundation of these things is above and not below, *upari budhna esam.* The superconscient, not the subconscient, is the true foundation of things. The significance of the lotus is not to be found by analysing the secrets of the mud from which it grows here; its secret is to be found in the heavenly archetype of the lotus that blooms for ever in the Light above. The self-chosen field of these psychologists is besides poor, dark and limited; you must know the whole before you can know the part and the highest before you can truly understand the lowest. That is the promise of the greater psychology awaiting its hour before which these poor gropings will disappear and come to nothing.[27]

January 24, 1962

(In connection with the preceding conversation on antidivine forces.)

I read a passage in Savitri which seems to link up exactly with what you were saying....

Ah, read it to me!

I'd rather you read it yourself, because my English.... I found it really striking – these four lines here....

(Mother reads:)

"Not only is there hope for godheads pure;
The violent and darkened deities
Leaped down from the one breast in rage to find
What the white gods had missed: they too are safe;
A Mother's eyes are on them and her arms
Stretched out in love desire her rebel sons."[28]

Yes, that's it.

"What the white gods had missed...."

I didn't remember it. But that's it exactly. It's strange; when I read I see only what's needed at the moment. The rest seems to go unnoticed. And then as soon as it's needed, it comes back – as happened with what you just showed me.

Yes, that's it – that's what just happened.

It's exactly like pulling open a curtain: everything is waiting there behind.

It's difficult for me to speak during these experiences because French comes to me more spontaneously, and the experiences all happen in English – Sri Aurobindo's power is so much with them....

All right, mon petit – when do I see you again?

January 27, 1962

I'd like to ask you a question about those lines from Savitri I *showed you the other day. I don't know if you remember – the passage about the "white gods."*

What did you want to ask? What was it that "the white gods had missed"? But Sri Aurobindo has written it all down in full, right here in the *Aphorisms.* He has mentioned everything, taken up one thing after another: "Without this, there would not have been that; without this, there would not have been that ..." and so on.[29]

But I also remember reading *The Tradition,* before I met Sri Aurobindo (it was like a novel, a serialized romance of the world's creation, but it was very evocative; Théon called it *The Tradition).* That was where I first learned of the universal Mother's first four emanations, when the Lord delegated his creative power to the Mother. And it was identical to the ancient Indian tradition, but told like a nursery story; anyone could understand – it was an image, like a movie, and very vivid.

So She made her first four emanations. The first was Consciousness and Light (arising from Sachchidananda); the second was Ananda and Love; the third was Life; and Truth was the fourth. Then, so the story goes, conscious of their infinite power, instead of keeping their connection with the supreme Mother and, through Her, with the Supreme, instead of receiving indications for action from Him and doing things in proper order, they were conscious of their own power and each one took off independently to do as he pleased – they had power and they used it.

They forgot their Origin. And because of this initial oblivion, Consciousness became unconsciousness, and Light became darkness; Ananda became suffering, Love became hate; Life became Death; and Truth became Falsehood. And they were instantly thrown headlong into what became Matter. According to Théon, the world as we know it is the result of that. And that was the Supreme himself in his first manifestation.

But the story is easy to understand, and quite evocative. On the surface, for intellectuals, it's very childish; but once you have the experience you understand it very well – I understood and felt the thing immediately.

And once the world has become like that, has become the vital world in all its darkness, and they, from this vital world, have created Matter, the supreme Mother sees *(laughing)* the result of her first four emanations and She turns towards the Supreme in a great entreaty: "Now that this world is in such a dreadful state, it has to be saved! We can't just leave it this way, can we? It has to be saved, the divine consciousness must be given back to it. What to do?" And the Supreme says, "Thrust yourself into a new emanation, an emanation of the ESSENCE of Love, down into the most material Matter." That meant plunging into the earth (the earth had become a symbol and a representation of the whole drama). "Plunge into Matter." So She plunged into Matter, and that became the primordial source of the Divine within material substance. And from there (as is so well described in *Savitri),* She begins to act as a leaven in Matter, raising it up from within.

And as She plunged into the earth, a second series of emanations was sent forth – the gods – to inhabit the intermediary zones between Sachchidananda and the earth. And these gods *(laughing)* ... well, great care was taken to make them perfect, so they wouldn't give any trouble! But they are a bit ... a bit too perfect, aren't they? Yes, a bit too perfect: they never make mistakes, they always do exactly as they're told.... In short, rather lacking in initiative. They do have some, but....

In fact, they were not *surrendered* in the way a psychic being can be, because they had no psychic in them. The psychic being is the result of that descent. Only human beings have it. And that's what makes humanity so superior to the gods. Théon insisted greatly on this: throughout his story, humans are far superior to gods and should not obey them – they should only be in contact with the Supreme in his aspect of perfect Love.

I don't know how to put it.... To me, those gods always seemed ... (not those described in the Puranas, they're different ... well, not so very different!) but the way Théon presented them, they seemed just like a bunch of marshmallows! It's not that they had no power – they had a lot of power, but they lacked that psychic flame.

And to Théon, the God of the Jews and Christians was an Asura. This Asura wanted to be unique; and so he became the most terrible despot imaginable. Anatole France said the same thing (I now know that Anatole France had never read Théon's story, but I can't imagine where he picked this up). It's in *The Revolt of the Angels.* He says that Satan is the true God and that Jehovah, the "only God,"

is the monster. And when the angels wanted Satan to become the one and only God, Satan realized he was immediately taking on all Jehovah's failings! So he refused: "Oh, no – thank you very much!" It's a wonderful story, and in exactly the same spirit as what Théon used to say. The very first thing I asked Anatole France (I told you I met him once – mutual friends introduced us), the first thing I asked him was, "Have you ever read *The Tradition?"* He said no. I explained why I had asked, and he was interested. He said his source was his own imagination. He had caught that idea intuitively.

Well, if you speak this way to philosophers and metaphysicians, they'll look at you as if to say, "You must be a real simpleton to believe all that claptrap! " But these things are not to be taken as concrete truths – they are simply splendid images. Through them I really did come in contact, very concretely, with the truth of what caused the world's distortion, much better than with all the Hindu stories, far more easily.

Buddhism and all similar lines of thought took the shortest path: "The desire to exist is what has caused all the trouble." If the Lord had refrained from having this desire, there would have been no world! It's childish, very childish, really a much too human way of looking at the problem.

To see it from the angle of delight of being is qualitatively far superior, but then there's still the problem of why it all became the way it is. The usual reply is: because all things were possible, and this is ONE possibility. But it's not a very satisfying feeling: "Yes, all right, that's just the way it is, it's a fact." People used to ask Théon too, "Why did it happen like this? Why ...?" "Wait till you get to the other side, then you will know. And meanwhile do what's necessary to get there – that's the most urgent thing."

But there is one advantage: without those beings, without the world's distortion, many things would be lacking. Those beings potentially embodied certain absolutely unique elements – understandably so, since they were the first wave. And precisely because they still WERE the Supreme to such a great extent, each one felt he was the Supreme, and that was that. Only it wasn't quite sufficient, for the simple reason that they were already divided into four, and one single division is enough to make everything go wrong. It's readily understandable: it's not something essentially evil, but a question of wrong FUNCTIONING; it's not the substance, not the essence. The essence isn't evil, but the functioning is faulty.

But if you understand....

The words are so childish that if you tell this story to intelligent people, they look at you with pity – but it gives such a concrete grasp of the problem! It helped me a lot.

It was written in English and I am the one who translated it into French – into horrible French, perfectly ghastly, because I put in all the new words Théon had dreamed up. He had made a detailed description of all the faculties latent in man, and it was remarkable – but with such barbarous words! You can make up new words in English and get away with it, but in French it's utterly ridiculous. And there I was, very conscientiously putting them all in! Yet in terms of experience, it

was splendid. It really was an experience – it came from Madame Théon's experiences in exteriorization. She had learned what Théon also taught me, to speak while you're in the seventh heaven (the body goes on speaking, rather slowly, in a rather low voice, but it works quite well). She would speak and a friend of hers, another English woman who was their secretary, would note it all down as she went along (I think she knew shorthand). And afterwards it was made into stories, told as stories. It was all shown to Sri Aurobindo and it greatly interested him. He even adopted some of the words into his own terminology.

The divisions and subdivisions of the being were described down to the slightest detail and with perfect precision. I went through the experience again on my own, without any preconceived ideas, just like that: leaving one body after the other, one body after the other, and so on twelve times.... And my experience – apart from certain quite negligible differences, doubtless due to differences in the receiving brain – was exactly the same.

(the clock strikes)

I have to go....

I don't know if those experiences have been described in traditional scriptures. I haven't read any – I know nothing of Indian literature, nothing at all. I only know what Sri Aurobindo has said, plus a few odds and ends from here and there. And each time I found myself faced with their vocabulary ... oh, it really puts you off!

You speak of exteriorization – couldn't you show me a simple way of learning to do it?

You can't do it on your own, it's dangerous.

Some people do it spontaneously, so of course you're not going to tell them it's dangerous. But it is dangerous, because if they do it just like that, without being watched over, and someone or something abruptly calls them back – some event, some circumstance or other – they can be cut off *(gesture of the cord being cut)*. I would never let anyone without knowledge do it on his own. If it's spontaneous, it means it comes from previous existences, so they have the knack. But all the same it's a bit risky, someone should always be there to watch over your body. And as for teaching it to someone offhand – no.

I did try once in France – with Hohlenberg, that painter who came here during the war [World War I] and then had to go back.[30]

He came to France and asked me. He absolutely insisted. He had read all Théon's stuff and was well up on everything and very anxious to try. So I taught him how to do it; and what's more, I was there, he did it in my presence. And, mon petit, the moment he went out of his body, he was thrown into a panic! The man was no coward – he was very courageous – but it absolutely terrified him! Sheer panic.... So I said no, no, no.

But for instance, I do exteriorize at night.

Not in the same way.

Not in the same way? ... And oh, how I fight!

Where do you go?

I go to all kinds of places – I have had experiences with P., for instance.... [31]

... When you lie down to sleep, just call on me.

February

February 3, 1962

(A visitor has written to Mother about her difficulties, saying she is the victim of a "collective karma.")

Those karma stories....

I often wonder, very often, whether it helps people to know their karma. I don't think it does.

I mean, if they themselves discover the experiences they had in their past life, then it's part of a whole inner, psychic awakening, and very useful. But if some guru or other comes along and tells you, "Here, this was your karma...." I don't think it's useful, to put it mildly!

If you discover the line of a former life on your own, that's different; it's part of an inner, psychic awakening, and it's very good. But I don't think it's helpful when someone sees something and comes and tells you, "You know, you have been this, you have done that...." I feel it makes things worse instead of better – it puts you back in touch with things you were in the process of eliminating.

(silence)

This woman ... a "collective karma"! What rubbish – absolute humbug.

It may be true for some people, but not for her. If I hadn't seen her I might have been intrigued and tried to find out, but.... A collective karma.... Of course, there are all the links you have with people you've known in past lives; in that sense, yes, there is a collective karma! But really, people use such big words and big ideas for things that are actually quite natural.

Yet I found it helpful to have some understanding of what happened in my other lives.

Because you were here.

Because before you were told about your karma, I had already seen certain things about you and was trying to set you free – not from the thing itself, but from the tendency that remained in your nature. That, yes.

But Sujata, for example, was completely, COMPLETELY free of the whole ... (what shall I say?) what could be called the unhappy aspect of her karma – completely free. For I know the people around me and what they carry with them very well, and there was nothing – just one thing remained, the one part that was rather constructive, so I had left that totally intact. And when the events of her past life were revealed to her, I took the greatest care to destroy the revelation as it was being given. And I did it ruthlessly. You see, it was like dumping a load of mud on someone completely unsullied, and I didn't let it happen (I couldn't stop what entered through her physical brain, but inwardly ... I utterly annihilated it). The only thing I left untouched was the constructive part of the bond that had existed between you two, and so when she met you, she.... That's all I left, because it was good, pure, lovely – it was good. But all the rest.... And you saw how strongly I protested when I was told she had committed suicide. "No, no, no!" I said; even if somebody with perfect knowledge were to tell me so, I'd still say NO.

She is untainted by all that – pure – and I won't stand for someone pure to be soiled. She was so much my child that after her death everything was carefully cleansed, arranged, put back in place, organized, purified. So she returned unblemished and pure, and I don't want her soiled.

You see, a grace is actually working to drive those karmas away – sometimes far, far away – and it's no good to call them back.

I have had dozens of similar examples.

In some instances, my work has been thoroughly mucked up, and I don't like that.

It happened again recently: K.'s sister came because she had lost her son – it had just occurred and he was still here (he hadn't left yet). So I arranged everything, saw to the mother's condition and so forth; I arranged it all nicely, very carefully keeping the son here and telling his mother he would shortly return in some family member. Everything was well organized.

But naturally that was against "the rules" – I make a habit of doing everything against the rules, otherwise there would be no point in my being here; the rules could just go on and on! So they went to see X. They shouldn't have said anything, but they did. And that was that – all sorts of things were said and my work was completely mucked up.

So now it's all going according to "rule," because that's the way it "has to" be.... I am not bothering with it any more.

Myself, I have learned a lot of rules I didn't know before (thank God!) – the divine Grace saved me from that whole hodgepodge of rules about how this happens and how that can't happen and how that must happen and how.... Oh, good Lord!... I saw things very simply, without a single rule in my brain, and so I did them just as simply, with no rules in my head – it worked very, very well, I didn't run into any trouble. Things worked out quite naturally and simply. And if I was told, "That can't be" – "Well, sorry," I would say, "but it's already done."

That "can't be".... Sometimes it can!

(silence)

Besides, if you remember the beginning of *Savitri (I* read it only recently, I hadn't known it), in the second canto, speaking of Savitri, he says she has come (he puts it poetically, of course!) to *(laughing)* kick out all the rules – all the taboos, the rules, the fixed laws, all the closed doors, all the impossibilities – to undo it all.

I went one better; I didn't even know the rules so I didn't need to fight them! All I had to do was ignore them, so they didn't exist – that was even better.

But now I have first to undo and then redo – a sheer waste of time.

In the lower mind there was a whole world of difficulties I was unaware of. In the vital I knew, because I'd had to do battle there – which was fine with me! Just imagine, this time I have been given a warrior as my vital being. A magnificent warrior, neither male nor female, and as tall as this room[32] – he is splendid. I was so happy when I first saw him. "Well," I thought, "that's worth my while!"

Yes, there are battles galore there!

Oh, by the way, how are your nights, mon petit? Because I have put you in my warrior's hands, you see.

Better. More conscious, anyway.

Good!

Inwardly, I haven't felt too great, so I don't get the full benefit, but my nights are more conscious.

It's he who made me remember; I have put you in his care.

I'm glad. I can see that my consciousness is steadier. I feel clearly that something is helping me to be conscious....[33] Where I go isn't so interesting, but that will change, I expect.

The point is to become conscious of one's activities and master of one's actions.

That's the thing.

So, mon petit, have you brought anything? I am so lazy! Did you bring a question?

I haven't really found a question....

(Satprem reads the following aphorism.)

> 71 – A thought is an arrow shot at the truth; it can hit a point, but not cover the whole target. But the archer is too well satisfied with his success to ask anything farther.

But that's obvious! So obvious (to us).

Yes, but how do you cover the whole target?

Stop being an archer!

The image is lovely. It's perfect for people who imagine they have found Truth. It's a good thing to tell those who think they have found the truth ... simply because they've managed to touch one point.

Yet how many times have we said that that's not enough!

> *One might ask this: the day one is able to take in the whole target, in other words to know all viewpoints and the usefulness of each thing, then, seeing that everything is useful and has its place, how can one act? Doesn't action require one to be somehow exclusive or combative?*

Well, so long as there are conflicting thoughts....

Did you ever hear the story of the philosopher who lived in the South of France? I don't recall his name, a very well-known man.

He was a professor at Montpellier University and lived nearby. And there were several roads leading to his house. This man would leave the university and come to the crossing where all those roads branched out, all eventually leading to his house, one this way, one that way, one from this side.... So he himself used to explain how every day he would stop there at the crossroads and deliberate, "Which one shall I take?" Each had its advantages and disadvantages. So all this would go through his head, the advantages and disadvantages and this and that, and he would waste half an hour choosing which road to take home!

He gave this as an example of thought's inadequacy for action: if you begin to think, you can't act.

This analogy is very apt down here on this plane, but for the higher realms it doesn't apply – up there it's just the opposite! As long as you remain the archer, touching one point, that's how it is; all intelligence below is like that, seeing all sorts of possibilities, so it can't make a choice and act. To see the whole target, the all-inclusive Truth, you must cross to the other side. And when you do, what you see is not the sum of countless truths, an innumerable quantity of truths added together and viewed one after another, making it impossible to grasp the whole at a glance; when you go above, it's the whole you see first, AT A GLANCE, in its entirety, without division. So there is no longer any choice to be made; it's a vision: THAT is to be done. The choice is no longer between this and that, it doesn't work that way any more. Things are no longer seen in succession, one after another; there is rather a simultaneous vision of a whole that exists as a unit. The choice is simply a vision.

As long as you're not in that state, you can't see the whole. The whole can't be seen successively, by adding one truth to another; this is precisely what the mind does, and why it is incapable of seeing the whole. It can't do it. The mind will always see things in succession, by addition, but that's not IT, something will always elude you – the very sense of truth will elude you.

Only when you have a simultaneous, global perception of the whole as a unit can you see truth in its entirety.

Then, action is no longer a choice subject to error, correction, discussion, but the clear vision of what must be done. And this vision is infallible.

(silence)

But your question leads us elsewhere....

Won't this do for you! *(Mother laughs.)*

Yes, yes!

* * *

I would like to ask you something about my japa[34].... Do you feel it's getting me anywhere? Is there any sense to it?

That's what I have been studying these past two days – not for you in particular, but the general effect of japa, the reason for it in the organization of one's life.... I can't say I have made any discoveries (maybe for myself, I don't know); but my study is not on higher levels, it's right here.

It would take too long to give the details; I can summarize, but I don't want to make a doctrine, and for it to be living it's bound to be long.

For some time now I have been running into difficulties with my morning japa. It's complex. I won't go into details, but certain things seemed to be trying to interfere, either preventing me from going on to the end, or plunging me into a kind of trance that brought everything to a halt. So I began wondering what it was and why. A very, very long curve was involved, but the result of my observations is the following. (All this is purely from the body's standpoint; I mean it doesn't concern the conscious, living, independent being that would remain the same even without the body – to be exact, the being whose life, consciousness, freedom and action do not depend on the body. I am speaking here of that which needs the body for its manifestation; that alone was in question.)

There has been a kind of perception of a variety of bodily activities, a whole series of them, having to do exclusively (or so it seems) with the maintenance of the body. Some are on the borderline – sleep, for instance: one portion of it is necessary for good maintenance of the body, and another portion puts it in contact with other parts and activities of the being; but one portion of sleep is exclusively for maintaining the body's balance. Then there is food, keeping clean, a whole range of things. And according to Sri Aurobindo, spiritual life shouldn't suppress those things; whatever is indispensable for the body's well-being must be kept up. For ordinary people, all other bodily activities are used for personal pleasure and benefit. The spiritual man, on the other hand, has given his body to serve the Divine, so that the Divine may use it for His work and perhaps, as Sri Aurobindo

said, for His joy – although given the present state of Matter and the body, that seems to me unlikely or at best very intermittent and partial, because this body is much more a field of misery than a field of joy. (None of this is based on speculation, but on personal experience – I am relating my personal experience.) But with work, it's different: when the body is at work, it's in full swing. That's its joy, its need – to exist only to serve Him. To exist only to serve. And of course, to reduce maintenance to a bare minimum while trying to find a way for the Divine to participate in the very restricted, limited and meager possibilities of joy this maintenance may give. To associate the Divine with all those movements and things, like keeping clean, sleeping (although sleep is different, it's already a lot more interesting); but especially with personal hygiene, eating and other absolutely indispensable things, the attempt is to associate them with the Divine Presence so that they may be as much an expression of divine joy as possible. (This is realized to a certain extent.)

Now where does japa fit into all this?

Japa, like meditation, is a procedure – apparently the most active and effective procedure – for joining, as much as possible, the Divine Presence to the bodily substance. It is the magic of sound, you see.

Naturally, if there's also an awareness of the idea behind it, if one does japa as a very active CONSCIOUS invocation, then its effects are greatly multiplied. But the basis is the magic of sound. This is a fact of experience, and it's absolutely true. The sound OM, for instance, awakens very special vibrations (there are other such sounds as well, but of course that one is the most powerful of all).

It is an attempt to divinize material substance.

From another, almost identical point of view, it fills the physical atmosphere with the Divine Presence. So time spent in japa is time consecrated to helping the material substance enter into more intimate rapport with the Divine.

And if one adds to this, as I do, a mantric program, that is, a sort of prayer or invocation, a program for both personal development and helping the collective, then it becomes a truly active work. Then there's also what I call "external" work: contact with others, reading and answering letters, seeing and speaking to people, and finally all the activities having to do with the organization and running of the Ashram (in meditation this work becomes worldwide, but physically, materially, it is limited for the moment to the Ashram).

In the course of my observation, I also saw the position of X and people like him, who practically spend their lives doing japa, plus meditation, *puja,*[35] ceremonies (I am talking only about sincere people, not fakers). Well, that's their way of working for the world, of serving the Divine, and it seems the best way to them – perhaps even the only way – but it's a question of mental belief. In any case, it's obvious that even a bit of ... not exactly puja, but some sort of ceremony that you set yourself to do – habitual gestures symbolizing and expressing a particular inner state – can also be a help and a way of offering yourself and relating to the Divine and thus serving the Divine. I feel it's important looked at in this way – not from the traditional viewpoint, I can't stand that traditional

viewpoint; I understand it, but it seems to me like putting a brake on true self-giving to the Divine. I am speaking of SELF-IMPOSED japa and rules (or, if someone gives you the japa, rules you accept with all your heart and adhere to). These self-imposed rules should be followed as a gesture of love, as a way of saying to the Divine, "I love You." Do you see what I mean? Like arranging flowers in a certain way, burning incense, dozens of little things like that, made beautiful because of what is put into them – it is a form of self-giving.

Now, I think that doing japa with the will and the idea of getting something out of it spoils it a little. You spoil it. I don't much like it when somebody says, "Do this and you will get that." It's true – it's true, but it's a bit like baiting a fish. I don't much like it.

Let it be your own manner of serving the Divine, of relating to Him, loving Him, of joining Him to your physical life, being close to Him and drawing Him close to you – that way it's beautiful. Each time you say the Word, let it be an invocation, let it be like the recitation of a word of love; then it's beautiful.

That's how I see it.

And so according to your mission in the world, you have to find for yourself the right proportion between this work and external, intellectual or organizational work; and then there are the body's needs, which can be met in the same way, trying to make it possible for the Lord to take delight in them. I have seen this for trivial things: for example, making your bath a pleasant experience, or caring for your hair, or whatever (of course, it's been a long time since there have been any of those stupid, petty ideas of personal pleasure), so that these things aren't done indifferently, out of habit and necessity, but ... with a touch of beauty, a touch of charm and delight for the Lord.

There, that's all....

Mon petit ... *(Mother gazes a long time at Satprem).*

For me, you know, japa means a moment when all physical life is EXCLUSIVELY for the Divine. A moment when nothing but the Divine exists – every single cell of the body, each second, is EXCLUSIVELY for the Divine, there is nothing but the Divine.

When you succeed in doing that, it's good.

Japa shouldn't become so exclusive that it's done twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, because then it's equivalent to asceticism – but there should be a good dose of it.

It's almost the one luxury of life – that's how it feels to me. The luxury of That alone, nothing but that divine vibration around you, within you, everywhere. Nothing but the divine vibration.

Now, that's luxury.

Voilà, mon petit....

February 6, 1962

These past few days I have been reading *Perseus*[36] – it was performed here, so I knew a little of it but it never much interested me. But reading it the way I read now, I have found it VERY interesting, I have discovered all kinds of things, all kinds.

Yes, I have noticed that in the space of (I don't remember when we performed it,[37] you were already here) ... between then and now there is at least a good fifty years' difference – a fifty-year change in consciousness.

But in practice, I am always up against the same problem.

Looking at it as a difference in attitude, the question is readily cleared up. But if I want the truth – the true truth behind this difference, it becomes very difficult.

And that is exactly what I have seen in the light of the events described in *Perseus*. If you don't take the problem generally but specifically, down to the least detail.... But it evaporates as soon as you formulate it. Only when you feel it concretely, when you get a grip on it, can you grasp both things....

(silence)

The problem is roughly this: nothing exists that is not the result of the divine Will.

Always the same problem. Always the same problem.

Generally speaking, the antidivine is easily understood, but in the minute details of daily life, how do you choose between this and that?... What is the truth behind the thing you choose and the one you don't choose? And you know, my standpoint is totally beyond any question of egoistic, individual will – that isn't the problem here. It's not that.

As soon as you try to say it, it evaporates.

Yet it is something very, very acute.

Of course, the explanation is universal progress, the Becoming: what must be and what ceases to be – that's all very well; it's easy to understand in general terms.

Perhaps the problem is the opposition (if it is an opposition) between two attitudes, both of which should express our relationship with the Supreme. One is the acceptance – not only voluntary but perfectly content – of everything, even the "worst calamities" (what are conventionally called "the worst calamities"). I won't use this story as an example because it's self-explanatory, but if Andromeda were a yogi (with "ifs" you can build castles in the air, but I am trying to explain what I mean), she would accept the idea of death readily, easily. Well, it's precisely this conflict between an attitude quite ready to accept death (I am not talking about what happens in the story itself, but merely giving a case in point to make myself clear) because it is the divine Will, for this reason alone – it's the divine Will, so

it's quite all right; since that's how it is, it's quite all right – and at the same time, the love of Life. This love of Life.[38] Following the story, you would say: she lived because she had to live – and everything is explained. But that's not what I mean. I am looking at this outside the context of the story.

Because things like that happen in the consciousness of.... It always bothers me to get into big ideas and big words, but to truly explain myself, I should say: the Universal Mother.

(silence)

Automatically, everything that exists is a natural expression of divine Joy, even the things human consciousness finds most horrifying – this is understandable. But at the same time there is this aspiration, so intense that it's almost anguish, for a perfection of creation to come. And it does seem that this intense aspiration and anguish in the material world is a necessary preparation for this perfection to come. Yet at the same time, whatever exists is perfect at each moment, since it is ENTIRELY the Divine. There is nothing other than the Divine. So there is simultaneously this plenitude of Divine Joy in each second, in whatever exists, and the aspiration, the anguish – and the difficulty lies in joining the two, there you have it.

Practically, you go from one to the other, or one is in front and the other behind, one active and the other passive. With the feeling of perfect joy comes an almost static state (certainly the joy of movement is also there, but all anticipation of the goal stays in the background). Then, when the aspiration of the Becoming is there, the joy of divine perfection at each moment withdraws into a static state.

And this very going back and forth is the problem.

Perhaps that's how it must be, but it's unsatisfying – very unsatisfying.

At my fullest and most intense moments – moments when truly what exists is the universe (by universe I mean the Becoming of the Supreme) with the utmost active awareness of the Supreme – at such moments I am suddenly caught by that [the static, nirvanic aspect]. It's not a matter of choosing between the two, but rather a question of priorities from the standpoint of action on the lowest level. Instinctively (the instinct of this body, this material base), the choice is aspiration, because this being was built for action; but this cannot be taken as an absolute rule, it's almost like a casual preference.

One feels that life Is this aspiration, this anguish, while bliss leads most naturally to the nirvanic side – I don't know....

But then how to help people? ... You can recommend neither one nor the other. And if you say both, you are plunged into this same dilemma.

A problem like that reaches a point of such acute tension that you feel you know nothing, understand nothing, you will never understand anything, it's hopeless. When I reach that point, I always tilt in the same direction, it's always: "All right, I adore the Lord, as for the rest, it doesn't matter to me!" I enter into a ... marvelous adoration ... and let Him do what He wants! That's how it all ends up for me.

But this would only be suitable for those who have stopped thinking.

Is it a problem for action here in matter?

Yes, that's what everything always boils down to.

But does it make a difference for action if you take one attitude or the other?

I don't know. I don't know.

Because a day or two ago (I don't remember exactly, it was rather fleeting but very interesting), I went through such a moment while walking in my room (it lasted while I was out on the balcony, too): suddenly a kind of absolute certainty that I knew nothing (there was no "I" at all) ... that one knew nothing ("one," there was no "one," there was only...); one couldn't know (I have to use words), one couldn't know, there was nothing to know, it was totally hopeless, it was completely IMPOSSIBLE to understand anything, even, even going beyond the mind, and no formulation was possible, there was no possibility of understanding. It was really so absolute that helping others, making the world progress, spiritual life, seeking the Divine, all of that seemed idle talk, empty words! There was nothing in it, it was nothing, and there was nothing to understand, it was impossible to understand – it was impossible to BE. The feeling of a total incapacity. The experience was like a solvent – everything seemed to dissolve: the world, the earth, people, life, intelligence, all of it, everything was dissolved. An absolutely negative state. And my solution was the same as always: when the experience was total and complete, when nothing was left, then: "Who cares!" (it could really be put in the most ordinary words), "I adore You! " And the "I" was something utterly insubstantial: there was no form, no being, no quality – only "I adore You." This "I" was "I adore You," there was just enough "I" to adore You with.

From that moment on there was an inexpressible Sweetness, and within that Sweetness, a Voice ... so sweet and harmonious too! There was a sound but no words – yet it held a perfectly clear meaning for me, like very precise words: "You have just had your most creative moment"!

Oh really! Well, that's fine!

After that *(laughing),* I rang down the curtain!

And it ended in an ineffable smile, like ... perhaps the very origin of humor. A sort of annihilation, an annihilation of everything, and then: "You have just had your most creative moment." So I laughed, that's all – there was nothing else to do!

(silence)

These things would be interesting to keep.

But what's impossible to express is the nonexistence of a being, an individual being. When I say "I," there's no knowing what it means. It's not the totality either.

Not the totality, not the entire universe, specially not the earth, the poor little earth, which I always see as a tiny thing adrift in the universe. So what is it? ...

(silence)

I can have that experience at any moment whatsoever: one second of concentration, stepping back from action, and it's Bliss. And when I don't step back, then it's something like an eternal omnipotence geared to action and entirely upheld and englobed by ... That. This power geared to action is the first manifestation of That – that's what manifests first when That begins to exist consciously. *(Mother places her palms together and, without separating them, turns her hands from side to side, as if to show two faces of the same thing.)* So it's indissoluble: it's not two things, not even two aspects, because it isn't an aspect at all (words are idiotic, imbecilic, meaningless). The experience is renewable at will: one single thing in its essence, innumerable in its expression, and apparently increasing in power. I have experienced this at will, in every possible circumstance, including physically fainting (I told you the other day). It's called fainting, but I didn't lose consciousness for a minute! Not for one minute did I PHYSICALLY lose consciousness – and behind it all, witnessing everything, was this experience.

(Pavitra enters the room to ask Mother an "urgent" question)

I can't hear, I am somewhere else.

(Pavitra leaves)

That's how it is: I wasn't here, yet all the same, physically – PHYSICALLY – I saw something passing by. My eyes were closed, weren't they?

Yes, you must have felt something.

Yes, I saw.
It makes very little difference now – my physical eyesight has become rather poor.

(silence)

Do you understand what I am saying or is it just so much gibberish?

No, no! As far as I can, I'm getting it.

It's difficult.

The last part of what you said seems the most....

Ah, to me it's the clearest! It's so clear! Crystal clear ... but inexpressible. I have to go now.... And we've done nothing! The words are there, but they don't make sense.

Yes, they do. But when you tried to explain the "I" in the background with two aspects, I didn't quite get it.

That's difficult.

Are they the same thing? They're not aspects?

Intellectually speaking, it's the Supreme and....

The Shakti.

The Universal Mother.

But I was trying to convey the SENSATION (because it's really a question of sensation – it's not a sentiment, not an idea.... You see, things are concrete for me, they begin to exist when they are concrete). Well, I was trying to express the concrete feeling of the experience and ... it is reproduced automatically, immediately. My head is blank, silent, immobile, there's nothing – empty, completely empty, immobile, nothing, not a thought, not ... nothing, nothing, simply a kind of supersensation. And along with it, verging on a sensation, a sort of intimate combination (not mixture) of omnipotence and intense joy – it's so full!

Omnipotence and intense joy.

And if there's something like a vibration of words, it would only be "You, You" – that's all.

And why "You," since there's no difference? But there is just enough difference for You to be, for the joy of "You" – that's the thing. Yet there is no difference.

This seems like the supreme Mystery to me (oh, another time something else would seem like the supreme Mystery!), but this is really....

And the experience is renewable, renewable, renewable – I have only to make a slight inner movement and there it is.

Ultimately, looking at it like any idiot who thinks himself intelligent, one could say: this must be why the Lord created the universe.

For the joy of this You.

If you understand something, congratulations!

Au revoir, mon petit.

February 9, 1962

(Concerning a European disciple who praises the merits of a certain pseudo-spiritual book, which Mother calls "spiritual romanticism":)

It's very European – they're like that.

They want to compare – they want to compare teachings: you mustn't get stuck on any one thing; you have to be "broadminded," eclectic. And so....

That's what they want, plenty of vital, plenty of imagination, and just enough falsehood to match their own turn of mind!

Take Z, for instance – she told me that Maharshi[39] wrote in his book that if I were Hindu and did asanas every day, all India would be at my feet! This has certainly been Z's biggest difficulty: it was easy to come here, she could speak to me perfectly freely, I didn't behave mysteriously.... So of course, it was too simple!

* * *

A little later, regarding Sri Aurobindo's play, Rodogune:

Humanity seems so miserable to me, so miserable! Why do I always feel this way?

I wish I had a more comforting vision.

Yes, it's miserable. I must say, the farther I go, the more I....

But I knew it right from the start! Mon petit, at the age of five, I already knew it was miserable, it already seemed that way to me. But I made the best of it, and the whole time I was working with Sri Aurobindo it was all right: I didn't once think about it, I took people as they were, for what they were, and life too – it was quite all right, things went on very happily. But now ... it seems so poor, so poor.

I would rather leave.

I would rather come back at another stage.

I can't. I have work to do.

February 13, 1962

(After listening to Satprem read several Playground Talks[40] to be published in the Ashram Bulletin.)

It's easy reading, it won't tax their brains.

Still, it's worth saying.

Actually, I have noticed one thing: nowadays if I spontaneously say something the way I see it, without trying to adapt myself to people, they don't understand – it's difficult to understand. And I am not speaking of people who know nothing, but of those who have lived and thought with me.

My vision of things – the SAME things – has become very, very different.

Very different. When you read these Talks to me it's exactly as though I were listening to someone else saying things – I am transported back into a different person's consciousness. But at least it's accessible, while now....

At that time, I had the sense of a "higher way of living": I used to make a distinction between different ways of life. Now this so-called higher way of living seems so miserable to me – so petty, mean, narrow – that I very often find myself in the same position as those who ask, "But is there really something to it?" And I understand them (even though I have a different will and vision of something to come that is not yet here), I understand the feeling of those who came into contact with spiritual life and asked, "What good is it – what good is it? Is there anything worth living in it?" We are NECESSARILY hemmed in, bound to live in narrowness and pettiness simply to keep alive, for the sake of all the body's needs.

It takes such an effort to bring Light into this poverty, to bring a Force, a Reality, a Power, something, good Lord, something TRUE! Through constant effort and will, constant tension, suddenly, ah! I get two or three seconds ... and then it all ebbs away again.

In that former illusion, there were noble actions, generous actions, great, heroic actions, all adding color to life and capable of giving you some interesting hours. Now that too is gone: I see it all as childishness.

I understand very well that this present state is necessary for getting out of it. For as long as something seems normal, natural, acceptable, there's no escaping it. You have one life on the side and then "this" [the life in the body], that's the way people with a spiritual life always lived: they had their spiritual life and let "this" continue on automatically, without attaching any importance to it – it's very easy.

But what a relief to live the Truth at each instant! ...

I haven't yet found the way.

It will come.

Voilà, petit.

> *But will this present period between the old world and the other last a long time? There's nothing in between....*

Not for the moment.

> *There's nothing, it's like a no-man's-land. You're no longer on this side and....*

... And you aren't yet on the other. Yes, that's it.

So the tendency is always to step back and go within. But that's not the way! It's a natural movement, but I clearly see that it's false.

Both were there this morning.

Obviously a great, great deal of stability and inner calm is required.... There was a keen sense of the absolute pettiness, stupidity and dullness of all outer circumstances, of this whole bodily life in its external form, and AT THE SAME TIME a great symphony of divine joy. And both states were together like

pulsations.

But it makes your head spin. You have to be very careful, it ... *it makes you giddy!*

I can't express it – the minute you try to express it, most of it evaporates. And even if I did tell what little I could, surely a good nine and a half people out of ten would say, "She's batty!" If I spoke to the people here that way, they would probably say, "She's soft in the head!"

Strange. This morning it was strange, for both were there: the feeling of physical weakness – almost a physical decomposition – and AT THE SAME TIME, SIMULTANEOUSLY (not even one behind the other, but both together), a glory of divine splendor.

Both together.

Both together.

I always have the most acute experiences when I am getting ready to go down for the balcony [darshan]. That's when they come, during the most prosaic part of daily life. When I am meditating or walking or even seeing someone, it's different: physical things fade away, they lose their significance. But in this case, it's when I am in the very midst of physical life.

It was odd this morning because on one side I felt ("one side" – it's not even a side; I don't know how to explain, they are both together) the body was unwell, most unharmonious (someone in an ordinary consciousness would have said the body was ill, or at any rate very weak, very ... not at all in good condition), and simultaneously, in the SAME PHYSICAL SENSATION: a glory! A marvelous glory of blissfulness, joy, splendor! ... But how could the two be together?

Really, you must stay perfectly, perfectly calm inside; externally, you do things, brush your teeth and so forth, but within you must keep very calm if you don't want to fall over.[41]

But what prevents the two from joining?

It's not a joining. It's not a joining: one is to replace the other.

But the other....

You see, it's like trying to alter the functioning of the organs. What is the process? Already the two are beginning to exist simultaneously.... What does it take for one to disappear and the other to remain on its own, changed? ... Changed, because as it is now it wouldn't be enough to make the body function; the body wouldn't perform all the things it must perform, it would stay in a blissful state, delighting in its condition, but not for long – it still has a lot of needs! That's the trouble. It will be very easy for those who come in one or two hundred years; they will only have to choose: not to belong to the old system any more or else to belong to the new.[42] But now.... A stomach has got to digest, after all! Well, that will mean a new way of adapting to the forces of Nature, a new functioning.

But for that to happen, some beings would have to prepare this new functioning.

Sometimes I wonder if it's not sheer folly to attempt it.... Shouldn't this body simply be left to dissolve and let others, better fit for the new functioning, be prepared? I don't know.

I don't know. No one has ever done this before, so there's no one to tell me.

So my solution is always the same: I am like this *(gesture of surrender),* the body saying, "I am quite willing to try, I am trying my best."

Is it folly, or is it really possible? ... I don't know.

> *But long ago there was a knowledge like that – all the ancient scriptures mention it.*

I believe so. I believe so.

I feel a very strong need for someone who knows.

> *Yes, I too have quite often thought that someone should come here who....*

... who knows.

> *Who knows something.*[43]

That's what I was expecting from Sri Aurobindo.

But he himself was searching. Had he continued, he probably would have found it.... But obviously it wasn't possible.[44]

For he never said he didn't know.

He never said he didn't know.[45]

He always told me, "Each thing in its own time."

But if he knew, he will be able to tell me. So it means it isn't time yet. Because I am with him consciously, mon petit, every night for hours – two hours of my night, at least – not joined to him, with him: like someone I see and talk to and who talks to me.

Again last night....

And he purposely doesn't want me to note down what he says. For I could do so (if I had time) very early in the morning; I remember very, very clearly and precisely. Later it fades, it's erased ... only the impression or influence remains and it's very strong all day until it's replaced by another. This creates a sort of atmosphere in which I live, an atmosphere of knowledge.

But he doesn't want me to note it down. It's not simply that I don't have the time, he doesn't want me to. When I wake up (not "wake up," when I come out of that state), there are no lapses of consciousness. This is something I have acquired through lifelong discipline – I have no lapses. Things don't suddenly go away, poof! They remain very clear – I go from one state to another with no impression of a gap. But I see his action: he replaces the precise memory of what has been said and done by a sort of atmosphere, a sensation that stays with me all day long.

Sometimes a particular image lingers, as a key to the atmosphere.

It was so lovely last night! ... We had come upon a region all mantled in snow,

pure white, and all the arctic animals were there. He wore a white robe. I walked by his side, and he began to repeat my mantra, saying, "See how it is...." Glorious!

And the animals – the animals and all the things receiving the Influence [of the mantra] and changing....[46]

What remains is an impression, not the precise knowledge.

(silence)

It may come ... if I am given the time.

Oh, it's people's thoughts that are so annoying! Everybody, everybody is constantly thinking about old age and death, and death and old age and illness ... oh, they're such a nuisance! Me, I never think of it. That's not the question. The difficulty lies in the Work itself; it doesn't depend on a certain number of years, which besides is completely ... it's nothing, one second in eternity, a mere nothing!

But truly, if someone (I don't know who or what this " Someone" is) ... if I am given the time, I will know – I am convinced of it.

For despite all the growing difficulties, there is also a growing knowledge, a constant progress. So from that standpoint, I CANNOT be mistaken; it is impossible. This Presence is becoming so concrete and so (what shall I say?) ... so helpful, so concrete in its help. But it obviously takes a long time.

February 17, 1962

Are you more conscious now in your dreams, or not?

> *Sometimes.... Yes, yesterday there was something, but my memory of it is rather hazy.*

I meet you from time to time ... in very different places. That's why I ask.

> *What do I do there?*

All sorts of things. But quite often we are looking for ... things related to expression – sometimes images, sometimes sentences, sometimes.... I have told you I frequently meet you in a kind of library without books. It's very interesting. It is open on top, below too, and no walls; it is extremely spacious, certainly almost as vast as the earth. And there are pigeonholes that seem to hang in the air, with all kinds of things filed in them. We are often sorting through these pigeonholes to find certain texts – ideas, I mean. Ideas, explanations, sometimes memories, all kinds of things. This world is mental but very luminous and clear; full of clarity, perfectly ordered, without confusion, and all open. Wide open.

I frequently find you there.

There aren't a lot of people, it isn't *crowded:* a few from here, a few from there, like a place of study.

But there's probably no link with this in your consciousness; there must be gaps on the way back, so you don't remember. You receive it only as an inspiration, not through your regular continuous consciousness.

That will come, because I always.... Simply by going back and forth like that, a path is created.

> *The thought keeps coming to me that I will have to write a new book on Sri Aurobindo....*[47]

* * *

.....

Ah, well.

Rather hard days....

A line from *Savitri* constantly haunts or assails me – it's when the Lord proposes that she come live a blissful life above, and she replies, "No, there are still too many battles to wage on earth."[48]

That went deep into me, and it returns each time difficulties arise, as if to say, "Don't complain."

And there are plenty! ...

February 24, 1962

Something seems to have changed.

For a long time, several months, things were constantly on the brink, and dangerously so; I felt they could go either this way or that. Then on my birthday[49] something suddenly tilted. All at once a formation seemed to have been lifted, a formation weighing terribly on ... I won't say on what, because it appeared to be everything ... it was lifted with the sweep of a hand, exactly the same movement Sri Aurobindo used for taking away illnesses.[50]

It has made a tremendous change for this body, as though I had abruptly gotten out of a very tight corner.

And in the afternoon, I had a funny experience at the Playground.[51] When I got down from the car to go inside, I felt.... For close to a year now I have been saddled with (I mean it was imposed on me) a *useless* pair of legs: weak,

awkward, old, worn out – worthless. I constantly had to will them to walk, and even then they were more than clumsy. And it was all swept away in the same manner *(sweeping gesture)*. I literally almost danced! Imagine, getting rid of a pair of legs just like that! INSTANTLY my legs felt the way they used to (I have always had strong legs) – that alert, solid, agile strength – and I had to restrain myself from cavorting about! "Ah, now we can walk!" "Keep calm," I had to tell them, or they would have started skipping and prancing!

And they stayed that way, there was no relapse. I was waiting to see if it would last – it did. Something seems to be over with now.

But what was that formation?

I don't know.

Because.... I've noticed there are always several ways of explaining things. But certainly one very common explanation would be that it was some type of magic spell – for my health too.

The last time X came, I was very ill the day he arrived and he was called to my room upstairs – actually I wanted him to come upstairs for several reasons, so he could see certain things.... But he didn't see a thing, or if he did, he was reluctant to say so. "Oh, it's a physical ailment," he said (it isn't true, I had no physical ailment – perhaps he didn't want to say it), "it's a physical ailment; something may be acting from outside, but it doesn't amount to much." But it seems to me the formation was made a long time ago – I was always feeling attacked – and it must have been skillfully made![52]

It was that or else, as I often thought, some necessary preparation for the work – something that had to be done.

It touched all the parts of my body and all the workings of the organs in succession – very, very methodically.

But is it necessary? Is all this disorganization necessary? Perhaps I call it disorganization when it isn't.... You know, we are totally ignorant in that realm. We have our old human ways of seeing, but when it comes to the body's functioning, we know nothing about what's good or not. Or even what's painful or not: the body's initial impulse is to feel the pain, but upon reflection and attentive observation, we see it is simply an intensity of sensation we're not used to. So it could well have been that. And if we were used to it (and especially if we didn't think of it as something troublesome), we would feel quite differently about it. In any case, it's not something unbearable – we can bear a lot of things, much more than we imagine.

I am not sure, you see. We keep going on with old notions, old routines and old habits – what can we possibly know!

Anyway, this thing had to follow its course and wind up somewhere.

I should mention that three or four days before my birthday something apparently very troublesome happened[53] (it could have been troublesome, anyway), and it made me wonder: "Will I be able to do what I have to on the 21st?" I wasn't happy about it. "No," I said, "I can't let these people down when

they're expecting so much from this day; that's not right." So throughout the 20th I stayed exclusively concentrated in a very, very deep, very interiorized invocation, not in the least superficial, far from all emotions and sentiments – something really at the summit of the being. And I remained in contact with That, for everything to be truly for the best, free from any false movement in Matter whatsoever. And that night I was CLEARLY cured; I mean I followed the action and saw myself really and truly cured. When I got up in the morning, I got up cured. All the things I constantly had to do, all the tapasyas just *to keep going,* were no longer necessary – someone had taken charge of everything, and it was all over and done with. And on the morning of the 21st, with a crowd of two thousand and some hundred people, it went perfectly smoothly, without the slightest hitch. Then in the afternoon I had that very special experience for my legs.

So on the 21st morning I could say quite spontaneously and unhesitatingly, "Today the Lord has given me the gift of healing me." (I was speaking in English about the things people had given me, and I said, "... and the Lord has given me the gift of healing me.")

This explanation is clear; and the healing was the result of tapasya. It's self-explanatory. Something was even saying to my body, to the body's SUBSTANCE, "O unbelieving substance, now you won't be able to say there are no miracles." Throughout all the work that was being done on the 20th, something was saying (I don't know who, because it doesn't come like something foreign to me any more, it's like a Wisdom, it seems like a Wisdom, something that knows: not someone in particular, but "that which knows," whatever its form), something that knows was insisting to the body, by showing it certain things, vibrations, movements, "From now on, O unbelieving substance, you can't say there are no miracles." Because the substance itself is used to each thing having its effect, to illnesses following a particular course and certain things even being necessary for it to be cured. This process is very subtle, and it doesn't come from the intellect, which can have a totally different interpretation of it; it's rather a kind of consciousness ingrained in physical substance, and that's what was being addressed and being shown certain movements, certain vibrations and so forth: "You see, from now on you can't say there are no miracles." In other words, a direct intervention of the Lord, who doesn't follow the beaten path, but does things ... in His own way.

There was also that attack (it was rather serious and threw the doctor into a fit of anxiety) which took place, I think, the day before sari distribution.[54] The next morning, throughout the distribution, someone else seemed to have taken possession of my body and to be doing what had to be done, taking care of all the difficulties; I was comfortable, serene, simply like a carefree spectator. I had nothing to worry about, someone was.... (What "someone"? Someone, something, I don't know, there's no more difference, it's not delineated like that any more; but anyway, it was a being, a force, a consciousness – perhaps a part of myself, I don't know; none of this is clear-cut; it's quite precise, but not divided, very *smooth – Mother makes a rounded gesture* – no breaks.) Something, then, a will or a force or a consciousness – plainly a power – had taken possession of the body and was

doing all the work, looking after everything. I was witnessing everything, smiling. But it's gone now.

It came specifically for that work (I was in pretty bad shape); when the work was over, it dissolved – it didn't leave abruptly but it became inactive. Afterwards, I felt rather confident. "Well in any case," I thought, "something similar could happen on the 21st, since it just happened now."

The 19th was so-so, and on the 20th I was concentrated all day long: no contacts with anyone, nothing external, only an intense invocation ... as intense and concentrated as when you're trying to melt into the Lord at death. It was like that. The same movement of identification, but at its core a will for everything to work out in a good way here [on the material plane]. "In a good way" ... I mean I said to the Lord, "YOUR Good, the true Good, not.... The true Good, a victorious Good, a real progress over the way life is usually lived." And I stayed in this unwavering concentration the whole day, all the time, all the time: even when I spoke, it was something very external speaking. And then at night when I went to bed I felt something had changed – the body felt completely different. When I got up in the morning, all the pains and disorders and dangers had ... vanished. "Lord," I said, "You have given me a gift of health...."

And with this change, the bodily substance, the very stuff of the cells, was constantly being told, "Don't you forget, now you see that miracles CAN happen." In other words, the way things work out in physical substance may not at all conform to the laws of Nature. "Don't forget, now!" It kept coming back like a refrain: "Don't forget, now! This is how it is." And I saw how necessary this repetition was for the cells: they forget right away and try to find explanations (oh, how stupid can you be!). It's a sort of feeling (not at all an individual way of thinking), it's Matter's way of thinking. Matter is built like that, it's part of its make-up. We call it "thinking" for lack of a better word, but it's not "thinking": it is a material way of understanding things, the way Matter is able to understand.

Oh, that's enough talk for now!

* * *

Later:

Do you object to my doing some pranayama[55] *before I begin working?*

I think it would do you good, mon petit.

I began three days ago, but I keep getting entangled with the traditional formation around it: "Oh, it's dangerous, it's dangerous, be careful." So this morning I thought I'd better speak to you about it.

Are you doing it without instructions?

There's a traditional way of doing it, I know the formula.

How does it go?

The time varies. You inhale through the left nostril for let's say 4 seconds, then you hold your breath for 16 seconds, raising the diaphragm and closing all the openings; after 16 seconds you exhale for 8 seconds through the other nostril.

Are these the "official" figures?

Yes; I mean that's the proportion: inhale 4, hold 16, exhale 8.

Sixteen?

It has to be double the exhalation. If you do 8, then it's 8-32-16.

I did it myself for years, using the same system: inhale, hold, exhale, remain empty. But holding the lungs empty is said to be dangerous, so I don't advise it. I did it for years. Without knowing it, Sri Aurobindo and I did it nearly the same way, along with all sorts of other things that aren't supposed to be done! This is to tell you that the danger is mainly in what you think. In the course of certain movements, both of us made the air go out through the crown of the head – apparently that's only to be done when you want to die! *(Mother laughs)* It didn't kill us.

No, the "danger" is MAINLY a thought formation.

You can achieve excellent control of the heart. But I never practiced it violently, never strained myself. I think holding for 16 is too long. I used to do it simply like this: breathe in very slowly to the count of 4, then hold for 4 like this (I still have the knack of it!), lifting the diaphragm and lowering the head[56] *(Mother bends her neck),* closing everything and exerting pressure (this is an almost instantaneous cure for hiccups – it's handy!). Then while I held the air, I would make it circulate with the force (because it contained force, you see) and with the peace as well; and I would concentrate it wherever there was a physical disorder (a pain or something wrong somewhere). It's very effective. The way I did it was: inhale, hold, exhale and empty – you are completely empty. It's very useful; very handy for underwater swimmers, for instance!

I had trouble breathing in slowly enough – that's a bit hard. I began with 4 and eventually managed to do 12. I did 12-12-12-12. It took me months to reach that, it can't be done quickly. To breathe in very slowly and hold all that air isn't easy.

Now I have lost the knack, I can barely do more than 6 *(Mother demonstrates)*. I count: 1-2-3-4 ... no quicker.

And exhale slowly – that's very difficult – being careful to empty the top part of the lungs, because air often stagnates there. This seems to be one of the most frequent causes of coughs and colds. When I had bronchitis I learned to empty the

air out completely. And I knew singing, so I was familiar with the method: you learn to hold the air and then release it slowly, slowly, so as to keep singing nonstop.

I advise you to practice it.

How much time do you spend on it?

Eight to ten minutes, three times a day before my japa.

Oh, that's very good.

I don't know why, but I got entangled with that traditional formation which says it's dangerous.

Someone put it on you, mon petit!

It troubled me.

No, it's not at all dangerous, at least if you don't overdo it. If you do it simply.... I think some people practice pranayama with the idea of gaining "powers." That idea of gaining powers fouls it up more than anything. But if you do it simply as a help to your progress, there's no danger.

At any rate, Sri Aurobindo and I both did a lot of things considered dangerous, and absolutely nothing happened to us. Not that it's necessary to do dangerous things, but nothing happened to us, so it all depends on how you do them.

I think you can safely forget about this formation.

But instead of doing equal amounts of time, it might be better to do less for inhaling and more for holding the breath. The holding part is extremely interesting! When the air is inside, let's say you have a headache or a sore throat or a pain in your arm, anything – then you take the air ... *(Mother demonstrates)* and direct it to the unwell part ... very, very helpful and pleasant and interesting. You see the force go to the spot, settle in and stay there, all sorts of things.

Ah, it's funny, because just this morning.... Did you come for the balcony?

Lately I have been coming, but I didn't this morning.

Yes, I thought I didn't see you! But when I went out on the balcony, something suddenly began making me do pranayama! I started doing it and it was funny – I had great fun. It was like the Lord entering into me as air, and when it was held inside like that (I was doing it physically at the same time), all the air began to flow out into everybody and do its work in each one – with such a sensation of ease, of tranquil power, and so sure of itself! So comfortably peaceful.

The balcony darshans are interesting.

Well, do it ... according to your inner moods.

At what time?

I do my japa in the morning, at noon, and in the evening.

* * *

(Then Mother listens to Satprem read the Playground Talk of March 28, 1956, in which a child asks: "How can understanding be increased? " Mother had replied: "By increasing consciousness, by going beyond the mind, by enlarging one's consciousness, deepening one's consciousness, by touching regions beyond the mind.")

Now I would add one thing: by experience. By changing knowledge into experience. And one experience automatically leads to another.

What I mean by "experience" is something totally different from what people normally understand. It's something almost ... not new as such but assuming a new reality. It is not "experiencing what one knows" – that's taken for granted, it's banal – but.... We would need another word. Instead of knowing something (even a knowledge far superior to mental knowledge, even a very integral knowledge), you ... become the power that makes it BE.

Essentially, it is becoming the *tapas* [energy] of things – the tapas of the universe.

The Manifestation is always said to begin with *Sachchidananda:* first *Sat,* pure Existence; then *Chit,* the awareness of this Existence; and then *Ananda,* the Delight of Existence which makes it go on. But between *Chit* and *Ananda* there is *Tapas* – that is, *Chit* realizing itself. And when you become this tapas, this tapas of things, you have the knowledge that gives the power to change.[57] The tapas of things is what governs their existence in the Manifestation.

You see, I am expressing this for the first time, but I began to live it a while back. When you are THERE, you have a feeling of (what shall I say?) of such formidable power! The universal power, really. You have the sense of total mastery over the universe.

But you can't put that in.

Why not?

Then put it in!

February 27, 1962

72 – The sign of dawning Knowledge is to feel that as yet I know little or nothing; and yet, if I could only know my knowledge, I

already possess everything.

So, what's your question?

You have nothing special to say?...

(Mother shakes her head)

I did prepare something, it goes like this: in sleep one can have a very exact knowledge of what is going to happen, sometimes with astonishingly accurate material details; it's as if everything were already worked out down to the least detail on an occult plane. Is this correct? What is this plane of knowledge? Is there more than one? How can one gain conscious access to it in the waking state? And how is it that serious people, who have a divine realization, are sometimes so grossly mistaken in their predictions?

Ooh, but it's a whole world! *(Mother laughs)* It's not one question, it's twenty!

If anything in it seems worthwhile to you....

It's very interesting, but it means at least eight pages! Premonitory dreams....

There are different kinds of premonitory dreams. Some are immediately realized – you dream at night what will happen the next day – while the realizations of others are staggered over varying spans of time; such dreams are seen in different realms corresponding to the time they take to be realized.

The closer you approach absolute certainty, the greater is the time span, because the realm of such visions is quite close to the Origin, and a long time can pass between the revelation of what will be and its realization. But being so near the Origin, the revelation is very certain.

When one is identified with the Supreme, there is a place where all is unequivocally known: in the past, in the present, in the future and everywhere. But when they return, those who go there usually forget what they have seen. A particularly strict discipline is needed to remember. That's the only realm where you can't be mistaken.

But the links of communication are seldom all there, so one rarely remembers.

Anyway, to go back to what I was saying, depending on the plane of one's vision, one can judge approximately how much time it will take to be realized. Immediate things are already realized, they are self-existent and can be seen in the subtle physical – they already exist there, and the reflection (not even transcription) or projection of this image is what will take place in the material world the next day or a few hours later. In this case you see the thing accurately, in all its details, because it's already there. Everything hinges on the precision and power of your vision: if your vision is objective and sincere, you will see the thing as it is; if you add personal sentiments or impressions, it gets colored. Accuracy in

the subtle physical depends exclusively on the instrument, the one who sees.

But as soon as you move into a subtler realm, like the vital (and the mental even more so), there is a narrow margin of possibilities. You can see the rough outlines of what is going to take place, but in the details it can be this way or that way: it is possible for certain wills or influences to interfere and create discrepancies.

This is so because the original Will is reflected, as it were, in different realms, and in each realm the organization and relation of the images are changed. The world we live in is a world of images – not THE thing itself in its essence, but its reflection. We could say that in our material existence we are merely a reflection, an image of what we are in our essential reality. And the modalities of these reflections are what introduce all the errors and all the falsifications (what is seen in its essence is perfectly true and pure, existing from all eternity, while images are essentially variable). And according to the amount of falsehood introduced into the vibrations, the amount of distortion and alteration increases. Each circumstance, each event and each thing can be said to have one pure existence – its true existence – and a considerable number of impure or distorted existences in the various realms of being. There is a substantial beginning of distortion, for instance, in the intellectual realm (indeed, the mental realm holds a considerable amount of distortion), and it increases as all the emotional and censorial realms interfere. Arriving at the material plane, the vision is most often *unrecognizable.* Completely distorted. To such a point that it's sometimes very hard to realize that "this" is the material expression of "that" – there's not much resemblance any longer!

This approach to the problem is rather new and can provide the key to many things.

Take the case of someone you know well and are used to seeing materially: seeing him in the subtle physical, certain aspects become more prominent, more visible, more marked; physically they went unseen because in the material grayness they had blended with many other things. Certain character traits that never showed up physically now become so marked as to be quite visible. When you look at someone physically, you see the color of his complexion, the shape of his features, his expression.... Seeing him at the same moment in the subtle physical, you suddenly notice different colors on different parts of the face, in the eyes an expression or a particular light you hadn't seen before – a strong impression of a very different overall appearance, which to our physical eyes would seem rather outlandish. But for the subtle vision it's all very expressive and revealing of the person's character, or even of the influences he's under (what I am talking about is something I observed a few days ago).

So, according to the plane where you are conscious and can see, you perceive images and see events from varying distances and with varying degrees of accuracy. The only true and sure vision is the vision of the Divine Consciousness. The problem, therefore, is to become conscious of the Divine Consciousness and constantly maintain it in all life's details.

Meanwhile, there are all sorts of ways to receive indications. That exact, precise and ... (what's the word?) habitual vision certain people have may stem from various sources. It may be a vision through identity with circumstances and things when you have learned to expand your consciousness. It may be an indication from some chatterbox of the invisible world, who has got it into his head to let you know what's going to happen – this is often the case. Then everything depends on your "harbinger's" morals: if he is having fun at your expense, he spins stories for you – this almost always happens to those who receive their information from entities. To bait you, they may repeatedly tell you how things are going to turn out (for they have a universal vision in some vital or mental realm); then, when they are sure you trust them, they may start telling you fibs and, as they say in English, you *make a fool of yourself.* This happens frequently! You have to be in a higher consciousness than these fellows, these entities (or these minor gods, as some call them) and able to check from above the value of their statements.

With a universal mental vision, you can see (and this is very interesting) how the mental world operates to get realized on the physical plane. You see the various mental formations, how they converge, conflict, combine and relate to one another, which ones get the upper hand, exert a stronger influence and achieve a more total realization. Now, if you really want a higher vision, you must get out of the mental world and see the original wills as they descend to take expression. In this case, you may not have all the details, but the central FACT, the fact in its central truth, is indisputable, undeniable, absolutely correct.

Some people also have the faculty of predicting things already existing on earth but at a distance, far from physical eyes – they're generally those who have the capacity to expand and extend their consciousness. Their vision is slightly more subtle than physical vision, and depends on an organ subtler than its purely material counterpart (what could be called the "life" of this organ). So, by projecting their consciousness, and having the will to see, they can clearly see things that already exist but are beyond our ordinary field of vision. Those who have this capacity – sincere people who tell what they see, not bluffers – see with perfect precision and exactness.

Ultimately, absolute sincerity is the great deciding factor for those who predict or foresee. Unfortunately, because of people's curiosity, their insistence and the pressure they exert (which very few can resist), an almost involuntary mechanism of inner imagination comes to add just that small missing element to something not seen with precision or exactness. That's what causes flaws in prediction. Very few have the courage to say, "Ah no, I don't know this, I don't see that, this eludes me." They don't even have the courage to say it to themselves! So then, with a tiny drop of imagination, which acts almost subconsciously, the vision or information gets rounded out – it can turn out to be anything at all! Very few people can resist this tendency. I have known many, many psychics, many extraordinarily gifted beings, and only a handful were able to stop just at the point where their knowledge stopped. Or else they embellish. That's what gives these faculties their

slightly dubious quality. One would have to be a great saint, a great sage, and completely free from other people's influences (I don't speak of those who seek fame: they fall into the most flagrant traps); because even goodwill – wanting to satisfy people, please them, help them – is enough to distort the vision.

(Smiling) Are you satisfied? Have I answered everything?

> *I'm tempted to ask one question.... Once events are already prepared in the subtle physical and one sees them, is it too late to alter their course? Can one still act?*

There's one very interesting example I always give. The man involved told me about it himself. A long time ago (you must have been a baby), every day the newspaper *Le Matin* published a small cartoon of a boy dressed like a *lift* attendant (he told me the story in English), or a sort of bellboy, pointing with his finger to the date or whatever. This man was traveling and staying at a big hotel in some city (I don't remember which), a big city. And he told me that one night or early one morning he had a dream: he saw this bellboy showing him a hearse (you know, what they use in Europe for taking people to the cemetery) and inviting him to step inside! He saw that. And when he got ready that morning and left his room (which was on the top floor) there on the landing was ... the same boy, identically dressed, inviting him to go down in the elevator. It gave him a shock. He refused: "No, thanks!" The elevator fell to the ground. It was smashed to pieces, and the people inside were all killed.

After this, he said, he believed in dreams!

It was a vision. He saw the bellboy, but instead of the elevator, the boy showed him his hearse. Then, when he saw the same boy making the very same gesture (really just like the cartoon), he said, "No, thanks! I'll walk down." And the elevator (a hydraulic one) broke. It crashed down, crushing all those inside it.

He asked me about it and my explanation was that an entity had forewarned him. The image of the bellboy indicates an intelligent, conscious intermediary – it doesn't seem to come from the man's subconscient.[58] Or else he had seen it in the subtle physical and his subconscient knew – but then why did it present him with such an image? I don't know. Perhaps something in his subconscient knew, because the accident already existed in the subtle physical. Before it occurred here, the accident – "the law of the accident" – existed.

Of course, in every case there is invariably a time-lag, sometimes a few hours (that's the maximum), sometimes a few seconds. Quite frequently things announce their presence, but to come in contact with your consciousness, it may take them a couple of minutes or just seconds. I am constantly, constantly aware of what's going to happen – utterly uninteresting things, as a matter of fact; knowing them in advance changes nothing. But they exist all around us, and with a wide enough consciousness we can know it all. For example, I know that so and so is going to bring me a parcel, that someone is about to come, and so forth. And it's like this every day. Because my consciousness is spread far and wide – it comes into contact with things.

But the thing already exists, so it can't be called a premonition; it's just that to come true for us it needs a few seconds to make contact with our senses, because a door or a wall or something prevents us from seeing it.

I've had many such experiences. Once I was walking along a mountain path wide enough only for one: on one side, a precipice, on the other, sheer rock. Three children were behind me and a fourth person brought up the rear. I was in the lead. The path skirted the rock so you couldn't see what lay ahead. It was quite dangerous, besides: one slip and you fell off the cliff. I was walking in front when suddenly, with other eyes than these (yet I was carefully watching my steps), I saw a snake lying on the rocks around the bend. Waiting. I took one soft step and a snake was actually there! This spared me the shock of surprise (because I had seen it and was advancing cautiously), and as there was no shock of surprise, I could say to the children without scaring them, "Stop, be quiet, don't move." A shock might have caused a mishap – the snake had heard us and was already on the defensive, coiled before his hole, head swaying – a viper. It was in France. Nothing happened, but with confusion and commotion, who knows?...

This type of thing has happened to me very, very often – four times with snakes. There was one incident here near the fishing village of Ariankuppam, a place where a river empties into the sea. Night had fallen swiftly, it was pitch dark, and I was walking along a road when right in the middle of a step (I had already lifted my foot and was about to lower it), I distinctly heard a voice in my ear: "Watch out!" Yet no one had spoken. So I looked, and just as my foot was about to touch the ground, I saw an enormous black cobra right where I was casually going to put my foot. Those fellows don't like that sort of thing! It slithered away and swam across the water – what a beauty, mon petit! Hood wide open, head held high, he swam across like a king. I would certainly have been punished for my impertinence!

I have had hundreds and hundreds of experiences like that – informed just at the last moment (not one second too soon) – and in very different circumstances. Once in Paris I was crossing the Boulevard Saint Michel (I had resolved to attain union with the psychic presence, the inner Divine, within a certain number of months, and these were the last weeks – I was thinking of nothing but that, engrossed in that alone). I lived near the Luxembourg Gardens and was going there for a stroll, to sit in the gardens that evening – still indrawn. I came to a kind of intersection – not a very sensible place to cross when you're interiorized! So, in that state, I started to cross when all of a sudden I had a shock, as if something had hit me, and I instinctively jumped back. As I jumped back a streetcar rushed by. I had felt the streetcar at a little more than arm's length. It had touched my aura, the protective aura (that aura was very strong at the time – I was deep into occultism and knew how to maintain it). My protective aura was touched, and it literally threw me backwards, just like a physical shock. Accompanied by the driver's insults!

I leapt back just in time, and the streetcar passed by.

There are loads of stories I could tell – but I don't remember any more right

now.

It can happen in different ways. Quite often I was informed by a small entity or some being or other. Sometimes the aura protected me – all sorts of things. My life was rarely limited to the physical body. And this is useful, it's good. Necessary also – it enhances your capacities. Théon told me right from the start: "You people deprive yourselves of the most useful kind of senses, EVEN FOR ORDINARY LIFE." If you develop your inner senses (he gave them fabulous names), you can.... And it's true, absolutely true, we can know infinitely more than we normally do, merely by using our own senses. And not only mentally but vitally and even physically as well.

But what is the method?

Oh, the method is quite easy! There are various disciplines. It depends on what you want to achieve.

It depends. Each thing has its method. But the primary method is to want it, to make a decision. Then you are given a description of all these senses and how they function – that's a lengthy process. You choose one sense (or several), perhaps the one for which you have the greatest initial aptitude, and you decide. Then you follow the discipline. It's similar to doing exercises for developing muscles. You can even manage to create willpower in yourself.

For the subtler senses, the method is to create an exact image of what you want, make contact with the corresponding vibration and then concentrate and practice. For instance, you practice seeing through an object, or hearing through a sound[59] or seeing at a distance. As an example, I was once bedridden for several months, which I found quite boring – I wanted to see. I was staying in one room and beyond that room was another little room and after that a sort of bridge; in the middle of the garden the bridge changed into a stairway going down into a very spacious and beautiful studio built in the middle of the garden.[60] I wanted to go see what was happening in the studio – I was bored stiff in my room! So I stayed very still, shut my eyes and gradually, gradually sent out my consciousness. I did the exercise regularly, day after day, at a set hour. You begin with your imagination, and then it becomes a fact. After a while, I distinctly sensed my vision physically moving: I followed it and saw things going on downstairs I knew absolutely nothing about. I would verify it in the evening, asking, "Did it happen like this? Was that how it was?"

But each of these things must be practiced for months, patiently, almost stubbornly. You take the senses one after another: hearing, sight, and eventually even the subtle aspects of taste, smell and touch.

It's easier with the mind because we are more used to concentrating there. When you want to reflect and find a solution to something, instead of using mental deduction, you stop everything, focus on the idea or problem, and then concentrate, concentrate, intensifying the crux of the problem. You stop everything and wait until, through sheer intensity of concentration, a response comes. Learning that also demands a little time; but if you were ever a good

student you have something of the aptitude – it's not so very difficult.

There's a kind of extension of the physical senses. In American Indians, for instance, the senses of hearing and smell are far more extended than ours (in dogs too!). When I was eight or ten years old, I had an Indian friend who came with Buffalo Bill in the days of the Hippodrome – that was a long time ago, I was around eight. He was so sharp that he could put his ear to the ground and tell, from the intensity of the vibrations, how far the sound of footsteps was coming from. All the children immediately said, "I'd really like to know how to do that! " And so you try....

That's how you prepare yourself. You think you're just having fun, but you are preparing yourself for later.

Voilà.

March

March 3, 1962

Here's a strange aphorism....

Ah! .. Read it to me.

> 76 – Europe prides herself on her practical and scientific organisation and efficiency. I am waiting till her organisation is perfect; then a child shall destroy her.

That's embarrassing....

It's terribly embarrassing.

Let's pass it over in silence.

I would be curious to know what Sri Aurobindo meant by it.

I did know, but I hastened to forget it

I knew it when he was still in his body.

Once or twice it came back and each time I sort of *(gesture)* locked it away in a cupboard.

We'll see.

It's better left unsaid.

I once knew what he meant – right now I don't remember.[61]

* * *

After the work, concerning a note written by Satprem:

I don't want to tire your eyes with my abominable handwriting.

I can easily read your handwriting.

There's a big difference between people who think about what they write and those who write without thinking. With the latter, even when their handwriting is ostensibly clear, there is a faint cloud and I understand nothing – the words seem to dance. It's the same for speech; people who speak without thinking simply make a humming noise – the words pour out but I understand nothing.

March 6, 1962

So, how are you?

I don't know at all where I stand.

You're neutral.

Yes, I understand nothing at all.

You're neutral – *dull.* That *(laughing)* makes it hard for you not to get irritated!

Why? What has happened?

Oh, nothing *(Mother laughs),* nothing in particular. Just the feeling that you'd jump if someone touched you!

Really, I don't understand anything any more. I don't understand. I have absolute faith in Something Else – that's always been there, it doesn't waver. But ... there seems to be no progress. I see nothing ahead of me, nothing behind me, nothing. I don't know, I've already been here a good number of years and I don't feel I've made an inch of progress, nothing – I see nothing. Not that I'm losing faith, that's my only reason for living; without this certainty of Something Else, I would kill myself. But practically speaking....

There are periods like that.

But there's nothing to show that you're progressing, to give you confidence: "Ah, yes, I'm on the way." Nothing.

This in itself has to be conquered; I mean, the state in itself represents something to be conquered. Because ... you remember, I told you the other day about having such a tremendous experience in the body-consciousness[62] – this ... this *dull* consciousness in the material world, which really gives the feeling of

something inert, unchanging, incapable of responding; you could wait millions and millions of years and nothing would budge. And that experience came at the end of a rather critical passage – it takes catastrophes to get it moving, that's what's so strange! And not only that, but the wisp of imagination it does have (if you can call it imagination) is invariably catastrophic. Whatever it anticipates is always for the worst – the pettiest, meanest, nastiest kind of worst – always the worst. It's ... really, it's the most sickening condition human consciousness and matter can be in. Well, I have been swimming in it for months, and my way of being in it is to go through every possible illness and to have every possible physical aggravation, one after another.

Just recently, as I told you, things truly became a little ... disgusting, dangerous, and for an hour or an hour and a half I did a sadhana like this *(Mother clenches her fists),* keeping hold of this body and body-consciousness. And the whole time the Force was at work there (it was like kneading a very resistant dough), something was saying to me, "Look, you can't deny miracles any longer." It was being said to this consciousness (not to me, of course), this body-consciousness: " Now you can't deny it

miracles do happen." It was forced to see; there it was, gaping like an idiot being shown the sky – "Ah!" And it's so stupid that it didn't even have any joy of discovery! But it was forced to see, the thing was right under its nose – there was no escaping it, it had to be admitted. But you know what, mon petit, as soon as I let up on the pressure – forgotten!

I remember the whole experience, of course, but the body-consciousness forgot. The slightest difficulty, even the shadow or the recollection of a difficulty, was enough for it to start up all over again: "Oh ... oh! Now what's going to happen?" The same old anxieties and stupidities.

So I realize that we have to keep on trying.

What's annoying, though, is that in order to shake it all up, I have to go through some pretty bad moments physically. So don't worry, I understand how it is for others! I myself never lose either consciousness or contact with ... not with Knowledge, but with the total EXPERIENCE of identification. Only here in Matter does the work have this particular nature. So l understand how it is for people who live heedlessly from day to day, from minute to minute, for whom it's not a constant, permanent work of each second, totally conscious and deliberate.... And besides, this body is so willing – the poor thing, sometimes I have found it crying like a child, imploring, "How do you get out of this mess?" That's exactly why all the people who have achieved the inner realization have called this work "impossible." It's their own impossibility! I know it's not impossible, I know it will come, but ... how long will it take? That I don't know.

My feeling is that if you try to hurry, to rush, to speed things up a little, it jams, it becomes like stone – it turns to stone again. It took the stone a long time to become a man.... So I don't want that. You can't get too impatient – it's not even impatience, but pressure. Beyond a certain pressure, it turns to stone. So I understand people who attain realization and, blissfully enjoying it, kick the whole

thing out: "Fine, I'll do without it!"

That's what has always happened.

But I can't do that.

What I always do is say, "Well, all right ..." (I say this to the Lord with a smile), "if You have now decided I should leave, I'll go willingly."

If He ever gave me a slap, that's when I'd get one! I can feel it even while I am saying this.

It's simply to ensure that the consciousness is in a state of perfect equanimity; I mean, whether things turn out like this or like that leaves me completely indifferent: what You will – spontaneously and integrally and exclusively – My Will. I say "My" Will on purpose, to show total adhesion. It's not submission, it has nothing to do with submission; it's like this *(gesture of total abandonment).* Well, in spite of that, there's not much progress.

Although sometimes, yes, all of a sudden.... Take this example (it may seem a mere trifle, but when you have reached this point ...): the first sudden glimmer of conscious control over a bodily functioning, giving you a glimpse of the time when everything will function through the action of a conscious will. That has begun – but it's a tiny, tiny, tiny beginning. And the slightest mental intrusion from the old movement spoils it all – I mean the old way of behaving with your body: you want this and you want that and you want to make it do this and you want to make it.... The minute that pops up, everything stops. Progress comes to a standstill. One must be in a state of beatific union ... then one can feel the new functioning begin.

But it has become such a delicate play! A MINUTE thing, minute, can throw everything out of gear – one simple ordinary movement. If through habit you slip back into the ordinary functioning (these are infinitesimal things, not easily seen, subtle, tenuous; one must be very, very, VERY alert), if this happens, the whole new thing stops. Then you have to wait. Wait until the ordinary functioning consents to stop, and that means meditating, entering into contemplation – going over the whole path again. Then, when you have caught hold of That again and can stay there for a few seconds, sometimes a few minutes (it's marvelous when it lasts a few minutes).... And then it gets jammed again and everything has to be done over.

I am not saying this to discourage you, but to tell you that one must really and truly be patient. The only possible way to do it is in a sort of passivity: not to WANT the result – WANTING the result brings in an ego movement which spoils it all.

I have been telling you for a long time that we are VERY close – for a long time.

So when people ask me, I say (to tell them something), "We shall see." It's certainly not that I don't know; I know perfectly well how it will be. But *(laughing)* I don't know when! That, I don't know. Even at this point, I don't know when.

In fact, if something wants to know when, then it's still in a hurry.

No, you have to be a saint, mon petit! *(Mother laughs and laughs.)*

(Satprem grimaces)

Yes, I know – neither am I!

I used to say the same thing. When Sri Aurobindo was here I used to tell everybody, "I am not a saint and don't want to be a saint!" And look what has happened to me!

You have to be an unsaintly saint.

Without an ounce of saintliness.

You know, all those little rules we're enjoined to follow: "Above all, don't do that; and be sure to do this, don't forget that...." Like ablutions, for instance, or attitudes, or what to eat – there's no dearth of them. A mountain of do's and don'ts – all completely swept away! And swept away to the point where sometimes a rule, something highly recommended ("Be sure to do this, be careful to do that" – an attitude or an action) becomes an obstacle. I hardly dare say it, but one example is having a regular schedule – always making ablutions at the same hour, always doing japa in the same manner and so on. And I am perfectly aware that Sri Aurobindo himself puts all sorts of trivial obstacles in my way – obstacles I could hurdle with a single second of reflection; he sets them up as if in play. Do you remember the aphorism where he says he was quarreling with the Lord and the Lord made him fall in the mud?[63] That's just what I feel. He puts a stick in my spokes and laughs. So I say, "All right, that's enough, I don't give a hoot! I'll do whatever You want, it's not my problem; I can do it or not do it, do it this way or that...." It has all gone up in smoke now.

What has become constant, though.... I shouldn't say it, because it's going to get me into trouble again! But anyway, what's trying to be constant is DISCRIMINATION: taking all circumstances, vibrations, relationships, what comes from the people around me, what responds, and putting each in its proper place. A second-to-second discrimination. I know where things are coming from, why they come, their effect, where they're going to lead me, and so on. It's growing more and more frequent, constant, automatic – like a state of being.

That's about the only place where progress is really visible. I hope the fact of having spoken won't get me into trouble again!

But impatience and irritation.... Well, if it makes you feel better.... Some people need it as a safety valve – but it makes you lose a lot of time.

One day I was all tensed up; things had become so "intolerable," as people say, that something in the most material vital went into what's usually considered a fit of rage (it was totally under control – I mean it was working as a safety valve and being observed as such in all its vibrations). I was alone in the bathroom, nobody to see me; I grabbed hold of I don't remember what and smashed it on the floor!

Aah, what a relief!

So there you are.

But what are we supposed to do in the meantime? What?

I'll tell you what I do: I say to the Lord, "All right, if that's how it is, well, I am not doing anything any more; I am resting in Your arms and waiting." I actually, concretely (I was about to say "materially") do it – and then I don't stir. "You will do it all, I am not doing anything." And I really stay like that. Immediately, of course, there's a great joy and I don't stir.

For instance, I am completely snowed under with material work, letters, people, matters to arrange and decide, big things to organize, all of it falling on me from every side and trying to take up all my time and energy. At times it really gets too much. So when it's too much, I say, "All right, Lord, now I will nestle in Your arms." And there I am, no longer thinking, no longer bothering about anything, and ... I go into Bliss. Usually after ten minutes everything is fine!

> *The trouble is, the mental mechanism isn't there any more. Before, with the mind working, I would take up this thing or do that thing, but now I don't let it function, so there's nothing to make me move!*

Absolutely. But it's a big progress.

> *Not necessarily! Maybe there are things I should be doing.*

No. No, it's a big progress, an immense progress.

> *All right then; but I feel as if I'm doing nothing ...*

Yes.

> *... except the bare minimum, which I do because it has to be done; otherwise.... I have no desire to stir up the mind, I want something else.*

Naturally! Thank god, I tell you, it's an immense progress. You should be delighted.

> *Yes, but on a material level I'm doing nothing.*

What does it matter!

You can lie down on a mat, look at a flower or a patch of sky if there's any to see; if need be *(teasingly),* smoke a cigarette to keep yourself busy, and just stay like that, *relaxed.* And if you do your pranayama along with this "relaxation" you will notice yourself growing extremely strong – storing, storing, storing up energies. And then if you have to make an effort, there's nothing to it – it's as easy as pie.

It's that old habit, the old fear of being lazy. It took me.... But Sri Aurobindo cured me of that rather quickly. That's how it was before I met him. And that's the first thing he did: he gave me a tap on the head, and all activity ceased – total silence, all mental constructions and habits swept away ... in the blink of an eye.

I was very careful not to let it come back.

Then, afterwards, well....

He mentions it when he explains mental equality[64] – that a state is reached where one is unable to *initiate* any activity; only the stimulus of an impulsion from above can move you. So you do nothing, you just stay like that, perfectly immobile in your mind (not only physically – especially in your mind): you don't initiate anything.

Before, the mind was always creating, setting actions, wills and movements into motion, producing consequences; and it's very frightening when that stops – you feel you're becoming an idiot. But it's quite the opposite! No more ideas, no more will, no more impulsions, nothing. You act only when something makes you act, without knowing why or how.

This "something" doesn't come from below, of course, it mustn't come from below. But that condition can truly be achieved only when all the work below has been completed.

Undated (March) 1962

(At the beginning of this conversation Mother has Pavitra called in to discuss certain letters and controversies concerning a teacher at the Ashram School.)

You know how children get together and play court or school or army ... you know how serious they can be, don't you?

(Pavitra.) Yes, Mother.

And if someone makes a mistake, how he's punished! ... Well, that's exactly how you all seem to me – children at play! That's the trouble. So I just start laughing, I can't take you seriously. You are all too serious to be taken seriously! That's the trouble. I took your papers very seriously; I wanted to be done with it all and I tried.... But as soon as I began to read your letters, your reports, I immediately pictured children on a playground *(Mother takes on a solemn tone):* "Now we are going to play court ... now we are going to play school...." That's what I saw. "It's like this and NOT like that and be sure you don't make any mistakes. This is serious business!"

(Pavitra:) But Mother, I had no intention of making any decision; but when S. sends one letter, two letters, and then asks for Mother's reply, I have no other option but to turn to you.

But Mother does NOT WANT to make a decision because ... because the solution doesn't depend on any decision from me. I can tell you how it is (you

didn't ask me, but it doesn't matter – I will tell you anyway): S.'s interests lie elsewhere; he is interested in something different and that's his own business – I know it, we all know it. He holds his class at the school as a kind of duty, to do something "for the Ashram"; he does it in all seriousness, using what he knows (he has knowledge), but rigidly – work is work, no fooling around. Besides, he has no real liking for the students or any interest in whether they comprehend or make progress or not. That's how it is. He browbeats them in class, and the students are bored.

(Pavitra:) Yes, Mother, it's true.

The problem isn't what he teaches, but how he teaches it – and what are you going to do about that?

(Pavitra.) I'm going to leave it as it is and simply tell him you said we should continue as before.

No, I find his proposal reasonable, because if we say *"the course is optional,"* no one will attend.

(Mother explains certain things)

If you tell him that, it should probably work out. So go and keep your faith *(with an ironic smile):* may God bless you!

Yes, Mother. (Pavitra leaves.)

(To Satprem:) It's a shame – I just can't take them seriously!

Here *(Mother gives flowers):* this one is magnificent.... And how are your pigeons [some white pigeons]? ... I am interested in your pigeons now!

They're lovely.

Well, mon petit, X won't be coming until after April 14. Yes, he has changed his plans. He is ill, rather seriously it seems.

Yes, for a long time now.

And naturally it's getting worse – he does hours of puja. Far too many. It should be balanced by at least an hour of running!

Oh, let's get to work....

March 11, 1962

(Satprem suggests he read certain past Agenda conversations to Mother. She refuses:)

You know, I've almost felt like telling you that all this Agenda stuff isn't meant

for circulation. It's only for when I have come to the end – and then what's in it won't matter at all. Or else I will have gone, leaving a note saying I don't want it published ...

Why!

... and that I am giving it only to ... I will say to whom. So it doesn't matter. Actually, you could type it up just as it is on the tape. You want to read it to me mainly to get *(laughing)* some additions, hmm?

There may be additions, but there are also some questions.

I should delete some things, shouldn't I?

No, no, not delete! But sometimes I haven't quite grasped something, or else I've had to interpret because you made a gesture or....

Because it was incomplete, unexpressed.

There are a few points like that in all these texts. It's up to you whether I read only those points or....

You see, a time will come, I think ... a time will come when things will be interesting. So in fact, it's better not to waste the tapes.

No, I really don't agree! Objectively speaking, it's extremely instructive to see the difficulties you have passed through.

It may be instructive, but it can't be published; it's much too personal.

To be published now, yes – but what about fifty years from now? ...

Oh, in fifty years it won't be interesting any more.

Come on!

You think so?

Of course I do! The whole path is there....

Well, let's make a date for fifty years from now and see how much it interests us then.

But it will, Mother!

Do you think you'll have white hair? ... I don't have white hair I don't dye it, you know, it's natural! No, your hair is a color that never turns white.

Listen, I'm already all white at the temples!

Will you have a beard in fifty years?

No, I don't like beards.

Ah, good, so much the better!

I would rather shave everything off.

Then you'll be like a *Bhikku.*[65]
Well. We'll see about the Agenda in fifty years, then.

But really Mother, objectively, there's a tremendous number of interesting things in it....

Yes, mon petit, but next time, not today.

* * *

(Mother listens to Satprem read the July 11, 1956 Talk on the vital world. She refuses to have it published in the "Bulletin".)

To begin with, I said that the vital is peopled by small entities, small formations, the remnants of human beings who have died. But there is a whole vital world which has nothing to do with that one, a world peopled by beings of the vital proper, beings of great power and even great beauty. Most people who dabble in occultism without having a deep enough spiritual life are immediately deluded by them – some even take them as the supreme God and worship them. That's generally how religions are created. They are a great success. They are the supreme God of many a religion – they are beings of the vital world, and can assume an appearance of overwhelming beauty. They are the biggest impostors in the world, and dangerous at that; it takes the spiritual instinct, the instinct of true spiritual purity, not to be deceived by them.

Many religions and sects are founded on revelations and miracles, and every bit of it comes from vital beings.

It's one of the greatest problems in human life; I don't mean spiritual life, but the life of people who deal with the beyond.

There are skies (not heavens) in the vital world that are truly paradises. Naturally the real divine element is lacking, but only spiritual purity and the true spiritual sense can show you the difference. All who remain within the vital or mental worlds are completely deluded. They see marvelous things, miracles in profusion (that's where you find the most miracles!).

By neglecting to explain this aspect [in this Talk], I passed over a large part of the topic in silence. I usually don't speak of those things, or else mention them only in passing – it terrifies people and they immediately start wondering, "Oh, is it really a god? Is it this ... is it that? Could it be a devil in disguise?" They panic.

Only it's perfectly true that to deal with those realms one must either be fully protected by a guru, a real guru, a man with knowledge, or else have purity (not saintliness), an unmixed vital and mental purity. Very, very often, *bhaktas*

[devotees] of Sri Aurobindo or me – when they are sincere, truly sincere, that is, people of great spiritual purity – have dozens of beings appear to them, saying, "I am Sri Aurobindo." It happens all the time, with all the right external appearances – it's very easy for such beings to put on a disguise. It takes the inner psychic purity not to be deceived – you invariably FEEL something that makes it impossible for you to be duped. But otherwise, many, many people are taken in.

I don't like to talk about this because people here have no discrimination; they would be left with nothing but fear and would no longer believe in anything, forever asking me, "Oh, isn't this a trick?" ... Which paralyzes everything. That's why I didn't speak about that in this Talk.

You do say a couple of words about it.

It should at least be mentioned that some beings in the vital world can take on completely deceptive appearances at will – all the most dazzling lights are found in the vital, but with a particular quality. So those who have truly approached THE Light can't be deceived. Because ... it's indefinable, something the spiritual sense alone can feel: perfect security, perfect peace, perfect purity (although I hesitate to use the word "purity," which has taken on such an idiotic meaning); what I mean is the absence of all admixture.

To those with the spiritual sense, the most dazzling vital lights always seem to have something artificial about them – they FEEL artificial and cold, hard, aggressive, deceptive. But that's the point: you yourself must be beyond all this. Not to be fooled, you mustn't fool yourself!

Actually, that's the main reason I don't like to talk about occultism. It puts people in touch with an extremely dangerous world which can't be safely entered unless one is (I can't even say a saint, because it's not true; some saints enter the vital world and get right into it!) ... unless one is transformed, unless one has the true spiritual consciousness. On this condition alone are you perfectly safe. So where are the people with the spiritual consciousness? There are really very few of them, very few. And above all, in those who have this occult curiosity there are also all sorts of vital movements, which make it dangerous for them to enter that world. Unless, of course, they go shielded by the guru's presence; with that, you can go anywhere, it's the same as going there with him. And if you do go with him, all is well; he has the knowledge and he protects you. But going there all on your own is ... you need the Divine Protection itself! Or the protection of the guru who represents the Divine. With the guru's protection you are safe.

But isn't it possible to have a fruitful collaboration with those beings? Should they be avoided altogether, or what?

Collaboration? Not with them as they are, and not in the world as it is – no.

I have told you about my dealings with the Lord of Nations on several occasions – it's that kind of thing. It can hardly be called collaboration!

The great ones know (I am not speaking of the multitude of minor beings, but

the others; there are millions of emanations – emanations by the truckload! – but only a few great ones), they know enough to be aware of their own position in the universe and that they will come to an end. They know there is such a thing as the Supreme (although they deny it), and that they are cut off from the Supreme, and that they will come to an end. But they have taken a stand against the Work, the Action, the Progress, and are intent on destroying as much as they can.

Some of them get converted. Their conversion means a great entity joining the divine Work – but that seldom happens.

Yes, but what about the minor gods? You often speak of a "little Kali" or a "little Durga"; are these beings beneficent?

Ah, they aren't from the vital at all! Not at all! They are manifestations of Overmind[66] beings, projected into the vital world for a specific action. But they aren't vital beings: they have an Origin, they are still linked to a being from another world. Oh, no, not at all!

The same goes for all those beings the Tantrics deal with – their origin is not vital, they belong to Nature. They are personified natural forces obedient to the laws of Nature. In other words, they originate from below, not from the vital but the physical world. They are vital forces in the physical, but not of vital origin.

The other day, didn't I tell you the story of those entities working for me?... (It wasn't you? I'd had a vision.) In fact, I very often see entities like Nature spirits when I enter the subtle physical and work there (usually for people here and the Ashram, and for the world at large), I very, very often have them with me, or else I meet them in the course of my work. They are forces, generally feminine in appearance, that do some work and have a great deal of power. They are usually the ones that respond to Tantric invocations (I don't mean the Tantrics who call on Kali or Durga, that's something else altogether, those belong to a totally different world). Most of the time these Nature forces are very willing to help – at any rate, they are wonderfully obliging with me! But they are limited beings, with their own ideas and laws, their own volition, and when vexed they can do unpleasant things. Yet they are not hostile beings, nor are they vital beings: they are personified forces of physical Nature, in the subtle physical.

A world of things could be said....

(silence)

No, I don't know if it's wise to publish this Talk; if too incomplete, it looks like ignorant chatter. And I have always deliberately refused to say things in full since it's so very disconcerting for people, very disconcerting.

But couldn't what you just said be added to the Talk?

I can tell you the result: a lot of people will lose all confidence in what they see. Then it becomes impossible to work with them. I can't even teach them to

receive what I tell them in silence any more; they instantly start wondering, "Oh, is it Mother or a spirit of falsehood?" They really have no sense of discrimination, you see, they don't KNOW! So if they have to come every time, wondering "Was it you or was it ...?" And when they're in that state they don't listen properly. There's a whole range of work I can't do any more, because they lack the necessary discrimination. So I normally don't say anything.

I really prefer to say nothing.

In fact, practically speaking, that's why these things used to be kept secret: one should get knowledge ONLY when it's accompanied by discrimination enabling one to distinguish the origin of what is seen or received. One without the other makes for a dangerous weapon.

Some people have even been driven insane, through their own constant fear – out of fear they refused all protection. I tell you, only those with a great devotion and a great love are not deceived – a great devotion gives you an immediate sense of things; when your devotion goes like this *(shrinking gesture)*, you know what it means. But your devotion must be sincere and very strong; it's the only protection.

Written things can fall into all sorts of hands and become very dangerous weapons.

No, I prefer not to put these things in the *Bulletin; I* would rather not speak of occult matters. I understand more and more, now that I am grappling with material difficulties that used to be nonexistent (in the material world, I mean), they didn't exist for me before. The material domain was something happening far below and I didn't bother with it at all. Even when I was practicing occultism in the most material world, I looked on it from above; there was this sort of inner light, this Presence – I was born with it, so naturally I had no problems. But now that I am in the thick of this work, I don't want to speak of that, it's too dangerous.

That teaching should really be given under the seal of secrecy, and given along with the necessary power and discrimination for going through the experiences without danger. And that means the guru's constant personal care and attention.

Certain stages of your development even require the guru's physical presence: you must no longer go into trance unless he is there, sitting beside you. Out of the question! Can't you just imagine me saddled with loads of people! ... It's impossible; I couldn't even do the job properly. No, it's impossible, it would simply mean exposing a lot of people to permanent danger – and I don't want to. So we'll put this Talk aside.

But even without what you've said now....

Then it becomes inanities – it's too incomplete. I'd rather not attract people's attention to these topics too much. There must be other things to publish. Since you can't give the full picture, it becomes sheer inanity. If you wanted to be perfectly complete, you could write volumes (it's a tremendous world of experiences!). And saying just a thing or two makes you look like one of those ninnies who have a few experiences and think they've discovered the world!

March 13, 1962

You're in a bad mood; oh yes, I could see it from far away.

(Satprem voices various complaints, then adds.) And then to top it off, the other day you tell me this Agenda isn't interesting either, that it's not worth keeping. So what am I doing here?

What? What's not worth keeping?

Your Agenda.

My Agenda? But I treasure it!

Oh, you said it didn't interest you....

Me? I said that!

Yes. You sure did!

Then I was lying.

No, obviously not. But you said it didn't interest you and it should be filed away in a corner or I don't know what. So what am I doing here?

You surely misunderstood me. I said it's unpublishable for the time being; that's quite different.

Yes, it's certainly not publishable right now.

And I made a date with you for fifty years from now. I was very serious: I was laughing. When I laugh I am being serious.

No, no, mon petit, it's simply that ... you have swallowed some poison.

No, you even told me that if you happened to go you would leave a note saying it shouldn't be published.

Published? Certainly not in the newspapers. It will be for those interested in the yoga.

Well, that's different.

I was speaking about newspapers and magazines and the outside world. I said, "I don't want the outside world to scoff at something sacred." That's all.

Of course.

And that's all I said. Maybe I didn't put it in exactly those words, but I said it was for those who love me. That's the point. For those who have loved me, well, it's all right, I give it to them; even if they forget me, it will make them remember.

But it's my gift to those who continue to love me. And I don't intend to give them a worthless gift.

No, no, I must really have expressed myself very poorly, because it was quite the opposite. I deem this Agenda far too intimate, far too near and dear to me, to be thrown as fodder to a bunch of idiots!

I fully agree! But you said (at least I thought you did) that you would systematically file this Agenda away, that it would never even be at the disposal of those interested in the Work.

No, not that. I said two things. One, if I make it through to the end, I may even let it be shown to the public, for the living proof will be there: "You don't need to scoff – just see where it leads – HERE!" And if the Lord decides it's not for this time, well, then I will give it to those who have loved me, who have lived with me, worked with me, endeavored with me, and who respect what was attempted. It will be my parting gift ... if I go. And I don't intend to.

I certainly hope not!

Well then, is that all right? Are you satisfied? That's what I meant to say. Perhaps I didn't make myself clear.

No, but every so often you say: "Oh, I am not interested."

No, I am never like that. It's just that ... (I may seem to be making fun of things, that's different) but it's precisely when.... Listen, I can tell you: when I am like that, when I seem to be making fun of things, it's because at times it's really dangerous, really dangerous.[67]

I can't stand drama.

I don't want to be tragic. I would rather make fun of everything than be tragic.

Instead of putting on grand airs and saying it's difficult, I make jokes. But it's something else entirely. I don't like drama – I just don't like it. The greatest, loftiest, noblest, most sublime things can be said with simplicity. There's no need to be dramatic, to see things tragically. I don't want to be a victim or a hero or ... or a martyr or anything of the kind!

How well I understand!

You know, I don't like the story of Christ.

Yes, that's....

That's exactly the point.

The crucified god – no thanks.

If he loses his skin, he loses it – so what, it doesn't matter.

You understand?

Oh, yes!

Well, that's it.
That's precisely the situation.

(silence)

Come now, mon petit....
No, if I sometimes seem like I couldn't care less (is that what you meant?), it's simply to avoid looking like a victim or a martyr; I am neither a victim nor a martyr – I detest that.

I understand.

All right, then.
Listen, I told you once – it wasn't just words – and I thought you understood and would remember: everything I write is absolutely dependent on your work, in the sense that if you weren't here I wouldn't write another word – just letters with " I send you my blessings." Period. Not that I don't have time or can't do it, but I don't enjoy it. When we do something together, when we write, I get the feeling it's complete and has a certain quality that makes it useful. When you aren't here to write it, I feel something missing. So if you think it's useless to do this for me, I am sorry – that hurts!

No, of course not!

You do understand?
Because it comes from very high – it's not from here, not at all; it was decided on high, and a long, LONG time ago. Before you came here, I was constantly feeling.... Besides, it hadn't been so long without Sri Aurobindo; when Sri Aurobindo was here I had nothing to say, and if I did speak it was almost by chance. That's all. What had to be said was said by him. And when he left and I began to read his books (which I hadn't read before), I told myself, "Well, what do you know! There was absolutely no need for me to say anything." And I had less and less desire to speak. The minute I met you, I began to get interested. "Ah," I thought, "collaboration! ... Something interesting can be done."
None of this is random chance. It's not that we're taking advantage of circumstances, not at all; it was DECREED.
All my life I have always, always felt I had something to say, but that there had to be another instrument to say it, to give it a kind of perfection of form I myself was unable to give. Because that's not my job. It's not my job.
What I can bring to the world are flashes – something that goes beyond, above and through everything that is presently manifested. But I don't have the patience for the concrete, fixed, material form. I could have been a scholar, I could have been a writer, just as I could have been a painter – and I have never had the patience for any of it. There was always "something" moving on too swiftly, too high and too far.
So I greatly appreciate beautiful written form. I love it. There were periods in

my life when I read ever so much – I am quite a library! But it's not my job.

Of course not! You didn't come for that....

I like the form of your expression very, very much. It contains something deep, very supple and polished at the same time – like a lovely, finely chiseled statue. There is profound inspiration and a rhythm, a harmony, which I like very much. I really enjoyed reading your first book[68] – the kind of enjoyment that comes from discovering beautiful forms, an original way of looking at things and expressing them. I appreciated it tremendously. Immediately, spontaneously, I ranked you as a true writer.

There you have it. I didn't think it was necessary to keep telling you all these things. But it's true.

Besides, you're totally wrong – it's not WHAT YOU ARE that makes you grumble; it's just the opposite: you see yourself that way BECAUSE you grumble!

There, enough scolding, let's get to work.

I have my pride, and I want the people who work with me to be content; this gives me more pleasure than anything. Of course, ideally.... But one is never truly satisfied, one will never be truly satisfied; one will always go from aspiration to aspiration. But as a base, one should at least feel a sense of purpose in life. You said the very thing that hurts the most!

(Mother gazes at Satprem for a long time)

Petit ....

April

April 3, 1962

(Since March 16, Mother has been going through a grave ordeal that threatened her physical existence. Even so, she went down to the balcony on the 18th and 20th of March, which were to be the last times. She has not left her room since then. All her conversations with Satprem will henceforth take place in her upstairs room. The latest attack occurred the previous night, April 2-3, and took the form of a total cardiac arrest. Despite her condition, this morning Mother has found the strength to speak. She speaks in English. Her words have been noted down from memory.)

Just between eleven and twelve [last night] I had an experience by which I discovered that there is a group of people – purposely their identity was not revealed to me – wanting to create a kind of religion based on the revelation of Sri Aurobindo. But they have taken only the side of power and force, a certain kind of knowledge and all which could be utilized by Asuric forces. There is a big Asuric being that has succeeded in taking the appearance of Sri Aurobindo. It is only an appearance. This appearance of Sri Aurobindo has declared to me that the work I

am doing is not his. It has declared that I have been a traitor to him and to his work and has refused to have anything to do with me.

There is in that group a man whom I must have seen once or twice, who is not with them in spirit, but only in appearance, but without knowledge. He does not know what kind of being it is. And he always hopes to make him accept me, believing it is truly Sri Aurobindo. I saw this being last night. I won't tell you all the details of the vision. It is not necessary. But I must say that I was fully conscious, aware of everything, knowing that there was an Asuric Force there, but not rejecting it, because of the infinity of Sri Aurobindo. I knew that everything is part of him and I do not want to reject anything. I met this being last night three times, even apologized for sins that I have not committed, and in full love and surrender.

I woke up at twelve, remembering everything.

Between 12:15 and two I was with the true Sri Aurobindo in the fullest and sweetest relationship – there also in perfect consciousness, awareness, calm, and equanimity. At two I woke up and noted that just before, Sri Aurobindo himself showed me that still he was not completely master of the physical realm.

I woke up at two and noticed that the heart had been affected by the attack of this group that is wanting to take my life away from this body, because they know that as long as I am in a body upon earth their purpose cannot succeed. Their first attack was many years ago in vision and action. It happened during the night and I spoke of it to no one. I noted the date, and if I can come out of this crisis, I will find it and give it out. They would have liked me dead years ago. It is they who are responsible for these attacks on my life. Until now I am alive because the Lord wants me to be alive, otherwise I would have gone long ago.

I am no more in my body. I have left the Lord to take care of it, if it is to have the Supramental or not. I know, and I have also said, that now is the last fight. If the purpose for which this body is alive is to be fulfilled, that is to say, the first steps towards the Supramental transformation, then it will continue today. It is the Lord's decision. I am not even asking what He has decided. If the body is incapable of bearing the fight, if it has to be dissolved, then humanity will pass through a critical time. What the Asuric Force that has succeeded in taking the appearance of Sri Aurobindo will create is a new religion or thought, perhaps cruel and merciless, in the name of the Supramental Realisation. But everybody must know that it is not true, it is not Sri Aurobindo's teaching, not the truth of his teaching. The truth of Sri Aurobindo is a truth of love and light and mercy. He is good and great and compassionate and divine.... *Et c'est Lui qui aura la victoire finale....*[69]

Now, individually, if you want to help, you have only to pray. What the Lord wants will be done. Whatever He wills, He will do with this body, which is a poor thing.

(Sometime later, when the communication was read to her.)

The fight is within the body.

It can't go on. They must be defeated or else this body is defeated.... All

depends on what the Lord decides....

It is the battlefield. How far it can resist I don't know. After all, it depends on Him. He knows if the time has come or not, the time for the beginning of the Victory – then the body will survive. If not, in any case, my love and consciousness will be there.

April 13, 1962

(After a perilous month, Mother has suddenly had the formidable, decisive experience, and she gives her first message. She is lying on her bed in the room upstairs, and has become quite thin. It is around ten in the morning. Her voice has greatly changed. Schoolchildren can be heard playing in the distance.)

Night of April 12-13.[70]

Suddenly in the night I woke up with the full awareness of what we could call the Yoga of the world. The Supreme Love was manifesting through big pulsations, and each pulsation was bringing the world further in its manifestation. It was the formidable pulsations of the eternal, stupendous Love, only Love: each pulsation of the Love was carrying the universe further in its manifestation.

And the certitude that what is to be done is done and the Supramental Manifestation is realized.

Everything was Personal, nothing was individual.

This was going on and on and on and on....

The certitude that what is to be done is DONE.

All the results of the Falsehood had disappeared: Death was an illusion, Sickness was an illusion, Ignorance was an illusion – something that had no reality, no existence.... Only Love, and Love, and Love, and Love – immense, formidable, stupendous, carrying everything.

And how, how to express in the world? It was like an impossibility, because of the contradiction.... But then it came: "You have accepted that this world should know the Supramental Truth ... and it will be expressed totally, integrally." Yes, yes....

And the thing is DONE.

(long silence)

The individual consciousness came back, just the sense of a limitation, limitation of pain; without that, no individual.[71]

And we set off again on the way, certain of the Victory.

The heavens are ringing with chants of Victory!

Truth alone exists; Truth alone shall manifest. Onward! ... Onward!

Gloire à Toi, Seigneur, Triomphateur suprême![72]

(silence)

And now, to work.

Patience ... endurance ... perfect equanimity. And absolute faith.

(silence)

Compared to the experience, whatever I say is nothing, nothing, nothing but words.

And our consciousness is the same, absolutely the same as the Lord's. There was no difference, no difference at all....

We are That, we are That, we are That.

(silence)

Later on, I will explain it more clearly. The instrument is not yet ready.

It is only the beginning.[73]

* * *

Mother later added:

The experience lasted at least four hours. There are many things I will speak of later.

April 20, 1962

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

April 20, 1962

Sweet Mother,

1) I have received a letter from the publisher, who reiterates his requests for alterations. I am replying to him this very day that I will write another book. I have no idea how I am going to write the book!

2) I have finished the work you gave me. I will bring it to you when you wish, but there is no hurry at all – rest.

Your child,

Signed: Satprem

April 28, 1962

(Letter from Mother to Satprem)

April 28, 1962

Satprem, my dear child,

It would be good to get moving again on the book.

These past few days I have started thinking about the August *Bulletin.* In a few days I will probably be able to start working. In that case, I could ask you to come in the morning and you could read me whatever you have ready.

We will do the aphorisms in June; it will probably be easier then. Tell me if you have any plans for work (your work); we will arrange things accordingly.

You can bring me the work you have finished on the first day you come.

With you always.

Signed: Mother

Later on, there will be many things to tell for the Agenda.

May

May 8, 1962

(Note to Mother from Satprem)

Among other things, X writes:

1) That he will make a special four-day puja here, in order to help.

2) That he has "understood": it has come to his [inner] knowledge that "the present period is terrible."

What am I to tell him or give him to understand when I meet him at the station?

(Mother's reply overleaf)

If he is not yet aware of it, he should probably be informed of the message that was taped.

You can tell him that the body is much better, but that I still have to take a great deal of care and precaution. I don't come down from my room, which has been transformed into a sickroom, and it will be impossible for me to see him.

After you see him, let me know what happened. If possible, I will ask you to come at ten o'clock to give me the details.

Signed: Mother

May 13, 1962

(This is the first conversation with Mother in two months. She is still reclining on her chaise longue. She looks quite pale and fragile, almost translucent. She enlarges upon the experience she had a month earlier, on April 13. The following text was not taped but noted down from memory and then read out to Mother.)

I was at the Origin – I WAS the Origin. For more than two hours, consciously, here on this bed, I was the Origin. And it was like gusts – like great gusts ending in explosions. And each one of these gusts was a span of the universe.

It was Love in its supreme essence – which has nothing to do with what people normally understand by that word.

And each gust of this essence of Love was dividing and spreading out ... but they weren't forces, it was far beyond the realm of forces. The universe as we know it no longer existed; it was a sort of bizarre illusion, bearing no relation to THAT. There was only the truth of the universe, with those great gusts of color – they were colored – great gusts colored with something that is the essence of color.

It was stupendous. I lived more than two hours like that, consciously.

And then a Voice was explaining everything to me (not exactly a Voice, but something that was Sri Aurobindo's origin, like the most recent gust from the Origin). As the experience unfolded, this Voice explained each gust to me, each span of the universe; and then it explained how it all became like this *(Mother makes a gesture of reversal):* the distortion of the universe. And I was wondering how it was possible, with that Consciousness, that supreme Consciousness, to relate to the present, distorted universe. How to make the connection without losing that Consciousness? A relationship between the two seemed impossible. And that's when that sort of Voice reminded me of my promise, that I had promised to do the Work on earth and it would be done. "I promised to do the Work and it will be done."

Then began the process of descent,[74] and the Voice was explaining it to me – I lived through it all in detail, and it wasn't pleasant. It took an hour and a half to change from that true Consciousness to the individual consciousness. Because throughout the experience this present individuality no longer existed, this body no longer existed, there were no more limits, I was no longer here – what was here was THE PERSON. An hour and a half was needed to return to the body-consciousness (not the physical consciousness but the body-consciousness), to the individual body-consciousness.

The first sign of the return to individuality was a prick of pain, a tiny point *(Mother holds between her fingers a minuscule point in the space of her being)*. Yes, because I have a sore, a sore in a rather awkward place, and it hurts[75] *(Mother laughs)*. So I felt the pain: it was the sign of individuality coming back. Other than that, there was nothing any more – no body, no individual, no limits. But it's strange, I have made a strange discovery[76]: I used to think it was the

individual *(Mother touches her body)* who experienced pain and disabilities and all the misfortunes of human life; well, I perceived that what experiences misfortunes is not the individual not my body, but that each misfortune, each pain, each disability has its own individuality as it were, and each one represents a battle.

And my body is a world of battles.

It is the battlefield.

* * *

(When this text was read to Mother, she gave the following modification.)

I would prefer a word other than "descent," because there was no sensation or notion of descent – none at all.... It could be called the process of materialization or individualization – "transformation of consciousness" would be more exact. It is the process of changing from the true Consciousness to the distorted consciousness – that's it exactly.

> *You say it yourself: the transition from the true Consciousness to ordinary consciousness.*

That's it exactly. "Descent" doesn't convey the actual sensation – there was no sensation of descent. None. Neither of ascent nor descent. None at all. Those creative gusts had no POSITION in relation to the creation; it was.... There was ONLY THAT. THAT ALONE existed. Nothing else.

And everything happened within That.

Really, it was.... There was neither high nor low nor within nor without – none of those existed any more. There was only THAT.

It was ... "something" expressing itself, manifesting itself through these gusts. Something that was EVERYTHING. There was nothing else, there was really nothing but THAT. So to speak of high, low, descent won't do at all.

> *If you like, we could put "the process of return"....*

Of return to the body-consciousness. Or of materialization.

* * *

(A bit later, regarding the Talk of August 22, 1956, to be published in the next Bulletin, in which Mother says: "When you are in a condition to receive it, you receive from the Divine the TOTALITY of the relationship you are CAPABLE of having; it is neither a share nor a part nor a repetition, but exclusively and uniquely the relationship each one is capable of having with the Divine. Thus, from the psychological point of view, YOU ALONE have this direct relationship with the Divine." Mother then adds, in a voice that seems to come from far, far away:)

One is all alone with the Supreme.

May 15, 1962

(During the night of April 3, Mother had encountered an asuric being who had managed to assume Sri Aurobindo's appearance, as well as a group of people wanting to found a Nietzschean-type religion. Following this encounter, a heart attack had gravely endangered Mother's life. But this was not the first such meeting.)

I had said [on April 3] I would find the date of my first encounter with that fake Sri Aurobindo. What I found was the date of another experience that followed that encounter by perhaps three or four weeks, so that pins it down *(Mother holds up an old desk-calendar page on which she had written.)*

> "Night of July 24-25, '59: first penetration of the supramental force into the body. Sri Aurobindo alive in a concrete and permanent subtle physical body."

I told you about that experience of meeting Sri Aurobindo (the true Sri Aurobindo) in the subtle physical. This is the exact date – early that morning I jotted it down on this paper. And it gives me the approximate date of the other vision: that is, I must have had my first experience with those people somewhere around the end of June or the beginning of July, 1959.

Did I tell you about it? ... It was a sort of vision that I took for a beginning of work on the subconscient. I had come to a place where Sri Aurobindo was staying and found him closeted in his room. There was a sort of large hall, an immense hall with rooms opening onto it, and his apartment was off to one side *(gesture)*. I asked to see him. I was told it wasn't possible and I had to wait. I was astonished. Then certain things happened in the hall concerning A. and M. (rather interesting things, but concerning them personally). And at the same time, I was waiting. When it was all over, I asked once again to go into the room. Then through the doorway I saw ... I saw a tall Sri Aurobindo – much taller than he actually was – strong but rather thin, thin in a way that ... not the way he really was – it was rather a gauntness, very harsh, very cold; and he was somewhat darker than he used to be. I saw him there, walking up and down; and when he was told I was asking to see him, I saw him in the distance saying, "No, I don't want to see her. I won't acknowledge her and I don't want anything to do with her – she has betrayed me." Something like that (I couldn't hear the actual words, but the gestures were

plain enough). Well, that was the very first time – nothing of the kind had ever occurred before.

And I immediately felt that it was the expression of certain people's thoughts. During the war there was a whole clique (I know their names and all the details) who said I had influenced Sri Aurobindo, made him deviate from his nationalist path and turn towards the Allies; they considered me to have ruined his life, his consciousness, his work – everything, you understand.[77]

And I was seeing the very IMAGE of that in this vision. A person I won't name (but I spoke to him afterwards; he's still here) came out of the room to tell me all this. In my vision I told him two things (it seems very distant now – it was back in '59 – and I no longer recall if I told him one thing after the other or both together). First of all, I protested against everything that fake Sri Aurobindo was saying about me, and at the same time I was going towards the person coming out of the room (it's someone living here, you know, who is, who was quite close to Sri Aurobindo. Apparently he was under the influence of certain doubting thoughts, certain doubts, that's why he was there). I called him by name and spoke to him in English: "But surely we have had a true spiritual relationship, a true union! ..." Immediately he melted and said yes, and rushed headlong into my arms. In other words, that was his conversion, and that's why I spoke to him about it afterwards; I didn't tell him about the experience but I spoke of the doubt that was in him. It was truly a beginning of conversion in one part of his being, and for that reason I won't name him. And along with this, in answer to what that fake Sri Aurobindo was saying, I said forcefully (also in English): "This means the negation of all spiritual experience! " And immediately the whole scene, the whole construction, everything – poof! Vanished, dissolved. The Force swept it all away.

Later, when I had that second vision [April 3, 1962], I saw that the same being was behind this would-be Sri Aurobindo (and with a whole group organized around him – people, ceremonies and so on). So from that I concluded that the thing had been developing. But when I first encountered those people [in 1959] it was merely something in the Subconscient and the effect was only psychological (an hour or two was enough to sort things out and put them in order). It didn't affect my health. But this time....

So it was in '59 that I first saw them, and it must have been the end of June or the beginning of July. This note [the desk-calendar page] is what gave me the clue, because I know that the other experience [of Sri Aurobindo in the subtle physical] came a few weeks later.

> *You say there was a whole group organized around that asuric being – people, ceremonies....*

Ceremonies?

You can take that out – it's not that sort of thing; it was a whole ORGANIZATION.

> *But what I would like to ask is whether those people exist in the subtle*

physical or in our physical world....

No, no – my visions are in the subtle physical, but those people exist here on earth, although I don't know who they are.... As I said, I knew only one of them. But it's certain that a physical organization corresponding to these visions does exist. I don't know the details – they just haven't been given to me. But it corresponds to a group of PHYSICAL people.

Powerful?

I don't know. I don't know them.

There is certainly at least one Tantric among them – and a highly skilled Tantric, someone who knows his business. That, yes – all the signs are there!

But how powerful are they outwardly?... The people around that fellow [the fake Sri Aurobindo], who leveled all those reproaches at me, used to be in the Ashram – they have since left. They were quite real. But the ones in the last group [in the most recent vision], I don't know – I don't know them physically, so I can't say.

One day, perhaps, I'll find out.

* * *

(Satprem then reads to Mother his notes from the May 13 conversation and asks for further details on the April 13 experience:)

About that promise you received....

I didn't receive a promise – this Voice made me remember a promise I had made. I was saying to myself, "How to connect this true Consciousness to the other one – it's impossible! " And just then I seemed to hear ... not Sri Aurobindo exactly, because then you immediately think of a particular body, but that sort of Voice saying to me, "Your promise. You said you would do the Work." So that's when I said, "Yes, I shall do the Work." And from that moment on the process of materialization began, the entire transition from the true Consciousness to the ordinary consciousness.

I didn't receive a promise, but a reminder of the promise I had made.

And was that what allowed you to say, "The thing is done"?

No – it was the experience.

The experience. When.... I haven't told you this part.

(long silence)

When I was those gusts, those gusts of Love.... When I was conscious of the last one, the one organized outwardly, as it were, by Sri Aurobindo – materializing as the avatar Sri Aurobindo – then came the absolute certainty that the thing was

done, that it was decreed.

And the moment I became aware that it was decreed, I thought, "But how can THAT be translated into that? How can the two be joined?" That was when the words came: "You promised to do it, therefore you will do it"; and slowly the transition began, as if I were again being sent back to do it. Yes, as if ... "You promised to do it and you will do it"; well, that's what I meant by a promise. And I came back towards this body to do it.

I said [on April 3] the body was the battlefield, that the battle was being waged IN this body. And then in that experience [of April 13] I was sent back into the body, because the thing – that last creative gust – had to be realized through this body.

(silence)

The experiences are going on....

For instance, I am walking a little now, with someone's assistance, to get the body used to it again. And when I started walking, I became aware of a rather peculiar state ... I might describe it as: what gives me the illusion of a body *(Mother laughs)*.... I entrust it to the person I walk with. In other words, it's not my responsibility: the other person has to make sure it doesn't fall, doesn't bump into anything – you see what I mean. And the consciousness is a limitless consciousness, like a material equivalent or expression of these gusts – it's like waves, but waves with no .... Not separate waves, but a MOVEMENT of waves; a movement of what might be called material, corporeal waves, as vast as the earth, but not ... not round, not flat.... Something giving a great sense of infinity but moving in waves. And this wave movement is the movement of life. And the consciousness (the body-consciousness, I suppose) floats along in this, with a sensation of eternal peace.... But it's not an expanse – that's not the word for it. It is a limitless movement, with a very harmonious and very tranquil rhythm, very vast, very calm. And this movement is life itself.

I walk around the room, and that is what is walking.

And it is very silent – there is no thought; there is barely, barely the ability to observe.... And all kinds of movements, an infinity of movements and vibrations of something that could be the essence of thoughts, move there, rhythmically, in a movement of waves without beginning or end, with a condensation like this *(gesture from above down),* with a condensation like that *(horizontal gesture),* and a movement of expansion *(gesture like a pulsating ocean).* That is, a sort of contraction, concentration, and then expansion, diffusion.[78]

Yesterday I had the total experience – I let myself go completely. It lasted something like forty minutes as I walked around the room.

And actually, apart from the fact of suffering (you know, an ache here, an ache there, a pain here, a pain there, giving the sense of bodily individuality), apart from that, that great undulating movement of life is my normal consciousness. Meaning that I ... what I call Me *(gesture high above),* my consciousness, is completely outside the body. That's what the consciousness of the body is (what

I've just been describing), with only points of pain as reminders of what a body usually is: an ache here, an ache there, another ache here.... That's what it's like. And this pain has a small and extremely limited life; it's not general, it's not a body that suffers: it is suffering that suffers. It's a point, a point of pain – a scratch here, a sore there, things like that. That's what is individual and suffers – it's not the body that has a sore, you understand.

It is difficult to express.

But that's my experience. Yesterday I observed it with special care, to be able to tell you about it.

> *But are you making a distinction between the body-consciousness and the physical consciousness?...*

Oh yes! The physical consciousness is something very complex; it includes the whole physical, conscious world.

My physical consciousness has been universalized for a long, long time, it encompasses all terrestrial movements[79]; but the body is limited solely to this small concentration of substance *(Mother touches her body)* – that's what I call the body-consciousness.

And when I said, "I have left the body,"[80] it certainly didn't mean I have left the physical consciousness – my overall contact with the terrestrial world has remained the same. It concerns only the purely bodily aspect, the specific concretization or concentration of substance giving each of us a different body – a different APPEARANCE.

And a rather illusory appearance, besides. As soon as you rise to a certain height (I saw it quite clearly during that progressive reconcretization[81]), this appearance quickly loses its reality. Our external appearance is very, very illusory. Our particular form (this one's form, that one's form), the form we see with our physical eyes is very superficial, you know. From the vital world onwards, it's completely different.

Well.... I think that's all I can say for today.

* * *

(Somewhat later, Mother gives Satprem the old desk-calendar page on which she had noted the experience of July 24-25, 1959 – the first meeting with Sri Aurobindo in the subtle physical – along with another sheet of paper on which she had written: "I am only realizing what He has conceived. I am only the protagonist and the continuator of His work."[82] Mother explains.)

Some people wanted to get me nominated for the Nobel peace prize; I was asked for a statement and that's what I wrote. I wanted to say that it wasn't this person who did things – it was all Sri Aurobindo.

They had wanted to give the Nobel prize to Sri Aurobindo, but he left the year

before the decision was to be made. And as they don't give the prize to "dead" people, he never got it. Then they wanted to transfer it to me, and I wrote this note, because the last thing I want is name and fame. That's all there was to it. They didn't give a peace prize that year.

I believe the whole affair is now buried and forgotten.

* * *

(Mother then starts working on the next Bulletin. She asks Satprem to speak slowly and distinctly:)

There's a sort of universal cloud between me and other people – I seem to see through a veil and hear through a kind of cloud. That's why I ask people to be very clear.

* * *

NOTE

(On the wave movement Mother lived in her body:)

Once again, with Mother, we find ourselves deep into modern physics. All theories of physics attempting to describe the structure of our universe and the composition of matter, whether they emanate from "official" scientific laboratories or from the work of independent researchers, point to the wavelike or sinusoidal movement as the constituent and dynamic foundation of physical reality. Indeed, whether in electromagnetic or gravitational fields, or in atomic interactions, everything, from the heart of the atom to the farthest reaches of the universe, moves or is propagated as "waves." With striking succinctness Mother says, "The wave movement is the movement of life."

"... A movement of waves without beginning or end, with a condensation like this *(gesture from above down),* with a condensation like that *(horizontal gesture)* ...." We cannot fail to be reminded of the electromagnetic field with its two perpendicular components, the electric and magnetic fields, which are propagated along an infinite sinusoidal wave. And then again: "A movement of expansion ... a sort of contraction, concentration, and then expansion, diffusion." Unmistakably, this is an exact description of the propagation in space of a sinusoidal wave.

Striking though the parallel may be, there is still a fundamental difference between these mathematical concepts and Mother's experience. In the first case, we are dealing with conceptual instruments used by the human mind to better explain and master the world: no one has actually *seen* electromagnetic waves – not to speak of gravitational ones! They are images, convenient "models," invisible and nonexistent in themselves. They exist only through their *effects:* a beam of sunlight, which is an electromagnetic wave, strikes our retina and enables

us to distinguish a flower; by means of gravitational waves, Newton's apple falls from the tree – but no one has *lived* the reality of those waves. The way Mother grasps reality, on the contrary, is first and foremost through lived experience. She is the movement, she is the wave: "I walk around the room, and that is what is walking." Here we touch upon a stupendous mystery and a formidable question: How is it possible for a material and cellular body to *be* the wave that at once constitutes and carries the worlds along in its infinite undulating movement and governs the existence of atoms and galaxies? How is it possible to *be* an infinite and ubiquitous electromagnetic wave while remaining within the narrow confines of a human body?

In being THAT, it might be said, Mother thus resolves the famous question of the "unified-field theory," the theory to which Einstein devoted the last years of his life in vain, that would describe the movements of both planets and atoms in a single mathematical equation. Mother's body-consciousness *is one* with the movement of the universe, Mother lives the "unified-field theory" in her body. In so doing she opens up to us not merely one more physical theory, but the very path to a new species on earth, a species that will physically and materially live on the scale of the universe. The posthuman species might not simply be one with a few organs more or less, but rather one capable of *being* at every point in the universe. A sort of material ubiquity. It may not be so much a "new" as an ubiquitous species, a species that embraces everything, from the blade of grass under our feet to the "far" galaxies. A multifarious, undulating existence. A resume or epitome of evolution, really, which at the end of its course again becomes each point and each species and each movement of its own evolution.

May 18, 1962

> *The other day you said, "What I call Me high above, my consciousness, is completely outside the body." And on April 3, you also said something that gave me a kind of jolt: "I am no more in this body." Why?... Have you really left this body?*

(very long silence)

How can I explain it?..

(long silence)

I don't know how to explain it....

I could almost tell it as a joke: for years and years I felt my consciousness to be outside my body – I always used to say it was there *(gesture above the head),* and not in my body. But from the time of that first experience [April 3], when the

doctor said the heart had been physically affected and would stop working if I wasn't careful, from that moment on I felt ... I felt that my body was outside me! It sounds like a joke, but that's how it is.

So to be understood I said, "I am no more in my body." But it isn't that. I hadn't been in my body, my consciousness had been outside my body, for quite a long time! But there was a kind of connection, you know, something that made me feel it as "my body." (If I spoke carelessly, I could now say "what used to be my body," although I know well enough it's still alive!). Well, from April 3 on, when everyone claimed I was so sick and I was forbidden to get out of bed, I had the impression that what was called my body was now outside me.

There was a relation, I kept a link with it, but it took some days to get established (I don't know how many, because for a long time I couldn't keep track of anything). After some days (say ten days, twenty days, I don't know), the will began to function, the body was again under the control of the will. But that didn't happen right away – for some days, the will that deals with the body was annulled (I was entirely conscious and alive, but not in my body). The body was merely something moved around by the people looking after me. Not that it was separate, but I couldn't even say, "it's a body" – it wasn't anything any more! Something.... Having undergone so much preparation, the universalization of the body-consciousness and all that, the experience didn't even seem strange to me (in fact, it was certainly the result of all that preparation). The body was ... "something" like a mass of substance being driven by the will of the three people looking after it. Not that I was unaware of it but.... I wasn't much concerned with it, to tell the truth; but as far as my attention was turned to it, it was a corporeal mass being moved around by a few wills. The supreme Will was in full agreement; the body had been entrusted, in a way (I don't know how to express this) ... yes, it was like something entrusted, and I was simply looking on – I watched it all for I don't know how many days, with hardly any interest.

The one really concrete link was ... pain. That's how the contact was kept.

> *When you said, "I am no more in this body," I thought that because of the necessities of the Work some part of you had withdrawn.*

Oh, no! Nothing withdrew – it had already withdrawn a long time ago. The consciousness wasn't at all centered in the body. When I said "I," for instance, it NEVER occurred to me that "I" was this *(Mother points to her body).* I, the I who spoke, was always a will ENTIRELY independent of the body, entirely independent.

But there has been a strange phenomenon [since April 3].... Before, I used to say, "I am outside my body." It was always "I am outside my body." But this time, the body seemed to have been consigned or entrusted – more like entrusted....

It has gradually come back, in the sense that actively.... No, I can't even say that – it's not true. What has come back is the increasingly precise memory of how I had organized the life of this body, the whole formation I had made, down to the smallest details – for the things I was using, how I was making use of them, how I

had organized all the objects around the body, all that. What has come back is the memory – is it memory? The awareness of all that has returned, as if I were putting the two back into contact. And so, instead of the body being left totally in the hands of those around me, the formation I had made is coming back, with certain changes, certain improvements and simplifications (but mind you, I had neither the intention nor the will to change anything – those things are simply coming back into the consciousness like that, with certain changes made). In short, it's a kind of conscious formation recrystallizing around this body.

And I have the perception ... a sensation, really, the sensation of ... something not at all me, but entrusted to me. More and more now, there is the feeling of something being entrusted to me in the universal organization for a definite purpose. That's really the sensation I have now (the mind is very calm, so it's difficult to express – I don't "think" all these things, they are more like perceptions). And it's not the usual kind of sensation: the ONLY (I insist on this), the ONLY sensation that remains in the old way is physical pain. And really, those points of pain ... they seem like the SYMBOLIC POINTS of what remains of the old consciousness.

Pain is the one thing I sense the way I used to. Food, for instance, taste, smell, vision, hearing – all that's completely changed. They belong to another rhythm. And this condition has come progressively, like a crystallization of something behind the senses that doesn't come from here – in taste, smell, vision, hearing, touch.... Except this one point.... Even the sense of touch is different now – but PAIN ....

Pain is the old world.

It's quite odd, you know; pain is like the symbolic (and rather too concrete!) sign of life in the Ignorance.

And even there I have had an instant (but it was like a flash – the flash of a new experience), an instant when pain disappeared into something else. It has happened three or four times. The pain suddenly became ... something completely different (not a pleasant sensation, not that at all): another state of consciousness.

If that state remained, I would truly be free of the world as it is.

Nonetheless, people can still hear me, can't they? And I can still see, but in a peculiar way – a very peculiar way. At times I see with greater precision than ever before (generally, as I told you the other day, I seem to see from behind a veil; that's constant). I hear things that way too. Certain sounds.... On one occasion I noticed a sound, a seemingly imperceptible sound, coming from about a hundred yards away, and it seemed to be right here. All this has changed – I mean the whole way the organs function. Have the organs themselves changed, or is it their functioning? I don't know. But they all obey another law – absolutely.

And I have the definite impression that that so-called illness was the external and ILLUSORY form of an indispensable process of transformation; without that so-called illness there could be no transformation – it is not an illness, I KNOW it: when people speak of "illness," something in me laughs and says, "What a bunch of geese!"

It is not an illness.

A disengagement?

Perhaps.

Perhaps.

It was a bit violent! *(Mother laughs)* ... And yet not so violent, because.... There's something I have never told anyone, but when the doctor was called.... I was constantly fainting, you know: I would take a step and – plop! So the doctor was called and they began watching over me (everything was supposedly going wrong, all the organs, everything breaking down), and he declared I was sick and wasn't to stir from my bed (for a while I wasn't even supposed to talk!).... Well, at that point, something (not exactly what you would call my consciousness; it was far, far more eternal than my consciousness – my consciousness is the consciousness of one form of the Manifestation – well, it was far more than that, beyond that) ... something said YES. And if "That" had not agreed, I could have gone on living almost as usual. "That" decreed, "That" decided – I have never said anything about it.

Otherwise, you know, I would not have consented. If "That" had not agreed, I would have said to my body, "Go on, keep going, move" – and it would have gone on. It stopped because "That" said yes. And then I understood that that whole so-called illness was necessary for the Work. So I let myself go. And then what I told you about happened: this body was consigned to the care of three people, who looked after it marvelously, by the way – really, it filled me with constant admiration – a selflessness, a care ... oh, it was wonderful! I was saying to the Lord the whole time, "Truly, Lord, You have arranged all the material conditions in an absolutely marvelous, incredible way, bringing together whatever is necessary, and placing around me people beyond all praise." For at least two weeks they had a hard time of it – quite hard. The body was a wreck, you know! *(Mother laughs)* They had to think of everything, decide everything, take care of everything. And they looked after it very, very well – really very well.

It's a wonderful story, seen as I see it. And I have observed it very carefully: it isn't an ordinary story seen with an exceptional knowledge, but a true Knowledge and a true Consciousness witnessing an exceptional story. Those three people may not be aware of how utterly exceptional it is, but that's simply because their consciousness is not sufficiently awake. But they too have been, and continue to be, exceptional.

The whole story is a fairy tale.

And the only concrete thing left in this world – this world of illusion – is pain. It seems to me the very essence of Falsehood.

But what feels it feels it very concretely! ... I clearly see it's false, but that doesn't stop my body from feeling it – and there is a reason: it is the battlefield.

I have even been forbidden to utilize my knowledge, power and force to annul the pain in the way I used to (and I used to do it very well). That has been totally forbidden. But I have seen that something else is in sight. Something else is in the

making.... It can't be called a miracle because it's not a miracle, but it's something wonderful – the unknown.... When will it come? How will it come? I don't know.

But it's interesting.

(silence)

Something really radical has happened, in the sense that.... I tried once just to see if I could do it (I had wisely been told not to try) and I didn't succeed: I can't go back to the old way of relating to my body. It's impossible.

What is coming back is the way "objects" – the whole mass of material substance making up this body's environment – had been organized; that's what is coming back, with some small changes (none of this comes through the head; the head has nothing to do with it). It is a sort of formation reconcretizing itself for life's outer organization.

The old way of relating no longer exists at all.

(silence)

It can truly be said that for a short while the body went out of my consciousness completely. I didn't leave my body; the body left the consciousness.

There you have it.

I hope you can cope with this – it's the first time I have tried to explain it. In fact, it's the first time I am looking at it. And it's interesting. An interesting phenomenon.

May 22, 1962

(The beginning of this conversation, unfortunately not kept, dealt with certain instances of human ugliness. The topic, in fact, was Satprem's break with X who had been his guru for the past few years. The reasons for this rupture may one day be told, but it should be stressed right now that the fault did not really lie with X, whom Satprem continued to respect, but with a group of schemers at the Ashram who fastened onto X in the hope of god knows what "powers." It is perhaps just as well that the human "ugliness" here in question has vanished from Satprem's records, for – although it did come up again immediately after Mother's departure – it concerned only the Ashram disciples. All the details and all Mother's reflections on the subject have thus been lost, with the exception of this last fragment:)

What a world!

Oh! You can't imagine the discoveries I have made since I withdrew and supposedly have no more dealings with the outside....

I was already more than eighty, and had seen nearly every country in the world

and every possible kind of person – and, well, I made some more discoveries, and I am making still more.

There's such a wonderful passage in *The Synthesis of Yoga* ("The Yoga of Self-Perfection"), where he mentions four things (you surely remember this), four things the disciple needs (I have just translated it). I knew this, of course, but the passage is especially timely now – particularly after that last experience, which is a jolt for a physical being. The fourth thing is wonderful. The first three we know: equality, peace and (a hard one) *a spiritual ease in all circumstances.* He added the word "spiritual" so people wouldn't think only of material ease – it's an ease in feelings, in sensations, in everything. But when you have a lot of pain it's obviously not so easy! When physical pain keeps you from sleeping and eating, when you are plagued by constant physical pain – or rather by a whole host of physical pains! – well, that bodily "ease" becomes difficult. It's the one thing that has seemed difficult to me; but anyway, it's being investigated – I think it was sent for me to investigate.

But the last thing he mentions is a marvel – *the joy and laughter of the soul.* And it's so true, so true! Always, all the time, no matter what happens, even when this body is in dreadful pain, the soul is laughing joyously within. Always, always, always.

And suddenly, when I let myself go.... You know, I have been advised (by the Lord!) to *relax, relax, relax.* He doesn't want action to result from the tension of an individual will; so *relax* – all right, *relax.* But when you "relax" and then suddenly get a horrible pain, you say "Hey!" – but at the same time I laugh! What the people around me must think.... I am crying and laughing! *(Mother laughs.)*

Well....

Undated (end of May) 1962

(Letter from Mother to Satprem regarding his difficulties with X)

Wednesday

Satprem, mon cher petit,

.....

Rise above, into the Light, where everything can be seen with a calm, eternal smile – there you will be in my constant and tender company.

Signed: Mother

May 24, 1962

> 73 – When Wisdom comes, her first lesson is, "There is no such thing as knowledge; there are only *aperçus* of the Infinite Deity."

Very good.
No need for questions.

> 74 – Practical knowledge is a different thing; that is real and serviceable, but it is never complete. Therefore to systematise and codify it is necessary but fatal.

It is real within its own realm – only within its own realm.

I have looked at this very, very often. There was even a time when I thought that if one could get a total, complete and perfect knowledge of the whole working of physical Nature as we perceive it in the world of Ignorance, then this might be a means to rediscover or reattain the Truth of things. After my last experience [of April 13] I can no longer think this way.

I don't know if I am making myself clear.... I thought for a time, a very long time, that if Science went to its furthest possible limits (if this is conceivable), it would join up with true Knowledge. In the study of the composition of matter, for example – by pressing the investigation further and further on – a point would be reached where the two would meet. But when I had that experience of passing from the eternal Truth-Consciousness to the consciousness of the individualized world,[83] well ... it appeared impossible to me. And if you ask me now, I think that this possibility of Science pushed to its extreme limits joining up with true Knowledge, and this impossibility of any true conscious connection with the material world are both incorrect. There is something else.

And more and more these days, I find myself facing the whole problem as if I had never seen it before.

Both paths may be leading towards a third point, and that third point is what I am at present ... not exactly studying; I am rather in quest of it – the point where the two paths merge into a third that would be the TRUE thing.

But in any case, if it could be absolutely total (there's an "if" here), objective, scientific knowledge pushed to its extreme limits would certainly bring you to the threshold. That's what Sri Aurobindo means. But he also says it's fatal, because all those who went in for that knowledge believed in it as an absolute truth, thus closing the door to the other approach. In this respect it is fatal.

From my own experience, though, I could say to all those who believe EXCLUSIVELY in the spiritual approach, the approach through inner experience, that this – at least if it's exclusive – is equally fatal. For it reveals to them ONE aspect, ONE truth of the Whole – but not THE Whole. The other side seems just as indispensable to me, for when I was so utterly in that supreme Realization, this

other falsified, outer realization was undeniably just a distortion (and probably accidental) of something EQUALLY TRUE.

This "something" is what we are seeking. And perhaps not merely seeking – we may be taking part in the MAKING of it.

We are being made use of in the manifestation of this "something."

Something none can yet imagine, for so far it hasn't come into being. It is an expression yet to come.

That is all I can say.

(silence)

This is exactly the state of consciousness I am living in now. It's as if I were facing the same eternal problem but ... from a NEW POSITION.

These positions – the spiritual and the "materialist" (if you can call it that) positions – which consider themselves exclusive (exclusive and unique, and so each one denies the other's value in the name of Truth) are inadequate, not only because neither one will accept the other, but because even accepting and uniting them both won't solve the problem. Something else is needed, a third position that isn't the result of these two but something still to be discovered, which will probably open the door to total Knowledge.

Well, that's where I stand.

More I can't say – that's as far as I have come.

One might wonder how to participate practically in this....

This discovery?

That.... Ultimately, it's always the same thing. It's always the same: realize your own being, enter into conscious contact with the supreme Truth of your own being, in WHATEVER form, by WHATEVER path (that's totally irrelevant); it's the only way. We each carry a truth within ourselves, and we must unite with that truth; we must live that truth. And the path we have to follow to realize and unite with this truth is the very path that will lead us as near as we can possibly come to Knowledge. I mean the two are absolutely one: the personal realization and Knowledge.

Who knows? Perhaps the very multiplicity of approaches will yield the Secret – the Secret that will open the door.

I don't think any single individual on earth (as it is now) no matter how great he may be, no matter how eternal his consciousness and origin, can all by himself change and realize.... Change the world, change the creation as it is, and realize that higher Truth, the Truth that will be a new world – a truer, if not absolutely true, world. A certain number of individuals (until now they seem to have come in succession, in time, but they might also come as a collectivity, in space) would seem indispensable for this Truth to be concretized and realized.

On a practical level, I am sure of it.

In other words, no matter how great he may be, no matter how conscious, how

powerful, ONE avatar all alone cannot realize the supramental life on earth. Either a group in time, a number of individuals staggered over a certain period of time, or a group spread out over a certain space – or maybe both – is indispensable for this Realization. I am convinced of it.

The individual can give the initial impulse, point out the path, WALK the path himself (I mean show the path by realizing it) ... but he can't bring the work to fulfillment. The fulfillment of the work depends on certain collective laws that are the expression of a particular aspect of the Eternal and Infinite – naturally, it's all one and the same Being! There aren't different individuals and personalities, it's all one and the same Being. But the same Being expressing itself in a particular way that for us translates as a group or a collectivity.

Well, then – any other questions on this?

> *I would like to ask you in what way your vision has changed since the experience of April 13 – what exactly is the difference?*

I repeat.

For a very long time it had seemed to me that a perfect union between the scientific approach pushed to its extreme and the spiritual approach pushed to its extreme, to its utmost realization, a merging of the two would naturally lead to the Truth we seek, the total Truth. But with the two experiences I have had, the experience of the outer life (with universalization, impersonalization – all the yogic experiences you can have in a material body) and the experience of total and perfect union with the Origin ... now that I've had those two experiences and something has happened – something I can't yet describe – I know that knowing and uniting the two approaches is not enough; they open out on a third thing, and that third thing is what is ... *in the making.* The third thing is what can lead to the Realization, to the Truth we seek.

Is it clear this time?

> *I actually had something else in mind....*

Oh! What?

> *In what way has your vision of the PHYSICAL world changed since that experience [of April 13]?*

I can't give you more than an approximation of that awareness.

(silence)

Through yoga I had come to a sort of relationship with the material world based on the notion of the fourth dimension (of the innumerable inner dimensions opened up by yoga) and on the utilization of this attitude and state of consciousness. Using this sense of inner dimensions, and through perfecting the consciousness of the inner dimensions, I used to observe the relation between the material and the spiritual worlds – this was prior to my last experience.

Of course, it's been a long time since there has been any question of three dimensions – all that belongs ABSOLUTELY to the world of illusion and falsehood. But now the whole use of the sense of the fourth dimension – along with all it entails – seems superficial to me! And so much so that I can't recapture it. The other world, the three-dimensional world, is completely unreal; but now that one ... (what can I say?) seems conventional to me. Like a conventional transcription opening a particular type of approach to you.

And as for expressing what the other, the true position is like.... It is so far beyond any intellectual state that I can't manage to put it into words.

I know the words will come, but they will come through a series of lived experiences, experiences I haven't had yet.

(silence)

It dawned on me that that approach, which used to be so useful to me, so convenient, helping me do my yoga and giving me a grip on Matter, is simply a method, a means, a procedure – it is not THAT.

Well, that's the state I am in.

I can't say more.

I would prefer to make some progress before saying anything else.

* * *

A little later:

That's enough, isn't it? It's difficult to digest.

It's important.

I would prefer to make some progress.... Unless the next topic is completely different.

Yes, it's completely different – but you're tired....

Read.

> 76 – Europe prides herself on her practical and scientific organisation and efficiency. I am waiting till her organisation is perfect; then a child shall destroy her.

I won't say anything about that, mon petit. Let's forget it. What can you say! As a matter of fact, it had occurred to me that we might just have to skip over or omit or forget about certain aphorisms,[84] especially the ones on doctors and medicine. (Not that I question the truth in them – not at all! But I question whether it's appropriate to speak of them now.) And this one, too ... it's better not to publish

it.

I don't think all these aphorisms were written for publication – I don't believe he was thinking of publishing them. He said certain things that were quite private.

So let's classify this one as private!

And the next?

> 77 – Genius discovers a system; average talent stereotypes it till it is shattered by fresh genius. It is dangerous for an army to be led by veterans; for on the other side God may place Napoleon.

I don't think we can speak of this one either. No, I don't think so. What we should actually do is make a selection and only talk about aphorisms that give us an opportunity to explain a few things. But these two.... People aren't ready to understand. And besides, they don't fit the style of the *Bulletin.* What we need is a "combat magazine," a journal that combats all the ordinary ideas; then all these aphorisms (the ones on doctors, for instance) would be like ... yes, like commanders in the battle. A journal with the goal of "demolishing the old idols." Something along those lines. It would be very interesting to do such a magazine – a combat magazine.

But it can't be an Ashram organ.... It should look like a literary review (it can't be political – you'd be thrown in jail the day after it came out!). It shouldn't be presented as something practical, but merely as literary or philosophical speculation; that wouldn't matter at all, but it would give the journal a certain security which, as a combat magazine, it would need.

It's something that could very well be planned and prepared for '65 or '67. It could probably be done in '67. And then, for each issue (I don't know how many issues a year there would be) we could take one of these aphorisms (like the one on Europe, for example) and go into it all the way.

It would be very interesting. It's worth looking into.

The *Bulletin* should be calm and peaceful – not violent. We don't want to demolish anyone. We are merely sort of smoothing the way to make it easier for people to travel, nothing else. We needn't bring avalanches down on people!

May 27, 1962

(Concerning the "wave movement" in the experience of April 13.)

... What I say there is quite true. When I don't observe, formulate or explain, the state is absolutely tranquil, peaceful, contented, sufficient unto itself. And out of it, I can see that something will definitely emerge.

But as soon as I try to make it emerge, it all fades away – meaning it isn't ripe yet.

It's a very impersonal sort of state in which that whole habit of reacting to outside things, the things around me, has completely vanished. But nothing has

come to replace it. It is ... an undulation.

That's all.

When will it change into something else? I don't know.

You can't, you just can't try! You can't make an effort, you can't try to find out, because intellectual activity immediately comes in, and that has nothing to do with it.

So I have concluded that it's something one must become, something one must be and live.... But how? In what way? I don't know.

Well....

So – what about your book?

(The subject here is a letter, no longer extant, in which Satprem expresses his desire to go write his new book[85] in the Himalayas, far from present circumstances. These circumstances included poor health, but mainly, lurking behind, was the violent and almost physical inner wound caused by his break with X. The idea was to go away for "a change of air.")

(With an ironic smile) On the meandering path of the world, this trip doesn't look too bad! For you personally, it's an experience that ... yes, that would give you a concrete sense of the vanity of a number of things that still.... You see, throughout all one's lives and all of life's circumstances, there's one thing after another, one thing after another, one thing after another *(zigzag gesture)* ... to remove the scales from your eyes.

(silence)

For Sujata it's not quite so simple. From a strictly external standpoint, I have no doubt that it would be both pleasant and instructive. But Sujata is in a rather special relationship [with me] – in fact, she does the yoga without doing it; I mean she benefits automatically from the yoga that Sri Aurobindo and I do. And this would risk being damaged.

I don't say for certain; I don't know. But there is a risk. Anyway ... as I said, from the external angle, the being would certainly be enriched.

From the collective viewpoint, of course, the work would be greatly inconvenienced: even if we could just manage to finish the *Bulletin* for August, the November *Bulletin* would be in real jeopardy.

And as for the *Agenda,* well ... it would simply stop, that's all, for the whole time you're away. I might also have nothing to say, I don't know. It could be that I won't have anything to say for two or three months, or even longer. I can't say. I don't know what's going to happen to me – I mean happen to this whole collection *(Mother indicates her body),* this collection of bodily experiences and research. I haven't been told anything – I don't try to know and I don't know. So I will probably have nothing to say. On the whole, that's how it looks to me.

There is no definite answer in the consciousness.

Recently – these last few days in particular, because of this business with X – I've been seeing the two persons that are in you. One of them is far more real to you than the other, because it has been given more expression; it is more realized,

more conscious of itself, and it's something you know well. The other being doesn't yet have the power to direct (how shall I put it?) ... to openly and consciously direct your destiny. That's why you might still find yourself wandering in labyrinths.

For the moment I am in a seemingly neutral state – all I can say is, "We'll see." There is no definite "no" and no definite "yes" – there has been no definite approval, but there hasn't been the "no" that says, "It's impossible." So it looks like that eternal "We'll see." How long will it be till we see? I don't know. It may be a few hours, a few days, a few minutes – I don't know.

This trip would not be an opening upwards, a flight towards a higher realization – that, no. Categorically no.

But that's not what I was after!

It is the labyrinthine path through the circumstances of physical life.

That's just as clear as can be.

But the reason behind the idea was my physical condition. I hadn't thought of Sujata at first; I simply saw ... I don't know. I'm tired all the time, it's true. My reserves are all used up. Anything extra exhausts me. And on top of it, there's also a discouraging psychological state.... For one thing, my nights are totally unconscious – the mind turns round and round and I can't sleep. My meditations are always the same.... You know, the feeling of nothing, nothing, nothing. So I think the cause of all this lies in the kind of physical life I lead.[86]

A lack of vitality.

A lack of vitality, too much tension; I don't know – maybe the climate saps me. A certain number of physical things making it.... Anyway, that's what's behind the idea.

What you're asking of Sujata is nothing short of sacrifice. Not outwardly, perhaps, but it would be a sacrifice for her. She would be sacrificing something to you, something very precious.... To help you she would have to sacrifice her own realization. Well, that in itself has a place in the spectrum of realizations.

I understand.

She would inevitably come into contact with other people.

If I do go somewhere, I am determined to have absolutely no contact with anyone. I don't want to be social.

(Mother keeps silent)

I can't say.

But what's behind my totally unconscious nights? Behind the total absence of anything at all in my meditations?

(After a silence) That's something you have to sense for yourself, isn't it?

I know the reason, but....

But really, unless you experience it yourself, it will strike you as a kind of ... fairy tale. And not a very pleasant fairy tale!

If you could just give me a hint....

(After a silence) Among those who have gone beyond the stage of needing successive reincarnations to develop their psychic beings, among those whose souls are conscious, fully developed, there are some who (what shall I say?) ... who are chosen or destined to participate in a certain terrestrial action. And in the process of reincarnation, there is always ... always some degree of confusion and disarray, you see. I can speak of my own case, if you like; despite every precaution, certain kinds of confusion couldn't be avoided ... and of course this complicated the work. It was the same for Sri Aurobindo. And all this confusion sometimes greatly disrupts the work.

But there are a certain number of beings – not many – who have come back on earth ONLY to take part in a particular work, in a particular way. And outer things, personal and individual things, are virtually sacrificed to that. Certain faculties, for instance, whose source is the higher entity, faculties that in an ordinary life would result in a measure of power or fame or success or realization, are placed under conditions where their outer effect is subordinated to the needs of a particular work.

Let me put it to you more clearly: your physical body, for example, should have been either stronger or more supple or endowed with certain very strong vital compensations, so that you wouldn't suffer from your working conditions.... Of course, for someone following a yogic ascent, whose soul is in the process of formation, the external conditions of life are normally what is best for inner development, whatever that may be – even if, on the surface, those conditions aren't good. So the only advice you can give such a person is, "Well, either renounce the spiritual life or else put up with it." But that's not your case. There is a Mission, a work, and a kind of gap between a certain physical formation and that Mission. So if you ask me plainly what I see, I can tell you plainly, instead of saying as I would to certain sadhaks or anyone sincerely wanting to do yoga, "Take it or leave it; you must learn to transform yourself inwardly to the point where you can master the body and its needs." I can't tell you that, because that's not how it is for you. I mean it may be – it may be – that even an inner transformation (a complete conversion of the vital being, for instance) wouldn't necessarily bring an improvement in your health. It is here where.... It's not something I see imperatively. And to go back to ordinary life would be the end of everything – of your physical life and your inner life too.

I have absolutely no desire to do that!

That's quite obvious – you've had the experience.

But it may not be unimportant to take a few precautions and make use of certain external aids. That's why I can't say, "Don't mind your body – just keep going and everything will be all right." No. Spending two or three months in the mountains, for example, might help you. It might. But I don't see anything, mind you; I don't know.

And this blockage in my meditations – is it also due to this special "work"?... I have a sort of feeling that I've already had those yogic realizations, you see ...

Yes, of course!

... and that it's all closed to me now. I feel there's a knowledge I've already had, a vision I've already had ...

Certainly.

... and that it's all.... Well, I feel I'm in exile – you see what I mean?

There is a LINK missing.

So when I wake up every morning with a black hole where my night was, I wake up discouraged. "What's the matter with me!" I wonder.

Yes.

That's where the physical side....

It is in the vital, mon petit. Something happened while you were being formed – your vital isn't strong enough.

You know, I am absolutely convinced that when I have found what I seek [the third position] everything will change for you instantly, like this *(gesture of turning upside-down):* snap! You won't have to make the slightest effort – it will be done just like that, in a flash. But meanwhile.... Meanwhile I want you to be healthy. If going to the mountains for a few months does you a lot of good.... Notice I say "if" – I am not sure of it.

I am sure that the only thing that would really do you good is precisely what you call the "unblocking" – your problems would be over.

Oh, yes! I'm convinced of it too.

You would be perfectly happy, and healthy besides.

But it's because of this blockage that the body wonders, "What's the matter with me?"

Maybe not. Maybe it's something in the body itself. That "maybe" is what

makes me hesitate.

> *About the book, for instance – I don't know if it's tamas [inertia], but I constantly feel like sitting and doing nothing! Or doing a minimum of work just to keep me in touch – a bit of work for you, that's all, and then the rest of the time....*

Yes, that wouldn't be so bad! That's something I understand quite well!

> *Externally, with this book I'm supposed to write, I would say I have no desire to do so.... Nonetheless, I've come to the point where I no longer pay attention to my "desires" or "non-desires"; but anyway, I can't say I'm enthusiastic about it.*

No, it's not interesting for you. And that I can understand!

All the same ... all the same, a kind of constant communication has been established [between you and me], and because of that, without even knowing it, you are in rapport with the experiences. And well ... my experiences clearly don't impel one to action – not for the moment.

No, it's not that. No, the one thing I don't like is your physical exhaustion.

> *I tire quickly, I have no reserves, when there's just a little thing I am immediately.... And then other people – contact with other people exhausts me. Going to X's place was torture for me.*

All right.

I will "look," if you like.

I have told you what I saw right away.

I am going to look, and meanwhile we should finish as much of the August *Bulletin* as we can.

> *What I actually wanted to put before you is this lack of desire to write the book.*

It doesn't matter, mon petit!

The one thing I really don't want....

Anyway, give me a few days and let's see if I get an indication.

> *I'm taking up a lot of your time....*

No, nothing's binding on me – I have no more duties!

> *But it's true what you said – I'm quite aware of it. There won't be any more problems once that thing is unblocked.*

That's right!

> *I feel sort of impatient because there is no bridge between something that I feel I KNOW and the physical life.... So I'm going round in*

circles. It's always the same.

A link is missing. There *(gesture above)* one knows, here *(gesture into Matter)* one doesn't know, and there's always the feeling that a change of place or a change of physical conditions is going to establish the contact.... It happens – true, it does happen: suddenly, flash! But it happens under *ANY* circumstances. It doesn't depend on outer changes. I know very well that nothing in either the climate or the living conditions here is absolutely intolerable – it's only our ideas about it, our mental reactions (mental and vital). But if there were just that joy, the joy of total opening, all the rest would be all right.

Yet it may also be that up there in the mountains, all alone with the mountains, it would suddenly come. It is possible – everything is possible. There is nothing that doesn't hold a possibility of truth.

Anyway, give me at least until Tuesday to look – I will tell you what I see.

Au revoir, mon petit.

May 29, 1962

... But isn't this second book on Sri Aurobindo something imposed by circumstances? Is it really something that must be done, that already exists and has been decreed?

Personally, I do see one. I see a Sri Aurobindo....

(silence)

Almost no philosophy, nothing intellectual – almost a story. His work presented in an entirely practical and matter-of-fact way, like the talks I used to give to the children here. When I said to the children, "This, you know, is why you are here," I told them in a way they could understand, didn't I? Well the book should be like that. If I were to write (I will never write a book on Sri Aurobindo! Never, never, never – I know it), but were I ever to write a book on Sri Aurobindo, that's the book I would write, something like a fairy tale.... "Just imagine.... You see life, you see how it is, you are used to this sort of existence; and it's dreary and it's sad (some people find it entertaining – because it doesn't take much to entertain them!).... Well, behind it all there is a fairy tale. Something in the making, something that's going to be beautiful, beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful. And we shall take part in it.... You have no idea, you think you will forget everything when you die, leave it all behind you – but it's not true! And all who feel the call to a beautiful, luminous, joyous, progressive life, well ... they will all take part in it, in one way or another. You don't know now, but you will after a while.... There you are."

A fairy tale.

But do you feel inclined to tell a fairy tale?... It needn't be very long.

And with pictures, mon petit! Pictures of all the outer activities, like a movie.... A lovely magazine full of pictures. This seems to me the only thing that could really be said, because that's all that can be seen. So you show all this, saying: "Yes ... but someone is trying to do something with all this. Look behind it, look at the lovely image, the lovely story behind.... And he was trying to draw that story down to earth, and it is sure to come.

"And if you like, you too can help make that story come down to earth."

Done like that, mon petit, the book could be delightful!

Your first book is prophetic and most beautiful, but I must say it's something beyond most people's reach – it's really a book for us, to put us into contact with all who are interested in yoga, in the spiritual life: an elite. It is a book for an elite, not for the general public.

What I see is almost a children's book, for a whole generation aged ten to eighteen, thousands of children.... With lovely pictures.

(silence)

No, only one thing worries me, one thing alone: your physical health. But to tell the truth (the true truth of what I KNOW), I don't think there's any climate a body can't adapt to.

But I don't think so either!

Human beings aren't that limited, after all! It is rather ... yes, it's a matter of atavism, of education, of all sorts of things; and above all, I think the main reason is that you have no desire to – it's no fun for you!

(Satprem laughs in complete agreement)

I was brought up by an ascetic, a stoic; my mother was a woman like an iron bar, you know. When my brother and I were small she spent her time telling us over and over that we weren't on earth to have fun; that it's constant hell, but you have to put up with it, and the only possible satisfaction lies in doing your duty!

A splendid education, mon petit!

Splendid. I am infinitely grateful to her. My body has never asked for fun or well-being or anything else. "That's life," it said, "and you just have to take it as it is." And that's why when I first met someone who told me it could be otherwise (I was already past twenty), I said, "Oh, really? Is that so?" *(Mother laughs)* And then when he told me all about Théon's teachings and *The Cosmic Life* and about the inner God and a new world that would be a world of beauty and (at least) of peace and light ... well, I rushed into it headlong.

But even then I was told: "It depends on YOU alone, not on circumstances – above all, don't blame circumstances; you must find it in yourself, the transformative element is within you. And you can do it wherever you are, even in a cell at the bottom of a hole." The groundwork was already done, you see, since

the body never asked for anything.

Well, I think that's the best education. To the children here we give the exact opposite! But that's how it is: it's a principle – it's not practical.

Not practical?

(Mother laughs) I don't think it's at all practical to teach them that life is for developing yourself, expressing yourself, being happy – they're unbearable as it *is! (Mother laughs.)*

We have some real little devils in the making here. Interesting, true enough – oh, the vital is definitely not suppressed! But really....

There's a little American boy here (I don't know if his mother is completely helpless or just idolizes him, but anyway she lets him run wild – she's always defending him, she won't allow anyone to scold or punish him), and this child won't take any classes or accept any teacher, but just runs around the school from one classroom to another – making noise, hitting people, calling the teacher names – like a whirlwind; and then off he goes! And one day he went into the Playground; he's such a maniac that he's not allowed there, but he sneaked in, and there were some girls and women doing exercises on the ground – he started running around on their stomachs! *(Laughter)* It was a scandal.

Oh, what a circus! But that's the atmosphere.

Anyway, we're getting sidetracked....

I know the solution for you would be to have some experiences.

I feel there's been a change since X left.

Ah!

I don't know, I can't define it very clearly.... Instead of trying to push down walls, I feel I may be remaining more passive. It's that kind of movement now, a movement of surrender rather than concentration.

Yes, exactly! That's where I find fault with the Tantric system – they have no belief in the possibility of something helping you from above. They believe in walking the tightrope. It's no good.

Yes, I sensed ... it's very subtle, but I sensed a change for the better.

For my taste (do I still have tastes?... I certainly have no preferences, but some things do come more spontaneously than others) ... my spontaneous movement, you know, would be this *(all-embracing gesture, open to all horizons)* – and then just let go. If I could plunge you into certain vibrations, you wouldn't need the mountains.

I know what it's like in the mountains – the body feels fine for a while, but.... Z, you know, had the same feeling (she comes from the mountains); she felt that without mountain air she would always be sick. I knew, that wasn't it, that it was certain inner difficulties, but I let her go to the mountains. Her body was

exuberant! But she came back sicker than when she left. And yet her body was exuberant. It's very superficial....

> *No, I don't really feel any need for the mountains. The idea came to me because of this book.*

Frankly, I don't believe that's the problem, mon petit. Because I see this book, I feel it. And since I feel it so vividly, don't you think it would be easier to write it here than up there?

No, it's solely a question of health. If I could.... Listen, I also had a longing to go to the Himalayas, I had a great longing for it when I was in France. When I came here the first time it was fine, I was very happy, everything was beautiful, everything was perfect, but ... oh, to go to the Himalayas for a while! (I have always loved mountains.) I was living over there in the Dupleix house, and I used to meditate while walking back and forth. There was a small courtyard with a dividing wall, and shards of glass were stuck on top of the wall to keep out thieves. And I was meditating – meditating on the spiritual life – when suddenly something caught my eye: a ray of sunlight on a sharp piece of blue glass on top of the wall. And positively, spontaneously, without thinking or reflecting or anything ... I saw the summits of the Himalayas: I was on the summits of the Himalayas.

It lasted more than half an hour. It was a marvelous mountain scene, with mountain air and the lightness of the mountains – it was all there. The splendor of sunlight on the Himalayan peaks.

After that half hour I hadn't the slightest wish to go!

I'd had the FULL spiritual experience of the Himalayas.

It was a grace given to me – a gift.

If I could give you such a gift.... I am trying, but so far I can't do it – I don't know why. I have done many things for many people, as you well know. So why not this? ... Haven't yet found the way.

But when you have the experience, you know, it's complete – complete, total, physical, concrete.

(silence)

I was given a similar experience with the sea.... In the house where I distribute "prosperity"[87] there's a veranda with a little nook, and set in the nook is a window (not a window, actually – an opening), and through the opening you can glimpse a patch of sea, no bigger than this *(gesture)*. And at that time too the body was feeling closed in, a little weary and confined. I used to give meditations to about twenty people on the veranda (afterwards I would always tell Sri Aurobindo what had gone on). And one day, as I am walking across the veranda to give the meditation, I turn my eye and ... I see the sea. And suddenly it was all oceanic immensity – and with a sense of free sailing, from one place to another.... The sea breeze, the taste of the sea, and the sense of immensity, vastness, freedom ... something limitless. It lasted a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes. My body came

out of it refreshed, as if I had gone for a long sail.

I want to emphasize that the effect is PHYSICAL: the experience is concrete and has a physical effect. That's what I would like to give

you.

I am quite willing to do it, but....

> *Anyway, let's forget about this trip. When the book starts to come to me, well, I'll just get into it and that will be that.*

Yes. But there's no hurry, is there?

There's no hurry. I would like it to come to you spontaneously, and almost be a pastime – just imagine yourself talking to children and telling them the most beautiful story in the world.

And it's true! It is the most beautiful fairy tale in the world. There's none more beautiful.

I am going to tell you the most beautiful story in the world....

> *Ill do my best. Ill try.*

* * *

(Mother then asks Satprem various questions about his japa, and, after a very long silence during which she seems to be elsewhere or "looking" into the distance, continues:)

It is very interesting, mon petit.... As you were telling me about it, I automatically went into that state. And there was a kind of – how shall I put it? I don't know what to call it.... It is a movement akin to will, but it has nothing to do with thought, it's a feeling: I wanted to take you into the experience. And it was shown to me – literally shown – that your whole relationship with the inner and outer worlds is situated here *(gesture above the head);* that's why it is so well expressed through intellectual activity. But here *(gesture to the solar plexus)* there's not much. And I was seeing this, you know, I was touching it. It only comes indirectly, as a consequence. And then down here *(gesture lower down):* NOTHING. It remains just the way it was formed when you came down to earth!

And here *(umbilical region)* I was shown that a sort of widening of the being is needed, a widening of the vibrations – a peace, a calm within the immensity. HERE – the *prana,* that is – is where there should be a widening into peace, peace, peace and calm. But within the immensity.

And that's what will loosen you up.

Here *(gesture to the head and above)* the work is done and will not be undone; there is no danger, the link is quite well established. All you have to do is this *(Mother takes a breath)* and there it is.

To open here *(gesture to the heart),* the method is ... a bit too classical, in that you would inevitably fall back into classical learning, all the classical methods and

means – it will happen by itself, quite naturally.

And here *(umbilical region):* something like *a quiet ease* (there's no equivalent in French). *A quiet ease.* It has been all cramped up, and now it must widen. The inner life of the prana must be widened (the inner vital, the true vital, the being that has the experiences I told you about – the piece of glass, the glimpse of the sea); that's what must widen. And vast, vast.... It is all cramped up and it suffers. It has to be relaxed inwardly, by bringing in the Force, the Force of that new experience [April 13]: apply it there. And you ... simply let yourself go; if you could catch hold of the wave movement, that would be perfect.

Like this: relax, relax, relax.... You're floating on an infinite undulating movement – floating, floating, floating. Shall we try?

But don't get into a meditation posture! And don't tense up; just let yourself go, as if you simply wanted to rest – but not in an empty hole. To rest in a mass of infinite force ... a supple solidity.

(meditation)

A most luminous atmosphere....

May 31, 1962

So, how was your night? The same?

Not so great.

The same.

I had a symbolic dream (quite symbolic!) – that's all I could recall this morning.... I was wearing a very cumbersome sort of garment, full of big thorns ...

Oh, horrible!

... so I couldn't find a comfortable position.

That's how you woke up....

There's a strange thing that happens to me all the time, at least fifty times a day (and it's particularly clear at night). In its most external form it's like moving from one room to another, or from one house to another, and you go through the door or the wall almost without noticing it, automatically.... Being in one room is reflected outwardly by quite a comfortable condition, a state where there's no pain at all, no pain anywhere, and a great peace – a joyous peace, a state of perfect calm ... an ideal condition, at any rate, which sometimes lasts a long, long time. It's mainly at night, actually; during the day people interrupt me with all sorts of things, but for a certain number of hours at night this state is practically constant. And then

suddenly, with no perceptible or apparent reason (I haven't yet discovered the why or the wherefore of it), you seem to ... FALL into the other room, or into the other house, as though you had made a false step – and then you have a pain here, an ache there, you're uncomfortable.

Obviously it's the continuation of the same experience I told you about,[88] but now it has come to this. I mean the two states are now distinct – noticeably distinct; but so far I haven't found either the why or the wherefore.... Is it something coming from outside or just an old rut: yes, it really feels like an old rut, like a wrinkle in a piece of cloth; you know, you iron it out again and again, and the wrinkle comes back. That's more the feeling it gives me – not at all a conscious habit, just an old rut. But might something from outside also be provoking it...?

And the dreams it gives me! Oh, there's a whole series of them, with particular styles and categories.... You start down a flight of stairs – no more stairs; you want to take a certain road – the road closes; you want to catch someone – you can't. All kinds of things. And although these dreams (I have a whole collection of them, in fact) recur with certain minor outward differences, they are all of the same type. It's a well-known type which I now classify as *self-imposed troubles.* When I get out of it and look, I see very clearly that it's only this nasty habit we have of fretting over nothing! *(Laughingly)* Oh, whatever we want to do, immediately there's a complication, a difficulty....

Yes, these dreams arise from the subconscient; they are primarily subconscious habits.... But the pain, the thorns in the garment – it's so clear! *(Mother laughs)* And no way to get comfortable!

In the past, a dream like that would nag me for hours, I would worry, wondering what calamities were going to befall me (this was long, long ago – ages ago). But that was idiotic, as I later understood; it's a certain something in the subconscient, a symbolic form of ... well, of certain bad psychological habits we have, that's all. And I used to torment myself: "How can I get rid of this?" (We're all loaded with a multitude of such weaknesses built into the body.) And then through experience I understood – I saw it was merely certain bad habits.

The only thing to do is not torment yourself and to say to the Lord (in all sincerity, of course), "It's up to You. Rid me of this." And it is very effective. Very effective. At times I have had old things like that dissolved in a flash; certain inveterate little habits – so stupid, but so ingrained you can't get rid of them. Then, while doing japa or walking or meditating or whatever, suddenly the flame flares up and ... (you have really had enough of it; it disgusts you, you want it to change, you really want the change) and you say to the Lord, "I can't do it on my own." (You very sincerely know you can't do it; you have tried and tried and tried and have achieved exactly nothing – you can't do it.) "Well then, I offer it to You – You do it." Just like that. And all at once you see the thing fading away. It is simply wonderful. You know how Sri Aurobindo used to take away someone's pain? It's exactly the same. Certain habits bound up with the body's formation.

One day I will certainly use the same method on those "room changes," but for

that it will have to become very clear and distinct, well defined in the consciousness. Because that change of room (intellectually you would call it a "change of consciousness," but that means nothing at all; we're dealing here with something very, very material) ... I have sometimes gone through it without experiencing ANY CHANGE OF EFFECT, which probably means I was centered not in the material consciousness but in a higher consciousness dwelling and looking on from *elsewhere* – a witness consciousness – and I was in a state where everything flows ... flows like a river of tranquil peace.... Truly, it's marvelous – all creation, all life, all movements, all things, and everything like a single mass, with the body in the midst of it all, blending homogeneously with the whole... and it all flows on like a river of peace, peaceful and smiling, on to infinity. And then oops! You trip *(gesture of inversion*[89]*)* and once again find yourself SITUATED – you ARE somewhere, at some specific moment of time; and then there's a pain here, a pain there, a pain.... And sometimes I have seen, I have witnessed the change from the one to the other WITHOUT feeling the pains or experiencing the thing concretely, which means that I wasn't at all in the body, I wasn't BOUND to the body – I was seeing, only seeing, just like a witness. And it's always accompanied by the kind of observation an indulgent (but not blind) friend might make: "But why? Why that again?" That's how it comes. "What's the use of that?" And I can't catch hold of what makes it happen....

It will come.

It is very interesting because it's very new.

What's happening? What's happening, what's going on?!

(silence)

Several times (because I am almost never alone in my room, though there may be many other reasons), I have noticed a slight change, a small movement in the consciousness of the person or persons in the room. But I always hesitate to throw the responsibility onto something external, because that takes three-quarters of the possibility of control away from you.

If only the mechanism could be found! ...

It is plainly something hooked up with other people and reacting to them. But this hook-up is something I cannot undo – it's the product of years of work, years of universalization, and I am not going to spend my time undoing it now! I don't want to. I don't want to find anything for myself alone; I have no personal interest whatsoever. I haven't stayed on for that. I have to find the mechanism. Moreover, I have been doing just the opposite: every time I am in that state I spread it around, I pass it on. But that may be why these old habits come in....

* * *

(The talk turns again to the book "like a fairy tale" on Sri Aurobindo:)

Did our meditation have any effect?

Did you feel anything?

(negative gesture)

Nothing.
All right.
We will try.

Oh, for a long time after you left the other day, for more than an hour, I kept on telling that story. I saw myself standing in the midst of a big crowd of children. Something was coming down to me (not that I was pulling at it or thinking about it – I wasn't thinking about it at all); I was just standing there telling the story, talking on and on and on, and it kept on coming – it was delightful!

I passed it on to you but *(laughing)* I am not sure you received it. Something done with a very light touch, with no importance attached to it, but coming from a new world – oh, nowadays I constantly make a distinction between (what shall I say?) ... the straight-line, right-angle life and the undulating life. One life I might describe like this *(Mother makes chopping gestures, showing crisscrossing lines):* everything is sharp-edged, hard, angular, and you're constantly bumping into things; and then there's an undulating life, very sweet, with a great charm – VERY charming – but not ... not too stable. Strange, it's a completely different kind of life. Well, my story belonged to that world.... There was nothing here *(Mother touches her forehead),* and not even anything here *(above the head);* it was something like ... like waves. And it was very joyous, very joyous and carefree.

(silence)

Would you like us to be quiet a little while? If you feel like it. Or if you want to tell me something, go ahead.

No.

If you want to ask a question, just ask. If you want to be silent, we can be silent. Whatever you like – till eleven o'clock I am at your disposal!

Nothing? You have nothing to tell me? There's nothing you would like to say?

Well – everything is a bit confused.... I feel that everything is being cut away from me, on all sides; the feeling of being pushed onto a path where I'll end up regarding the world as an illusion.

That's your thorny garment again!

On my part, well.... What I saw for you, what I've been seeing since the day before yesterday, is just the opposite: it is something being loosened up. Only I plainly see that ... there's also a worthless road that must not be followed; and both roads are very close together. Why so close! It's like those two rooms: why are they so near each other? If only there were some distance! But no, it's all intertwined.

And it's the same thing: what's needed is the path of vastness, widening,

relaxation, ease, of BLOSSOMING in the vital – not so much a censorial vital as ... as gentleness, a certain sweetness. The vital blossoming into beauty: sweetness and beauty. I don't want to speak of "sentiments" because ... oh, that lands us right in a quagmire! No, but ... a sweetness and charm and beauty – but not there *(in the head):* here. And then rest – not a stiff and stony and stagnant rest, a rest within the undulation.... You let yourself float.[90]

(silence)

The art of letting oneself be carried by the Supreme, within Infinity.

(silence)

But it is within the Infinity of the Becoming. And with none of the harshness, none of the shocks that are ordinarily experienced in life.

The art of letting oneself be carried by the Supreme *(Mother clasps her hands together)* within the Infinite Becoming.

(long silence)

Whatever comes from here *(Mother touches her forehead, her face)* ... from here onwards it's all harsh, dry, crumpled up – it's violent, it's aggressive. Even goodwill is aggressive, even affection, tenderness, attachment – all of that, it's all terribly aggressive. Like the blows of a stick.

All mental life is harsh, actually.

(silence)

That's it, that's what we must catch hold of – a sort of cadence, a wave movement, and it has such vastness, such power! It's tremendous, really. And it doesn't disrupt anything. It doesn't displace anything, it doesn't clash with anything.[91] And it carries the universe in its undulatory movement – so smoothly!

(silence)

I don't know if it's the same for others (it probably isn't), but for me it is incontestably the one truly effective thing: this sense of not existing, and that the only thing existing – I mean, what one customarily calls oneself – is something that grates and resists.

But with a very simple movement, you can easily eliminate that from the consciousness; this movement can be formulated in an almost childlike way: "You alone, Lord, You alone can act.... You alone, Lord, You alone can act." And then that easing off (it's relaxation, actually): you just let yourself melt, let yourself melt. This *(the head)* keeps still, it doesn't stir; you are wholly in the sensation, you let yourself melt. And ... with a sense of boundlessness.

And no more distinctions.

No more distinctions. And also, even physically, something with no beginning; there is no sense of "from this moment on, from that point on" – that no

longer exists. It's like ... like relaxing into an indefinite past.

I am speaking now of a BODILY sensation.

That, in any event, is how what's speaking to you here manages to get to ... the true room.

It seems to take time, the way I am telling it now, but actually ... a minute or two of silence and it's done.

(silence)

The body has been cradled by three Words....

Words that repeat themselves automatically, with no effort of will (but the body itself is quite aware that although these three particular Words happen to have been given to it, it might also have been something else – it was originally the choice of a higher Intelligence). This has become an automatic accompaniment. It is not so much the words in themselves as what they will represent and bring with them in their vibration.... I mean it would be quite inaccurate to say, "Only these Words are helpful," no, not that. But they provide an accompaniment, an accompaniment of subtle, physical vibrations, which has built up a certain state or experience, a sort of association between the presence of those words and this movement of eternal Life, that undulating vibration.

Obviously, another center of consciousness, another (how shall I put it?) ... another concretization, another amalgam, might – would of course – have another vibration.

In ordinary language, the vibration of the mantra is what helps the body to enter a certain state – but it is not particularly THIS mantra: it is the particular relationship established between a mantra (it has to be a true one, a mantra endowed with power) and the body. It surges up spontaneously: as soon as the body starts walking, it walks to the rhythm of those Words. And the rhythm of the Words quite naturally brings about a certain vibration, which in turn brings about the state.

But to say it's these particular Words exclusively would be ridiculous. What counts is the sincerity of the aspiration, the exactness of the expression and the power; that is, the power that comes from the mantra being accepted. This is something very interesting: the mantra has been ACCEPTED by the supreme Power as an effective tool, and so it automatically contains a certain force and power.[92] But it is a purely personal phenomenon (the expression is the same, but the vibrations are personal). A mantra leading one person straight to divine realization will leave another person cold and flat.

What is your experience when you say your mantra? You once told me you felt good saying it....

I generally find it restful.

Yes, that's it; that's very good.

But I don't know what it represents.

It represents what you put into it – your aspiration, mon petit. No, to me it can represent only ONE thing.... I call it "the Supreme," because you have to call it something, but that Something is the farthest limit of our aspiration, our aspiration in every sense, in all directions, on all occasions. Something that is the supreme summit of our aspiration, WHATEVER that aspiration may be, in whatever direction, in whatever realm – beyond, really beyond, Something beyond any form of activity.

For me, the most concrete approach to this is through the vibration of pure Love; not love for something, a love you give or receive, but Love in itself: Love. It is something self-existent. And it is certainly the most concrete approach for me. (But it isn't exclusive – it contains everything else within itself; it doesn't exclude all the other approaches, all the other contacts.)

You see, throughout my childhood and youth and the whole beginning of my yoga, there was a sort of refusal in my being to use the word "God," because of all the falsehood behind that word (Sri Aurobindo rid me of that; in the same way he got rid of all limitations, he rid me of that one too). But it's not a word that comes to me spontaneously.

But Love.... At the moment of contact, when it goes like this *(gesture)* – at that moment something surges up....

But the words don't matter, they're unimportant.

And yet I have noticed that to associate a certain state and a certain aspiration with a certain sound helps the body. No one told me the mantra; I had begun doing japa before we met X (it had come to me when I was trying to find a means of getting the body to take part in the experience – the body itself, you know: THIS). And this help was certainly given to me, because the method imposed itself very, very imperiously – when I heard certain Words it was like an electric shock. And then, disregarding all Sanskrit rules, I made myself a sentence; it isn't really a Sanskrit sentence, or any kind of sentence at all – a phrase made up of three Words. And these three Words are full of meaning for me. (I wouldn't mention it to a Sanskritist!) They have a full, living meaning. And they have been repeated literally millions and millions of times, I am not exaggerating – they surge up from the body spontaneously.

It was the first sound that came from the body when I had that last experience [April 13]. Along with the first pain, came that first sound – so it must be quite well rooted.[93] And it brings in exactly that vibration of eternal Life: the first thing I felt, all of a sudden, was a kind of strong calm, confident and smiling.

Oh, I am sure it is very good, very helpful.

Voilà, mon petit. Nowadays I have nothing to say – I chatter away quite uselessly. But ... I like to see you. And I think it's worthwhile.

Good.

I have asked that you be given good things to eat, but I don't know if it's being done. I want you to enjoy eating. If nobody else does it, I'll start doing it again myself....

June

June 2, 1962

(Mother refers to the previous conversation, in which she was looking for the reasons behind the passage from one room to another, from the room of pain to the true room: "I can't catch hold of what makes it happen. What's happening? What's going on?! ")

I had an experience yesterday afternoon that might put us on the track.

It was a very interesting experience – especially interesting for some people because I became aware of certain reincarnations. I was in a state that might be called a "state of knowledge," where I knew things with certainty, without any doubt.

But what's striking – it's connected to what I was telling you the other day – is that I was going to see some people who were on the other side of a river. Ordinarily the river water wasn't clean and you needed a boat or something to cross; but yesterday I was in a special state – I just sat down on the water and said, "I am going there." And then, quite naturally, a current of pure, crystal clear water simply took me where I wanted to go. It was a very pleasant sensation – I was sitting on the water, all smiles, and ... prrt! I was taken to the other side. "Oh, very good!" I thought. "Will it continue?..." And so once again I said, "I am going there" (that is, back to this side) and ... prrt! Back I came.

Then someone came.... There are symbolic people in these "dreams"; they seem to be made up of various parts of the beings of those around me, people who have a particular relationship with me and bring a particular help to the Work. They are symbolic characters and always the same: one of them is tall and thin, some are small, there are young ones, old ones.... I can't say it's this person or that person, but rather that something IN this or that person is represented in these characters. And one of them is like a "big brother" – he helps out in certain circumstances; if there's a boat, for instance, the big brother steers it. So he came up to me and said, "Yes, I know the method," and began to try. "Stop, for heaven's sake!" I said. "You'll spoil everything; to make it work I have to say: I WANT TO GO THERE. When he began trying to bring me across with his own methods, the water grew muddy again and I started to sink!" No no no!" I protested. "Don't do that, that's not it at all! THAT has to ..." (although I wasn't formulating it to myself, what I meant was the sense of a certain higher Will) "THAT has to say: I WANT TO GO THERE; then it works."

After that, the experience changed, other things happened. But what I have just related is certainly part and parcel of that experience the other day [the two rooms, one inside the other], because the two were coexistent.[94]

And the water was so real! The experience was so real that I could feel the coolness of the water; I had the pleasant sensation of sitting on something very soft and cool and swift, carrying me along.

It must be part of the same series of experiences.

And I know I was in a state of knowledge, because I suddenly knew who

certain people here – people I have known for a very, very long time – were the reincarnations of (I had never tried to find that out, it just came). I was almost calling them by their former names.... Yes, a special state, a state of knowledge – but not spiritual knowledge: a knowledge related to the material world. In such visions, water always represents the vital. When everything is harmonious with the water, it means the vital is harmonious.

It was delightful (it happened around 1:30 in the afternoon): sitting on the water the way you would sit on a chair! And the water was so clear, crystal clear, transparent, rippled with tiny waves; the depths were dark blue, but the surface was perfectly clear, transparent, almost colorless. Then when the "big brother" came, boasting that he knew how to do it too, and would take me across, the water began to get muddy, as river water always is – a dirty grayish yellow.

It must be the continuation of that experience the other day. I was beginning to find the key.

What does this "big brother" represent?

Material knowledge, I think – I mean the higher use of the physical mind, which keeps you from entering the true room.[95] Because I simply kept repeating, "I have to say: I WANT TO GO THERE ..." (in other words, it was a crystal clear, imperative will coming from the highest level) ... "I have to say: I WANT TO GO – not that, not your methods!" *(Mother laughs.)*

* * *

(A little later, regarding Mother's exclamation: "If only the mechanism could be found!")

It's neither "trick" nor *twist,* but something in between.

There are boxes that can only be opened in a certain way, and if you don't know the way.... Some cupboards are like that, too. It's not obvious. It really is a trick, but even more than a trick, a kind of very subtle little mechanism. Like being just on the verge of attaining something, and suddenly – ah! You know you've got it!

* * *

(Mother then refers to a passage from the previous conversation in which she said: "I don't want to find anything for myself alone ... every time I am in that state I spread it around.")

Immediately, as soon as I am in that state, there's an instantaneous will to spread it around as much as possible, so that all who are close to me in some way, materially or spiritually, may benefit from it. That's my very first movement. And it's probably also how I catch the contagion of the wrong room!

Very probably. But after all, it's necessary.

But are we the least bit receptive to your work?

I have seen instances of people having quite unexpected experiences, experiences out of all proportion to their normal state of consciousness, and very clearly resulting from that movement. It wouldn't be kind to name them, because ... really, you would never expect them to have such experiences! And it certainly comes from that.

Yes, it has effects – far and near. The people nearest to me don't seem to be the most receptive; but with them the action is much more complex and SOLID – I mean instead of a sudden experience that's almost, as I said, out of proportion to their normal condition, something is being progressively BUILT.... I constantly find myself in the midst of constructions, immense constructions in the making. It was like that last night; I had to flounder about in something like cement, a kind of batter. And then I meet all sorts of people who are also more or less symbolic, but who sometimes have the features of a specific person. It's a whole WORLD of circumstances, symbolic down to the most minute details. I remember everything, but I would have to describe a whole world ... and an apparently uninteresting world, at that (outwardly uninteresting, I mean); but it gives me the key, from every point of view, to the present state of things, to the world now in the making.

Last night I spent almost all my time in such a building. And all the people who help the work were symbolized there – but it's always a material help, either work or money or.... I remember being particularly struck by one character last night. (Again, there were a lot of aggravations, but someone or something was always on the scene when I arrived and it all sorted itself out – it was the exact opposite of the dreams I was talking about the other day: all the difficulties sorted themselves out when I arrived.) Then I came to a rather difficult place to cross (you had to flounder about on slippery scaffoldings) and suddenly, facing me, there was a man (of course, it was probably a symbol rather than a man, but it might really be someone physical). He was one of the workers, a master mason (when I woke up this morning, I thought of the symbolism of Freemasonry and wondered if it might give a clue to the experience). Nearby, people were coming to supervise, observe, direct, people who thought themselves highly superior ... but they were never any help in solving practical problems! They were creating more problems than they were helping to solve. Anyway, this master mason appeared to be around fifty, with a beautiful face – a worker's face, beautiful and concentrated. There was a difficult place to cross, and he had worked the thing out very efficiently, with a lot of care. Then, when it was all done and I was able to go on my way, I felt a great surge of love go out to him, with neither gesture nor word – and he received it, he felt and received it. His face lit up and he implored me, with wonderful humility, "Never let me forget this moment, the most beautiful moment of my life." (I don't know what language he used because it didn't come to me in words.) It was such an intense experience. His humility, his receptivity, his response were all so beautiful and pure that when I woke up – when I came out of the experience, at any rate – I was left with a most delightful impression.

What he represents might be partly manifested by somebody here. A beautiful face ... a man around fifty. Or it may be symbolic: such characters are sometimes put together with features from several people, to make it very clear that they represent a state of consciousness and not an individual. It's far more often a state of consciousness than an individual.

But this experience left me with a true sense of satisfaction, of fullness: his work had been perfect and his response to the divine Force, to the Grace that came to him, was magnificent.... It may be several people,[96] it may be one particular person – I don't know. It happened just last night.

You remember all the difficulties I encountered in those other visions at night. Well, this was very interesting because it was just the opposite: I was in a very complicated place full of obstacles and difficulties, but someone or something was always there when I arrived – everything would get sorted out and I would go on my way. It all sorted itself out automatically ... the feeling of a power putting everything in order. And I remember when the mason arrived, just as I was facing that rather big obstacle, there was someone on my right (someone very "official," wearing a dark coat) who thought (the contact was through thought rather than words), "Oh! She's always calling on the workers for help instead of...." And I answered, "The workers are more efficient and their goodwill ..." (all that business of "caste," you know, or of "society" or "social position"). "The workers have simple hearts," I said, "they are efficient in their work and have more goodwill than the people who think they're so smart! " It was funny. So this made two interesting experiences yesterday, one after the other.

The afternoon experience was very intriguing; I was busy working (organizing things for one of the departments, I no longer remember which) and then I said to the person I was with, "Now I am going to my cousins' place! ..." When I was very young I had a cousin, the eldest son of one of my father's brothers (he had a large family, such as you seldom see in France). This cousin became some kind of engineer – a civil engineer, maybe, or a mechanical engineer (he was an outstanding chemist). Anyway, this boy was very attracted to me. He went off to the war as an officer and caught some disease (I forget what) and died around 1915, at the time I returned to France. Well, in my experience yesterday afternoon, a certain family living HERE gave me exactly the same sensation I had had towards those people when I was young. And especially for this cousin (for the rest of the family it was more vague, like a *background* to the experience). "I am going to their place," I said. They have a lovely estate here, just as they had a lovely estate in France before (they had Madame de Sevigne's chateau at Sucy, near Paris – a beautiful property). And it was all so concrete! It wasn't coming through the head; it wasn't a thought but a sensation. "I have to go see him now," I said. And even as I was having my vision I was telling myself, "You must be going crazy! Can they really be here in Pondicherry?" This uncle with whom I had only rather distant relations and this cousin I never saw much of, but whom I knew to be very nice and very loyal – "Are they really here?!" The sensation was most strange (the head wasn't functioning at all; it was a SENSATION). So off I went to

see this "cousin," and it was on the way to see him that I had the experience of crossing the river. And on the way back, after the discussion with the "spiritual brother" (whom I really told off: "Get out of here! I don't need you! "), after that, when I found myself back on the bank, I started collecting my consciousness again, telling myself, "Look here now! Let's try to see clearly." And then I realized that the cousin who died prematurely during the war had reincarnated in someone here. "How strange," I thought.... And the dates coincided.

But that is a singular state: there is no mental intervention at all; you live things POSITIVELY, just as you experience them physically, in the same way that this *(Mother knocks on the table next to her)* is physically a table. It's that kind of perception – something positive. I positively said, "I am going to my cousins' place," and the relationship had an absolutely positive vibration – it wasn't at all something thought or even "remembered": there's no "remembering" anything, it's simply there, alive. A strange state. I have had it on several occasions, and when I have it I am aware that this must be the state people who know what is happening and make predictions are in – in this state there is no possibility of doubt. No thoughts intervene – none at all, not one. Absolutely nothing intellectual: simply certain vital-physical vibrations, and then you know. And you don't even wonder how you know; it's not that kind of thing – it's self-evident. And since I was in that state when I saw the reincarnation of the cousin, I am perfectly sure of what I saw. And god knows *(Mother laughs),* when I came out of it and began to look at it all with my usual consciousness, I said to myself, "My word! I would never have thought of such a thing!" It was millions of miles from any thought of mine. Besides, I never used to think of that cousin; he was a fine boy but I never paid much attention to him, he had no place in my active consciousness.

It's fun.

Well, mon petit. If you could have nights like that – it's so much fun!

There must be a gap somewhere.

There is – I know there is. There's simply a void between two parts of your consciousness, and when your consciousness passes through, it loses touch with everything on the other side.... It's as though you had fallen into a hole, and then, ooh!

It takes a very long time to build, but there must be a way to make a bridge – that's what I am hunting for now.

But isn't there a practical method?

A practical method ... yes.

First of all, materially speaking, when you wake up you must ALWAYS KEEP STILL. You have to teach your body.... You know, you mustn't even *(gesture)* move your head. Keep completely still. And stay like that, suspended between sleep and waking, with a very TRANQUIL will to remember.

You may succeed immediately, but it may also take time.

But from the purely material standpoint, it's elementary: if you so much as turn your head on awaking, everything fades away. You have to stay absolutely still, in a sort of peaceful concentration. And then you wait.

If you sometimes remember a word or a gesture, a color or an image, hang on to it and don't move.

Some people succeed right away; for others it takes longer. But it always succeeds in the end. You just have to build a bridge, that's all.

And then, don't be in a hurry to get up, above all don't say, "Oh, I'll be late...." Just stay there, as if you had all eternity before you.

June 6, 1962

Did you see anything last night? Feel anything?

??

I am asking because last night I tried ... it was around four in the morning and I was concentrating on trying to build that bridge [between your waking consciousness and the other consciousness]. You didn't feel anything?

It's very vague.

It's another way of remembering, that's why.

It must give a sort of woolly effect to someone not used to it.... You know, when you want to draw your consciousness within – what people call "concentrating" – for meditation, for instance, or japa, well, to the sharp-edged surface consciousness the movement of interiorization is like entering something ... not exactly "smoky," because it isn't dark, but woolly: the feeling of something with no angles, no precise demarcations. Don't you have that impression when you concentrate?

I don't see anything when I concentrate.

Not see: feel.

All this belongs to another kind of sense. Not a physical sense, but a sort of sensation. It's all sensation.

For example, just now I was sitting and waiting for you. When I have nothing to do I can't stay one second without immediately turning within – instead of the consciousness being turned outside, it's turned within – and well, I noticed that the body, which was sitting and waiting, had the feeling of going into something woolly, rounded, *soft.* And in both cases I was motionless. I was simply sitting here waiting. It's like going from something crisp, clear, precise (forget about thought or vision: this is pure sensation), from something crisp, precise, defined, into something soft, mellow ... like a light white smoke – not milky white, but soft,

transparent and oh, such peace.... As if nothing in the world could resist that peace.

It happened in a split second: I was sitting, waiting for you, thinking you were about to come; but the door wasn't opening, so automatically the body went like this *(inward-turning gesture).* And since it happened so suddenly, I noticed the difference in the way the body felt.... What it normally feels is a formidable will – very tranquil, very peaceful, free of tension or agitation, yet so direct and clear, concentrated (not concentrated: coagulated) that it is almost hard. And that's what controls the body, that's what the body obeys. And when that's not there, it's the other state: smooth, mellow, *soft,* woolly ... and what peace! As if nothing in the world could disturb it.

It took maybe a second or a fraction of a second – that's why I was able to observe both states.

And as far as I remember (because I never remember fully), this sort of "haziness," as it were, was my constant state at the start of that so-called illness; everything was that way – people, things, life, the universe. That's how it was, with only that special Vibration, so soft, so enveloping. And it has stayed, it is still here.

It doesn't take me any time, the time factor doesn't enter into it at all – it's a sort of inner resolution: this way or that way *(Mother turns the palms of her hands in and out).* People say, "Oh, you've been waiting! " No, I never wait; it's either action or a sort of blissful peace *(same in and out gesture).* And I am talking about the body, not the spirit – the spirit is elsewhere. Elsewhere. The BODY feels like that.

And what nights I have! ... Nights like the one I told you about the other day, with visions and actions; and then I have nights.... All night last night, I didn't lose consciousness, I don't feel I slept for a minute; and it was like being in a sort of temporal Infinity *(both hands open above the head).* From time to time, I look at the clock (all at once I feel something pulling me and I look at the clock): two or two and a half hours have passed – like a second. Did I sleep, you ask? Did the consciousness fall asleep? No, not for a second. But the sense of time completely disappears into ... into an inner immobility. But an immobility in motion!

If it keeps on like this, they will put me in a padded cell!

Strange....

I had decided to tell you nothing because I really have nothing to say – it's something that's going to need some time to become clear. But then this happened just now as I was waiting for you. So I looked, something above looked at what was happening in the body, as though asking it, "Let's see, how does this feel to you?" And I have told you how it feels.

(silence)

I am translating "The Yoga of Self-Perfection": what the body must be and must become to serve as an instrument. It's touching....

But one thing has happened practically without my noticing it. In the past,

before that experience [April 13], the body used to feel the struggle against the forces of wear and tear (different organs wearing out, losing their endurance, their power of reaction, and certain movements, for instance, becoming less easy to make). That's what the body felt, although the body-consciousness never sensed any aging, never, none – that simply didn't exist. But in actual material fact, there was some difficulty.... And now, looking at it in the ordinary way, externally, superficially, you might say there has been a great deterioration; well, the body doesn't feel that way at all! What it feels is that a particular movement, effort, gesture or action belongs to the world – this world of ignorance – and isn't being performed in the true way: it's not the true movement, done in the true way. And its sensation or perception is that the state I was speaking of, *soft,* with no angles, has to develop along a certain line and produce effects on the body that will make true action possible, action expressing the true will. With no difference on the surface, perhaps (I don't know about that yet) ... but done in another way. And I am not talking about grandiose things, mind you, but of everyday activities: getting up, walking, taking a bath. I no longer have a feeling of incapacity, but a feeling of (what's the word for it?) ... an *unwillingness* – a bodily *unwillingness* – to do things in the old way.

There is another way to be found.

But not "found" with the head, it's not like that.... A way that is somewhere IN THE MAKING.

I am speaking of the smallest things – take brushing the teeth; there's a difference between the way I brush my teeth now and the way I used to. (In appearance, I suppose it's the same thing.)

And I have difficulty (it's almost an unwillingness too) seeing things the way others see them. It's difficult for me, not spontaneous: it would take an effort I don't care to make.

As for the head, it has learned to keep still.... I walk in the mornings and afternoons, saying the mantra as I did before; but while before I had to drive thoughts away, concentrate and make an effort, now this state comes and takes over everything – the head, the body, everything – and then I walk in that woolly dream (woolly isn't the right word, but it's all I can find!). It's smooth, soft, without angles and supple! No resistance, no resistance.... Oh, that peace!

Very well, petit.

(Mother looks at Satprem) I wonder if I can spread the "contagion" a little!

I tried last night. I'll try again.

What were you doing at four in the morning? Sleeping?

Yes.

What time do you wake up?

Around six.

We'll see....

But when I go within I don't get that hazy, woolly feeling at all.

Don't you have any sensations?

Nothing at all. Actually, all I get is a sort of crystalline sensation. You once told me I was enclosed in a glass statue, remember? Well, that's exactly my impression. Something clear, very clear, but with nothing in it.

It is a mental interiorization.

Oh, yes – it's clear, very clear, very luminous ... a bit hard. But everything seems hard to me now! If you only knew.... It has come to the point where as soon as I change states I get the feeling that the body is sitting on jagged chunks of wood ... and yet it is very comfortably ensconced on feather cushions!

(silence)

I don't know, but I had the impression it ought to be a POWER rather than a state of consciousness – a power able to CHANGE things. Rather than changing one's attitude, there should be a power that could change Matter, make it more....[97]

Everything is a power, mon petit! Life is a power – no power, no life.

Yes, but I mean rather than being something subjective, some thing you "experience," it should be a power that, for instance, could change this material hardness into a softness.

I haven't changed.

I haven't changed, that's the thing – I haven't changed. Because were it changed, it wouldn't come back; but they coexist. They coexist.[98]

If matter were changeable, it would have changed LONG ago.

(silence)

I remember reading something by Sri Aurobindo, I think, about certain philosophical or spiritual theories which held that there was only one Soul, or one *Purusha* (I don't remember what he called it); this Soul had the entire experience of the distortion of the universe, and this same Soul was also experiencing the Return. And it was pointed out with indisputable logic that if there really is but ONE Soul, then from the moment mastery is attained – regardless of whether it is by an individual or a world, a god or an ant – the moment the power to change the distortion into the Truth exists, it's all over and done with! The change automatically comes into force.

But then it was noted that some people did accomplish this Return – since they lived it and described it – but all the same, everything else continues to exist, to coexist. Therefore....

It's something else.

(long silence)

Will there always be a world like the one we know?

(silence)

Because everything changes, but nothing disappears. You know, thinking the way we commonly do, it seems to us that the present state of the world will change and be replaced by something else. And on the other hand, we know from experience that whatever exists, exists eternally.... So then what?

(long silence)

We can readily imagine a world where you would live in that state I've been speaking of, and which would develop according to its own laws. But would the existence of such a world cancel out this one?...
So you see, here we face a problem that has yet to be solved.

> *Yes, but that different world you conceive of, will it be different subjectively, or in its material properties?... Will that world be different to us only subjectively, in the way we think of it, or....*

Power ... logically, one has power over things.

I am (how shall I put it?) under way, on the border. But we would need some proof, wouldn't we? Some evidence. For ONESELF, things are unquestionably changing; I have had two or three or four FLASHES of objective change – a change not only for my consciousness, but perceptible to other consciousnesses too. But it's like a flash: "Ah!" And it vanishes in the time it takes to say "Ah! " So it's nothing you can talk about.

Events can be changed: wherever the state of consciousness comes into play, you can change events. I have had hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of examples of that, as I have had the experience of changing a person's state of consciousness[99] and the resulting circumstances of that state of consciousness. All that belongs to the realm of psychological life; but what I am speaking of is this *(Mother vigorously strikes the table).*

There is indeed the case of Madame Théon's sandals, which came and put themselves on her feet instead of her feet going and putting themselves in the sandals, but that ... that belongs to yet another realm. It wasn't what you would call a "natural" phenomenon: she was applying her will and her action, and the substance of the sandals was becoming receptive. But does that mean the world will be that way? ... I don't know.

Two or three times, like a flash, I have seen something ... manifest, change place. But it was over in less time than it takes to tell, so it might be entirely subjective. To make sure, I would have to check it with someone else, wouldn't I?

We will see. Patience.
There you are.
So, mon petit, what are you up to? It's all chatter and no work for you today.

But this is interesting!

Have you started your book?

No. I have to think about it, concentrate. That takes time.

* * *

(A little later, towards the end of the conversation:)

Petit, before you go to sleep, when you get into bed, simply think of me a little, with the will to receive what I send you – just for the space of a few seconds before you go to sleep, that's all. Don't try to concentrate and keep yourself awake, just formulate it, then go to sleep. Because I am really trying!

Of course, I know you're trying! I'm not accusing anyone – I'm the one that's blocked.

But it's neither you nor me nor Tom, Dick or Harry nor the Lord – that's just the way it is. There's a reason behind it we're too obtuse to understand.

Yes, but it's getting to be a pretty long reason. I have the feeling it's all going to crack one day.

Yes!

Yes, but maybe it won't crack in the right way.... One day I'm just going to say the hell with it.

No, that's just the obstacle, that hardening in you. Oh, mon petit, if you knew how hard some things become in the being! Oh, how much I've had to struggle and struggle and struggle.... This experience [of April 13] did the job, but otherwise it was a minute-to-minute struggle. Life turns you into something hard as iron *(Mother makes a fist).*

And that's what has happened. That's what has happened. Anyway, we can still try! *(Mother laughs.)*

Au revoir, mon petit.

June 9, 1962

(In the course of the preceding conversation, Satprem had thought that rather than a subjective change, a change in one's attitude towards things, there should be an

objective change, a power capable of changing the very substance of things: their property of hardness, for instance. Here Mother elucidates her previous statement that "if matter were changeable, it would have changed long ago," a statement that, at first glance, seemed to shatter all hope of transformation.)

There is nothing to change! Only the relations between things change....

As an analogy, look at what science has discovered about the so-called composition of matter at the atomic level – there's nothing to change. Nothing to change! The constituent element doesn't change, the relations between things are what change.

Everything has one and the same constituent element, you see; and everything lies IN the interrelations.[100] Well, it's exactly the same for the transformation.

So you speak of "power," but in fact....

(long silence)

The notion of "subjective" and "objective" STILL belongs to the old world and to the three, or at most four, dimensions.... It is one and the same Power that changes the interrelations within one and the same element; to put things simply, the Power that gives the subjective experience AND the objective realization is the same; it is only a matter of a greater or lesser totality of experience, as it were. And if the experience were total it would be the experience of the Supreme, and it would be universal.

Does what I am saying make any sense?...

It all practically comes down to a capacity to spread the experience, or to INCLUDE things in the experience (it's the same thing). You really have to forget this business of one person and then another, one thing and then another.... Even if you can't realize it concretely, at least imagine that there is but ONE thing, excessively complex, and (depending on the case) one experience taking place in one spot, or spreading out like oil on water, or embracing everything. This is all very approximate, but it's the only way the thing can be understood. And the sole explanation for "contagion" is in that Oneness.

And power is what makes the difference. The greater the power, you might say (these words are all very clumsy), the farther the experience spreads. How great the power is depends on its starting point. If its starting point is the Origin, the power is ... let's say universal (we won't consider more than one universe for the moment); it is universal. As this Power manifests from plane to plane, it becomes more concrete and limited; on each plane, the field of action becomes more limited. If your power is vital (or "pranic," as it's called here in India), the field of action is terrestrial, and sometimes limited to just a few individuals, sometimes it's a power capable of acting on just one small being. But originally it's the SAME power, acting on the SAME substance ... I can't express it, words are impossible; but I sense very clearly what I mean.

I can affirm that this notion of "subjective" and "objective" still belongs to the world of illusion. The CONTENT of the experience is what may be either microscopic or universal, depending on the specific quality of the power being

expressed, or its field of action. The limitation of power can be voluntary and deliberate; it can be a willed, and not an imposed limitation, which means that the Will-Force may come from the Origin but deliberately limit itself, limit its field of action. But it is the same power and the same substance.

Ultimately there is but one power and one substance. There are varying modalities – countless modalities – of power and substance, but there is but ONE power and ONE substance, as there is but ONE consciousness and ONE truth.

> *Yes, but when you say that what changes is only "the relations between things," it's still a matter of subjectivity (I use the word for lack of a better one). But when we come down to the brass tacks of transformation – physical immortality in the body, for instance – doesn't it involve more than a simple inner change of relations? Doesn't MATTER itself have to be transformed? So there has to be a power over matter. Not merely a change of relations ... no?*

No; you can't grasp what I mean by the word "relation" unless you take it scientifically. Your body, and my body, this table, this carpet, are all made up of atoms; and these atoms are constituted of the SAME thing. The differences we see – different bodies, different forms – are due to the movements or the interrelations within this same thing.

> *Yes, so then it's the interrelations that have to change.*

But this has to be very concretely grasped. Well, I say that the power must change this intra-atomic movement. Then, instead of disintegrating, your bodily substance will obey the movement of Transformation, you follow? But it's all the SAME thing! What must change are the relations among things.

And so it becomes EVIDENT that immortality can be achieved! Things get destroyed simply because of their own rigidity – and even then, it's only a semblance of destruction; the essential element stays the same, everywhere, in everything, in decay just as much as in life.

It is extremely interesting!

Ultimately, it's all the constructing Will. This constructing Will is eternal, immortal and infinite – it's obvious – so if it is left to this Will, there's no reason why Its creation shouldn't partake of immortality and infinity – things don't necessarily have to go through the semblance of disintegration to change form, it's not indispensable. It has come to be that way for some reason or other (which is probably none of our business), but it's not indispensable, it could be different.

(silence)

The problem is getting out of it: we see, we touch, and we are enslaved. But if you look up THERE *(gesture above the head)* it all seems quite simple!

And looking up THERE, I tell you, I am sure there is no difference between "subjective" and "objective" – except when you give your individuality and your

individual consciousness an independent reality; that is, when you cut everything into little bits with your imagination.... Then, of course....

June 12, 1962

(Unexpectedly, this conversation led into the subject of Satprem's break with X, who had been his guru for the past few years. Here then, briefly, is the story behind the rupture: No sooner had Satprem brought X to the Ashram than a swarm of disciples threw themselves at him. Conspicuous among these were the moneymen, the same wheelerdealers who, eleven years later, after Mother's departure, were to reveal their ambitions in Auroville as well as Pondicherry. Satprem's somewhat straightforward manner soon got in the way of their schemes. He had a deep affection for X and when he repeatedly saw that these people – spiritual scoundrels is the only word for them – were, in the hope of sowing confusion (for they always prosper best in confusion), bringing false reports to Mother of things X had supposedly said, he tried in all innocence to put X on his guard against the false reports and dishonest people who were wronging him. But instead of listening to Satprem and understanding that he spoke out of love, X – with all his Tantric power behind – flew into a violent rage against him, as if he had been casting a slur on X's prestige. Satprem then broke with X, but not without sorrow.)

Anything new?

Ahem! ...

Me too, nothing new. Nothing at all. But you have a letter there *(Mother sees an envelope on the floor next to Satprem).*

I don't know what it is; it came just this morning and I haven't opened it.

Isn't it from your publisher?

Oh, you know what the publisher says: send us a book when you have one ready.

Oh! They said that?

Yes.

All right. We'll stop all other work.

But the book has to come to me!

Oh, it's coming – it's coming. I have no doubt about that. All you have to do is turn this way *(gesture above the head).*

> *Some people are satisfied with what they write; I don't have that feeling, I must say.*

They are generally fools.

But you know, if you think it will come only if you go somewhere else ... there's always that possibility.

> *No, I didn't want to go to the Himalayas for inspiration – I'm quite aware that inspiration can come anywhere! No, it wasn't for that, but for....*

Your health?

> *Yes, among other things. I have been wounded by that episode. You don't know all the details, but it was ugly.*

But mon petit ... I haven't told you everything that happened! Now he's telling everybody he had to cut with the Ashram because he was ill-treated.

> *Oh, so that's what he's saying....*

He says he never uttered the words he's supposed to have said, yet on my side, I practically made N.[101] swear an oath that he was telling the truth.... X says he never said I had no more than two months left to live (and he certainly never said it like that).

> *Of course not!*

Not the slightest doubt about it. And he says an injustice was done to him (he doesn't mention your name – he doesn't mention any names, or at least none that are repeated to me); he says he was insulted and abused and is now compelled to cut with the Ashram.

> *When I spoke to him, you know, when I went to see him, it was just after my japa and I was in a state of absolute inner calm – absolute, with not a.... I simply felt he had to be helped, because he was saying things that were going against him. So I had this feeling, a very strong feeling of affection, but an affection that states things clearly and unemotionally. I was very calm when I said all that. I did get upset afterwards, but I was upset mainly because he immediately had such an incredible reaction! So then I was at a loss. But the way I put things to him.... Really, if he had the least.... But even a man who has never done any yoga would have felt I was speaking from my heart, candidly. Even a man with no spiritual culture would have felt that. So how could he take it in such a way!*

I am not sure he did.

Oh, look! It was so....

No, I don't believe he thought you were insulting him or whatever – I think it's all politics, mon petit!

When Z first spoke to him, you know, he didn't deny anything; all he said was, "Oh, let's not pay any heed to these worldly things." And then he talked about Z's arm, which he wanted to heal. The second time, he denied one part – he denied he had spoken of my health, when actually.... The third time.... You follow, the more it became necessary to take a clear stand, the more he denied, simply saying, "No, I never said that."

So he has cut off relations with the Ashram?

He says he has – he hasn't actually done it.

Naturally he says he has kept all he felt and saw for me. He had said he wanted to remove his *yantram*[102] from the Ashram, but in the end he left it. He writes to Z telling him he is working on his arm. He had a visit from A. and from that fellow M. – that was comical! M., of course, had come to the Ashram to stay, but anyway ... he's looking for some kind of power, I sense that well enough. He had been frequenting some character who had power but wasn't putting it to very good use, and he felt something similar with X – he is instinctively in search of power. When he went down to see X, he may have felt a power coming into him – so he's going away! ... I don't think he has any kind of attachment either to India or the Ashram: he's looking for power.

That's how things stand.

You know, for me all this is nothing but surface drama, the whole business means nothing. The only thing I did see clearly was more or less what you felt: that is, if X is to remain intimately linked with us, he had better learn not to tell tales ... or, to put it as favorably as possible, not to give voice to a certain unconscious part of his being.

That's exactly it! I detest gossip, you know, so I never spread any, but he has told some people incredible things. I don't "tell on him" to you because I find it a kind of ... it's something I dislike. That's why I spoke to him – in such a case, I always refer to something within, to the deep affection I had for him. I mean I was trying to help. I had NO OTHER kind of reaction. I saw him in a bad spot and tried to help him out, that's all.

Yes, but with the sort of people he had around him, you understand....

Oh!

It was inadmissible – he had to keep up his position.

Oh, those people! I have really had my eyes opened, you know....

He had to keep up his position.

(silence)

... You see, the trouble is he's a man whose principles and education prevent him from believing in progress and transformation. He believes that if you fulfill the conditions you get the *siddhi,*[103] and that's the end of it – the goal is reached. He had already attained his goal before meeting us, and then ... he could have kept his distance, but he became intimately connected with something full of all kinds of difficulties (which we neither ignore nor call for), but ... it's essentially a Power for progress – an awesome force for progress. Well, when I saw that, I wondered, "How can he possibly bear it?" I thought he would keep his distance and not enter the atmosphere, but he did try to enter – he linked up with certain people, and particularly when he started meditating with me (he asked for it, not me), suddenly something responded.... And that triggered the conflict in him. One part of his being has gone along with the Movement, while the other is left stranded – doesn't budge. That created a gap.

Of course, one has to be in a terribly superficial consciousness to react the way he did. He had a rather deep contact with you, and there were moments when he understood very well who you are – he knows, he told me so. Consequently, had he truly been in a yogic state, then even if you had done something tactless or wrong, he would have just smiled! He would have said, "Oh, he's just impetuous, but I don't mind."

But it wasn't like that, Mother! I'm self-critical, god knows, and I have examined myself on this – I wasn't tactless for a SECOND, I spoke very calmly. Very calmly. And not with the idea of accusing him. On the contrary, I was simply trying to tell him, "Look, see what's happening...." I have really done nothing wrong, to tell you the truth.

No, you did do something wrong.

Well, yes – you told me not to say anything!

Yes. Because I had seen ... you couldn't see it, but I saw that if you were to speak to him it would be catastrophic! *(Mother laughs)* And as soon as I saw that, I told you "Don't say anything."

But I did it KNOWINGLY, because I saw he needed help.

A man in his position, with such a rudimentary degree of culture, CANNOT be helped. Especially since all his learning is based on a knowledge that denies progress. So how can he be helped to progress?

Anyway, what will happen will happen, and it will certainly be what's best for everyone, including him![104]

But through that event I have been put in contact with a certain realm of mental distortion which is a bit ... *bewildering.* I've realized that I say something, something clear as crystal for me, and then....

(silence)

No, the Grace has made him an object of special attention, thrusting him into a world which, externally, was not his own. In a matter of a few years he has made a journey of several lifetimes, so it has been a little bit difficult. Truly, in a few years he has inwardly traveled many lifetimes. And he has had to face the necessity of an enormous progress, all the more difficult because he hadn't mentally accepted or foreseen it. So he doesn't understand any more, poor man! If I could only take him in my arms like a baby and say to him, "My poor little dear, my dear little child ..." and make him feel good, then all would be well. But it's not possible – there's a whole spiritual construction. So I do it from a distance, wordlessly, in silence. But what gets through all that crust? I don't know!... Over and over, I keep saying one thing: "To divine Love, all human confusions and misunderstandings are unknown." There. Well, we will see. "Wherever divine Love is present, human confusions and misunderstandings cannot exist, cannot enter."

That's the only solution.

But not an ATOM of mind must be added – the slightest intellectual activity spoils everything.

And then look at it all with a crystalline smile.

(silence)

He has been put in contact with a dangerous Grace – some graces are dangerous – I knew it from the start. We'll see.... It can all depend on a single ... a single flash of light: if something can go like that, pierce the crust, then it will be all right. He will become quite a fine person.

It will be as the Lord decides.

(silence)

There is a way of looking at things – an all too human way – which sees me as VERY dangerous, very dangerous. It has been said time and time again.... There was an Englishwoman who came here after an unhappy love affair. She had come to India seeking "consolation," and stumbled onto Pondicherry. It was right at the beginning (those English *Conversations*[105] are things I said to her; I spoke in English and then translated it – or rather said it all over again in French). And at the end of a year's stay, this woman said to me (with such despair!), "When I came here I was still able to love and feel goodwill towards people; but now that I've become conscious, I am full of contempt and hatred! " So I answered her, "Go a bit farther on." "Oh, no! " she replied. "It's enough for me as it is!" And she added, "You are a very dangerous person." Because I was making people conscious!

(Mother laughs) But it's true! Once you start, you have to go right to the end; you mustn't stop on the way – on the way, it gets to be hard going.

I don't do it on purpose.

As a matter of fact, I don't do anything on purpose. It's like this *(Mother opens her hands):* Lord, You have willed.... I can't do anything about it. Voilà.

* * *

(Somewhat later)

What I say is becoming more and more difficult....

Perhaps fifty years from now people will understand!

(silence)

I feel like an egg that has yet to hatch – I mean a certain period of incubation is needed, isn't it?

And I am more and more aware that people really panicked this time; they imagined I was going to die – I could have died, had the Lord willed it. But ... it has been a sort of death, that's for sure – sure, sure, sure – although I don't say so, because.... After all, one must have some regard for people's common sense!

But really, if I let myself go one step further I would say that I was dead and ... have come back to life. But I don't say it.

A lot of people have been praying for me and even taking vows that if I didn't die they would go here or there on a pilgrimage – it's quite touching.

This greatly objectifies my situation, which has nothing to do with an illness to be cured! I can't be cured! It is a work of transformation. At any moment, if the Lord decides it's *hopeless,* it will be *hopeless,* finished; and no matter what happens, if the Lord has decided that I'll go right to the end of the experience, then I'll go right to the end.

That whole way of seeing, feeling and reacting belongs really to another world. Really to another world ... to such a degree that if I had no regard for people's peace of mind I would say, "I don't know whether I am dead or alive." Because there is a life, a type of life vibration that is completely independent of.... No, I'll put it another way: the way people ordinarily feel life, feel that they are alive, is intimately linked with a certain sensation they have of their bodies and of themselves. If you totally eliminate that sensation, the type of relation that allows people to say "I am alive" ... well, eliminate that, but then how can you say, "I am alive," or "I am not alive"? The distinction NO LONGER EXISTS. Well, for me, it has been completely eliminated. That night [April 12-13], it was definitively swept out of me. It has never come back. It's something that seems impossible now. So what they mean by "I am alive" is ... I can't say "I am alive" the way they do – it's something else entirely.

Better not keep this – in the end they'll be worrying about my sanity! *(Mother laughs.)*

But that doesn't matter either!

(silence)

You get such a feeling of power, so tremendous, so FREE, so independent of all circumstances, all reactions, all events – and it doesn't depend on whether the body is this way or that. Something else.... Something else....

Only one thing depends on the body: speech, expression ... who knows? ... *(Mother gazes at Satprem for a long time, as though she were considering an unknown possibility.)*

Ah, that's enough for today!

Shall we be silent for five minutes?

Tell me frankly, very frankly: does it help you or not [to meditate]? You can tell me anything you like – that it doesn't help you, that it harms you; you can tell me whatever you like! It doesn't matter, I am not sensitive.

No, Mother....

You feel nothing?... Nothing.

It's always the same thing. It's very ... it's calm, clear, but nothing happens.

You think something has to happen? *(Mother laughs)* I've been working for years on end just to have nothing happening!

It is so difficult to have nothing happening.

Yes, but if I may say so, that's exactly what I've been working towards all these years. I had read in Sri Aurobindo: mental silence, tranquillity, peace ... and so that's what I've been striving for. I mean, I think I've got it now – when I meditate, it's tranquil.

Oh, yes! Certainly.

It doesn't stir – but nothing's there!

But why should something be there?

But then what!...

If something's there, it's no longer tranquil!

But something else should be there! I thought that....

Ohhh! ... Something else?

This tranquillity is simply the starting point for me. Something should manifest within this silence, shouldn't it?

My constant complaint is that something does manifest – it interrupts the tranquillity.

> *If within that immobility I had a vision of the Mother, for instance – a vision of the Mother – if She were here ... well, yes, as though She knew me, was near me, was aware of my existence! A relationship, something.... Well, that would change everything! If I could say to myself: close your eyes and you will see Her – like Ramakrishna, for example, he had that kind of relationship. I don't know, my whole life would be changed, I would feel linked to SOMETHING. It wouldn't just be silence, silence, silence....*

But all that belongs to a lower stage. What you need is....

> *A lower stage?*

When the contact is through images, concrete and palpable, it's in a consciousness that's ... I don't say "lower" in a pejorative sense, but I mean in a more material consciousness. It's in the vital. In the vital. Ramakrishna's experiences were in the vital.

> *But at least it gives a meaning to life; life becomes full!*

Yes, of course.... But in the vital.... For that, your vital needs a lot of preparation – it will happen, but ... I don't think you'll get the satisfaction you're hoping for. What I would like is to see you suddenly emerge into the supramental light, with that SENSE of eternal plenitude; and then, yes, you'll feel something! But not necessarily a form. Some people see forms – not necessarily a form.

(silence)

There may be some misunderstanding here! *(Mother laughs)* I thought you wanted....

(silence)

Well, mon petit, if that's what you want you will have to work a lot – you will have to bring into your vital and emotional being a great calm and peace. Things like that [with X] mustn't be able to disturb you, make you sick and so forth. Only on that condition can you get what you want.

A flash, yes ... (you had it once at Brindaban,[106] you had an experience there); a flash is possible. But you want something permanent.

All right.

(silence)

That, you know, was what I was always striving for: a sudden surge into the supreme Light, into the Eternal and the Infinite, and then into dazzled wonder. And then, instead of being dazzled by it, it becomes your normal state.

That's really something. And that's what I wanted to give you.
All right.

Well, I don't know....

Just imagine – it's easier for me to give you the other thing!
All right, we're going to try. We'll try.

(silence)

Oh! You want Her to tell you She knows you? But She's telling you! She has told you many a time!
You want Her to say: "You are mine, my very own?"
You want to SEE Her?

Yes.

(meditation)

June 16, 1962

It's going to take a long time, this business.[107]
When I look ahead, I see no radical change (that is, a change of organization, of life and so forth) before a VERY long time, a very long time. We have to have a lot of patience.
No, it's not a matter of patience – it's like this *(Mother holds her hands above her head, open to the Eternal).*

(silence)

It gives me the feeling of a bell that no one rings! It's there on the table (you know, those little dinner bells) ... and no one rings it.
Well.

June 20, 1962

Pavitra was telling me the other day that, according to the latest scientific discoveries, matter in its present state can be immortal. There's no reason that it couldn't change (for it changes all the time) enough to avoid decay. Nothing in matter's composition stands in the way of its immortality – immortality of form, I mean. If science simply follows its own course (and does not suddenly find itself confronted with something beyond its grasp), there's no reason it should not

provide people who don't have a mystical or occult turn of mind with a way to use the present substance in imperishable forms, without recourse to anything from other realms.

This is a great support for practical-minded people.

From the standpoint of spiritual knowledge, decay, dissolution and disintegration unquestionably result from a wrong attitude.

A wrong attitude?

Yes, a wrong attitude.

My own experience is going on in the tiniest details, details imperceptible in themselves but pointing in a certain direction that, increasingly, is this: when you take a wrong attitude, it immediately sets off all the disorders. Almost as if you shift into a wrong gear – the image is too rigid, of course, it's not really that ... but we can say that the whole universe is rolling smoothly along and it's only when you go like this or like that *(Mother indicates a shifting of gears)* that disorders arise. You can have a wrong attitude in a number of ways. It's like a slight shifting of gears: things still work (assuming the mechanism to be particularly supple) but they grate – they grate and therefore wear out and deteriorate and break down. But if they were in the true position, there would be no friction.

The sense of friction doesn't exist – it disappears, there's no friction. Friction results only from the wrong angle ... from something, a sort of shift.

Of course, this is much more easily expressed in psychological terms – psychologically, it's very simple, crystal clear – but even MATERIALLY it's like that.

* * *

Later:

I had thought I would be able to see X for his birthday in December, but I don't know if I will have resumed my active life by then – it would greatly surprise me. Because, to tell the truth, if things are the way I have seen them (the way I have seen and felt them), then at the least a very serious beginning of transformation should be taking place – and well, for that, you know ... years are nothing! Years are no time at all. Everybody's in a hurry, absolutely insisting I resume my life; for the moment, I see no possibility of it.

But I don't know anything.

I don't try to know, I don't look, I don't know. I just have the sensation that it's going VERY slowly, very slowly, and were we imprudent enough to try to go fast, it would probably result in serious setbacks or catastrophes.

From this standpoint – the standpoint of this body and its activities – I am maintained in a state of utter indifference. Everything people want to do, all their

programs and projects and so forth ... all that is far, far removed from me *(gesture towards a distant shore);* it's all a distant blur. I don't even look at it. It only comes to me when someone tells me something *(gesture of a thought floating momentarily by),* and then it goes.

The body itself senses that it must learn to live in eternity.

That seems quite indispensable.

And for that, surely, the first thing that has to go is haste, impatience – that much is clear.

Well, mon petit ... write your book.

June 23, 1962

One or two days ago, I am not sure when, but anyway after our last meeting, suddenly, without thinking about it or wishing it or anything (I was walking or doing something or other), I suddenly became, or saw, a tall being, all white, with a kind of halberd in its hand and an expression of iron will. And it seemed as if the world were being told: "Enough shilly-shallying, enough wavering, now it is time: the thing must be done."

And the body's activities hadn't the least importance; whatever I did, that remained. I was seeing that tall being from above, like a great transformative power in the vital. A huge being, very calm and powerful – with no violence in it of course, but utterly indomitable, and: " Enough waiting, enough shilly-shallying, enough vacillating: IT IS TIME."

It lasted more than an hour – oh, at least two hours. The body was in that experience, but I was going on as always with what I had to do while that being was there. I am telling you this because suddenly, in the midst of it all, I remembered you: "Why, he wants to see!" So I told that being, "Go show yourself to Satprem, show him you are here."

I wondered if you saw anything....

It lasted a long time, but I don't remember exactly when it was. Part of it happened while I was walking (I walk at five in the morning and five in the evening). When I started walking it was there and it lasted for a long time afterwards – whether morning or evening I don't remember.

In the morning – every morning, as I walk – I concentrate on you in the hope that you will remember your nights and have an experience.

And it stayed put, in the sense that all sorts of things could go on, but there it remained, at the borders of the terrestrial world, like a declaration from the Supreme – a very tall being.

All white, luminous, luminous – resplendent! And with a kind of halberd and, oh, a very determined air: "Enough shilly-shallying, no more vacillating, it is time."

"Go find Satprem," I said. "Show yourself to him."

You didn't see anything?

No.[108]

All sorts of things are going on....
All right.

Sujata had a dream last night.

Ah!

If you like, I'll read what she noted down: "I am in Pavitra's office, standing on the carpet next to his table. I raise my eyes and look down the corridor. It is empty. Then suddenly, all the way at the other end, next to her bathroom, I see Mother appear. She is so tiny, my dear little Mother! She starts towards the office where I am. She leaves the boudoir behind on her right, keeps coming forward, passes by the big window with the birds and the pink vases on her left. And she is growing. With each step she grows taller. One after the other, she goes by her chair, the door to the stairway, my lab, and Mother continues to grow. Then the door to Pavitra's room, the door to the terrace, and Mother comes to the office. She crosses the threshold: her head almost touches the top of the door. Mother comes in. She is so tall! Her head now touches the ceiling.[109] *Standing, I barely come to her knees! Something in me is staggered before that sublime height. I prostrate myself."*

(After a silence) I see her quite frequently at night....

(silence)

There is a whole range of things from the subconscient (vital and physical subconscient) ... quite new, things I didn't have before. It isn't my subconscient, it's much more general, and it comes with what are practically revelations; I mean I suddenly see certain things concerning people (people I know extremely well, whose inner beings I know very well) and I get a lot of surprises: "Well! So that was there!" People, people ... lots of people. I can't say I find it terribly interesting (!) but I am clearly meant to know about it. Not that I am seeking to see or know (my focus is rather on preparing the body and making it receptive; that's what I am actively doing), but what probably happens is that, in my contemplation, I suddenly exteriorize (or something of the sort) and then I see all kinds of things. But I DON'T sleep, you see (I don't know how to explain it).... I go from a state of conscious concentration to a more passive state in which I am made to take part in all kinds of scenes and visions, involving many people and many things, as if to complete my knowledge. Some of these visions are amusing, new and interesting, and I don't know, but I suspect Sri Aurobindo has something to do with it, because there's such a sense of humor running through it all! *(Mother laughs)* Things that

make me laugh, comical things ... due mainly to the tremendous earnestness with which people take the most unimportant things; yes, the disproportionate importance people give to absolutely unimportant events!

(silence)

Last night something like a big festival was being prepared, I don't know where ... maybe at the Ashram (a lot of Ashram people were there) but perhaps not – the festival was of the whole earth, and everybody was dressed up in white lace! Of course it was profoundly ridiculous! But it was all taken very seriously, it was very important.

What did the white lace represent?... It was very important! And oh, the details! They were really funny.

(silence)

But last night too, I noticed I was very tall – I am generally very tall. Tall and strong.

Voilà.

June 27, 1962

... Personally, I have nothing to say.

This is a period of study and observation. There is absolutely nothing to say. It's a whole world of minute observations which, I hope, will lead me towards something more ... positive. More exactly, it's a demonstration of the inadequacy of the usual methods when it comes to acting according to Truth – and it goes on night and day.

Two nights ago, I had an experience I hadn't had for perhaps more than a year. A sort of concentration and accumulation of divine Energy in the cells of the body. During a certain period (I don't remember when), every night I had a kind of recharging of batteries through contact with universal forces; I had it again two nights ago, spontaneously. Then last night, when I wanted to look, to study, to understand how it worked, I was given a lavish demonstration of the inadequacy and utter uselessness of all processes of consciousness working through the mind. They are useless, they simply spoil the experience.

Previously, when I had an experience, I took great care to keep everything quiet and still so that it wouldn't be interrupted; but afterwards it was always made use of by the mind in its typical way (not exactly "typical," but typical to the mind), and this appeared to be inevitable. But now it doesn't work in the same

way: it's limited to a few inevitable interventions; I mean people speak to me or I to them (I keep as silent as I can, but they still chatter away about every possible subject and I am obliged to answer), and it's limited to that. But as it is, even that ... as soon as I am a bit concentrated, even that seems so ... not wrong or distorted, not that, but INADEQUATE. It expresses absolutely nothing, that's all I can say.

The TRUE thing escapes completely.

So I am in a transitional position – it's all very well to see what's wrong, but there should at least be something that's right!

I have been given certain promises – great promises. Not "promises," but what comes is: "This is how it will be." Great things – concrete manifestations of the divine Power, the divine Consciousness, the divine Action. And spontaneous, natural, inevitable....

This is obviously being prepared *(Mother touches her body)* so that it won't put the usual obstacles in the way of expression.

But I would much prefer the thing to BE rather than just talk about it. That would be more interesting. So for the moment I prefer to say nothing.

(silence)

Many things could happen.... But how much time will it take? I don't know.

(silence)

Last night I said to myself, "Now look, that's not so brilliant – if we are still no farther than that...." You see, I was having an experience of (it wasn't an experience, really, but quite a normal state that was continuing and, as far as I could see, was practically continuous) ... a recharging of batteries. But there was also a kind of receiving and observing device – detestable! And I used to think it was excellent! For years before last April, everything was very calm, the mind was always turned this way *(gesture above),* silent, and there was a sort of functioning – I thought it was very good! Well, I have realized that it's worthless. Mind you, I wish everyone could have what I had! It was extremely handy, far beyond ordinary mental methods – but in fact, it's not true. It is still a ... a gimmick. Not the TRUE thing. It's still one of the things that keep life from being divine, so it's worthless!

But what in our present existence doesn't keep life from being divine? ... Nothing I know of! *(Mother laughs)* happily, Sri Aurobindo and I were the same on this point [a sense of humor]. Effortlessly, from a very young age, something in me has always laughed. It sees all the catastrophes, sees all the suffering, sees it all and can't help laughing – the way one laughs at something that pretends to be but isn't.

In the end, that's how you manage to hold on. It's a great thing.

* * *

(Later, Mother again speaks of her vision of the tall white being armed with a kind of halberd.)

What was standing there was a manifestation of one of my states of being, a part of my vital being, or rather one of my innumerable vital beings – because I have quite a few! And this one is particularly interested in things on earth.

A projection of yours – an emanation?

You know, mon petit, I said one day that in the history of earth, wherever there was a possibility for the Consciousness to manifest, I was there[110]; this is a fact. It's like the story of *Savitri:* always there, always there, always there, in this one, that one – at certain times there were four emanations simultaneously! At the time of the Italian and French Renaissance. And again at the time of Christ, then too.... Oh, you know, I have remembered so many, many things! It would take volumes to tell it all. And then, more often than not (not always, but more often than not), what took part in this or that life was a particular yogic formation of the vital being – in other words something immortal.[111] And when I came this time, as soon as I took up the yoga, they came back again from all sides, they were waiting. Some were simply waiting, others were working (they led their own independent lives) and they all gathered together again. That's how I got those memories. One after the other, those vital beings came – a deluge! I had barely enough time to assimilate one, to see, situate and integrate it, and another would come. They are quite independent, of course, they do their own work, but they are very centralized all the same. And there are all kinds – all kinds, anything you can imagine! Some of them have even been in men: they are not exclusively feminine.

At first, I used to think they were fantasies.

Before I met Sri Aurobindo they would come and come and come to me, night after night and sometimes during the day – a mass of things! Afterwards I told Sri Aurobindo about it, and he explained to me that it was quite natural. And indeed, it is quite natural: with the present incarnation of the Mahashakti (as he described it in *Savitri*), whatever is more or less bound up with Her wants to take part, that's quite natural. And it's particularly true for the vital: there has always been a preoccupation with organizing, centralizing, developing and unifying the vital forces, and controlling them. So there's a considerable number of vital beings, each with its own particular ability, who have played their role in history and now return.

But this one [the tall white Being] is not of human origin; it was not formed in a human life: it is a being that had already incarnated, and is one of those who presided over the formation of this present being [Mother]. But, as I said, I saw it: it was sexless, neither male nor female, and as intrepid as the vital can be, with a calm but absolute power.... Ah, I found a very good description of it in one of Sri Aurobindo's plays, when he speaks of the goddess Athena (I think it's in *Perseus,* but I am not sure); she has that kind of ... it's an almighty calm, and with such authority! Yes, it's in *Perseus* – when she appears to the Sea-God and forces him to retreat to his own domain. There's a description there that fits this Being quite

well.[112]

Besides, all the Greek gods are various aspects of a single thing: you see it this way, that way, that way, this way *(turning her hand, Mother seems to show several facets of a single prism)*.... But it's simply one and the same thing.[113]

Sri Aurobindo's description fits this Being exactly. And a few days ago, this same Being came, without my calling it or thinking about it or wishing it to come. And it seemed to be saying it was time for it to intervene.

So I let it!

During the whole time Sri Aurobindo was here, the four entities he speaks of, the four Aspects of the Mother,[114] were always present. And I was constantly obliged to tell one or the other of them, "Now keep calm, now, now, calm down" – they were always inclined to intervene!

Did I ever tell you? Last time I went down for the pujas (was it last year or the year before? I remember nothing any more, you know: it all gets swept away, brrt!).... Yes, it was the year before last, in '60, after that anniversary.[115] (Durga used to come every year, two or three days before the Durga puja.) I was walking as usual and she came; that was when she made her surrender to the Supreme.... Those divinities don't have the sense of surrender. Divinities such as Durga and the Greek gods (although the Greek gods are a bit dated now; but the gods of India are still very much alive!). Well, they are embodiments – what you might almost call localizations – of something eternal, but they lack the sense of surrender to the Supreme. And while I was walking, Durga was there – really, it was beautiful! Durga, with that awesome power of hers, forever bringing the adverse forces to heel – and she surrendered to the Supreme, to the point of no longer even recognizing the adverse forces: ALL is the Supreme. It was like a widening of her consciousness.

Some interesting things have been happening in that world [since the supramental descent].... How can I explain? Those beings have an independence, an absolute freedom of movement (although at the same time, they are all a single Being), but they had the true sense of perfect Unity only with the supreme Consciousness. And now with this present intervention [Mother's], with this incarnation and the establishment of the Consciousness here, like this *(Mother makes a fist in a gesture of immutable solidity),* in such an absolute way (I mean there are no fluctuations) ... HERE, on earth, in the terrestrial atmosphere, this incarnation has a radiating action throughout all those worlds, all those universes, all those Entities. And it results in small events,[116] incidents scaled to the size of the earth – which in themselves are quite interesting.

(long silence)

Everything that happened prior to the experience of April 13 has disappeared, as it were, and the usual functioning of the consciousness has been totally annulled; it is trying little by little to create a new mode of operation – not merely trying: it is in the PROCESS of doing so on a truer foundation; a truer foundation, or truer relations, or vibrations, or functionings ... (I don't know the right word for

it: all these things at once). That presence the other day [the tall white Being] was nothing essentially new – it had already intervened a good many times; and yet it was new, because the whole functioning was new. It's like my experience two nights ago [the recharging of batteries], I had it for months on end; well, it was new because it was based on a new functioning. And each time (is it out of habit, or to make me understand, to make me see the difference?), each time the old functioning starts up, first of all I really feel I am losing the true contact, that the TRUE thing is escaping, and then I wonder how anybody can function like that without going insane! That's what strikes me now – this feeling of going insane! I mean it grates, it scrapes, it makes no sense – *it misses the point.* It is not the TRUE thing, it's beside the point. It tries to imitate something inimitable. And so I ask myself, "What is this? Am I going crazy? Am I losing my faculties?" And then I realize it's not that at all! Above there's a state of immutable and UNSHAKABLE concentration, constant and almighty, and with but a drop of That, a spark of That, all problems are solved. Then I see clearly that it's only a demonstration to make me see the *inadequacy* of the old, habitual functioning – to really and truly convince me that it's inadequate. It's rather hard to bear, actually. Last night I had it, I have seen it again in recent days: it lasts a few seconds – just enough for a satisfactory lesson! It may also happen to make me understand, but afterwards I wonder, "Well, if everybody is in this state ... they don't know it, but it's just terrible!" And I realize that the LEAST thing, the slightest circumstance, is COMPLETELY distorted, instantly distorted by the way people ... *work it out,* the way they cause events to develop.

That's an ever-present experience.

But this is still a period of preparation; the best thing to do now is to look and look and look again, observe and observe and observe again; and to have experiences, lots of experiences, because all that is nothing – the thing ITSELF must be grasped. We've got to catch the tail of the true functioning, so it can be substituted for the other at will. That's it exactly.

And that requires minute-to-minute observation.

Someone reads me a letter, for instance, and I have to answer; and there, superimposed, are both functionings: the ordinary reaction coming from above (nothing from here: it comes from above but it's the ordinary reaction) ... and if I follow that and start writing, after a moment comes a kind of sensation that it's inadequate; and then there's the other functioning which is not yet (what's the word? I should be speaking in English!) ... *handy,* not yet at my disposal. I have to keep myself quiet, then it starts operating [the new functioning]. But when there's something to be done, the two are superimposed and I have to keep the old one quiet for the other to come. And the other one ... ohh, it has some unexpected ways! I answer a letter, for example, or I want to say something to someone: my old way is an expression of what comes from above (it is luminous enough, but ADAPTED) ... but then there's that sensation of inadequacy – it won't do. All right. I step back and something else comes; and what comes, I must admit ... it's enough to drive people crazy! It's so MUCH SOMETHING ELSE!

I wrote a letter like that yesterday; I took a piece of paper and wrote in my habitual way, my old way. While I was writing, the feeling that it wasn't right came in; then I added a comment, written in the same manner, with the vision from above (a comment on a letter written by the person I was writing to). When that was done, the feeling of inadequacy lingered, so I took another piece of paper – it was blue – and wrote something ... and that still wasn't it. So I ended up taking yet another piece of paper and writing something else again ... then I put all three in one envelope! I hope that person has a solid head! ... But at the same time something was telling me, "It will do him good"; so I let it go.

It happened yesterday – I don't yet know the outcome!

So that's how things are for me. It may happen to you one day, too, so *(laughing)* you'd better be careful!

It's obviously a very good test of people's trust, because without trust they would.... For someone who doesn't have my experience, it all appears like first-class incoherence! Oh, it can be explained (everything can be explained! It's not beyond all explanation), but it is a bit disconcerting at first glance.

Anyway....

There you are.

But don't waste your time noting all this down.

Why not! It's well worth doing – these are the stages.

So see you Saturday – or is that too soon?

As you like.

Listen, after everything I've just been telling you, where's the "I like" in all this? *(Mother laughs.)*

No, I mean you are the one who has to see and decide.

I would like you to write your book.

It's progressing ... not rapidly.

If I didn't tell these things to you, they would all vanish, and that's a fact. Because I have no opportunity to tell them to anyone else – as you can well imagine! Tomorrow there will be something else and something else again the day after, and it all recedes into the past and has none of the relevance the present has for me.

Yes, for YOU it has no relevance – but what about the rest of us!

Well then, for it to be kept I have to see you.

Yes, exactly!

If I don't see you, it won't be kept. The results remain, but the experience itself

vanishes.

That would be a shame. But I can easily come more often, if for you it's not....

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

* * *

As Satprem is about to leave:

I wanted to mention something curious. Since you came up stairs in March, Sujata says that whenever she sees you at night she sees you taller than you were before!

Everyone says that – everyone!

Even I, when I see myself, I am very tall – what has happened?... It is the new being. I tell you, since the 12th [of April] there is.... When is it going to manifest in the physical? I don't know.

It is a subtle-physical being – not a vital but a subtle-physical being, and I am tall and strong.

Tell her she's not the only one who sees me this way – many do. When I see myself at night, that's how I see myself. Perhaps ... well, this *(Mother touches her body)* would have to yield. But when? I don't know.

Ageless – something neither young nor old nor ... something totally different. And tall, strong.

That's how I see myself.

And it is subtle-physical. You can tell her.

"It's peculiar, "she says, "since March I have been seeing Mother taller."

Yes, something has come and wants to manifest here, so I am being prepared, I see plainly that I am being.... How to adapt this *(the body)*? That's the question.

They are experimenting! We'll see what's going to happen. This work is fairly new! *(Mother laughs.)*

So, Saturday then.

(silence)

This is just the kind of thing I am being told ("told" is a way of speaking – it is a knowledge; it is indisputable, much more indisputable than words and all that sort of thing): one day it will be concretely visible, people will see it. I am waiting!

(Mother laughs) I am waiting for that.

But if I have to wait for that to show myself, well then ... it will take quite some time.

Logically, of course, I should stay invisible until the day I appear in my new form. But it doesn't seem to be going quickly. For the moment, it's not changing ... except for a kind of sensation of force entering the body – a sensation as if the new thing were PUSHING.[117] Something very concrete.

We'll see! We have to be patient.

Au revoir, petit.

You don't need anything?

June 30, 1962

(Mother gives Satprem an old note to keep – unfortunately, he does not recall exactly what it was – one of those little scraps of paper, scattered about almost everywhere, on which Mother would jot down notations of her experiences; or, to be more exact, on which she concretized in material words the Force then manifesting. As a comment on this note, Mother adds.)

I have experienced this hundreds and hundreds of times: one has a deep, true experience, but the mind, even the higher mind, immediately latches onto it (usually it's the higher mind) and very actively makes its OWN thing out of the experience, thus bringing in its own distortion.

It comes merely as an addition, the distortion is not total, there's still something quite true behind it.

All those things are barriers the mind sets against the Truth.... I didn't write that to give you. Sometimes I write things and then keep them for years on end so that.... They are a material focus for the action. Had I not written it, I would not have been able to work so effectively – these are occult documents.[118]

* * *

(Regarding the last conversation and Mother's "innumerable vital beings," who reincarnated this time "in a deluge":)

As a child, when I was around ten or twelve years old, I had some rather interesting experiences which I didn't understand at all. I had some history books – you know, the textbooks they give you to learn history. Well, I'd read and suddenly the book would seem to become transparent, or the printed words would become transparent, and I'd see other words or even pictures. I hadn't the faintest

idea what was happening to me! And it appeared so natural to me that I thought it was the same for everybody. But my brother and I were great chums (he was only a year and a half older), so I would tell him: "They talk nonsense in history, you know – it is LIKE THIS; it isn't like that: it is LIKE THIS!" And several times the corrections I got on one person or another turned out to be quite exact and detailed. And (I see it now – I understood it later on) they were certainly memories. About some passages I would even say, "How stupid! It was never that; THIS is what was said. It never happened like that; THIS is how it happened." And the book was simply open before me; I was just reading along like any other child and ... suddenly something would occur. It was something in me, of course, but I used to think it was in the book!

I found out many, many things about Joan of Arc – many things. And with stunning precision, which made it extremely interesting. I won't repeat them because I don't remember with exactness, and these things have no value unless they are exact. And then, for the Italian Renaissance: Leonardo da Vinci, Mona Lisa; and for the French Renaissance: François I, Marguerite de Valois,[119] and so forth.

Twice I knew that it wasn't just images but something that had happened to ME, but it took another form. Once (when I was older, around twenty) it happened at Versailles. I had been invited to dinner by a cousin who, with no warning, served me dry champagne during dinner – and I drank it unsuspectingly (I who never drank at all, neither wine nor liquor!).... When I had to get up and cross the crowded room, oh, how very difficult it became, so difficult! Then we went to a place near the chateau, with a view of the whole park. And I was staring at the park, when I saw ... I saw the park filling up with lights (the electric lights had vanished), with all kinds of lights, torches, lanterns ... and then crowds of people walking about ... in Louis XIV dress! I was staring at this with my eyes wide open, holding on to the balustrade to keep from falling down (I wasn't too sure of myself!). I was seeing it all, then I saw myself there, engrossed in conversation with some people (I don't remember now, but there were certain "corrections" here too).... I mean I was a certain person (I don't remember who) and there were those two brothers who were sculptors *(Mother vainly tries to recollect the names*[120]*)* ... anyhow, all kinds of people were there and I saw myself talking, chatting. And I seem to have been sufficiently in control of myself, because when I related all that I had seen, there were some quite interesting details and corrections. That was one time.

There was another time at Blois. They make Anjou wine at Blois. It was the same story: I never drank anything but water or herb tea, but there was a luncheon and they served us sparkling Anjou wine ... it seemed so light! Afterwards (I was with an artist friend, we were all artists) we went to see the museum, and it appears I was sparkling with wit! And I suddenly halted in front of a painting by ... now let's see, who was it? Coué?... No, Clouet! Clouet: the princess ... one of the princesses.[121] And I started making a few remarks out loud (it took me a little while to notice that people were listening). "Look at this!" I was saying. "Just look

at this! Look what this fellow has done to me! See what he's done to me – it wasn't at all like that!" It was actually a beautiful painting, but I was quite unhappy about it: "Look what he's done to me! Look – he made this like that, but that's not at all how it was, it was LIKE THIS! " Details.... And then I became aware (I wasn't too conscious physically) ... I realized that people were standing around listening, so I got a grip on myself, and left without a word. But I told my friends, "Listen, it was definitely me! It was MY portrait, it was ME!

Almost all my memories of past lives came like that; the particular being reincarnated in me rises to the surface and begins acting as if it were all on its own! Once in Italy, when I was fifteen, it happened in an extraordinary way. But that time I did some research. I was in Venice with my mother and I researched in museums and archives, and I discovered my name, and the names of the other people involved. I had relived a scene in the Ducal Palace, but relived it in such a ... such an absolutely intense way *(laughing* – a scene where I was being strangled and thrown into a canal!) that my mother had to hurry me out of there as fast as she could! But that experience I wrote down, so the exact memory has been kept (I didn't write down the other experiences, so the details have all faded away, but this one was noted, although I didn't include any names). The next morning I did some research and uncovered the whole story. I told it all to Théon and Madame Théon, and he also had the memory of a past life there, during the same period. And as a matter of fact, I had seen a portrait there that was the spitting image of Théon! The portrait of one of the doges. It was absolutely (it was a Titian) ... absolutely Théon! HIS portrait, you know, as if it had just been done.[122]

All those kinds of things came to me just like that, without my looking for them, wanting them, or understanding them, without doing any sort of discipline, nothing – it was absolutely spontaneous. And they just kept on coming and coming and coming.

From the time I met Théon, it all got clarified: I saw it all clearly, understood and organized it. But a good deal of it happened before – everything I have just told you happened before I met Théon.

> *"One after the other, these vital beings came," you say, "and some of them have even been in men...."*

One of them was in Murat, on the day of his great victory.[123] It was a vital force that took possession of him and remained just for that victory; and it came into me, so I saw it all! I saw its entry into Murat's body and the whole battle scene – I lived through it all. And once the battle was over, it left him. It was very interesting.

> *I wanted to clarify something.... I don't know if Mona Lisa and Marguerite de Valois were your incarnations, but weren't they contemporaries!?...*

Yes, but I told you – four at once![124]

Four at once. And, in general, they were the different states of being of the Mother – the four aspects. Generally one aspect in each embodiment (when there were four). Or else this or that aspect might have been less present in one embodiment and more present in another. Sometimes there was a fairly central presence and then at the same time less central, less important emanations. But that has happened several times – several times. On two occasions it was particularly clear. But I have often sensed that there wasn't merely ONE embodiment, that the course of history may have crystallized around this or that person, but there were other embodiments less (how to put it?) ... less conspicuous, somewhere else.

They are the different aspects of the Mother.

* * *

(A little later, Mother refers to a passage from the preceding conversation in which she said that her present incarnation on earth didn't have a merely terrestrial effect but an effect on all the other worlds as well – and particularly on the gods.)

None of those beings, those gods and deities of various pantheons, have the same rapport with the Supreme that man has; for man has a psychic being, in other words, the Supreme's presence within him. These gods are emanations – independent emanations – created for a special purpose and a particular action which they fulfill SPONTANEOUSLY; they do it not with a sense of constant surrender to the Divine but simply because that's what they are, and why they are, and all they know is what they are. They don't have the conscious link with the Supreme that man has – man carries the Supreme within himself.

That makes a considerable difference.

But with this present incarnation of the Mahashakti.... She is the Supreme's first manifestation, creation's first stride, and it was She who first gave form to all those beings. Now, since her incarnation in the physical world, and through the position She has taken here in relation to the Supreme by incarnating in a human body, all the other worlds have been influenced, and influenced in an extremely interesting way.[125] I have been in contact with all those gods, all those great beings, and for the most part their attitude has changed. And even with those who didn't want to change, it has nonetheless influenced their way of being.

Human experience, with this direct incarnation of the Supreme,[126] is ultimately a UNIQUE experience, which has given a new orientation to universal history. Sri Aurobindo speaks of this – he speaks of the difference between the Vedic era, the Vedic way of relating to the Supreme, and the advent of Vedanta (I think it's Vedanta): devotion, adoration, *bhakti,* the God within.[127] Well, this aspect of rapport with the Supreme could exist ONLY WITH MAN, because man is a special being in universal History – the divine Presence is in him. And several of those great gods have taken human bodies JUST TO HAVE THAT.[128] But not many of them – they were so fully aware of their own perfect independence and

their almightiness that they didn't NEED anything (unlike man, you see, struggling to escape his slavery): they were absolutely free.

And that's why.... How many times Durga came! She would always come, and I had my eye on her (!), because in her presence I could clearly sense that there wasn't that rapport with the Supreme (she just didn't need it, she didn't need anything). And it wasn't that something acted on her consciously, deliberately, to obtain that result: it has been a contagion. I remember how she used to come, and my aspiration would be so intense, my inner attitude so concentrated ... and one day there was such a sense of power, of immensity, of ineffable bliss in the contact with the Supreme (it was a day when Durga was there), and she seemed to be taken and absorbed in it. And through that bliss she made her surrender.

Most interesting.

Not at all the result of will or anything: she was simply engulfed.

In those movements of consciousness, in this state of consciousness, I am comfortable *(Mother heaves a sigh).* But it has taken me a lot of discipline to concentrate here [in the body]: there was always something, from my very childhood, that felt hemmed in, squeezed, really ... oh! And with a sense of something so powerful that if it ever went into action *(gesture of unleashing),* it would smash everything.

Now it has been tamed.

So, is that enough for you?

No, no!

(Mother laughs)

July

July 4, 1962

The other day, Pavitra said to me in passing, "Modern science would neither follow nor believe us." According to him, scientists acknowledge only "essential hypotheses," and not having the experience, would take our science for a set of "non-essential" hypotheses. I didn't argue, or else I would have told him, "We don't make any hypotheses, far from it, we simply *state our experiences."* They are free to disbelieve us or to think we're half crazy or hallucinating – that's up to them, it's their business. But we don't make hypotheses, we speak of things we know and have experienced.

For several hours afterwards I had a vision of this state of mind and found absolutely no need to make hypotheses (you see, Pavitra was speaking of "hypothesizing" the existence of different states of being). It's just as I told you: I have passed that stage; I don't need inner dimensions any more.[129] And observing this materialistic state of mind, it occurred to me that, on the basis of their own

experiments, they are bound to admit oneness – at least the oneness of matter; and to admit oneness is enough to obtain the key to the whole problem!

Once again it made me realize that this last experience [of April 13] may in reality have come to free me from ALL past knowledge, and that ... to live the Truth none of it is needed. I need neither all this terminology nor Sri Aurobindo's terminology nor, of course, anyone else's; I don't need all these classifications, I don't need all sorts of experiences – I need ONE experience, the one I have. And I have it in all things and in all circumstances: the experience of eternal, infinite, absolute Oneness manifesting in the finite, the relative and the temporal. And the process of change I am pursuing seems less and less of a problem; after looking like the ultimate problem, it doesn't seem to be one any more, because ... but that ... that can't be uttered – it pleases Him to be that way, so He is that way.

And the secret is simply to be in this "It pleases Him."

To be not merely in what is objectified, but also in That which objectifies.

That's all. With that, I need no other theory.

(silence)

Taken to the extreme, if the identification is perfect, it is NECESSARILY omnipotence.

Ultimately, nothing but omnipotence could convert the world, convince the world. The world isn't ready to experience supreme Love. Supreme Love eliminates all problems, even the problem of creation: there are no more problems, I know it since that experience [of April 13]. But the world isn't ready yet, it may take a few thousand years. Although it is beginning to be ready for the manifestation of supreme Power (which seems to indicate that this will manifest first). And this supreme Power would result from a CONSTANT identification.

But this "constancy" isn't yet established: one is identified and then one isn't, is and then isn't, so things get delayed indefinitely. You wind up doing exactly what you tell others not to do – one foot here and one foot there! It just won't do.

(silence)

There must be certain laws – laws expressing a Wisdom far beyond us – for the experience seems to follow a sort of curve which, because I am in it, I don't understand. And it won't be understood till the end is reached; but I am right in the middle of it, or maybe at the very beginning....

(long silence)

We could say some elegant things, but they don't explain anything; like this feeling, for example, that one must die unto death to be born to immortality.

It doesn't mean anything but it corresponds to something.

To die unto death, to become incapable of dying because death has no more reality.

This is beginning to ... I can't say "crystallize," that's much too hard.... It's like a soft breeze condensing.

(silence)

As you know, N.S. has left his body. It was the result of an accident (he had a weak heart, and he worried about it). He took a fall, probably because he fainted, and fractured his skull: "loss of consciousness" due to cerebral hemorrhage (that's modern science speaking!). When the accident occurred, he came to me (not in a precise form, but in a state of consciousness I immediately recognized), and stayed here motionless, in complete trust and blissful peace – motionless in every state of being, absolutely ... *(gesture of surrender)* total, total trust: what will be, will be; what is, is. No questions, not even a need to know. A cosy peace ... a *great ease.*

They tried, fought, operated: no movement, nothing moved. Then one day they declared him dead (by the way, according to doctors, when the body dies the heart beats on faintly for a few seconds; then it stops and it's all over). In his case, those faint beats (not strong enough to pump blood) continued for half an hour – the kind of heartbeats typical of the trance state. (They all seem to be crassly ignorant! But anyway, it doesn't matter.) And they all said, even the doctors, "Oooh, he must be a great yogi, this only happens to yogis! " I have no idea what they mean by that. But I do know that although those heartbeats aren't strong enough to pump blood through the body (thus putting the body into a cataleptic state), they do suffice to maintain life, and that's how yogis can remain in trance for months on end. Well, I don't know what type of doctors they are (probably very modern), but they're ignorant of this fact. Anyway, according to them he had those pulsations for half an hour (normally they last a few seconds). All right. Hence their remarks. And he was here the whole while, immutable. Then suddenly I felt a kind of shudder; I looked – he was gone. I was busy and didn't note the time, but it was in the afternoon, that's all I know. Later I was told that they had decided to cremate him, and had done so at that time.

The violence of the accident had brutally exteriorized him, but when it happened he must have been thinking of me with trust. He came and didn't budge – he never knew what was happening to his body. He didn't know he was dead! And if....

Then and there I said to myself, "This habit of cremating people is appallingly brutal!" (They put the fire in the mouth first.) He didn't know he was dead and that's how he learned it! ... From the reaction of the life of the form in the body.

Even when the body is in a thoroughly bad condition, it takes at least seven days for the life of the form to leave it. And for someone practicing yoga, this life is CONSCIOUS. So you burn people a few hours after the doctors have declared them dead, but the life of the form is every inch alive and, in those who have practiced yoga, conscious.

It made me a bit....

Given the state he was in, it made NO difference to him whether he was dead or alive; that's what was interesting! He remained in a blissful, trusting, peaceful

state and I probably would have gently led him either to the psychic world or elsewhere, according to the indication I received as to what he had to do. He would never have known he was dead.[130]

This opened a door for me.[131]

Because they cremated him he was abruptly *(Mother violently shudders)* and violently thrown into contact with the destruction of the body's form.[132] It must have been the life of the form; when hurled so brutally out of the body, the life of the form must have thrown itself at him! So of course....

(silence)

I immediately said to myself, "But he was still existing, living, having the experience, absolutely INDEPENDENT of his body – he didn't need his body to have his experience." And with my protection and knowledge I could have put him either in a place of rest or, if need be, in touch with another body – and that would have been the end of it. Now, of course, everything is disrupted and we have to wait for things to calm down.[133]

But it is possible to die without knowing you are dead.

And to retain full consciousness – he was totally conscious and blissful.

I find that important, an important experience.

I haven't told anyone what happened when they cremated him, because it would have made them all quite upset and miserable. I said only that he came to me. So don't say a word; they mustn't know. Not that it's irreparable, but still, it's not a pleasant experience.

But it came as if to put me in contact with this possibility.

(silence)

In ordinary consciousness, what really gets in the way of the experience is our excessive attachment to the physical form as we see it, which looks to us like a permanent reality of the being.

I try to make people understand this through a practical demonstration. You know, I very rarely appear to people in a form even vaguely similar to the one I physically ... I was about to say "had"! It always depends on what they are akin to, what they're most intimate with – all sorts of forms. And I try to make them comprehend that THAT form is just as much mine as this one *(Mother touches her body).* To tell the truth, it is much more truly mine. As for the true form – the TRUE Form – to bear the sight of it, one must be able to relate directly to the Supreme. So when people say, "I want to see you," or "I see you," they mean the aspect of mine they know. But these torrents of forms are ALL true, and most of them truer than this body has ever been. To my consciousness it was always, oh, so pitiably approximate – a caricature! Not even a caricature: no resemblance at all.

It had its good qualities (I seem bent on speaking in the past tense – it's spontaneous), qualities it was built and chosen for. For practical purposes, this

body was very necessary, but when it comes to manifesting! ...

But had it been truly expressive, something really eloquent, probably there would have been more reluctance to ... to give it free rein.

There has never been too great an attachment to this form. There was never any attachment (even in so-called full Ignorance) to anything but consciousness – yes, something set great store by this consciousness, wouldn't let it be destroyed, saying, "This is something precious." But the body.... It's not even too good an instrument; simply modest, plastic, self-effacing, and molding itself to every necessity. An ability to mold itself to all points of view and to realize every ideal it deemed worthy of realizing – this very suppleness was its one virtue. And extremely modest, never wanting to impose itself on anything or anyone. Fully conscious of its incapacity, but ... capable of doing anything, of realizing anything. It was consciously formed with this make-up, because that's what was necessary.... And nothing is too great or overwhelming, since there isn't the resistance put up by a small personality with the sense of its own smallness. No, none of that matters – CONSCIOUSNESS matters; consciousness vast as the universe, even vaster. And along with consciousness, the capacity to adapt – to adapt and mold itself to every necessity.

Even now, my one feeling about this form is that it's too rigid. Those stupendous inner revelations, those great movements of creative consciousness are constantly *hampered* by this. It's trying, it's trying its best, but it is still governed by such appallingly rigid laws! Appalling. How long will it take to overcome this?

We mustn't be in a hurry.

(silence)

> *What kind of conclusions can be drawn from N.S.'s experience? What does it open the door to, practically speaking?*

It depends on the case.

In this case, I let others decide because I don't attend to such matters; but I did suggest they keep him until the next day, and I would have done something during the night. They were in a hurry – they're always in a hurry....

I don't even say not to cremate people, because in AT LEAST ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it's the best thing to do.

The only solution is for people to grow wise, and they're not wise. They accept a law, a principle, and then, having no wisdom, need to follow it blindly.

Had I taken the responsibility (I purposely didn't, for other reasons), I would have said, "Keep him till tomorrow morning." And I would have done something overnight. But naturally, this is one case in a million. You can't make it a general rule.

> *No, I meant what conclusions for you, for your experience, can be drawn from this episode?*

Ah, me, my experience! Why, it's that someone can die without knowing he's dead! Someone can die (what people call "dying") without knowing he's dead, so it's not crucially important.

People say, " He has lost consciousness." They made this assumption in N.S.'s case because there were no vital signs and the consciousness in the body was reduced to a minimum; there was still some left (because it did react!), but it was a bare minimum, without much reacting power – he wasn't an accomplished yogi, after all, only an apprentice yogi. It would have been entirely different, for instance, and far more serious, for someone who had practiced hatha yoga. But I mean to say that N.S. was here beside me, fully conscious, and could have moved on to another mode of manifestation without having to go through the throes of death – that's not at all indispensable! Such is my experience, and I find it very important, tremendously important.

Besides, this is the first time it has happened. All those (like I.B., for example) who were hurled violently out of their bodies through an accident have, after a time, become conscious again – the consciousness gathers itself back together. But N.S.'s consciousness never scattered, he never lost consciousness.

His time had come – the instant the accident happened, I knew it was time for him to leave his body. His time had come, but the circumstances had been arranged ("had been arranged" – you know, I don't say by whom ...), circumstances had been arranged to derive the utmost benefit. This made me understand a lot of things.... Practically speaking, you need a lot of experiences to learn anything.

But to learn, to profit from such experiences, one must already be on the other side. Up to that point [April 13], I had learned plenty of things, but I was learning them from this side of the fence. Now I am on the other side of the fence. Not entirely, but in large part, at least.

Voilà.

So, on with your book. Next time you can read me some of it.

It's not going fast!

It doesn't matter. Anyway, what's fast! To me ... look, since April 13, I find people are always in a hurry for nothing. They're always rushing as if they had a train to catch! But why! ... It's one of the big, big mistakes. Why rush? It's due to a sort of inner vibration, something that keeps vibrating on and on, spoiling everything.

Everything they do, they do fast, as if something were pushing them – they eat fast, move fast, sleep fast, they wash and dress fast, talk fast. But why? Why be in such a hurry?

I experience this over and over again! And I have to restrain myself from asking, "But what's the hurry?"

As soon as you stop hurrying, you enter a truer vibration.

See you Saturday, then. Keep it up. It's very good, much better than you think!

July 7, 1962

(Mother listens to Satprem read some passages from his new book on Sri Aurobindo. The first book, Sri Aurobindo and the Transformation of the World, was judged "abstract and nebulous" by the Paris publisher. Mother comments:)

They probably won't understand anything. For me, the other book was more self-evident.

Yes, for me too. Writing it was more intense; I have no sense of inspiration with this one.

My idea was to stick to the bare facts, to tell stories from Sri Aurobindo's life, the Ashram, things like that. This is still ... *(gesture above the head).* It's geared to intelligent people interested in things of the spirit.

I don't see how these things could be skipped....

In any event, it's all right – it's fine, I don't mean to criticize; I find it very good ... but still a little too lofty.

Oh, listen....

All right, it's all right *(Mother laughs).* A bit too high for them. But this chapter ends here, doesn't it?

It's simply to give some background. Still, I can't avoid saying what's new in what Sri Aurobindo brings, precisely because it has nothing to do with "spiritual" India. We can't avoid telling them this one way or another, can we?

Yes, you're telling them very intelligently.

It's put simply.

Yes ... well, it could be put much more simply! But it doesn't matter. You needn't think it's no good – it's very good.

Oh, you know, I don't think much of the inspirations I'm getting!... I mean, I know it could just as well be something else – it's not "the inevitable."

That's no problem – the public isn't touched by inspiration. But what you write here is for intelligent people with inquiring minds, interested in ideas – is there such a public?

But after this prologue, I intend to tackle the problem practically, to speak of the moment when people reach the limits of the mind, when they start going round in circles and find nothing; then I will tell them of zones beyond the mind, and of what can be discovered when one goes within: mental silence. I'll talk about a practical discipline. That was my idea. My idea isn't to give an abstract explanation but to take up yoga from a practical angle: try to do this, and here's what you may expect – mental transformation, change in the vital, dreams, etc. All practical things. I'd like to explore the psychological aspect.

That's good. From the standpoint of the Work, of what you create, of course it's very good, very interesting; it needs to be said, it MUST be said. But is the gentleman who wrote you that letter capable of understanding anything of it? That's where I put a question mark.

We'll see.

If he doesn't understand, it means he won't understand no matter what.

And what if you tell them we do gymnastics and have a swimming pool! ...

I will.

This is something they'll understand – that we're not a bunch of defrocked monks meditating in a circle, but that all life's activities are accepted and everyone keeps busy: the writer writes, the painter paints, the children do gymnastics; that, they will understand.

I'll say it, but later on, towards the end. After exploring these changes of consciousness, which after all are the very basis of the work, I'll show how they translate practically. But if i start with this right away, without explaining why it's like that....

Oh, that won't trouble them!

That's the part I saw. "Just toss it to them," I thought, "and that will be that!"

But we still have to try to make them understand why it's like that!

No, that's where you have to give in. You have to put all this "trying to make them understand" out of the picture. If you want to include those things for your personal satisfaction, because it makes the thing more real, more living, I agree; but get rid of this "trying to make them understand," it's impossible. I tell you, as soon as you go beyond the matter-of-fact *(Mother sticks her hand right under her nose),* they're lost. But tell them what they can see when they get off the train: "All these houses, that's the Ashram; here is the library, those are the tennis courts, there's the sports ground, that's...." Ah! They understand.

It's going well; it will be a very good book. But probably only a small portion of it will make them say, "Ah, finally! Something practical!"

"The Ashram began with two houses and so many people" – in America that's all they ever wanted to know from me. When I asked for money from America,

that's what they asked about, and that's what I had to send them: on such and such a date we started off with two houses and then little by little, like this and like that, it became what it is today. And now we have so many houses *(Mother laughs),* there are so many people, so many visitors per year, and the Samadhi has become a place of pilgrimage, and.... In short, newspaper stories – that's what I wrote to America! I put together papers, documents, statistics – they were quite satisfied. If I had told them even a quarter of what you say, they would have replied, "Oh, for heaven's sake, be practical!"

Being "practical" means understanding no more than they do.

That's the thing: to be practical is to understand no more than they do!

After all, it doesn't matter.

???

What you've written is for an enlightened public fond of ideas – excellent. But it's not a book you buy for a couple of dollars and read on the train between stations; no, the reader must sit quietly and think about what he's reading. There's not one in a million like that! They put it in their pocket, you see, and on the subway – maybe not the subway, there's no time! – but while they're on the train, they pull it out of their pocket and....

(Satprem makes a discouraged gesture)

No, no, don't stop, go on, finish it. But they may ask you to cut it *(Mother laughs)* – some passages will "drag"! "Why do you dwell so much on ideas? That's secondary!"

I understand. But I don't see that I can....

No, write your book as you see it.

I see a psychological book. I mean, someone doing research on himself, seeking to understand.... Not a philosophical but a psychological book – someone who's experimenting on himself.

What!

One in a million! You won't have any readers!

No, no, people want to while away the time, they want to be diverted and forget their worries, their family cares, their businesses for half an hour.

I am not being critical, it's just a prediction!

No, go ahead. They're simply going to tell you, "Your book is very nice, but ... it drags in places. If you'll let us cut them out ..." *(Mother laughs).* That's it. And whatever is truly psychological, well, they'll take big scissors and ... *(Mother laughs).*

But all that can be published separately.

Keep on. Certain sections can be made into magazine articles for serious readers, the few who like to think.

Just send it to your publisher, you'll see. We'll cut if they ask us to, and send what we cut to a magazine. Then they'll have their nice little storybook![134]

* * *

(A little later, the subject of the increasing scarcity of the tapes Satprem uses to record these conversations comes up. It should be mentioned that Mother has never wanted to use the Ashram's tapes.)

... And then after all, if it's lost, it's lost! It will have been the Lord's decision, so it doesn't matter.

The Lord... we must help Him out a little!

He doesn't know the job! *(Mother laughs)*

This is a common feeling: in the end, maybe He DOESN'T really know the things of this world as well as we do! *(Mother laughs and laughs)* It's very funny.

* * *

(Just before leaving, Mother makes the following remark on the Paris publisher's resistance:)

This is what I am doing *(gesture of applying pressure with the thumb).* Who knows, anything can happen! Some rather interesting things are happening in the world, showing me that after all, there is a response – there is a little response. I do this *(same gesture with the thumb),* and the effort isn't completely wasted. The events in Algeria[135] and certain things in America too.... There's a response. And then (I think I've told you this), some people are suddenly having experiences out of all proportion to their inner state, as though they'd been projected into a curve absorbing several lifetimes. This seems to be what's happening individually. People with the least bit of trust are gaining lifetimes ... perhaps many lifetimes – and the world as well.

The work is getting done in double time – even a lot more than double.

But it's good, this book of yours.

As I always say, "Be at least two generations ahead." And this book is a generation ahead of them.

July 11, 1962

(Referring back to the conversation of July 4: "One must die unto death to be born to Immortality.")

When I said that, oh, you can't imagine, I had just been seeing it somewhere –

somewhere in a dazzling light – and it was full of marvelous meaning. And of course when I uttered it I wondered why ... why it was no longer the same. It was absolutely wonderful, it explained ... not that it explained everything, but it was a revelation. There must have been some fault in the transcription. It all came back after you left. I looked and asked myself, "Why did I say it was so marvelous!" And I understood: when I saw it, I really SAW, saw those words, more dazzling than the most brilliant diamonds and full of a marvelous power of knowledge, as though it held the key to things; but when I spoke it, it became almost flat. At any rate, it was utterly flat in comparison.

What did you feel when I said it?

I felt there was something in it....

It was sheer splendor, a dazzling sight! And when the revelation was gone and only the memory of this brilliance remained (which I still have), I wondered, "What was there in those words: to die unto death?" ... It was glorious, mon petit: to die unto death. But what I said is nothing.

When you said it, I felt it held a secret.

Yes, yes! The POWER of the thing.

And they were the very words, the exact words – but those words ... something else was in them. Perhaps it's the transcription.... And yet, they were those very words.

It's most interesting.

And now, trying to understand, one does find something, but it's nothing.

As soon as something is translated into words, expressed mentally, it's funny how it falls flat. It all seems to fall flat.

Yes, it's finished, flat, flat – drained.

Yes, something is toss, irredeemably lost.... We need another mode of expression.

Silence, perhaps.

No ... I don't know, I imagine colored waves....

Maybe. Ah, that day [April 13] the whole creation was colored waves, but not like the colors we have here, it was.... Ah, that day! ...

For a good two hours it was absolutely.... The world, the whole creation seemed like a child at play, that's how I related to it. And what play!

It was smiling, easy – VERY lovely, very easy.

It has never faded, it's always there *(gesture behind the head),* and at any moment I can immerse myself in it all over again. But what a difference when, after THAT, you come back to an awareness of what is speaking, at least as tremendous a difference as with that "to die unto death." Similarly, that "to die

unto death" contained the full Power of THAT.[136] It was clear and ... stunningly powerful. And the same impression: easy, easy. There's really no question of hard or easy – it's spontaneous, NATURAL, and so smiling. And that "to die unto death" was filled with such JOY! Such joy.... I could almost have said, "It's plain as day! Don't you see how plain it is! But that's it: we have only to die unto death, and that will be that!"

(silence)

Recently, for a short part of my nights, I suddenly find a certain task set before me dealing with this one's or that one's mental constructions. And then I feel I am facing a tremendous, destructive falsehood – a TOTAL contradiction, in fact, of this endlessly unfolding creative vibration.

Some of the people concerned are here, others elsewhere – that is, it's the mental state (even the higher mind in some cases, not necessarily very down-to-earth) of this one or that one or.... It comes individually (and the person's name along with it). And a kind of uneasiness takes hold of my body, as if I were in the presence of ... I don't know, in ordinary life I would say, "Go away! " *(Mother brusquely shoos something away)* But here it is presented for me to do a particular work (I know the people, some are here, others elsewhere; they're people I am in touch with for the yoga). So I am faced with these mental formations and each one is HELD like this *(Mother grips the thing with both hands)* so that I don't simply brush it aside. Then (it's certainly a good opportunity to go completely crazy!) I slowly bring in the divine Vibration, and I hold it like this, without moving *(Mother holds this vibration tight and drives it in like a sword of light),* without moving ... until everything fades away into silence.

I haven't had the chance *(laughing)* to ask them what happened to them!

Probably they were not immediately aware of it, but it's sure to have an effect.

This has never happened before, it's brand-new. Before, there was always that Power transmitted through the higher mind (what Sri Aurobindo calls the Overmind); it was up there, dissolving, dispersing, changing, doing a whole lot of work, without any difficulty, effortlessly *(gesture above the head showing the tranquil, irresistible flowing of a stream),* nothing to it. That was my constant, second-to-second action, everywhere, all the time, for everything that came to me. But THIS is completely, completely new. It's a sort of imposition, almost like an imposition on the PHYSICAL brain (I presume it must be for changing the brain cells). And I am allowed to do only one thing *(Mother grips the mental construction presented to her);* it's right in front of me like this and won't leave me, it clings like a leech, stock-still. So I have to bring in the supreme, divine Vibration, the Vibration I experienced the other day [April 13], and hold it steadily (sometimes it takes quite a while) ... until all is hushed in a divine silence.

(silence)

Either today or yesterday, when I got up around 4:30 or a quarter to five in the

morning, I immediately (how shall I put it?) ... I deliberately, out of habit, thought of you. "Must this [the operation with the sword of light] be done with Satprem too?" I asked. There was no answer and so far nothing has come.

When I think of you it always takes me into a very crystalline and luminous region – very crystalline, sometimes with.... A state where I can communicate effortlessly.

Yet I have the feeling it's closed up.

It's not closed up.

I don't feel I open out this way [vast, horizontal gesture].

No, it's not this way *(horizontal):* it's that way *(vertical).* No, it's not universal. And the more it descends, the more.... But personally, I am always in contact with you above your head.

It's not partitioned – no, there aren't any walls, it's not like that. Rather it's a concentration with (how to explain?) some irregularities, in the sense that suddenly there's a very intense light, flashes of lightning, and then ... it dims. Some places are extremely bright, receptive – receiving, receiving, receiving; others are ... not asleep but more passive. And it's not like this *(horizontal),* it's like that *(vertical).* And all your activity is above the head; it's very, very active there, but not walled-in – very active. Now and then there's a small burst of light.

I always see you that way. You LIVE there *(gesture above the head).*

You have few contacts with external realities. Your true life is there. It comes down a bit here *(Mother points to the upper forehead),* and goes like that *(gesture above and around the head).* It extends beyond your body, and is very active and steady. Then from time to time there's a cascade, a lovely, shimmering cascade *(gesture)*. You know, like a luminous fountain. It's VERY pretty, showering down like raindrops. And then here *(the upper forehead)* it starts moving.

Ah, it's good, it's interesting.

Yet I don't feel it's the true life.

Oh, no!

The true life ... it will come.

The true life is something else, something that's yet to come. It is something else.

The true life is Sat-prem. That's for later on. When it does come forward, then you will get a sense of the true life.

It will come.

And you mustn't be impatient – impatience leads to imitation: and unwittingly, in all sincerity, you imitate things within yourself, within your own experience, you imitate the realization – that's what impatience does.

The true life in its SIMPLE purity cannot come until ... until the Lord Himself is doing and deciding everything, acting, realizing, living, having the experience.

When everything is in His hands and you have absolutely nothing to do and don't even know WHERE YOU ARE, then ... then it comes in its purity, not before.

This is the difference, the radical difference, since the experience [of April 13]: there is nothing but the Lord. All the rest ... what is it?... No more than a habit of speaking (not even a habit of thinking, that's all gone), a habit of speaking; so the less one speaks, the happier one is. Otherwise ... nothing. And what else could there be? It is He who sees, He who wills, He who acts.

Then everything comes spontaneously, easily, with such great simplicity.

It will come, mon petit – no impatience.

For the moment it's on the right track. It's going well.

Ultimately, there's always a kind of yearning, more or less veiled, for the satisfaction of realization *(gesture of sitting down)*. I know it: we want to see ourselves being, progressing, acting, to see ourselves ... *(Mother laughs)*.

That's all, mon petit.

July 14, 1962

Mon petit, last night for the first time I saw you, just as you are, coming to me. "How wonderful!" I said to you. You came up like this *(Mother makes a gesture close to her face)* and looked at me. "He's conscious!" I said to myself.

You weren't conscious?

?...

It was around three o'clock in the morning.

I have seen you very often in visions, symbolic visions in the mental realm, but that's not what it was. It was in the subtle physical, this close *(same gesture)*; you came deliberately, and you looked at me. "Oh," I told you, "how nice!"

> *I had a dream about you, but I felt the subconscient made it up.*

No, it must be a transcription.

> *A strange dream, very strange. A crowd of people was waiting for you to come out, and you did come, you appeared. Then suddenly you fainted. I'm not sure why you fainted, you were physically sick or something. So you were carried away. A crowd was waiting to see you and they shoved me to the back (by the way, I noticed I was dressed as a Sannyasin). Finally, I came up close to you all of a sudden, leaving the crowd behind; I came up very close and then ... you told me certain things, I don't know what. You seemed so frail – all white, very frail and tired, as if you had just fainted. Anyway, things like that, you see....*[137]

No, I wasn't sleeping, I was concentrating; and in this concentration, while I was fully enveloped in those forces, THROUGH THAT you came to me. It was

truly fine! Good. It will come; it's a good sign. I was very pleased: "Ah, something is happening!" It will come.

* * *

(Mother listens to Satprem read a passage from the last conversation in which she says: "This is the radical difference since the experience of April 13: there is nothing but the Lord. All the rest ... what is it?... No more than a habit of speaking (not even a habit of thinking, that's all gone). Otherwise ... nothing. And what else could there be? It is He who sees, He who wills, He who acts.")

You know, there's the same vibration here as in "to die unto death." It's something ... yes, I think we could say it is His Presence ... His creative Power.... It is a special vibration. Don't you feel something like ... like a pure superelectricity?

When we touch That, we see that it's everywhere, but we are unaware of it.

When you read those words it suddenly came to me that ... it must be the Lord's Power within material vibrations.

It's interesting, worth investigating.

(In the same conversation of July 11, Mother said that to have the experience in its simple purity we mustn't even know "where we are," and yet "we want to see ourselves being, progressing, acting, to see ourselves....")

That [the sense of an individual position, of being a particular being in a particular place, watching and feeling oneself being] really vanished with the last experience [of April 13]. Before, it used to get in my way a lot. I was always wondering how to get rid of it.

In fact, this too is tied in with "to die unto death." Because, just imagine, why on earth do I invariably see the experience of the 12th to 13th on my left *(gesture to the left)?* And rather distant, as though I had returned along a LEVEL path *(horizontal gesture)* from there back to my body. Out there *(to the left)*, I didn't have it any more! I didn't have it – I existed in FULL consciousness, but I no longer had my body. That's what makes me say my body was dead. I no longer had it.... The experience was far, FAR away from here (I don't mean in the garden!) ... somewhere. Somewhere very far away to the left, in the physical consciousness. And when I had traveled back here along a level path, I noticed that there was still a body.[138]

But this body is no longer MY body – it is A body.

Except that gradually the consciousness is regaining control, but not in the same manner. And when I tried to understand this "dying unto death," I found myself over there again *(gesture to the left),* and I seemed to be told, "That was your experience."

I felt MUCH more alive there than here! Much more. And even now when I want to feel that power and intensity of life, when I want to recapture my experience [of April 13], I always go off there, to the left.

Why the left?...

(silence)

Yes, last night I remember saying, "Ah, at long last! That's good. We've made it at last!"

It is going to materialize.

I saw you just as I am seeing you now, exactly the same, only with a more intense and vibrant vibration. For me, you know, the physical world is always veiled, as if it were being snuffed out like a candle; well, there was no snuffer, it was you exactly, same features, same expression, but ... intense, intense. And you were looking at me *(Mother makes a gesture showing Satprem peering right into her face),* as if to say, "Ah! So that's what you look like." *(Laughter.)*

I was very glad. Very glad. "Ah, at last we've made it! " That was my feeling – here we are at last.

In a few days it will materialize ... a few days, I don't know. Over there *(gesture to the left),* days, months, all have another meaning. Listen, there are minutes.... You know, I walk around the room repeating the Words,[139] and sometimes I go around ten times in a second! Yet it's always the same pace; I doubt if anyone would see any physical difference. But sometimes there are ... ten, twenty, thirty rounds a second! And other times one single round will drag and drag – oh, it's endless!

And simultaneously there is an automatic perception of time – clock time – which is rather curious (everything is regulated by the comings and goings of the people around me, you see: such a thing at this time, such a thing at that time), I don't need to hear the clock – I am warned just before it strikes. I repeat one part of the japa in a particular way while lying down, because the Power is greater (these aren't meditations, they are actions), and another part while walking. So I stay stretched out for a certain time, I walk for a certain time, and at a fixed hour this one goes, another comes, and so on. But none of them are people; I don't tell them so, but they're not people: they are movements of the Lord. And it's extremely interesting – one of the Lord's movements will have this particular character, another movement will have a different type of vibration, and they all harmonize very nicely into a whole. But I know what time it is just before the clock strikes: six o'clock, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, like that. Not with the words "six," "seven," but: it's time, it's time, it's time.... And along with this – this clockwork precision – I have that other notion of time which is quite different, it's.... Although it's a very rigid convention, our time is a living formation with its own living power here in the world of action. The other time is ... the rhythm of consciousness. So according to the intensity of the Presence (there's a concentration and an expansion, I mean), according to this pulsation – which can vary, it's not regular and mechanical – walking around the room takes either no time at all, or else an ENORMOUS amount of time. But this doesn't interfere with the other time, there's no contradiction. Our time is on a different plane, something

far more external; but it has its usefulness and its own law, and the one doesn't hinder the other.[140]

And it's gradually becoming foreseeable that....[141]

(silence)

From time to time, one touches the vibration of the Supreme's Love, the creative Love, Love that creates, upholds, maintains, fuels progress and is the Manifestation's very reason for being (these great pulsations were the expression of That), and That is something so stupendous and marvelous for the material frame, the body, that it seems to be dosed out. From time to time, you are given a trickle of it to make you realize that the end (or anyway, the end of the beginning!) is That.

But you mustn't rush; and above all, no desire. Be very calm. The calmer you are, the longer it lasts. If you're in too much of a hurry, it goes away.

I can see it takes an EXTRAORDINARY capacity and solidity to bear That without exploding – and this capacity is slowly being prepared.

We mustn't be in a hurry.

(silence)

For a while yesterday I was put in contact with the way people think, how they think.... And I saw that I must be very careful; it is better to keep silent or they'll think I've finally gone off the deep end! You know: "She is getting old, there's arteriosclerosis of the brain, she is becoming a little silly, reverting to a second childhood...." I saw this, it's really funny. I saw, I was shown a whole way of thinking. Ah, they think they're intelligent, they think they know a lot!

Anyhow....

(silence)

Even in India.

And I am beginning to believe....

That's what I observe when I am put in contact with the outside world, Europe.

... But anyway, the Old World is an OLD world in the true sense of the word. India is much, much older, but more alive. Yet now it strikes me as so very rotten! They went rotten. You know what happens when a rotten apple is put next to a good one: England came and stayed much too long. It made things go quite rotten. Very, very rotten; it's difficult to heal. Otherwise, what's not rotten is truly good.

But there is a place where something is awakening, a small some" thing like what little children and animals have, going like this *(Mother imitates a baby bird poking its beak out of the nest and peering around),* peep-peep-peep, oh, alert and eager to know: America. They have a carapace as hard as an automobile's – it has to be hammered open, but underneath there's something that wants to know ... and knows nothing, nothing, is totally ignorant – but oh, it wants to know! And this can be touched. They may be the first to awaken.

A few in India, but a more widespread movement in America.

Strange, they're on that side! *(Mother gestures to the right.)* Why are they on the right? ... Ah, that's where it is on the map! It's on the other side of the ocean, isn't it? *(Mother looks in the direction of the Pondicherry coast.)* That's it. No, but it does have something to do with the right.... Action: the right side is action.

They are silly, silly! They are absolutely ignorant and yet ... there's a flame of aspiration suddenly awakening. And then they want to know, want to investigate, want to find, want to learn, want to.... It's going like this *(Mother blinks her eyes like a baby bird waking up),* vibrating and searching.

They've managed to stay very childlike.

Very childlike. But it's charming. Charming.

(silence)

All this is for the next hundred years. There are going to be some changes.

(silence)

1900?... Well, yes, in 2000 things will take a clear direction. You will still be here.

I don't know about that!

No, I am not speaking of what one is when one has "died unto death," not that. I mean normally, physically – how many years before 2000?

Umm....

Not many, forty years.

Thirty-seven years.

Yes, it's nothing! Nothing, a minute – you will be here in any case, even without dying unto death. You will see it.

Yes, yes, it's soon.

You will be here too!

That, I always have been and always will be, it makes no difference....

(very long silence)

A time will come when we'll say, "Remember, in such and such a year we thought we were really doing something! " *(Mother laughs.)*

Just now I found myself projected into the future: "Remember, over there?" (It's always to the left – now why? ...) "Remember? Oh, we thought we were doing something, thought we knew something!"

What a laugh.

(very long silence)

Yes, the ordinary consciousness is like an axis with everything revolving around it. An axis fixed somewhere, and everything revolves around it – that's the ordinary individual consciousness. And if the axis shifts, one feels lost. It's like a big axis (more or less big, it can also be tiny) planted straight up in time, with everything revolving around it. The consciousness may be more or less extended, more or less high, more or less strong, but it always turns on an axis. And now for me there is no more axis.

I was looking ... it just isn't there any more – gone, vanished!

It [Mother's consciousness] can go here, it can go there and there *(gesture to the cardinal points),* it can go backwards, forwards, anywhere at all – no more axis, no turning on an axis. Interesting.

I think I've lost you! *(Mother laughs.)*

It's an interesting experience. No more axis.

July 18, 1962

(Concerning the vibration of supreme Love Mother experienced on April 13:)

Matter needs quite a preparation to make it strong enough to hold those vibrations, and ... and the body seems to be given a trickle to see how much it can bear. But there's such an immediate intensity of joy in all the cells, in the heart and organs, that it all seems on the verge of exploding.

It comes just to tell you, "See, this is how it is."

I can bring it on at will simply by putting myself in a certain state. But then I notice that someone ("someone" ... well, that's a way of speaking) is dosing it out, allowing the contact for a certain length of time or in a certain amount; and there's nothing to be done about it, it's an Order from above. A mere hint of impatience would spoil everything – the power to establish the contact would probably be lost. I have never done this and I don't intend to.

(silence)

It's like an image.... You see, the body is stretched out here on the chaise longue.... You know how it is when experiments are done on animals? It's something like that – the body is there as the "subject" of an experiment. Then there's my consciousness, the part focused on the earthly experience and the present transformation (it's what I mean when I say "I"). And then the Lord.... I say "the Lord" – I've adopted that because it's the best way of putting it and the easiest for me, but I never, NEVER think of a being. For me, it's a simultaneous

contact with the Eternal, the Infinite, the Vast, the Totality of everything – the totality of everything: all that is, all that has been, all that will be, everything. Words spoil it, but it's like that – automatically – with consciousness, sweetness and ... SOLICITUDE. With all the qualities a perfect Personality can offer (I don't know if you follow me, but that's the way it is). And "That" (I use all these words to say it, and three-fourths is left out) ... is a spontaneous, constant, immediate experience. So the "I" I spoke of asks that the body may have the experience, or at least an initial taste, even a shadow of the experience of this Love. And each time it's asked for, it comes INSTANTLY. Then I see the three together[142] – in my consciousness and perception the three are together – and I see that this Love is dosed out and maintained in exact proportion to what the body can bear.

The body is aware of this and is a little sad about it. But immediately comes something soothing, calming, making it vast. The body instantly senses the immensity and regains its calm.

This experience I am describing is exactly what happened yesterday (it happens every day, but yesterday it was especially clear). And it's still here – I am seeing it as I saw it, it's still here. Actually, it is always here – always here – though it's more striking when the body is stretched out, motionless in the Yoga. The experience is slightly different when walking because that involves action. When the body walks, it acts on behalf of everything that's related to it, hence the action is vaster and more powerful.

But when it is stretched out and asks the Lord to take possession of it, it really asks with all its aspiration. And the very intensity of the aspiration brings in the possibility of a slight emotional vibration. But it is immediately drowned in ... the immobile immensity of matter, which senses the Divine Descent like a leaven that makes dough rise – that's it exactly, the terrestrial immensity of matter and the leavening action of the Divine Descent.... The intensity of these vibrations is above and beyond anything we are used to feeling – the vital seems dull and flat in comparison. And what a Wisdom! ... It knows how to make use of time – that is, it actually changes itself into time – so as to ... minimize the possibilities of damage.

It's plain to see that, left to itself in its full power of transformation and progress, this flame of aspiration, this flame of *Agni* would have scant consideration for the result of the process – the result of the process is that fire burns. And there could be mishaps in the functioning of the organs. All the organs must undergo a transformation, but were it too rapid and too sudden, well, everything would go out of whack. The machine would simply explode. But this Wisdom doesn't come from the universal consciousness (which I don't really think is so wise!), it's infinitely higher: the Supreme Wisdom. Something so wonderful! It foresees things the universal forces in their universal play would overlook – a wonder!

(silence)

We mustn't be in a hurry.

It's hard to imagine how a physical body can, for instance, extend or enlarge itself. It all seems unimaginable.

It is unimaginable because the body can't do it yet.

No ... and besides, you don't see. If my body resembled its consciousness (because it Is conscious), if what you see with your eyes corresponded to what the body feels, it would probably look monstrous, hideous ... or terrifying!

What the eyes see is so false, so false!

But now the body – the body itself, its very own self – feels it is WITHIN things or WITHIN people or WITHIN an action. There are no more limits, none of this *(Mother touches the skin of her hands as if all separation had disappeared).* Take this example: someone accidentally bumps me (it does happen) with an object or a part of his body. Well, it is NEVER something external: it happens INSIDE – the body's consciousness is much larger than my body. Yesterday, the table leg bumped my foot; so there was the ordinary outward reaction (it operates automatically and in a curious way – the body jumped), and then the body-consciousness – now I am speaking of the body-consciousness – saw that an unexpected and involuntary collision of two objects had taken place INSIDE ITSELF. And it also saw that if it made a certain movement of concentration at that particular spot, inside itself, some pain or damage would result; but if it made the other movement of ... (how shall I put it?) of union, of abolishing all separation (which it can do very well), well, then the results of the blow would be annulled. And that's what happened, I did it. I was simply sitting down, and I let my body cope with the whole thing (while I watched with keen interest); and I noticed it really did feel the blow inside and not outside – it wasn't that something from outside had struck it, but that there had been an unexpected, or rather an unforeseen and involuntary collision of two things inside itself. And I clearly followed how the body made a more complete movement of identification (you see, someone with the sense of separation had moved the table, so the sense of separation accompanied the blow, and then of course there was all the regret,[143] and so on and so forth); well, the body simply went into its usual state where there's no sense of separation, and the effect vanished instantaneously. Had I been asked, "Where were you hit, what spot?", I couldn't have told, I don't know. All I know, because of words I heard spoken, is that the table leg bumped into my foot. But where? ... I can't say; I couldn't have said even five minutes after the incident – it had utterly disappeared, and disappeared through a VOLUNTARY movement.

This body-consciousness has a will; it is constantly, constantly calling upon the Lord's will: "Lord, take possession of this, take possession of that, take...." There's no question of taking possession of the will, that was done ages ago, but: "Take possession of these cells, those cells, this, that...." It is the BODY'S aspiration. Well, the blow wasn't caused by this will acting in the body; the blow didn't come directly from the body, but from something that had slipped in through an unconscious element; and the body simply erased, or absorbed, digested this unconsciousness – and the thing vanished without a trace!

And do you know how this body is?... It immediately began wondering (I was quietly watching it all from above), "What if" ("ifs" are always idiotic but it's an old bodily habit), "what if the object had been sharp, would the results have been so easy to annul?" *(Mother laughs)* Then I distinctly heard someone reply (I am putting it into words), "You idiot! That wouldn't have happened in the first place! " That is, the necessary protection would have been there. The protection intervenes only when necessary, not just for the fun of it. "You numbskull," it said (I am translating freely), "how silly can you be! It wouldn't have happened."

But what a world it is – a world of experiences! And the consciousness is somewhere way up high but seeing very clearly, watching with interest.

You just can't imagine – you CANNOT.... When I try to see life as most people see it (it's getting increasingly difficult! but anyhow), the way people ordinarily see it, it becomes a big mishmash! I understand nothing, it makes no more sense – nothing makes sense. Simply, for the sake of the action, I have been warned that nobody can understand – NOBODY can comprehend to what extent the Lord is intermingled, is present and active in all things.

In all things.

(silence)

For instance, sometimes He "tells" me (of course it's not external; it's an extremely delicate working, and sort of automatic; no time elapses between the order and its execution: they're not two movements but one single thing) ... when He says "Speak," or when He says "Keep silent" – like the other day when, as you pointed out, I stopped in the middle of a sentence – it's that all of a sudden ... *(Mother makes a gesture as if she were unable to speak, or as if suddenly held by silence).* At other times it pours out like it's doing now. And I don't "hear" an order, I don't "feel" an order: I LIVE the Order; and it's so patently the Lord's that it seems stupid to even mention it.

Oh, such humorous things happen.... The other day I saw T. Her old mother lives in Moscow; she's very old and on her deathbed, and has asked T. to come see her. So T. is going to go there. It's a risky adventure. She wrote to ask if she could see me before leaving (I don't see anyone and I had no intention of receiving her, but it was decided in spite of me and I let her come). She had been told not to speak, but that's impossible for such a chatterbox!

So she began by lamenting (probably thinking it was the thing to do) over my "serious illness" and god knows what else – I didn't listen. I simply told her, "No, it's not that, it's the yoga." Then, with the effervescence of an ignorant child: " Yoga! But you shouldn't be doing yoga! You shouldn't be...." Just then, the Lord's face came (the Lord's face often takes on Sri Aurobindo's appearance – an idealized Sri Aurobindo, not exactly as he was physically), and it came here *(right up against Mother's face),* and it was blue. Then It made my finger touch her cheek, like this *(Mother seems to tap T.'s cheek),* and It told that child, "Little children don't know what they're talking about." And it was so thoroughly Him! He was speaking and I saw only Him, his appearance: "Little children don't know

what they're talking about."

I don't know how I looked (I was enjoying myself enormously), but she must have felt something (she didn't say a word), she must at least have felt something strange because a shudder went through her being. And I was told that when she left, she said, "I may come back before I leave, but I won't ask to see Mother!" *(Mother laughs.)*

But It was blue – all blue. And That said, "Little children don't know what they're talking about."

Voilà. I think our time is up.

July 21, 1962

> *The other day, speaking of Europe, you said that the "Old World is truly old...."*

Ah, look at this – yesterday someone read me a letter Sri Aurobindo wrote to Barin in April 1920, a few days before I returned from Japan. It was written in Bengali – tremendously interesting! He speaks of the state of the world, particularly India, and of how he envisaged a certain part of his action after completing his yoga. It's extremely interesting. And there's some very high praise for Europe. Sri Aurobindo says something like this: "You all think Europe is over and done with, but that's not true, it's not finished yet." In other words, its power is still alive.

This was in 1920.

But it was before the war....

It's very interesting.

> *Yet you get the feeling that with the kind of sincerity Westerners have, they would progress very quickly once they understood.*

That's more or less what Sri Aurobindo was saying.

Because they're sincere.

Yes, they have a sincerity, on one level, which is not the same as spiritual sincerity. They have a material sincerity, a material HONESTY, and with that, once they understood, they would progress very quickly.

But I think it will be primarily a question of individuals, not something general.

Read this; it shows a slightly new side of Sri Aurobindo's thought. I mean, he took a sterner tone when addressing Indians, and he gave a fuller account of his

experience of the West.

* * *

ADDENDUM

A letter from Sri Aurobindo to his younger brother Barin.

April 7, 1920

Dear Barin,

I have your letter, but have not succeeded in writing an answer till now. That I have even sat down to write now is a miracle; for me to write a letter is an event that takes place once in a blue moon – especially to write in Bengali, a thing I have not done for five or six years. If I can manage to finish this letter and put it in the post, the miracle will be complete!

First, about your yoga. You wish to give me the charge of your yoga and I am willing to take it, but that means to give its charge to Him who is moving by His divine *Shakti* [Energy], whether secretly or openly, both you and me. But you must know that the necessary result of this will be that you will have to walk in the special path which He has given to me, the path which I call the path of the Integral Yoga. What I began with, what Lele[144] gave me, was a seeking for the path, a circling in many directions – a first touch, a taking up, a handling and scrutiny of this or that in all the old partial yogas, some sort of complete experience of one and then the pursuit of another.

Afterwards, when I came to Pondicherry, this unsteady condition came to an end. The Guru of the world who is within us then gave me complete directions for my path – its complete theory, the ten limbs of the body of this Yoga. These past ten years He has been making me develop it in experience, and this is not yet finished. It may take another two years, and as long as it is not finished I doubt if I shall be able to return to Bengal. Pondicherry is the appointed place for my yoga *siddhi* [realization], except indeed one part of it, and that is action. The centre of my work is Bengal, although I hope that its circumference will be all India and the whole earth.

I shall write and tell you afterwards what this way of yoga is. Or if you come here I shall speak to you about it. In this matter the spoken word is better than the written. At present I can only say that its root-principle is to make a harmony and unity of complete knowledge, complete works and complete *Bhakti* [Devotion], to raise all this above the mind and give it its complete perfection on the supramental level of *Vijnana* [Gnosis]. This was the defect of the old yoga – the mind and the Spirit it knew, and it was satisfied with the experience of the Spirit in the mind. But the mind can grasp only the divided and partial; it cannot wholly seize the infinite and indivisible. The mind's means to reach the infinite are *Sannyasa* [Renunciation], *Moksha* [Liberation] and Nirvana, and it has no others. One man

or another may indeed attain this featureless Moksha, but what is the gain? The Brahman, the Self, God are ever present. What God wants in man is to embody Himself here in the individual and in the community, to realize God in life.

The old way of yoga failed to bring about the harmony or unity of Spirit and life: it instead dismissed the world as *Maya* [Illusion] or a transient Play. The result has been loss of life-power and the degeneration of India. As was said in the Gita, "These peoples would perish if I did not do works" – these peoples of India have truly gone down to ruin. A few *sannyasins* and *bairagis* [renunciants] to be saintly and perfect and liberated, a few *bhaktas* [lovers of God] to dance in a mad ecstasy of love and sweet emotion and *Ananda* [Bliss], and a whole race to become lifeless, void of intelligence, sunk in deep *tamas* [inertia] – is this the effect of true spirituality? No, we must first attain all the partial experiences possible on the mental level and flood the mind with spiritual delight and illumine it with spiritual light, but afterwards we must rise above. If we cannot rise above, to the supramental level, that is, it is hardly possible to know the world's final secret and the problem it raises remains unsolved. There, the ignorance which creates a duality of opposition between the Spirit and Matter, between truth of spirit and truth of life, disappears. There one need no longer call the world Maya. The world is the eternal Play of God, the eternal manifestation of the Self. Then it becomes possible to fully know and fully realize God – to do what is said in the Gita, "To know Me integrally." The physical body, the life, the mind and understanding, the supermind and the Ananda – these are the spirit's five levels. The higher man rises on this ascent the nearer he comes to the state of that highest perfection open to his spiritual evolution. Rising to the Supermind, it becomes easy to rise to the Ananda. One attains a firm foundation in the condition of the indivisible and infinite Ananda, not only in the timeless *Parabrahman* [Absolute] but in the body, in life, in the world. The integral being, the integral consciousness, the integral Ananda blossoms out and takes form in life. This is the central clue of my yoga, its fundamental principle.

This is no easy change to make. After these fifteen years I am only now rising into the lowest of the three levels of the Supermind and trying to draw up into it all the lower activities. But when this siddhi will be complete, then I am absolutely certain that through me God will give to others the siddhi of the Supermind with less effort. Then my real work will begin. I am not impatient for success in the work. What is to happen will happen in God's appointed time. I have no hasty or disorderly impulse to rush into the field of work in the strength of the little ego. Even if I did not succeed in my work I would not be shaken. This work is not mine but God's. I will listen to no other call; when God moves me then I will move.

I know very well that Bengal is not really ready. The spiritual flood which has come is for the most part a new form of the old. It is not the real transformation. However this too was needed. Bengal has been awakening in itself the old yogas and exhausting their *samskaras* [old habitual tendencies], extracting their essence and with it fertilizing the soil. At first it was the time of Vedanta – Adwaita,

Sannyasa, Shankara's Maya and the rest. It is now the turn of Vaishnava Dharma – Lila, love, the intoxication of emotional experience. All this is very old, unfitted for the new age and will not endure – for such excitement has no capacity to last. But the merit of the Vaishnava *Bhava* [emotional enthusiasm] is that it keeps a connexion between God and the world and gives a meaning to life; but since it is a partial bhava the whole connexion, the full meaning is not there. The tendency to create sects which you have noticed was inevitable. The nature of the mind is to take a part and call it the whole and exclude all other parts. The *Siddha* [illuminated being] who brings the bhava, although he leans on its partial aspect, yet keeps some knowledge of the integral whole, even though he may not be able to give it form. But his disciples do not get that knowledge precisely because it is not in a form. They are tying up their little bundles, let them. The bundles will open of themselves when God manifests himself fully. These things are the signs of incompleteness and immaturity. I am not disturbed by them. Let the force of spirituality play in the country in whatever way and in as many sects as may be. Afterwards we shall see. This is the infancy or the embryonic condition of the new age. It is a first hint, not even the beginning.

~ The peculiarity of this yoga is that until there is siddhi above the foundation does not become perfect. Those who have been following my course had kept many of the old samskaras; some of them have dropped away, but others still remain. There was the samskara of Sannyasa, even the wish to create an *Aravinda Math* [Sri Aurobindo monastery]. Now the intellect has recognized that Sannyasa is not what is wanted, but the stamp of the old idea has not yet been effaced from the *prana* [breath, life energy]. And so there was next this talk of remaining in the midst of the world, as a man of worldly activities and yet a man of renunciation. The necessity of renouncing desire has been understood, but the harmony of renunciation of desire with enjoyment of Ananda has not been rightly seized by the mind. And they took up my Yoga because it was very natural to the Bengali temperament, not so much from the side of Knowledge as from the side of Bhakti and Karma [Works]. A little knowledge has come in, but the greater part has escaped; the mist of sentimentalism has not been dissipated, the groove of the *sattwic bhava* [religious fervor] has not been broken. There is still the ego. I am not in haste, I allow each to develop according to his nature. I do not want to fashion all in the same mould. That which is fundamental will indeed be one in all, but it will express itself in many forms. Everybody grows, forms from within. I do not want to build from outside. The basis is there, the rest will come.

What I am aiming at is not a society like the present rooted in division. What I have in view is a *Samgha* [community] founded in the spirit and in the image of its oneness. It is with this idea that the name *Deva Samgha* has been given – the commune of those who want the divine life is the Deva Samgha. Such a Samgha will have to be established in one place at first and then spread all over the country. But if any shadow of egoism falls over this endeavor, then the Samgha will change into a sect. The idea may very naturally creep in that such and such a body is the one true Samgha of the future, the one and only centre, that all else

must be its circumference, and that those outside its limits are not of the fold or even if they are, have gone astray, because they think differently.

You may say, what need is there of a Samgha? Let me be free and live in every vessel; let all become one without form and let whatever must be happen in the midst of that vast formlessness. There is a truth there, but only one side of the truth. Our business is not with the formless Spirit alone; we have also to direct the movement of life. And there can be no effective movement of life without form. It is the Formless that has taken form and that assumption of name and form is not a caprice of Maya. Form is there because it is indispensable. We do not want to rule out any activity of the world as beyond our province. Politics, industry, society, poetry, literature, art will all remain, but we must give them a new soul and a new form.

Why have I left politics? Because the politics of the country is not a genuine thing belonging to India. It is an importation from Europe and an imitation. At one time there was a need of it. We also have done politics of the European kind. If we had not done it, the country would not have risen and we too would not have gained experience and attained full development. There is still some need of it, not so much in Bengal as in the other provinces of India. But the time has come to stop the shadow from extending and to seize on the reality. We must get to the true soul of India and in its image fashion all works.

People now talk of spiritualizing politics. Its result will be, if there be any permanent result, some kind of Indianized Bolshevism. Even to that kind of work I have no objection. Let each man do according to his inspiration. But that is not the real thing. If one pours the spiritual power into all these impure forms – the water of the Causal ocean into raw vessels – either the raw vessels will break and the water will be spilt and lost or the spiritual power will evaporate and only the impure form remain. In all fields it is the same. I can give the spiritual power but that power will be expended in making the image of an ape and setting it up in the temple of Shiva. If the ape is endowed with life and made powerful, he may play the part of the devotee Hanuman and do much work for Rama,[145] so long as that life and that power remain. But what we want in the Temple of India is not Hanuman, but the god, the avatar, Rama himself.

We can mix with all, but in order to draw all into the true path' keeping intact the spirit and form of our ideal. If we do not do that we shall lose our direction and the real work will not be done. If we remain individually everywhere, something will be done indeed; but if we remain everywhere as parts of a Samgha, a hundred times more will be done. As yet that time has not come. If we try to give a form hastily, it may not be the exact thing we want. The Samgha will at first be in unconcentrated form. Those who have the ideal will be united but work in different places. Afterwards, they will form something like a spiritual commune and make a compact Samgha. They will then give all their work a shape according to the demand of the spirit and the need of the age – not a bound and rigid form, not an *achalayatana*[146], but a free form which will spread out like the sea, mould itself into many waves and surround a thing here, overflood a thing there and

finally take all into itself. As we go on doing this there will be established a spiritual community. This is my present idea. As yet it has not been fully developed. All is in God's hands; whatever He makes us do, that we shall do.

Now let me discuss some particular points of your letter. I do not want to say much in this letter about what you have written as regards your yoga. We shall have better occasion when we meet. To look upon the body as a corpse is a sign of Sannyasa, of the path of Nirvana. You cannot be of the world with this idea. You must have delight in all things – in the Spirit as well as in the body. The body has consciousness, it is God's form. When you see God in everything that is in the world, when you have this vision that all this is Brahman, *Sarvamidam Brahma,* that Vasudeva is all this – *Vasudevah sarvamiti* – then you have the universal delight. The flow of that delight precipitates and courses even through the body. When you are in such a state, full of the spiritual consciousness, you can lead a married life, a life in the world. In all your works you find the expression of God's delight. So far I have been transforming all the objects and perceptions of the mind and the senses into delight on the mental level. Now they are taking the form of the supramental delight. In this condition is the perfect vision and perception of *Sachchidananda.*

You write about the *Deva Samgha* and say, "I am not a god, I am only a piece of much hammered and tempered iron." No one is a God but in each man there is a God and to make Him manifest is the aim of divine life. That we can all do. I recognize that there are great and small *adharas* [vessels]. I do not accept, however, your description of yourself as accurate. Still whatever the nature of the vessel, once the touch of God is upon it, once the spirit is awake, great and small and all that does not make much difference. There may be more difficulties, more time may be taken, there may be a difference in the manifestation, but even about that there is no certainty. The God within takes no account of these hindrances and deficiencies. He breaks his way out. Was the amount of my failings a small one? Were there less obstacles in my mind and heart and vital being and body? Did it not take time? Has God hammered me less? Day after day, minute after minute, I have been fashioned into I know not whether a god or what. But I have become or am becoming something. That is sufficient, since God wanted to build it. It is the same as regards everyone. Not our strength but the Shakti of God is the *sadhaka* [worker] of this yoga.

Let me tell you in brief one or two things about what I have long seen. My idea is that the chief cause of the weakness of India is not subjection nor poverty, nor the lack of spirituality or *dharma* [ethics] but the decline of thought-power, the growth of ignorance in the motherland of Knowledge. Everywhere I see inability or unwillingness to think – thought-incapacity or thought-phobia. Whatever may have been in the middle ages, this state of things is now the sign of a terrible degeneration. The middle age was the night, the time of the victory of ignorance. The modern world is the age of the victory of Knowledge. Whoever thinks most, seeks most, labors most, can fathom and learn the truth of the world, and gets so much more Shakti. If you look at Europe, you will see two things: a vast sea of

thought and the play of a huge and fast-moving and yet disciplined force. The whole Shakti of Europe is in that. And in the strength of that Shakti it has been swallowing up the world, like the *tapaswins* [ascetics] of our ancient times, by whose power even the gods of the world were terrified, held in suspense and subjection. People say Europe is running into the jaws of destruction. I do not think so. All these revolutions and upsettings are the preconditions of a new creation.

Then look at India. Except for some solitary giants, everywhere there is your "simple man," that is, the average man who does not want to think and cannot think, who has not the least Shakti but only a temporary excitement. In India, you want the simple thought, the easy "word." In Europe they want the deep thought, the deep "word"; there even an ordinary laborer or artisan thinks, wants to know, is not satisfied with surface things but wants to go behind. But there is still this difference: there is a fatal limitation in the strength and thought of Europe. When it comes into the spiritual field, its thought-power can no longer move ahead. There Europe sees everything as riddle – nebulous metaphysics, yogic hallucination. They rub their eyes as in smoke and can see nothing clear. Still, some effort is being made in Europe to surmount even this limitation. We already have the spiritual sense – we owe it to our forefathers – and whoever has that sense has at his disposal such Knowledge and Shakti as with one breath might blow away all the huge power of Europe like a blade of grass. But to get that Shakti one must be a worshiper of Shakti. We are not worshipers of Shakti. We are worshipers of the easy way. But Shakti is not to be had by the easy way. Our forefathers dived into a sea of vast thought and gained a vast Knowledge and established a mighty civilization. As they went on in their way, fatigue and weariness came upon them. The force of thought diminished and with it also the strong current of Shakti. Our civilization has become an *achalayatana* [prison], our religion a bigotry of externals, our spirituality a faint glimmer of light or a momentary wave of religious intoxication. And so long as this sort of thing continues, any permanent resurgence of India is improbable

In Bengal this weakness has gone to the extreme. The Bengali has a quick intelligence, emotional capacity and intuition. He is foremost in India in all these qualities. All of them are necessary but they do not suffice. If to these there were added depth of thought, calm strength, heroic courage and a capacity for and pleasure in prolonged labor, the Bengali might be a leader not only of India, but of mankind. But he does not want that, he wants to get things done easily, to get knowledge without thinking, the fruits without labor, siddhi by an easy *sadhana* [discipline]. His stock is the excitement of the emotional mind. But excess of emotion, empty of knowledge, is the very symptom of the malady. In the end it brings about fatigue and inertia. The country has been constantly and gradually going down. The life-power has ebbed away. What has the Bengali come to in his own country? He cannot get enough food to eat or clothes to wear, there is lamentation on all sides, his wealth, his trade and commerce, his lands, his very agriculture have begun to pass into the hands of others. We have abandoned the

sadhana of Shakti and Shakti has abandoned us. We do the sadhana of Love, but where Knowledge and Shakti are not, there Love does not remain, there narrowness and littleness come, and in a little and narrow mind there is no place for Love. Where is Love in Bengal? There is more quarreling, jealousy, mutual dislike, misunderstanding and faction there than anywhere else even in India which is so much afflicted by division.

In the noble heroic age of the Aryan people[147] there was not so much shouting and gesticulating, but the endeavor they undertook remained steadfast through many centuries. The Bengali's endeavor lasts only for a day or two.

You say that what is needed is maddening enthusiasm, to fill the country with emotional excitement. In the time of the *Swadeshi* [fight for independence, boycott of English goods] we did all that in the field of politics, but what we did is all now in the dust. Will there be a more favorable result in the spiritual field? I do not say there has been no result. There has been. Any movement will produce some result, but for the most part in terms of an increase of possibility. This is not the right method, however, to steadily actualize the thing. Therefore I no longer wish to make emotional excitement or any intoxication of the mind the base. I wish to make a large and strong equanimity the foundation of the yoga. I want established on that equality a full, firm and undisturbed Shakti in the system and in all its movements. I want the wide display of the light of Knowledge in the ocean of Shakti. And I want in that luminous vastness the tranquil ecstasy of infinite Love, Delight and Oneness. I do not want hundreds of thousands of disciples. It will be enough if I can get a hundred complete men, purified of petty egoism, who will be the instruments of God. I have no faith in the customary trade of the guru. I do not wish to be a guru. If anybody wakes and manifests from within his slumbering godhead and gets the divine life – be it at my touch or at another's – this is what I want. It is such men that will raise the country.

You must not think from all this lecture that I despair of the future of Bengal. I too hope, as they say, that this time a great light will manifest itself in Bengal. Still I have tried to show the other side of the shield, where the fault is, the error, the deficiency. If these remain, the light will not be a great light and it will not be permanent.

The meaning of this extraordinarily long talk is that I too am packing my bag. But I believe that this bundle is like the net of St. Peter, only crammed with the catch of the Infinite. I am not going to open the bag now. If I do that before its time, all would escape. Neither am I going back to Bengal now, not because Bengal is not ready, but because I am not ready. If the unripe goes amidst the unripe what work can he do?[148]

Your *Sejda,*[149]

Sri Aurobindo

July 25, 1962

(Mother listens to Satprem read a passage on mental silence from his manuscript on Sri Aurobindo.)

It's very good.

It's dull.

Is this the end of the chapter? What about the next one?

That's just it, I don't know.

You don't know yet?

First I was planning to speak about consciousness, what consciousness is; then I realized it would be better to speak of the vital first.... Before anything can be achieved, the vital has to be quieted.

Not necessarily.

Personally, I think I would begin with consciousness and deal with the vital afterwards.

But if I speak of consciousness it will lead me to speak of the ascent of consciousness, followed by the supraconscient. Can I speak about all that before the vital?

Yes.

(silence)

In fact, if I look at the order my own yoga took.... When I was five years old (I must have begun earlier, but the memory is a bit vague and imprecise) ... but from five onwards, in my consciousness (not a mental memory but – how can I put it? – it's noted, a notation in my consciousness) ... well, I began with consciousness. Of course I had no idea what it was. But my first experience was of the consciousness here *(gesture above the head),* which I felt like a Light and a Force; and I felt it there *(same gesture)* at the age of five. It was a very pleasant sensation. I would sit in a little armchair made especially for me, all alone in my room, and I ... (I didn't know what it was, you see, not a thing, nothing – mentally zero) and I had a VERY PLEASANT feeling of something very strong, very luminous, and it was here *(above the head).* Consciousness. And I felt, "That's what I have to live, what I have to be." Not with all those words, naturally, but ... *(Mother makes a gesture of aspiration Upward).* Then I would pull it down, for it was ... it was truly my raison d'être.

That is my first memory – at five years old. Its impact was more on the ethical side than the intellectual; and yet it took an intellectual form too, since.... You see,

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

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

But there was another side to this "someone": it was watching me more and more, and as soon as I said one word or made one gesture too many, had one little bad thought, teased my brother or whatever, the smallest thing, it would say *(Mother takes on a severe tone),* "Look out, be careful!" At first I used to moan about it, but by and by it taught me: " Don't lament – put right, mend." And when things could be mended – as they almost always could – I would do so. All that on a five to seven-year-old child's scale of intelligence.

So it was consciousness.

Next came the period of learning and developing, but on an ordinary mental level – school years.[150] Curiosity made me want to learn to read. Did I tell you how it happened? When I was around seven, just under seven, my brother, who was eighteen months older, used to bring big pictures home from school with him (you know, pictures for children with captions at the bottom; they're still used nowadays) and he gave me one of them. "What's written there?" I asked. "Read it!" he said. "Don't know how," I replied. "Then learn!" "All right," I told him, "show me the letters." He brought me an A-B-C book. I knew it within two days and on the third day I started reading. That's how I learned. "Oh-oh," they used to

say, "this child is backward! Seven years old and she still can't read – disgraceful!" The whole family fretted about it. And then lo and behold, in about a week I knew what should have taken me years to learn – it made them think twice!

Then, school years. I was a very bright student, always for the same reason: I wanted to understand. I wasn't interested in learning things by heart like the others did – I wanted to understand them. And what a memory I had, a fantastic memory for sounds and images! I had only to read a poem aloud at night, and the next morning I knew it. And after I had studied or read a book and someone mentioned a passage to me, I would say, "Ah, yes – that's on page so and so." I would find the page. Nothing had faded, it was all still fresh. But this is the ordinary period of development.

Then at a very young age (about eight or ten), along with my studies I began to paint. At twelve I was already doing portraits. All aspects of art and beauty, but particularly music and painting, fascinated me. I went through a very intense vital development during that period, with, just like in my early years, the presence of a kind of inner Guide; and all centered on studies: the study of sensations, observations, the study of technique, comparative studies, even a whole spectrum of observations dealing with taste, smell and hearing – a kind of classification of experiences. And this extended to all facets of life, all the experiences life can bring, all of them – miseries, joys, difficulties, sufferings, everything – oh, a whole field of studies! And always this presence within, judging, deciding, classifying, organizing and systematizing everything.

Then conscious yoga made a sudden entry into the picture when I met Théon; I must have been about twenty-one. Life's orientation changed, a whole series of experiences took place, with the development of the vital giving interesting occult results.

Then, a period of intensive mental development, mental development of the most complete type: a study of all the philosophies, all the conceptual juggling, in minute detail – delving into systems, getting a grasp on them. Ten years of intensive mental studies leading me to ... Sri Aurobindo.

So I had all this preparation. And I am giving you these details simply to tell you it all began with consciousness (I knew very well what consciousness was, even before I had any word or idea to explain it), consciousness and its force – its force of action, its force of execution. Next, a detailed study and thorough development of the vital. After that, mental development taken to its uppermost limit, where you can juggle with all ideas; a developmental stage where it's already understood that all ideas are true and that there's a synthesis to be made, and that beyond the synthesis lies something luminous and true. And behind it all, a continual consciousness. Such was my state when I came here: I'd had a world of experiences and had already attained conscious union with the Divine above and within – all of it consciously realized, carefully noted and so forth – when I came to Sri Aurobindo.

From the standpoint of *shakti,* this is the normal course: consciousness, vital, mental and spiritual.

Is it different for men? I don't know. Sri Aurobindo's case was quite special, and apart from him I don't see any convincing example. But generally speaking, what is most developed in a man, along with the mind, is the physical consciousness; the vital is very impulsive, practically ungoverned. That's my experience of the hundreds and hundreds of men I have met. There's normally a physical strength built up through games and exercises, and side by side a more or less advanced, but primarily mental development, very mental. The vital is terribly impulsive and barely organized, except in artists, and even there.... I lived among artists for ten years and found this ground to be mostly fallow. I mingled with all the great artists of the time, I was like a kid sister to them (it was at the turn of the century, with the Universal Exposition in 1900; and these were the leading artists of the epoch); so I was by far the youngest, much younger than any of them – they were all thirty, thirty-five, forty years old, while I was nineteen or twenty. Well I was much more advanced in their own field – not in what I was producing (I was a perfectly ordinary artist), but from the viewpoint of consciousness: observations, experiences, studies.

I am not sure, but it seems to me that the problem of consciousness ought to come first.

That's how I had started to do it.

Well, I think so. What happened to me in life is extremely logical, very, very logical (it wasn't me, I didn't decide anything – you don't make decisions at the age of five). Each stage was prepared by the preceding one.

But then what is this consciousness we feel like a force inside us? For instance, sometimes in meditation it rises, then descends; it's not fixed anywhere. What is this consciousness?

The Shakti!

Some receive it from above; for others, it rises from below *(gesture to the base of the spine).* As I once told you, the old system always proceeds from below upwards, while Sri Aurobindo pulls from above downwards. This becomes very clear in meditation (well, in yoga, in yogic experience): for those who follow the old system, it's invariably the *kundalini* at the base [of the spine] rising from center to center, center to center, until the lotus *(in an ironic tone)* bursts open here *gesture at the crown of the head).* With Sri Aurobindo, it comes like this *(gesture of descending Force)* and then settles here *(above the head);* it enters, and from there it comes down, down, down, everywhere, to the very bottom, and even below the feet – the subconscient – and lower still, the inconscient.

It's the Shakti. He said, you know (I am still translating it), that the shakti drawn up from below (this is what happens in the individual process) is already what could be called a "veiled" shakti (it has power, but it is veiled). While the Shakti drawn down from above is a PURE Shakti; and if it can be brought down carefully and slowly enough so that it isn't (how shall I put it?) polluted or, in any

case, obscured as it enters matter, then the result is immediately much better. As he has explained, if you start out with this feeling of a great power in yourself (because it's always a great power no matter where it awakens), there's inevitably a danger of the ego meddling in. But if it comes pure and you are very careful to keep it pure, not to rush the movement but let it purify as it descends, then half the work is done.

> *It's a problem. When you contact the Supraconscient and the Shakti emerges at the crown of the head, it's something rising from below, isn't it? Is it then another movement, an ascending movement...?*

That is the consciousness of the *jiva* [soul], the personal, individual consciousness.

> *It's something that grows....*

It is the individual consciousness. Aspiration is almost always an expression of the psychic being – the part of us that's organized around the divine center, the small divine flame deep within human beings. You see, this divine flame exists inside each human being, and little by little, through all the incarnations and karma and so on, a being takes shape around it, which Théon called the "psychic being." And when the psychic being reaches its full development, it becomes a kind of bodily or at any rate individual raiment of the soul. The soul is a portion of the Supreme – the jiva is the Supreme in individual form. And since there is only one Supreme, there is only one jiva, but with millions of individual forms. This jiva begins as a divine spark – immutable, eternal and infinite too (infinite in possibility rather than dimension). And through all the incarnations, whatever has received and responded to the divine Influence progressively crystallizes around the jiva, which becomes more and more conscious as well as more and more organized. Ultimately it becomes a completely conscious individual being, master of itself and moved exclusively by the divine Will. That is to say, an individual expression of the Supreme. This is what we call the "psychic being."

Generally speaking, those who practice yoga have either a fully developed, independent psychic being which has taken birth again to do the Divine's work, or else a psychic being in its last incarnation wanting to complete its development and realize itself.

This is what aspires, this is what has the contact.

So, when you're told "become conscious of your psychic being," it's for the being formed by external Nature to contact the divine Presence through the psychic being. Then the psychic takes charge of the whole being; in fact, it is the inner Guide.... Well, when I was a little child, this "person" (which wasn't a person, but an expression of a certain consciousness and will) was actually the psychic presence; there was something else behind, but that's a rather special case. And what happened to me happens to everyone whose psychic being has deliberately incarnated: the psychic being guides your life, and if you let it act

freely, it arranges ALL circumstances – it's truly wonderful! ... I have seen – not only for myself but for so many people who also had conscious psychic beings – that everything is arranged with a view to ... not at all your personal egoistic satisfaction, but your ultimate progress and realization. And all circumstances of life, even those you call "disastrous," are there to lead you where you have to go as swiftly as possible.

Yours is more than a psychic being. As I have told you, your psychic being is accompanied by something which has come for a special purpose, with a particular intellectual power – a luminous, conscious power – which has come from regions higher than the mind, regions Sri Aurobindo calls the Overmind, to do a special work. It is here *(gesture enveloping the chest and head)* and, along with the psychic, it's trying to organize everything. This, in your psychic, is what you are feeling. It must have great power.... Don't you feel a kind of luminous force?

Oh, yes, I feel it!

Well, that's what it is.

That must be why I can't distinguish between the Force coming from above and the Force coming from within.

A time comes when you don't make this distinction any more.[151]

That's why it's hard for me to speak about it; I don't know what's coming from above and what's coming from below.

To speak about it....

You know, everything I have just told you is.... One always feels "on the verge of" or "nearly" or "almost." There's something bordering on but always tangential to the Truth – never to the point, always beside it. As soon as we speak, it's an approximation.

We would have to say it all in one breath.

Yes, that's it. That's just the thing! How can we say everything in one breath? That's exactly it.

It's clear to me that for writing ... we need a kind of global expression.

Yes, that's what Sri Aurobindo always says! As soon as we start describing something, here's what happens *(gesture of taking one step after another);* and the moment that happens, the real thing is lost.

We just have to make the best of it.

No, writing isn't satisfying, you know; it's no way to express anything.... Music?

Not much better. Painting is worse. No....

(silence)

I have wondered: if a human being developed an exceptionally powerful vocal organ and could consciously connect what he wanted to say or what had to be expressed with this organ, with the voice, and then simply let it flow out under this Influence, that might come nearest to the real thing.

I have had a few brief moments of this kind of experience; but even then it seemed rather paltry. Paltry, a whole realm eludes you.... I remember the period when I used to sit down at the organ at midnight on December 31, without the least notion of what I was going to play or sing, and I would let the Force come – it would play, then the sound, the voice came, and then in the voice, the words. I never wrote anything in advance. And it's because people began noting down what I was saying (of course they got it all mixed up) that I started writing it down beforehand; that was much later, when I stopped coming at midnight. But in the early days, long, long ago when Sri Aurobindo was here, that's how it was; I didn't know what I was going to play or what I would say. And the sound came first, then the voice, and then in the voice, the words – like something condensing, concretizing.

It was quite powerful, but incomplete. Incomplete.

(silence)

You would really need to add a play of lights, too. But nothing artificial.

(long silence)

The conscious and deliberate manipulation of certain luminous vibrations in addition to sound.

Thought, by comparison (thought as we now know it), is much more material. Thought – formulation in words – is much lower down on the scale.

Some thoughts.... Are they thoughts?... It's something much higher than thought, much higher than ideas.... It is the VISION OF KNOWLEDGE in an extremely luminous region where vibrations are very precise and very strong; and this is obviously what, as it descends, translates into sounds and words (but this is much lower down). In the form closest to the Origin, they are luminous vibrations.

But the human mind latches on to everything and copies it!

It makes a copy: all these light shows, everything they're making nowadays. Like this taste for theater and cinema.... It has its effect, though, doesn't it? But it's a copy.

We are monkeys.

(long silence)

Mon petit, I don't think I am mistaken: begin with consciousness.

And don't waste your time noting all this down, it's not worth it.

But it's so interesting! I do it in the afternoon and I work in the morning.

To be interesting it would have to be systematic, using various examples. But then it would make an endless story....

Anyway, the periods of my life have been as clear as could be, distinctly defined, preparing everything for my coming here.

Many, many things in my life have completely vanished – I don't remember them any more, they're gone from my consciousness – everything that was useless. But there is a very clear vision of everything that was preparing the jiva for its action here. Even before coming and meeting Sri Aurobindo, I had realized everything needed to begin his yoga. It was all ready, classified, organized. Magnificent! A superb mental construction ... which he demolished within five minutes!

How happy I was! Aah! ... It was really the reward for all my efforts.

Nothing! I knew nothing any more, understood nothing at all – not a single idea left in my head! Everything I had carefully built up over so many years (I was past thirty-five, I think), through all my experiences: conscious yoga, non-conscious yoga, life, experiences lived, classified and organized (oh, what a monument!) ... crash! It all came tumbling down. Magnificent. I hadn't even asked him.

I had tried to get complete mental silence – you know, what you just described,[152] this kind of mental stillness he speaks of (when you have it, anything can pass through your head without causing the least ripple), but I had never succeeded. I had tried, but couldn't do it. I could be silent when I wanted to, but as soon as I stopped thinking solely of that, stopped wanting only that, the invasion resumed and the work had to be done all over again.

That's all I had told him (not in great detail, in a few words). Then I sat down near him and he began talking with Richard, about the world, yoga, the future – all kinds of things – what was going to happen (he already knew the war would break out; this was 1914, war broke out in August, and he knew it towards the end of March or early April). So the two of them talked and talked and talked – great speculations. It didn't interest me in the least, I didn't listen. All these things belonged to the past, I had seen it all (I too had had my visions and revelations). I was simply sitting beside him on the floor (he was sitting in a chair with Richard facing him across a table, and they were talking). I was just sitting there, not listening. I don't know how long they went on, but all at once I felt a great Force come into me – a peace, a silence, something massive! It came, did this *(Mother sweeps her hand across her forehead),* descended and stopped here *(gesture at the chest).*[153] When they finished talking, I got up and left. And then I noticed that not a thought remained – I no longer knew anything or understood anything, I was absolutely BLANK. So I gave thanks to the Lord and thanked Sri Aurobindo in my heart.

And I was very careful not to disturb it; I held it like that for I don't know how

long, eight or ten days. Nothing – not one idea, not one thought, nothing – a complete BLANK. In other words, from the outside, it must have looked like total idiocy.

But I was living in my inner joy – nothing stirring. I spoke as little as possible and it was like something mechanical, it wasn't me. Then slowly, slowly, as though falling drop by drop, something was built up again. But it had no limits, it had no ... it was vast as the universe and wonderfully still and luminous. Nothing here *(the head),* but THERE *(gesture above the head);* and then everything began to be seen from there.

And it has never left me – you know, as a proof of Sri Aurobindo's power it's incomparable! I don't believe there has ever been an example of such a (how can I put it?) ... such a total success: a miracle. It has NEVER left me. I went to Japan, I did all sorts of things, had all possible kinds of adventures, even the most unpleasant, but it never left me – stillness, stillness, stillness...

And it was he who did it, entirely. I didn't even ask him, there was no aspiration, nothing (there were my previous efforts; I knew it had to come, that's all). But on that day I hadn't mentioned it to him, I wasn't thinking about it, I wasn't doing anything – just sitting there. And outwardly he seemed to be fully engrossed in his conversation about this and that and what was going to happen in the world....

That's the real way.

But I have never been able to do it for anyone – not like that, with such plenitude – never, never.... It's fantastic! It was stupendous! ... Truly we can say that only the Lord can do such a thing, He alone. Without the slightest effort, without even seeming to ... he didn't even seem to concentrate, nothing, just like that. You never met him, did you?

Yes, I had a "darshan."

Ah, you saw him!

I also had an experience the first year I stayed here (although I didn't know it was an experience)....

Ah!

One night during my first year here, he came and placed his hand over my heart, and in my dream I wept and wept and wept.... Afterwards I told myself, "What a strange imagination!" I took it for imagination!

Oh, mon petit, how wonderful!

He put his hand on my heart and I wept. I wept in my dream, just as hard as I could.

It's psychic, the psychic contact.

Oh, then ... it's not going to be so difficult.

Good ... good.
Still, there's a difference when one has met him [physically].

I saw him once, I had a darshan in 1948.

Oh, when Baron was here![154]
Now that's interesting. In '48 ... ah, he was still in good health.
He had had a broken leg.
How long did you stay here the first time?

Until 1949, I think.

Oh, so he too knew you were predestined! If he saw you, he knew it.
That's good.
That's good, petit, very good, don't worry! *(Mother laughs.)*

It's getting late.

Do you want some cheese?

No, you already gave me some, I have plenty!

I ask because it's all I have to give! *(Mother laughs.)*
So see you Saturday then, with the "consciousness."

Well... all right, maybe.

July 28, 1962

(Mother refers back to the last conversation, where she spoke of her different stages of development.)

I have seen that the different stages of my development occurred in twelve-year periods, though I don't recall the exact dates. The first period, from the age of five (I can't start earlier than five!) to about eighteen, dealt with consciousness. Then came all the artistic and vital development, culminating in the occult development with Théon (I met Théon around 1905 or '06, I think[155]). Then right around this time an intensive mental development began – from 1908 to 1920, or a little before; but it was especially intense before coming here in 1914.

And 1920 marked the beginning of full development. Not spiritual development – that had been going on from the very start – but ACTION, the action with Sri Aurobindo. That was clearly from 1920 on; I had met Sri Aurobindo earlier, but it really began in 1920.[156]

And the realization of the inner Divine?

The dates ... I am no good at dates! And I don't have any papers left to give me precise details. But the realization of the inner Divine must have been in 1911, because that's when I started writing my *Meditations.*[157] But since my earliest childhood, you know, this presence was always there, with an initial emphasis on consciousness, then on the vital and aesthetics, then on the mind ... and culminating here, in 1920, with action.

From 1911 or '12, up to 1914, there was the whole series of inner experiences, psychic experiences, preparing me to meet Sri Aurobindo (so this ran parallel to my mental development).

In practice, these periods overlap, but approximately every twelve years a particular type of development predominated, in this order: consciousness first, then the vital (mainly from the aesthetic point of view, but a study of sensations as well), then the mind, then spiritual realization. And in between the vital and mental phases came the brief period of occultism, serving both as a transition and a basis for spiritual development.

July 31, 1962

(At the start of this conversation, Mother listens to Satprem read an unpleasant letter he has just received from P.A.L., his Paris publisher.)

> *Here's what he says: "I read with great interest the Introduction to your new book on Shri Aurobindo. I must confess that if I have been late in replying it is because I am still very hesitant. The text reads well, but it leaves doubts as to how well the book that follows will conform to the norms of our 'Spiritual Masters' series. I greatly fear that we will both end up disappointed again. The book you want to write is, I feel, very personal, whereas this series must consist of books which are essentially expositions, introductions, tools of information ...': etc.*

(After a silence) I am getting a sort of indication: when I turn the beacon to this side, the resistance suddenly seems to give way – there must be a means of making it give way....

Don't reply, keep quiet. Write your book and we will see.

I have the feeling that, consciously or unconsciously (I don't know which), this gentleman has become a tool of Catholic resistance. It is very strong in the Old World and in America as well, although there it's more Christian than specifically Catholic. But it's terribly strong in France: it tries to take advantage of every opening and to block whatever might take a new turn.

It will give way.

But the things I am seeing aren't at all personal like this letter, you know, they are not small details, they are overall actions. There seems to be something

unyielding, like this *(gesture),* and then it suddenly collapses and there's a free flow.

I can't say this gentleman knows it (he probably doesn't – what goes on in the human brain is very incoherent). But in any case, something in him is wary: "What's to tell me this book won't lead me just where I don't want to go?"

> *Their main complaint was, "You are abstract." So if we want to be concrete, we have to speak of experiences.*

No, to them "concrete" means telling what Sri Aurobindo did physically. That's what they call concrete. Psychology is something abstract for them.

> *Oh, I don't know what to do!*

Here, I'll give you an example: A. wrote to tell me, "If you know how to get in touch with *Agni,*[158] let me know, because I need him"!

I gave the natural reply, that what's needed is aspiration for progress, a will for perfection, and that you kindle the fire by burning your desires. I told him this in a way I call very concrete. Well, he answered *(laughing),* "Ohhh! You're living in abstractions. That's not what I want, I want a living god" – a personality, you see!

That's how people are.

Psychology: that's abstract. What they want is: on such and such a date he went to this place, saw these people and did this – all the most external and banal sorts of things. Even yoga boils down to: he sat down and stayed there for so many hours, he had this vision, he tried out that method, he did asanas and breathing exercises.... That, for them, is concrete. That and that alone. Psychology is thoroughly abstract – thoroughly. It's unreal to them.

> *But I've tried to be as concrete as possible! Like cutting up a rat on a dissecting table to see what's inside it....*

They would already have to be well advanced.

Listen, don't think about it, don't pay it any attention – finish the book.

> *I'm not really satisfied.*

That isn't necessary.

Is it necessary to be satisfied? *(Mother laughs.)*

I have noticed that the very thing you feel you've done most poorly is usually the most useful. It has always been like that for me. I remember doing a lot of things – a bit of painting, a bit of music, a bit of writing (very little) – and it was just when I used to think, "Oh, la-la! What a fiasco!", that people were the most touched and pleased.

You mustn't be concerned with it, it's totally irrelevant.

I think it's quite dangerous to be satisfied, because then the very best part of the being goes to sleep.

Whether we're satisfied or not is altogether unimportant.

And then, it may well be that one day "someone" will put the pressure on this gentleman, and he will say, "Ahh!... Well, all right – let's try."

Keep on.

August

August 4, 1962

Would you like me to show you something you said last time?

What are you talking about? You don't have anything from me! "Finally," I thought, "for once I didn't say a word!"

You haven't been saying much lately....

(With an ironic smile) I've made a conscious effort not to! Things are progressing, but they won't be interesting till a whole curve is completed. It's better not to talk in the middle of it. So read to me.

* * *

(Mother listens to a passage from Satprem's manuscript concerning the vital and the mechanism by which vibrations enter one's being.)

What you say about all those things entering through the centers is perfectly correct.

Interestingly enough, these last few days I have been making a sort of detailed study of the various kinds of vibrations, how they approach you and enter the various centers.... I don't know how to explain it – certain differences between vibrations resemble differences in tastes. There's a whole gamut, you see, all vibrations, nothing but vibrations, and the differences between them resemble differences in taste or color or intensity, perhaps differences in force as well – essentially, of course, they are differences in quality.

I've been observing all this in a neuro-physical realm, subtle-physical, that is – but it's still physical – and in a complete mental silence where all judgments (you know, "judgments") have disappeared, along with a certain way of observing things. That's why I can't talk about it.

These vibrations have various qualities; if they were expressed through a mental observation, it would be done through such things as taste, color, and so forth, everything I've just mentioned[159] – but that's not how they're expressed.

They come almost exclusively as sensations, but those sensations ... some, I mean some vibrations, have rounded edges. Some come horizontally (I was in fact studying everything that comes horizontally), others result from the state of consciousness *(vertical gesture from top to bottom).* While at the same time, others are.... Yes, it's like looking through a high-powered microscope: some are rounded, others pointed; some are darker, some brighter. Some are very upsetting to the body, and some even feel dangerous. On the other hand, certain ones make the body receptive to the vibration, which we might call "the Lord's Vibration," the supreme Vibration. You see, all this is the outcome of a discipline, a tapasya, for preparing the body to receive the Lord's Vibrations (the first step is receiving, being able to receive them; afterwards you have to hold on to and then manifest them). Those vibrations are *unmistakable,* they are something else entirely. But other vibrations are helpful, beneficial, while still others are disruptive, contradictory.

And each one is beginning to reveal its own particular nature. There are those stemming from people's thoughts (I sense them in my body, not in the mind: the material consequence of people's psychological state, and even their state of health). Some things are general and last a bit longer; others are momentary, lasting only a few seconds. The first step is to study the different vibrational qualities – you could practically draw diagrams: if we had a machine sensitive enough to record these things, it would produce all kinds of zigs and zags.[160] Certain vibrations immediately stop or change or are dissolved or repelled. Others are adopted, as it were, and transformed. The majority are simply pushed back and worked on from a distance – quite a distance! I keep them at a fair distance *(Mother laughs).* Very few are let in. But some are let in for the sake of the experience, to see how much they upset the body. There's also the effect of people's permanent auras: I know a certain person is arriving by his aura's effect on the body; because *(laughing)* each vibration has its particular effect on the body – perfectly prosaic things, maybe, but by studying them you realize that each thing has its own law.

The interchange of vibrations among people is something tremendous, and we're swimming in it all, all, all the time – even when we're alone! Because these things travel: for instance, it's enough for someone's thought to come and strike against yours, and for you to think of him (which means responding) – there is an immediate effect in the body. So to imagine that solitude would make yoga any easier is sheer childishness.

The only possible solution is so perfect a union with the supreme Vibration that everything is automatically put under His influence; and in that case it is easier to feel wider, higher, vaster than the world (to take just the earth: the terrestrial world) than an individual.[161] For it is easier to do this *(embracing gesture),* to take everything in, to embrace and change it from outside, than to change it from inside. At present, the two movements are simultaneous, and staying "inside" was[162] the result of all those years of experience in drawing the Supreme Presence down into the most material world – for that, you have to

accept (how can I put it?...) corporeal oneness.

Formerly (I mean before last April 13), the process was different; now it has totally changed. This body is nothing but a field of experience, it's no longer an individuality – not at all, at all, at all. But it's a very ... *willing* field of experience. And the experience is going on in a particular realm by day and in another by night – it's beginning to clarify the whole subconscient. From this angle, there is a very rapid progress.

So there's a countless series of experiences coming one after the other, one after the other, like that; but there's no coordination between them, no unified "whole." I don't even know if that is possible[163] – at any rate, it will be for much later on.

So there you are.

Millions of imperceptible notations coming one on top of another.

(silence)

And through certain things, I can perceive the very clear, precise and absolute Direction coming from the Supreme. And He is arranging all those things – forms, various intellectual forms – exactly as they should be. Because here *(pointing to the crown of the head),* and even from here *(lower)* down to here *(the forehead),* it's all immobile.... All these vibrations come, pass through, whirl around, they come from everywhere, but here *(the head)* nothing moves, there's no response. And yet I have seen that on the intellectual level there are a number of ... what Sri Aurobindo calls *frames,* certain principles of organization[164] giving a precise orientation to the yoga's action. One of them, the strongest, is my translation of *The Synthesis of Yoga.* I do a page almost every day and on that page I invariably find an idea or a sentence that EXACTLY expresses the field of experiences I was in that day and the night before; and some of the details.... And interestingly enough, certain points in the pages you read me today were the EXACT "frame" of a series of experiences I've been having – almost word for word, with the same words.[165] That sort of thing. It's like intellectual forms being assembled to give the field of experience precision, because there's nothing here *(the forehead),* it's blank – yet some form is necessary! Well, the forms Sri Aurobindo has given predominate, but what you write has its place, and a very precise and interesting place: the way of thinking. And I see that there's an immense field of intellectual thought, intellectual formulation, with varying degrees of intensity and precision, serving as a SIEVE for the Supreme's Will to pass through. And the sieve – this sort of immense universal sieve – is what gives the precision.[166] It's very interesting. That way, the mind remains perfectly still – it has nothing to do, everything is done for it! It is nothing but a mirror – a living mirror where everything gets inscribed and which can reflect back its image without becoming active.

The nature of my nights is changing, the nature of my days is changing.

And then there's a first small beginning, quite small, indicating how the Power will function. But it's ... *(Mother gestures into the far distance)* it's merely a slight

tinge.

But when it functions, things will really start moving.

Well, I've been chattering away again. That means more work for you!

No, it's not work!

All right then, see you Wednesday, mon petit.

August 8, 1962

(Mother listens to Satprem read a passage from his manuscript.)

It's very good. It's really excellent.

Oh, it's dull, it's lifeless....

What gives you that impression? Do you happen to have one of those *criticizers* in you? Sri Aurobindo says we always carry with us someone who criticizes everything we do. He classifies the gentleman as an adverse force, one with an individual form. Yes, you're always saying it won't do, it's no good....

Because I feel that things should be said with another kind of force. It seems like all these sentences could just as well be put one way as another, you understand – it's not inevitable at all.... I could say things this way, but I could just as well say them differently.

Mon petit, I have told you twenty times and I will tell you again: if it were "inevitable," nobody would understand!

I don't know. To me, this is no way to express anything.

Yes, yes, I know what you mean ... there is Revelation; but the world isn't ready for Revelation – that will come later, in ten years.

Ten years?

Yes, ten years.

(long silence)

I am making some interesting discoveries. They aren't really discoveries, but nowadays none of these things are theoretical, not the least bit mental (the mind is in a quiet ease) – they're essentially practical. And they take unexpected forms.... The other day as I was walking, an old formation suddenly popped up, some. thing that had already tried to materialize when Sri Aurobindo was still here, but which he had stopped. It was one possibility among innumerable others, trying to manifest in this body's existence – I won't say what it is.

It was one of the very saddest things that could manifest physically in

association with a spiritual life.

It came and tried to descend. I said absolutely nothing, but Sri Aurobindo knew (though he never mentioned anything to me, he had seen it), and he simply ... (gesture) did what had to be done, *brushed it aside.* I hadn't thought about it for more than ten years: with that gesture of his, it had vanished.

Now it has come back.

"Well, well – why has that returned?" I wondered. And then I saw that this body has been built in such a way that it instinctively ATTRACTS *ordeals,* painful experiences. And in the face of such formations, it is always passive, consenting, accepting, and totally confident in the ultimate outcome, with such an ingrained certitude that even at the moment of greatest difficulty, it will be helped and saved, and that the purpose behind all those ordeals is to speed up, to gain time, and to exhaust all the ... I can't say the evil possibilities, but all the hindrances – things that hamper, block the way and seem to negate the goal – so that they are pushed back into the past and no longer hinder progress.

Once I saw that, the formation went away. It had come just to show me that. And once again the body gave its eternal assent: no matter what it's burdened with, it will always be ready to receive and to bear it.

I never thought this would have any consequences, but it did![167]

Something probably needed to be exhausted. So physically speaking, yesterday was a pretty bad day – oh, only quite externally! In fact, the body was luminously conscious, profoundly happy and joyous, to the point where all suffering becomes negligible – you don't notice it. And so it was a real opportunity for the whole entourage to make progress. That helps.

Superficially, it [the body's characteristic of attracting ordeals] could be called a sort of karma, but that's not what it is. It's actually like one of the pivots – not a central one, but one of the pivots of the body's invisible action, of its consciousness. And it is expressed by attracting certain circumstances. A whole range of things having to do with the physical body has thus become very clear and precise to me – and that's what the body was made for: to go full speed ahead.

Intellectually, I don't at all believe in taking others' misfortunes upon oneself – that's childish. But certain vibrations in the world must be accepted, exhausted and transformed. Inwardly, that's the work I have been doing all my life – consciously, gloriously. But now it's on a purely physical level, independent of all the realities of other worlds: it's in the body, you see. And this has given me a key, one of the necessary keys to the Work.

Maybe there will be something else another time.

It has been very revealing, like a door that has opened.

And there's always that same Solicitude dosing the experience out – that's always here.

And I have noticed that now.... You see, the body used to be like a little child, complaining when things weren't right; it wouldn't revolt, but it moaned. But this time its only reaction was, "Why am I not transformed? Why am I not transformed? I want to be transformed, I want to be transformed...." Not with

words, because there was nothing mental about it, but simply with a kind of tension – the tension you feel when the door to the psychic being is shut and you push, push, push to get to the other side. The same thing, the same kind of tension: pushing, pushing, pushing ... towards what? I don't know. We call it "the transformation" because we don't know what it is – if we did know, it would mean we had already begun to realize it.... There's a faint impression of what that state could be (but it's very, very faint). And there's this feeling of tension, of pushing – pleading and imploring. That was the body's only reaction this time, nothing else, not even any sorrow. Because at one time – something like fifty years ago – it used to say, "Why do I deserve this?" and similar stupidities; that's been gone for more than fifty years. Then for a long while after, something disordered, unharmonious or nasty could bring me sorrow; that's gone too. But that's recent, it disappeared with the experience of April 13. And now: transformation, transformation, transformation; that's the only idea left, the only will.

(silence)

For several days before that incident, something else had been coming, a kind of imaginative and creative vision of the most material physical possibilities for the future.

I've had this great formative power ever since my earliest childhood, but I had channeled it and stopped it because I considered it useless. But it came back recently, along with the sure sign that it was coming from the very highest origin: "This is it, this is how things will be." But that's for later, of course. To our external reason, those things seem totally unrealizable, but they will be realizable in ... perhaps a few hundred years, I don't know – it's the future being prepared. And indeed, that vision has a tremendous power of creation and realization, and it is always felt physically (the rest is very still), it's always physical. But it triggered a kind of very rapid movement of the physical consciousness (within the most material substance), and caused a dislocation. And so[168] the day before yesterday, that old formation suddenly returned and made me understand one aspect of the body's nature, the way the body is CONSTRUCTED and the usefulness of that construction. So now things are all right. It has been one more step.

> *But when you receive those bad vibrations affecting your body,[169] are they exhausted by your accepting them?*

It's not that I "receive" bad vibrations, but that the physical substance is not entirely ... (how can I explain?) in the proper movement or rhythm. For instance, between the vision of that old formation I spoke of and this ... (I can't call it a toothache, but anyway, something went wrong) there was no visible connection to speak of. The toothache wasn't caused by a particular vibration, it's rather ... as if one thing or another provided the opportunity for absorbing a certain quantity or type of vibration (it's more a quantity than a type – probably both), a vibratory MODE, in order to put it in contact with THE vibratory mode – the divine one.

But I understand your question. You want to know if this has an effect on all identical vibratory modes in the world.... In principle, yes. But the effects may not be immediately visible; in the first place, our field of observation is nothing – materially, what do we know? ... Only our immediate surroundings – that's nothing. In 1920, for example, I had an experience of that type, which resulted in a symbolic but terrestrial action. It was a vision (I don't remember enough details to make it interesting) where each nation was represented by a symbolic entity, and there was a certain type of horror – of terror, rather. A certain "will of terror" was trying to manifest in that gathering of all nations. And I was witness to the whole thing. I remember it being a very conscious and rather long and detailed vision with a more intense reality than physical things have (it was in the subtle physical). And after it was over and I had done what needed to be done (I am not saying what because I don't remember all the details, and without accuracy it loses its value), when I came out of it I could say with TOTAL conviction: "Terror has been overcome in the world." Of course, it's not literally true, plenty of people still feel terror, but a certain type of terror was as if UNDERMINED at the foundations. What had already manifested kept on and is gradually being exhausted, but the terror that was trying to increase and dominate the life of nations was stopped cold.

I have had other similar experiences – on Durga's day, for instance, when Sri Aurobindo was still here (you know, that's the day when Durga masters an asura; she doesn't kill him, she masters him). Well, each year one particular type of thing was undermined (and my experiences were never mental: the experience would suddenly come, and AFTERWARDS I would realize it was Durga's day), and each time I used to tell Sri Aurobindo, "Look – today this (or that) thing has been cut off at the roots." That's how it works with the adverse forces – yes, like something being uprooted from the world. Whatever has already spread out keeps going and follows its karma, but the SOURCE is dried up. That's also what happened (it was in 1904, I believe) when the Asura of Consciousness and Darkness made his surrender and was converted; he told me, "I have millions and millions of emanations, and these will keep on living, but their source has now run dry."[170] How much time will it take to exhaust it all? ... We can't say, but the source has dried up and that is something extremely important. In 1920, that terror was trying to spread all over the world and to become really catastrophic; and then in my inner vision I could see that a whole movement had dried up at its source. This means that little by little, little by little, little by little ... the karma is being exhausted.

The same goes for these little physical movements. Things don't seem to be "initiated" any more, I mean they're no longer being generated. But everything that's already present in the world has to be exhausted.

I can see more rapid methods, but they are essentially part of the supramental world.

To change a karma, to stop a karma, to withdraw a certain number of vibrations from circulation, as it were, requires yet another movement, another

movement altogether – and that Power isn't yet at hand. That's what will yield visible, tangible results. The other movement has very tangible and concrete results, but they're invisible (to human observation, that is, which is much too limited and superficial). But it obviously does have results. That vision of terror clearly diverted the course of events that nations were being pushed into. But only someone with inner vision can see it.

(silence)

Is it eleven o'clock?

All right then, keep on with your book. It's good, much better than you think! *(gesture of denial from Satprem)* Yes, yes, I know what you mean, "definitive things" – it's like me and my definitive transformations! We must learn how to wait. Later on, it will come.

It should be something like a mantra....

I understand. I understand full well. But you must learn how to wait. Were you to write in that way now, it would be perfectly useless to the reading public – they wouldn't understand a thing.

What you read to me is very good – very good, very useful. Au revoir, mon petit.

August 11, 1962

(Satprem asks for an explanation of this sentence from August 4: "... it is easier to feel wider, higher, vaster than the world, THAN AN INDIVIDUAL. For it is easier to take everything in, to embrace and change it from outside, than to change it from inside.")

Yes, it is easier (for a Being or a Force or a Consciousness) to feel vaster than the earth than an individual.[171]

Than an individual?...

(Mother laughs) It's crystal clear to me! ...

It's a sort of reply to something I am translating in *The Synthesis of Yoga. You* know, there are these three aspects that must always be kept united in one's consciousness: jiva (the individual), Shakti, and Ishwara (the Supreme). He gives a wonderful description of how we have all three together in a kind of inner hierarchy. So while reading that (as I translate I have all the experiences, they come spontaneously), I kept saying to myself, "No, that jiva hampers me; that jiva

hems me in! It's not natural to me." What's natural to me is ... it's probably Mahashakti. There is always that sense of creative Power, and of the Lord. The infinite, marvelous, innumerable joy of the Lord, you see, which is so intermingled with the Power – you can sense the presence of the Lord, yet you cannot distinguish or differentiate between the two. It's all a delectable play. So to introduce the individual, the jiva, into this spoils everything, makes everything so small!

I wanted to put all this into my sentence.

And I said it because it's quite natural for people reading in the light of their own experience to get the feeling of an individual being who is united with That – it doesn't work that way with me, I can't do it! I can't. The other movement is natural, spontaneous, wonderful – the delight of being and the delight of living. But as soon as the jiva comes, oh, I feel so hemmed in.[172]

* * *

(Then Mother comments on a passage from the same conversation of August 4 where she spoke of "this sort of immense universal sieve ... that gives the precision.")

It's very interesting! The fabric of the sieve serves as a filter, as it were, and that's what gives the precision.

And the Light that descends.... You see, it's as though ... as though I am SEEING that eternal, universal, immense, wondrous Vibration from without, from within, from above, from below, from everywhere at the same time. And at a certain place there's something so fine, delicate, of a silver-gray (something that's spread all around the world, all around the creation), and THE Vibration passes through it and ... it becomes ideas. Not ideas, something higher than ideas – the origin of ideas. Things take form. And the sieve is fine, fine, fine, so fine and tenuous, and it's everywhere *(gesture enveloping the earth)*.

And it's there all the time! ... I saw it the other day, I am seeing it now – it seems to be a permanent feature. And it's the origin of all intellectual formulations (those closest to the Truth, of course, with no distortion). Very interesting.

* * *

(On August 4, Mother also spoke of the constant interchange of vibrations making it "childish" to imagine that solitude could facilitate the yoga. And she added: "The only possible solution is so perfect a union with the supreme Vibration that everything is automatically put under His influence.")

I had the experience for several hours this morning. It started in the middle of the night and lasted through the morning until ... I was inundated with people. It began during the night in quite a powerful manner (in the body, all this is in the

body), with a formidable sensation of power (so much so that in the middle of the experience I suddenly thought, "I have to tell this to Satprem tomorrow ..." – right in the midst of the experience!). And THE Vibration seemed so utterly present ("present" ... I have the feeling it's always "present," but it was perceived, which gives it a kind of efficacy – a kind we can grasp). It was like that all morning until eight or eight-thirty; after eight o'clock the experience slowly faded. It began around eleven at night and lasted till then. And so ... yes, it's exactly what I say there: it automatically puts each thing in its place.

* * *

(A little later, regarding the conversation of August 8, where Mother said that with that inner joy of the Presence, "all suffering becomes negligible":)

Oh, during those hours the Presence lasted this morning, what I say here became so obvious, so obvious! You see (there's nothing but the Lord, of course), it's exactly as if the Lord were seeing all things (and this body is part of what He sees!), seeing all things and laughing, laughing – forever laughing at all the tragedy ... the tragedy of this existence! And I was seeing Him right here, you know, there was nothing but Him – immense, marvelous, yet at the same time scaled to the size of the earth, almost to the size of this room, you could say! He was here, in everything – in all the past, all the future, in all places, in everything. And He was smiling, smiling with the consciousness of that joy – it's not "joy," "joy" sounds pallid. And there was no excitement, nothing of what human consciousness mixes into these things, only ... an eternal certitude, a crystal clear vision of the most MINUTE details. And all of this simultaneously, just like that, with a smile. And ... although I can't say what is He and what is me, I have the joy of perceiving Him (that isn't abolished), and yet I am nowhere in particular! Still I have the joy, I feel the joy of perceiving Him.

It's difficult to describe. It lasted from around midnight until eight o'clock.

And it was all happening naturally, spontaneously; you couldn't even say it was situated "somewhere": it was just happening. It's another ... it's another way of being.

It will probably be that way one day – nothing will have the power to make one fall back into the old movement.

For I got up, walked around, washed and so on – nothing could shake That; everything went smoothly, they [Mother's activities] didn't take up any room, *(laughing)* they were off somewhere and didn't disrupt anything!

And I see nothing but THAT – that Consciousness. It's a Consciousness, a Presence. And all, all is there, you see, all is there together, the Power, the Presence, the Consciousness, that joy and Love.... And all of that together almost gives the impression of ... a Form, that Vibration of golden light, a crimson-gold which is the most material supramental light – a Form. A Form, and no form – yet it's a Form!

(silence)

All right, mon petit.

There are some interesting things there.

All together, it [the *Agenda] is* going to be something interesting.

I should say so! It's a gold mine, a world!

Good.

It's going all right, mon petit. And I am more and more certain that I have given you your true name (this seems to be coming out of the blue, but ...). The more I come into conscious contact with the future (because it is right HERE, you see, just as we are pushing to go forward, it is pushing to descend), well ... it's good. It's good.

Don't worry – don't worry; simply let yourself BE what you truly are.

August 14, 1962

(Satprem did not keep any record of his questions at the beginning of the following conversation, nor does he exactly remember the circumstances that led to it. It seems that he wanted to write a letter to X, his former Tantric guru, or meet him, to explain what had happened and, in fact, to tell X that he still held him in deepest affection, despite external circumstances and Satprem's outward break with him.)

... One must never go back; one must always go forward.

The curves of life go this way and that *(meandering gesture),* and only by being the supramental arrow can you go beyond. What happened [with X] was necessary. But there's a step that goes beyond holding a grudge against someone because you were mistaken about him. That's such an ordinary human thing – it's nonsense. That's how it is, though. He is what he is and has been all along – he has never pretended to be anything else. But *(with an ironic smile for Satprem)* the imagination has done a lot of gilding where there was nothing to begin with, and then through circumstances (which always result from the influence of consciousness), the gilding disappeared! But whatever you sincerely felt for him that wasn't the product of an effervescent imagination – all sincere feelings – should remain.[173]

But they do!

Well, that's all there is to say: "My feelings remain the same." You needn't put yourself back under his influence, for it was an influence of your own imagining!

I don't really know how to tell him....

Why do you want to formulate what you're going to tell him in advance?

Rather than some superficial convention or an illusion you used to live with, keep reality in your consciousness.

Don't decide anything mentally.

You must learn to be immobile, silent, and let the Lord speak through you; it's much better than deciding in advance, much better.... Personally, the Lord has never failed me. I have found myself hundreds of times in very difficult situations; I wouldn't do anything, I would say, "All right, let's see what happens!" And of course, what happened was always for the best. And I had nothing to do with it – it wasn't me, it was the Lord.

The less one explains, the less one plans, the better – always, always.

* * *

Later

Just after speaking with you the other day, I looked closely to make absolutely sure, and I saw that even for the body – even for the body – it takes a little effort, it's an effort to feel like something separate, an individuality. It finds it constricting, as if it were shut up in a box!

The feeling is rather one of vibrations gathered together and coagulated somewhere – and even at that, there's a very supple inner play, for it spreads out like this *(Mother makes a gesture of diffusion or expansion all around her)* through a sort of subtilization or etherization. And it's limitless – how could it have any limits! It goes like this *(same radiating gesture)* – these same vibrations are everywhere, in all bodies and all things. What people call this body is merely the result of a willed concentration organized in a specific way; that's how it spontaneously feels, all the time (not that it's observing itself, but if something forces it to observe itself, that's what it spontaneously feels). And the delimitation that exists in all beings, and which WAS in this body (was it this body?... Haven't the cells changed?... I don't know), which once existed in what people call this body, has completely disappeared. Before (thirty years or so ago), it used to feel like something separate moving among other separate things – that's all gone.

I have tried several times, telling myself, "Ah, let's have a good look – is there anything, anywhere, that feels that separation?" (I am looking at the body from above.) "There's nothing – truly? Are you one hundred percent spontaneously sincere? Nothing at all?..." It's impossible to find a thing. Impossible.

For all the states of being, the mental, the vital, and even the subtle physical, that sense of separation has long been gone. But now I am speaking of the body. I say "I," of course – but what says "I" is ... it's something as vast as the universe. And it CANNOT be otherwise. It's not that I want it this way, or because I insist on it, it's not the result of a tapasya or ... not at all: it CANNOT BE OTHERWISE, that's how it is. It's my spontaneous way of being. The experience has become

completely (how to put it?) externalized.

And that's what makes the ESSENTIAL difference for this body. That's why it feels different from other bodies. It's ... *(Mother shakes her head)* no, it's not the same thing, it distinctly feels it's not the same – because its reactions are different!

Perhaps there once was a jiva.... I don't know, I don't remember; all I remember now is ... ultimately, an evolving universe, with a special concentration on the affairs of the earth, because the Lord has decided that the time has come to ... to change something. That's all. To change something.

(silence)

There's a fellow (he's neither young nor old) who has been living for twenty-five straight years at one of the sources of the Ganges, in a small cave carved into the mountainside – a tiny, bare space, an earth floor and a tiger skin. He sits on the tiger skin stark naked, without a stitch, naked as a newborn babe, in the dead of winter as well as in summer – outside everything is covered with snow. He eats ... sometimes passers-by bring him fruit, which he dries in the sun, then puts into water and drinks. That's all. He hasn't once left there in twenty-five years.

One of our children, V., a courageous boy, went up there all by himself. In winter it's completely isolated, there's nothing nearby. It was May and still frightfully cold, it seems, snow still covered the ground. And the man was sitting there stark naked as though it were perfectly natural! He even asked the boy, "Do you want to spend the night here? ..." That was a bit too much!

Anyway, V. went there, sat down next to him, and after a while the man went into a sort of trance and began to tell V. about his life (the boy's life, not his own!). So V. was interested and wanted to know more. "Where do I come from?" he asked. The man answered, "Oh, from an ashram by the sea ... the sea is there." Then he began to speak (I must mention that outwardly he knew nothing about Sri Aurobindo or me or the Ashram, absolutely nothing at all), and he told V. that a "great sage" and "the Mother" were there, and that they wanted to do something on earth that had never been done before – something very difficult. Then, I don't know whether he mentioned I was alone now (I have no idea), but he said, "Oh, she has had to withdraw[174] because the people around her don't understand and ... life there has become very difficult. It will be very difficult until 1964."

Perhaps he was reading the boy's mind (I don't know), but not his conscious mind. And he said several times, "They want to do something that has never been done before, it's very difficult – very difficult – and that's why they came, to do that."

I learned about this two days ago. It interested me: "Something never done before, something entirely new."[175]

There were many other things, but it seems he speaks a particular Hindi which is very hard to understand. But this was quite clear, and he said it several times.

It interested me.

And that's really it, that's what Sri Aurobindo came for, and what I came for. And that's what was present above my head when I was quite young: something

new and very difficult *(Mother smiles).* Very difficult.

It seems he said that if we could make it to 1964, afterwards the difficulties would disappear. (But this is a very strong formation – what did he pick up? Is it Sri Aurobindo's formation? Is it the boy's thought, or what?...) But he's a wonderful mind-reader; he must have a marvelous power of vision in the mental world.

It really amused me. If you asked ... if you asked people here, not too many would have such a clear idea: "They have come to do something entirely new and very difficult."

It's lovely.

Voilà, petit.

August 18, 1962

(Concerning Satprem's new book on Sri Aurobindo, Mother foresees that again many cuts will be necessary, and emphasizes that the main point is to prevent the publisher from entrusting the book's editing to some ignoramus. And she adds:)

... But it's quite clear that these people can't grasp it; they're a closed door! Not even a door of bronze, but of bricks and cement – impenetrable.

Poor Sri Aurobindo!

And as for what happened here in Pondicherry, there's no need to make it very long. Because from the time he withdrew to his room (to be exact, from about the time we moved from the house over there to this one[176]), his life no longer belonged to the public. And what happened ... well, it will be interesting in a hundred years. Not now.

* * *

(Then Mother speaks of the collective meditation held on August 15, Sri Aurobindo's ninetieth birthday.)

Mon petit, we had a meditation here on the 15th, at ten o'clock.[177] At a quarter to ten, I was sitting here at the table in a total silence. And then ... I can't say Sri Aurobindo came, for he is always here, but he manifested in a special way.... Concretely, in the subtle physical, he became so tall that, sitting cross-legged as they do here, he covered the whole compound – even extended a bit beyond it! He was literally sitting upon the compound; so to the extent that the people meditating were not closed, they were all inside him. He was sitting like that (not on their heads!), and I could feel (I was here, you see) the FRICTION of his presence in the subtle physical – an utterly physical friction! And I saw him (as you well know, I am not shut up in here [the body]), I saw him sitting there, very tall and

perfectly proportioned; and then he started gently, gently descending – this descent is what caused the friction – gently, very gently, so as not to give people a shock. Then he settled there and stayed for a little more than half an hour, a few minutes more, like that, absolutely still, but fully concentrated on all the people – they were inside him.

I was sitting here smiling, almost ... almost laughing, really; you could feel him like that everywhere *(Mother touches her whole body),* everywhere. And with such peace! Such peace, such force, such power.... And a sense of eternity, immensity, and absoluteness. A sense of absoluteness, as if all were fulfilled, so to speak, and one lived in Eternity.

It was *compelling.* One had to be just plain dense not to feel it.

I don't say there weren't plenty of dense people there. I have no idea *(laughing)*, I haven't asked for their opinion!

And afterwards, it's not as though he suddenly went away: he went slowly, slowly, slowly, like something evaporating; then things went back to normal, with various concentrations here and there, various activities....

I think some people must have felt it – maybe they didn't fully understand, since they lack total vision, but they may have felt as if he were descending into them. Because in the afternoon, when everything had returned to normal (he is always here of course, but not that way! He is always here), there was a kind of wave of regret passing through the atmosphere, like something saying, "Oh, this beautiful thing has come to an end! Oh, now August 15 is over, this beautiful thing is over." But it was like I described, something so ... more than concrete, I don't know how to express it, it was ... there was a sense of absoluteness about it.

I have often seen him in his supramental light; he has come very often (he used to come when I went to the balcony; sometimes he was above the Samadhi; he came very often). But that ... first of all, the proportions were enormous – sitting down, I tell you, he extended beyond the compound; and he materialized in a way that could be PHYSICALLY felt. And there was such confidence, such joy, such certainty; everything was so sure, so altogether certain, as though all had been accomplished. There was none of that anguish, that tension for things to get done.

It lasted about three quarters of an hour; afterwards things returned to normal.

(silence)

It was the most beautiful August 15 we ever had.

It lasted three quarters of an hour.

(silence)

One thing, though (he didn't inform me he was going to do it!) – when I was told that people would be gathering for a half hour of meditation, at once something in me took it quite seriously: "Very well." So I arranged everything for the meditation, and at about 9:45 I sat down at the table – then it began. It took about five minutes to take shape. Ah! Then I understood.

He has given us a beautiful gift.

All his sweetness and all his splendor and all his power and all his calm were there – and far stronger and clearer than when he was in his body!

I always had that same impression – it was always like that in his room; and I would always have that impression whenever I met him. And even when I was working, all the while I would feel him behind me, doing everything. But this was much stronger. Much stronger. It was ... one was caught up and there was no way to get out of it. That's how it was – something ABSOLUTE.

I've asked no one, I've told no one, I haven't said anything about it, not a word; you're the first. When Pavitra came yesterday I smilingly asked him if he'd had a good meditation, that's all. He said yes. So I told him, "Well, Sri Aurobindo was sitting on you!" *(Mother laughs)* "I was sitting below, in Sri Aurobindo's room," he replied. "He was there too!" I said *(Mother laughs).*

> *Personally I was immobilized. I had the experience of being completely immobilized.*

Ah!

> *Truly, the half-hour passed and I didn't move, nothing moved.*

That's it.

> *Nothing – everything was absolutely ... suspended!*

That's good, you got the full benefit of it.

> *I've never had that sensation. I've had moments of stillness, but this time I was immobilized.*

Immobilized, yes, that's it; it's very good, very good. That's it exactly.

Well, mon petit.

So you understand, you have only one thing to do: finish your book.

> *Yes ... oh, I would like to make such a beautiful Sri Aurobindo, and then....*

Things are loosening up a lot....

There's still a bit too much of the old outlook left in you, and that's what keeps worrying you. Something that keeps worrying you, and which is perfectly useless – we waste our time worrying.

August 25, 1962

(Satprem complains that he finds it difficult to write his book. Mother concentrates for about fifteen minutes, then says:)

All right.

He came and put all sorts of things around you for you to write. All sorts of golden things.

So they must be written. You can tell me about it on Tuesday. And again he repeated, *"No worry, no worry.... Take it easy, take it easy. "* And it was as if he wanted to sit you down by a running river, as if you could see the water flowing, flowing, flowing, flowing so naturally along. As if you were sitting in a lovely flower-strewn meadow by a flowing stream.... And he was saying, *"Don't worry, take it easy, take it easy."*

He was putting all kinds of things around you. So there you are.

> *I'm a little tired, too....*

Oh – tired?

> *I always used to sleep between one and two in the afternoon. Since last April, about five months ago, that's finished, gone.*[178]

Why? You can't, or you don't have time?

> *No, not at all. I have time but I just can't do it. It's a shame, because it was a conscious hour. I would often go strolling by the sea.*

You slept by the sea?

> *No! In my sleep I would go to the seashore – it was an hour of relaxation ... and then it was taken away.*

How strange! ...

I am not responsible.

> *No, I'm sure of that!*

On the contrary, I thought you were resting.

> *No, that's all over.*

Because I do rest, I remain in a very ... (what's the word? – *Mother tightens her fist)* coagulated, undiluted, and powerful trance from twelve-thirty or twelve forty-five until a quarter to two: a good hour. So it's a favorable time.

> *It sure is!*

Well, tune in!

Stretch out, and then just call me. And let yourself go. Try. Try today.

Just lie down quietly, without thinking of anything, and then call me – that's all.

Let yourself go limp.

> *All right.*

Try!

August 28, 1962

(It is extremely unfortunate that the beginning of this conversation, which would have thrown a clear light on what follows, was not kept. As far as Satprem remembers, the subject was his sleep. It seems Mother was saying that while his "strolls by the sea" took place during sleep and by passing into another state, for her – and this is where the notes begin – there was no more "sleep" and no more "passing" into another state, from the ordinary physical to the subtle physical, because everything seemed to have become or was becoming one and the same continuous Matter. The true Matter, probably.)

That's one thing that's happening. The two [the ordinary physical and the subtle physical] seem to be fusing more and more.

I have already explained this to you on several occasions: instead of SHIFTING from one to the other, it's as if one were permeated by the other, like this *(Mother slips the fingers of her right hand in between the fingers of her left hand),* and you can almost feel both simultaneously. It's one of the results of what's going on these days. A very slight concentration, for example, is all it takes to feel both at the same time, which leads me to a near conviction that true change in the physical results from a kind of PENETRATION. The most material physical substance no longer has that unreceptive sort of density, a density that resists penetration: it is becoming porous, and thus can be penetrated. Several times, in fact, I've had the experience of one vibration quite naturally changing the quality of the other – the subtle physical vibration was bringing about a sort of ... almost a transformation, or in any case a noticeable change in the purely physical vibration.

That seems to be the process, or at least one of the most important processes.

And it's growing more and more prominent. I spend almost every night in that realm; and even during the day, as soon as the body is motionless, there's this perception of the two vibrations, and of the physical vibration almost becoming porous.

It seems to be the process, or certainly one important process, for the physical transformation.

(silence)

You see, the subtle physical seems to DOSE OUT its power and light and capacity of consciousness according to the amount of receptivity in the purely physical vibration. That's why the effects stretch over a long period of time. It's being done very, very gradually. But it's an almost continuous work. Only when there's some bodily activity and the consciousness must turn outwards (not in the same way as before, that's impossible, but still in a way that seems like a continuation of the old consciousness), then, if the work continues at all, it's

invisible – and maybe it doesn't continue.... I don't know. But as soon as all activity stops and the body is concentrated or immobile – perhaps no more than simply passive – that penetration is perceptible: it's visible. Visible. And it's not like something more subtle penetrating something less subtle without altering it; the essential point is that this penetration actually changes the composition. It's not merely a degree of subtlety, it's a change in the internal composition. Ultimately, this action probably has an effect on the atomic level. And that's how the practical possibility of transformation can be accounted for.

It's an experience I have all the time.

At times it's a bit new or a bit extreme, and you have to be careful the body doesn't panic. But then you see how everything is dosed out and maintained in a way that ... *(Mother laughs)* nothing falls to pieces!

On the surface, it's a very humble work, nothing sensational. There are no illuminations filling you with joy and.... All that is fine for people seeking spiritual joys – it belongs to the past.

It's a very modest work, very modest, even from a purely intellectual vantage point. It's different from the sensation of knowing things because you ARE them, which gives you joy, a sense of progress. It's not even like that! It is VERY humble, a very humble and unglamorous work, but which keeps on very regularly, with extreme regularity and STUBBORNNESS.

It will surely stretch over a long period of time.

And at each step, it's as though you had to take great care that nothing gets thrown off balance. The new combinations of vibrations, especially, are difficult for the body – it must be very, very quiet, well under control, very peaceful, or else it panics. Because it's used to vibrations whose effects follow a regular pattern, so if the pattern changes there's a kind of frightened jolt. That must be avoided, the body has to be very gently kept under control.

What the mind thinks, what it expects to see, looks so childish in comparison, like ... yes, like theatrics, really. It's the difference between some grand extravaganza and the very modest life of each minute. Exactly that.

All the powers, all the *siddhis,* all the realizations, all these things are ... the grand extravaganza – the great spiritual spectacle. But this isn't like that. It's very modest, very modest, very unobtrusive, very humble, nothing showy about it. It takes years and years and years of silent, quiet and extremely careful work before there can be any visible and tangible results, before anything can be noticed, even for the [Mother's] individual consciousness.

As for those who want to go quickly, if they try going quickly in this realm, they'll be thrown off balance.

You can't go quickly.

Once, when I saw how it was, I complained a bit to the Lord: "Lord, why did you make the body this way for doing this kind of work? Just look at it!" He answered me *(laughing),* "It's the best that could be done." So I said "Thank you!" and kept quiet.

And that's probably true! It has some good points: what they call *stubborn* in

English – you know *(Mother plants down her two fists and holds them motionless).* And *stubbornness is* an essentially British quality, so there's no other word for it. The body is *stubborn;* and that's what is needed.

All right.

August 31, 1962

What about your sleep – any better?

> *On the contrary, I feel a kind of drowsiness, but with no real rest or real sleep.*

No rest? No total relaxation?

Try, mon petit, try again. Try again and again, it will come.

It's not "sleep," it's a kind of peace that descends. It can begin as drowsiness, but it changes into a sort of inner immobility – immobility of the Spirit. The body too becomes quiet, quiet, quiet, very still; and from there, if nothing disturbs you, you flow into a sense of eternity. It's a wonderful experience. The real sense of Eternity: everything stops, and then NOTHING. And if you have the gift of vision (it's not necessary, but if you do), you see it all grow white and luminous – all white. But that may well not happen because it's ... it's something you're born with.

All the cells open up and become conscious of their eternity.

It may be that three, four, five times, nothing happens, and then the sixth time it comes. You have to be very stubborn about these things.

Try.

Anyway, even if you don't sleep, it's always restful to stretch out on your bed or a mat and go limp; it's a good rest for the vital being, and it can't do you any harm.

* * *

(A little later, concerning the last conversation: "On the surface, it's a very humble work, nothing sensational. There are no illuminations filling you with joy: all that is fine for people seeking spiritual joys – it belongs to the past.")

Yesterday I told Pavitra that all those realizations, all those ... yes, these powers, gifts, constructions, manifestations, it all reminded me of the life of a traveling juggler.

He was shocked.

"Yes," I told him, "it's like a juggler's life – you go from fairground to fairground, displaying your feats of skill! " *(Laughter.)*

But it's true!

(silence)

The more I go on, the more sober it gets. It's quiet, peaceful, with no fanfare, no make-believe, none of that.

And it's not done with the idea that, well, if you keep on this way for some time, there'll be something dazzling at the other end – not at all.

Because the other end is the new creation, so it's clear that.... How MANY steps will it take, how many incomplete or imperfect things, approximations, attempts – how many MINUSCULE realizations – for you to simply acknowledge, "Yes, indeed, we're on the way..."? For how many ... oh, you could practically say centuries will it be like this before the glorious body of a supramental being appears?... Something came yesterday evening (it seemed like mere excitation to me); it was a power of creative imagination attempting to visualize supramental forms, beings that live in other worlds, and all sorts of things like that. I saw many things. But it seemed so ... like champagne bubbles! "That's all very nice," I said, "for widening my power of imagination so I can present these forms to the Lord.... But it's not necessary! " *(Mother laughs)* It really seemed so.... There was a time when I considered it a great creative power (and many things that I saw in those moments of super-creativity, super-imagination, were actually realized years later on earth), and this time it came again (perhaps to give me a little fun, a little spectacle along the way), it came and I looked at it; I could see all its power, I could see it was something trying to materialize in the future, and I said, "What histrionics! Why go through all these theatrics?..." Jugglers.

And it was supramental light, it originated in supramental light. How beings from other worlds would relate with the future beings, and all sorts of similar things – bedtime stories.

But the vibration was there, you see, high above and all around the earth, very powerful (it was all around the earth) and very strong, it seemed to be coming from other parts of the universe and trying to enter the earth's atmosphere to help it participate in those new combinations. And it all seemed like childishness to me – the whole universe seemed to be living in childishness. There was something so tranquil here – so tranquil, so calm and unhurried, not interested in showing anything off, but capable of living in an eternity of quiet effort and progress. It was here, immobile, watching all these things. Finally (the spectacle lasted all evening) when I lay down in bed for the night, I said to the Lord, "I don't need diversions, I don't need to see encouraging things – I only want to work calmly, quietly, IN You. You, You are the worker; You are here and You alone exist. You are the realizer." Then all grew silent, still, motionless – and the excitement waned.

So you see, there's excitement in the universe too, if you're not careful! But my impression is that it simply complicates things – it clouds the issue, you know, it complicates things. Then you have to wait for the bubbles to subside before you can calmly set off again on your way towards the goal.

Voilà, petit.

Can't we hope.... You know, sometimes there are abrupt mutations in evolution....

It can be, it's possible. It's possible, I don't say it isn't; it is possible, it can happen, but ... more and more, the life allotted to this body is to do things without knowing it, to change the world without seeing it, and to ... to ignore all that, to be absolutely unconcerned with the results. And (to be perfectly explicit) I have a feeling that to have access to the highest and purest Power, the very notion of "result" must disappear completely – the Supreme Power has no sense of result AT ALL. The sense of result is yet another rift between the essential, supreme Power, and the consciousness. In other words, it's because the consciousness begins to separate slightly [from its identity with the Supreme Power], that the sense of result is created, but otherwise it doesn't exist.

It's as if everything had to be ... to be the Action, the eternal Action at each second of the Manifestation – THE thing. At each pulsation – which corresponds to time in the Manifestation – THAT alone is THE thing. And the idea of something having a result is already a distortion.

Uninterrupted, with one link – the link of supreme Eternity. But the sense of consequences is false, it already implies a lowering of consciousness. So for me – even physically, in the midst of this whole hodgepodge of confusion, ignorance and stupidity – it all translates into: "I do things, and the results are none of my business." That's how it's expressed here in the body.

It's a kind of liberation – I don't mean from worry or preoccupation, there's no question of that – but from the very IDEA of a consequence: it's this way because that's the way it is; it has to be this way, so it is. That's all. And at each second it's this way because it has to be, and so it is. And That repeats itself eternally, and it is this eternal Pulsation which is expressed in time by those gusts – I feel this very strongly, very strongly. It's a constant, spontaneous and very natural experience for me. The idea of something behind or ahead in time and so on is ... a Truth changing from immutable Eternity into Eternity of manifestation. And it changes like this *(Mother makes a pulsating gesture),* exactly like gusts – puff, puff, puff....

Irresponsible gusts, like a child's soap bubbles, you might say. No sense of consequences – none, none whatsoever: puff, puff, puff ... like that.

It's an ever-present experience for me.

So when people come to tell me their stories, I feel like my head is being shoved into some black mush, and I can't make out anything any more. They ask my advice about what to do ... *(Mother laughs)*. So now I almost invariably answer, "Do whatever you like, it doesn't matter!" *(Mother laughs.)*

Voilà.

September

September 5, 1962

(Before reading his manuscript on Sri Aurobindo to Mother, Satprem asks her to correct any inaccuracies in the text, since he doesn't have the direct experience of everything he speaks of.)

I don't have the experience of some of these things.

Neither do I; I don't have every experience.

Oh, come on now....

(Laughing) I've had a number of them, but....

In principle, after a few thousand births, one should have every possible experience, provided one goes to the trouble of remembering. That would be the advantage of reincarnation; you can't do everything in one lifetime, but with a few thousand lives, it's possible to pass through all the states.

One should be able to remember.

Naturally, at the beginning you remember very, very little. As you advance, you remember more – I am referring to the experience of the psychic being.

Of course, I am not speaking of what the universal Mother can know, that's quite another category! I am speaking of the experience of the psychic being, the purely terrestrial experience. Well, very few things seem ... in fact, none of them seem alien or unknown to me. The human state of mind, ah yes! Since my early childhood, I have been flabbergasted by the way people think and feel – it seemed monstrous. But as for the circumstances and events of life, that's all more or less old hat.

The experiences that left the most acute impressions on me *(Mother makes a poignant gesture) – you* know, the kind of things that make you say, "Oh, no, not that again, I've had enough!" – are connected with my lives as a monarch: empress, queen and the like ... oh! Those are painful impressions, the most painful of all. And I have a keen memory of a resolution taken in my last life as an empress: "Never again!" I said. "I've had enough, I want no more of it! I'd rather be" ... not even "I'd rather be," I chose deliberately: "I WANT to be an obscure being in an obscure family, free at last to do what I want!" And that's the first thing I remembered this time: "Yes, it's an obscure family, an obscure being in an obscure milieu, so I may be free to do what I want; there isn't a horde of people watching me and spying on everything I do and plaguing me with rules about what I ought to be doing."

It didn't last long! *(Mother laughs.)*

Meaning you never escape your destiny! Although it's not official here, there's still a wide margin of freedom.

That's the first thing I told Sri Aurobindo: "This was the resolution made by

my psychic being" (my psychic being was in a certain person – I know who). "And when I left, it declared categorically: 'I want NO MORE of this!'"

The rest doesn't matter much to me, it didn't leave such an ... acute impression.

Anyway, read me your text now. Perhaps I'll be able to know if it's true or not!

But when you get right down to it, everything is true – provided everything else is accepted at the same time.

* * *

(Satprem reads a passage from his manuscript in which he speaks of illnesses, including "yogic illnesses," that can result from some inner discrepancy when the various parts of the consciousness are unevenly developed.)

These illnesses are not of the same nature as the others, because GENERALLY (I am not making any absolute rule), generally their origin is not found to be viruses or bacteria, but a kind of disorder ... what is it called? They have a splendid word for it now.... You know, an incapacity to bear something, a lack of harmony....

Allergy?

That's it. And then illnesses related to colloidal disorders (blood, for example, is a colloidal fluid): when the component elements cease to combine in the normal and natural way. Both are newly recognized causes of illness. And they usually (I don't say in every case) result from what is called an "inner discrepancy"; that is, when the different parts of the being have not reached the same level of development, things of that nature may crop up.

With very few exceptions, these illnesses are not found to originate from germs, microbes or bacteria. They are frequently classified as "mental illnesses," "nervous disorders," etc., and they result from that inner discrepancy.

* * *

(Then Satprem reads a passage relating to the "subtle physical " and exteriorization; among other things, he cites the experience of D., who, when he exteriorized for the first time, was unable to get back into his body because he tried to reenter through the legs! Here is the story: "I was lying on my chaise longue in concentration when all at once I found myself in my friend Z's house. He and several others were playing music. I could see everything very clearly, even more clearly than in the physical, and I moved around very quickly, unimpeded. I stayed there watching for a while, and even tried to attract their attention, but they were unaware of me. Then suddenly something pulled me, a sort of instinct: 'I must go back.' I felt pain in my throat. I

remember that to get out of their room, which was all closed except for one small opening high up, my form seemed to vaporize (because I still had a form, though unlike our material one – more luminous, less opaque), and I went out like smoke through the open window. Then I found myself back in my room, next to my body, and I saw that my head was twisted and rigid against the cushion, and I was having trouble breathing. I wanted to get into my body: impossible. So I became afraid. I entered through the legs, and when I reached the knees I seemed to bounce back out; two, three times like that: the consciousness rose and then bounced back out like a spring. 'If I could only tip over this stool,' I thought (there was a small stool under my feet), 'the noise would wake me up!' But nothing doing. And I was breathing more and more heavily. I was terribly afraid. Suddenly I remembered Mother and cried out, 'Mother! Mother!' and found myself back in my body, awake, with a stiff neck.")

(Mother laughs and laughs.)

D. himself told me this story.

D., oh, what a dolt! He doesn't know where to reenter! But he never said a word about that to me – I would have told him!

You must go out through here *(the heart) – you* can go out through the top of the head, but it's more difficult. You must leave through the heart and return the same way. It's quite natural; it's the first thing you learn when you want to exteriorize. The whole consciousness has to be concentrated here *(the heart),* and that's where you go out. And you must reenter the same way and maintain the link.

It's interesting though, very interesting.

No, he never told me that.... Trying to reenter through the feet! ...

Some people try to do it through the head: that's a little difficult. It's a little difficult and you have to know how. But through the heart it's completely natural.

Well, well! ... This story of yours is interesting.

Yes, and it will help people understand the process.

Yes, it's really funny.

I've never managed to consciously leave my body.

It's a gift.

Sometimes I seem to have vibrations going out through the top of my head.

That's something else.

What is it? Sometimes I feel a pulling: something vibrating intensely

that seems to be pulling me out through the top of the head.

It's the opening to the higher mind.

It's more like part of the *kundalini* method. It's not an exteriorization, but the mental opening to higher realms.

Sometimes it happens just when I'm falling asleep.

That's how you make contact. It is indispensable.

But that results from yoga. It may be developed over lifetimes, or it may be accomplished in one lifetime, if one is ready for it. To tell the truth, it is the important part: to get through that lid at the top of the skull which keeps you shut in; there's a kind of cover there you have to get rid of. If you can do it, it's the sure sign that the time is ripe and you are ready for yoga – "yoga," I mean Sri Aurobindo's yoga.

The other things, exteriorization and so forth, are innate, just as some people are born artists or painters or aviators. It's one of Nature's special combinations. I've known some downright stupid girls who could exteriorize remarkably well and be fully conscious of their experiences in the subtle physical or the mind or the material vital (when one is undeveloped it's more often in the material vital than the subtle physical). And they would tell you all about what they saw. But incapable of yoga.

Nature's fancies, I tell you.

Too bad she has no such fancies for me!

It's not indispensable for the yoga.

Obviously, but all the same....

But it does carry a lot of weight with materialists, for it confronts them with something that looks "supernatural."

Yes, that's mainly what makes it interesting: it shows them that consciousness can exist outside the body.

That's it. But it's not at all indispensable for one's development.

No. But I'd still like....

It would amuse you!

Well, yes! It wouldn't just amuse me – I'd get the feeling that my consciousness was developing

Not necessarily.

If you aren't open up there *(above the head)*, you don't benefit from it. Those girls I mentioned (I've known three like that; not just one: three), well, they weren't making progress. They weren't making progress. Perhaps they could see

better and better, but they weren't making an inch of inner progress.

But personally, for example, why is it I never have any experiences?

No! It's not true you don't have experiences. It's not true. I know it's not true, you do have experiences – I can see them.

But I can't!

You just don't remember.

I have already told you the reason (there are many reasons): one tiny undeveloped level in the being is enough. It obviously has to do with atavism, with the way the body was built, the milieu one was born in, one's education, the life one has led. But it's mainly how much one has been drawn to higher things. It is clear that your energies have been far more concentrated on breaking through that lid and touching the Source of Truth than on having mediumistic experiences – far more. And for what you have come to do, that was INFINITELY more important. Minor experiences such as exteriorizing and the like are just diversions along the way – that's how I have always seen them.

Yes, Mother, that's all right. But there's no outer encouragement. I have the feeling that nothing is happening – I wake up each morning and there's nothing. I meditate, there's nothing – there's never anything! Just the certainty that it's the only thing worth doing.

But don't you see, mon petit: the unwavering Light above you ... *(Mother gazes above Satprem's head).* Thousands of people would give anything for that!

The truth is, we are never satisfied with what we have ...

But nothing is happening!

... and we always want what we don't have. Because we are made for an integral perfection, and until it becomes integral, we won't be satisfied.

It may comfort you to know that it will come to you – in its own time.

It will come – really?

Yes, oh, yes! It may come to you all of a sudden one day.

I feel that nothing's happening, that's the discouraging thing.

Of course! I too went through a very long period when I believed nothing was happening.

I never had an experience for the joy of it – never. They came only when it was necessary. Nothing ever happened in my life that wasn't absolutely indispensable for my work. But to know this, you understand, you must know exactly what your work is and be conscious of the divine Will; and many years may go by before you reach that point.

I remember that one of the first things I asked Sri Aurobindo when I came here, after innumerable experiences and innumerable realizations, was, "Why am I so mediocre?... Everything I do is mediocre, all my realizations are mediocre, there's never anything remarkable or exceptional – it's just average. It isn't low, but it's not high either – everything is average." And that's really how I felt. I painted: it wasn't bad painting, but many others could do as well. I played music: it wasn't bad music, but you couldn't say, "Oh, what a musical genius!" I wrote: it was perfectly ordinary. My thoughts slightly excelled those of my friends, but nothing exceptional; I had no special gift for philosophy or whatever. Everything I did was like that: my body had its skills, but nothing fantastic; I wasn't ugly, I wasn't beautiful ... you see, everything was mediocre, mediocre, mediocre, mediocre. Then he told me, "It was indispensable."

All right, so I kept quiet – and very quickly, within a few weeks, I understood.

But I had that feeling throughout my childhood. I was a good student, but no genius.... And so on.

> *Ever since I was very young, I have always thirsted for the same thing: I have always wanted to be conscious. So what makes me furious is that I am not conscious – it infuriates me.*

For a long, long time, that was also the one thing I felt was worth living for – Consciousness. When I met Théon and came to understand the mechanism, I also understood why I wasn't conscious at a certain level. I think I've told you how I spent ten months one year working to connect two layers – two layers of consciousness; the contact wasn't established and so I couldn't have the spontaneous experience of a whole spectrum of things. Madame Théon told me, "It's because there's an undeveloped layer between this part and that part." I was very conscious of all the gradations: Théon had explained it all in the simplest terms, so you didn't need to be, as I said, a genius to understand. He had made a quadruple division, and each of them was divided into four, and then again into four, making innumerable divisions of the being; but with that mental simplification you could make in-depth psychological studies of your own being. And so by observation and elimination I eventually discovered that between this and that *(gesture indicating two levels of Mother's consciousness),* there was an undeveloped layer – it wasn't conscious. So I worked for ten months on nothing but that: absolutely no results. I didn't care, I kept right on, telling myself, "Well, it may take me fifty years to get anywhere, who knows." And then I left for the country (I was living in Paris at the time). I lay down on the grass, and all at once, with the contact of earth and grass, poof! There was a sort of inner explosion – the link was established, and full consciousness came, along with all the ensuing experiences. "Well," I said to myself, "it was worth all the trouble!"

And I am sure that's how the work is done, slowly, imperceptibly, like a chick being formed in the egg: you see the shell, you see only the shell, you don't know what's inside, whether it's just an egg or a chick (normally, I mean – of course, you could see through with special instruments) and then the beak goes peck-peck!

And then cheep! Out comes the chick, just like that. It's the same thing exactly for the contact with the psychic being. For months on end, sometimes years, you may be sitting before a closed door, push, push, pushing, and feeling, feeling the pressure (it hurts!), and there's nothing, no results. Then all at once, you don't know why or how, you sit down and poof! Everything bursts wide open, everything is ready, everything is done – it's over, you emerge into a full psychic consciousness and become intimate with your psychic being. Then everything changes – everything changes – your life completely changes, it's a total reversal of your whole existence.

In the end, it's best not to worry, not to get agitated or depressed (that's the worst of all), not to get worked up or impatient or disgusted – just be calm and say, "It will come when it comes," but with an unyielding stubbornness. Do what you feel has to be done, and keep on with it, keep on even if it seems utterly futile.

But if I only had a method!

There are methods – books are full of them. I don't recommend any of them: it's always the method the author uses or has heard of. Everyone has to find his own method.

One can get certain hints, one can find one's own method.

But one has to.... Look, it's the same as for japa. Your japa is given to you, isn't it? You receive it (unless you find it on your own, but that's harder and already requires another level of realization); you receive your japa along with the power to do it – but you have to learn how to do it, right? For a long while you don't fully succeed; all sorts of things happen – you forget it right in the middle or fall asleep or grow tired, get a headache, all sorts of things; or even outer circumstances interfere and disturb you. Well, here it's the same: you tell yourself, "I'll do it," and you will do it, even if.... You have to go at it just like a mule: everything blocks the way but you keep going. You said you'd do it and you will do it. There are no results – I don't care. Everything is against me – I don't care. I said I'd do it and I will ... I said I'd do it and I will. And you keep on going like that.

It's the same thing in your case. It depends on what you want to achieve. Simply what I told you about sleep or resting, for example, ought to be enough. On that, you base your own discipline – or on words that were uttered, or gestures that were made, or ideas you've received. You establish your own discipline. And once you have chosen your discipline, you keep on with it.

That's my experience.

Stubbornly. You have to be stubborn – stubborn, stubborn, stubborn. You're up against all the resistance of unconsciousness and ignorance, up against all the power of unconsciousness and ignorance – something obstinate and unyielding. But it's like the story of the drop of water on the rock: a matter of time. The water will eventually wear its way through the rock. It takes ages, but it will succeed, for it falls persistently, drop after drop. First it runs off, eventually it makes a hole, and you have a wide river flowing below. Nature gives us this wonderful example to follow. That's it: we must be like the water dripping on the rock.

Water is vital energy. The rock is unconsciousness.
There you are, mon petit.

* * *

(Just before leaving, Mother makes a remark about someone, and as Satprem doesn't seem to believe his ears – he didn't want to believe in such ugliness and didn't even note it down – Mother adds:)

... Because you're still not in the realm where I go! It is elsewhere. Not higher, not deeper within: elsewhere. Another way of seeing.[179]

September 8, 1962

(Mother looks unwell. She seems to have been having some fainting spells, but this is not clear.)

Are you tired?

A little bit, yes.
For three days it's been battle, battle, battle.

(long silence)

It's hard to know if it's a coincidence.... I don't believe in coincidences.

Yes, I was wondering if it might coincide with X's arrival.

He came yesterday. The meditation was good in that it was very concentrated and silent, and he had an ascent like this *(gesture of an upright triangle),* with a point that was supreme (for him) and a descent of light. Very calm, very silent.

The doctor says he has the flu – maybe he gave it to me ... I don't know.

(silence)

You see, there's no longer the slightest feeling of being "ill" or anything like that. The day before yesterday I felt clearly that it was an attack – a very violent one. I had to battle for more than half an hour.

It always feels as if something wants to tear the life out of the body. It takes that form.

(silence)

It is quite evident that X and I are not on the same plane. His power and his action are on a mental-physical plane *(gesture below),* and this may bring me some complications by making me do a work I usually have nothing to do with.

You have often told me that each time he comes it stirs up lower things.

Yes.

It doesn't touch me because that whole realm has been completely set in order, but it does touch the atmosphere and puts me in contact with things I usually don't deal with. And as it's a difficult time for the body now.... As I told you in our last conversations, the physical is being penetrated by the subtle physical.

The body obviously doesn't need any more difficulties than it already has.

(long silence)

It's a strange sensation, a bizarre perception of both the true functioning and the functioning distorted by the sense of being an individual body. They're not even ... you can't even say they're superimposed, they're almost simultaneous, and that's why it is so hard to explain.... A number of things are malfunctioning in the body; I don't know if they can be called illnesses (maybe the doctors would call them illnesses...), but in any case, they're malfunctionings in the body's organs: the heart, the stomach, the intestines, the lungs and so on. And at the same time there's (it can't be called a "functioning") the true state. And thus certain disorders appear only when the consciousness ... as if the consciousness were pulled or pushed or poised in a certain way, and then, those malfunctionings INSTANTLY appear – not as a consequence: I mean the consciousness becomes aware of their existence. And if the consciousness stays in that position long enough, there are what we conventionally call consequences: the malfunctioning has its consequences (tiny things, such as physical discomforts, for instance). And if through (is it yogic discipline, is it the Lord's intervention?... Call it what you will) ... but if the consciousness regains its true position, the consequences cease IMMEDIATELY. Sometimes, though, it's like this *(Mother makes a gesture of an overlapping or interpenetration by interlacing the fingers of her two hands),* in other words, this way, then that, this way, then that *(Mother slips the fingers of her right hand back and forth through the fingers of her left to show the consciousness alternating between two states),* this position, then that position, this one, then that one. This movement takes only a few seconds, so I can almost perceive the two functionings simultaneously. That's what gave me the knowledge of the process, otherwise I wouldn't understand; I would simply think I am falling from one state into another. That's not it, it's just.... The substance, the vibrations, everything is probably following its normal course, you see, and all that is really changing is the way consciousness perceives things.

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

And this experience comes with examples just as concrete and as utterly banal

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

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

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

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

It's going as fast as it possibly can.

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

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

(silence)

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

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

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

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

Yes!

Like a clue. But it's very inadequate, an approximation.

Voilà, mon petit.

* * *

(Towards the end of the conversation, Mother again speaks of X's visit:)

Little by little, what was bound to happen has happened: you have a relationship with an X who isn't the real X, but your OWN formation of X (I have already told you this), an ideal X you've set up inside yourself. Well, you'd better stop associating your ideal with X, because ... they don't match!

But how should I act outwardly, what should I do?

Nothing. Or do *pranam*[180] to him, that's all, it doesn't matter. Personally, I could do pranam before a puppy dog, mon petit, in all sincerity – seeing the Lord in it. You have only to think of the Lord, no?

In fact, that's what I always do.

Think of the Lord, that's all.

And be polite.

Don't let this visit ruffle you. Essentially, his approach has always seemed peripheral to me, just one part of an immense whole. It represents ONE aspect of the quest for the Divine on earth,[181] and it is part of an entire line, like all the sannyasins, all the saddhus, and so on. X happens to have come closer because he has worshipped the Goddess of Love so much, the Shakti's aspect of Love, and that naturally led him here, brought him close, but.... I see it as part of a whole world – among many other things. You know, there's that festival celebrated every ten years, I think, when all the saddhus go to bathe in the Ganges[182]; I've seen all the photos – it's painful. It's ... it's painful. It is no more beautiful or harmonious than a stampeding mob in a revolution. It's ... there is no special grace.

Now, do you remember the story of that man who has been living at the source of the Ganges for twenty-five years?... Here he *is (Mother shows his photo).* He was in his cave and V. said to him, "I'd like to take your picture." "All right," he answered, and came out and sat down in the snow – stark naked.

(Mother looks at the photo) There is something in his forehead, eyes and nose (why the nose?...) that's very similar in all who have experienced the inner contact.

He's more like an example of what human beings can achieve: he's a forerunner more than a worker. He isn't a creative force on earth: he's an example.

> *Yes, these are "siddhis" rather than evolutionary developments: things imposed on Nature.*

They are more like seeds, capacities destined to develop later in the new race, and the seed has been made to grow and bloom as an example, before the thing happens on a larger scale – they are examples.

There's another man whose disciples say has been living for a hundred and fifty-four years; I'll show you his photo *(Mother goes to look for the photo).* D. goes to see him twice a month, and yesterday or the day before, he said to D., "You know, the greatest miracle I know of is having been able to gather more than a thousand people together for a spiritual undertaking!" *(Mother laughs wholeheartedly)* It's funny!... One thousand two hundred people is the Ashram's official figure. "Having been able to draw together a group of more than one thousand two hundred people for a spiritual undertaking"! ...

He said he would come here when I called for him; I sent him word that I wouldn't call him – because I can't disturb such an old man and not even be able to see him!

(Mother looks at the photo) He looks like a good man.

But there are many like that.

> *X scolded me for not putting kumkum[183] on my forehead any more. I didn't reply, didn't say anything.*

He's afraid that when you stop making the gestures, you forget the path!

> *Yes, he feels I am dropping everything.*

That's it, he feels that if you're not doing the things he said the way he said to do them, you've fallen from the path. He can't understand. It's no use discussing it.

He's not happy with me!

He thinks you have *kicked your sadhana.*

It's ridiculous!

No, it's not! I tell you, he can't understand. To him, sadhana.... I sent him word that I was fully engrossed in sadhana, and then I immediately saw his mental image of me sitting cross-legged doing a perpetual puja! You get the idea. For him, sadhana means certain fixed rules, and if you let the rules go, you let go of the sadhana. But it doesn't matter, don't worry about it.

He is "ill" because something is trying to make him go through several lifetimes in one. If it succeeds, well, he will eventually understand; if it doesn't succeed, we will have done what we could, he will have done what he could, and everything will be for the best. That's all.

I've come to a point where I can see the effort towards the Divine even in very unconscious little beings: puppies, kittens, little babies, a tree – it's visible. And that is the immense sadhana of the earth ... preparing itself to receive the Divine.

That's all that is needed.

Outer forms are totally irrelevant – totally. Voilà.

September 15, 1962

(Satprem reads a passage from his manuscript in which he mentions the difference in luminosity of the various planes of consciousness. Mother interrupts him to add.)

Somewhere in the overmind (beyond the higher mind and from the overmind onwards), things are luminous IN THEMSELVES. Light doesn't have to strike them: things themselves are luminous. And this makes a considerable difference in vision. Things are no longer lit from outside, they are luminous in themselves. This is the main difference in the quality of the light.

It has even come to the point where things lit from outside seem artificial to me. They have lost their light.

There may be a very dim and *subdued* light – not bright, I mean – but it's self-luminous. And so the higher you rise, the more brilliant and uniform light becomes.

* * *

A little later:

People are getting restless, they want to publish a complete collection of my talks – in English. "Calm down!" I told them. "I don't want any of this; we will publish a French edition later, when it's ready."

I don't want English. I don't want English! And more and more, I don't want English. For instance, the English translation of *Prayers and Meditations* is out of print and they wanted to reprint it. I said no: "If you want, you can reprint what Sri Aurobindo HIMSELF translated (there's not much, just a thin volume). That, yes, because Sri Aurobindo translated it." But even at that, it's not the same thing as my text – it's Sri Aurobindo's, not mine.

Prayers and Meditations came to me, you know – it was dictated each time. I would write at the end of my concentration, and it didn't pass through the mind, it just came – and it obviously came from someone interested in beautiful form. I used to keep it under lock and key so nobody would see it. But when I came here Sri Aurobindo asked about it, so I showed him a few pages and then he wanted to see the rest. Otherwise I would have always kept it locked away. I destroyed whatever was left – there were five thick volumes in which I had written every single day (there was some repetition, of course): the outcome of my concentrations. So I chose which parts would be published (Sri Aurobindo helped in the choice), copied them out, and then I cut the pages up and had the rest burned.

That's a shame!

There are a few original fragments left from what was published – I distributed almost all of them; the ink has faded, it's practically white. I burned everything.

It's really a shame.

It wasn't written for anyone and wasn't meant to be read. I showed it to Sri Aurobindo because he was speaking of certain things and I said, "Ah, yes, that's the experience I had in...." Then I showed him my notebook for that date (there was something written for each day).

Five thick notebooks, year after year.... Even here I kept on writing for a while.

I wrote a lot in Japan.

Anyway, everything of general interest was kept. But that's why there are gaps in the dates, otherwise it would be continuous – it was monumental, you know!

It's only here that people started wanting to keep and keep and keep. *(Mother makes a gesture of throwing everything over her shoulder.)* The world is moving fast, the world is moving fast, fast, fast – why keep anything?

(silence)

So I've said that if people want to read what I have written (of course I have

written certain things in English, like *Conversations with the Mother,* which I later rewrote in French – not exactly in the same way, but nearly; so that's all right, it's written in English) ... but those who want to read me, well, let them learn French, it won't do them any harm!

French gives a precision to thought like no other language.

You should obviously be read in French.

Because it's something else altogether. Untranslatable, not the same mentality! Like French humor and English humor – they're far, far apart ... so far apart that they're usually impervious to each other!

September 18, 1962

I don't have far to go on my translation of *The Synthesis of Yoga* (it's going very quickly), and I have found what I'll do next.... It will be something like those notebooks *[Prayers and Meditations]. I* am going to take the whole section of *Savitri* (to start with, I'll see later) from "The Debate of Love and Death" to the point where the Supreme Lord makes his prophecy about the earth's future; it's long – several pages long. This is for my own satisfaction.

I am going to translate it line by line (not word by word – line by line), leaving a space between each line; and when I've finished I will try to recapture it in French *(gesture of pulling down from above).*

I am not doing it to show it to people or to have anyone read it, but to remain in *Savitri's* atmosphere, for I love that atmosphere. It will give me an hour of concentration, and I'll see if by chance.... I have no gift for poetry, but I'll see if it comes! (It surely won't come from a mentality developed in this present existence – there's no poetic gift!) So it's interesting, I'll see if anything comes. I am going to give it a try.

I know that light. I am immediately plunged into it each time I read *Savitri.* It is a very, very beautiful light.

So I am going to see.

First of all, I'll concentrate on it just as Sri Aurobindo said it in English, using French words. Then I'll see if something comes WITHOUT changing anything – that is, if the same inspiration he had comes in French. It will be an interesting thing to do. If I can do one, two, three lines a day, that's all I need; I will spend one hour every day like that.

I don't have anything in mind. All I know is that being in that light above gives me great joy. For it is a supramental light – a supramental light of aesthetic beauty, and very, very harmonious.

So now I don't mind finishing *The Synthesis.* I was a little bothered because I have no other books by Sri Aurobindo to translate that can help me in my sadhana: there was only *The Synthesis.* As I said, it always came right on time, just when it

was needed for a particular experience.

When this new translation is finished (because I know *Savitri, I* know what it is), I know that when it's finished ... either I'll be there or else things will take a very long time.[184]

All his other books that could help me are already translated. And with *Savitri,* the idea isn't to make a translation, but to SEE. To try something. To give me the daily experience of that contact.

I had some magnificent experiences when I read it the first time (two years ago, I believe). Wonderful, wonderful experiences! And since then, each time I read those lines, the same thing happens – not the same experience, but I come in contact with the same realm.

It will be an interesting thing to do.

It's more interesting than listening to everybody's stories! Oh .. *(Mother raps her head).* That's all.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(These are the last lines of Savitri Mother translated. They were found in her notebook under the date July 1, 1970.)

But how shall I seek rest in endless peace
Who house the mighty Mother's violent force,
Her vision turned to read the enigmaed world,
Her will tempered in the blaze of Wisdom's sun
And the flaming silence of her heart of love?
The world is a spiritual paradox
Invented by a need in the Unseen,
A poor translation to the creature's sense
Of That which for ever exceeds idea and speech,
A symbol of what can never be symbolised,
A language mispronounced, misspelt, yet true.[185]

(X.IV.647)

(Mother's translation)

1.7.1970

Mais comment puis-je chercher le repos dans une paix sans fin
Moi qui abrite la force violente de la formidable Mère,
Sa vision attentive à lire le monde énigmatique,
Sa volonté trempée par le brasier du soleil de la Sagesse
Et le silence flamboyant de son coeur d'amour?
Le monde est un paradoxe spirituel Inventé par un besoin dans l'Invisible,
Une pauvre traduction pour les sens des créatures

De Cela qui à jamais dépasse l'idée et la parole,
Un symbole de ce qui ne peut jamais être symbolisé,
Un langage mal prononcé, mal épelé, pourtant vrai.

September 22, 1962

(Mother makes this brief remark about someone who practices traditional yoga and is constantly ill:)

... That's the essential failing of the old yogic system: things go quite nicely on the level where they practice yoga, but as soon as they descend, they're worse than everyone else!

* * *

(After listening to a passage in Satprem's manuscript on nonviolence and Gandhi, Mother makes another brief remark:)

They're really smacking their lips over their *ahimsa*[186] – it's disgusting!

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Short extract from the passage in The Adventure of Consciousness that Satprem just read to Mother:)

... In the middle of the First World War, Sri Aurobindo noted with prophetic force: *The defeat of Germany ... could not of itself kill the spirit then incarnate in Germany; it may well lead merely to a new incarnation of it, perhaps in some other race or empire, and the whole battle would then have to be fought over again. So long as the old gods are alive, the breaking or depression of the body which they animate is a small matter, for they know well how to transmigrate. Germany overthrew the Napoleonic spirit in France in 1813 and broke the remnants of her European leadership in 1870; the same Germany became the incarnation of that which it had overthrown. The phenomenon is easily capable of renewal on a more formidable scale.*[187] Today we are finding that the old gods know how to transmigrate. Gandhi himself, seeing all those years of nonviolence culminate in the terrible violence that marked India's partition in 1947, ruefully observed shortly before his death: "The attitude of violence which we have

secretly harboured now recoils on us, and makes us fly at each other's throats when the question of distribution of power arises.... Now that the burden of subjection is lifted, all the forces of evil have come to the surface." For neither nonviolence nor violence touch upon the root of Evil....

September 26, 1962

(After listening to a passage from Satprem's manuscript:)

It's very good!

I'd like to see their faces ... it would be funny.

After this, I go on to Alipore: the Supraconscient.

It's going to be fascinating.

Its difficult.

No, it's very good.

It will be a beautiful book – *unusual.* It's an original way of presenting things. Interesting, mon petit.

One day when you have time, I'll have to ask you some questions. Because for the Supraconscient, some things aren't too clear in my mind.

You may ask me questions, but you will find all the answers in what he has written, don't you think?

Yes and no.

What do you want to know?

I would especially like to understand the difference between the overmind and the Supermind – to understand it concretely, not abstractly.

The overmind isn't part of the intellect. It's the domain of the gods.

It is the domain of the gods, and that's what has been ruling the earth. All the gods men have known, worshipped and had contact with are there.

Yes, a domain of gods, with godlike lives and godlike ways – it's not the Supermind.

Yes, precisely – but what exactly makes the difference?

I don't believe the gods have access to the Supermind.

Yes, the gods stop at the overmind.

I am unfamiliar with the purely Hindu traditions, but the gods are the beings the Vedas and people of Vedic times were in touch with – at least I think so. I learned what I know about the gods before coming here, through the other tradition, the Chaldean. But Théon used to say that this tradition and the Vedic (which he knew well) were outgrowths of a more ancient tradition common to both. The story goes, according to him, that the first Emanations, who were perfectly independent, separated themselves from the Supreme in their action, creating all the disorder – that's what caused the creation's disorder. Afterwards the gods were emanated, to repair the evil that had been wrought and to organize the world according to the supreme Will. Of course, this is a childlike way of putting it, but it's comprehensible. So all these gods work in harmony and order. That's what the ancient tradition says.

As far as I've understood, the Indian tradition has embraced everything that came from the first Emanations, since all the gods of destruction, of unconsciousness and of suffering are included in its pantheon.

In the end, I think it's up to each one to name what he wants the way he wants. That's how I have always felt. Even in Hindu tradition it is written: "Man is chattel for the gods; beware of the gods."

All this is merely a question of language to me – words to suit each one according to his nature.

I've had conscious contacts with all the beings of the tradition Théon made known to me, and with all the beings described in Indian tradition; in fact, as far as I know I've had contacts with all the deities of all the religions. There's a gradation *(gesture of levels)*. These beings are found all the way from ... there are even some in the vital; in the mental realm, man has deified many things: he has readily made gods out of whatever didn't seem exactly like him. If you are eclectic, you can have contacts with them all. And they all have their own reality and existence.

This region just overlooks the earth and the mind (including the very highest mind). But evolution – I mean TERRESTRIAL evolution, with its particular rhythm which is more condensed, more concentrated and, you could say, more focused than universal evolution as a whole – this terrestrial evolution has, with the human species, created a kind of higher intellectuality capable of passing through the overmental region, the region of the gods, and reaching a higher Principle directly.

But this overmental region, this region of the gods with the power to govern the universe and, PARTIALLY, the earth, does have its own reality. You can come into contact with it and use it; the Vedic "forefathers" used it, occultists use it, even Tantrics use it. But there's another path which, distrusting the gods, bypasses them through a kind of intellectual asceticism, as it were, wary of forms, of images, and differing expressions, which rises straight as an arrow, proud and pure, towards the supramental Light. That is a living experience.

Sri Aurobindo preached the integral yoga which includes everything, so one can have all the experiences. Indeed, the universe was clearly created as a field of experience. Some people prefer the short, straight and narrow paths – that's their business. Others like to dawdle along the way – and that's their business!

And some are drawn to have all the experiences, and thus they often wander for a long time through the overmental world. And of course, the vast majority of those who have RELIGIOUS aspirations are thus put in touch with various deities, where they stop – it's enough for them.

But everything I've just said is only one tiny part of the whole story.

Actually, this domain of the gods belongs to our side, although on a godlike scale: with the gods' power, their possibilities, their consciousness, their freedom; and their immortality, too. In other words, a godlike life – I think most human beings would be more than satisfied with it!

And as all the stories tell us, sometimes the gods come to earth to have some fun. I know that some come and take on a human body to have a psychic being – but not all. Most of them simply enjoy having human contact. In any case, they have bodies in their own domain – there's no sense of being bodiless. They have bodies – immortal ones.

Yes, but in the Supermind as well?...

But the gods don't go to the Supermind!

No, what I mainly want to know is the difference when you cross to the other side, into the Supermind – the difference in vision between the Supermind and the overmind.

I don't know what Sri Aurobindo would tell you....

This is just what I am observing these days. To me, the overmental consciousness is a magnified consciousness: far lovelier, far loftier, far more powerful, far happier, far ... with lots of "far more's" to it. But.... I can tell you one thing: the gods don't have the sense of Oneness. For instance, in their own way they quarrel among themselves, which shows they have no sense of Oneness, no sense of all being one, of all being various expressions of the Divine – the unique Divine. So they are still on this side, but with magnified forms, and powers beyond our comprehension: the power to change form at will, for example, or to be in many places at the same time – all sorts of things that poor human beings can only dream of having. The gods have it all. They live a divine life! But it's not supramental.

The Supermind is knowledge – Pure Knowledge. Yes, it is knowing – knowing what is to be known.

There is no longer a play BETWEEN oneself and things, it's.... Truly, the sign of the Supermind is Oneness. Not a sum of a lot of different things, but, on the contrary, a Oneness ... at play with Itself. There's nothing of the way gods relate to each other and the world, for they are still part of the realm of diversity, though

FREE from Ignorance. They don't have Ignorance, they don't have what we human beings have here. They have no Ignorance, they have no Unconsciousness, but they have the sense of diversity and of separation.

What about Sri Aurobindo's experience at Alipore, then? You know, that well-known experience when he saw Narayana in the prisoners, Narayana in the guards, Narayana everywhere?...

That is the Supreme. Oneness.

Is it a supramental experience or....

It is supramental.

Supramental?

Yes, the supramental experience. He called it Narayana because he was Indian.

It's supramental, not overmental?

No, no.

It's like the message of the Gita as Sri Aurobindo explained it: not overmental, but supramental. It is Oneness, the experience of Oneness.

The experience of the gods has never been more than a distraction for me – an amusement, a pleasant diversion; none of it seems essential or indispensable. You can treat yourself to the luxury of all these experiences, and they increase your knowledge and your power, your this and your that, but it's not particularly important. THE thing is altogether different.

We can do without the gods. We can have access to the Supermind without any of these experiences, they're not indispensable. But if you want to know and experience the universe, if you want to be identified with the Supreme in His expression, well, all this is part of His expression, in varying degrees and with varying powers. It's all part of His experience. So why not treat yourself to that luxury? It's very interesting, very interesting – but not indispensable.

I think that once you are identified with the Supreme and He has chosen you to do a work on earth, then He quite naturally grants you all these things, because it increases your power of action, that's all. That's all.

As for me, there are no more problems, no more problems!

This classification [of the planes of consciousness] is very convenient and necessary at a given moment, especially when you are ascending and awakening; but afterwards....

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo didn't put too much emphasis on the Overmind. The one significant point is that the Overmind has ruled the world through the different religions. And it is the dwelling place of all the gods, all the beings humans have made into gods in their religions. Those beings exist in their own world, and some

humans, coming in touch with them, have been overwhelmed by their powers and their superiority, and have made gods and religions out of them.

But it's better not to emphasize this [in your book]. As I have said, we can bypass that plane, or even pass through without knowing it. It interested me to read in the Vedas that if you don't ascend the way you're supposed to, if you try to bypass the gods, then unpleasant things happen to you and your way is blocked – do you remember that?[188] That gives you an idea of what it is. It's like an intermediary zone, far superior to the earth, but still intermediary. Some have tried to cross it without stopping; and there, they say, you run into trouble. Personally, I am not sure, I can only speak of my own experience: there was always a sense of fraternity – as you can imagine! I knew them, I was on friendly terms with them, so there was no question of bypassing them or not!

But I have a strong impression that that world is still a magnified version of our own, and part of the old path; it has nothing to do with the Supramental Creation, which will bring to earth the sense of the Supreme and the Unique.

Basically, it's part of the old path, a consequence of all that has happened, of the whole universal formation as we know it. People who believe in essential Evil would say it's a consequence of "the accident" of creation. But is it an accident? I have my doubts. It has yet to be revealed. And we won't know until ... until it's over.

I am speaking in riddles, but what else can I do! ...

I mean that the why and the how of it won't be known until ... until the curve is completed.

But the gods belong to the present curve. The overmind belongs to this curve.

Those gods are all very nice! For some people they're unbearable at times *(Mother laughs),* but they're really very nice! They have their faults, they have their good points, but with me they have always been very nice!

No more *(Mother makes an X across her mouth).*

* * *

(Later, Mother tries to remember a word that struck her while listening to Satprem read his manuscript on Sri Aurobindo:)

... It's strange, I realize that I listen with a completely different type of consciousness. Nothing is left here *(pointing to the forehead),* all that comes there is sound, but I listen elsewhere.

I have no physical memory – I don't remember at all. But I had the impression.... I saw a word turning into living bluish light, so I thought, "Ah, a good word for my translation!" *(Mother again tries to remember, then gives up.)*

> *Anyway, the important thing is what you told me: the experience at Alipore is supramental.*

Oh, yes! He used the word Narayana because he hadn't yet developed his own

terminology; but he isn't referring to the gods: it's the supramental experience.

* * *

(A few days later Mother remarks, concerning her "forgetfulness" and her way of hearing "elsewhere":)

And sometimes I hear a word that isn't even close to what was said!

For when I try to remember, I see a light, you understand – it came with a light. It was a white light fringed with blue. So maybe you said some word and I heard it "elsewhere."

I still see the same thing: it was white and fringed with blue; I said bluish, but to be exact, it was white fringed with blue.

Sometimes that happens to me when I read English for my translation: suddenly certain things come [from elsewhere], so I look for a translation, and when I want to refer back to the English text, I can't find the word I had seen at all – I don't find it!

So don't pay any attention! *(Laughing)* The doctors think I am cracking up!

September 29, 1962

(Concerning an old Talk of October 3, 1956, to be published in the next "Bulletin":)

This is what you say:

> "Beyond the shadow of a doubt, modern scientific perception comes much closer to expressing universal reality than, say, Stone Age perceptions did. Yet even science will suddenly find itself completely surpassed and probably turned upside down by the intrusion of something that DID NOT EXIST in the observed universe...."

The trouble is, Sri Aurobindo said the thing was INSIDE already, involved. He always says it's "involved" and then evolves.

Yes, but "involved" simply means unmanifested. The intrusion of the new, supramental element is the intrusion of that involved, unmanifested element.

If it weren't already there, involved, it could never come out! That's obvious.

Then you say:

> "This change, this abrupt transformation of the universal element,

> will most certainly bring about a kind of chaos in the perceptions, from which a new knowledge will emerge. That, in the most general terms, is the result of the new Manifestation."

It's not a question of "new things," as if they didn't exist before, but they were unmanifested in the universe. Nothing can exist which doesn't already exist in the Supreme from all eternity. But it is new in the Manifestation. The element isn't new, but it is newly manifest, newly emerged from the Nonmanifest. Something "new" ... what does that mean? It makes no sense! It is new FOR us, in the manifestation, that's all.

We always talk nonsense when we speak. But at any rate *(laughing),* some nonsense is closer to the truth than other nonsense! This nonsense is closer to the truth.

October

October 3, 1962

Nothing to say. It is a microscopic work.

October 6, 1962

78 – When knowledge is fresh in us, then it is invincible; when it is old, it loses its virtue. This is because God moves always forward.

So, what's your question?

> *The knowledge referred to here is intellectual or spiritual, but for the supramental yoga, knowledge is... what kind of knowledge is it? A knowledge in the body, a physical knowledge?*

Sri Aurobindo is speaking here of knowledge through inspiration or revelation. In other words, when something suddenly descends and illuminates your understanding: all of a sudden, you feel you know a certain thing for the very first time, because it comes to you directly from the domain of Light, the domain of true knowledge, and it comes with all its innate force of truth – it illuminates you. And indeed, when you've just received it, it seems as though nothing could resist that Light. And if you make sure to let it work in you, it brings about as much transformation as it can in its own domain.

It is a fairly common experience. When it occurs, and for some time afterwards (not very long), everything seems to organize itself quite naturally around that Light. Then, little by little, it blends with all the rest. The intellectual awareness of it remains, formulated in one way or another – that much is left – but it's like an empty husk. It no longer has the driving force that transforms all

movements of the being in the image of that Light. And this is what Sri Aurobindo means: the world moves fast, the Lord moves ever forward, and all that remains is but a trail He leaves in His wake: it no longer has the same instantaneous and almighty force it had at the MOMENT He projected it into the world.

It's like a rain of truth falling, and anyone who can catch even a drop of it receives a revelation. But unless they themselves advance at a fantastic pace, the Lord and His rain of truth will already be far, far away, and they'll have to run very fast to catch up!

This is an image I have always seen.

That's what he means.

Yes, but for this knowledge to really have a transformative power...?

It is the higher Knowledge, Truth expressing itself, what he calls "the true knowledge"; and that knowledge transforms the whole creation. But He seems to let it rain down constantly, you see, and if you don't hurry up *(laughing)*, you get left behind!

But have you never felt a sort of dazzling flash in your head? And then: "Aha! That's it!" Sometimes it's something that was known intellectually, but it was drab and lifeless; and then all at once it comes as a tremendous power, organizing everything in the consciousness around that Light – it doesn't last very long. Sometimes it lasts a few hours, sometimes a few days, but never longer, unless one is very slow in one's movement. And meanwhile, you know *(laughing),* the Source of Truth is moving on and on and on....

But these are all psychological transformations. What is the knowledge needed to transform Matter, the body?

For the moment, mon petit, I can't say anything about that; I just don't know.

Is it another kind of knowledge?

No, I don't think so.

(silence)

It may be another kind of action, but not another kind of knowledge.

(silence)

Actually, we'll be able to speak of what transforms Matter only when Matter is ... at least a bit transformed, when there is a beginning of transformation. Then we can talk about the process. But for the moment....

(silence)

But any transformation in the being, on any plane, always has repercussions on the planes below. There is always an action. Even those things which seem purely

intellectual certainly have an effect on the structure of the brain.

And these kinds of revelations happen only in a silent mind – or at least a mind at rest. Unless the mind is absolutely tranquil and still, it doesn't come. Or if it does come, you don't even notice anything with all the racket you're making! And of course, these experiences help the tranquillity, the silence and receptivity to become better and better established. This sense of something utterly immobile, but not closed – immobile, but open and receptive – gets more established the more you have these experiences. There is a big difference between a dead, lackluster, unresponsive silence and the receptive silence of a quieted mind. It makes a big difference. And it results from these experiences. All the progress we make is always, quite naturally, the result of truths coming down from above.

It has an effect: all these things have an effect on the way the body functions – the workings of the organs, the brain, the nerves and so forth. And this will certainly take place long before there is any effect on the external form.

Actually, when people speak of transformation, they're mainly thinking of a picturesque transformation, aren't they? A beautiful appearance – luminous, supple, plastic, changing at will.... But they don't give much thought to this other thing, this rather ... anesthetic transformation of the organs! And yet it's certainly what's going to happen first, long before the appearance is transformed.

> *Sri Aurobindo spoke of the working of the chakras*[189] *replacing the organs.*

Yes – 300 years, he said! *(Mother laughs.)*

(silence)

With a bit of reflection it's easy to understand: if it were a question of stopping something and starting something ELSE, it might be done rather rapidly. But to keep a body alive (to keep it functioning) and AT THE SAME TIME have enough of a new functioning so that it stays alive, and then a transformation – that makes a very difficult combination to realize. I am fully aware of it, fully aware ... of the immense amount of time that's needed for this to be done without catastrophe.

Above all, of course, when we come to the heart: to replace the heart with the center of Power, a formidable, dynamic power! *(Mother laughs)* At what precise MOMENT are you going to eliminate the circulation and throw in the Force!

It is ... it's difficult.

(silence)

No, I don't have much to say. Nothing of what I've just been telling you is publishable; it can go in the *Agenda,* but it can't be published.

> *It's not bad for people to get some idea of the work.*

No.... Well, you can write it up; I'll see. But I don't have much to say.

(silence)

In ordinary life, you think of things, then you do them – but this is just the opposite! In this life you have to do things first and understand afterwards – but long afterwards. You have to act first, without thinking. If you think, you get nowhere; you're just reverting to the old way of doing things.

* * *

A little later, Satprem returns to the previous conversation on the gods:

> *But do those gods exist independently of human consciousness? They're not human creations?*

No, not at all!

> *One thing struck me: you say that the Gita as Sri Aurobindo explained it is not overmental but supramental....*

Sri Aurobindo said that what he came to bring was already indicated in the Gita.

> *But what you haven't made exactly clear to me is the difference between THE thing and the overmind....*

It is the experience of Oneness.

> *No, but the difference in vision – I'm speaking of vision. You told me, for instance, that objects in the overmind were self-luminous.*

Yes, from the overmind onwards.

> *Did you mean that one sees terrestrial objects become luminous?*[190]

No, no! I mean all the things and forms in the overmind itself (the raiment of the gods, for instance, their jewels and crowns – there are all kinds of things in the overmind). In those worlds there are all kinds of forms, which we translate into images from terrestrial life ... but it's only a translation.

Take the gods' raiment, for example. Their raiment, which they change at will in the same way they change their forms, is made not of physical but of overmental substance, and that substance contains its own light. It's like that with everything, it's all.... There's no sun casting light and shadows: the substance is self-luminous.

> *And beyond, in the Supramental?*

Supramental....

(very long silence)

Hard to explain.

(silence)

When I speak of the "world of Oneness" I don't merely mean having the "sense" that all is one and that everything takes place within that One. What I mean by Oneness is that you can't distinguish between conceiving the action, the will to act, the action itself, and the result. It's.... All is one, simultaneous.

But how? It can't be explained – it simply can't! You can get a glimpse of the experience, but ... ultimately, it's inexpressible, we have no means to express it.

If we say "all is simultaneous," we're talking in platitudes.

We always express things in terms of high and low. As I've often said, other words are needed, another way of formulating things.

You say I didn't understand your question, but I understood it perfectly, I knew perfectly well what you wanted.... But what can be said about That! It simply cannot be spoken of, and here's the proof: if we could talk about it, it would be here. And even then we probably wouldn't talk about it.

We can't talk about it, we can't say anything; whatever we say about it is nonsense! Of course it's nonsense – what else could it be?

(silence)

At their maximum, at the height of their possibilities, human conceptions can at the VERY BEST express something or other of the overmind. For me it is very vivid, very familiar, because I have lived there a lot. But even so, I consider words too awkward to express it – although with "poetic" metaphors you might just manage to convey an impression of it. But as for speaking of the Other Thing, I am quite aware that.... Because even when you're right in the Experience, the only thing you feel like doing is ... keeping quiet. You can't talk. As soon as you utter a word, poof! It all clouds over. It's useless.

> *But physically, for instance, you see this object [Satprem picks up a paperweight]. Now, I see it in a certain way – but you, with a supramental consciousness?...*

I just see through it, that's all.

But that's nothing!

> *What do you mean, you see through it?*

Well, I mean I can see the luminous vibration behind it. But I realize that one way of seeing doesn't preclude the other.

It's the same when I look at people: I don't see them as they see themselves, I see them with the vibration of all the forces that are in them and pass through

them, and quite frequently with the supreme Vibration of the Presence. And that's why my physical sight is ... not exactly failing, but changing in character, for the physical precision that normal physical sight gives is ... it's false for me. Instinctively (not because I think of it that way), that's how it Is. So I no longer have the precision of a vision designed to see just the superficial crust of things.

But this doesn't keep me from seeing physically – although, yes, it does at times make me unsure of who's in front of me, because I see a vibration that is sometimes very similar, almost identical, in three or four people (who aren't all necessarily present, but anyway ...). So there's a slight external difference – there's a very great external difference in the way the form looks, of course, but in the combination of vibrations there's only a slight external difference. And so sometimes I am not sure, I don't know whether it's this person or that one; that's why I often ask, "Who's there?" It's not that I don't see anything, but I don't see in the same way.

In a way, I think I see better. But in a particular way. If, for instance, I have to thread a needle (I have experimented with this kind of thing), well, if I try to thread the needle while looking at it, it's literally impossible. But sometimes (when I am in a certain attitude), if I have to thread a needle, it threads itself – I have nothing to do with it: I hold the needle, I hold the thread, and that's that.

I think (in fact, it's quite simply a matter of experience), I think that if this state gets perfected one should be able to do everything in the OTHER way, the way that doesn't depend on external senses. And then, well, it will clearly be the beginning of a supramental expression. Because it's a sort of innate knowledge which DOES things. When That comes, you know, you can act.

But you mustn't think; the minute you start thinking or wanting to use your sense organs, it vanishes completely.

And as far as expression is concerned, the first thing that comes over you is ... it's not just an impossibility: you don't WANT to talk.

Something else is needed, something else entirely.

We just have to wait. Wait for it to come.

(silence)

But isn't what you're talking about here [Satprem points to the paperweight] what people call a "clairvoyant" vision?

No, no!

It's supramental vision?

Yes.

A clairvoyant wouldn't see it that way.

No. It is the infiltration of the supramental consciousness.

Which makes you see something else through objects or through people....

No, it has nothing to do with all the visions I've had.

But that Vision.... I know it well, and it's not a "vision" – it's not a vision! I can't call it an image: it is a knowledge. I can't even say it's a knowledge, it's ... something that is EVERYTHING at once, something embodying its own truth.

Let it get established! When it's all well established, we'll speak about it again *(Mother laughs).*

I'm asking you questions because I've got a book to write!

Oh, but don't speak of this in your book! People will say you're completely cracked *(Mother laughs).*

October 12, 1962

What shall we do? Do you have another aphorism?

79 – God is infinite Possibility. Therefore Truth is never at rest; therefore, also, Error is justified of her children.

80 – To listen to some devout people, one would imagine that God never laughs; Heine was nearer the mark when he found in Him the divine Aristophanes.

Yes, he means that what is true at one moment is no longer true at another. And that's what justifies the children of Error.

Perhaps he means there's no such thing as error!

Yes, it's the same thing, another way of saying the same thing. In other words, what we call error was at one time truth.

Error is a timebound notion.

But there are things that really might seem like errors.

Momentarily.

That's exactly the impression: all our judgments are momentary. One moment one thing, the next moment something else. And errors exist for us because we see things in succession, one after the other; but that can't be how the Divine sees them, because everything is in Him.

Just try for a moment *(laughing),* try and imagine you're the Divine! Everything is in you; you simply play at bringing it all out in a certain order. But for you, in your consciousness, it's all there simultaneously: there is no time, neither past, future, nor present – it's all there together, every possible combination. He's just playing at bringing out one thing and then another; but the poor devils down below see only a small part of the whole (about as much as this) and say, "Here's an error!" How is it an error? Simply because what they see is

only a small part.

It's clear, isn't it? It's easy to understand. The notion of error belongs to time and space.

The same goes for the feeling that a thing cannot both BE and NOT BE at the same time. And yet that's the way things are: something both is and is not at the same time. The notion of time, of time and space, is what brings in the notion of error.

What do you mean, something both is and is not at the same time?

Something is, and simultaneously its opposite exists. Well, for us it can't be both yes and no at the same time; but for the Lord it's CONSTANTLY both yes and no at the same time!

It's the same with our notion of space. "I am here," we say, "therefore you are not here." But I am here and you are here and all is here! *(Mother laughs)* But you can't understand this unless you go beyond the notion of space and time.

It's something that can be very concretely sensed, if we stop seeing things the way we usually do.

Many of these aphorisms were surely written at a time when the higher mind suddenly surged into the Supermind. It hasn't yet forgotten how things look in the ordinary way, but it now sees how they are in the supramental way. And as a result, there's this kind of thing, that's what gives this paradoxical form. Because the one is not forgotten and the other is already perceived.

(long silence)

Actually, if you look at things closely, you're forced to conclude that the Lord is acting out a tremendous comedy for Himself, that the Manifestation is a comedy He's playing with and for Himself!

He has put Himself in the role of spectator and He's watching Himself. And to watch Himself, He has to accept the notion of time and space – otherwise He can't watch Himself! And immediately the whole comedy begins. But it's a comedy and nothing more!

And we're the puppets, eh! That's why we take it so seriously. But as soon as we stop being puppets, we realize it's a comedy.

For some people it's a real tragedy, too.

Yes, because we make it tragic. WE make it tragic.

I've been focusing on this lately. I've been looking at the difference between similar events in the lives of human beings and the lives of animals. If you identify with animals, you clearly see that they don't take things tragically at all – except for those which have come into contact with man. (But then they're not in their natural state; it's a transitional state, they are beings in transition between animal and man.) And naturally the first things they pick up from man are his defects – that's always what's easiest to pick up! And then they make themselves unhappy ...

for nothing.

So many things, so many things.... Human beings have made an appalling tragedy out of death. And I saw, with all these recent experiences, I saw how many, many poor human beings have been destroyed by the very people they loved the most! Under the pretext that they were dead.

People give them a very bad time.

Destroyed?

Yes, burned. Or shut up in a box without air and light – while FULLY CONSCIOUS. And just because they can no longer express themselves, people say they are "dead." They don't waste any time declaring them dead! But they are conscious. They are conscious. Imagine someone who can no longer speak or move – according to human laws, he is "dead." He is dead but he is conscious. He is conscious, so he sees the people around him: some of them are weeping, some of them are ... if he's a bit clairvoyant, he also sees that some of them are rejoicing. And then he sees himself put into a box, sees the lid nailed down, shutting him in: "Ah, now it's all over, they're going to cover me with earth!" Or he's taken over there [to the cremation ground], and then it's fire in the mouth – FULLY conscious.

I have lived this in recent days. I have seen it. Last night or the night before, I spent at least two hours in a world – the subtle physical world – where the living mingle with the dead with no sense of difference, it makes absolutely no difference there. For instance, when Mridu[191] was in her body I used to see her at night maybe once a year (maybe not even that much). For years she was utterly nonexistent in my consciousness ... but since she left her body, I see her almost every night! There she is, just as she was, you know *(rotund gesture),* but no longer troubled, that's all. No longer troubled. And there were both living and ... what we call the "living" and the "dead" – they were both there together, eating together, moving around together, having fun together; and all in a lovely, tranquil light – pleasant, very pleasant. "There! " I thought, "and humans have drawn a sharp line, saying, 'Now he's dead!'" Dead! And what really takes the cake is the way they treat the body like an unconscious object, and it's still conscious!

It's treated like an object: "Now then! Let's get rid of this just as quickly as we can: it's a nuisance and it gets in the way." And even those who feel the most sorrow don't want to see it; it's too painful for them.

(silence)

Where, where is the Error? Where is the Error?

In fact there's no such thing as error. There are only things that seem impossible because we don't know that the Lord is all possibility and can do whatever He wants, any way He wants. We just can't get it through our heads: "This can be, but that can't," we keep saying. But it's not true! Everything is possible, and only our own stupidity says that something "can't be."

Difficult to say anything reasonable for the *Bulletin.*

(silence)

So you see, the only one who's not worried is the one watching the show, because he knows everything that's going to happen. He has an absolute knowledge of everything, everything that is happening, has happened or will happen – for him, it's all ONE presence. And then there are the actors, the poor actors, who don't even know their roles very well. They worry and fret because they're being made to play something and they don't know what it is. I've just had a very strong sense of this: we're all playing parts in the comedy, but we don't know what the comedy is, nor where it's going, where it's coming from, nor what it's all about. We just barely know (and poorly, at that) what we're supposed to do at a given moment. And knowing it so poorly, we worry about it. But when you know everything, you can't worry any more – you smile. He must be having great fun, but for us.... And yet we are given the FULL POWER to have just as much fun as He does.

We just don't take the trouble to do it.

It's not easy!

Easy! If it were easy, we'd get tired of it.

One does sometimes wonder why, why is this life so tragic?

But in the first place, if it were a perpetual enchantment we wouldn't even appreciate it, because it would be completely natural – that's mainly it: we wouldn't appreciate it because it would just be completely natural. And nothing says we wouldn't long for a little hullabaloo for a change! We just might.

This may be what the story of the earthly paradise is all about.... People in that paradise had a spontaneous knowledge: they lived with the same sort of consciousness animals have, just enough of it to get a little joy out of life, to feel the joy of life. But then they started wanting to know the why and the how and where they were going and what they were supposed to do and so forth – and so all their worries began ... they got tired of being peacefully happy.

(silence)

I think Sri Aurobindo wanted to say that error is an illusion like everything else, that there is no such thing as error: all possibilities are present, and since they ARE all present, they are often – they are NECESSARILY contradictory. Contradictory in their appearance. But all you have to do is look at yourself and ask, "What do I call error?" And if you face the thing squarely and ask, "What do I call error?" you immediately see how stupid it is – there is no error, you simply can't put your finger on it.

I can't tell people all this in the *Bulletin,* mon petit – they'd go crazy! They mustn't be fed things too strong for them to digest.

There's a person I won't name who has read Sri Aurobindo's books and

thought he understood them. He has been following a yogic discipline (anyway, he "thought" he was doing yoga) ... and he pulled down the Force. The Force responded ... *(Mother laughs).* He wound up with a headache! He got frightened and wrote to me in these exact words: "This Force is the Lord's Force" (which is true, quite true), "and it has turned into fear. So *(Mother laughs)* fear is the Lord's principal perversion." There you have it. He read in books that the Lord is behind everything, that there is nothing that isn't the Lord; so it's the Lord who has become perverted in His manifestation, naturally.... The Force of the Lord came to help him and was changed into fear, so "the Lord's principal perversion is fear"!

If you read that, you'd say he was going off his rocker.

Yes, one can say absolutely anything with that kind of reasoning.

Exactly! That's just what happens when you feed people something too strong, something they can't understand and assimilate: it creates incoherence in their brains.

So none of this stuff can be published, though it's fine for the *Agenda.* How can it be told to people?

(silence)

I have the feeling that Sri Aurobindo was in his period of ascent, the intuitive mind was piercing through and coming into contact with the Supermind, and it was coming into his thought like bursts of light – whoosh! And then he would write these things. But if you follow the movement, you see the Origin.

This is plainly what he meant: Error is one of the innumerable, infinite possibilities ("infinite" means that absolutely nothing is outside the possibility of being). So where is there room for error in this? It's WE who call it error, it's totally arbitrary. "That's an error," we say – but in relation to what? To our judgment of what is true, yes, but certainly not in relation to the Lord's judgment, since it is part of Him!

Few people can bear this widening of understanding.

When I start looking, you know *(Mother closes her eyes),* there are two things simultaneously: that smile, that joy, that laughter, and then ... that peace! Oh really, such peace.... Such a full, luminous peace ... and TOTAL: no more struggle, no more contradictions. No more struggle. A SINGLE luminous harmony ... and yet everything is there, what we call error, suffering, misery, it's all there. NOTHING is done away with. It is another way of seeing.

(long silence)

There's nothing to say – if you sincerely want to get out of it, it's really not so difficult: there's nothing to do but leave everything to the Lord. And He does it all. He does it all, He is ... it's so wonderful! So wonderful!

He takes anything, even what we call a quite ordinary intelligence, and then He simply shows you how to put that intelligence aside, lay it to rest: "There now,

keep still, don't stir, don't bother me; I don't need you." And then a door opens – you don't even feel you have to open it; it's wide open, and you're led through to the other side. It's Someone else who does all this, not you. And then ... the other way becomes impossible.

Oh, all this frightful toil, this effort of the mind to understand!

Struggling, giving itself headaches – phew! ... Absolutely useless, absolutely useless. It leads nowhere, except to more confusion.

You find yourself facing a so-called problem: "What am I to say? What am I to do? How should I act?..." There is nothing to do! Nothing but to say to the Lord, "You see, here's the situation." That's all. And then keep very still. And spontaneously, without thinking about it, without reflecting, without calculating, without doing anything, anything whatsoever, without the slightest effort ... you do what must be done. But it's the Lord who does it, it's no longer you. He does it, He arranges the circumstances, He arranges the people, He puts the words in your mouth or under your pen – He does it all, all, all, all, and you have nothing more to do, nothing but let yourself live in bliss.

I am beginning to be convinced that people don't really want it.

> *But it's the spadework beforehand, clearing the way for it, that's hard, that's difficult.*

You don't even need to do that! He does it for you.

> *But there's a constant invasion: the old consciousness, the old thoughts....*

Yes, out of habit it all tries to start up again. But all you need to say is, "Look, Lord; see, see how it is." That's all. "Look at this, Lord, look at that, look at this idiot here ..." and it's over. Immediately. And the change comes automatically, mon petit, without the slightest effort. Simply ... simply be sincere, in other words, TRULY want the right thing. One is quite conscious of being powerless, utterly incompetent: more and more, I feel that this amalgam of matter, of cells and all the rest, is just pitiful! Pitiful. I don't know, under certain conditions people may feel powerful, wonderful, luminous, competent ... but as far as I am concerned, that's because they have no idea what they're really like! When you really see what you're made of ... it's nothing, really nothing. But it's capable of anything, provided ... provided you let the Lord do it. The trouble is that something always wants to do things on its own. If it weren't like that....

People come, letters arrive, various circumstances and problems arise (it's over now, but at the time – even a year ago – that kind of thing was sometimes a problem for me). Well, right away, I ... *(Mother opens her hands in front of her forehead, palms upwards, as though presenting the problem to the Lord):* "Here, Lord, look at this." All I am good for is *(same gesture):* "I am presenting it to You, Lord." And then I keep still, I just keep still: "I won't move unless You move me, I won't speak unless You make me speak...." And then you stop thinking about it.

You think about it just for a second, long enough to do this *(same gesture).* It comes in like this, then up it goes *(gesture showing a problem coming to Mother from one side and being sent above).* And later, you suddenly realize you're speaking or acting or making a decision or writing a letter or ... and He has done it all.

But one can be full of excellent goodwill and still want to Do things. And that's what complicates everything. Or else there's a lack of faith, a lack of belief in the Lord's ability – you think you have to do things yourself because He doesn't know how! *(Mother laughs)* This sort of stupidity is very widespread, you know: "How can He see these things? We're living in a world of Falsehood, how can He see Falsehood...?" But in fact He does see things as they are!

And I am not talking about people with no intelligence, but about intelligent people, people who are trying.... There's still a sort of conviction in them somewhere, even in those who know that we're living in a world of Ignorance and Falsehood and that there's a Lord who is all truth. Well, they reason that precisely because He is all truth, He won't understand *(Mother laughs).* "He won't understand our falsehood, I have to deal with it on my own." This is a very predominant, very widespread attitude.

One sometimes even goes to a great deal of trouble to explain things to Him: "It's this way, You see, that's how it is." And when you're finished, you realize.... Oh, that reminds me of an experience I had one night two years ago. It was the first time the Supermind entered the cells of my body, and it had risen up to the brain. So the brain found itself in the presence of something *(laughing)* considerably more powerful than it was used to receiving! And, like the idiot it is, it got worried. As for me *(gesture above or beyond),* I saw it all, I saw that the brain was getting worried, so I tried to tell it what a nitwit it was and to just keep still. It did keep still, but ... you know, it was really seething away in there, as if it were about to explode. So I said, "All right now, let's go see Sri Aurobindo and ask him what to do." Immediately everything became utterly calm ... and I woke up in Sri Aurobindo's house in the subtle physical – a very material sensation, with everything quite concrete. So I arrived, or rather not I but the body-consciousness arrived[192] and started explaining to Sri Aurobindo what had happened – it was very excited, talking and talking. The response was a sort of inscrutable smile and then ... nothing. He simply looked. An inscrutable smile – not a word. All the excitement died away. A face out of eternity. The excitement died away. Then it was time for Sri Aurobindo's lunch (people eat there – in another way). So as not to disturb him, I went into the next room. He came in after some time and stood before me (I – my physical being, that is, my physical consciousness – had had time to calm down). I knelt down and took his hand (a MUCH clearer sensation than anything physical, mon petit!); I kissed his hand. He simply said, *"Oh! This is better.* " *(Mother laughs.)*

I am skipping all the details (it was a long thing, lasting an hour), but suddenly he went out of the room, leaving me alone (after expressing what he wanted to tell me with a gesture, which I understood). And then I simply seemed to take a step

(gesture of crossing a threshold), and I found myself lying in my bed again. And at that moment I said to myself, "Really! We make all kinds of complications, and it's so simple: you just have to go like this *(same gesture)* and there you are; then you go like that *(same gesture in the opposite direction)* and you're back here."

(silence)

All this is now ancient history – VERY old. It's not like that at all any more.

Oh, we make things complicated for nothing!

There's no way you can make use of all this; it's strictly for the *Agenda.*

> *I often wonder: when one prays to the Lord, when one wants to tell Him that something's wrong, I always feel it's necessary to concentrate very hard because it's really something Far you have to call. But is this true? Or is it really....*

It depends on us!

Personally, you know, I have come to feel Him everywhere, all the time, all the time, to the point of actual physical contact (it's subtle physical, but physical): in things, in the air, in people, in ... like this *(Mother presses her hands against her face)*. So I don't have far to go! I just have to do this *(Mother turns her hands slightly inwards),* one second's concentration – and there He is! Because He is here, you know, He is everywhere.

He is far only if we think He's far.

Of course, when we start thinking of all the zones, all the universal planes of consciousness, and that He's way, way, way up there at the end of all that, well ... then it does become very far, very far indeed! *(Mother laughs)* But if we think of Him as being everywhere, in everything, that He is everything, that only our way of perceiving things keeps us from seeing and feeling Him, and all we have to do is this *(Mother turns her hands inwards)* ... a movement like this, a movement like that *(Mother turns her hands inwards and outwards in turn),* then it gets to be quite concrete: you go like this *(outward gesture)* and everything becomes artificial – hard, dry, false, deceptive, artificial; you go like that *(inward gesture)* and all is vast, tranquil, luminous, peaceful, immense, joyous. And it's merely this ... or that *(Mother turns her hands inwards and outwards in turn).* How? Where? It can't be described, but it is solely – solely – a movement of consciousness, nothing else. A movement of consciousness. And the difference between the true and the false consciousness becomes more and more ... precise and at the same time THIN: you don't need to do "great" things to get out of it. Before, there used to be a feeling of living WITHIN something and that a great effort of interiorization, concentration, absorption was needed to get out of it; but now I feel it's something one accepts *(Mother puts her hand in front of her face like a screen),* something like a thin little rind, very hard – malleable, but very hard, very dry, very thin, very thin ... something like a mask you put on – then you go like

this *(gesture),* and it's gone.

I foresee a time when it will no longer be necessary to be aware of the mask: the mask will be so thin that we can see and feel and act through it, and it won't be necessary to put it back on.

That's what is starting to happen.

But this Presence in all things.... It is a Vibration – a Vibration containing everything. A Vibration containing a sort of infinite power, infinite joy, infinite peace, and immensity, IMMENSITY, IMMENSITY: it's boundless.... But it is solely a Vibration, it doesn't.... Oh, Lord! It can't be thought, so it can't be described. If you think ... as soon as you start thinking, it's the same old mess again. That's why you can't say anything.

Indeed, He is far because you think He is far. If you could just, you know, think of Him being right here, like this *(gesture close to the face),* touching you ... if you could feel this. It's not like touching another person, it's not like that. It's not something foreign, external, coming to you from outside – no! It's ... everywhere.

There was a period when I used to sort of curl up into a ball Within. For the least difficulty I became just like a circumference! All curled up into a ball Within.

And you feel Him everywhere, everywhere, everywhere – within, without, everywhere. Him, nothing but Him – Him, His Vibration.

But you have to shut this off *(the head).* Until you shut it off, you can't see the TRUE thing – you can only use comparisons, you say it's like this or like that ... oh!

(silence)

And how many times, how many times the feeling that.... There is no form – there is a form and there is none, it just can't be expressed. You feel a look, too, and there are no eyes – there is no look but there is a look; a look and a smile and ... there's no mouth, no face! And yet there is a smile and a look and ... *(Mother laughs)* you can't help saying, "Yes, Lord, I am stupid!" But He laughs – and you laugh, and you're happy.

It can't, it can't be explained! It can't be expressed. You can't say anything. Whatever you say is nothing, nothing.

Well.

Anyway, if you can get a suitable half page for the *Bulletin* out of this....

No, I am incapable of speaking, I can't say anything publishable; it's impossible, impossible. It seems so artificial to me, so artificial. And besides, it gives me a headache.

So you're the one who has to do the work. You can condense a little – a sentence here, a sentence there....

Well, petit.

I am not worth much at the moment!

Bring me your book on the 16th.

That's what's difficult – writing.

Not at all, mon petit! You just call on the Lord and say "Now then: here's the program." And that's enough – it comes.

It comes.

> *It would be all right if I was writing stories or poetry, but to write something that has to hang together....*

That doesn't matter! It will hang together by an invisible thread, and that will be far more interesting.

October 16, 1962

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

And it is hideously true.

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

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

I know this because when the body became like that – it was more than three-quarters dead[193] – and people were taking care of me, doing everything for me, I was fully conscious, FULLY, but I couldn't.... I was like a dead person. And it wasn't that I couldn't move, but I couldn't manifest anything – I didn't want to! I was in a state of total bliss, and couldn't have cared less about what was going to happen. Well, that's what I think must happen to those who ... who die in a state of grace – it's true, some people die well and others don't. It all depends on one's state of consciousness.

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

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

Hellish.

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

Had you asked me this question a week ago, I would unhesitatingly have said

"buried" – and advised people not to do it too quickly, to wait for external signs of decomposition.

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

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

(silence)

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

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

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

It is very interesting.

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

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

So all the ideas I used to have about death, all the things I have said about death, practically all the things I have consciously DONE[194] – oh! I have realized that all this, too, belongs to the past, and to a past of Ignorance. Here also, I will probably have other things to say later.

If I ever say them.

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

Aurobindo calls a "representation," an image – it is not THE thing.

October 20, 1962

> *I was wondering.... Concerning whether people should be burned or buried, you said, "A week ago, I would unhesitatingly have said 'buried'.... Now, because of 'this,' I can't say any more." Which experience are you referring to?*

It's because of what I am beginning to be aware of.

> *Do you mean that what you are learning tends to show you that it's not necessarily best to be buried?*

Yes. It depends on the case, on the country, on all kinds of things. There are people in Europe who ask to be burned because they're afraid of being buried alive. Here, when people are convinced that a person is conscious, he's buried instead of burned.

Actually, each case is entirely individual.

But there is only a small beginning of knowledge. It will come later on.

(Mother goes into a long meditation, then suddenly comes out of it)

It's going well.

Sri Aurobindo has brought (how to describe it?) ... something like this *(a small piece of furniture next to Mother, with shelves where she stacks letters and papers),* but with all kinds of little ... like little racks, and on each rack there were a number of written notes, which looked like pieces of information. It was just this high, and he set it down next to you. He just now set it down beside you, saying it was for you.

All kinds of things.... On each rack lay a number of notes on a particular subject. There were three rows at each level, one like that, one like that, one like that (on the upper part; I couldn't see the bottom because it was behind you). And the sheets of paper were lifting up slightly to show me there were several of them.

It's going to go into your head! *(Mother laughs.)*

I saw his hand, his arm – I definitely recognized who it was. Then he set it down there: this is for you.

It's going to go home with you! *(Mother laughs and laughs.)*

All right.

October 24, 1962

(After listening to Satprem read his manuscript Mother enters into a long meditation.)

He always comes here when you read. And such peace is created when he's here, such peace; something so solid. Don't you feel it?

Yes, I feel the peace.

(very long silence
Mother listens to the peace
the clock chimes)

When he comes like this, when he manifests this way, you get the feeling that all the disorderly vibrations of life are being kept at a distance – everything becomes so peaceful and ... unconditioned: it depends on nothing, absolutely nothing. A peace coming solid and concrete, capable of existing anywhere at all – even on the Chinese border today.[195]

Do you think there's going to be war?

They're already fighting.

(silence)

I had the vision of conflagration that always heralds war for me: I had it three or four days before the fighting began. But it wasn't long-lasting, it was coming to an end very quickly. We shall see. Very violent and very rapid.[196]

October 27, 1962

(An unfortunate series of power cuts prevented the recording of most of this conversation, except for a few passages. Satprem noted down the missing parts from memory, and Mother then supplemented his notes with a number of comments and additions.)

We're going to build a little room on the terrace for the harmonium. I feel like making some experiments....

There used to be a bad attitude in the body, which always hampered my playing, and now that it has gone, I would like to see what happens. It was something in the subconscient standing in the way: everything you learn when you study music, that you can't play this note with that note and so forth and so on. I would tune in above and listen there, but those old subconscious habits kept interfering. That has all changed now and I would like to see what happens – it may yield only cacophony!

But what I play isn't music, I don't try to play music: it's simply a sort of meditation with sound.

I constantly hear something like great waves of music. I just have to withdraw a little, and there it is; I hear it. It is always there. It is music, but without sound! Great waves of music. And whenever I hear those waves, my hands get the urge to play. So I am going to make some experiments: be completely passive, hands inert, and try to transcribe it.

They said they were going to put some wires in through the ceiling to record automatically whenever I play. "That's your business," I told them, "but don't expect to get music!"

> *I once went into the world of music, and what I heard there was so wonderful, so incredibly beautiful that the impact remained with me for hours after I woke up. It was incredible. Where is that world located?*

I know it very well, I have been there frequently. It's at the very summit of human consciousness, on the borderline between what Sri Aurobindo calls the lower and the higher hemispheres. It is very high, very high.

I have studied this realm extensively.

It is a world of creation with several levels or degrees.

> *Yes, I'd like to understand how it works. I have to talk about it in the book.*

The first zone you encounter is the zone of painting, sculpture, architecture: everything that has a material form. It is the zone of forms, colored forms that are expressed as paintings, sculptures, and architecture. They are not forms as we know them, but rather typal forms; you can see garden types, for instance, wonderfully colored and beautiful, or construction types.

Then comes the musical zone, and there you find the origin of the sounds that have inspired the various composers. Great waves of music, without sound. It seems a bit strange, but that's how it is.

> *But do you hear something when you play, or what?*

When I play I generally hear what I am playing. It's hard to say.... It's not just

an ordinary sound, it's a combination of sounds, and it's not ... no, it's true, it's not the same sound but something like the essence of that sound. But for instance, I have a sort of feeling that what I am hearing should be expressed by a large orchestra.... I SEE it, you know, I see something like large orchestras around me, on my right, on my left – and I am supposed to transcribe it on a harmonium! It's like an orchestra made up of groups of musicians, with each group expressing one part of that combination, which is a much more complete sound than the ear can perceive. That's what it is. It's not something you can express just by humming a little tune, but a whole body of musical vibrations. And as I hear it, I see how it should be expressed. I see large orchestras around me. But it's another kind of vision; it's not the precise vision of the physical eye, but something very ... it's how consciousness sees. How can I describe it! All you can say is that it's not our normal kind of vision, or hearing, either.

It's quite a total knowledge, which includes a vision, an awareness of the combination of sounds and how they should be expressed.

Beyond the musical zone lies thought: thoughts, organized thoughts for plays and books, abstractions for philosophies. But what used to interest me particularly were the combinations that give birth to novels or plays.

That is the third zone.

Does one hear sounds in the intellectual zone?

No, what you find there are thought formations that are expressed in each person's brain in his own language. There are thought combinations for novels, plays, even philosophical systems. They are combinations of pure thought, not formulated in any language, but they are automatically expressed in each one's brain according to his particular language. It is the domain of pure thought. That's where you work when you want to work for the whole earth; you don't send out thoughts formulated in words, you send out a pure thought, which then formulates itself in any language in any brain: in all those who are receptive. These formations are at anyone's disposal – nobody can say, "It's MY idea, it's MY book." Anyone capable of ascending to that zone can get hold of the formations and transcribe them materially. I once made an experiment of that kind; I wanted to see what would happen, so I made a formation myself and let it go off on its way. And in the same year, two quite different people, who didn't even know each other, one in England and the other in America, got hold of my formation; the one in England wrote a book, while the one in America created a play. And circumstances so arranged themselves that both the book and the play found their way to me.

Higher up, there is a fourth zone, a zone of colored lights, plays of colored lights. That's the order: first form, then sound, then ideas, then colored lights. But that zone is already more distant from humanity; it is a zone of forces, a zone which appears as colored lights. No forms – colored lights representing forces. And one can combine these forces so that they work in the terrestrial atmosphere and bring about certain events. It's a zone of action, independent of form, sound

and thought; it is above all that. A zone of active power and might you can use for a particular purpose – if you have the capacity to do so.

That's the highest zone.

Thus we have form, expressed in painting, sculpture or architecture; sound, expressed in musical themes; and thought, expressed in books, plays, novels, or even in philosophical and other kinds of intellectual theories (that's where you can send out ideas that will affect the whole world, because they influence receptive brains in any land, and are expressed by corresponding thoughts in the appropriate language). And above this zone, free of form, sound and though, is the play of forces appearing as colored lights. And when you go there and have the power, you can combine those forces so that they eventually materialize as creations on earth (it takes some time, it's rarely immediate).

> *But those great waves of music you hear, which you said were beyond sounds – are they part of that domain of luminous vibrations?*

Yes.... But it's the higher level of the musical zone. Each of these zones contains several levels, and the top of the musical zone is already starting to be waves, waves of vibration. But it's still directly related to music, while those colored forces I am speaking of have to do with terrestrial transformations and actions – great actions. They are powers of action. This zone where you hear no sound eventually becomes sounds and music. It is the summit. Each zone contains several levels.

> *In short, when one rises to that Origin, one finds a single vibration, which can be expressed as music or thought or architectural or pictorial forms – is that right?*

Yes, but it goes through specific transformations en route. It passes through one zone or another, where it undergoes transformations to adapt itself to the particular mode of expression. The waves of music are one particular mode of expression of those colored waves – they should really be called "luminous" waves, for they are self-luminous. Waves of colored light. Great waves of colored light.

(silence)

All those zones of artistic creation are very high up in human consciousness, which is why art can be a wonderful tool for spiritual progress. For this world of creation is also the world of the gods; but the gods, I am sorry to say, have absolutely no taste for artistic creation.[197] They feel absolutely no need for permanence in forms – they couldn't care less! When they want something, there it is – all they have to do is want it. When they wish a particular surrounding or atmosphere, it takes form all by itself at their wish. They get everything the way they want it, so they feel no need for fixed forms. Man, on the other hand, who doesn't get what he wants the way he wants it, must make an effort to create forms,

and that's why he progresses – art is a great means of spiritual progress.

But about those great waves of music that interest me – I had the impression they must be located well above the world of thought....

It's not exactly like geography, you know!

But anyway, it's right on the border of the higher hemisphere.... It's the first expression of Consciousness as joy. I remember finding that same vibration of joy in Beethoven and Bach (in Mozart also, but to a lesser degree). The first time I heard Beethoven's concerto in D – in D major, for violin and orchestra ... suddenly the violin starts up (it's not right at the beginning – first there's an orchestral passage and then the violin takes it up), and with the first notes of the violin (Ysaye was playing, what a musician![198]), with the very first notes my head suddenly seemed to burst open, and I was cast into such splendor.... Oh, it was absolutely wonderful! For more than an hour I was in a state of bliss. Ysaye was a true musician!

And mind you, I knew nothing of all those worlds, I hadn't the slightest knowledge; but all my experiences came that way – unexpectedly, without my seeking anything. When I looked at a painting, same thing: something would suddenly open up inside my head and I would see the origin of the painting – and such colors!... One can get to that world directly from the vital, without going through all the mental gradations.

* * *

A little later:

... And even now, after all these years and a multitude of experiences, everything always seems new to me, as though the world were always new and I knew nothing. My nights.... When I get up nowadays I say, "Well! Here's something else I didn't know! " You'd think life would get into a bit of a rut after so many years, but no!

Perhaps I am moving as fast as the Lord![199]

October 30, 1962

My translation [of *The Synthesis of Yoga*] will be finished soon – I'll miss it.

But aren't you going to start on Savitri?

It suddenly seemed terribly ambitious to me.... *(Laughing)* My stock of words isn't so great!

(silence)

H.S.[200] has written to me, and there was a sentence in his letter that brought a certain problem to my attention. He said, "I have done so many hours of translation – it's a mechanical task." I wondered what he meant by "mechanical task" because, as far as I am concerned, you can't translate unless you have the experience – if you start translating word for word, it no longer means anything at all. Unless you have the experience of what you translate, you can't translate it. Then I suddenly realized that the Chinese can't translate the way we do! In Chinese, each character represents an idea rather than a separate word; the basis is ideas, not words and their meanings, so translation must be a completely different kind of work for them. So I started identifying with H.S., to understand how he is translating Sri Aurobindo's *Synthesis of Yoga* into Chinese characters – he's had to find new characters! It was very interesting. He must have invented characters. Chinese characters are made up of root-signs, and the meaning changes according to the positions of the root-signs. Each root-sign can be simplified, depending on where it's placed in combination with other root-signs – at the top of the character, at the bottom, or to one side or the other. And so, finding the right combination for new ideas must be a fascinating task! (I don't know how many root-signs can be put in one character, but some characters are quite large and must contain a lot of them; as a matter of fact, I have been shown characters expressing new scientific discoveries, and they were very big.) But how interesting it must be to work with new ideas that way! And H.S. calls it a "mechanical task."

The man's a genius!

And he has experiences, too. We've hardly ever spoken together, but I have seen some letters he wrote. To one person he said, "If you want the Taoist experience, all you have to do is come here and live at the Ashram – you will have the REALIZATION of Lao-Tse's philosophy."

He's a sage!

* * *

A little later:

... I have come to understand that the Chinese are a lunar race – their origin is the moon. They came to earth when the moon got too cold and they could no longer exist there. This is something I saw at the beginning of the century and my impression was further intensified when I went to China.[201] They are a lunar race. And they gave me the feeling of people who lack a psychic being: they are cold, ice-cold. But wonderfully intellectual!

I met another Chinese a few years ago, a man with a spiritual life. He came to meet me and talked for an hour about China. It made me understand China externally as if I had been born and lived my whole life there. I saw they were

people who have attained the summit of the intellect, and who have a creative power – inventors. He told me, "No people in the world could understand Sri Aurobindo intellectually as well as the Chinese." And it was luminously true. The highest intellectual comprehension, really at its peak.

It's another story when it comes to doing yoga.... Although that must depend entirely on the individual. The Chinese don't have the same spiritual intensity you find rooted in the Indian character – it's something completely different. Here, spiritual life is real, concrete, tangible – totally real. For the Chinese it all happens at the top of the head.

They're not going to come here, are they?

I hope not!

They are people with no feelings. I don't know if they've picked up a psychic being since they've been on earth (there are all kinds of mixtures, you see; there's no such thing as a pure race any more), but they are still ice-cold. Difficult.

They could come into contact with Sri Aurobindo's thought – but not their troops! I don't know whether the new Chinese are much interested in philosophy.... It's better they don't come!

* * *

(A little later, Satprem goes back to music, a subject from the previous conversation:)

Do those zones of music and painting and so forth form part of the overmind or not?

Hmm, yes ... I don't know. You see, all classifications, of any kind, always seem too rigid to me; they lack the suppleness that exists in the universe. We always feel the need to put one box inside another, one box inside another *(Mother laughs),* but that's not how it is! It's more a correspondence that being a part of something. Or all right, one is part of the other – but which one is part of which other? In fact, they are part of something that is neither this, that, nor the other!

There are different LINES of approach. It all ultimately depends on one's aspiration or dominant preoccupation, or on what one needs for one's work. It's as if one went STRAIGHT where one wants to go, ignoring everything else, taking no notice of it – passing through it if necessary, but without paying attention to it. And the need to classify, well ... it comes afterwards, if one feels like describing things, but it isn't necessary.

It's like that famous Nirvana – you can find it behind everything. There's a psychic nirvana, a mental nirvana, even a vital nirvana. I think I already told you about the experience I had with Tagore in Japan. Tagore always used to say that as soon as he started meditating he entered Nirvana, and he asked me to meditate with him. We sat together in meditation. I was expecting to make a very steep

ascent, but he simply went into his MIND, and there ... (what I do, you see, is tune in to the person I am meditating with, identify with him – that's how I know what happens). Well, he started meditating, and everything quite rapidly came to a halt, became absolutely immobile (this he did very well), and from there he sort of fell backwards, and it was Nothingness. And he could remain in that state indefinitely! We did in fact stay like that for a rather long time; I don't remember how long, three quarters of an hour or an hour, but anyway it was long enough. I was keeping alert the whole time to see if, by chance, he would go on into something else, but there he stayed – he stayed there nice and calm, without stirring. Then he came back, his mind started up again, and that was that.

I said nothing to him.

But it was a true nirvana: Nothingness. Not a single sensation, not a movement – no thoughts, of course – nothing, not a vibration: just like that, Nirvana. So I quite naturally concluded that there is a nirvana behind the mind, since he went there directly. And through my own experiments in the different zones of the being I became aware that, indeed, there is a nirvana behind everything (there must be a nirvana behind the physical cell too – maybe that's what death is! Who knows, it's possible). A nothingness, nothing stirs any more. And nothing's there any more – nothing's there, there's nothing to stir *(Mother laughs)*. It's the Nothing.

But what's the use of it?

No idea! It must be good for something.

I mean, do things necessarily have to be useful?

But still, can it help one's progress?

These are experiences.

Yes, but do they help us progress?

At any rate, they must help to make people steady.

(silence)

I don't know if you can look at things from that angle, because it's only one angle. Certainly if we asked the Lord, "What's the use of it?" He would either say "It's all the same to Me," or "It's none of your business," or "I get some fun out of it" – that would be enough for Him!

But...

(silence)

The Buddha, you know, was deeply shocked by the impermanence of things – the impermanence of the whole creation, that there was nothing permanent anywhere. That was the starting point of his quest, when he saw that nothing was permanent – constant and permanent – hence there was nothing one could call

"forever." That's what shocked him, and he felt he had to find something permanent, and in his quest for the Permanent he came upon Nothingness. So his conclusion ran something like this: "Only one thing is permanent – Nothingness. As soon as there's creation, it's impermanent."

Why did he object to impermanence? That, I don't know – a question of temperament, I suppose. But as far as he was concerned, that's what Nothingness is good for: it's permanent.

It's permanent, the one thing that's permanent.

Still, to me it seems....

What Sri Aurobindo says is, "Yes, true, it's the only permanent thing – a certain permanent Nonbeing behind everything. But why shouldn't He sometimes – not 'sometimes,' but at the SAME time, the same moment – have the fun of being both permanent and impermanent? There's no objection to that." In any case, He has none!

Our minds may not like it, but He....

But I don't understand what's so great about Nirvana. I don't know whether I go into Nirvana, but when I sit in meditation and everything becomes still, well – so what? Nothing's there any more! If that's what they call Nirvana, I don't see what's so great about it.

Do you remain conscious of yourself?

Oh, yes! I remain conscious. But nothing's there any more. It's clear, it's luminous, and there's absolutely nothing.

It is the state of mental tranquillity.

Nothing exists for you any more?

I hear noises.

Ah!

I can still physically hear what's going on around me.

Then you're not in Nirvana.

But isn't it a sort of annihilation?

No. It's a total tranquilization, but not an annihilation.

(long silence
Mother tunes in to Satprem)

You probably enter into the state of pure Existence. First mental silence, then pure Existence, Existence outside of the Manifestation: the state of *Sat.*

It is pure Existence, outside of the Manifestation.

Whenever we've meditated together, I've always had the impression that you entered into that sort of rather blissful silence; it's something permanent, yes, but not an annihilation. It's *Sat* – the *Sat* that comes before *Chit-Tapas.*[202] In other words it can last an eternity with no sense of time, and be an infinity with no sense of space.

But I tell you, it also has an EXTRAORDINARY utility: it automatically renews all the energies. Actually, that's the true reason for sleep: to be able to enter that state. And that's why those who can enter it consciously in meditation need much less sleep. Much less. It's what enables the body to last: *Sat.* And whenever I have meditated with you, I've always had a feeling of entering that state.

Pure existence, outside of the Manifestation. It is wonderfully luminous, immobile, tranquil, and ... a sort of bliss devoid of any vibration, beyond vibration.

It is very useful.

Actually, one should always keep this in the background of the consciousness and refer to it automatically to correct or avoid or annul ... *all disturbances.*

It's what I use, for example, when the body has some trouble (I use it for the most ordinary and minor things: coughing when something goes down the wrong way, hiccups, things like that). All these minor problems of the body can be stopped almost instantly by entering that state. It takes a few seconds. It should be kept in the background all the time, all the time, all the time, as if supporting everything from behind. By nature it is absolutely silent, immobile, luminous.... Yes, it gives the sense of Eternity and Infinity. It is eternal, infinite, outside of time, outside of space, it's ... it's *Sat.*

If one can keep that constantly in the background of one's consciousness, there's no further need to take off anywhere *(ethereal gesture towards the heights):* all you have to do is this *(gesture of stepping back),* and there it is.

And it is the root cure of disorder. It is anti-disorder.

That's how you can cure somebody, if he's able to receive it. It's the antidote to disorder, the perfect antidote to disorder.

Yes, one leaves that state refreshed, rested.

Yes, exactly.

(silence)

Well, mon petit, let me wish you a good and very progressive year, a year with experiences.[203] I am beginning to understand what kind of experience you want, although really, a lot of people – oh, how delighted they'd be with the ones you have!

(Satprem seems surprised)

You don't call them "experiences" – it's always what we don't have that we call "experiences."

Me too: for years I used to say, "I don't have any experiences, I don't have any

experiences...."

> *The only experience of my life was that world of music – it was overwhelming. It was so.... It was the Divine!*

Yes, indeed – that's how it is.

> *Now that's what I call an experience.*

Yes, I understand.
How did it happen?

> *Simply while I was sleeping one night. In Ceylon.*

At what time?

> *Towards the end of the night, I suppose, because I woke up and I was ... I don't know, for a good two hours I was like someone in a state of shock. "It's not possible," I was saying, "it's not possible." I really couldn't get over it.*

Yes, that's an experience! *(Mother laughs.)*

But you know, when you come into contact with the God within, that's really an experience too. It has the same kind of reality and intensity of your experience, ALONG WITH the sense of the eternal Divine. And it's simply the inner Divine: there's no need to fly off to the heights, it's right here *(Mother touches her heart).*

It's the experience I had in 1912. The first contact, when you go within and then THAT'S IT ... that concrete reality, that intensity beyond any possible physical intensity. And then the sense of: that's IT – the Divine. This is the Divine. This is the divine Reality; this is it, the Divine. You ARE the Divine.

That's the experience. It's the base, the basic experience. Once you have it, you may progress more or less rapidly; although if you truly give yourself, you progress very rapidly. Externally you are in a position where, having that experience, you could cover the whole path in a matter of years and straight-away begin the work of transformation *(Mother touches her body).*

To have it (just to give you an idea) took me a year of exclusive concentration on finding that within myself – that is, to enter into contact with the immanent God. I did nothing but that, thought of nothing but that, wanted nothing but that. There was even a rather funny instance, because I had resolved to do it (I had already been working for a very long time, of course; Madame Théon had told me about my mission on earth and all that, so you can imagine – I am talking about the psychic being belonging to this present creation, this formation – *Mother touches her body)* ... anyway, it was New Year's Eve and I decided: "Within the coming year." I had a large, almost square studio, a bit bigger than this room, with a door leading onto a patio. I opened the little door and looked at the sky and there, just as I looked, was a shooting star. You know the tradition: if you formulate an aspiration just as you see a shooting star, before the star disappears, it

will be realized within the year. And there, just as I opened the door, was a shooting star – I was totally in my aspiration: "Union with the inner Divine." And before the end of December of the following year, I had the experience.

But I was entirely concentrated on that. I was in Paris, and I did nothing else but that; when I walked down the street, I was thinking only of that. One day, as I was crossing the Boulevard Saint Michel, I was almost run over (I've told you this), because I was thinking of nothing but that – concentrating, concentrating ... like sitting in front of a closed door, and it was painful! *(intense gesture to the chest)* Physically painful, from the pressure. And then suddenly, for no apparent reason – I was neither more concentrated nor anything else – poof! It opened. And with that.... It didn't just last for hours, it lasted for months, mon petit! It didn't leave me, that light, that dazzling light, that light and immensity. And the sense of THAT willing, THAT knowing, THAT ruling the whole life, THAT guiding everything – since then, this sense has never left me for a minute. And always, whenever I had a decision to make, I would simply stop for a second and receive the indication from there.

But that was ages ago. I have done a lot of things since then. It was long ago, in 1912. And now ... oh, this old carcass!

It does its best.

I believe the most complete expression is: "Whatever You want, Lord, whatever You want, Lord, whatever You want, Lord – with joy, no matter what it is." In every cell.

It should go relatively quickly, but ... I don't know. How long will it take?... It's new. New, I mean you can't even tell if you're progressing! You don't know where you're going, you have no idea what path you're on. You just don't know! All kinds of things are happening, but are they part of the path or aren't they? I really don't know. Only at the end will we know.

All right.

Well, au revoir, mon petit, have a good year. I hope you'll have a decisive experience within the year, before you reach forty.

Voilà.

November

November 3, 1962

(Mother asks Satprem how he is. He did not keep his reply.)

... But it's all right, mon petit, it's going well. And physically?

Not so good.

Are you eating enough?

Yes, yes.

Are you sure?

It's more a sort of weariness. I spend terrible nights in the subconscient. Over the past six months there's been a really abrupt change in my dreams. Previously I would remember something once in a while; now I remember nothing except the subconscient, and what a subconscient! I'm lucky when it's not hellish.

Mon petit, from that point of view my nights are abominable too – they can't really be abominable because I live in beatitude, but what I see, what I am forced to see each night is horrible. Just horrible. It seems like an attempt to make me thoroughly disgusted with my work. The subconscient is really a mass of horrors. And it's been going on like this for at least six months.

It's a hell of a thing to wake up with!

Yes, it's always when you wake up. It's always the last thing that comes – and what things! If I told you some of them, you'd see, oh.... Of course, I sort them out. I do what's needed and then sweep them away.

At times it's hellish, certain beings and situations....

Yes, frightful, unimaginable situations and ways of being.

(silence)

But I deliberately come into contact with these things. When I "walk" in the morning for japa, it's all systematically put under the supreme Influence, it gets cleared up and sorted out. Some good work gets done.

We mustn't see these things as inescapable, but rather take them as indications of what's being changed.

But it seems endless.

Yes! *(Mother laughs)* Yes, it seems absolutely limitless.

It could go on like that for centuries.

That's how it seems, bottomless and limitless, combined in ever new and equally horrible ways. But it's not true: it does change. It does change.

And what inventions – sheer horror! Really, the people who are in contact with that world and express it on earth, it's appalling the inventions they can make. Oh, the tortures men have invented, the things they've done – you can't believe it's real. And it all comes from that subconscient world, which means it is indispensable to clean it out.

But ... oh, what a tough work! And thankless too. Thankless because no sooner do you think you've come to the end of something (not that you really think so, you know what it's like there, but you still hope ...), than it comes back in another form, which seems even worse than the previous one.

We must have endurance, mon petit.

And sometimes it becomes terribly personal, as if you were being personally attacked. I have a whole "theme" of such things which can't even be spoken about because they're too personal – personal in that they appear to involve this body. Last night (ah, by the way, I remember noticing I was physically young – it was in the subtle physical, of course, and I was quite young) ... but what a life I led, with so many ... oh, revolutions, battles; I was involved in everything, there was tremendous activity. But I was being personally harassed by four or five of the most vile and disgusting old swine, and I had to confront them, hold them in place, keep them under control and make them obey.... Ohh, was I glad to wake up! (It was time to get up; these things always stop automatically because I make it a point to get out of there at four-thirty) But the images, the sensations that went along with it....

Oh, how is it possible! And I was fully conscious of the usefulness of this work: I was keeping them under control.[204] But the things it involves ... ugh! Because for me, all knowledge is through identity – even in the subconscient it's a knowledge through identity – so you can imagine what that means....

> *Yes... oh, there are some horrible beings there!*

Horrible *(Mother laughs)*.

All right.

You don't know how to call me ... or don't you want to?

> *I just don't remember!*

That's a shame. If you could remember and call me....

> *I'm more like a witness, watching what's happening to me. When it gets to be too much I wake up, but otherwise I stay there watching, watching – a witness.*

Haven't you ever tried before falling asleep....

> *Of course I have! Before going to sleep I always ask to be conscious and to receive whatever you send me.*

No, you must ask to remember to call me when the situation gets unpleasant *(Mother laughs)*; that has rescued people so many, many times, right in the midst of their nightly activity – not at the moment they woke up, no: right in their nighttime consciousness they have seen the results within and around them. Take the story of D., who couldn't get back into his body and called me; it really does have an effect, especially on that sort of beings. Thank God *(laughing)* they're afraid of me – I have an effect on them.

Ah, it's interesting. We have to endure, that's all.

We have to endure. And have courage.

Au revoir, petit.

November 7, 1962

(Mother again speaks of the experience of SAT or pure Existence in the background of consciousness, and describes the movement of consciousness needed to enter that state.)

.,. It's somewhat similar to collecting one's thoughts. It's part concentration, part interiorization, and both together – like drawing back, but without movement.

After a while, it becomes almost automatic; I do it hundreds of times a day. It's difficult to describe, because the description makes it too concrete. But it's a drawing back, an interiorization – a *self-gathering.* But all those words seem dense, heavy; too material, too heavy. Yet it's a very concrete sensation, very concrete, which immediately brings about a kind of stabilization – everything stops. Everything stops, to the point where even a vibration of pain is stopped, it doesn't exist any more. But when you leave this state, back it comes again. It gets cured only when you persist for some time; otherwise the two might continue to coexist.

The most superficial way of putting it is: "to take a step back." But it's not that, of course.

And it isn't the same as "going within" when you want to find your psychic being, for instance. It isn't the same movement. When you go within to find your psychic being, you feel a shift of position; while in this case there's no shifting – you stay where you are.

You go beyond time, you go beyond space.

I don't know, it's so familiar to me that I feel it's something everyone can do, but it may very well be difficult, I don't know.

That's really what it is: to go beyond this present condition and enter a state where everything is stabilized. You can't say "immobilized," because that would mean the opposite of movement – it isn't the opposite of movement! It's ... something else. You immediately have the sense of Eternity; not of something endlessly developing, no: everything stops. But "everything stops" implies the sense of something that "moves," yet you no longer have that sense.[205]

And yet it is Existence, it is BEING: Being, pure Existence; full consciousness without an object – without an object of consciousness. Pure Existence without any development.

And it's always here, it never leaves you, it's always here; you don't have to go off looking for it – it is always here. If you start thinking about it, you might say: without that, there can be no world; without that, there can be neither time nor space nor movement nor consciousness – nothing. Therefore, it is everywhere.

It doesn't need the Manifestation in order to be – not at ALL. But without it, the Manifestation could not be.

In fact, the aim of meditation is to catch hold of that. And any path whatsoever is good, since you're sure to catch hold of it: it is HERE. You don't have to go far to look for it – it is right here.

It has become a kind of habit: I am eating a meal, for example, and swallow the wrong way or whatever (not even something violent, just a slightly uneasy sensation in the throat), I do this *(gesture of drawing back)* for one second, and it's finished. Or I am speaking to someone and the right word doesn't come automatically: I just have to do this *(same gesture),* and there it is. It works for everything. It puts things back in order.

And that's what you have in your meditations. Only *(laughing),* you won't be happy unless you get out of it – unless something dramatic happens! *(Mother laughs and laughs)* That's why you complain! Some people work years and years and years to have it just once.

That's all, mon petit.

November 10, 1962

(Mother listens to Satprem read a chapter from his manuscript entitled "Under the Sign of the Gods, " in which he speaks of the overmind's inadequacy for attaining the plenitude of evolution, Afterwards, Mother tells what she saw while he was reading.)

There's a kind of cadence....

(Mother "listens" for a long while)

Some people found it interesting, mon petit! First of all, Sri Aurobindo was there – it was like a large hall: a very large room with scarcely any walls, just enough so it didn't seem wide open to everything. And then there was a kind of musical instrument, like a grand piano, but much bigger and higher, playing its own music: nobody was playing it. And its "own music" was the music of what you have written. It was taking the form of ... something like luminous, colored sheets of paper, tinged with gold, with pink, which were scattering in the air and then very slowly falling onto a floor that was scarcely a floor, with an almost birdlike movement. They were falling, falling – almost square sheets of paper falling one upon another like feathers – nothing heavy about it. And then from the left a being like a god from the overmind entered the room; he was both like a Hindu deity with a tiara, and a kind of angel in a long robe (a combination of the two), and he moved so lightly, without touching the ground – he was all lightness. And with a very lovely and harmonious movement (everything was so harmonious!), he gathered up all the sheets: he took them in his arms and they stayed there – they were weightless, you see. He gathered them up, smiling all the

while, with a young and very, very luminous and happy face – something very lovely. Then, when he had gathered them all up, he turned towards me (I was here; you were over there, the music was there and Sri Aurobindo was there), and said as he was leaving, "I am taking all this to give to them," as if he were returning to the overmental world where they were greatly interested in it! *(Mother laughs.)*

But it was all so lovely, so very lovely! There was a rhythm; it was all unfolding rhythmically, a rhythm of the falling sheets of paper; and a rhythm moving along very slowly, not in a straight line, and undulating.

It was very lovely. A most pleasant atmosphere. It's very good.

That's what I was beginning to see towards the end. It took form gradually, gradually, and it was all there by the time you finished reading. At the beginning my attention was divided between what you were reading and what was going on; afterwards it was entirely focused on what was happening: your sheets of paper falling and landing weightlessly, like birds, and spreading over a floor that wasn't solid (it was there just to give the impression of a room, but you could see through it). And while you were reading, he was gathering them all up, with a long robe trailing behind him. This being was made of practically the same substance as the sheets coming out of the piano (it was a kind of piano, it was playing music, but it was the principle of what you have written). So he gathered up everything, and when he had a stack this big, he said, "I am going to take it and show it to them."

It was really lovely.

> *But the gods may not be so pleased; after all, I say the overmind is inadequate!*

Of course they will!

Oh, they're not stupid! *(Mother laughs.)*

They certainly prefer this to the blind and stupefied worship most humans offer up to them.

Well, that's all for today.

Next time is the 14th, Wednesday. Good. It's remarkable, the impression your reading creates: a really pleasant and agreeable atmosphere.

November 14, 1962

(Satprem reads a passage from his manuscript describing the relation between the subconscient and the supraconscient, in which he says: "One cannot be healed unless one goes down to the very bottom; and one cannot go down to the very bottom unless one goes up to the very heights.")

It's getting interesting.... It's the formulation – not the theory, not the explanation (it's more than intellectual), but the literary expression of what I've been experiencing all these nights. Not only at night, in the daytime too.

It's as if I were touching the dregs of things.

No later than yesterday night, I had this feeling: "My god, there's always farther down to go! It's always lower, ever lower." And at the same time, my identity with the Supreme keeps growing while I simultaneously seem to be going down into the most incredible dark dregs of ... yes, of mud, ever possible in life. Look, you speak of Sri Aurobindo's experience – well, I never knew he'd had the vision of all sorts of torture,[206] but I have just had it myself in detail, bit by bit ... and what things! Incredible, incredible. And I was wondering, "But why! Why am I seeing all this? Am I losing my contact?" On the contrary, it felt closer and closer, stronger and stronger, more and more conscious, luminous, and at the same time ... this *(gesture below).*

You have formulated it very, very well. Do you unwittingly feel my experience and write it, or do I.... I don't know, it's all bound up together. But it's most interesting.

Because my impression was that the higher I rise, the more I notice things below. I wasn't making a doctrine or theory of it, of course – I got rid of that habit a long time ago. But I was looking at it, merely taking note of the fact, without telling myself it was for this or that reason (as you explain here in your book). I observed the phenomenon and was able to say: the more I feel this constant, luminous Presence, the more I see those things. So it has become very clear to me that it is impossible to manifest THAT integrally without everything below being offered up to the Light.

My method is essentially very simple: for each thing that comes, I say, "Here, Lord, it's for You; change it, transform it." A work of offering and dedication *(gesture of presenting something to the Light).* And this morning there was a sort of reply – not exactly to a question, but as though I were wondering "How do I do it?" (because the Lord tells me I am here for His work), "How do I do His work? What's the new way of doing the Work? We know all the old ways, but what's the new way?" And the reply came, very concrete, without words: "By bringing the two extremes together.

Everything you see, everything that comes to you or that you discover is automatically put in the presence of the Most High, of the Supreme. You join the two extremes. Your whole work is to make the junction."

And now you read me all this! It's as if you were explaining it – don't you find that interesting! *(Mother laughs)* I find it VERY interesting.

And what's more, this morning Sri Aurobindo said to me, "Today he will tell you something that will explain your experiences to you." So that's what has happened. It's not a mental explanation, you understand – these things are SEEN.

He was here again just now and told me (how shall I put it?) ... something like: *he receives well,* as though he were dictating a lot of things to you.

It's very good, I am quite pleased! *(Mother laughs.)*

A little later:

If I could tell all I've seen when I remember it in the morning, it would fill

hundreds and hundreds of volumes. And in fact, it would shed some light.

I have never stopped seeing things. Now I see both day and night, it makes no difference, although I don't see the same things or do the same work at night as during the day. But all the work is always expressed through visions (I also hear and remember words, but that's secondary): ideas are expressed as images, and wills are expressed as actions. And it all makes a sort of life – a life in other worlds, different worlds.

November 17, 1962

(Concerning the Sino-Indian conflict along the Himalayan border:)

X wrote N. to announce – in precise and almost violent terms – that it was the beginning of a general upheaval, a catastrophic world war.

I know it's the will of that Asura I've mentioned to you several times, the Lord of Falsehood who was born the Lord of Truth, and who knows that his hour is at hand ("at hand" relative to that world there) and has declared he will cause as much havoc as he can before disappearing. Quite recently, just before the present conflict broke out, I went to a realm in the vital world which is right above the earth, like a platform (not a mountain top, but a spot where you get an overall view, like the bridge of a ship, for instance, where the captain stands; it was a place like that in the vital world, overlooking all terrestrial life). I went there – it was rather dark, very dark in fact – and that tall being was there (he's quite tall, higher than this room – *Mother looks up at the ceiling* – he likes to look tall). He's very tall and all black. (That's more or less his natural state; he appears to humans blazing with light, but that doesn't fool someone with inner vision: it's an icy light. But some people are fooled and take him for the supreme God. Anyway, that's an aside.) So he was there and I went to him – not to him: I went to that place and found him there. He was gloating and told me to take a look around.

From there you had a panoramic view of everything. And no sooner did I arrive than a storm broke out – a terrible storm. I kept watching, and then I saw in this direction (I don't know whether it was north, south or west, but it was this direction: *Mother points to the north)*, I saw two nearly simultaneous flashes of lightning. The first one (I was looking north, I was quite conscious of facing north) ... the first one, a terrific bolt, came and fell from the east; and just a moment after, very soon after, another came from the west. The two didn't come together, but they fell on the same spot – they didn't meet but they fell on the same spot. It was pitch dark, the earth and everything was dark, you couldn't see a thing, and suddenly those two flashes of lightning lit up the area where they fell, making a dreadful din, and (my field of vision was confined to that area; all the rest was in darkness, you see) ... it burst into flames! Everything was set ablaze. In the lightning flashes you could distinguish the tops of monuments, houses, all sorts of things, and then everything burst into flames: a dreadful conflagration.

I even remarked to myself (it was a rather curious feeling), "Well, it's interesting to have such a close view of it." That is, I had the feeling that my "station," as Sri Aurobindo calls it, for viewing the world was very high up, and I'd had to come down to that place. And that's what made me say, "Well, it's interesting to have such a close view of things." (I didn't say it to that being, I thought it.) And he was there next to me, gloating, standing some distance off to my right (looking up, I could see his head – *Mother looks up at the ceiling).* He was jubilant, gloating: "You see, you see, you see! " Overjoyed. I kept absolutely still; everything was still, calm, motionless (the thought that came was like something passing through me: "It's interesting to have such a close view of it"). And then I stopped everything, like this *(Mother remains as still as a statue, fists clenched).* And very soon afterwards (I can't say exactly because time there isn't the same as here), very soon afterwards, everything stopped.[207] The storm's only purpose was to cause the two thunderbolts, and it stopped after they fell on the earth. And then the flames ... the whole area was set ablaze (it was like a huge city, but not a city: most likely it was symbolic of a country): vroom! It burst into flames; some flames were leaping up very, very high. But I simply did this, stopped everything *(Mother remains motionless, eyes closed, fists clenched),* and then looked out once again – everything had returned to order. Then I said (I don't know why, but I was speaking to him in English ... yes, it's because he was speaking English, saying, *"You see, you see!")*, I said, "Ah, that didn't last long. They quickly brought it under control." With that he turned his back on me *(laughing);* he went off one way and I the other. Then I regained my outer consciousness, which is why I remember everything exactly.

I believe they began fighting up there two or three days after it happened.

What can the west side be?...

I don't know. I thought it would be Russia, but Russia seems to be trying its hardest not to interfere. I don't know.

Was it India that was struck?

Yes, of course, it was India.

When I thought, "It's interesting to have such a close view of it all," there was also a sense of being physically close, a part of me felt physically very close. But you know, I have been close to all the wars (the two previous ones – this is the third), as close as can be: shells were falling on Paris when I was there, during the first war.

So that's what was shown to me in images.

Apart from that, when the news got here that they'd begun amiably killing one another for nothing, as soon as I knew it, I put over the whole border the same thing as that night: Peace and Immobility. Two days later I asked for news. "Oh," I was told, "they seem tired out. They're no longer doing anything."

They are scarcely moving any more.

And then there have been certain political problems[208] – all this making for a bit of work, which turned out rather well. But it's always mixed, never the full

thing; there's always a result, but not THE result.... I don't think "the" result is possible with the present conditions on earth: it would be a miracle, upsetting too many things. The consequences would be worse than....

Well, then.

I've had my eye on this gentleman since the Second World War (and even earlier), and I know that's just what he wants. He has foretold all sorts of catastrophic things. So I suppose that's what X is seeing too, without knowing where it comes from – I don't know. I wonder.... At any rate, he wrote it so categorically that you might nearly think he wanted it! ... I can't believe he wants it. I simply replied, "Well, yes, it's ONE possibility." Which of the two will prevail? That, I don't know. It's a secret the Lord doesn't reveal ... because He thinks (and this is altogether certain) that it wouldn't be good to know what's going to happen – we wouldn't do what had to be done. It's always that way: we don't know what's going to happen because then we wouldn't do what had to be done.

I do what He tells me to do, but He doesn't say what the consequences will be. And I don't ask Him; I know it's none of my business.

For if I knew, even if I didn't tell, it would spread *(Mother shows waves spreading out from her head).* And it's not good that people know.

But I've had lots and lots of visions of all types, from the most frightful to the most wonderful – all very apocalyptic, in the realm of the incredible. Many, many things, detailed as well as general. They would fill a volume.

> *I don't know, I have the feeling that humanity isn't ready for peace and needs to be shaken up.*

Yes, unfortunately it's not ready.

They're falling into a stupor.

> *They're falling into a stupor, lulling themselves with their non violence, their petty morality.... Humanity isn't ready.*

It's a pity.

Because it can set things back thousands of years.... For there are moments when things converge, and it is rare to have a MOMENT in this Story: it stretches over long, long, almost indefinite periods of time. So to get a MOMENT that becomes something actual in terrestrial life *(Mother drives her fist into the Earth)* is very difficult. And if that moment is passed by, is missed....

But I always wonder ... because Sri Aurobindo left without revealing his secret. He said he was leaving DELIBERATELY – that much he told me. He told me what I needed to know. But he never said the moment hadn't come (you see, he thought ... he came saying the time had come), he never said if he'd seen that things were not sufficiently ready. He told me "the world is not ready," that much he did say. He told me he was going away deliberately because it was "necessary," and that I had to stay and continue the work, that I would continue. He said those three things. But he never told me whether or not I would succeed! He never told

me whether or not I could bring the moment back.

And I must say I am past the point where it's interesting to know these things, because ... I live a bit too much in the eternity of time for that to be very important.

But outwardly, from what I have seen, from all I've observed (I mean the more I am IN the thing): the world is not ready. People ... they don't even understand what it is! So how could they.... When you tell them something or show them something from up here *(gesture above),* they don't understand. They don't understand. To make it understandable, they immediately distort it, disfigure it. So ... I don't know whether....

(long silence)

But strangely enough, ever since these people began fighting up there [along the Himalayan border], the earth has been more receptive.

Yet people have fought before – people have fought everywhere, haven't they? Since the last war they have never stopped fighting in one place or another: in Africa, in Asia, everywhere. They've been constantly fighting. There was always something, constantly. This whole Algerian story ... terrible things went on there; and all the trouble in the Congo and so forth – battles everywhere. But ... I don't know why (it's not that I wasn't concerned with these events, they were in my consciousness), but this time two things have happened: a greater Power has descended (something very concrete, almost tangible), a great Power has descended, has been especially sent; and also a certain receptivity – everywhere, even in the Chinese (I don't mean locally: it's all over the world). Is it because, materially, there's some anxiety at the idea of...? If a new world war starts, it's obviously going to be something unspeakable, frightful, frightful – whole civilizations will be swallowed up. It will put a stop to life on earth in a terrible way. Is that what made people...? Has this awakened some aspiration? Possibly. There's clearly a greater receptivity. I see this from the fact that whenever the Will spreads out *(Mother makes a gesture of emanation),* well, it has a more concrete and more immediate effect.

The other conflicts were really very superficial, like minor ailments – skin diseases! Superficial things. There were some appalling horrors, utterly repugnant things, too, everywhere (I remember what happened in Algeria, I was kept informed and I knew what took place: horrible things) ... and yet they seemed ... yes, they seemed like skin diseases of the earth! They were very superficial. But then suddenly up there [in Nefa and Ladakh], oh, it became something different.

That was the impression: a very localized disease (anyone can catch it, but it's still very localized). While here, this conflict seems to have FUNDAMENTALLY disrupted something – profoundly. Is it because people THINK it may have a global consequence?... I don't know. Or is it truly the first sign of something very ... very momentous?

(silence)

One day (for me now, everything is part of an extremely precise play of forces) ... and one day I had a sort of sensation of one of those profound upheavals ... something very widespread and full of GREAT pain. So something in me spontaneously sprang up from the individual soul, the deep psychic being, and said, "Oh! Lord, is it Your will that we have this experience again?" Then everything stabilized, stopped, and there was a splendor of Light. But I received no response. Except for that splendor of Light – something triumphant, you know. But it may just as well mean that no matter what happens, this will always be there – which is obvious.

(silence)

I don't know.

Somewhere, in a place which is not here [physically], some place *(Mother gestures into the distance behind her being),* there is something that keeps very still, somewhere, very still and beyond all the movements of forces; something seated, as it were, established somewhere, very still and beyond public observation (by "public" I don't necessarily mean "terrestrial," I mean the whole world), something that keeps like this *(gesture backwards, eyes closed, motionless as a statue),* and DOES NOT WANT IT.

I perceive that very distinctly.

In other words, a part of the being is there – a part of the Creative Force – and it does NOT want it.

As if it has truly been decided that this time the experience will go right to the end, right to its goal, without interruption. And this something which ... [doesn't want]. The Something that has made the decision and sticks to it.

(silence)

It was so strong that when I was told what X had written, somewhere (it's somewhere off to my right, I don't know) ... That [the Creative Force] responded right away (we have to use words, and words just don't work – but I have nothing else at my disposal), and It said, "Well, he wants to remain on the other side, then."

I refrained from saying anything.

And with the consciousness here, I looked (of course I was asked how he could write or think such things), and I said that each realm has its own determinism, and if you see only that determinism, things seem absolutely decreed. X's vision, I said, belongs to the vital-physical determinism of the earth (Life and Matter), in which the catastrophe seems inevitable; but there are higher realms whose intervention can change everything.

But one must see and live in those higher regions.

In X's case, his personal contact rises to the heights, but it's purely personal. While his overall vision (I am not saying universal: overall) stops at the vital-physical plane, with a touch of the mental, and THAT'S ALL. There's a

contradiction between his personal possibility, which reaches very high (although on quite a tenuous peak), and his overall vision. When his attention turns outward, it is very limited; it may be terrestrial, but it's ... it's crusted over, so to speak.

So that's the explanation I gave. But the truth....

That's all.

Have you read Sri Aurobindo's last letters on China?[209]

Oh, yes – he read them to me himself! *(Mother laughs.)*

But everything Sri Aurobindo said has always come true. You know he also said (but it was in jest, he didn't write it) ... concerning reuniting with Pakistan he told me: "Ten years. It will take ten years." The ten years passed and nothing happened – OFFICIALLY nothing happened. But the truth is (I learned it through certain government officials), Pakistan did make some overtures in that direction, asking for a union to be reestablished (they would have kept some sort of autonomy, but the two countries would have UNITED, it would have been a UNION), and Nehru refused.

How foolish!

So Sri Aurobindo had seen it.

He had seen it happen. After ten years, when that man who headed Pakistan died,[210] they found themselves in grave difficulty and were unable to get organized; so they sent somebody (unofficially, of course) to ask India to reestablish union on certain bases – but they refused, the Indians refused. It was a repetition of the same stupidity as when Cripps came to make his proposal, when Sri Aurobindo sent a message saying, "Accept, whatever the conditions, otherwise it will be worse later on." That's what Sri Aurobindo told them. Gandhi was there and he retorted, "Why is that man meddling? He should be concerned only with spiritual life."[211]

They have conscientiously ruined the country.

Yes.

Yes, as much as they could.[212]

That's what X saw: that they have been the ruin of the country. And so he said, "These men have ruined the country and they shall be destroyed." That's what was in his head and that's why he is opening the door to this drama – which would mean a frightful destruction.

It's true that they deserve it! They have acted perfectly stupidly all along. Out of ambition, vanity, all sorts of things, but especially out of stupidity and total lack of understanding – a blind vision, reaching no farther than their noses.

Don't keep this. I don't want to keep political memories. I haven't said anything about the world situation for a long time, because I don't want people to know (it's not that I don't know, but I don't want it known). If I ever get involved in politics – if things take a positive turn, that is – I will start saying what I know in 1967. But

not before.

Prior to that: complete silence. I say nothing. I try to act, that's all.[213]

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Extract from Sri Aurobindo's message on the occasion of India's Independence:)

August 15, 1947

August 15th, 1947 is the birthday of free India. It marks for her the end of an old era, the beginning of a new age. But we can also make it by our life and acts as a free nation an important date in a new age opening for the whole world, for the political, social, cultural and spiritual future of humanity.

August 15th is my own birthday and it is naturally gratifying to me that it should have assumed this vast significance. I take this coincidence, not as a fortuitous accident, but as the sanction and seal of the Divine Force that guides my steps on the work with which I began life, the beginning of its full fruition. Indeed, on this day I can watch almost all the world-movements which I hoped to see fulfilled in my lifetime, though then they looked like impracticable dreams, arriving at fruition or on their way to achievement. In all these movements free India may well play a large part and take a leading position.

The first of these dreams was a revolutionary movement which would create a free and united India. India today is free but she has not achieved unity. (...) The old communal division into Hindus and Muslims seems now to have hardened into a permanent political division of the country. It is to be hoped that this settled fact will not be accepted as settled for ever or as anything more than a temporary expedient. For if it lasts, India may be seriously weakened, even crippled: civil strife may remain always possible, possible even a new invasion and foreign conquest. India's internal development and prosperity may be impeded, her position among the nations weakened, her destiny impaired or even frustrated. This must not be; the partition must go.[214] (...)

Sri Aurobindo

* * *

(Extract from a letter of Sri Aurobindo concerning the invasion of South Korea on June 15, 1950.)

June 28,1950

I do not know why you want a line of thought to be indicated to you for your guidance in the affair of Korea. There is nothing to hesitate about there, the whole

affair is as plain as a pike-staff. It is the first move in the Communist plan of campaign to dominate and take possession first of these northern parts and then of South East Asia as a preliminary to their manoeuvres with regard to the rest of the continent – in passing, Tibet as a gate opening to India.[215] If they succeed, there is no reason why domination of the whole world should not follow by steps until they are ready to deal with America. That is, provided the war can be staved off with America until Stalin can choose his time. Truman seems to have understood the situation if we can judge from his moves in Korea, but it is to be seen whether he is strong enough and determined enough to carry the matter through. The measures he has taken are likely to be incomplete and unsuccessful, since they do not include any actual military intervention except on sea and in the air. That seems to be the situation; we have to see how it develops. One thing is certain that if there is too much shillyshallying and if America gives up now her defence of Korea, she may be driven to yield position after position until it is too late: at one point or another she will have to stand and face the necessity of drastic action even if it leads to war. Stalin also seems not to be ready to face at once the risk of a world war and, if so, Truman can turn the tables on him by constantly facing him with the onus of either taking that risk or yielding position after position to America. I think that is all that I can see at present; for the moment the situation is as grave as it can be.[216]

Sri Aurobindo

November 20, 1962

(Mother looks weary.)

The situation is bad, very bad. They're on the verge of taking Assam – things are very bad.

But for what reason? Why are they doing this?

It seems they're circulating maps in China showing Nepal, Bhutan, Assam and the rest as all part of China.

So that's their intention – to settle there.

It's not very clear why.

National ambition. To put a constant pressure on India and force it to go communist.

To impose their rule, you see – they're at the door and can enter whenever they

want.

Why did they take Tibet?

And then they've declared that Gaurishankar is Chinese – the summit of the earth is China, not India at all.... Ambition.

(silence)

And this side of Bengal and Assam is full of Chinese who settled there years and years ago; there are thousands and thousands of them, doing business. And all the communists support them, and it seems they keep a very accurate and meticulous list of those for and those against communism. (What do they base it on? I don't know – on what people say or do.) And the idea is that it's all going to be taken like this *(gesture of encircling India).*

It's nasty.

Things seem to be taking a nasty turn.

> *But what I find perhaps even more incredible than the leaders' incompetence – Nehru, Menon, and so forth – is that for twenty years there hasn't been a single Indian to see things clearly and speak out – there's been no one in India, no one. For twenty years there have been two idols, Nehru and Gandhi, and then some 400 million stupefied people,*[217] *with no one to see things clearly. How is it possible?... No one!*

But Nehru had a very good foreign press. They considered him almost a god in Europe and America. And Gandhi! ... Oh, they were.... The whole world is like that, mon petit – they don't understand. They don't understand. Nobody understands.

(silence)

We will see.

I believe we WILL see – it's going to be now: we're going to see.

Maybe we'll see from another world. *(Laughing)* It's possible.

They have bombs in America and Russia (China hasn't boasted about it, but they may have some too) that can destroy a whole city – one is more than enough, you don't need two. The Russians in particular: a single bomb and a whole city, even the size of London: vroom! Nothing left. (That's the theory, but still, there's always something true in it.) We saw what happened to Hiroshima, it was pretty bad. Well, if that was ten, then what they have now is a thousand – that's the proportion.

In other words, they've turned all their intelligence towards destruction.

Some say, "It will deter them from fighting." But that's childish!

(long silence)

China has already recalled its ambassador from Delhi. The Indians haven't

recalled theirs from Peking, but they'll be forced to. This kind of thing can't be *one-sided,* one side recalling its ambassador and the other side leaving theirs; and the minute they recall their ambassador, the bombing starts.

Not many airplanes have pilots nowadays – that's old-fashioned. The planes do their business all by themselves. They are completely automatic. So what's needed is truly a Power that can act on the most mechanical matter. I mean for protection, for instance: these things don't depend on human wills, nor even on beings of the terrestrial atmosphere – the Supreme alone can decide. Just as He decides "This is to be done," so He also decides ... ["This won't be"]. That's all. He is the only recourse.

There's no longer any hope that a human being can give protection by his own power – it doesn't work any more. If the Lord is protecting you, fine, nothing will happen to you. But as far as knowing what He's going to decide.... For if He decides upon such a destruction, it means the earth truly needs it – otherwise He wouldn't decide it.

Anyway, it's best not to think about it – we'll see soon enough. We'll see from this world here or from a more subtle one *(laughing),* that's all.

All I know is that it was a very bad night, and I woke up this morning completely drained and with plenty of difficulties – and it's not over yet.[218]

* * *

Later:

If things take a bad turn, soon no one will be able to move; once again we'll be *(gesture)* shut up in an egg.

When Sri Aurobindo was here, you went to sit in the room he was in, and felt perfectly sheltered from everything – and it was true.

The only danger at the time was Japan, and Japan had officially declared it wouldn't bomb Pondicherry because of Sri Aurobindo. But at least there were still men in their planes, and they could choose not to bomb. But you don't tell a *jet plane* "Don't crash here"! It crashes wherever it can.

Yes, but it's still hard to see why they would come here.

If they want to bomb Madras, that's just too close. Between the oil wells in Assam (that's what they want – very useful to have ...) and the Chinese, there's the same distance as between Pondicherry and Madras, so you understand.... They certainly have a motorized army, so it's nothing at all.

Anyhow....

And all night long (or a good part of it in any case), Indira Gandhi's thought was here, clinging to me (Indira Gandhi is Nehru's daughter), and the jewelry was sent to her.[219] It was handed over to Nehru, who passed it on to Indira.[220] And she

wrote me a letter I received yesterday – a very *(Mother searches for the proper word)* ... a very amicable letter; a letter from someone who has understood that this gift was an important element – not on a worldwide level (!), but because it was important that people know I have made a gesture of collaboration. But it didn't end there. The letter came yesterday; generally, of course, when I see a letter coming, I see it BEFORE receiving it; but here it was SHE, she herself, thinking [of Mother], thinking, thinking, thinking over and over again. (With Nehru, it's always very blurred: he doesn't have sufficient mental power for his position, he lacks the required strength of mind, so it's always hazy; when you tune in to him, that's the impression you get – *blurred gesture* – not solid.) But with her, it kept coming and coming and coming. They must be feeling ... or beginning to feel that something other than what they have is required.

We shall see.

I don't forget what Sri Aurobindo said – declared (in writing): that in 1967 the supramental Power will be behind all the earth's governments. Whether it's these people or those or whoever, they will be directly, maybe not consciously, but directly under the influence of the supramental forces, which will make them do what has to be done. And so, of course, the first result will be a kind of worldwide collaboration – he explicitly told me that, and he wrote it down. That's what he had seen. But he didn't say we would get there without ... without catastrophe. He never said that.

Well, mon petit.

So next time you'll have your book with you.

> *Yes, I hope so.*

No, you must!

> *I've been floundering.... But you know, for years I've had the intuition, the premonition, that 1963 would be a terrible year – personally.*

Sixty-three.

> *Personally, because every ten years ('43, '53 ...) something catastrophic has happened to me.*

The qualifier[221] we use depends on our limited individual vision, but the fact in itself is probably quite correct: there will be a serious upheaval. But this doesn't mean it will be catastrophic. You see, it may be precisely the opening to something higher, and a new birth to Truth. Personally, I am certain of a very rapid progress [for you], because I see it. But I don't see any personal catastrophes. I haven't seen that at all.

Unless.... Once, you know, when Sri Aurobindo was still here, I saw.... But it was just a vision, and lots of visions come (this was especially true at that time) as possibilities formed in a given world and descending towards the terrestrial manifestation. They come for me to give them the support of my consent, if I find

them interesting. So there are all kinds of things! And most of them get sorted out at that point. But anyway, I had a vision in which Pondicherry was completely engulfed by a bomb (in those days there weren't such powerful bombs – so the vision was partly premonitory). So if that happens! ... *(Mother laughs)* As a result of the bombing, I was trapped in a radioactive area (it had been buried underground but not flattened – a kind of cave had been formed), where I stayed for two thousand years.

I woke up after two thousand years with a rejuvenated body. It was a very amusing little story.... And I say "vision," but you don't watch these things like a movie: you LIVE them. I somehow extricated myself from that sort of sealed grotto, and where Pondicherry had once stood (it had been completely razed), I came upon some people working.... They were VERY DIFFERENT, and quite bizarre. I myself must have looked funny, with a kind of costume totally alien to their epoch. (My clothing had also survived the destruction – the whole thing was right out of a storybook!) So of course I attracted some curiosity and they tried to make me understand. "Ah, yes – I know ..." one of them said (I understood them because I could understand their thoughts – those two thousand years had enabled me to read people's minds), and they led me to a very old sage, a wise old fellow. I spoke to him and he began leafing through all kinds of books (he had many, many books), and suddenly he exclaimed, "Ah, French! " An ancient language, you see *(Mother laughs)*.

It was very funny. I told the story to Sri Aurobindo, and he had a good laugh.

November 23, 1962

(Satprem reads a passage from his manuscript in which he says in particular: "We cannot take one step up without taking one step down.")

That's what I am experiencing in my body now – exactly what you say: each step forward forces you to make ... not a step backward, but a step into the Shadow. And on the physical level it's terrible.

(silence)

But your book shouldn't give the impression that it's always that way – that the Light can't be established on earth until all the Shadow is transformed. In fact, the very work of transformation is to change all this shadow into its aspect of light.[222]

Not to reject it: to transform it.

(silence)

It's very, very true [one step up, one step down], very true, because it's true even for the most material body-consciousness. And you realize the difficulties that represents.... As soon as the body becomes more conscious of the divine Presence and Light, it's immediately as though you touched the dregs of

unconsciousness and ... yes, of unconsciousness and material inertia. And that makes the work very hard, very hard.

And just last time, when I told you I wasn't very well, it happened during the night, and it was the equivalent of what you write here, but purely material, in the body. In your book you describe it rather psychologically, like a phenomenon of consciousness, that is; but here it's a phenomenon of the cells.... So hurry to bring me the triumph! *(Mother laughs)* I was telling myself just this morning how exhausting it was, this perpetual battle – oh, what a battle....

So when you write of the victory, perhaps I too will do a victory dance!

* * *

(A little later, Satprem tells Mother how much Sujata misses seeing her.)

I know; some people have even fallen ill. But I am at the mercy of such things,[223] you understand, that's exactly what's happening. At times you feel that as far as health goes, you've fallen into a dreadful hole, so....

The body was starting to manifest the Force and, honestly, I was envisaging taking on more activities again. But this last thing has come like a sudden blow to tell me it isn't possible and I have to be careful. So that's that.

November 27, 1962

I don't recall whether it was last night or the night before, but I saw you with him, the two of you were busy with the book. And Sri Aurobindo was pleased. When I saw him (I was there, seeing the two of you), I thought, "Well, if Satprem could see this *(laughing),* at least he'd be pleased for once."

Well, yes!

In a place full of light.

Now, read me the next part.

I don't know why, but I'm more and more unconscious.

Unconscious?

Oh yes, more and more. Previously I used to remember a little – now nothing. Nothing! It's funny.

It's because you're not going to the same place as before. You understand, you're going to places *(laughing)* you're still not very used to. The link isn't well established.

But I did see you, and you were very concrete – it wasn't an image!

And as I told you, I even remarked, "Well, if he were conscious of this, he'd be

pleased."

I should say so!

(Mother laughs) Besides, you looked completely at ease, right at home. And Sri Aurobindo was ... he was satisfied.

It's something.

He is pleased – he's pleased with you, with your work.

It will come all at once, mon petit, like the music. One fine day, poof! You'll find yourself talking with him – then you'll be happy.

That's true!

(Mother laughs)

* * *

A little later:

Did you come to the meditation on the 24th?[224] What did you feel?... Nothing special?

> *The big difference compared to my meditations at home is that immediately there's complete immobility – and with no difficulty. It's truly immobile.*

I myself had an experience lasting the full half hour of the meditation.

Nothing was left but an immensity, without beginning, without end, neither in space nor in time – outside time. Outside time and space: an immensity of light. It was something of the same nature as light, but not light – far brighter, far ... not bright: far more intense than light. It was white, but not our physical white; it was a white ... at the time I couldn't define it. Afterwards, looking at it again in my consciousness, it seemed to be the light of a gold turned white, you understand: like when you bring something to white heat. Well, it was like gold becoming white through its intensity. It was ABSOLUTELY immobile – that is, I had the feeling you get in *Sat.*[225] Yet that immobility contained (how shall I put it?) ... yes, it actively contained – although its action wasn't perceptible – a sort of infinite Power, which could be the creative Power. And directed by an unmanifest Consciousness.... If you can make anything out of this, good for you!

Everything was like that, and without thought – I am now trying to put it into words. And at the center of that immensity was a concentration of white light as we know it (far more intense), but denser, forming a sort of cube that was relatively tiny in the immensity, but nonetheless quite perceptible. It was vibrant,

fluid, condensed, concentrated, and tremendously active. And all that immensity converged there (how?) without moving. And from there, it was spreading everywhere, without going out.

In order to be discernible, the cube was enveloped in something that looked like a kind of tulle, a tulle made of a pale gray substance, which expressed the individual nonexistence, the perfect humility that completely abolishes the ego: because of that there wasn't the least possibility of ego – if you ask me why, I can't say, but that's how it was. And I was seeing that tulle all the time – something extremely delicate, scarcely perceptible, yet maintaining the cube's form. It was perfect humility (in the divine sense) and total absence of ego – there wasn't even the memory or idea of it, nothing whatever: the abolition of the ego. And it served to receive that immobile immensity which manifested through an action of the Power. And then, the action of the Power.... I was conscious ("I" was conscious – where was I? I don't know; the cube represented my physical being: I had been TOLD it was my physical being), and I was watching it without being situated – I myself had no precise place but could see and understand the whole thing. And I could discern all the action being done through the cube: this action for that thing, this for that, this for that ... the whole earth *(gesture expressing forces radiating outward, each for a special purpose),* things from the past and things FAR into the future.

And it was so imperative!

It took me a long while to formulate it. What I am telling you now came gradually, slowly, through a sort of silent revelation. At the moment, it was nothing but *Sat,* an immobile Existence.

I didn't seek this experience, nothing. I simply sat down.... The previous time,[226] there was that massive presence of Sri Aurobindo.

I had been forewarned that this time it would be different (besides, I've never had the same experience twice), but this was utterly unexpected – it didn't come as a response to a will to know or anything at all. I seemed to be simply faced with a fact: it was shown to me. I was witness to my own experience, that's all. And I was absolutely certain of its meaning – as when you KNOW and there's no need to discuss or elaborate or explain: that's how it is. And when it was gone, it was gone suddenly, and nothing remained but a blissful tranquillity, a sort of absolute certainty that things ARE like that. Although the appearances may seem altogether different, things ARE like that.

(silence)

And the charm, the charm of the substance enveloping the cube was inexpressible! Something ... I can't describe. There were no contrasts, no ... the whole thing was in total harmony. Of course, to say it resembled tulle is a crude comparison – a very, very fine tulle, and gray.... Do you know that little wild grass I've named " Humility"?[227]

Yes, it's silver, silver-gray.

Is it silver, is it...? It's indefinable. That's just what makes that grass so exquisite. Well, the tulle was that color. Afterwards, a long time after, when I began to observe and to ... not actually "think," but to try to formulate it, I noticed the color was identical. "Now I know why I named it Humility!" I said to myself. It's like being in a domain where things are known quite naturally, you understand – there's no seeking.

How lovely it was! The sense of delicate beauty in things.

And then the whole time, the body's sensation was.... You see, it no longer has ... the sense of its separate form is reduced to a minimum *(Mother touches her hands as if seeking the body's limits),* but in that experience it had completely vanished. There wasn't even the sense of identity with the cube, because it was self-evident – everything was self-evident. I can't even say "I" was looking – nothing was looking, everything was self-evident.[228]

And that was the Manifestation.

But it was the Manifestation at that PARTICULAR moment – perhaps a very long moment, I don't know – it was one moment of the Manifestation. THAT was the Manifestation; all we see, all we think and understand was nothing, unsubstantial. But THAT.... And with a kind of.... You see, the bliss you experience isn't something you feel as such (you don't feel you are in bliss, it's not like that; you don't feel yourself, there is no awareness of any "you" involved in it): the thing is self-existent, that's all there is to it.

The experience lasted half an hour, unwavering.

Afterwards I began to remember, and as I began to remember, I began to explain, but of course the total truth is somewhere else!

But the body very distinctly feels that things are ALWAYS that way. Always that way. And that everything ... oh, the feeling of just how artificial all life's complications and problems are, and how different it could be! That's always in the background. For example, whenever the body feels ill at ease or something isn't working right, there's always a kind of deep feeling behind that it's just bad habits – which are lingering, fading away, losing their force and becoming more and more unreal. But it's ... it's like a machine that takes time to run down.

In the other consciousness (the human consciousness), you have the joy, the excitement of the experience; that has completely gone away, absolutely. There's neither the joy of the experience nor the wonder nor.... Everything is so obvious, so obvious: that's IT. And it's not something you're looking at: it's LIKE THAT. That's all, it's just like that.

Somewhere in the active consciousness something KNOWS, constantly, that all the complications and miseries and misfortunes (I mean all the things we call life's "misfortunes") are ... a bad habit, nothing more. And it's hard for us to change our habits. Yet THE TIME HAS COME to change habits.

It's just a bad habit.

I can see I am still (and God knows how long it will last!) in that transitional period Sri Aurobindo describes in "The Yoga of Self-Perfection." A period when the true thing is getting established but the tail of the old thing trails behind, mixes

in and colors things. Well, it's an old habit, and it takes SUCH a long time to go away.

The habit of not understanding something unless it can be mentally explained is disastrous, for instance. This feeling we have that we don't understand something unless we can explain it – that's really disastrous. That half-hour's experience was something absolute, you see, not for one second was there any concern to know what was going on (naturally!); it was absolute. And only when the time was up and I had to come out of it did I start wondering, "What happened? What does it mean?" It wasn't even that pronounced. It's simply an old habit, what we call "understanding."

A bad habit.

To live THAT spontaneously, all the time – how wonderful it would be!

(silence)

And the Power! The Power was tremendous. And I could see in detail everything it was doing, but in another way. I can say it was a certainty (I knew exactly what it was doing), but I couldn't have described it with the words we use here.

(silence)

When I came out of it, I drew only one conclusion: "Why am I not in such states more often? I waste my time with a mountain of external things: reading and writing letters, seeing people, doing this and that, putting some order into matter (there's a very strong tendency to bring order – an order of a higher logic – into SMALL material things) – why?" Then the reply came, not in words but very clearly: "Don't worry *(Mother laughs)*. It has to be this way and it's a time of transition."

A time will come when it will all be done automatically, but right now that would be impossible. As it is, the way the Force acts is already making people here a little ... disoriented – it's verging on being unintelligible to them. In other words, it's beginning to obey another law. For instance, to know at the exact moment what needs to be done or said, what's going to happen – if there's the slightest bit of concern or concentration to know, it doesn't come. But if I am just like that, simply in a kind of inner immobility, then for all the little details of life, I know at the exact moment. What needs to be said comes: you say this. And not like an order from outside: it just comes, there it is. What needs to be said is there, the reply that needs to be sent is there; the person who enters, enters – you're not forewarned. You do things in a kind of automatic way. In the mental world, you think of something before doing it (it may happen very fast, but both movements are distinct); here it isn't like that.

This is beginning to be a rather constant occurrence. It's already very baffling for all those who live with me, but if I were as I should be, I think it would be quite intolerable.

We must, we must have the endurance for the transition. There has to be a transition.

(silence)

Well, mon petit.
None of this can be put in writing!

Of course it can!

More and more I feel the inadequacy of words. Words, images, everything we say: as soon as we say it ... the power and truth of the thing escape.

Yet speech does exist, the spoken word exists, because it has its place – but how can it be made effective?... That will probably come later.

Yes, the mantra.

We'd need another language.

Yes, the mantra! Certain words or vibrations that have a power.

(long silence)

A whole world....

One day, I don't remember on what occasion, I saw what had motivated the "forefathers" who wrote the Vedas: it was the need for immortality; they were in quest of immortality.[229] From there, I went on to Buddha and saw what had set the Buddha on his way: this kind of need for permanence, purely and simply; the vision of the impermanence of things had profoundly troubled him, and he felt the need for Permanence. His whole quest was to find the Permanent (why was he so anxious to have the Permanent?...). There are a few things like that in human nature, in the deep human need. And then I saw another such need: a need for the Certitude which is security. I don't know how to explain it.... Because I had the experience of it, I saw it was one of the human needs; and I understood it very intensely, for when I met Sri Aurobindo, this Certitude is what made me feel I had found the Truth I needed. And I didn't realize how DEEP this need was until he left his body – just then, at the moment of the transition. Then the entire physical consciousness felt its certitude and security collapse. At that moment I saw (we spoke about it with Nolini a year later and he had had exactly the same impression), I saw this was similar to Buddha's experience when he realized that everything was impermanent and so all of life collapsed ... in other words, Something Else HAD to be found. Well, at that moment.... I'd already had all my experiences, but with Sri Aurobindo, for the thirty years I lived with him (a little more than thirty years), I lived in an absolute, an absolute of security – a sense of total security, even physical, even the most material security. A sense of absolute security, because Sri Aurobindo was there. And it held me up, you know, like this *(gesture of being carried):* not for ONE MINUTE in those thirty years did it leave

me. That was why I could do my work with a Base, really, a Base of absoluteness – of eternity and absoluteness. I realized it when he left: THAT suddenly collapsed.

And then I understood that it is one of life's needs (there are several); and it's what spurs the human being to get out of his present state and find another one. These needs are (what's the word?) ... the seeds, the germs of evolution. They compel us to progress. The whole time Sri Aurobindo was here, as I said, individual progress was automatic: all the progress Sri Aurobindo made, I made. But I was in a state of eternity, of absoluteness, with a feeling of such security, in every circumstance. Nothing, nothing unfortunate could happen, for he was there. So when he left, all at once – a fall into a pit. And that's what projected me wholly ... *(Mother gestures forward).*

That is, I understood why he left. The whole terrestrial evolution had come to a halt. One progressed – one can always progress, that's nothing – but the entire TERRESTRIAL evolution was at a standstill. If there were permanence in life, nothing would budge. And these needs are the seeds of evolution. So that's what I saw: in the past, in the future, universally. It was very interesting.

And with no effort, no tension, no ... as if they were the most natural things in the world. Things like this happen all the time.

As soon as I saw that I understood. "Well," I told myself, "if I were a philosopher I could write a thick book about this! " It made me laugh. Because it's not just ONE thing: there are heaps of them, all the time, all the time. Things like this are happening all the time.

The Lord is enjoying himself!

November 30, 1962

Another prophet! *(Mother hands Satprem a typed sheet.)* India is full of prophets. But this one is rather interesting because he's the first who seems to have seen this [Sing-Indian] war from the standpoint of the inner action. He seems to be a good man. He lives in Madras,

(Satprem reads:[230]*)*

> *A. has a neighbor who is an educational officer (retired). He does serious Puja daily and has certain powers of foretelling, mind-reading etc. He is under instructions from his Guru never to send back people without answering their questions of whatever kind; never to get angry under any conditions; never to accept money; and never to tell things*

of his own accord. He is in great demand among ministers and officials of the Madras Government, and Nehru too had an interesting experience at his hands.

This gentleman told A. on October 20 that the Chinese hostilities will be under Cease-Fire by the end of November. It actually came to be on November 20. Here are a few other things he has said in reply to A. on his return from here:

1) The human element will increasingly cooperate and people would get stronger in every sense.

2) The struggle will go on for one and a half years. There will be victory for India.

3) Struggle is more in the spiritual (subtle) than on the physical and the struggle need not be a shooting war.

4) Himalayan states will enjoy independence.

5) More and more persons of importance (Indian and foreign) will go to Pondicherry.

6) All nations will shower help on India and the struggle's cost will not affect Indian economy.

7) When asked how the Chinese will be defeated without a shooting war, he said "They may just go back." He could not say that there would be no resumption of hostilities. He said "There need not be."

He obviously knows that some work is being done here. It's perfectly obvious that this cease-fire[231] results from what I've done – all the countries are astounded that it could happen. And my impression was like this: an invisible action working on people WITHOUT THEIR NOTICING IT – not through the mind.

Ostensibly it's because Kennedy told them to cease firing or he would send in troops.

It seems more likely that this cease-fire is a Chinese trick, that they've got something up their sleeve.

It's quite possible.

It may be like that in their outer consciousness.

(silence)

Had I been asked the last question put to that man in Madras, I would have answered something like this: "I don't know if there will be fighting or not, but it can happen without fighting."

I found it interesting because it's seen from the other side.

What you read here has passed through two minds: first A.'s, then M.'s, who wrote down what A. told him – so there must already be a double distortion.... But the man evidently seems to have felt a Force at work behind the appearances.

And the Force is like that: from the start I was bringing down eternal Peace [on the battlefront] ... to see how it would turn out! There was almost a curiosity to see what was going to happen.

* * *

A little later:

1963 will be a difficult year here.

But I expect it to lift – start to lift – in February '64 ... I mean this kind of pressure, or rather of general depression!

* * *

Later:

> *The other day you were speaking of Sri Aurobindo's departure, and you said, "So when he left, all at once – a fall into a pit. And that's what projected me wholly.... " Did you mean it projected you into the evolution?*

I had never left it. But....

> *You made a gesture forward.*

Towards the future, then.

Yet I was there too, that's not it. It's....

(silence)

The real truth is that it projected me DIRECTLY towards the Supreme, with no intermediary.

I'd had the contact with the inner Divine, I'd had the realization of Eternity, I'd had all those realizations, but ... as long as I was living with Sri Aurobindo I felt the absolute through him, and (what shall I say?).... All those imperative "needs" I

called the seeds of evolution are the levers or springboards to make man realize that the ONE AND ONLY, the one and only absolute is the Supreme; the one and only permanence is the Supreme; the one and only security is the Supreme; the one and only immortality is the Supreme. That the only purpose of manifestation is to lead YOU THERE.

That's essentially it: from my experience of the Supreme through the manifestation of Sri Aurobindo, I was projected into a direct experience, with no intermediary.

It's poorly expressed, that's not really it, but ... *(Mother closes her eyes).*

I felt very strongly – so intensely it was inexpressible – that there was but ONE THING to lean on, ONE THING sure and unfailing: the Supreme; all the rest comes and goes, it stays, then disappears.

(silence)

For the sake of the Work, that's obviously what had to be understood.

(silence)

It's difficult to explain, but it was.... You see, in the eternal Play, everything is unstable and everything fails you. And that's how it was: "All will fail you, except the Supreme."

And it becomes such an absorbing and absolute experience *(Mother seems to be enveloped in white light)* ... the uncertainty, the instability, the fleeting, inconstant and impermanent nature of all things – everything collapses, there is nothing to lean on, except THE SUPREME, for He is all.

One thing alone is unfailing: the absolute All.

(silence)

Words are stupid – it's an experience.

Once you have the experience, that's that: all the rest simply follows from it – details.

And I had it then [on December 5, 1950].

December

December 4, 1962

(Mother speaks again of the direct experience of the Supreme she had when Sri Aurobindo left his body:)

> *I don't quite understand. Didn't you have the experience of the Supreme before Sri Aurobindo's departure?*

Spiritually, you have that experience as soon as you come into contact with the

Divine within; mentally, you have the experience as soon as the mind is purified; vitally, you have it as soon as you get out of the ego. But it's the consciousness of the BODY – the consciousness of the cells – which had the experience at that moment. Everything else had had it long before and was constantly aware of it, but the body.... It had been told about it and believed in it, but it didn't have the experience in such a concrete, total and absolute manner that it can't be forgotten for a single second.

At that moment, the physical being and the individual, personal body had the experience once and for all.

The body always used to let itself be carried along. It was one in consciousness with Sri Aurobindo's presence, and depended on it without the least worry; it felt that its life depended on it, its progress depended on it, its consciousness, its action, its power all depended on it. And no questions – it didn't question. For the body, it was absolutely IMPOSSIBLE that things could be otherwise. The very idea that Sri Aurobindo might leave his body, that that particular way of being might no longer exist for the body, was absolutely unthinkable. They had to put him in a box and put the box in the Samadhi for the body to be convinced that it had really happened.

And that's when it had that experience.

This body is very conscious, it was BORN conscious, and throughout those years its consciousness went on growing, perfecting itself, proliferating, as it were; this was its concern, its joy. And with Sri Aurobindo, there was such peaceful certitude, there were no more problems, no more difficulties: the future was opening up, luminous and peaceful and certain. Nothing, nothing, no words can describe what a collapse it was for the body when Sri Aurobindo left.

It's only because Sri Aurobindo's conscious will entered into it – left one body and entered the other.... I was standing facing his body, you know, and I materially felt the friction as his will entered into me (his knowledge and his will): "You will accomplish my Work." He said to this body: "You will accomplish my Work." It's the one thing that kept me alive.

Apart from that.... There's nothing, no physical destruction I can think of, comparable to that collapse.

It took me twelve days to get out of it – twelve days during which I didn't speak a single word.

So the experience I mentioned is the PHYSICAL experience.

(silence)

What he is now striving to give this body is the consciousness of Permanence, of Immortality, of the Certitude of absolute security – in Matter, in Life, in every moment's action. And that is becoming nearer and nearer, more and more constant. Gradually, the mixture of old impressions is disappearing – that's the BEDROCK, the basis of the transformation.

In the true movement, you feel the Absolute and Eternity physically. How?... It's impossible to describe, but that's how it is. And the minute you get out of That,

when you fall back even slightly into the ordinary movement, the old movement, there's a feeling of ABSOLUTE uncertainty! Uncertainty at every second. It would be impossible for an ordinary human being to live in that consciousness, with that sense of total and absolute uncertainty, of total and absolute impermanence – it's no longer a destruction,[232] but it's not yet an ascending transformation. Absolute instability. It doesn't last more than a fraction of a second – just enough time to become aware of oneself, that's all.

If the other movement weren't getting more and more established, it would be *unbearable,* as they say in English.

The quality of those two vibrations (which are still superimposed, so one can be aware of them both) is indescribable. One is a kind of fragmentation, an infinite fragmentation and absolute instability: like a powdery cloud of atoms in ceaseless movement; and the other is eternal immobility, just as I described it the other day: an infinite Immensity of absolute Light.

The consciousness is still going from one to the other.

(silence)

Everything else ... what to say? It might almost be called a diversion. Outside of that, all the other experiences are pastimes, just something to fill the void.

A perpetual picture show.

(silence)

And with this new perception I feel, inexpressibly, a concentration of ... the truth of what we call Sri Aurobindo gathering around and on and within this body (there is really neither "within" nor "without"). And the body, which has reopened the doors it had closed[233] to be able to go on, feels an increasingly total and unmixed identity, to the point where, if I give my hand free rein, my handwriting begins to resemble Sri Aurobindo's – tiny, like his.

And it's not what one might imagine, it's not one form entering another – it doesn't keep him from being wherever he wants to be and doing whatever he wants to do, appearing as he wants to appear and being involved with everything happening on earth: it doesn't change any of that. And it's not just a part of him ... [that is in Mother, but his totality]. And that's how I know he was manifesting the Absolute, he was a manifestation of the Absolute. Of course, afterwards he revealed himself as what I had called "the Master of Yoga"; that was the reason he came on earth (what people here in India call an Avatar). But that's still a way of seeing things SEPARATELY: it's not the thing – THE thing.

We'll see tomorrow ... [December 5].

All right, mon petit.

(silence)

Actually, what we call "dying"....

Death can be overcome only when it no longer has any meaning. And I clearly

see a curve, a curve of experience leading to the point where death no longer means anything. Then we'll be able to say, "Now it no longer makes sense."

Only at that point can we be sure.

That's why I have never been given any assurance, because it's only when one enters that consciousness that Death no longer makes sense.

We've still got a long way to go.

December 8, 1962

> *You said something mysterious the other day [December 41 concerning Sri Aurobindo's departure. You were speaking of the sense of impermanence you had, of total uncertainty, and you said, "It's no longer a destruction, but it's not yet an ascending transformation...."*

It was a real physical destruction; so I am saying it's not that any more, but it's not yet the realization.

(silence)

(Mother laughs) I didn't tell you the other side.

What's the other side?

That's for later.

What do you mean, the other side?

No, what he seems to be giving me these days, since December 5, is a very clear vision and experience of why he had to leave. But that ... it's not yet time to speak of it.

It wasn't for personal reasons but for reasons of work. I mean he considered (I knew it from the start; he had told me), he considered it better to leave his body, that it was the best way to do the work now. It was necessary.

But the time hasn't come to speak of all this, to give all the reasons, and it probably won't come for quite a while.

These past few days, he seems to want to make me see and experience all the terrestrial conditions that led him to that decision (that's the best way to put it).

But it just can't be told.

(silence)

When he left his body I said, "The world isn't ready." I was speaking generally, but now he's showing me each and every point, every single point. I hope (there's still tomorrow[234]), I hope he'll show me if something has been accomplished along the way. That, I don't know.

(silence)

He's not talking to me, he's not saying anything or explaining anything to me: he's simply putting me through a series of experiences. Voilà.

December 12, 1962

(Satprem tries to question Mother on the reasons for Sri Aurobindo's departure.)

Oh, no! No, I don't want to talk about it. I would rather not listen to it, I don't want it kept.[235] Those were terrible days I lived through then.

(silence)

I am only beginning to come out of it. In any case, not today.

> *I don't know if it has to do with something general, but on December 9 an avalanche of very unpleasant things came down on me.*

What things?

> *I don't know. There was suddenly an atmosphere (actually, I'm still in it)... a nasty atmosphere.*

Oh, it was appalling, mon petit! Appalling. One thing after another. A veritable avalanche, as if everything were decomposing.

In all the Ashram services, everywhere, there was an onslaught of falsehood, deceitfulness, stupidity, confusion ... APPALLING! We're not yet out of it, the consequences are lingering on. So....

And the body had a lot of difficulty putting up with all that – a lot of difficulty.

How about you – did it take a psychological or a physical form?

> *Psychological. It fell on me all at once, and nothing seemed to make sense any more; a sort of disgust, of decomposition as you say.*

Yes; decomposition, disintegration.

> *And simultaneously, an old formation I hadn't seen for a long time fell on me again: distaste for writing, desire to leave, things like that.*

Yes, there was a hostile onslaught.

And in fact, it began with the usual suggestion: "Sri Aurobindo has gone, so there's no reason for you to stay here – why don't you just leave as soon as you can?" In other words, everything's going to pieces.

Well, my usual answer, the only answer that has some weight with those beings, is "It's not up to me. It's up to the Lord, address yourselves to Him." Then they keep quiet. They come back another time, hoping to succeed, and the

response is always the same, which they find somewhat discouraging. After a while it's over. But ... really, everything imaginable; and precisely for those who were progressing steadily: a collapse into all the old errors and stupidities. And then a sort of hate coming out of everything and everybody and hurled at me, with this inevitable conclusion: "What are you doing here! Go away, you're not wanted. Nobody wants you, can't you see that!" "It's not up to me, it's none of my business. Wanted or not, I am here for as long as the Lord keeps me here; when He no longer wants to keep me here, He'll make me go, that's all – it's none of my business." That calms them down, it's the only thing that calms them down. But it doesn't discourage them!

Now I am just waiting for the hurricane to pass.

Since 1950, I must say, it has been the same thing EVERY year at this time. And with the same suggestion (which they make not only to me but to everybody, to all those who listen): "Sri Aurobindo has gone, what's she doing here? She should just leave!" And some of them are relentless: "She WANTS to leave," they say. Not "She must leave," but "She's GOING to leave; take it from me, she's leaving, now's the time, she's going to leave. And surely you can see that none of this is real, it just doesn't make sense. Sri Aurobindo left because he was disgusted. He has gone, so logically she must go too." That's the picture.

Actively, there's only one thing to do: "It's not up to me, it's the Lord who decides. It's the Lord who acts, it's the Lord who organizes everything – and to top it off, it's even the Lord who sends you away!" That irks them more than anything! *(Mother laughs.)*

December 15, 1962

(Mother shows Satprem some pamphlets printed during Théon's time, "Fundamental Axioms of Cosmic Philosophy," which have just been found among some old papers.)

This is pretty funny! *(Laughing, Mother reads.)*

"In his physical state, man is the supreme evolutor.
"There is but one law, the law of Charity, and it is one with Justice.
"There is but one disequilibrium: the violation of this law.
"The cause of disequilibrium is excess.
"Perpetual evolution towards perfection....
"Mortality is the result....

"Mortality"! What a word!

Infant mortality!

"Mortality is the effect whose cause is disequilibrium. It is accidental and temporary...."

According to Théon, you know, the world has been created and destroyed – creation and *pralaya* – *six* times. And each time, a particular attribute was manifested, but since that attribute couldn't reach fulfillment, the world was "swallowed up again." Now it's the seventh time, and the attribute is Equilibrium. And when Equilibrium is established, there will be uninterrupted progress – with no disequilibrium, naturally: that is, a deathless state, with no disintegration.

(Satprem continues the reading:)

"There is but one royalty, one aristocracy: the royalty and aristocracy of intelligence.

"There are four classifications of terrestrial formations: mineral, vegetal, animal, and psycho-intellectual or human-divine. Among the four, in order, there are no divisions.

> "Divine unity, embodied and manifested by collective humanity...."

It was in both French and English. He called it "Fundamental Axioms of Cosmic Philosophy." It was the work of a certain French metaphysician who was well known around the turn of the century – his name began with a B. He met Théon in Egypt when Théon was with Blavatski; they started a magazine with an ancient Egyptian name (I can't recall what it was), and then he told Théon (Théon must have already known French) to publish a *Cosmic Review* and the "Cosmic Books." And this B. is the one who formulated all this gobbledygook.

There used to be the name of the printer and the year it was printed, but it's not there any more....

Yes, it is: "The Little Tlemcenian's Press."

It comes from Tlemcen?

Yes.

This B. seems to have had the idea that the perfect man, the immortal man, would be spherical! And then Théon always used to say (he told me the whole story himself): "I told him it wasn't possible, it would be too impractical – people couldn't kiss! " His idea of a joke. Théon also told me that when B. came to Tlemcen (they first met in Egypt, then again in Tlemcen), he saw the house Théon was building and asked, "Why is your house painted red? Does it have some mystical significance?" And Théon replied, "No, it's because red goes well with green!" So you get the picture. But I don't remember his name any more; in his time he was very well known, he was a contemporary of the fellow who wrote *The Great Initiates.*

Schuré?

Yes, Edouard Schuré. He was a contemporary of Edouard Schuré, a bit older (I met Schuré, by the way – a rather hollow individual). His name began with a B and he's the one who formulated these "Axioms."

You once mentioned someone called Barley....

Ah, that's it! Barley. Yes, it must be Barley.

Madame Théon, who was English, was the one who wrote, but she used to write stories, while this ... this looks like Barley's work to me, because I read something at the end, on the last page, which is rather.... It's pathetic, actually, it's all really pathetic.

(Mother leafs through the pages, laughing as she reads:)

"The only legitimate cult is the cult of man...."

Yes, that's the superman, whom he calls "psycho-intellectual." The superman – the only legitimate cult....

It all seems a bit flimsy....

Very. I don't think it's worth wasting your time on. But it was interesting to find these first pages because ... look at the symbol *(Mother shows Satprem the first page).*

Yes, I saw it!

The symbol is interesting.

It looks like Sri Aurobindo's.

I am the one who designed Sri Aurobindo's, and I adapted it from this one.

Look, they made the central square very elongated. The one done here is more correct: Pavitra made all the sides equal. But the one for the *Cosmic Review* was elongated, with the lotus in the center.

It's the same [as the one for the *Cosmic Review],* only elongated so that the two triangles meet and form a square.

I am keeping this to show Pavitra, because that's what I had first tried to make. But obviously the one we have now is correct.

It was Théon who told me it was Solomon's seal.

Now then, did you bring your book?

(Unenthusiastically.) Yes....

(Mother starts leafing through the "Axioms" again)

They make all kinds of recommendations here: for instance, when you go out of your body you should wear a loose-fitting robe, a robe kept specially for that.

Why is that? What's the idea?

A question of aura. The idea is that the forces accumulate. And she even used to say it was preferable not to wash the robe!

"Ideas."

There's something true behind.

She also used to say that to stay in your body you should cover your feet with a piece of blue cloth (when you sleep, of course, your feet are bare); put a piece of blue cloth over your feet and it keeps you in your body.

???

It's the result of Madame Théon's occult experiences, from which they made a general rule.

But the reason for a loose-fitting robe is obvious: it's important not to get cold during such experiences, and there shouldn't be anything hampering you. And also, it's important that nothing interfere with your circulation, which diminishes greatly and must be protected.

These things are practical, but....

On the whole it's pathetic.

All those things put so neatly into paragraphs always look a bit flimsy and dogmatic.

Yes, they're stupid. They are affirmations of contradictions – I mean affirmations aimed at contradicting certain things. It's not meant at all to affirm something that has been SEEN, seen and transmitted, but to contradict all the stories of original sin and all the religions, which, according to Théon, always address themselves to more or less hostile beings.

Théon also used to say that man was born perfect, but had taken a tumble.

The story of the earthly paradise?

No, Théon always said that the "Serpent" had nothing to do with Satan, it was the symbol of evolution (Théon was entirely pro-evolution), the spiral path of evolution, and that the earthly paradise, on the contrary, was under the domination of Jehovah, the great Asura who claimed to be unique, who wanted to be the only God. For Théon, there is no such thing as a one and only God: there is the Unthinkable. It's not a "God."

But to me this seems to come from his Jewish background. Because Théon was Jewish, even though he never mentioned the fact (the Tlemcen officials made it known: when he arrived he had to tell them who he was). He never spoke of it and he had changed his name. They said he was of Jewish origin, but they could never say whether he was Polish or Russian. At least the person who told me

never knew. But for the Jews it's the "Unthinkable," whose name must not be uttered (it is uttered only once a year, on the "Day of Atonement"; I think that's what it's called). It's the word *Yahveh,* and it must not be uttered. But the prayers speak of the "Elohim," and the Hebrew word "Elohim" is plural, meaning "the invisible lords." So there was no one and only God for Théon, only the unthinkable Formless; and all the invisible beings who claimed to be one and only gods were Asuras.

He used to call Christ "That young man"! *(Laughter)* It was very funny.

Anyway, that's the story. I found this again, and it amused me.

> *I'm going to read it.*

But it's pretty poor stuff.

> *It's succinct.*

(Laughter) It's very meager.

It was obviously a tool for demolishing old notions. It's the idea that man is divine, that he can become divine again through evolution: he was originally immortal and is to be immortal again.

> *One wonders how people in Europe can break through that Christian carapace; it seems extremely solid – it's terrible, really!*

Oh, indeed it is.

Even in America, mon petit, they're in its grip. They're always falling back into their Christianity.

It's going to be very hard.

> *I don't know why, but every time I come into contact with a Christian thought, it fills me with anger.*

Oh, I understand! Because it's true, you know, that an Asura is behind it all – not Christ! Sri Aurobindo considered Christ an Avatar (a minor form of Avatar). One emanation of the Divine's aspect of Love, he always said. But what people have made of him! ... Besides, the religion was founded two hundred years after his death. And it's nothing but a political construction, a tool for domination, built with the Lord of Falsehood in the background, who, in his usual fashion, took something true and twisted it.

It's a real hodgepodge, that religion – the number of sects! The only common ground is the divinity of Christ, and it became asuric when he was made out to be unique: there has been but ONE incarnation, Christ. That's just where it all went wrong.

We'll see.

It is resisting, resisting everywhere. It's even more resistant than materialism.

> *Of course! Nothing is more terrible than idealists, they're the worst.*

They're worse than the bad people.

Oh, if you mean the puritans, the Protestants ... dreadful! They're the worst. Catholicism still retains something of the occult sense, and after all, they have a certain adoration for the Virgin, which keeps them in contact with something that's not asuric.

The last Pope, who's dead now [Pius XII], had broadened both his own mind and Church doctrine a lot: he was a devotee of the Virgin.

But the Protestants turned back to the Father, and so their worship became exactly the worship of a one and only, personal God, an asuric God. And they have fabricated and distorted everything: like asceticism, for instance, and all that sort of thing – everything they touched was twisted and spoiled.

Oh, read me your book!

December 19, 1962

(A few days earlier, Mother inaugurated the new music room built on the terrace near her room. Without informing her, the disciples had also built a balcony, in the hope that Mother would start giving "morning darshans" again, as she used to in the past.)

How are you feeling? Better or not?

Inwardly, yes, I'm all right.

Because the series continues; I mean everything everywhere seems to want to disintegrate: everything everywhere. But the Power is beginning to have an effect (that's putting it poorly, it's not exactly that ...). It's as though I were presented with every possible opportunity to use the Power and they're not coming one after the other but all at once, almost like a lesson – in fact, to teach me how to do what needs to be done.

I have to admit that it always ends well, in that the Power always gets the upper hand, but it's so (what's the word?) ... so repetitious, many-sided and coexistent that, you know, it feels a bit like charging along at a gallop for hours on end.

But I had an interesting experience the other day, when this new room was inaugurated. Those rascals set up a balcony! And there was such a crowd – in all the streets, on the rooftops – that I had no choice but to go out on the balcony.... And I realized that there has been a complete break between my life before and now, with that famous experience[236] as the dividing line: I have to make the same movement I make to summon up the memory of a past life! It was so concrete, I

was flabbergasted. The same movement of consciousness as when you summon up a past life: it was as though I had to recall what I used to do on the balcony in my former life! I was teaching the body as if it had no idea what to do. I was calling back what had to be done from the depths of a subconscious memory. But it was not the same thing, since the doors were not the same, the setup was different, so it was a little bit complicated. But when I found myself at the edge of the balcony, I suddenly drew on something, and this came: "Here's how it was, here's what I used to do"; and once again the Presence was there. And the whole time I was standing on the balcony it was ... it was better than before, much clearer – much clearer – the experiences are much simpler and much more absolute (when I know something, I know it better than before).

But in the past, you see, I used to go up and down the stairs four or five times a day; I would go out, go down the other stairs, it gave me some exercise. Nowadays I don't get any exercise, except walking for half an hour twice a day, but that's no substitute: my legs are a bit stiff from lack of exercise. So I didn't feel like walking on the balcony like a puppet before of all those people waiting and wondering.... You see, more than three-quarters of them think I was very sick *(Mother laughs),* practically dying (that's the form it takes in their consciousness). I couldn't show them someone who seemed to be "emerging from a serious illness"! So I clearly saw I had to tell my body, "Now don't walk like that! You've got to walk like this – this is how you used to walk." And the body was listening like a little child. "You're going to walk," I had to tell it, "you're going to walk like this." And it started walking! ... It was funny.

(Mother hands a box to Satprem) F. and R. have come and she brought me some candied chestnuts from Paris....

> *Oh, these are delicious.... Did you find any difference in people's atmosphere?*

They were slightly more aware of what it meant, that's all. But that's something they learned when I left – it's always necessary to make people understand.

> *Will you do it again?*

Later.

It was ... difficult.

It was difficult and it attracts a lot of.... It's like another type of exercise, as if my body were now being taught other kinds of things, another way of being, you understand, another way. And it's trying to find a harmony, the equilibrium of a constant harmony. But it's very, very, very difficult. It's not at all the usual condition: in ordinary life, the cells are accustomed to a very restless and unexpected life, with ups and downs, peaks of intense sensation, now sorrow, now pleasure, now acute pain, now something very pleasant – all of this jumbled up in a sort of chaos. And I have realized that for the people here, even those near me, it's even worse than that! This doesn't make sense to me any more. On its own the

body is naturally in a sort of gently undulating movement, a very harmonious, very peaceful, very quiet movement. And when it's not forced into outer activity there's such a wonderful sense of the divine Presence everywhere, everywhere – in it, around it, over it, in everything, everywhere ... and so concrete! *(Mother touches her hands, her arms, her face, as if she were bathing in the Lord.)* It's really inexpressible. And well, THAT'S what it wants to have ALL THE TIME, in all circumstances, even when it's forced to have contacts with the outside. So I can't go too quickly; things like the balcony cause a bit too much pressure, and the body starts feeling a little unsure of itself.

Yesterday, for instance, I had to see F. and R., since they had just arrived the day before. I spent three-quarters of an hour with them, and by the time it was over they had literally EMPTIED the atmosphere of all spiritual sense – it had become empty and hollow. It took me two or three minutes of concentration (which isn't so long) to bring it all back to normal.

I haven't seen much of that room,[237] I haven't been there often. I went to see what it was like for the first time the evening before the inauguration, and it gave me the feeling of something totally empty – you know, hollow and dry. It was so strong that the body felt like this *(wavering gesture, as if Mother were losing her footing).* That's how the BODY felt, it's not the consciousness; I am talking about the body-consciousness. The room seemed so hollow and empty that the body felt drained, as if all its force and consciousness had to spread out everywhere in order to fill up that emptiness.

The next day it wasn't like that any more; the work had been done the day before, in one minute (it gets done very quickly, but in a very intense and violent way). I had purposely gone to the room the previous evening, to set things in order, and so the next day it was better, the work was already done. Then I sat down at the organ ... it was much better than I expected. It was as if a formation were waiting, and as soon as I sat down it descended. Oh, a marvelous musical joy! I didn't have to look – and when I wasn't looking, I saw everything from within: all the notes, my hands, everything, with eyes closed. And so it descended ... I was very happy. I must have played for a good twenty minutes.

After twenty minutes, something said, "That's enough." And I saw that it was enough for the body, that it shouldn't exert itself further – the formation withdrew. I couldn't have played a single note more! ... It was very interesting. And I realized that, truly, the will that moves my body isn't at all the same as before. Previously, it was the will of the being that had been placed into and formed in this body (it wasn't personal but still very individual). While now it's not that: it's a Will somewhere (somewhere which is everywhere and in everything), a Will somewhere that decides, and when it says "Do," the body does; when it says "No," nothing in the world could make the body move. And so, that conscious "something" somewhere, which is like an intermediary between the higher Will and the body and its outer life, has to tell the body, "This is necessary." The body never protests, because that which speaks knows VERY WELL. It says, "This is necessary," all right, the body does it. But when it says, "That's enough, now," the

body stops. Because (how can I express it?) ... FOR THE BODY, the Most High knows better than the intermediary. In regard to circumstances and the vision of the work to be done, it's all one; but for taking care of and educating the body, That *(gesture on high)* knows best. The intermediary doesn't really care (!), but when That says "do," it's done; "finished," and it's finished. It's very interesting.

Naturally, the whole crowd and the people around me kept asking, "Now that it's all set up, when will there be balcony darshans again?" (Because when I came back inside I said, "So! You've built a balcony, have you?"). "When are we going to have them again?" So the intermediary said, "I don't know, it's not up to me." Consternation! Then I kept very quiet for a little while, listening on high, and from high, high up there came, very slowly (it comes practically drop by drop because you have to do it VERY quietly – it comes drop by drop), what That said I had to reply: "Nothing definite." I was told, "It depends." It all depends – I clearly see that it all depends on the special work being done on my body and on the results of that work. And it isn't formulated: I am not told, I am not told what's going to happen; I am only told, "Here's how it might be." *(Mother laughs)* All right. "That's fine," I said.

But it was funny; it was really an experience, because had you asked me my impression beforehand ("my," I mean what usually talks), my impression was that I just had to decide to go to the balcony and it would happen (the only impossibility I saw was finding time for it). But that's not how it is, that's not it AT ALL. It's something else, utterly new, something I don't know; I have absolutely no reference points, and ... decisions are made on the highest level – only with regard to the body. I mean for the work in general, for the terrestrial vision and all that, there's no difference: it's seen, it's known. But for this special thing in the body, I am not consulted.

I was really amused.

Well now, have you brought your book?

Read.

* * *

After Satprem has read from his manuscript:

It's very good, very good, excellent.

It's just the impression I have now: what's happening is something that has never happened before, and consequently, NOBODY can understand.

For instance, those who witness the phenomenon on a day-to-day basis (such as the doctor, for example) say, "I don't understand. Oh, is that how it is? I don't understand. Yes, of course, there are certain reasons...." When something happens, I ask him, "How do you account for this?" "I don't know." But if I tell him, "Well, I think I know what it depends on," he stares at me as if to say, "Bats in her

belfry!" So I don't say anything. I tried two or three times, just to see – there's no reaction, nobody understands, nobody!

Even if I speak to someone more intelligent or better informed.... Once or twice I said something to Pavitra, to see what would happen: he immediately dogmatizes, makes a mental principle out of it (consistent with Sri Aurobindo's teaching, of course!). And it becomes something rigid, like a box. And he tries! He tries, he KNOWS he shouldn't do that, but.... Which means one cannot understand unless one has the experience – you must have the experience of all this somewhere, mon petit, otherwise you couldn't write about it!

But it's Sri Aurobindo!

And interestingly enough, as I told you last time, it follows my body's experience quite closely and regularly. There are so many sides to the problem, you see, so many ways of approaching the problem and attempting the transformation, and it [the book] seems to follow very, very well.... It's interesting. Your book, and also my translation – and yet they are so different! But of course, the experience itself is very, very diverse, multifaceted, with all sorts of side roads or forks, tiny little signs on the way, simply as clues – a whole world!

And I see clearly that trying to formulate it would spoil everything. You really can't formulate a curve until you come to the end of it – otherwise, you spoil its course.

But it's very interesting.

Well.

Au revoir, mon petit; it's good – it's going well. That's what Sri Aurobindo told me a few days ago (I spent two hours with him at night, with all sorts of very interesting things happening). He told me (in his joking way), "You see! I've got him doing the book that makes him progress." So I said, "Good." Because he has been there all along since you embarked on this book, and he seems to be guiding you according to a plan he has worked out. That's what he told me. I have seen him with you very frequently (as I've told you), but the other day he told me this positively.

It's good. It's very good this time.

December 22, 1962

New Year's Day and Christmas. Where there used to be ten letters a day, now there are twenty-five. Nolini comes and he just won't leave.... I am late again.[238]

Did you bring your book?

It's not so great.

That doesn't matter. Is it the end of the chapter?

Oh, no, just another part.

What is it on? The transformation? You've finished the "transformation" – no? The transformation isn't finished!

(Satprem reads a passage from his manuscript dealing with the Ashram's "bright period" in 1926, when Mother had made an overmental creation and the gods were beginning to manifest.)

In the end, Sri Aurobindo told me it was an overmental creation, not the Truth. These were his very words: "Yes, it's an overmental creation, but that's not the truth we're seeking; it's not the truth, *the highest truth,"* he said.

I made no reply, not a word: in half an hour I had undone everything – I undid it all, really everything, cut the connection between the gods and the people here, demolished absolutely everything. Because you see, I knew it was so attractive for people (they were constantly seeing the most astonishing things) that the obvious temptation was to hang on to it and say, "We'll improve on it" – which was impossible. So I sat down quietly for half an hour, and I undid it all.

We had to start over again with something else.

But I said nothing, I told no one about it except Sri Aurobindo. At the time I let no one know, because they would have been completely discouraged.

* * *

A little later:

I have enough work for ten people....

If I spent the whole night writing, as Sri Aurobindo used to do, I might be able to keep up to date. But I have no intention of doing that, because my nights are very interesting!

I have had ... some rather strange things have been happening. I don't know whether you understand the difference between the memory of an inner experience (from the subtle physical, the subconscient, all the inner regions) and the memory of a physical fact. There is a very great difference in quality, the same difference that exists between inner vision and physical vision. Physical vision is precise, well defined, and at the same time flat – I don't know how to explain it: it's very flat, totally superficial, but very accurate, with the kind of accuracy and precision that defines things which are really not defined at all. Well, there's the same difference in quality between the two types of memory as between the two types of vision. And in the last few days I've realized that I had the memory of having gone downstairs, of having seen certain people and things, spoken and organized

certain things – several different scenes ... of the PHYSICAL memory. Not at all things I saw with the inner vision while exteriorized, but the MATERIAL memory of having done certain things.

Afterwards, I had to look into it: it really was a memory. It suddenly struck me, and I wondered, "Did I really go downstairs physically?" ... There are plenty of people here to prove that I didn't, that I didn't stir from here. And yet I have the physical memory of having done so, and of having done certain other things as well; I even remember going outside.

Well, it confronts me with a real problem. Not only is that memory absolutely physical, but the EFFECTS of what I said and did are there.

The effects are there?

Yes, they are. Tiny things, certain arrangements in a room, slight changes in regard to the meals, things of absolutely no importance in themselves – the little things life is full of, the things one does all the time, not big events (I know there's also an action on terrestrial events and all that, but it belongs to the other type of memory).

You've been able to verify these changes?

There's no question of verification – they happened!

Oh, they happened!

"Here's how this should be," I would say, and it became like that. For example, if I told someone to put something in a certain place, he did it. The person doesn't know I told him, because he's not in the same consciousness as I am, but he did it.

And I found out about the immediate effects of it even before recalling it, for it all unfolded in reverse: when a certain thing was done, I thought, "What on earth! This person is wonderful." And then I suddenly realized, "But I told him to do that!" I told him. Then the image came – "the image" ... I don't mean the sort of memory one has of a vision, but the memory of something one has DONE. With that kind of image, it's not that you "look": it just enters into you quite naturally. It has a particular quality. That's how I became aware of these changes. I noticed them on my own.

And they are facts. There's nothing to discuss: they are facts. And yet materially, according to physical appearances, that is, I didn't stir from here.

So WHO was it, who did all that? I don't know.

Could it be some exteriorization in the subtle physical?

Not at all! The memory of an exteriorization in the subtle physical is VERY different. I have a lot of experience of it, you know! I have been familiar with the phenomenon for something like sixty years – it's completely different. But this is entirely the type of experience one has in the physical Falsehood, if you will, in the ordinary physical consciousness.

I haven't said anything because people here tend to think I am going off my rocker, and I don't want to add to their ... impression! But even for me, it left me ... it took me a little while (it didn't happen just once, but two or three times, for different things), I kept very still for a while to look into the phenomenon and try to analyze it.

But I haven't yet found the key.

A kind of material doubling?

Possibly. It may be that.

It may be that.

Ubiquity, or something like that.

When experiences happen to other people (they have no knowledge – ignorance is the most widespread thing), they take them all for dreams. So there's no point trying to explain anything to them, they just don't understand. Everything gets classified as dreams, dreams, dreams.

This must have happened in the afternoon, between 12:30 and 1:30, when I am here – in appearance, anyway, my body is here lying down.

(silence)

According to what we know, yes, it might be what's called a phenomenon of ubiquity.

But for instance, if this had happened with people who know nothing of my outer life, they would have said, "But Mother went outside, I saw her." I had experiences like that in Paris (it happened to someone else, not me personally). Someone swore that another person (who, by the way, was with me at the time) had come to him, spoken to him and even clapped him on the shoulder – all the typical phenomena of ubiquity which in this case were explained by mental concentration. But this person had no idea that it was impossible (according to material logic) for the other one to have come to him, you see. So he quite simply and naturally said, "But look, I saw him, I spoke to him, he clapped me on the shoulder!"

So one doesn't say anything because.... You see, when people

are in Ignorance their immediate explanation is always the same:

"He's gone crazy."

So I haven't said anything; I am waiting. I am going to see.

It would be interesting if some other people were conscious and could confirm this.

Yes, but I tell you, I have seen certain things and asked people about them and what they answer is, "A dream; yes, I had a dream." *(Mother laughs)* So I haven't said anything. We'll see. Well, see you at Christmas.

December 25, 1962

What have you brought? Your book? Do you have your book?

A bit of it, yes.

All right, begin with that.

It's getting to be heavy going, you know....

Oh!

I'm under a lot of pressure ... I'm thinking of the "Bulletin," of everything that remains to be done.

No.

But I have to!

Just let it come naturally, like that. Don't think ahead. Just put a piece of paper in front of you and let it come.

Otherwise you give yourself a headache.

All right, I am listening; read what you've brought.

It's not perfect yet.

No problem.

I am perfecting it – all I have to do is hear it.

!?

You don't believe it, do you? But I can assure you!

Actually, words serve only to put people in contact with something else, a knowledge, a light, a force or an action, or ... whatever. So as long as you manage to put one into the other,[239] that's all that's necessary.

If you knew.... You can't imagine how stupid people are! They put exactly what they want into what they read or hear, whatever they have in their heads. Only when you have the power to break that can something get in – and that can happen through any word at all, it doesn't matter.

That's what I try to bring in when I listen to your book.

So go ahead now, I am listening.

* * *

(After the reading:)

There's just one thing ... I don't know ... it's when you say Sri Aurobindo

"succumbed" on December 5, 1950. He didn't "succumb." It's not that he couldn't have done otherwise. It's not the difficulty of the work that made him leave; it's something else. You can't mention this in your book, of course, it's impossible to talk about for the moment, but I would like you to use another word. What was your sentence again?

I said: "Sri Aurobindo succumbed to this work on December 5, 1950."

He didn't succumb.

We have to use another word, not "succumb." It was truly his CHOICE – he chose to do the work in another way, a way he felt would bring much more rapid results. But this explanation is nobody's business, for the moment. So we can't say that he succumbed. "Succumbed" gives the idea that it was against his will, that it just happened, that it was an accident – it CANNOT be "succumbed."

Yes, I understand.

You could simply say that he did the work up to that moment , .. that's all, giving no reason.

We could simply say: "Sri Aurobindo left this life on December 5, 1950."

Read the beginning of the passage again.

"The seeker of transformation must thus face all the difficulties, even death, not to vanquish but to change them – one cannot change things without taking them upon oneself. 'Thou shalt bear all things,' says Savitri, 'that all things may change.' Sri Aurobindo succumbed to this work ..."

Can't you just put "that's why," without giving any explanation?... That's why Sri Aurobindo left his body. That's much more powerful. You said "even death," so just put: "That's why Sri Aurobindo left his body."

December 28, 1962

(Satprem reads Mother one last passage from his manuscript:)

Evolution does not move higher and higher, into an ever more heavenly heaven, but deeper and deeper; and each cycle or evolutionary round comes to completion a little further down, a little nearer the Center where the Supreme High and Low, heaven and earth, will finally join. Thus for the two poles to actually meet, the pioneer must cleanse the mental, vital, and material middle ground. When the junction is made, not merely mentally and vitally but materially, Spirit will emerge in Matter, in a total supramental being and supramental body, and ...

All earth shall be the Spirit's manifest home.[240]

This cleansing of the middle ground is the whole story of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother ... "I had been dredging, dredging, dredging the mire of the subconscious.... The supramental light was coming down before November,[241] but afterwards all the mud arose and it stopped."[242] Once again Sri Aurobindo verified, not individually this time but collectively, that if one pulls down too strong a light, the violated darkness below is made to moan. It is noteworthy that each time Sri Aurobindo and the Mother had some new experience marking a progress in the transformation, this progress automatically materialized in the consciousness of the disciples, without their even knowing anything about it, as a period of increased difficulties, sometimes even revolts or illnesses, as though everything were grating and grinding. But then, one begins to understand the mechanism. If a pygmy were abruptly subjected to the simple mental light of a cultivated man, we would probably see the poor fellow traumatized and driven mad by the subterranean revolutions within him. There is still too much jungle beneath the surface. The world is still full of jungle, that's the crux of the matter in a word; our mental colonization is a minuscule crust plastered over a barely dry quaternary.... And the battle seems endless; one "digs and digs," said the Rishis, and the deeper one digs, the more the bottom seems to recede: "I have been digging, digging.... Many autumns have I been toiling night and day, the dawns aging me. Age is diminishing the glory of our bodies." Thus, thousands of years ago, lamented Lopamudra, wife of Rishi Agastya, who was also seeking transformation.... But Agastya doesn't lose heart, and his reply is magnificently characteristic of the conquerors the Rishis were: "Not in vain is the labor which the gods protect. Let us relish all the contesting forces, let us conquer indeed even here, let us run this battle race of a hundred leadings." *(Rig-Veda 1.179)*

(For a long time, Mother remains pensive)

Well, we have another year of "digging" ahead of us. Happy New Year.

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[1]The tantric guru.

[2]*Tapasya:* yogic discipline.

[3]For Sri Aurobindo and Mother, the "vital" represents the regions or centers of consciousness below the mind, between the throat and the sex center, i.e. the whole region of emotions, feelings, passions, etc., which constitute the various expressions of Life-Energy.

[4]Up to March 1962, Mother came out every morning on the first floor balcony. The disciples were assembled on the street below.

[5]Mother frequently addressed Satprem as "mon petit" or "petit," terms of endearment she used for very few other people, which can be approximately rendered as "my little one" or "my child." Since no English phrase can capture the nuances of Mother's simple "petit" and "mon petit," we have decided to leave them in the original French wherever they occur.

[6]*Sri Aurobindo on Himself.*

[7]Sadhana: spiritual discipline.

[8]The soul or portion of the Supreme in man which evolves from life to life until it becomes a fully conscious being.

[9]Sri Aurobindo on *Himself.*

[10]Here is the text of Sri Aurobindo's letter: "There is a confusion here. The Mother's grace is one thing, the call to change another, the pressure of nearness to her is yet another. Those who are physically near to her are not so by any special grace or favour, but by the necessity of their work – that is what everybody here refuses to understand or believe, but it is the fact: that nearness acts automatically as a pressure, if for nothing else, to adapt their consciousness to hers which means change, but it is difficult for them because the difference between the two consciousnesses is enormous especially on the physical level and it is on the physical level that they are meeting her in the work." (Centenary Edition, Vol. XXV, p. 297)

[11]See *Agenda I,* p. 143.

[12]Throughout the *Agenda,* words Mother spoke in English are italicized.

[13]*Conscience* in French means both "conscience" and "consciousness."

[14]See experience of February 3, 1958: *Agenda I, p.* 137 ff.

[15]An American, a friend of President Kennedy, who had made an analogy between tracking down a deer in the forest and tracking down the Supermind: " How can the Supermind be detected, in the way a huntsman would detect a deer in the forest? By which signs can it be recognized?" See *Agenda II,* February 25, 1961, p. 96 ff.

[16]The faint: Mother spreading physically over the world.

[17]Mother later clarified the meaning of this sentence: "I saw that to follow the Supreme in the Becoming one has to be able to expand, because the universe expands in the Becoming – the amount of expansion in the universe is not matched by an equal amount of dissolution. So it is really necessary to be able to grow, as a child grows, to expand; but at the same time, for things to progress, this process of expansion demands a constant inner reorganization. As the quantity is increased (if we can speak of quantity here), so must the quality be simultaneously maintained by an ongoing internal reorganization of intercellular relationships."

[18]In December 1958.

[19]This is part of the lost treasures, never noted down, because at the time Satprem was not aware that the experiences Mother was relating to him were already part of the *Agenda..*

[20]This letter has vanished with the others.

[21]. This story is also part of the lost treasures of 1957 or 1958.

[22]*Asura:* demon of the mental plane embodying the forces of division and darkness.

[23] The reader will remember the formation of the Kuo-min-tang and the troubles in the Yangtze Valley which took place in October 1911 and led to the fall of the Manchu Dynasty in 1912. Thus it was in October 1906, at Tlemcen, that Mother had the encounter she relates here. It was also in 1906 that Mao Tse-tung, at the age of fourteen, came into conflict with his father, a prelude to his revolutionary career.

[24] Questioned about the meaning of these words, Mother said, "The state I was in was like a memory."

[25] See conversation of January 12, 1962.

[26]When Satprem published extracts from this conversation in the Ashram *Bulletin* of April 1962, Mother had this passage modified (over his protests). Instead of "Do not try to be virtuous," she put "Do not try to seem virtuous"; and she added: "There's a drawback here. People never understand anything, or rather they understand everything in their own way. They would take this sentence as an encouragement to get into mischief, to misbehave, to entertain wrong feelings, and then proclaim, 'We are the Lord's favorites!' ... There was something like it in one of Sri Aurobindo's letters, you remember – a letter to people who wanted to bring all the impurities in themselves out to the surface; he told them that was definitely not the way! " (See Sri Aurobindo's two letters on psychoanalysis in the Addendum.)

[27]*Letters on Yoga,* Cent. Ed., XXIV.1605 ff.

[28]*Savitri,* Book X, Canto *2* (Cent. Ed. XXIX.613).

[29]88 – This world was built by Death that he might live. Wilt thou abolish death? Then life too will perish. Thou canst not abolish death, but thou mayst transform it into a greater living.

89 – This world was built by Cruelty that she might love. Wilt thou abolish cruelty? Then love too will perish. Thou canst not abolish cruelty, but thou mayst transfigure it into its opposite, into a fierce Love and Delightfulness.

90 – This world was built by Ignorance and Error that they might know. Wilt thou abolish ignorance and error? Then knowledge too will perish. Thou canst not abolish ignorance and error, but thou mayst transmute them into the utter and effulgent reason.

91 – If Life alone were and not death, there could be no immortality; if love were alone and not cruelty, joy would be only a tepid and ephemeral rapture; if reason were alone and not ignorance, our highest attainment would not exceed a limited rationality and worldly wisdom.

92 – Death transformed becomes Life that is Immortality; Cruelty trans. figured becomes Love that is intolerable ecstasy; Ignorance transmuted becomes Light that leaps beyond wisdom and knowledge.

[30]He did a portrait in profile of Sri Aurobindo, looking towards the future.

[31]Considering it to be of no interest, Satprem unfortunately did not keep a record of his answer. The P. in question died insane, in a so-called "Japanese hospital," and one night (this is most likely the story he was telling Mother here) Satprem found him being held prisoner in a kind of hell. His body was covered with wounds which Satprem treated with balm. He then told P., "But go on, say Mother's mantra!" And the moment Satprem began to recite the mantra, the whole place exploded – blown to smithereens. An instantaneous deliverance. A few months later (or it may have been a few years), P. came to see Satprem at night with a bouquet of flowers and a smile, as if to announce that he was taking on a new body.

[32]About 15 feet high.

[33]In fact, without knowing anything, Satprem had sensed a kind of warrior, very luminous and white, reminding him of the god *Kartik,* son of the Universal Mother, armed with a spear. Later, Mother said that her vital being was a "diamond-warrior."

[34]*Japa:* the continuous repetition of a mantra.

[35] *Puja:* a ritual or ceremony to invoke or evoke a deity.

[36]*Perseus the Deliverer,* a play in five acts by Sri Aurobindo.

[37] The play was performed some eight years earlier, in December 1954.

[38] In Sri Aurobindo's play, Andromeda, daughter of the King of Syria, is condemned by her own people to be devoured by Poseidon, the Sea-god, for some impiety she had committed against him. The story is actually about the passage of a half- primitive tribe, living in terror of the old dark and cruel gods, to a more evolved and sunlit stage. Perseus, son of Diana and Zeus, and protected by Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom and intelligence, comes to deliver Andromeda from the rock she is chained to (the rock symbolizes the Inconscient for the Rishis), and founds the religion of Athene, "... the Omnipotent / Made from His being to lead and discipline / The immortal spirit of man, till it attain / To order and magnificent mastery / Of all his outward world" (in the words of Sri Aurobindo). It is the force of progress pitted against the old priests of the old religions, symbolized by the cruel and ambitious Polydaon. Here Mother is scrutinizing an old problem – "Always the same problem" – that she must have encountered in many existences (Egypt included) and would encounter again eleven years later: the acceptance of the death she is forced into as the Supreme's Will, and then this "love of Life" she twice mentions here.

[39]Maharshi: a famous South Indian yogi, now deceased.

[40]From 1951 to 1958, Mother gave regular talks at the Ashram Playground. These talks were later published under the title *Questions and Answers.*

[41]This is exactly one month before the first radical turning point in Mother's yoga.

[42]Decidedly, Mother could imagine only one possible choice!

[43]In fact, in the *Agenda* conversations of 1958 and '59 (never noted by Satprem because he believed them too "personal"), Mother mentioned this as one of the main reasons for encouraging his tantric discipline. He even set out for the Himalayas, like a knight of yore, with the idea of bringing back to Mother the secrets of transformation; and Mother indicated to him the spot where one of her former bodies lay in a Himalayan cave, petrified by a mineral spring. But the secret of the new species can manifestly not be found through any "trick " tantric or otherwise – one's very nature must change. No one could help Mother because if someone "knew," it would already be done.

[44]Mother means that it wasn't possible for Sri Aurobindo to continue.

[45]In a letter dated August 16, 1935, Sri Aurobindo writes: "Now I have got the hang of the whole hanged thing – like a very Einstein I have got the mathematical formula of the whole affair (unintelligible as in his own case to anybody but myself) and am working it out figure by figure."

[46]Once again, it is interesting to note that animals or plants, even "things," seem to respond to the influence more readily than men.

[47]Unfortunately, Satprem didn't keep Mother's reply, nor the long story she told afterwards about squabbles among certain Ashram people. Only the end of the conversation still exists.

[48]I climb not to thy everlasting Day ...
Earth is the chosen place of mightiest souls;
Earth is the heroic spirit's battlefield...
Thy servitudes on earth are greater, king,
Than all the glorious liberties of heaven ...
Oh, to spread forth, oh to encircle and seize
More hearts till love in us has filled thy world! ...
Are there not still a million fights to wage?
Savitri, XI,1 (Cent. Ed. XXIX.686).

[49]Mother was 84 on February 21.

[50]Mother used to say that when Sri Aurobindo cured somebody, one often saw a subtle hand come with a current of blue force and seize, as it were, the vibration of the illness or disorder between its fingertips.

[51]On the afternoon of the 21st, Mother went to watch a performance given by the children.

[52]Since the black-magic attack in December 1958.

[53]A heart attack.

[54]On February 18, Mother distributed saris and handkerchiefs.

[55]*Pranayama:* breathing exercises.

[56]*Uddiyana-bandha* and *jalandhara-bandha.*

[57] *Tapas:* literally, heat. It is the concentrated energy constituting everything – not generated by some mechanism, but by the very concentration of the power of Consciousness *(chit).* In Indian tradition, the world was created by Tapas in the form of an egg – the primordial egg – which broke open from the incubating heat of consciousness-force and gave birth to the world. To "become the tapas of things" is to uncover in one's own material, bodily substance that *same* formidable, supramental seat of energy (what physicists, following Einstein, call atomic energy: E = mc2), the energy that animates the stone and the bird and the universe – for then like can act upon like. Mother was reaching that point.

[58]Mother elaborated "What makes me think it was an entity is the image, normally, the subconscient would have simply forewarned him of the fact itself."

[59]"Hearing behind a sound," Mother explained, "means to make contact with the subtle reality behind the material fact: behind the word or the physical sound, or behind music, for example. You concentrate and then hear what is behind. It means contacting the vital reality behind appearances (there can also be a mental reality, but usually what is immediately behind the physical noise is a vital reality)."

[60]The studio on Rue Lemercier in Paris, in 1898.

[61]Nine years later, Mother will remember and on December 11, 1971, find it, on the contrary, very good to say – for the time had come.

[62]The healing of Mother's legs: "Now, O unbelieving substance, you can't say there are no miracles." (See conversation of February 24.)

[63]Aphorism 463 – At first whenever I fell back into sin, I used to weep and rage against myself and against God for having suffered it. Afterwards it was as much as I could dare to ask, "Why hast thou rolled me again in the mud, O my playfellow?" ...

[64]*1. In The Synthesis of Yoga.*

[65]*Bhikku:* Buddhist monk.

[66]In Sri Aurobindo's terminology, the Overmind represents the highest level of the mind, the world of the gods and origin of all the revelations and highest artistic creations – the world that has ruled mental man till now.

[67]This would be the last conversation before Mother's great ordeal.

[68]*L'Orpailleur* (The Gold-Seeker).

[69]And He will have the final victory.

[70] Mother gives the first part of this message in English.

[71] Here Mother begins speaking French.

[72]Glory to You, Lord, Triumphant One supreme.

[73]A tape cassette of this message is available.

[74]As we will see, "descent" is not the right word.

[75]Mother will suffer from this same sore for nearly twelve years.

[76]Later, Mother emphasized: "I don't mean a general discovery; it concerns my body alone. I don't say that all bodies are like this, but MY body – what has become my body – is like this."

[77]There was, in fact, a whole group of Ashram people (they might be called the Ashram "intelligentsia") who, influenced by Subhas Bose, were strongly in favor of the Nazis and the Japanese against the British. (It should be recalled that the British were the invaders of India, and thus many people considered Britain's enemies to be automatically India's friends.) It reached the point where Sri Aurobindo had to intervene forcefully and write: "I affirm again to you most strongly that this is the Mother's war.... The victory of one side (the Allies) would keep the path open for the evolutionary forces: the victory of the other side would drag back humanity, degrade it horribly and might lead even, at the worst, to its eventual failure as a race, as others in the past evolution failed and perished.... The Allies at least have stood for human values, though they may often act against their own best ideals (human beings always do that); Hitler stands for diabolical values or for human values exaggerated in the wrong way until they become diabolical.... That does not make the English or Americans nations of spotless angels nor the Germans a wicked and sinful race, but...." (July 29, 1942 and Sept. 3, 1943, Cent. Ed., Vol. XXVI.394 ff.) And on her side also, Mother had to publicly declare: "It has become necessary to state emphatically and clearly that all who by their thoughts and wishes are supporting and calling for the victory of the Nazis are by that very fact collaborating with the Asura against the Divine and helping to bring about the victory of the Asura.... Those, therefore, who wish for the victory of the Nazis and their associates should now understand that it is a wish for the destruction of our work and an act of treachery against Sri Aurobindo." (May 6, 1941, original English.)

[78]See note at the end of this conversation.

[79]To illustrate this, Mother added: "I was always BATHED in the atmosphere of the people around me – their thoughts, their ways of feeling and seeing and understanding."

[80]On April 3, Mother said: "I am no more in my body."

[81]The experience of April 13, which Satprem had mistakenly called the "descent" towards the body-consciousness.

[82]Original English. The note dates from 1951.

[83]See conversation of May 13.

[84]Mother later changed her opinion about this.

[85] The book that became *Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.*

[86]With the work on the *Bulletin* and other Ashram publications, translating Sri Aurobindo, working on this *Agenda,* writing his own books and doing many hours of japa, plus other tasks besides, Satprem had been working something like fifteen hours a day (except when he ran off somewhere – and even then ...) for eight years nonstop.

[87] Library House, where Sri Aurobindo and Mother lived for several years (from 1922 to February 1927).

[88] May 18: Pain, the symbol of life in the Ignorance.

[89]Mother later specified: "It's like inverting a prism."

[90] Mother is entering into a sort of trance and, almost to the end of this conversation, will be speaking slowly, as if from far away.

[91]Interestingly enough, physicists also say that the wave movement does not *displace* matter. For example, the concentric ripples caused on the surface of a pond by the fall of a pebble do not carry the water molecules along with them: a cork floating on the water rises and falls with the undulatory rhythm without traveling on the pond.

[92]Mother is not speaking here of only her mantra but of all mantras. As she later added: "No mantra has any effect unless it is ACCEPTED by the Power being addressed. When (like the Tantrics, for example) you do a mantra for a certain deity, if this deity accepts the mantra, that gives it power; but if the deity doesn't accept your mantra, it has no power at all. This isn't something I got out of a book, I know it from my own experience – but I believe it has been explained in Tantric texts."

[93]In the substance of the body.

[94]I.e., the crystalline river and the muddy river, the room of pain and the true room. Mother later clarified: "At a given moment, the water was either one way or the other; I wasn't changing place, the STATE was changing."

[95]Mother reemphasized: "Those who use the mind to seek knowledge cannot enter the true room – that is quite clear."

[96] Several people combined in this single individual being.

[97]In putting this question, Satprem was thinking in particular about Madame Théon, who, rather than going to get her sandals, made them come to her.

[98]What Mother seems to mean is that the hard state and the state with no angles coexist, like the two rooms or the two rivers.

[99]This is what Mother calls "shifting the needle of consciousness": "When people who are depressed or in despair come to see me," she once told Satprem, "all I have to do is slightly shift the needle of consciousness, and they go away happy. Out of habit, unfortunately, their state returns." (See *Agenda I,* February 25, 1958, p. 148.)

[100]In fact, physicists today unanimously admit that the mathematical "models" explaining the corpuscular structure of matter have become excessively complex: "There are too many kinds of quarks [theoretical elementary particles and 'ultimate' constituents of matter] and far too many of their aspects are unobservable." There is a call for a simpler working hypothesis, a new idea, simplifying and unifying, that would explain matter without recourse to "unobservables."

And it may well be that the seed of this "idea" is concealed in Mother's simple but enigmatic words: "Everything has one and the same constituent element; and everything lies IN the interrelations."

[101] One of these wheelerdealers, who spread rumors of X's alleged statements.

[102]Yantram: Tantric symbol used to invoke or evoke gods, goddesses, or beings from worlds beyond.

[103]*Siddhi:* realization (sometimes also occult powers).

[104]The final reckoning for the others isn't known, but for Satprem this incident resulted in definitively and exclusively binding him to Mother, and in particular made him grasp the futility of tons of discipline that simply imprison you more solidly within a "realization" – for all realizations are prisons, save only the Supramental, which is light as air. As for the wheelerdealers, who in order to continue scheming in peace wanted to keep X apart from Mother and Satprem ... they seem to have succeeded in their devious intention.

[105] *Conversations with the Mother, 1929.*

[106]Brindaban: known as the city of Krishna, where he grew up and played with the Gopis (cowherds and milkmaids).

[107]The transformation.

[108]Satprem had not "seen" anything, but during his japa he suddenly had the "impression" of a tall warrior standing next to him; as it was only an "impression " he attached no importance to it. What he wanted was to *see,* just as one sees a table or a chair.

[109]About 15 feet high.

[110]*"Since the beginning of the earth, wherever and whenever there was the possibility of manifesting a ray of the Consciousness, I was there."* March 14, 1952.

[111]Each of these formations had an independent, immortal existence.

[112]A whiteness and a strength is in the skies...
Virgin formidable
In beauty, disturber of the ancient world! ...
How art thou white and beautiful and calm,
Yet clothed in tumult! Heaven above thee shakes
Wounded with lightnings, goddess, and the sea
Flees from thy dreadful tranquil feet.
(Perseus the Deliverer, Cent. Ed., VI. 6.)

[113]"They are different aspects of one self-existent thing," Mother clarified. "These beings have merely taken on different aspects depending on the country or the culture."

[114]See *The Mother* by Sri Aurobindo.

[115] First anniversary of the supramental descent: February 29, 1960.

[116] Like the one Mother just mentioned: Durga's surrender.

[117]Like a chick pushing against its shell.

[118]Somewhat in the manner of Tantric *yantrams,* but using words charged with force instead of geometric symbols. Mother once told Satprem that from time to time she would "recharge" these little scraps of paper by looking at them or simply keeping them on the table next to her.

[119]Of whom Clement Marot said: "Body of a woman, heart of a man, and face of an angel."

[120]Mother later tried to recall the names again, without success: "Those sculptor brothers did a lot of work on the palace at Versailles.... And I am not sure if it wasn't Mme de Montespan. I don't remember any more. This kind of thing should not be talked about vaguely. At the time it was precise, exact: I knew all the names, all the details, all the words – but I never wrote it down and now it's gone. And these things shouldn't be told approximately.

I'll do some research on these sculptor brothers.

No, just leave it as it is: a few 'vaguenesses' *(Mother laughs)."*

[121]Has Mother confused Clouet with Corneille de Lyon? Because it seems there is no Clouet at Blois, but there is a portrait of Madeleine of Scotland, daughter of François 1, painted by Corneille de Lyon. Unless Mother confused Blois with another town and another chateau?

[122]Here we have a choice between several chilling faces. Of the five portraits of doges by Titian, that of the doge Antonio Crimani, painted between 1555 and 1576, is one of the few that have remained in the *Palazzo Ducale* in Venice. Might this be the one?

[123]Is the battle in question here that of Eylau (February 8, 1807) or Friedland (June 14, 1807)?

[124] Conversation of June 27.

[125]Some days later, Satprem again brought up the above passage, asking whether the Mother hadn't been active on earth since the beginning of time and not merely "with this present incarnation of the Mahashakti." The reply: "It was always through EMANATIONS, while now it's as Sri Aurobindo writes in *Savitri* – the Supreme tells Savitri that a day will come when the earth is ready and 'The Mighty Mother shall take birth'.... But Savitri was already on earth – she was an emanation.

So they were all emanations?

They were all emanations, right from the beginning. So we have to say: 'With the PRESENT incarnation.'"

[126]I.e., with the psychic being or soul IN MAN, the direct incarnation of the Supreme in man: "This has come with humankind."

[127]Satprem subsequently asked Mother:

You almost seem to be saying that during the Vedic era there was no divine presence in man!

No, there wasn't! They discovered it.

Humanity has undergone a spiritual evolution.

Vedism is in contact with the gods and, THROUGH THE GODS, with the Supreme; but it is not in direct contact with the Supreme – there is no inner, psychic con" tact. That's what Sri Aurobindo says (I myself know nothing about it!). But with the Vedanta and the devotees of Krishna, it is the god within: they had a direct contact with the god within (as in the Gita).

[128]Shortly afterwards, Satprem asked:

When a god takes a human body it must be terrible for him. Or does his divinity become quite veiled to him?

Yes, quite veiled. They are powerful beings, they give a sense of power, but it is quite veiled. But Krishna had a human body, Shiva had a human body.

But supposing one of those gods were to incarnate in the present world ... well, it wouldn't be much fun – he would suffocate.

Fun?... No, you see, they extend sufficiently beyond the limits of their bodies so as not to be suffocated.

[129] See conversation of May 24, 1962.

[130]Later, Mother commented: "This experience is interesting. He would have been able to EXIST in a psychic state (psychically, of course, one is immortal), he would have existed not knowing that he was dead ... if they hadn't burned him."

[131] Recall the conversation of June 12: "I don't know whether I am dead or alive.... A type of life vibration which is completely independent of.... I can't say 'I am alive,' it's something else entirely."

[132]. "I mean a SUBTLE form," Mother clarified, "it's the body's subtle form."

[133]One week later, Mother added: "It has worked out: he has gone to the psychic domain for a while (I think it's only for a while) to concentrate."

[134]Mother was right (in part!). Satprem's second book was refused by this same publisher, then accepted by another.

[135]Algeria's Independence has just been announced.

[136]Mother added: "This is what makes all the difference – the creative Power."

[137]Looking at it now (1979), this "dream" doesn't seem to be from the subconscient but actually from the subtle physical, with that whole crowd of people relentlessly assailing Mother and exhausting her (and pushing Satprem away, besides). But DESPITE the crowd, Satprem crossed through and came up "very close" to Mother, which concurs with her vision. "Dressed as a Sannyasin" means in his essentiality, divested of day-to-day material circumstances.

[138]When one goes out of the body (and probably at death), there is always the impression of moving "upwards," or "inwards," which means into a deeper plane (either way, it is simply the expression of a change of dimension). What is striking about Mother's experience is this LEVEL movement, indicating that she had not left the physical world. We are faced with a strange enigma: a physical world WITHIN the physical world – another world, or the same one lived differently? A physical world where death no longer exists: one has died unto death. The world to come?...

[139]Mother's japa.

[140]Ever since Einstein's Theory of Relativity, we have known that such an experience of time's relative nature is "physically" feasible. We need only consider the example of time aboard a spaceship approaching the speed of light: time "slows down," and the *same* event will take less time aboard the spaceship than on earth. In this instance, *speed is* what makes time slow down. In Mother's experience (which is every bit as "physical"), the "intensity of the Presence" seems to be the origin of time change. In other words, consciousness is what makes time slow down. Thus we are witnessing two experiences with identical physical results, but formulated in different languages. In one, we speak of "speed," in the other of "consciousness." But what is speed, after all?... (Moreover, the implications of this "language" difference are quite colossal, for it would indeed be simpler to press on a "consciousness button" than on an accelerator that had to take us to the speed of light.) Speed is a question of distance. Distance is a question of two legs or two wings: it implies a limited phenomenon or a limited being. When we say "at the speed of light," we imagine our two legs or our two wings moving very, very fast. And all the phenomena of the universe are seen and conceived of in relation to these two legs, these two wings or this rocketship – they are creations of our present-day biped biology. But for a being (a supramental being, of the future biology) containing everything within himself, who is immediately everywhere, without distance, where is "speed"? ... The only "speed of light" is biped. Speed increases and time slows down, they say. The future biology says: consciousness intensifies and time slows down or ceases to exist – distances are abolished, the body doesn't age. And the world's whole physical cage collapses. "Time is a rhythm of consciousness," says Mother. We change rhythm and the *physical* world changes. Might this be the whole problem of transformation?

[141]Asked later about this unfinished sentence, Mother said, "I stopped because it was an impression and not a certainty. We'll talk about it again later." Was Mother hinting at a stage when she would live in both times simultaneously?...

[142] The body, the "I," and the Lord.

[143]"The regret of the person who bumped me," Mother specified. "This person's state of consciousness entered the body along with the blow. And this kind of regret for having given a blow was an ego movement. All these vibrations accompanied the blow and that's what the body had to annul in order to annul the result."

[144]Lele, a tantric guru Sri Aurobindo met in 1908, who gave him the realization of mental silence and Nirvana.

[145]Rama, the divine Avatar who killed the demon Ravana with the help of Hanuman and the other monkeys.

[146]A prison; a place where everything is regimented down to the last detail.

[147] In Vedic times.

[148]. Translated from the original Bengali, Cent. Ed., IV.327.

[149]*Sejda:* Elder brother.

[150] Mother clarified: "Actually, a growth of consciousness was going on throughout those years of study; I didn't learn things by rote, I needed to understand them; and as soon as I understood something, I knew it. In other words, because the learning period was not yet intellectual, it can be considered part of the period of consciousness development."

[151]Of course! We can dip into it with our head or with the tips of our toes, but everything bathes in this same river of Force (except what's shut up within the walls of our minds). At certain moments, or in certain places, we are less hardened and it naturally "enters" there. And so we call it the Shakti "From above" or the Shakti "from below" or "from within." But when the walls tumble down, there is neither high nor low – we are drenched in it.

[152]Mother is referring to a letter of Sri Aurobindo's which Satprem had quoted in his manuscript: "... in the calm mind, it is the substance of the mental being that is still, so still that nothing disturbs it. If thoughts or activities come, they do not rise at all out of the mind, but they come from outside and cross the mind as a flight of birds crosses the sky in a windless air. It passes, disturbs nothing, leaving no trace. Even if a

thousand images or the most violent events pass across it, the calm stillness remains as if the very texture of the mind were a substance of eternal and indestructible peace. A mind that has achieved this calmness can begin to act, even intensely and powerfully, but it will keep its fundamental stillness – originating nothing from itself but receiving from Above and giving it a mental form without adding anything of its own, calmly, dispassionately, though with the joy of the Truth and the happy power and light of its passage." (Cent. Ed., XXIII. 637.)

[153]Mother specified: "It encompassed the three active mental centers [the forehead, between the eyebrows, and the throat]."

[154]The former governor of "French India" with whom Satprem came to work in the Pondicherry government. Actually, Satprem most probably saw Sri Aurobindo in 1946 and not in '48.

[155]In fact, Mother met Théon for the first time one day in 1904, in Paris. Then she went to Tlemcen in 1905 and again in 1906.

[156]When Mother returned from Japan in April 1920.

[157]The first *Prayers and Meditations* date from November 1912, but there may have been earlier ones among the numerous texts Mother destroyed.

[158]Agni: the fire of inner aspiration. In the Vedas it is represented by a particular god.

[159] It is very interesting to note that all these perceptions we consider physical, material (taste, color, etc.), Mother attributes to the mind. What then, is true physical perception?

[160] Like the needle of an electroencephalograph.

[161]Mother comments on this sentence in the conversation of August 11.

[162]Satprem later remarked to Mother that it should be "is" instead of "was," since "the two things are simultaneous."

The two movements are simultaneous, so it's "staying inside is," no?

(Mother laughs) It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter!

Of course, our past, present and future tenses!...

(Laughing! Mon petit, I feel I am moving on in this yoga as fast as a *jet plane* – everything's zooming past in reverse!

[163]In fact, the coordinated "whole" will begin to emerge in 1975, when Satprem writes the trilogy, *Mother*. It will be "one thing after the other" right up to the end, with no links: the virgin forest.

[164]What might be called "reference points" or "coordinates."

[165]Some days later, Mother added: "This shows that you belong to the same 'line of descent,' and that your intellectual activity is enough. You see, I insist that my mind remain still ... so *(laughing)* yours does the work!"

[166]Mother comments on this passage in the conversation of August 11.

[167]Mother's cheek is swollen from an abscessed tooth.... Note that Satprem had assumed that "I never thought this would have any consequences" referred to the visit from the old formation. Mother corrected: "It is subtler than that! I didn't think THAT EXPERIENCE would have any consequences, because the old formation is meaningless now – it was connected with Sri Aurobindo (I didn't want to say it, but it was connected with Sri Aurobindo's physical presence), so now it has no more meaning, it cannot be realized. He did what was necessary to make its realization utterly impossible. But this experience is like a REMINDER of what was. I didn't think it would have any consequences, but it did! " *(Mother touches her cheek.)*

[168]Later, Satprem asked if this "and so" was connected to what precedes it – if the old formation was connected to the vision of the future. Mother answered: "I think it is connected. I am not sure, but I think it is. I have the feeling that this curve of future realization is what put me in contact with the old formations that used to come to me [formations of creative imagination], and this put me in contact with one of the body's habits, and so on; and that habit of the body triggered this kind of toothache."

[169]The abscessed tooth.

[170]This seems to refer to the being Mother endowed with a body (in 1906, at Tlemcen), and who went to set up the revolution in China.

[171]Mother undoubtedly means than TO FEEL LIKE an individual."

[172]See Sri Aurobindo's poem, "The Cosmic Spirit":

I have broken the limits of embodied mind
And am no more the figure of a soul
The burning galaxies are in me outlined....
(Cent. Ed., V. 151.)

[173]In fact, Satprem's final break with X will come only two years later, in 1964.

[174]Mother's "withdrawal" did not last long. 1962 is perhaps Mother's one quiet year. In 1963, the pitiless crowd will start up again.

[175]A few days later, Mother remarked with a kind of admiration: "It's almost a miracle for such people to admit that someone is doing something entirely new! That's the great problem with those who have attained some realization, they shut the door: 'Now we have realized what the Forefathers said, and that's enough.' So to find a man who knows nothing outwardly and who FELT that we wanted to do something never done before ... I found that extremely interesting. It means he has an opening, an opening above, higher than the ordinary spiritual atmosphere."

[176]Sri Aurobindo withdrew in 1926, but it was in 1927 that he moved from the Ashram's left wing and settled permanently in the right wing.

[177]There has been no darshan since Mother's "illness" in March 1962, and there will be none until February 1963.

[178]This coincides strangely with the turn in Mother's yoga, as though from this time on Satprem would be deprived of all his inner promenades and forced to stay in the body.

[179] This "elsewhere" which is neither "higher" nor "deeper within" seems to correspond to the displacement along a LEVEL path Mother was speaking of: the other Matter. (See conversation of July 14, 1962.)

[180]*Pranam:* to bow or prostrate before someone.

[181] X symbolizes the Tantric quest.

[182] The *Kumbhamela:* when hundreds of thousands of ascetics and pilgrims go to bathe in the Ganges.

[183]Kumkum: a red powder used in ceremonies. Satprem used to wear a red triangle between his eyebrows.

[184]See in the Addendum the last lines of *Savitri* that Mother translated.

[185]Here are the three following lines, which Mother never translated:

Its powers have come from the eternal heights
And plunged into the inconscient dim Abyss
And risen from it to do their marvelous work.

[186]*Ahimsa:* nonviolence.

[187]*The Ideal of Human Unity,* Cent. Ed., XV. 320.

[188]This must refer to the colloquy of Rishi Agastya and Indra *(The Secret of The Veda,* Cent. Ed., X. 241), commented on by Mother in the 1961 *Agenda* (Vol. II, p. 37).

[189]*Chakras:* centers of consciousness.

[190]In fact, Satprem was ever pursuing the same question: How far does the shift to the other vision change the vision of Matter – what does true Matter look like?

[191] Sri Aurobindo's old cook, round as a barrel.

[192]It is quite remarkable that it was the body-consciousness that discovered – nine years after his passing – Sri Aurobindo's abode (experience of July 24-25, 1959). The world where Mother went is thus a material world, not an "inner" world. The other Matter, the true Matter? We recall that in her very last Playground class, on November 28, 1958, Mother said: "Through each individual formation, physical substance progresses, and one day it will be able to build a bridge between physical life as we know it and the supramental life that is to manifest."

[193]Last April.

[194]For people who died.

[195]Three days ago, the Chinese crossed the MacMahon line and have since advanced fifteen miles into Indian territory.

[196] Mother told another disciple about a vision in which she saw a city (symbolic of a country) attacked by two bolts of lightning at once, one from the East and one from the West.

[197]When she next saw Satprem, Mother added the following correction: "After you left, they came. It's not I who remembered – they MADE me remember! There was Saraswati saying, 'What about my sitar?' And Krishna, 'What about my flute?' *(Mother laughs)* There was another one also, I don't remember who. They were really upset! They told me right away, 'What are you talking about! We LOVE music.' All right. 'Fine,' I said *(Mother laughs).* It's true – Krishna is a great musician, and Saraswati is the perfection of expression.... Now that we have acknowledged their merits *(Mother bows),* go on with your reading."

[198]Ysaye (1838-1931): celebrated Belgian violinist, colleague of Rubinstein.

[199]See conversation of October 6: the "rain of truth."

[200]A Chinese disciple who translates Sri Aurobindo into Chinese.

[201]Probably in March 1920, at the time Mao Tse-tung was writing *The Great Union of the Popular Masses*.

[202]*Sat:* existence or being; *Chit-Tapas:* consciousness-energy; the third member of the trinity is *Ananda:* bliss.

[203]Satprem has just turned thirty-nine.

[204]In the next conversation, Mother added: "For example, if someone wants to enter some place, you needn't say, 'Don't enter'; you do what's necessary and he cannot enter, he tries but he can't – that's what I call 'keeping under control.' I didn't need to speak to or touch them: the Force was doing the work."

[205]"I mean there is no longer 'something that stops.' But there are no words for it. I choose words for their vaguely analogous meaning, but for me they express something altogether different. There are no words for it!

It's a change of state WITHOUT a change of place.

This state is clearly outside time and space, that's certain. So you go from the state in time and space to the state where you're outside time and space, and NOT by a change of place ... something! It's something that happens inside, instantaneously. It's not a long passage like the long and gradual movement you experience in meditation, for instance; the passage into *Sat* isn't a gradual transition from one state to another: it is sudden, like an immediate reversal. But as I just said, there are no words for it; 'reversal' is infinitely too violent for expressing it."

[206] In the Alipore jail: "I was mentally subjected to all sorts of torture for fifteen days. I had to look upon scenes of all sorts of suffering...." (See A.B. Purani, *Life of Sri Aurobindo*, p. 122.)

[207]In fact, three days later, on November 20, in an unhoped-for turn of events, China declared a unilateral cease-fire and withdrawal of troops, even as they were making a spectacular and almost unopposed advance. No one ever understood why.

[208]Mother is probably alluding to difficulties in obtaining the dismissal of the Defense Minister, Krishna Menon. It might be recalled that, under Nehru, India's foreign policy was quite pro-Chinese (the slogan of the day was *Hindi-Chini-bhai-bhai:* Indians and Chinese are brothers), and when China began to sweep down into India, the Defense Minister calmly left for London on some mission or other, declaring: oh, it's nothing!

[209]See Addendum.

[210]This may refer to the death of Liaquat Ali, and the grave economic and political difficulties resulting in the dissolution of the Pakistani Parliament in October 1958, and General Ayub Khan's seizure of power.

[211]In April 1942, when England was struggling against the Nazis and Japan, which was threatening to invade Burma and India, Churchill sent an emissary, Sir Stafford Cripps, to New Delhi with a very generous proposal which he hoped would rally India's goodwill and cooperation in the fight against the worldwide threat. In this proposal, Great Britain offered India Dominion status, as a first step towards an independent government. Sri Aurobindo at once came out of retirement to wire his adhesion to Cripps; he wired all of India's leaders, and even sent a personal messenger to Gandhi and the Indian Congress to convince them to accept this unhoped for proposal without delay. One of Sri Aurobindo's telegrams to Rajagopalachari (the future President of India) spoke of the grave danger, which no one seemed to see, of rejecting Cripps' proposal: "... Some immediate solution urgent face grave peril. Appeal to you to save India formidable danger new foreign domination when old on way to self-elimination." No one understood: "Why is he meddling?" Had it accepted Dominion status, India would have avoided the partition of the country in two, the artificial creation of Pakistan, as well as the three wars that were to follow (and which we haven't heard the last of), and the blood bath that ravaged Bengal and the Punjab in 1947 at the time of the partition. (See in Addendum an extract from Sri Aurobindo's message on the occasion of India's Independence.)

[212]There is another side to the story. When Nehru died, Mother said in a message of May 27, 1964: *"Nehru leaves his body but his soul is ONE with the Soul of India, that lives for Eternity."*

[213] All the same, Satprem did keep this conversation, being unable to censor Mother's words or to delete them from History – for where is the borderline between censorship and falsehood?

[214]Seven weeks after India's Independence and the creation of Pakistan, Pakistan invaded Kashmir.

[215]Tibet was invaded four months later, on October 21. India did not protest.

[216]Cent. Ed., Vol. XXVI., 404 & 416.

[217]700 million in 1981.

[218]On this same day, November 20, China announced a cease-fire and withdrawal of its troops.

[219]Mother sent a special messenger to Delhi with a symbolic gift of 925 grams of gold (some from her own jewelry), as a contribution to national defense.

[220] Indira Gandhi will come to power four years later, in January 1966.

[221] "Catastrophic."

[222]Mother is alluding to the passage in *Savitri* where Sri Aurobindo speaks of "the dark half of Truth."

[223]The most recent battle.

[224]The November 24 Darshan.

[225]*Sat:* Pure Being or Existence.

[226]The August 15 Darshan.

[227]*Strobilanthes kunthianus.*

[228]Next time, Mother added: "There wasn't 'someone' haying the experience, there was no 'I' anywhere, not even the feeling of the Universal Mother seeing the experience – no. There was the experience. To be more specific I could say, 'I was the experience, there was nothing but the experience.' I didn't have the experience – I WAS the experience."

[229]Mother added the beginning of this paragraph later: "I had forgotten to mention part of the experience!"

[230]Note in original English.

[231]Ten days ago (on November 20), the Chinese quite unexpectedly declared a unilateral cease-fire, just when a march on Calcutta had seemed imminent.

[232]As was the case when Sri Aurobindo left his body.

[233]When Sri Aurobindo left his body.

[234]December 9 Darshan, anniversary of Sri Aurobindo's interment.

[235]Rightly or wrongly, Satprem did not keep the recording of this conversation, not to obey Mother, for he was never very obedient, but because the words that follow rent his heart. He didn't know at the time how very true they all were.

[236]Of April 13, 1962.

[237]The music room, where Mother will henceforth receive people.

[238]This is the beginning of a phenomenon that will become quite acute over the years, as if an increasingly inexorable force were trying to swallow up Mother's conversations with Satprem – the story of the transformation, in other words – in favor of small parochial doings.

[239]The force or the light into the words of the book.

[240]*Savitri,* Cent. Ed., XXIX.707.

[241]1934.

[242]Dilip K. *Roy, Sri Aurobindo Came to Me, p.* 73.

Mother's Agenda
Vol. 4

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January 2, 1963

My year is off to a dreadful start. And I am afraid it may go on like that.

Some new difficulties?

No, it's just that everybody wants to see me!

They tire me – they wear me out.

While I would need ... Oh, at times I withdraw from action altogether – by "action," I mean talking and above all receiving swarms of vibrations ... terrible, terrible vibrations!

I feel the work is going fairly fast inside, there are some interesting things (what shall I say?) ... like promises. But the [body's] sensitivity and the possibility of imbalance have heightened, in the sense that a mere trifle, which in other circumstances would have been totally unimportant and would have just gone by smoothly, throws the body off balance – the body has grown terribly sensitive. For example, a wrong reaction in someone, a tension or some reaction of a quite ordinary order, causes a sudden weariness in my body, as if it were exhausted. Then I have to collect myself and plunge back into the Source so that ...

These are difficult days.

There's also that awful habit people have, you know, that democratic spirit: if I do something for one, why shouldn't I do it for another? They would readily accept that I was ill and unable to see anyone (!), they'd say, "Poor Mother, we should be really nice to her and leave her alone"; but that I am a force and don't give this person what I give that one and that other one, that they won't accept! Egalitarianism is in vogue nowadays; hierarchy, or even simply dealing with each case differently – that's all outmoded.

Anyway, I don't want to start explaining all this, I will do it some other time.

But we have a few tough days ahead to get through.

You shouldn't let yourself be swamped.

No.

I don't LET them, but ...

January 9, 1963

... How people love to bustle about How they need to bustle about in order to feel alive! Isn't that so?

* * *

(Mother refers to the "Bulletin" and in particular to the Talk of July 3, 1957, in which she narrated her symbolic vision of the "Big Hotel" in perpetual demolition[1]:)

But all this seems to me on the outside. I understand it may interest people, but it's still one of the things that make me smile. That's how I see it. Even this vision.

I have three or four of them every night, great visions, with all the complications,[2] all the symbols, all the explanations. And I meet people ... who are not as they think they are.

But it's tremendous! Tremendous how much you can do in a few hours at night....

(silence)

All that there is to know which we do not know ... (I don't mean outer things).

(long silence)

But it's very hard for the body to change. Because it lives only from its habit of living. And every time something of the true way of living filters in, then without thinking, without reasoning or anything like an idea, practically without sensation, almost automatically, the cells panic at the newness of it. So, you understand, EVERYTHING has to be changed. It's no longer the heart that has to pump blood and receive the Force, no longer the stomach that has to digest, it's not any of that any more – it all functions in another way. The base must be shifted, the functioning completely changed – but then all those cells are so anxious to see that everything goes ACCORDING TO HABIT....

(silence)

Terrible. A strange difficulty.

If the inner being – the true being – is the ruler, the power of the true being makes the body act automatically; but then it doesn't grow conscious of its own

change, it doesn't collaborate in its change, so for the change to happen it would take ... maybe millennia. The true being has to be like this *(gesture to the background, standing back)* and the body has to do everything BY ITSELF, in other words, contain the Lord, receive the Lord, give itself to the Lord, BE the Lord. It does aspire – oh, it's intense, aflame – that's very good. But the Lord *(smiling)* doesn't conform to the ordinary habit! So all the habits, the minute He just tries to take possession of one function or another, even partially (not totally), all the interrelationships, all the movements are changed instantly – panic. Panic at the particular spot. And the result: you faint, or you are just about to faint, or you have an excruciating pain, or anyway something APPARENTLY breaks down completely. So what's to be done?... Wait patiently until that small number or large number of cells, that little spot of consciousness, has learned its lesson. It takes one day, two days, three days, then the chaotic, upsetting "big" event calms down, is explained, and those particular cells say to themselves (or begin saying to themselves), "God, how dumb we are!..." It takes a little while, then they understand.

But there are thousands and thousands and thousands of them!

You can't overdo it, because disruption is no good, of course! I've been observing that lately. When you came last time, I was – I was going through a upheaval.[3]

The consciousness is there *(gesture, standing back),* but ... it intervenes only if it is absolutely indispensable. It's just that it tries locally to make the cells ... (not understand, it isn't "understand" because there's no mind) have the right sensation, the right experience – the right experience – until they start saying, "Oh! ... Oh! ..."

Some panic. Some have already had a few experiences, they know better and see clearer, they work to adapt to the new vibration. But others have yet to understand, and they feel so stupid, so stupid! And from above, something watches it all and finds it both (both at once) very funny, because really it's exceedingly ridiculous, and at the same time so sad! It's so sad to see that EVERYTHING is like this: the WHOLE earth, the WHOLE earth! That this body is the object of a special concentration, a special effort, a special CHARGE, a special concern, a special care – this minuscule fragment, minuscule – and there's the whole earth, the whole earth.... And they all think themselves so wonderful, so smart! ...

I could keep talking for hours.

Later.

Even now I have to proceed very, very slowly – not to go off at a gallop. I am surrounded by people who say, "Oh, she's seriously ill! What's going to happen? ..." and they make things difficult for me. Because I still have to sweep it all aside with the Force: "Keep quiet! Don't you go making formations that add to the difficulty."

You see how far we are from those romantic transformations where people emerge from their meditation rejuvenated, transfigured, luminous – oh, dear me! That will be mere child's play. At the end, it will be nothing: we'll just have to do

this *(Mother blows one puff in the air),* and it will be there.

It's the rest that is difficult.

January 12, 1963

A deluge of work!... The other day, you said in your manuscript [of *The Adventure of Consciousness]* that Sri Aurobindo used to work fourteen hours a day, and they want me to do the same – for the moment I am not giving in.

Oh, you're quite right!

It's very bad.

That's what made him lose his eyesight, you know; his eyes were overstrained. I know it's due to that, because I heard him say so. Once, they had brought him a stack of books to sign and other things and, unaware that he could be heard, he exclaimed, *Oh, they want to make me blind!*[4] That's how I knew his eyes were tired. He was indeed losing his sight. At the end, he couldn't see a thing, he had to look at very close range.

So I am not giving in.

Please!

* * *

(Soon afterwards)

I'll soon have finished my translation [of *The Synthesis of Yoga],* I have only a few more pages to go, ten or so. It's very incomplete, I mean it's a translation. Meaning: correct; but at times the sentence comes out very different, at other times it's a pure Anglicism.

It's a strange phenomenon: as soon as I sit down to translate, in the space of one or two seconds, no more, I become a different person. I write – it isn't I who write, I know it's Sri Aurobindo.

And he suggests some words to me, that is, suddenly I see: "Like this." I hear the sentence and write it down. Sometimes it's very different, though I can see the meaning is the same; and sometimes it isn't French....

Do you have the next aphorism?

You understand, there are only 365 days in a year, and we are ... including the

visitors who come specially for their birthdays, nearly 1,300 people. Most people I don't see, but some I have to: people like Nolini, Amrita, Pavitra, Champaklal,[5] I can't but give them a moment. Then there are people who come from Africa, from Europe, and who ask to see me before leaving, so ...

So I am listening to you now.

(Satprem reads)

> 81 – God's laughter is sometimes very coarse and unfit for polite ears; He is not satisfied with being Molière, He must needs also be Aristophanes and Rabelais.

(After a silence) We'll see on Monday.

It's rather odd, at times it comes in torrents (more than streams): forms, images, expressions, revelations, it comes flowing, flowing, flowing – if I started writing I could write endlessly. At other times it's ... total immobility. And if I try to disturb "that," it means falling back into the ordinary stupidity.

We'll see.

That's why I asked you to read to me: the aphorism went off above.

* * *

(Later, regarding the last conversation, in which Mother said that the body lives only out of a habit of living:)

I've had a very interesting experience (not personal). Did you know Benjamin[6]? ... His psychic being had left him quite some time ago and, as a result, to the surface consciousness he seemed a bit deranged – he wasn't deranged but diminished. And he lived, as I said, out of habit. The physical consciousness still held a minimum of vital and mind and he lived out of habit. But the remarkable thing is that sometimes, for a few seconds, he would live admirably, in full light, while at other times he couldn't even control his gestures. Then he left altogether: all the accumulated energy dwindled little by little, little by little, and whatever remained left his body. It was just on his birthday, on December 30 (the night of December 30). He left. So they did as is always done: they cleaned his room, took out the furniture. Since then, there had been no sign of him. Yesterday evening, after dinner (which is about the same time he left twelve days ago), I was in concentration, resting, when suddenly here comes a very agitated Benjamin who tells me, "Mother, they've taken all the furniture out of my room! What am I to do now!?" I told him gently, "Do not fret, you don't need anything any more." Then I put him to rest and sent him to join the rest of his being.

Which means it took twelve days for all his elements to form again. You see, they burned his body. (He was Christian, but his family – his wife is alive and his

brother too – found it less costly to let us handle it than to bury him as a Christian! So they had him cremated.) We cremated him, but I demanded a certain interval of time,[7] although in his case it was really a gradual exhaustion and nothing much remained in his body; nonetheless, even then the consciousness is flung out of the cells violently – it took twelve days to form again. It wasn't his soul (it had already left) but the spirit of his body that came to me, the body consciousness gathered in a well-dressed, neat Benjamin with his hair neatly brushed. He was quite trim when he came to me, just as he would have been in life: he always wanted to be well-groomed and impeccable to see me, that was his way. It took twelve days to gather together because I didn't see to it (I can do it in a few hours but only if I see to it), but in his case, his soul having been at rest for a long time, it didn't matter much. So over twelve days it took form again and when he was ready *(laughing),* he came to reoccupy his room! ... And there was no furniture left, nothing!

I found that very funny.

And he had been living for more than a year, almost two years, I think, just out of a habit of living.

There is also here the sister of the old portly doctor, she is (I think) five or six years older than I – she is getting on for ninety. She has been dying away too, for several months. The doctors (who don't know the first thing in these matters) had declared she would die after a few days. "Wait a little," I told them, "this woman knows how to enter a state of rest, she has a very peaceful consciousness – it will last long, it may last for years." She is in bed, she can't move much, but ... she lives. She too lives out of habit.

In reality, the body should be able to last MUCH LONGER than human beings think. They knock it about: as soon as someone is unwell, they drug or knock his body about, they take away that kind of calm vegetative serenity that can make it last a very long time. The way trees take a very long time to die.

Interesting.

* * *

Later

... Obviously, the whole difficulty is the mixing of two things: on one hand, the responsibility of everything, the entire organization, all these people hanging on to me (and naturally giving me work, even if we cut out whatever we can), and on the other, the study or recording of what goes on. If I had nothing to do and could note down my nights, what fascinating things there would be!

For instance, two or three nights ago (I don't remember), I was with Sri Aurobindo, we were doing a certain work (it was in a mental zone with certain vital reactions mixed in), well, a general work. I was with Sri Aurobindo and we were doing the work together. He wanted to explain to me how a particular

movement is turned into a distorted movement; he was explaining this to me (but there's nothing mental or intellectual about it, nothing to do with theories). And without even (how can I put it?) without even a thought or an explanation to forewarn you, a true movement is changed into a movement that is ... not false but distorted. I was speaking to Sri Aurobindo and he was answering, then I turn my head away like this (not physically – all this is an inner life, naturally), I turned my head as if to see the [vibratory] effect. Then I turn back and send Sri Aurobindo the movement necessary to carry on with the experience, and I receive a reply which surprises me because of the quality of its vibration (it was a reply of ignorance and weakness). So I turn my attention back again, and as a matter of fact in Sri Aurobindo's place I saw the doctor. Then I understood! Superficially, one may say, "So, Sri Aurobindo and the doctor are the same!" (To people who would see such a thing it would occur that they are the same – of course it's all, all the same! All is one, people just don't understand this complete oneness.) Naturally it didn't surprise me for the thousandth of a second, there wasn't any surprise, but ... oh, I understood! This way *(Mother slightly tilts her hand to the left),* it's Sri Aurobindo, and that way *(slightly to the right),* it's the doctor. This way it's the Lord, and that way it's a man!!

Really interesting.[8]

At the time, there were all the minute details of observation that make the experience so concrete. If I were to write it all, it would be worthwhile. But they are countless! I would spend my days writing down my nights! What to do?

This is ONE kind – there are so many different kinds. For the body too, there are countless observations: for example, a vibration like this *(gesture)* brings eternal bliss; a MINUSCULE shift (it looks like a shift – is it a shift? Is it ... what? A distortion? An addition? Or is it ... it's all kinds of different things at once), and it turns into anguish and dreadful discomfort – THE VERY SAME THING. And so forth. Tons of things that could be written down!

And if it were all noted down clearly, accurately, down to the last detail, it would be worth it, but just look *(Mother shows a pile of papers beside her):* work everywhere! Letters and letters! Three, four, five, ten, twenty every day, not to mention all the decisions I must make instantly and write on the spot. This morning I wrote four "urgent" notes like that when Nolini was here, and you saw how it was with Pavitra.

And I can't say it isn't important – it is important, in that all those people depend on me. I can't make them overnight capable of receiving fully and clearly, without any external expression, all that I do. I can't ask them to transform themselves by a miracle, I've got to help them!

I make myself difficult to approach, I keep at a good distance. As much as I can, I teach them to receive directly, but there remains a minimum. So 1,300 or 1,400 people, not to mention all the others I correspond with – that means 2,000 or 3,000 people on average in conscious relationship [with Mother].

And it keeps coming and coming. Many come and are not even aware of it! And I keep going and going. Consciously, most of the time, but also quite often

not consciously. Here's an example: someone is very ill, someone who truly loves me (it's Z, A.'s wife). A. informed me she was ill. So I increased the dose (everyone is inside, I am with everyone, that goes without saying, but when something goes wrong I increase the dose). I increased the dose. I expected an improvement but it didn't happen. So I increased the dose again. The next day, I received a letter from A. saying that the night before, Z had had an interesting experience. She has asthma (asthmatics feel as if they are dying, it's very painful, and she is very sensitive, very nervous – she was really unwell, so they drugged her, and so ...). Well then, during an acute attack of asthma, she sat up in her bed, her legs hanging down. Then her feet began to feel cold and she reached out for her slippers; she bent down, and instead of her slippers she felt something soft and alive. Astonished, she looks down – and sees my feet. My feet were there with the sandals I used to wear to go out – my bare feet. So she touched my feet and said, "Ohh, Mother is here!" Immediately she lay down again, fell asleep ... and woke up cured.

And she didn't make it up: my feet WERE there. "My feet," I mean something of me which took that form to be perceptible to her.

All this makes for work.

And not only here: here, there, everywhere, all over the world. And it doesn't get recorded in the head (that's impossible! I would go mad), but it stays in the consciousness *(Mother makes a gesture around her head)* and I just have to stop and pay attention: "What is it?" *(Mother catches the vibration coming to her)* ... But you understand, how do you record all this in spoken or written words? We would have to write fifty lines at the same time! It's impossible.

But it is conscious.

And everything, everything that goes on up there with the war, all those Chinese who are forced to do things they don't want to do....

And all that, all that, nonstop, nonstop, nonstop, everywhere, everywhere.

What reaches the active consciousness is only what demands an active reply, and that's still too much. Which means that twenty-four hours aren't enough.

And I realize ... You see, I need physical help to relieve the body of all effort that's not strictly indispensable. But I can't make their [the attendants'] life completely chaotic in appearance: there has to be some schedule. And a schedule means terrible limitations. I can't help it. I can't help it, because for the time being, simply the will expressing itself isn't enough to make matter respond. Once it is like that, time won't matter any more, but – BUT.

We mustn't be impatient.

January 14, 1963

So? Have you come with a question on these aphorisms?

There aren't many questions to ask.

I count on the question to set off the movement, because for the moment there's nothing.

More and more it's like that: I know what I must do at the time of doing it, I know what I must say at the time of saying it. I don't try, though once or twice I did try just to see – useless, nothing comes. But when it has to come, it comes as if a tap were opened – effortlessly, without my having to do anything, it just comes.

So for the moment, nothing.

Read me those aphorisms again.

81 – God's laughter is sometimes very coarse and unfit for polite ears; He is not satisfied with being Molière, He must needs also be Aristophanes and Rabelais.

> 82 – If men took life less seriously, they could very soon make it more perfect....

Indeed!

> ... God never takes His works seriously; therefore one looks out on this wonderful universe.

So what's your question?

> *One may ask how taking things seriously prevents life from being more perfect?*

(After a long silence) Virtue has always been busy eliminating things from life and *(laughing)* if we could put together all the virtues from all the countries in the world, nothing much would remain in life!

Virtue claims to seek perfection, but perfection is a totality. So the two movements are contradictory: virtue, which eliminates, prunes, sets limits, and perfection, which accepts everything, rejects nothing but puts everything in its place, evidently cannot go well together.

Taking life seriously generally consists of two movements: the first is to give importance to things that probably have none, and the second is to want life to be limited to a certain number of qualities considered to be pure and worthy. With some (for instance, those Sri Aurobindo refers to here: the prudish or the puritans), that virtue becomes dry, barren, gray, aggressive, and almost always finds fault in all that is joyful, free and happy.

The only way to make life perfect (I mean here life on earth, of course) is to look at it from a sufficient height to see it in its totality, not only its present totality, but over the whole past, present and future: what it has been, what it is, what it must be – you must be able to see it all at once. Because that's the only way to put everything in its place. Nothing can be done away with, nothing SHOULD be done away with, but each thing must find its own place in total harmony with the rest. Then all those things that appear so "evil," so "reprehensible" and

"unacceptable" to the puritan mind would become movements of joy and freedom in a totally divine life. And then nothing would stop us from knowing, understanding, feeling and living this wonderful Laughter of the Supreme who takes infinite delight in watching Himself live infinitely.

This delight, this wonderful Laughter which dissolves all shadows, all pain, all suffering ... We only have to go deep enough into ourselves to find the inner Sun and let ourselves be bathed in it. Then everything is but a cascade of harmonious, luminous, sun-filled laughter which leaves no room for shadow and pain.

In fact, even the greatest difficulty, even the greatest grief, even the greatest physical pain, if you can look at them from THERE, take your stand THERE, you see the unreality of the difficulty, the unreality of the grief, the unreality of the pain – and all becomes a joyful and luminous vibration.

It is ultimately the most powerful means of dissolving difficulties, overcoming grief and getting rid of pain. The first two [difficulties and grief] are relatively easy (relatively), the last [pain] is more difficult because of our habit of regarding the body and its sensations as extremely concrete and positive – but actually it is the same thing, it's just that we haven't been taught and accustomed to seeing our body as something fluid, plastic, uncertain, malleable. We haven't learned to permeate it with this luminous Laughter which dissolves all shadows and difficulties, all discords, all disharmony, all that grates, cries and weeps.

(silence)

This Sun – the Sun of divine laughter – is a: the core of everything, it is the truth of everything. What is needed is to learn to see it, feel it, live it.

And for that, let us flee from those who take life seriously, they are the most boring people on earth!

That's all.

But it's true. The other day I was telling you about some cellular difficulties. I noticed that as soon as they start, I start laughing! But if someone is here and I tell him the difficulty solemnly, it goes from bad to worse; if I start laughing and talk about it laughingly, it vanishes. Really, it's dreadful to take life seriously! Dreadful. Those who have given me the most difficulties have always been the people who take life seriously.

I've had this experience even just recently. All that comes to me from people who have dedicated their lives to "spiritual life," people who do a yoga in the traditional way, who are very solemn, who see adversaries everywhere, obstacles everywhere, taboos everywhere, prohibitions everywhere, oh, how they complicate life ... and how far they are from the Divine! I saw this the other day with someone you know. With that kind of people, you "should not" do this, "should not" do that, "should not" ... At such and such time you "must not" do this, on such and such day you "must not" do that; you "should not" eat this, you should not ... And then, for heaven's sake, don't you go mixing your daily life with your sacred life! – that's how you dig an abyss.

It's the exact, exact opposite of what I feel now: no matter what happens –

something wrong in the body, something wrong with people, something wrong in circumstances – instantly, the first movement: "O my sweet Lord, my Beloved!" And I laugh! And then all is well. I did this the other day (it's spontaneous and instantaneous, it isn't thought out or willed or planned – none of it – it just happens), it happened the other day (I don't recall the details but it was over a circumstance that hardly seemed sacred): I saw myself, and I started laughing. I said, "But look! I don't need to be serious, I don't need to be solemn!"

As soon as it comes *(Mother makes a solemn face)*, I get suspicious, I say to myself, "Oh, something is wrong, some influence or other must have entered the atmosphere that shouldn't be there." All that remorse, all that regret, all that ... ooh! The sense of indignity, of fault ... and, going a little farther, the sense of sin – oh, that...! That seems to me to belong to another age, a Dark Age.

But especially all the prohibitions. For instance, let me quote you a statement from X which I heard from a third person: "I will do a special puja to help money come. I will prepare a special *yantram*[9] to bring money. But FOR GOD'S SAKE don't say anything [to Mother], don't do anything or give anything before January 14, because until January 14, a certain planet is in opposition to a certain other planet *(Mother laughs)*, so things follow a downward trend and won't be successful. But afterwards, that particular planet will be ascending and everything will be successful"! *(Mother laughs)* Something in me said spontaneously ("something," well, someone), spontaneously and immediately, "But why? I can always hear!" And I laughed. So they thought I was making fun of him – I don't make fun: I laugh, it's not the same!

So, mon petit, that's all.

You can read me another aphorism. That's enough for this one, it's settled!

What's the next one?

> 83 – Shame has admirable results and both in aesthetics and in morality we could ill spare it; but for all that it is a badge of weakness and the proof of ignorance.

It's the same thing! That's what I said at the end: the sense of sin, regret, remorse, all of it, oh! ... That will do, won't it?

* * *

(Then Mother examines the list of people she will receive the following days and the birthday greetings to be given.)

February 2 is C.'s birthday, so I'll give him a meditation, because these are people who still believe in meditation! *(Mother laughs)*

It has become quite an entertaining little field of experiences, by the way.

Because nowadays I send people cards, and I have lots of cards, innumerable kinds of cards[10] (C. spends his time preparing them), and automatically, whenever I have to write a card for someone, it isn't as I decided beforehand (because sometimes I decide beforehand), the choice is made at the last minute: "THIS is the card I must send and THIS is what I must say." I needn't worry about it, it comes just in time. Then I only have to get up, go find the card, write, and it's all over. People will tell me (precisely those who lead a "spiritual life"), "What! You make such a trifle the object of a spiritual experience!" And it's the same with ALL small things: what object to be used, what perfume to put on, what bath salts, all manner of "futile," "frivolous," "unimportant" things – "How shocking!" I don't even make an effort to find out or to ... (think, thank God I don't think!), it just comes: this, that, that. Not said – KNOWN. It isn't even said, I am not told, "Do this," never. It's KNOWN: "Ah, here we are, that's it!" And I choose and do it – very comfortable!

It was actually my experience (for a long, long time, many years) but, these last few days, concrete, in the body's cells. There aren't "things" in which the Lord is and "things" in which He isn't – there are only fools who think so! He is ALWAYS there. He takes nothing seriously and has fun with everything. And He plays with you, if you know how to play – but you don't, people don't know how to play. But how well He knows! How He plays with everything, with the smallest things: you have objects to put on your table? Don't think you have to ponder over how to arrange them – no, we'll play: let's put this here, let's put that there, let's put this like that. Then some other day (because people think, "Now she has decided on this arrangement, so that's the way it's going to be" – well, not so!), some other day (they want to help you! They want to help you put things in order, so it just becomes a mess!), I stay still and quiet, and then we start playing: So! Let's put this here, and that there, and this there ... ah! *(Mother laughs)* Since I saw you last time it has been that way constantly, probably to prepare me for this aphorism!

Very entertaining.

There you are, mon petit.

Agreed, then, we'll try and learn to laugh with the Lord.

I know – I know He wants me to learn not to take seriously the responsibility ("responsibility" isn't the right word), the formidable task of finding 8,000 rupees a day to meet the Ashram's expenses – in other words, a colossal fortune every month.

And I very well see (because I told Him several times, "You know, it would be great fun if I had plenty of money to play with"), so I see that He laughs, but He doesn't answer!... He teaches me to be able to laugh at this difficulty, to see the cashier send me his book in which the figures are growing astronomical *([laughing]* it's by 50,000, 60,000, 80,000, 90,000), while the drawer is nearly empty! And He wants me to learn to laugh at it. The day when I can really laugh – laugh, enjoy myself – SINCERELY (not through effort – you can do anything you want through effort), when it makes me laugh spontaneously, I think it will change. Because otherwise it's impossible.... You see, we have fun with all sorts of

things, there's no reason we couldn't have fun with more money than we need and do things in style! It will surely happen one day, but we should – we shouldn't be overwhelmed by the amount, and for that we shouldn't take money seriously.

We shouldn't take money seriously.

It's very hard nowadays, because all over the world people take money seriously, and that makes it very hard. Especially those who have money. Those who have money, how seriously they take it, oh, Lord! That's why it's difficult. We should be able to laugh – laugh, laugh frankly and sincerely, then it would be over.

Well! ... All right, we'll talk about it again.

Good-bye, mon petit.

January 18, 1963

> *(Satprem suggests to Mother to publish in the next "Bulletin," of February, her entire talk on "God's laughter," and in particular the whole passage in which she said: "It's dreadful to take life seriously! Those who have given me the most difficulties have always been the people who take life seriously.")*

Oh, no!

> *It's charming, though.*

I don't think it would be wise to put this in the *Bulletin.*

There are so many people, in fact, who don't care a whit about anything, who don't take life seriously, but in the wrong way: they don't take seriously what they have to do, they don't take their progress seriously, they take nothing seriously – they go to the movies when Sri Aurobindo is dying. That sort of thing. So I think this passage would open the door to too many misunderstandings. It's true, but it is true up ABOVE. A bit too high up for people.

I think we should omit it. Especially when I say that those who have given me the most trouble are the people who take life seriously.

* * *

A little later

> *There's a practical question I'd like to ask you regarding the subtle physical. I understand the mind centers, which correspond to a particular world, the vital centers, which receive all sorts of influences, but which center corresponds to the subtle physical, and what are the influences coming from the subtle physical? Is there a center that corresponds to the subtle physical?*

Where do you situate the center for the vital?

> *For the vital it's the navel. The region from the heart to the sex organs, isn't it?*

Well, for the subtle physical it goes from the navel down to the last center,[11] that whole region.

> *And what are the influences that come from the subtle physical?*

Generally they are of a far higher quality than material influences. I have noticed (I don't know whether it's a personal or a general thing) that the subtle physical I see is always of a somewhat higher quality than the physical proper. I mean somewhat more harmonious: things are smoother. All that comes from the vital is more often than not aggressive, quarrelsome and so on – and difficult. But this realm is generally calm – calm, orderly, where things are more harmonious – GENERALLY (I can't say whether it's the case with everybody, but in my own case it's like that).

As I told you, Sri Aurobindo lives there permanently, as though in a house of his own: you can see him, you can stay with him, he is busy. It is very much like the physical, but a physical that would be less grating, you understand, where things are more harmonious and satisfying, less excited. There is less of that feeling of haste and uncertainty. In that house where Sri Aurobindo lives, life unfolds very, very harmoniously: people come and go, there are meals even.... But all that obeys more general laws, and a sense of security and certainty not to be found in physical life. And the symbolism is more exact (I don't know how to express it ...), the symbolic transcription of things is less distorted, more exact.

This is the subtle physical as I know it, I can't say if it is the same for everyone. Sri Aurobindo said, "There is a true physical," well, I have a feeling that this is what he calls the "true physical" – a subtler physical, the true physical which is behind.

> *But does it influence the whole earth?*

Oh, yes! In general, these things are terrestrial. But probably it's still quite subjective, in the sense that each one has an impression of it according to what he is and his stage of development.

But does it exert a DIRECT action on the earth, just as the vital has an action on the earth?

I think that as the Supramental descends, the subtle physical will have a greater and greater action on earth, because it is the world where the new creation will be formed before it "descends," before it becomes absolutely visible and concrete.

I often have a sense that it would take only a very tiny thing – which is hard to define – a very tiny movement of materialization to make this new creation concrete to us as we are. And it is probably – it will probably be formed completely in that subtle world before it materializes.

I think few people are able to make the distinction. They have rather an impression that it's their "dream way" of seeing things; I mean they say, "Oh, it's just a dream." In most cases it's like that. The subtle physical has the character of a realm where things are more fluid and harmonious than physical things, but with the same concrete quality; its nature is not like that of vital things, which have vibrations of power but again not that very concrete and objective quality characteristic of material things. In the subtle physical, things are very concrete. For instance, if someone stands in your way, you have to push him aside: he doesn't just vanish, you can't walk through him. If you see an object that's not in its place, you have to move it. Voilà.

January 30, 1963

What are you going to read to me today? Nothing? Nothing at all?

Well, I have something, then.

I have finished my translation [of the *Synthesis]*. When you have finished your book and we have prepared the next *Bulletin* and we have a nice quiet moment, we'll go over it again. And then I've begun *Savitri – ah! ...* As you know, I prepare some illustrations with H., and for her illustrations she has chosen some passages from *Savitri* (the choice isn't hers, it's A.'s and P.'s and made intelligently), so she gives me these passages one by one, neatly typed (which is easier for my eyes). It's from the Book I, Canto IV.

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

The way it comes is both exclusive and positive – it's really interesting. There's

none of the mind's ceaseless wavering, "Is this better? Is that better? Should it be like this? Should it be like that?" No – it is LIKE THIS *(Mother brings down her hand in a gesture of imperative descent).* And then in certain cases (without anything to do with the literary angle or even the sound of the word – neither sound nor anything, but meaning), Sri Aurobindo himself suggests a word. It's as if he were telling me, "Isn't this better French, tell me?" (!)

I am simply the recording machine.

It goes with fantastic speed, meaning that in ten minutes I translate ten lines. On the whole, only three or four times are there a couple of alternative possibilities, which I jot down immediately. Once, here *(Mother shows a passage with erasures in her manuscript),* the correction came, absolute. "No," he said, "not that – THIS." So I erased what I had written.

Here, read the English first.

Above the world the world-creators stand,
In the phenomenon see its mystic source.
These heed not the deceiving outward play,
They turn not to the moment's busy tramp,
But listen with the still patience of the Unborn
For the slow footsteps of far Destiny
Approaching through huge distances of Time,
Unmarked by the eye that sees effect and cause,
Unheard mid the clamour of the human plane.
Attentive to an unseen Truth they seize
A sound as of invisible augur wings....

(I.IV.54)

I didn't reread my translation, I am doing it now for the first time.

(Mother reads aloud her translation up to: "They turn not to the moment's busy tramp")

Here, there was some hesitation between *de ['instant* [the instant's] and *du moment* [the moment's]. Then he showed me (I can't explain how it takes place), he showed me both words, *moment* and *instant,* and he showed me how, compared to *moment, instant* is mechanical; he said, "It's the mechanism of time; *moment is* full and contains the event." Things of that sort, inexpressible (I put it into words but it loses all its value). Inexpressible, but fantastic! There was some hesitation between *instant* and *moment,* I don't know why. Then he showed me *instant: instant* was dry, mechanical, empty, whereas *moment* contained all that takes place at every instant. So I wrote *moment.*

(Mother reads the end of her translation)

It isn't thought out, it just comes. It's probably not poetry, not even free verse, but it does contain something.

So I made a resolve (because it's neither to be published nor to be shown, but

it's a marvelous delight): I will simply keep it the way I keep the *Agenda.* I have a feeling that, later, perhaps (how can I put it?) ... when people can be less mental in their activity, it will put them in touch with that light [of *Savitri] – you* know, immediately I enter something purely white and silent, light and alive: a sort of beatitude.

This other passage is what I translated the first time:

In Matter shall be lit the spirit's glow,
In body and body kindled the sacred birth;
Night shall awake to the anthem of the stars,
The days become a happy pilgrim march,
Our will a force of the Eternal's power,
And thought the rays of a spiritual sun.
A few shall see what none yet understands;
God shall grow up while the wise men talk and sleep;
For man shall not know the coming till its hour
And belief shall be not till the work is done.

(I.IV.55)

Here there were a few more erasures. It will probably go on improving. But what a wonder, this passage, what beauty!

(Mother reads aloud her translation up to: "God shall grow up while the wise men talk and sleep")

Splendid!

(Mother reads her translation of the last two lines.)

Oh, I love this: "God shall grow up while the wise men talk and sleep."

So, I'll continue.

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

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

There may be (I can't say, it's all imagination because I don't know), there may come a few ... somewhat weird things. But there is an insistence on the need to keep to each line as though it stood all alone in the universe. No mixing up the line order, no, no, no! For when he wrote it, he SAW it that way – I knew nothing about that, I didn't even know how he wrote it (he dictated it, I believe, for the most part), but that's what he tells me now. Everything comes to a stop,

everything, and then, oh, how we enjoy ourselves! I enjoy myself! It's more enjoyable than anything. I even told him yesterday, "But why write? What's the use?" Then he filled me with a sort of delight. Naturally, someone in the ordinary consciousness may say, "It's very selfish," but ... And then it's like a vision of the future (not too near, not extremely near – not extremely far either) a future when this sort of white thing – white and still – would spread out, and then, with the help of this work, a larger number of minds may come to understand. But that's secondary; I do the translation simply for the joy of it, that's all. A satisfaction that may be called selfish, but when he is told, "It's selfish," he replies that there is no one more selfish than the Lord, because all He does is for Himself!

There.

So I will go on. If there are corrections, they can only come through the same process, because at this point to correct anyhow would spoil it all. There is also the mixing (for the logical mind) of future and present tenses – but that too is deliberate. It all seems to come in another way. And well, I can't say, I haven't read any French for ages, I have no knowledge of modern literature – to me everything is in the rhythm of the sound. I don't know what rhythm they use now, nor have I read what Sri Aurobindo wrote in *The Future Poetry.* They tell me that *Savitri's* verse follows a certain rule he explained on the number of stresses in each line (and for this you should pronounce in the pure English way, which somewhat puts me off), and perhaps some rule of this kind will emerge in French? We can't say. I don't know. Unless languages grow more fluid as the body and mind grow more plastic? Possible. Language too, maybe: instead of creating a new language, there may be transitional languages, as, for instance (not a particularly fortunate departure, but still ...), the way American is emerging from English. Maybe a new language will emerge in a similar way?

In my case it was from the age of twenty to thirty that I was concerned with French (before twenty I was more involved in vision: painting; and sound: music), but as regards language, literature, language sounds (written or spoken), it was approximately from twenty to thirty. The *Prayers and Meditations* were written spontaneously with that rhythm. If I stayed in an ordinary consciousness I would get the knack of that rhythm – but now it doesn't work that way, it won't do!

Yesterday, after my translation, I was surprised at that sense ... a sense of absolute: "THAT'S HOW IT IS." Then I tried to enter into the literary mind and wondered, "What would be its various suggestions?" And suddenly, I saw somehow (somehow, somewhere there) a host of suggestions for every line! ... Ohh! "No doubt," I thought, "it IS an absolute!" The words came like that, without any room for discussion or anything. To give you an example: when he says "the clamour of the human plane," *clameur* exists in French, it's a very nice word – he didn't want it, he said "No," without any discussion. It wasn't an answer to a discussion, he just said, "Not *clameur: vacarme.*"[12] It isn't as though he was weighing one word against another, it wasn't a matter of words but the THOUGHT of the word, the SENSE of the word: "No, not *clameur,* it's *vacarme.*"

Interesting, isn't it?

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

I even find they should be avoided.

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

Unfortunately, I have lost the habit of French, the words I use to express myself are quite limited and the right word doesn't come – something looks up in the word store and doesn't find the word. I can sense it as if elusively, I feel there is a word, but all sorts of substitutes come forward that are worthless.

Now the sensation is altogether, altogether new. It's not the customary movement of words pouring in and so on: you search and suddenly you catch hold of something – it's no longer that way at all: as though it were the ONLY thing that remained in the world. All the rest – mere noise.

There, mon petit.

February

February 15, 1963

(Regarding a passage in "Savitri" in which Sri Aurobindo describes the universe as a play between He and She. "This whole wide world is only he and she," He, the Supreme in love with her, her servitor; She, the creative Force.)

As one too great for him he worships her;
He adores her as his regent of desire,
He yields to her as the mover of his will,
He burns the incense of his nights and days
Offering his life, a splendour of sacrifice....
In a thousand ways he serves her royal needs;
He makes the hours pivot around her will,
Makes all reflect her whims; all is their play:
This whole wide world is only he and she.

(I.IV. 62)

What a marvelous work!

He goes into a completely different region, so much above thought! It's constant vision, it isn't something thought out – with thought everything becomes flat, hollow, empty, empty, just like a leaf; while this is full, the full content is there, alive.

It's an explanation of why the world is as it is. At the start he says, *He worships her* (here again, there are no words in French: *Il lui rend un culte,* but that makes a whole sentence). *He worships her* as something far greater than Himself. And then you are almost a spectator of the Supreme projecting Himself to take on this creative aspect (necessarily, otherwise it couldn't be done!), the Witness watching His own work of creation and falling in love with this power of manifestation – you see it all. And ... oh, He wants to give Her her fullest chance and see, watch all that is going to happen, all that can happen with this divine Power thrust free into the world. And Sri Aurobindo expresses it as though he had absolutely fallen in love with Her: whatever She wants, whatever She does, whatever She thinks, whatever She wills, all of it – it's all wonderful! All is wonderful. It's so lovely!

And, I must say, I was observing this because, originally, the first time I heard of it, this conception shocked me, in the sense that ... (I don't know, it wasn't an idea, it was a feeling), as though it meant lending reality to something which in my consciousness, for a very long time (at least ... millennia perhaps, I don't know), had been the Falsehood to be conquered. The Falsehood that must cease to exist. It's the aspect of Truth that must manifest itself, it's not all that: doing anything whatsoever just for the fun of it, simply because you have the full power.... You have the power to do everything, so you do everything, and knowing that there is a Truth behind, you don't give a damn about consequences. That was something ... something which, as far back as I can remember, I have fought against. I have known it, but it seems to me it was such a long, long time ago and I rejected it so strongly, saying, "No, no!" and implored the Lord so intensely that things may be otherwise, beseeched Him that his all-powerful Truth, his all-powerful Purity and his all-powerful Beauty may manifest and put an end to all that mess. And at first I was shocked when Sri Aurobindo told me that; previously, in this life, it hadn't even crossed my mind. In that sense Theon's explanation had been much more (what should I say?) useful to me from the standpoint of action: the origin of disorder being the separation of the primal Powers – but that's not it! HE is there, blissfully worshipping all this confusion!

And naturally this time around, when I started translating it came back. At first there was a shudder *(Mother makes a gesture of stiffening).* Then I told myself, "Haven't you got beyond that!" And I let myself flow into the thing. Then I had a series of nights with Sri Aurobindo ... so marvelous! You understand, I see him constantly and I go into that subtle physical world where he has his abode; the contact is almost permanent (at any rate, that's how I spend all my nights: he shows me the work, everything), but still, after this translation of *Savitri* he

seemed to be smiling at me and telling me, "At last you have understood!" *(Mother laughs)* I said, "It isn't that I didn't understand, it's that I didn't want it!" I didn't want, I don't WANT things to be like that any more, for thousands of years I have wanted things to be otherwise!

The night before last, he had put on a sari of mine. He told me *(laughing),* "Why not? Don't you find it suits me!" I answered, "It suits you beautifully!" A sari of brown georgette, lustrous bronze, with big golden braid! It was a very beautiful sari (I used to have it, it was one of my saris), and he was wearing it. Then he asked me to do his hair. I remember seeing that the nape of his neck and his hair had become almost luminous – his hair was never quite white, there was an auburn shimmer to it, it was almost golden, and it stayed that way, very fine, not at all like the hair people have here. His hair was almost like mine. So while I was doing his hair, I saw the luminous nape of his neck, and his hair, so luminous! And he said to me, "Why shouldn't I wear a sari!"

That opened up a whole new horizon.... We're always so closed, you know.

Of course, it [this vision or conception] isn't allowed into action, because when you start accepting everything and loving everything and seeing Glory everywhere – why change!? This is why the Force that had been in me for so long for the world to progress further made me reject precisely all that legitimized things as they are by putting you into contact with the inner joy of living – as he puts it, His Joy is there, everywhere, so nobody wants to leave the world....

In short, I was able to see the situation from above, a little higher than the creative Force – from the other side.

* * *

(A little later, regarding a passage from the Agenda of 1962, at the time of Mother's first great turning point, which she intended to show to one of the people of her entourage in an attempt to make him understand her work:)

I had asked Sujata for two copies, but then I realized it wasn't at all necessary. I told you I would give it to A. for him to read, and when A. came, I showed him one or two of the latest [Agenda conversations] typed by Sujata – and soon lost any desire to try again.

Well, when do I see you next?

Today is the 15th. The 19th, you told me.

Yes, but there have been changes. I tell you, I am being assassinated with people.

Well ...

The 21st, we'll have a meditation at 10 A.M., then at 6:15 P.M. I will go out on the terrace – can you see me from your house? But it seems you can hear the

music....

Yes, we can.

This is really amusing: it's somebody having fun – having fun and, so to say, forcing me to play. When I am about to sit down, he says to me, "Start off that way." So I start off that way and then he embellishes, elaborates on it. Then suddenly he says, "Ah, enough!" and off he goes!

I don't know who it is.

When I sit down to play, I make ... how should I put it? Not a prayer, but my usual invocation, like this *(gesture above)*, I am in a state of contemplation, and all of a sudden it starts: I see my hands in position on the keys, and, "Now then, begin that way!" All right, I begin that way. Then one note calls for the next. But I have to be very tranquil. And, oh, what I hear is lovely, so lovely! But I have no idea of what I play. I play without hearing what I play: I hear the other thing.

That's why one day I will ask to listen to the recording to see whether both things are the same.

Some new things come, it's funny. It's not at all like before. Before, I would listen to the music and play it. Now it's no longer like that: it's someone playing and I hear what he wants to play – but I don't know if that's actually what I play!

February 19, 1963

(An experience Mother had the day after the last conversation, on February 16:)

It was really very interesting. Afterwards it's just a memory, no longer the thing.... It concerned the creation of the material world, the material universe, in the light of the conception of the Supreme in love with His emanation. But the vision was all-embracing, as if I were on the other side – the side of the Supreme, not of the creation – and saw the creation as a whole, with the true sense of progress, the true sense of advance, of movement, and the true way in which all that doesn't belong to the future creation will disappear in a kind of *pralaya*[13] (it can't really "disappear" but it will be withdrawn from the Manifestation). And it was very interesting: all that doesn't collaborate (in the sense that it is a sufficient experience, an experience that has come to its end) was reabsorbed. It was like the true vision of what was rendered as the Last Judgment. It is something going on constantly, that mighty "gust" of manifestation, and there are things that have

been, according to our vision of time, but that live on, that continue to exist in the future; there are things that exhaust themselves (that's in the present), and there are things that have no more purpose, that cannot keep pace with the movement (I don't know how to explain this) and enter the Non-Being – the pralaya, the Non-Being, the unmanifest – of course, not in their forms but in their essence; that is to say, the Supreme in them remains the Supreme but unmanifest.

But it was all a living, palpable experience which lasted for a day and a half. The entire universal movement was LIVED and sensed. Not merely seen but lived – and in what light! What stupendous power! With that kind of certitude at the core of everything – something very odd. It's very difficult to express. But the experience lasted so long that it became perfectly familiar. To translate it into words I might say: it is the Supreme's way of seeing – of feeling, of living. I was living things the way He does. And it gives a power of certitude of realization. In the sense that what we are heading for is already here; the road we look back on, the road we have traveled and the road yet to travel, it all lives simultaneously. And with such logic! An eternal, wonderful superlogic which makes it obviousness itself – everything is obviousness itself. Struggle, effort, fear, all of that, oh, absolutely, absolutely nonexistent. And together with this, the explanation of the feeling we have of not wanting certain things any more: they leave the Manifest. You see, it's like a sieve into which everything is thrown and where He ... to Him, everything, but everything is the same, but there is the vision of what He wants, and also of what is useless for what He wants or would prevent the fullness and totality of what He wants (contradictions of sorts, I don't know how to explain it) – so with that He just goes this way *(gesture of reswallowing)* and it goes out of the Manifestation.

At the time I could have said it in a more understandable language, while now ...

> *But can these useless things be withdrawn from the Manifestation without causing any catastrophes?*

I don't know how to explain it.... Putting it like this implies an arbitrary fiat, but there's no such thing: it isn't a "gentleman" who decides to withdraw certain things he no longer likes! It's not that way. They are things which, owing to their own propensity (what we might call their essential truth), had at a given moment their place in the Manifestation, and which, once they have lost their purpose, quite naturally leave the Manifestation – I could put it in fifty different ways just as poorly, I can't see how to explain it properly. But the fact was evident. It was part of such a wonderfully complete and harmonious Whole – that Harmony is beyond us, we cannot understand it, caught as we are in the sensation of opposites. But there, "opposites" do not exist, there are only things that ... Like the fact of the Supreme seemingly dominated by His creation, wholly obedient to His creation – as though He had no power, no knowledge, no vision, so things follow their course in the chaos we know. Well, when we put it like this, there is something unbelievable and shocking about it, yet it was so very natural, so very true, and

part of such a perfect whole!

Only, you cannot see it unless you see the whole. At the time, everything was preexistent, although unfolding in time for the Manifestation. But it was preexistent. Not preexistent as we understand it, not everything "at a given moment".... Oh, how impossible! It's impossible to express it. I still feel what I could call the "warmth" of the experience – the reality, the life, the warmth of the experience are there. You know, I have lived in a Light! A Light which isn't our light, which has nothing to do with what we call light, a Light so warm and powerful! A creative Light. So powerful! ... Everything was so perfectly harmonious: everything, everything without exception, even the things that appear to be the very negation of divinity. And a rhythm! *(gesture as of great waves)* A harmony, so wonderful a TOTALITY, where the sense of sequence ... Sequence doesn't mean things being like this *(chopping gesture),* one being abolished by the next, it is ... At the time I might have been able to find or invent the words, I don't know, now ... now, it's only the memory of it. The memory, not the presence itself.

The experience lasted long. It started in the night, lasted through the whole day, and last night there was still something of it lingering, but then ... *(laughing)* I seemed to be told, "So then, aren't you going to move on? Are you going to stay with this experience, are you stuck there?!" It is so true: things move fast, fast, fast, and run as you may, you're still not going fast enough.

Last night or the night before, I was in Sri Aurobindo's house and he was telling me, "Some things are going wrong." And he showed me around his house. There were some pipes – big pipes – that had burst. "You see," he told me, "people have been careless." In some places they had taken away all the furniture and were cleaning up in a stupid way: "See," he said, "they don't do things the proper way." Then I understood it was the reflection of the way things happen here. And he was ... (not angry, he is never angry), but people gave him a lot of bother, they were preventing him from doing his work: I would come in a room and try to arrange a corner because he wanted to write, but it was impossible, the whole setup made it impossible for him to have even a decent corner where he could write – then at other times, it would be quite fine. Because it changes continuously. The layout of rooms has an inner meaning – it MEANS something – so it always stays the same as if the setting stayed unchanged (because it's not a house built from an architect's plan! It's his own house, which he has arranged according to his taste, so it stays that way). But people seem to have unrestricted entry there, and everyone wants to do something, to make himself "useful," *(laughing)* so it's terrible! This is what erased my experience or pushed it back into the realm of memories. As though he were saying, "Don't be too concerned with universal things, because over here *(laughing)* things aren't too smooth!"

* * *

(A little later)

The last twenty days I have felt troubled.

And I am, of course, harassed – people's idea of celebrating my birthday!

After this experience, I was expecting to see some truly exceptional things these last few days, because really ... this Presence is so concrete, so concrete! But compared to that "concrete," our concreteness is so thin and lifeless – what we call "life" is some sort of ... of mushy thing!

(silence)

I am not given the time for experiences. It was like that the other night, as if Sri Aurobindo were telling me, "See, you see what they do when you are not here." But then I waste all my time!

I wanted the book *[The Adventure of Consciousness]* to come out for February 21, 1964. That doesn't leave too much time, because ... That's another marvel, it must have been one of the things Sri Aurobindo was showing me: at the [Ashram] Press, they're behind schedule for everything – and they work night and day! They have never worked so hard! Very clearly, seen from above, it's a lack of organization; for something requiring an ounce of force they have to put in ten pounds, and still it doesn't work.

It grinds and grates.

Lack of organization. But all, all of life – all of life is that way!

EVERYTHING.

To make some decision or organize something (I am referring to practical examples – I have four, five, ten of them every day), all it would take is a few minutes of clear and quiet, but TOTAL vision, and things would work out perfectly well. But then there are four or five of them to make a decision. Each one brings in his own idea, his own viewpoint, his own little angle. They throw it all together, jabber away for two hours ... and nothing gets done.

So the conclusion is that I shall have to start again.... I had stopped long ago taking care of everything – long before I came upstairs, I told people, "See to your business yourselves." And what chaos it has become! ... That, too, made worse by the fact that they stopped seeing me physically. The physical presence was simply keeping a rein on them.

It's unthinkable now.

But I must say it isn't confined to the Ashram: it's the same all over the world – especially in India ... the government has gone completely crazy. They bombard people with papers and forms and regulations and prohibitions....

A third of my letters are either censored or lost.

Yes, exactly. More than half of my correspondence doesn't arrive. But do you know why? It's not at all that they find it suspicious or anything, it's that they are snowed under with work, tired, on edge: so instead of opening a letter carefully and making it possible to close it again, they tear it open in such a way that they can't decently pass it on! It's nothing but that. It's the same with parcels, you can't

imagine! The way they open parcels ... a child would do it better! It's disgusting. They break things, spoil everything, spill bottles.... Then, of course, what can they do about it? Sometimes they can't even forward the parcel, it's too damaged.

Now, I must say that whenever people complain I tell them, "Well, imagine for a minute you had to do this idiotic work (it is an idiotic work) and that day after day, hour after hour, all day long, with too few people (or half of them twiddling their thumbs), you were forced to do this work – after a while you would end up botching it the same way."

That's what I always tell those who criticize the government: "You deserve to be put in the place of the Prime Minister, or any other minister, with decisions to make; and with the responsibility placed on you, suppose you suddenly had to decide on things of which you know nothing – you'd soon see what fun it is!" You see, to govern properly, you have to be ... you have to be a sage! You should have a universal vision and be above all personal questions.... There is not one – not one.

Some are sluggish (they're the best, because I can make them do what I want them to do); they're like automatons, so you can get something out of them. But unfortunately they think they are ... they have the sense of their responsibility, so they think they are very superior – then it's terrible!

Anyway ...

They sent some papers to the Ashram, asking whether we had gold objects other than jewels! So, *(laughing)* I could just see a scene in the palaces of old: gold candelabra, the throne! ...

So ridiculous!

What can we do?... Endure.

* * *

Then Mother speaks of her translation of "Savitri"

I do it exclusively for the joy of being in a world ... a world of overmental expression (I don't say supramental, I say overmental), a luminous, marvelous expression through which you can catch the Truth.

And it teaches me English without books! Now, whenever I have to write a letter, all the words come by themselves: the CONTENT of the word (just as I told you for *moment* and *instant),* now it works the same way with all words! Yesterday I wrote something in English for a doctor here *(Mother looks for a paper): The world progresses so rapidly that we must be ready at any moment to over pass what we knew in order to know better.* And you know, I never think: it just comes, either the sound or the written word (it depends on the case: now I'll see the written words, now I'll hear the sound). For instance, the word *advance* came first, and with it came *quick, quickly,* repeatedly ["the world advances so

quickly"]. Then came *progress,* and *quickly* was out of the picture; and suddenly *rapidly* came forward. So I understood how it worked, how it works for all words! I understood: *progress* (the idea or inner meaning of progress) calls for *rapidly;* and *advance* calls for *quickly.* Putting it like this sounds like splitting hairs, but when I saw it, it was positively irrefutable! The word was alive, its content was alive, and along with it was its friend, the word that went with it; and the word that wasn't its friend was not to be seen, it wasn't in the mood! Oh, it was so funny! For that alone it is worth the trouble.

I have made some experiments with French too. I wrote something: *Pour chacun, le plus important est de savoir si on appartient au passe qui se perpetue, au present qui s'epuise, à l'avenir qui veut naître.* ["The most important point for everyone is to know whether he belongs to the past perpetuating itself, to the present exhausting itself, or to the future trying to be born."] I gave it to Z – he didn't understand. So I told him, "It doesn't mean 'our' past, 'our' present or 'our' future...." I wrote this when I was in that state [the experience Mother told at the beginning of this conversation], and it was in connection with a very sweet old lady who has just left her body. This is what I said to her. Everybody had been expecting her departure for more than a month or two, but I said, "You will see, she is going to last; she will last for at least another month or two." Because she knows how to live within, outside her body, and the body lives on out of habit, without jerks and jolts. That was her condition, and it could last a very long time. They had announced she would leave within two days, but I said, "It's not true." I know her well, in the sense that she had come out of her body and there was a link with me. And I said to her, "What do you care!" (though she wasn't at all worried, she was staying peacefully with me), "The whole point is to know whether one belongs to the past perpetuating itself, to the present exhausting itself, or to the future trying to be born." Sometimes what WE call the past is right here, it's the future trying to be born; sometimes what WE call the present is something in advance, something that came ahead of time; but sometimes also it's something that came late, that is still part of all that is to disappear – I saw it all: people, things, circumstances, everything through that perception, the vibration that would go on transforming itself, the vibration that would exhaust itself and disappear, the vibration that, though manifested for a long time, would be entitled to continue, to persist – that changes all notions! It was so interesting! So I wrote it down as it was – without any explanations (you don't feel much like explaining in such a case, the thing is so self-evident!). Poor Z, he stared at me – all at sea! So I told him, "Don't try to understand. I am not speaking of the past, present and future as we know them, it's something else." *(Mother laughs)*

But it's amusing because I had never paid much attention to that [the questions of language], the experience is novel, almost the discovery of the truth behind expression. Before, my concern was to be as clear, exact and precise as possible; to say exactly what I meant and put each word in its proper place. But that's not it! Each word has its own life! Some are drawn together by affinity, others repel each other ... it's very funny!

February 21, 1963

(Message given by Mother for February 21:)

The boon that we have asked from the Supreme is the greatest that the Earth can ask from the Highest, the change that is most difficult to realise, the most exacting in its conditions. It is nothing less than the descent of the supreme Truth and Power into Matter, the supramental established in the material plane and consciousness and the material world and an integral transformation down to the very principle of Matter. Only a supreme Grace can effect this miracle.

The supreme Power has descended into the most material consciousness but it has stood there behind the density of the physical veil, demanding before manifestation, before its great open workings can begin, that the conditions of the supreme Grace shall be there, real and effective.

A total surrender, an exclusive self-opening to the divine influence, a constant and integral choice of the Truth and rejection of the falsehood, these are the only conditions made. But these must be fulfilled entirely, without reserve, without any evasion or presence, simply and sincerely down to the most physical consciousness and its workings.

Sri Aurobindo

February 23, 1963

(Regarding a dream, or rather an experience of Sujata, the notation of which unfortunately was not kept.)

She went to Sri Aurobindo's home in the subtle physical – the thing is true, real, concrete, as concrete as here.

As soon as I got her letter, I saw: that's where she went. Besides, I knew she had gone there. Plenty of people go there and are unaware of it! They forget. But she had a nice memory.

She goes there very often at night, very often, but generally people forget.

Simply for want of training. If you train yourself, you remember quite well. There are small holes in the consciousness, gaps, and when you go through such a gap you forget. You may suddenly get a fleeting impression of something, and then it eludes you – oh, it's gone! Only, it takes a long time to train yourself; you

shouldn't be in a hurry or too busy. I went through it at a time when I was bedridden for five months. I had nothing to do. (You can't keep reading all the time – during those five months I read some eight hundred books ... no, nine hundred and fifty! But it tires the eyes.) So the rest of the time (you can't sleep too much either when you're in bed all the time), I trained myself: that was when I learned to have completely conscious nights. But it's a discipline. When you wake up, either in the middle of the night or in the morning, don't budge, stay absolutely still, concentrated, very silent, and PULL the memory back. For one month, two months, you seem to get nowhere; after six months it begins to work; and eventually you remember everything. At the end, you do the opposite movement, in the sense that whenever you have an interesting dream, you wake up: you learn to wake up in the middle of the night every time you have a vision or a dream, or some activity (there are various cases), so that you can remember, and then you repeat it to your consciousness (once you're awake, you repeat it to yourself two or three or ten times, till you're certain not to forget), and then off you go again.

But you can't do that if, when morning comes, you have to leap out of your bed and attend to fifty thousand pressing matters. It isn't indispensable for the yoga, not at all. It's a hobby, rather, something to amuse yourself with.

(Satprem protests)

Well, it gives you the pleasure of knowing what's going on – which isn't necessary. Now I know, I don't care one way or the other! When I go to bed, at least eight times out of ten, when I am in bed, I ask, "O Lord, grant me a silent night," which is very selfish of me – He keeps me working every night! And sometimes, you get tired of working and feel like being blissful. A blissful silence. Then I ask Him, "Let me be blissful."

It works fairly well. But it's one night out of five or six.

Otherwise, the entire night is conscious, and you cannot imagine the multitude of things that can be done in a night!

Anyhow, it's good, I am very glad for her [Sujata], it's a very good sign.

* * *

A little later

We have a great mathematician here who comes from Madras regularly, Dr. V. (you know him, don't you?), and for my birthday,[14] he played around with the figures of my date of birth and made up with them a square with small compartments (what a painstaking work it must be!): any way you read it, it always adds up to the same figure. Admirable. The figure is 116. Heavenly mathematics, all that (!) and it is supposed to be my number of years. But I find it a little on the short side. Because if the present pace is any indication, 116 doesn't

leave me many years, thirty years or so ... yes, some thirty years, that's all. What can you achieve in thirty years?! The way things are moving, oh! ... When Sri Aurobindo said three hundred years, I think he gave the minimum figure.

We'll see.

(silence)

In the body consciousness, there are two attitudes which are both ... No, one is becoming much more natural: it is a sort of ... (what's the word in French?) *everlasting* attitude, everlasting, there is no reason why it shouldn't continue. The cells feel themselves everlasting, with a certain state of harmonious inner peace which partakes of eternity, that is to say, free from the kind of disorder and friction that causes aging and disintegration (it's a kind of grating in the gears that causes it). People's ordinary consciousness (it's not a question of ideas, concepts or anything of that kind: it's the body's consciousness, the consciousness of the body's cells), the ordinary, NATURAL, NORMAL consciousness is a consciousness full of grating and friction, in perpetual disorder, and that's the cause of aging. Well, this is beginning to fade away.

It is rarely felt, except when the pressure from outside is too great. When there is a huge accumulation of scores of small ... you can't call them "wills," but impulses coming from things (from things or people or circumstances) that want to be fulfilled, attended to – as long as it's within a certain limit you receive it with a smile and it doesn't have any effect, but when the dose is exceeded, suddenly something says, "Oh, no! Enough is enough!" At that point, the consciousness is hopeless. It falls back into the old rhythm, and consequently that must cause wear and tear. But the other way is a sort of harmonious, undulating movement *(Mother draws big waves in the air),* ALMOST beyond time, not quite: there is some sort of time sense, but secondary, somewhat in the distance. And this movement *(gesture of waves)* gives a sense of eternity – of everlastingness, at any rate – there is no reason for it to cease. There is no friction, no conflict, no wear and tear, it can go on indefinitely.

It is beginning to be that way.

But not these last few days.[15]

Yesterday evening (was it yesterday?... No, the day before), when I went out on the balcony-terrace,[16] the difference in perception between the consciousness I have now and the one I had before felt enormous! Before, as I have always said, I would stay there, call the Lord, be in His presence, and only when He withdrew would I come in again – that's how it was. And I had a certain relationship with people, things, the outside world ("outside," well, not outside – anyway, the world). The day before yesterday, when I went to the balcony, I wasn't thinking of anything or observing anything, I simply went – I didn't want to know what was going on, it didn't interest me, I wasn't observing.... The other experience [of the previous balcony, one year ago] seemed to go back centuries! It was so much OTHER! And so spontaneous, so natural, and so immense too! ... The earth was tiny. Yet it was very much here: I wasn't "over there," the BODY itself was feeling

that way. And at the same time (I was two floors above people), every time I looked, I recognized scores and scores of people, they seemed to leap to my eyes – a crystal clear vision, much sharper (the vision I had before was always a bit hazy because what I saw wasn't entirely physical: I saw the movement of forces), and yesterday, it was as if ... as if I had risen above the very possibility of haziness! It was far less physical – FAR MORE accurate.[17]

Formerly too, I used to sense the Force, the Consciousness, the Power concentrated in a particular point and then spreading out. While here, there was an IMMENSITY of Power, of Light, of Consciousness, of perception, concentrated in a tiny point: the people gathered there.

So colossal a difference that I didn't expect it – I wasn't thinking about it nor was I expecting it. I stayed there as long as it lasted, then at a certain point someone said, "That's enough, they are getting tired." (It wasn't I who said it.) "Enough, they can't take any more." So I came back inside. That's what made me come inside. It lasted five minutes. In five minutes, they were full to bursting.

I think this body has become another person, it's not the same any more. It's no longer what it used to be. Yet the memory of its earthly existence hasn't gone, it isn't another body. Yet it is another person. I am referring here only to the material consciousness *(Mother touches her body)*. The other thing up there *(gesture above)* is all very easy to explain, the work was done long ago, that's not what I mean – no, it's here. The change is HERE. It's odd. There, petit.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother talks about her secretaries, who don't do what she tells them to and take too much of her time:)

They take absolutely no notice of what I say.

What?!

Oh, yes, that's the way things are. I tell them, "I must be finished by such and such time." "Yes, yes," they say – and nobody moves. I can't start.... I am stuck there with my legs under the table, so it's difficult.... Unless I make a scene.

Sometimes I do, I tell them, "Ah, enough! Good-bye," and I push back my chair. I get up and push back my chair. But that's ... only in case of absolute necessity.[18] All in all, I am rarely nasty! *(Laughter)*

Though it does happen. It happened this morning. Some people had left their daughter here; she has been here for the last four or five years, and all the while they didn't bother about her at all. She was in Ml's dormitory – M. has been a real mother to her, she looked after her dresses and everything, her parents did nothing (I think they were sending their hundred rupees regularly, that was all, they didn't have a thought for their daughter). This little girl's home was here. Then her

parents came for the Darshan, they found their daughter not warm enough, not loving enough, that she far too much loved being here – conclusion: they're taking her away. I found that ... so shameful! Shameful, so stupidly selfish.

I tried to intervene in several ways. They had taken the little thing with them – she cried day and night, nonstop. Won't eat, cries all the time. And she says, "I want to go back, I want to go back.... I want to stay here, I don't want to go away."

"Ah, so that's how you are! Very well, we're taking you away."

What cruelty! One of the ugliest things you can imagine.

Yesterday I tried once again (they're leaving today, I believe), I had something conveyed to them, the answer was, "The father finds his daughter has forgotten him and no longer loves him, so he doesn't want to leave her here and will take her away." I replied, "Does he think by bullying her he can force her to love him?" The fool just won't understand, nothing sinks in.

I didn't see the gentleman.

But then, they had brought a four-year-old with them. Today was his birthday. They sent me some money for the child and asked for a card of blessings. I refused to give the card and threw the money back at them – quite bluntly. I said, "Tell these people that they are *selfish and stupid, and I want nothing from them."* And I banged on the table.... Oh, oh! ... Everyone was petrified. *(Mother laughs)* The doctor was there, and Nolini, Champaklal, Amrita.... Something in me was laughing a lot! Oh, they thought I was in a terrible fit: "They'll see what will happen to them! ..." And you know, those vibrations are familiar to me – they're terrifying, mon petit. Not human. When it comes, it's fearsome, people are in a cold sweat. And I watch it all like a spectator!

Fairly often, it's Sri Aurobindo. But this time it was entirely impersonal. It was something that WILL NO LONGER tolerate in the world a certain kind of selfish stupidity – to trample this child's finer feelings just because she isn't stupidly attached to her family (who didn't even give her a single thought all the time she was here, she didn't exist for them).

If you want your children to love you, you should at least love them a little, care for them a little, no? It's elementary, you don't have to be very bright to understand that – but they won't understand: "It is a child's DUTY to love his parents"!! And if you don't fulfill your duty, you're put in jail.

All right.

But those people will live to regret it.

The little girl struggled as if she were drowning, you know. She went everywhere – took refuge at the School, took refuge in Pavitra's room, begged G. in tears to intervene. M. was absolutely desperate. Everybody is trying to dissuade them, everybody is scandalized – it's their "right"! Brandishing their right, they grab the girl and *squeeze* her: "You'll love us, or else!"

And they think they will succeed!

Unfortunately, it is always the best who suffer. Some were taken away like that, and they fell so gravely ill that once they recovered sufficiently, the doctors said to send them back here. It has happened at least a dozen times. Those who

have an inner life feel at home here.

Well ...

* * *

(Just before the end, Mother comes back to her experience at the balcony:)

The balcony is quite interesting. Because it suddenly made me notice a change I was unaware of. Like a rapid rise I had been completely unaware of. My only awareness is that at EVERY moment, if I stop talking or listening or working, at every moment, it's like ... great beatific wings, as vast as the world, beating slowly, like that.

A feeling of immense wings – not two: all around and stretching out everywhere.

Constantly, night and day. I participate in it only when I am tranquil.

But it never leaves me.

The wings of the Lord.

March

March 6, 1963

(Regarding an old Playground Talk of December 4, 1957, in which Mother asked: "Will there be a gradual transition from what we are now to what our inner spirit aspires to become, or will there be a break, will we have to leave our present human form behind until a new form emerges – an emergence whose process we cannot foresee, of a new form without any connection to what we are today? Can we expect this body, our means of manifestation on earth until now, to be transformed progressively into something capable of expressing higher life, or will we have to abandon this form altogether in order to take on another one not yet born on earth?" Mother adds:)

Why not both?

Both forms will be at the same time. One does not preclude the other.

Yes, but will the one be transformed into the other?

It will be transformed and will be an outline, as it were, of the new one. When

this outline comes into being, the other, the perfect form, will appear. Because both have their own beauty and purpose, and so both will be there.

The mind always tries to make an exclusive choice or decision – that's not the way. Even the totality of what we are able to imagine is very little compared to what will be. The truth is, everyone with an intense aspiration and inner certitude will be called to realize it.

Everywhere, in all fields, always and forever, all is possible. And all that is possible WILL BE at a given moment – a moment that may be short or long, but all will be.

Just as they found many sorts of transient possibilities that existed between animals and man, so too there will be many different possibilities: each one will try in his own way. And all that together will help prepare for the future realization.

The question we could ask is: Will the human species be like those species that met with extinction? Some species became extinct (though not species that lasted as long as the human species, as far as I know (?), and also not those which had in them the seed of progress, a possibility of progress). The impression is rather that evolution will follow a curve drawing nearer and nearer to a higher species, and maybe all that is still too close to the lower species will fall away, just as those species fell away in the past.

We always forget that not only is everything possible – everything, even the most contradictory things – but every possibility is given at least one moment of existence.

* * *

(Then Mother takes up the aphorisms to be prepared for the next "Bulletin":)

84 – The supernatural is that the nature of which we
have not attained or do not yet know, or the means of
which we have not yet conquered. The common taste for
miracles is the sign that man's ascent is not yet finished.

85 – It *is* rationality and prudence to distrust the supernatural; but to believe in it is also a sort of wisdom.

86 – Great saints have performed miracles; greater saints have railed at them; the greatest have both railed at them and performed them.

87 – Open thy eyes and see what the world really is and what God;
have done with vain and pleasant imaginations.

Do you have any questions?

Yes, there are two types of question....

There are two very different things.

> *First, one may ask: What is a miracle? Because Sri Aurobindo often says that "there is no such thing as a miracle," but at the same time, in "Savitri," for example, he says, "All's miracle here and can by miracle change."*[19]

It depends which way you look at it: from this side or from the other side.

People only call miracles things they can't explain clearly, in mental terms. From that point of view, innumerable things that happen can be said to be "miracles," because you can't explain the why or the how.

> *What would a real miracle be, then?*

I don't see what a real miracle can be, because what's a miracle, ultimately?

A real miracle ... It's only the mind that has the notion of miracle, because following its own logic, the mind decides that given this and that condition, this or that circumstance can or cannot be. But these are merely the mind's limitations. Because from the Lord's point of view, how could there be a miracle? All is but Himself objectifying Himself.

Here we come to the great problem of the road we travel, the eternal Road Sri Aurobindo refers to in *Savitri.* It is easy to imagine, of course, that what was first objectified had an inclination to objectification. The first point to accept, a logical point considering the principle of evolution, is that the objectification is progressive, it is not complete for all eternity.... (silence) It's very hard to express, because we cannot free ourselves from our habit of seeing it as a finite quantity unfolding indefinitely and of thinking that only with a finite quantity can there be a beginning. We always have an idea (at least in our way of speaking) of a "moment" *(laughing)* when the Lord decides to objectify Himself. And put that way, the explanation is easy: He objectifies Himself gradually, progressively, with, as a result, a progressive evolution. But that's just a manner of speaking. Because there is no beginning, no end, yet there is a progression. The sense of sequence, the sense of evolution and progress comes only with the Manifestation. And only when we speak of the earth can we explain things truthfully and rationally, because the earth had a beginning – not in its soul, but in its material reality.

A material universe probably has a beginning, too.

(silence)

So looking at it that way, for a given universe, a miracle would mean the sudden appearance of something from another universe. And for the earth (which brings the problem down to a manageable size), a miracle means the sudden appearance of something that doesn't belong to the earth – and this entry of a principle that doesn't belong to the earth as a finite world causes a radical and instant change.

But then again, as the saying goes, the ENTIRE whole is found in principle at the very core of each part; so even this miracle isn't possible.

We might say that the sense of miracle can only belong to a finite world, a finite consciousness, a finite conception. It is the abrupt, unexpected entry – or appearance or intervention or penetration – of something that did not exist in this physical world. So it follows that any manifestation of a will or consciousness belonging to a realm more infinite and eternal than the earth is necessarily a miracle on the earth. But if you go beyond the finite world or the understanding proper to the finite world, then miracle does not exist. The Lord can play at miracles if He enjoys it, but there's no such thing as a miracle – He plays all possible games.

You can begin to understand Him only when you FEEL it that way, that He plays all possible games – and "possible" not according to human conception but according to His own conception!

Then there is no room for the miracle, except for a pretend miracle.

(silence)

If what belongs to the supramental world materialized abruptly, rather than through a slow evolution ... that would be something which man, as a mental being, even if his mentality, his mental domain, were brought to perfection, could call a miracle, for it is the intervention in his conscious life of something he doesn't consciously carry within him. The taste for miracles, which is very strong (much stronger in children or in hearts that have remained childlike than in highly mentalized beings), is basically the faith that the aspiration for the Marvelous will come true, that things beyond all that we may expect of normal life will come true.

In fact, for education, people should always encourage both tendencies side by side: the thirst for the Marvelous, the seemingly unrealizable, for something that fills you with a sense of divinity, while at the same time encouraging, in the perception of the world as it is, an exact, correct and sincere observation, the abolition of all imaginings, a constant control, and a most practical and meticulous feeling for exactness in details. Both tendencies should go side by side. Generally, people kill one with the idea that it's necessary in order to develop the other – which is totally erroneous.

The two can coexist, and as knowledge grows, a moment comes when you understand that they are two aspects of the same thing, namely, a clear vision, a superior discernment. But instead of the vision and discernment being limited and narrow, they become absolutely sincere, correct, exact – AND immense, embracing an entire field that's not yet part of the concrete Manifestation.

This is very important from an educational point of view.

To see the world as it is, accurately, starkly, in the most practical and down-to-earth way, and to see the world as it can be, with the highest and freest vision, filled with hope and aspiration and a marvelous certainty – these are the two poles of discernment. All the most splendid, marvelous, powerful, expressive and total things we are able to imagine are nothing compared to what they can be; and at the

same time, our minute observation of the smallest detail can never be sufficiently exact. Both things must go together. When you know this *(gesture below)* and you know That *(gesture above)*, you are able to make the two meet.

This is the best possible use of the need for miracles. The need for miracles is a gesture of ignorance: "Oh, I wish it were that way!" It's a gesture of ignorance and impotence. On the other hand, those who tell you, "You live in a world of miracles," know only the lower end of things (and quite imperfectly at that), and they are impervious to anything else.

We should turn this need for miracles into a conscious aspiration to something – something that already is, that exists, and that will be manifested WITH THE HELP of all those aspirations: all those aspirations are necessary, or rather, looking at it in a truer way, they are an accompaniment – a pleasant accompaniment – to the eternal unfolding.

Basically, people with a very strict logic tell you, "Why pray? Why aspire, why ask? The Lord does what He wills and will always do what He wills." It's perfectly obvious, it goes without saying, but this fervor, "Lord, manifest Yourself!" gives His manifestation a more intense vibration.

Otherwise He would never have made the world as it is – there is a special power, a special joy, a special vibration in the world's intensity of aspiration to become again what it is.

And that is why – partly, fragmentarily why – there is evolution.

An eternally perfect universe, eternally manifesting eternal perfection, would lack the joy of progress. This I feel very intensely. Very intensely. We see no farther than the tip of our nose, not even one second of Infinity, and that second doesn't contain all that we'd like to experience and know, so we complain, "Oh, no! This world is no good." But if we come out of our second into the Whole, immediately we feel so intensely all that the need for progress has brought to the Manifestation.

And yet ... yet it is still limited to the receiving instrument. There comes a point when even the creative Force of this universe feels very small if It doesn't merge, doesn't unite with the creative Force of all other universes.

There too, there is a constant ascent or progression in identification.

(Mother suddenly turns to Satprem)

You're not going to put all that in?!

But... yes, of course!

(Laughing) No, cut out all the last part.

It's late now, otherwise I might have asked you a question.

Go ahead. What question?

Why didn't Sri Aurobindo or you make more use of miracles as a means to overcome the resistances of the outer human consciousness?

Why this self-effacement towards the outside, this sort of nonintervention, as it were, or unobstrusiveness?

In Sri Aurobindo's case, I only know what he told me several times: what people call "miracles" are just interventions in the physical or vital worlds. And those interventions are always mixed with ignorant or arbitrary movements.

But the number of miracles Sri Aurobindo performed in the Mind is incalculable. Of course, only if you had a very honest, sincere and pure vision could you see them – I saw them. Others too saw them. But he refused (this I know), he refused to perform any vital or material miracle, because of the admixture.

My own experience is like this: in the world's present state, a direct miracle (vital or material, that is) must necessarily involve a number of fallacious elements which we cannot accept – those miracles are necessarily fallacious miracles. And we cannot accept that. At least I always refused to do so. I've seen what people call miracles. I saw many with Madame Théon, for instance, but it allowed a host of things to exist that to me are inadmissible.

I don't know if that's the true reason, I am not sure if the reason isn't just that we were not supposed to do miracles.

I could say a lot on the subject, but ... At any rate, perhaps I'll tell you one day, but it can't be used for the *Bulletin* – these aren't public matters.

But what people call "miracles" nowadays are almost always performed by beings of the vital world, or by men in relation with such beings, so there's a mixture – it accepts the reality of certain things, the truth of certain things that aren't true. And it works on that basis. So it's unacceptable.

Some other day I'll tell you more, though what I'll have to say will be personally to you, for the *Agenda,* it just won't do for the *Bulletin.* There you are.

March 9, 1963

I'd like to ask you a question.... I haven't quite understood what you meant by "miracles in the Mind." What are they? "Sri Aurobindo performed miracles in the Mind," you said.

That was when he brought the supramental Force into the mental consciousness. He would bring into the mental consciousness (the mental consciousness that governs all material movements[20]) a supramental formation, or power, or force, that instantly altered the organization. With immediate results ... that appear illogical because the process doesn't follow the course set by mental logic.

He said it himself: it happened when he was in possession or in conscious command of the supramental Force and Power and when he put it on a particular

spot for a particular purpose. It was irrevocable, inevitable: the effect was absolute.

That can be called a miracle.

The supramental force he would put in a person's mind was able to...

Take the example of someone ill, even feeling pain. When Sri Aurobindo was in possession of this supramental Power (at certain times he said it was totally under his control, he could do whatever he wanted with it and apply it wherever he wanted), then he would put this Will on some disorder or other, physical or vital, say (or mental, of course), he would put this Force of a superior harmony, a superior, supramental order, keep it there, and it would act instantly. And it was an order – it created an order and harmony superior to natural harmony. Which means that if the object was to cure, for example, the cure was more perfect and total than a cure brought about by the ordinary physical and mental methods.

There were hosts of instances. But people are so blind, you know, so bogged down in their ordinary consciousness, that they always have ready "explanations." They can always explain it away. Only those who had faith and aspiration and something very pure in them, that is, those who really wanted to know, were aware of it.

Which means there is a difference between the miracle taking place through or in the mind, and the miracle taking place directly in the physical and vital. For instance, all those who perform miracles like levitation, moving objects, generating lights ... *(Mother keeps silent for a while, then drops the subject).* It's a field that I don't find very living, it doesn't interest me very much.[21]

But that's how it worked with healing. When the Power was there, he said it was even effortless, all he had to do was to put that Power of order, of supramental harmony, and it would act instantly.[22]

The difference is hard to explain.

(silence)

Oh, listen (this is not meant to be published or told), I don't know if I've told you already. I was nine or ten years old, I was running with some friends in the forest of Fontainebleau (I've told this story somewhere). The forest is rather dense, so you can't see very far ahead. We were running, and speeding along as I was, I didn't see I was coming to the edge overhanging the road. The place where we were was about ten feet above the road (more than a story high), and the road was paved with stones – freshly paved. And we were running. I was racing ahead, the others were behind. Well, I'd built up such momentum that I couldn't stop – whoosh! I went sailing into the air. I was ten, eleven at the most, mind you, with no notion of the miraculous or the marvelous, nothing, nothing – I was just flung into the air. And I felt something supporting me, holding me up, and I was literally SET DOWN on the ground, on the stones. I got up (I found it perfectly natural, you understand!): not a scratch, not a speck of dust, nothing, absolutely intact. I

fell down very, very slowly. Then everyone rushed up to see. "Oh, it's nothing!" I said, "I am all right." And I left it at that. But the impression lingered. That feeling of something carrying me *(gesture of a slow fall, like a leaf falling in stages with slight pauses):* I fell down that slow. And the material proof was there, it was no illusion since I was unscathed – the road was paved with stones (you know the flint stones of France?): not a scratch, nothing. Not a speck of dust.

The soul was very alive at the time, and with all its strength it resisted the intrusion of the material logic[23] of the world – so it seemed to me perfectly natural. I simply thought, "No. Accidents can't happen to me."

But flung like that! ... For a very long time the memory of the SENSATION remained: something that went like this *(same gesture of a leaf falling)* and simply set me down on the road. When I worked with Théon, the memory came back, and I saw it was an entity: what people in Europe call angels (what do they call it?) ... guardian angels, that's right. An entity. Théon had told me of certain worlds (worlds of the higher intellect – I don't remember, he had named all the different planes), and in that world are winged beings – who have wings of their own free choice, because they find it pretty! And Madame Théon had always seen two such beings with me. Yet she knew me more than ten years later. And it appears they were always with me. So I took a look and, sure enough, there they were. One even tried to draw: he asked me to lend him my hand to do drawings. I lent my hand, but when I saw the drawing (he did one), I told him, "The ones I do without you are much better!" So that was the end of the matter!

What did it depict?

Funny drawings. One showed a sea with a rock and a small figure (that one was the best). A high cliff, a tiny figure, and then the sea. It wasn't very good!

I would lend my hand and look elsewhere – I didn't look at what I was drawing to make sure there was no subconscious interference. And I could distinctly feel his hand moving mine. After a while, I said to myself, "I think I'll take a look." I looked – "I say," I told him, "It's not up to much!"

It was in Tlemcen.

That kind of oddity never interested me. I found them simply natural. But these are what people call miracles.

There was another occurrence (less striking), once in a room as long as this one and wider,[24] the salon in my family's house. Some little friends had come and we were playing. I told them, "I'll show you how one should dance." I went to a corner of the room to get the longest distance to another corner, and I told them, "One single step in the middle." And I did it! *(Mother laughs)* I sprang (I didn't even feel I was jumping, it was like dancing, you know, like when they dance on point), landed on the tips of my toes, bounced up and reached the other corner – you can't do that alone, even champions cannot. The length of the jump went beyond records, because afterwards I asked here, when we started physical exercises at the Ashram, I asked what the longest jump was – mine was longer! And they take a run up, you see, they run and then jump. But I didn't run: I was

standing in the corner, and hop! up I went (I said "hop!" to myself, soundlessly), and frrrt! I landed on the tips of my toes, bounced and landed the other side – quite evidently I was carried.

All this took place before the age of thirteen or fourteen (from eight to thirteen or fourteen). Many things of the kind, all of which seemed to me perfectly natural – it didn't feel as though I was doing something miraculous. Perfectly natural.

I remember also, once, there were iron hoops (I don't know if they still exist) bordering the lawns in the *Bois de Boulogne* – and I used to take a walk on them! It was a challenge I threw to my brother (there was a difference of sixteen months between us, he was older – and much better behaved too!). I told him, "Can you walk on these?" "Leave me alone," he answered, "it's not interesting." "Just watch!" I told him. And I started walking on them, with such ease! As if I had done it all my life. It was the same phenomenon: I felt weightless.

Always the feeling of being carried: something holding me up, carrying me. And now if I compare the movement or the sensation ... it's the same as that vast movement of wings – the same vibration.

After thirteen or fourteen years, it became more difficult. But before that, it was really fine.

(silence)

It was the same thing when I made that overmental formation (we were heading for miracles!). One day Sri Aurobindo told me I had brought down into Amrita[25] a force of the creative Brahma (it's the creative Word, the Word that realizes itself automatically). And I don't know what happened ... something, I can't recall what, that showed me it was working very well. Then a sort of idea occurred to me: "Why, we could try this power on mosquitoes: let mosquitoes cease to exist! What would happen?" (We were pestered by mosquitoes at the time.) Before doing it (the meditation was over, it would have been for the next time), I said to Sri Aurobindo, "Well, what if we tried with that force which responds; if we said, 'Let mosquitoes cease to exist,' we could at least get rid of them within a certain field of action, a certain field of influence, couldn't we?" So he looked at me *(with a smile),* kept silent, and, after a moment, turned to me and said, You *are in full Overmind. That is not the Truth we want to manifest.... I* told you the story. It was on that occasion.

We could have done things of that sort.

He told me *(Mother speaks with an ironic tone),* "Oh, you can certainly perform miracles! People will be wonderstruck."

(silence)

But I found a far lovelier miracle.... It was at Tlemcen, I was playing the piano, I don't recall what (a Beethoven or a Mozart piece). Théon had a piano (because his English secretary used to play the piano), and this piano was in his drawing room, which was on a level with the mountain, halfway up, almost at the top. That

is to say, you had to climb two flights of stairs inside the house to reach the drawing room, but the drawing room had large French doors opening out onto the mountainside – it was very beautiful. So then, I used to play in the afternoon, with the French doors wide open. One day, when I finished playing, I turned around to get up, and what did I see but a big toad, all warts – a huge toad – and it was going puff, puff, puff (you know how they inflate and deflate), it was inflating and deflating, inflating and deflating ... as though it were in seventh heaven! It had never heard anything so marvelous! It was all alone, as big as this, all round, all black, all warts, between those high doors – French doors wide open to the sun and light. It sat in the middle. It went on for a little while, then when it saw the music was over, it turned around, hop-hop-hopped ... and vanished.

That admiration of a toad filled me with joy! It was charming.

(silence)

Also when I was eleven or twelve, my mother rented a cottage at the edge of a forest: we didn't have to go through the town. I used to go and sit in the forest all alone. I would sit lost in reverie. One day (it happened often), one day some squirrels had come, several birds, and also *(Mother opens her eyes wide),* deer, looking on.... How lovely it was! When I opened my eyes and saw them, I found it charming – they scampered away.

The memory of all these things returned AFTERWARDS, when I met Théon – long afterwards, when I was more than twenty, that is, more than ten years later. I met Théon and got the explanation of these things, I understood. Then I remembered all that had happened to me, and I thought, "Well! ..." Because Madame Théon said to me (I told her all my childhood stories), she said to me, "Oh, but I know, you are THAT, the stamp of THAT is on you." I thought over what she had said, and I saw it was indeed true. All those experiences I had were very clear indications that there were certainly people in the invisible looking after me! *(Mother laughs)*

Interestingly there was nothing mental about it: I didn't know the existence of those things, I didn't know what meditation was – I meditated without the least idea of what it was. I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, my mother had kept it all completely taboo: those matters are not to be touched, they drive you crazy!

Later, the memories came back.

* * *

(Towards the end of the conversation, Mother asks for the next aphorism for the "Bulletin" and if Satprem has any questions.)

I'd like to ask you a question on death.

Ohhh! ...

All that I thought I knew now seems to me completely superficial, and I have almost ... laid my finger on something which, in contrast, gave me the impression of a stupendous discovery. But it was just a flash, the thing is not at my command. I can't speak about it. So it might be better to wait a while before dealing with that subject.

Is this aphorism on death?

> *Yes, it refers to dualities: life and death, error and knowledge, love and cruelty.... We can, of course, leave aside any question on death, but that was the question that came to me.*

I tell you, it would mar a subject that may, in a few months (a few months or a few years, I don't know), grow clearer. There may be something worth telling then.

On a few occasions, you know, I was like this *(Mother makes a gesture of hovering between two worlds*[26]*),* as if I were really put in contact with what I have called "the death of death." It was the unreality of death. From a COMPLETELY material standpoint. It was a question of cells and of the consciousness in the cells. Like when you are within an inch of something: "There it is! I'm going to catch it, there it is! ..." But then it fades away. It has stayed as an impression.

A few seconds' experience which gave me the sense that the most central problem was solved. And then....

When it is like that, it will be interesting.

* * *

(Just before leaving)

Do we need another aphorism [for the *Bulletin*]? We already have three.

> *I'll just add part of what you said at the beginning, on the miracles in the mind....*

What Sri Aurobindo did?

> *Yes, I asked you what those miracles in the mind were. You said he would bring the Supermind into the Mind.... It's interesting.*

You think we should say that to people? They're....

> *Because personally, I didn't quite understand what it meant and why Sri Aurobindo and you didn't perform any miracles. But I won't put everything you said today.*

Oh, no, no, no! No need to ... It's only for our own enjoyment. And what about

your book, how is it going on?

Slowly.

I'll soon start preparing next year's February 29,[27] and your book is part of the preparation.... I am trying to find what to distribute – what will take place. I don't know yet what will take place. But many people, in all corners of the world, are expecting this February 29 (from everywhere they want to come), so I should at least have something ready for them.

The only thing that has come to my consciousness so far is for me to be in an inner state such that I could sit for two or three hours, while people file past me (of course, it's out of the question to distribute anything myself, it's impossible). Simply, for me to be absorbed in contemplation so that it wouldn't matter, people filing past wouldn't alter my state.

It was suggested to me in the form of a vision: I was sitting on a somewhat high chair downstairs, on the ground floor (in the meditation hall where I went in 1960), while people filed past me. But then there should be some sort of distribution, and I am more in favor of something printed than a material object. A material object ... I am much too poor, in the first place. Something printed.

It's vague – not vague but incomplete. The details are precise, what I see is precise, but everything isn't there. Only certain points here and there – it's incomplete.

But one thing I know, I want your book to be published by then, to come out by the end of February, possibly for the 21st. But those people take ages to do things properly. That's why I ask you.

I hope it'll be finished at the beginning of next month.

Good. Au revoir, mon petit.

March 13, 1963

(Mother opens "Savitri." She intended to translate "The Debate of Love and Death." The book opens "by chance" on the last lines of Death's defeat, which Mother reads aloud:)

And [Death] left crumbling the shape that he had worn,
Abandoning hope to make man's soul his prey
And force to be mortal the immortal spirit.

(X.IV.667)

No matter where you open, no matter where you read, it's wonderful! Immediately it's wonderful – strange, these three lines, aren't they....

Abandoning hope to make man's soul his prey And force to be mortal the immortal spirit.

Wonderful.

These people could very easily lure me: for a long time they have been asking me to read them the whole of Savitri – quite a work! But this [translation] work is irresistible.

So, in fact (the trouble is, my notebook won't be thick enough!), in fact I would like to translate all of the "Debate" [of Love and Death], it's so wonderful.

(Mother leafs through the book)

When she says ... I don't remember the words, she says:

My God is love[28]

Oh, that's....

(Mother goes back to the beginning of Book X, Canto IV)

Here:

The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real

Look at this:

Or in bodies motionless like statues, fixed
In tranced cessations of their sleepless thought
Sat sleeping souls, and this too was a dream.

(X.IV.642)

They are the ones who want to attain Nirvana.... "And this too was a dream"!

(Mother looks further)

It begins here:

Once more arose the great destroying Voice:
Across the fruitless labour of the worlds
His huge denial's all-defeating might
Pursued the ignorant march of dolorous Time.

(X.IV.643)

Here is where I should begin.

Book X is long: "The Book of the Double Twilight."... Of course, if I start reading ...

You'll end up at the beginning!

I would do the whole book!

(Mother leafs back)

"The Gospel of Death and Vanity of the Ideal"
This is invaluable to answer all, all, all the arguments people use.

(Mother leafs further)

Ah, here we are! "The Debate of Love and Death."

That's where it begins.

It's Canto III.

There's a passage underlined here.

If it's underlined, it's not by me! ... No, that's the place where I stopped when I was reading: I used to mark in red the place where I stopped.

He says ... *(Death to Savitri, in a supremely ironic tone)*:
... Art thou indeed so strong, O heart, O Soul, so free?...

(X. III . 63 6)

It's wonderful!

So we would have to start at the beginning of the "Book of the Double Twilight," Book X. Let's see how it goes....

(Mother reads)

All still was darkness dread and desolate;
There was no change nor any hope of change.
In this black dream which was a house of Void,
A walk to Nowhere in a land of Nought,
Ever they drifted without aim or goal....

(X599)

My God, how wonderful! It's wonderful.

(Mother turns the pages)

And Book XII ["The Return to the Earth"].... I don't know.

(Mother reads the concluding lines of "Savitri":)

Night, splendid with the moon dreaming in heaven
In silver peace, possessed her luminous reign.
She brooded through her stillness on a thought
Deep-guarded by her mystic folds of light,
And in her bosom nursed a greater dawn.

(XII.724)

It heralds the Supermind.

But I had a feeling he hadn't completed his revision. When I read this, I felt it wasn't the end, just as when I read the last chapter of the "Yoga of Self-Perfection,"[29] I felt it was unfinished. He left it unfinished. And he said so. He

said, "No, I will not go down to this mental level any more."

But in *Savitri's* case ... (I didn't look after it, you know), he had around him Purani, that Chinmayi, and ... (what's his name?) Nirod – they all swarmed around him. So I didn't look after *Savitri.* I read *Savitri* two years ago, I had never read it before. And I am so glad! Because I read it at the time I could understand it – and I realized that none of those people had understood ONE BIT of it. Both things at the same time.

(silence)

Let's see, open a page at random, I want to see if you find something interesting – concentrate a moment and open the book, I'll read it to you.

Just put your finger.... Do you want a blade? *(Mother gives Satprem a letter opener)*

(Satprem concentrates and opens the book)

Oh!

In the passion of its solitary dream
It lay [the heart of the King] like a closed soundless oratory
Where sleeps a consecrated argent floor
Lit by a single and untrembling ray
And an invisible Presence kneels in prayer

Pretty lovely!

Oh, it's good.... Let me go back a little:

In the luminous stillness of its mute appeal
It looked up to the heights it could not see;
It yearned from the longing depths it could not leave.
In the centre of its vast and fateful trance
Half way between his free and fallen selves,
Interceding twixt God's day and the mortal night,
Accepting worship as its single law,
Accepting bliss as the sole cause of things,
Refusing the austere joy which none can share,
Refusing the calm that lives for calm alone,
To her it turned for whom it willed to be.
In the passion of its solitary dream
It lay like a closed soundless oratory
Where sleeps a consecrated argent floor
Lit by a single and untrembling ray
And an invisible Presence kneels in prayer.
On some deep breast of liberating peace
All else was satisfied with quietude;
This only knew there was a truth beyond.
All other parts were dumb in centred sleep

Consenting to the slow deliberate Power
Which tolerates the world's error and its grief,
Consenting to the cosmic long delay,
Timelessly waiting through the patient years
Her coming they had asked for earth and men;
This was the fiery point that called her now.
Extinction could not quench that lonely fire;
Its seeing filled the blank of mind and will;
Thought dead, its changeless force abode and grew....

I can't see clearly any more.... But I know what this is about: it's when the King[30] makes his last *surrender* to the universal Mother – he annuls himself before the universal Mother, and She gives him the mission he must fulfill.

Its seeing filled the blank of mind and will;
Thought dead, its changeless force abode and grew.
Armed with the intuition of a bliss
To which some moved tranquillity was the key,
It persevered through life's huge emptiness
Amid the blank denials of the world.
It sent its voiceless prayer to the Unknown;
It listened for the footsteps of its hopes
Returning through the void immensities,
It waited for the fiat of the Word
That comes through the still self from the Supreme.

(III.III.332)

Well, this is certainly a beautiful choice!

That's it, there's no doubt.

When he wakes up from that state, he has a vision of the universal Mother, and receives his mission.

This is very good, a very good indication.

It's captivating, *Savitri*!

I believe it's his Message – all the rest is preparation, while

Savitri is the Message. Unfortunately, there were two morons here who fancied correcting him – while he was alive! (A. especially, he's a poet.) Hence all those *Letters on Poetry* Sri Aurobindo wrote. I've always refused to read them – I find it outrageous. He was forced to explain a whole "poetic technique" – the very idea! It's just the contrary: it comes down from above, and AFTERWARDS you explain. Like a punch in sawdust: inspiration comes down, and afterwards you explain why it's all arranged as it is – but that just doesn't interest me!

(silence)

So you came (you see, it's the answer) to manifest (it's very good, I like this answer very much), to manifest *the bliss above.* You understand? He goes beyond all past attempts to unite with the Supreme, because none of them satisfies him –

he aspires for something more. So when everything is annulled, he enters a Nothingness, then comes out of it with the capacity to unite with the new Bliss.

That's it, it's good!

March 16, 1963

(Regarding the conversation of March 9: "A few seconds' experience that gave me the sense that the most central problem was solved." That experience was what Mother called "the death of death.")

Those things are strange.... You don't remember actively, that is, you can't find any thought whatsoever to express the experience; even the active sensation of the experience fades away. And yet you are no longer the same person – that's the remarkable thing! I experienced this phenomenon several times (I don't remember clearly enough to tell you exactly how many times), several times in my life, it was always the same thing: no longer the same person, you've become someone else. All the relationships with life, with consciousness, with movement – everything changes. Yet the central thing is just a vague impression. At the moment of the experience, for a second, it's so clear, so precise – a thunderbolt. But then ... probably the cerebral and nervous system is incapable of preserving it. But all the relationships are changed, you are another person.

I've seen this phenomenon very often. For example, the impression people have in ordinary life (few are conscious of it, but everyone has the impression, I know that) of a Destiny or a Fate or a will ... "hanging over" them, a set of circumstances (it doesn't matter what you call it), something that weighs you down and tries to manifest through you. But weighing you down. That was the first of my experiences: emerging above (very long ago, at the beginning of the century). And it was that kind of experience: one second, but suddenly, oh, you find yourself above it all. I remember because at the time I told the people I knew (maybe I was already looking after the *Cosmic Review,* it was the beginning, or maybe just before), I told them: "There is a state in which you are free to decide what you will do; when you say, 'I want this,' it means it will happen." That was the impression I lived with. Instead of thinking "I'd like to do this, I'd like that to happen," with the sense of the decision being left to Fate, the impression that you are above and you make the decision: things WILL BE like that, things WILL BE like that.

That's my memory of the beginning of the century.

I had several experiences of the kind – quite a number of them. And since that last experience [the death of death], which lasted a second, I've had the feeling ... the same kind of feeling. Before that, whenever I intervened for people, either to prevent them from dying or to help them once they were dead – hundreds and hundreds of things I used to do all the time – I did them with the sense of Death like this *(gesture above Mother),* as something to be conquered or overcome, or the consequences of which had to be mended. But it was always that way, Death was ... *(laughing)* just a little above. And from that moment [the death of death], the head emerged above – the head, the consciousness, the will were above. On the side of the Lord.

I had an experience quite a long time ago, when Sri Aurobindo was here: one night I had the experience of being in contact with the Supreme Lord, and it was concrete:

> "One dies only when You will it."

I don't remember in detail (I wrote it down), but the idea was like this: the Lord makes you die only with your consent – your consent is necessary for you to die. And unless He decides, you can never die. Those two things: for you to die, something (the inmost soul, that is) must consent, the soul must say yes, then you die; and when the soul says yes, it's for the Lord to decide. Ever since that experience, there had been the certainty that you can die only when the Lord wills it, that it depends entirely and exclusively on His Will, that there are no accidents, no "unforeseeable mishaps," as human beings think – all that doesn't exist: it's His Will. From that experience till this latest one [the death of death], I lived in that knowledge. Yet with the feeling of ... not quite the unknown but the incomprehensible. The feeling of something in the consciousness which doesn't understand (what I mean by "understand" is having the power to do and undo, that's what I call "to understand": the power to realize or to undo, that's the real understanding, the POWER), well, of something which eluded me. It was still the mystery of the Infinite Supreme. And when that experience [the death of death] came, then, "Ah, there it is! I have it, I've caught it! At last, I have it."

I didn't have it long *(laughing),* it went away! But my position changed. It's one more thing I see from above; I rose above, my position is above.

I have always observed very carefully every time somebody died here in the Ashram, and well (one or two persons have died since that experience, in particular the old doctor's sister), well, since then it has been ABSOLUTELY DIFFERENT. It was something I saw from above. There was no longer any mystery. But if you ask me to explain ... That I can't – words, the mind, no. But the POSITION of the consciousness was different – the position of the consciousness. Altogether different.

And it happened the same way every time.[31] But it may take years to turn into a conscious power. And IN THE PRESENT CASE, the conscious power would mean the power to give or prevent death equally; to effect the necessary movement of forces – almost ... almost an action on the cells, a mechanical action

on the cells. With that power, you can give death, you can prevent death.

But there is NO LONGER any of that sensation people have of a brutal clash between life and its opposite, death – death is not the opposite of life! At that moment I understood, and I never forgot: death is NOT the opposite of life, it is not the opposite of life.[32]

It's a sort of change in the cells' functioning,[33] or in their organization.... When I say all this now, I try to pull back a deep-buried memory. But that's the point. Once you have understood that (all that you understand, you can do), once you've understood that, you can do it. Then it's very simple: you can easily stop the thing from going this way or that way; you can go like that or like this or like that *(Mother seems to handle forces or shift the position of the consciousness).* Then it almost becomes child's play to make someone die or make someone live! But that is better left unsaid.

But it will surely come! In how many years, I don't know, but the thing has become plain. And to me (as I said the other day), to me it seemed quite a central secret – not the most central of all, no, but fairly central with regard to life on earth.

It's ... of course, it would mean a new phase for life on earth.

(silence)

It may almost result (later, once modern science has run an ascending curve) in a MATERIAL knowledge. It wouldn't be that [Mother's experience], but the image of it: what Sri Aurobindo calls *a figure, a representation;* the closest word is "image." An image: not the thing itself but its projection, as on a movie screen.

(silence)

It is clear that ... It is clear that we are drawing near to what ordinary consciousness regards as the Marvelous.

(long silence)

At bottom, to understand the creation is to be able to make it – that's it. When you understand, you can do. Whatever men do is done with a conscious will here *(Mother makes a gesture as if she were wearing blinkers),* but with an invisible Power which may or may not come, which is at their disposal or isn't. And that invisible Power is what ACTS. Men can have conceptions, but they don't have the power. But when you make that movement and go from here to THERE *(gesture above),* then you realize that all those conceptions are like the notes of a universal keyboard; you can play all the notes, it's very fine and makes a beautiful orchestra, but it isn't essential, it's incidental. THAT [the invisible Power] is what is needed. THAT is what knows how things are to be done and how one should play.

March 19, 1963

After a meditation with Mother:

When you meditate, are you conscious of going from one state to another? ... No?

Because at the start, there is usually that vibration with all the colors, though with blue strongly predominant (the color I have come to call the "Tantric power in Matter"); that's immediately with you, it's a sort of normal state of concentration. Then afterwards, you seemed to recede or stretch out into a vast Immensity of very quiet silvery whiteness – very quiet and unbroken. Like a receding from outer life and a stretching out into that state. And then there comes down – literally comes down – a very intense golden light, very intense, almost (what could I call it?) a "colorful" gold, really golden, very, very intense, and as though "atomized" – a powdering. The three in succession. Don't you feel that way?

> *I feel the second movement: a sense of expanse, it is all white and open.*

That's right. White and very intense. Very vast and quiet.

Very good.

In the last movement, it descends and envelops your head.

That blue force, that blue light, I had known it for a long time, but without defining it: it was a power of consciousness – a POWER – the power of consciousness in Matter. I knew exactly what it was when I came in contact with X[34] (with the Swami first, then with X). Since then, I had been able to tell without doubt whether someone I was seeing was practicing Tantrism or not. And now when I see a photograph, it's the same thing! Yesterday, for example, I was shown somebody's photo, and I had the same impression of force; I didn't say anything, I asked what the man did (maybe he is a businessman in life, I don't remember), but then they gave me a letter from him in which he wrote that for a few years he had been trying to follow the Tantric method of yoga – it amused me! It was plain in his photo!

I came across a man who had that blue light ... but I found him rather formidable. He looked after all the religious rites and priests of B.'s state. He came here and asked to see me. I saw him on a December 9 (I think) when I paid a visit to the estate at Aryankuppam. I was walking in the gardens when suddenly I felt something pulling at me – and none too gently! I turned around and saw a tall man, standing and staring at me. So (I didn't know who he was, no one had told me), I stared back and simply "answered" his impudence! And pfft! it just fell off. I was surprised. Later (I had not yet been told who he was), he asked to see me.

When he entered the room, I felt ... I felt a solid being. I don't know how to define it, I had never before felt it in a human being – solid. As solid as rock. Extraordinarily solid – coagulated, an edifice. And quite powerful, I must say. Not like an arrow *(gesture upward)* but all around him. Then it was very funny (because there's no doubt he must have had an awesome effect on people instantly, without a word or anything), but I answered ... in my own way, with something else!

He entered the room wearing some kind of religious headdress, I can't say what, and intending to be very arrogant. He went past me stiffly, and suddenly what do I see but the man do his *pranam.*[35] He stepped back, took off his hat and did his pranam. And stayed that way for nearly a quarter of an hour. And it was interesting, his response was interesting. Then he started talking to me (someone translated – he spoke in Hindi, I think), asking me to take care of B. I said something in turn, and then thought strongly, "Now, time is up, it can't last forever!" (He had already been there for more than fifteen minutes.) And suddenly I see him stiffen, put his thing back on his head, and go.

He's the only man who gave me that sensation in my whole life.

And it seems that when he went back there, in B.'s state, he told everyone he had never seen such a thing! That people could trust I was really the Mother! That's the effect it had on him: something that was able to keep him at bay.

A rather funny thing was that the day before, he had met N., and N. told me, "When that man entered my room, he stared at me, and I felt forbidden to speak – I wanted to say something but my mouth remained sealed! He froze me with a look, I couldn't utter a word!"

That's the kind of man he is, he's used to that sort of thing. The most solid man I have ever seen – I mean, a ... oh, a remarkably organized individuality. He must be holding a tight grip on himself.

With Sri Aurobindo ... you felt as if you entered into an infinity, always, and so soft, so soft! Always like ... something *soft,* I don't know. With vibrations that, on the contrary, always made you wide, peaceful – you felt as if you were touching something limitless.

But that man, a MASS, ooh! harder than iron. Truly interesting.

And he was blue. His aura was blue, with blue pulsations – not radiating out or upward, but coagulated all around him. A blue like the sea when it's very deep, very tranquil, but luminous. A magnificent blue.

March 23, 1963

(Mother first reads from her translation of "Savitri" a few excerpts about death. We give here the original English.)

A grey defeat pregnant with victory.
A whip to lash us towards our deathless state.
The inconscient world is the spirit's self-made room ...

Self-made.
Eternal Night shadow of eternal Day.
Night is not our beginning nor our end;
She is the dark Mother in whose womb we have hid
Safe from too swift a waking to world-pain....

Oh, this is....
By Light we live and to the Light we go.
Here in this seat of Darkness mute and lone,
In the heart of everlasting Nothingness
Light conquered now even by that feeble beam....

(X600)

It's marvelous.

Yes, it must be a joy to work on "Savitri."

Oh, mon petit! ... It makes you live in a marvelous atmosphere.
So, that's all. What did you bring?

Nothing, except a few Agenda conversations, as always.

Oh, but I am weary of my....

(silence)

It's a snail's pace, so there's nothing interesting. Really a snail's pace.
It's one year since ... When was that message? [the turning point of Mother's yoga, the great "pulsations"] In April '62?

It was towards the end of March.

No, at the end of March, I came upstairs not to go down again, that was on the 16th, I noted it. I noted it because my [translation] notebook stopped short on that day (!), I put a red mark.[36] But it will soon be one year since the second experience, the pulsations, the starting point of the work I am doing now – that was on April 13th. Slightly less than a month later. Well ... there's nothing to say. I am on the way, no doubt, there's no denying the steps made: I do go forward, not

backward. But I mean, it's like wanting to walk round the globe! It's endless.

Nothing spectacular whatsoever – "spectacular," you know, that's what people enjoy. Nothing of the sort. For instance, there are two things that give you (and others too) a sense that you're making progress: one is the direct knowledge of what's happening in a given place; the other is the foreknowledge of coming events. Well, ever since the beginning of my Yoga, the two possibilities or capacities have been there, with all the admixture (as Sri Aurobindo says) of the movements of the mind, which befuddles everything. Already around 1910, not only was the capacity there (it would come off and on), but along with it, a discernment which showed me the mixture, and thus left me without any certainty. In this regard, therefore, I can't even say there has been a big change – the change is in the proportion, it's just a question of proportion: proportion in the certainty, proportion in the accuracy, proportion in the mixture. The mixture keeps decreasing, the certainty keeps increasing – but that's all. With, now and then (but that has always happened), now and then, a clear, precise, definite indication – bang! It's a bit more frequent. That's all. So? ... Sixty-three years. Sixty-three years of methodical effort, of constant will, of opportunities for the work – people who want quick results, they make me laugh, you know!

This body isn't even one that is unprepared. It had capabilities, it was born with certain capabilities and was prepared for all kinds of experiences. There was also the sort of intuitive discernment Sri Aurobindo refers to, it had been there since my earliest childhood – veiled, mixed, no doubt, but present all the same, it was there. Afterwards, it was purified, developed, strengthened, the mixture lessened and the body was somewhat ... *(laughing)* to perfect itself it went through quite a great deal of friction of all types. It's certainly more apt today than it was fifty years ago, there isn't a shadow of doubt about it! But you understand, there's nothing to boast about!

> *I feel very strongly that things are that way because the Earth is that way.*

Yes, quite clearly! Quite clearly.

> *If there were.... If people aspired, if there were enough people who WANTED that, I feel it would be done almost in a flash.*

Oh, that's absolutely correct, absolutely true. But anyway, it's a fact. And ultimately, a victory that's conditional [on others], well, it's just a way to speed up Nature's movement a little. If that's what it is, all well and good – but as I said (it's very good, I make no demands, I don't protest, I am quite peaceful, and, to tell the truth, the result is all the same to me), there's nothing worth mentioning, that's what I mean, you can't write stories about that! *(laughing)* It's not worth talking about it.

If there were something like a living proof of the truth of what was promised – ah, that would be worthwhile. But that's not it! We haven't reached that point. It [a

victory conditional on others] speeds things up a little; but it has always been said that if people joined in the effort, it would speed things up to some extent – some extent, but to what extent?... We can't say.

(silence)

Just think how long I have been looking after all these people – some have been here for more than twenty-five years, thirty years, and ... *(Mother shakes her head)*. I believe they have experiences, perhaps, but nothing to speak of. And the general atmosphere ... *(Mother shakes her head)*.

One thing, though: suddenly I read (yesterday or the day before) a sermon delivered in the U.S.A. by an American (who is a rabbi, a pastor and even a Catholic priest all at the same time!). He heads a group, a group for the "unity of religions." A fairly young man, and a preacher. He gives a sermon every week, I think. He came here with some other Americans, stayed for two days and went back. But then, he sent us the sermons he had given since his return, and in one of them he recounts his "spiritual journey," as he calls it (a spiritual journey through China, Japan, Indochina, Malaysia, Indonesia, and so on up to India). What shocked him most in India was the poverty – it was an almost unbearable experience for him (that's also what prompted the two persons who were with him to leave, and he left with them): poverty. Personally, I don't know because I've seen poverty everywhere; I saw it wherever I went, but it seems Americans find it very shocking. Anyway, they came here, and in his sermon he gives his impression of the Ashram. I read it ... almost with astonishment. That man says that the minute he entered this place, he felt a peace, a calm, a stability he had never felt ANYWHERE else in his life. He met a man (he doesn't say who, he doesn't name him and I couldn't find out), who he says was such a "monument of divine peace and quietude that I only wished to sit silently at his side."... Who it is, I don't know (there's only Nolini who might, possibly, give that impression). He attended the meditation – he says he had never felt anything so wonderful anywhere. And he left with the feeling this was a "unique" place in the world from the point of view of the realization of divine Peace. I read that almost with surprise. And he's a man who, intellectually, is unable to understand or follow Sri Aurobindo (the horizon is quite narrow, he hasn't got beyond the "unity of religions," that's the utmost he can conceive of). Well, in spite of that ... Those who already know all of Sri Aurobindo, who come here thinking they will see and who feel that Peace, I can understand. But that's not the case: he was enthralled at once!

It's the same with people who get cured. That I know, to some extent: the Power acts so forcefully that it is almost miraculous – at a distance. The Power ... I am very conscious of the Power. But, I must say, I find it doesn't act here so well as it does far away. On government or national matters, on the terrestrial atmosphere, on great movements, also as inspirations on the level of thought (in certain people, to realize certain things), the Power is very clear. Also to save people or cure them – it acts very strongly. But much more at a distance than here!

(Although the receptivity has increased since I withdrew because, necessarily, it gave people the urge to find inside something they no longer had outside.) But here, the response is very erratic. And to distinguish between the proportion that comes from faith, sincerity, simplicity, and what comes from the Power ... Some people I am able to save (naturally, in my view, it's because they COULD be saved), this is something that for a very long time I have been able to foresee. But now I don't try to know: it comes like this *(gesture like a flash)*. If, for instance, I am told, "So and so has fallen ill," well, immediately I know if he will recover (first if it's nothing, some passing trouble), if he will recover, if it will take some time and struggle and difficulties, or if it's fatal – automatically. And without trying to know, without even trying: the two things come together.[37] This capacity has developed, first because I have more peace, and because, having more peace, things follow a more normal course. But there were two or three little instances where I said to the Lord *(gesture of presenting something, palms open upward)*, I asked Him to do a certain thing, and then (not very often, it doesn't happen to me often; at times it comes as a necessity, a necessity to present the thing with a comment – from morning to evening and evening to morning I present everything constantly, that's my movement *[same gesture of presenting something]* but here, there is a comment, as if I were asking, "Couldn't this be done?"), and then the result: yes, immediately. But I am not the one who presents the thing, you see: it's "just the way it is," it "just happens that way," like everything else.[38] So my conclusion is that it's part of the Plan, I mean, a certain vibration is necessary, enters [into Mother], intervenes, and ... No stories to tell, mon petit! Nothing to fill people with enthusiasm or give them trust, nothing.

Three or four days ago, a very nice man, whom I like a lot, who has been very useful, fell ill. (He has in fact been ill for a long time, and he is struggling; for all sorts of reasons of family, milieu, activities and so on, he isn't taken care of the way he should be, he doesn't take care of his body the way he should.) He had a first attack and I "saw" him afterwards. But I saw him full of life: his body was full of life and of will to live. So I said, "No need to worry." Then after some time, maybe not even a month, another attack, caused not by the same thing but by its consequences. I receive a letter in which I am informed that he has been taken to the hospital. I was surprised, I said, "But no! He has in himself the will to live, so why? Why has this happened?" The moment I was informed and made the contact, he recovered ... with fantastic speed! Almost in a few hours. He had been rushed to the hospital, they thought it was most serious, and two days later he was back home. The hospital doctor said, "Why, he has received a new life!" But that's not correct: I had put him back in contact with his body's will, which, for some reason or other, he had forgotten. Things like that, yes, they're very clear, they take place very consciously ... but anyway, nothing worth talking about!

But this man's faith is extraordinary, such faith! ... The first word he uttered when he regained consciousness: "Has Mother permitted my being taken to the hospital?" You understand. So I give him the full credit for his recovery. With people like that, yes, you can do something, but that's because they have faith!

Well, then. No stories to tell.

These last few days, while walking in meditation, I said to the Lord, "What do I have? I have no certainty, no foreknowledge, no absolute power, I have nothing." (I don't mean "I," I mean the body – this body.) The body was saying: "Do you see my condition? I am still full of ..." (it was complaining bitterly), "oh, full of the silliest movements." Petty movements of apprehension, petty movements of uncertainty, petty movements of anxiety, petty movements of all kinds of very, very petty things – those who live a normal life don't take any notice, they don't know, but when you observe what's going on deep down with that discernment ... oh, mon petit! It's so petty, so petty, so petty....

Only one thing (which is not even absolute): a sort of equality that has come into the body – not an equality of soul *(laughing):* an equality in the cells! It has come into the body. There is no longer that clash of joy and pain – always and for everything, every minute, every reaction, "You, Lord, to You, Lord." As though the cells were chanting, "To You Lord, to You Lord, to You Lord...." And ... well, that's how it is.

There are enough physical miseries to experience what people call "physical pain" – quite enough (!) Yet, materially, everything is organized to give every possible joy! For example (ever since the age of five it has been like that), whenever the body felt, "Oh, if I had this.... Oh, it would be nice to have that," the thing would come in no time. Fantastic! It has always been that way, only it has become more conscious. Before, it would happen without my noticing it, quite naturally. Now, of course, the body has changed, it's no longer a baby, it no longer has a child's fancies. But when that kind of Rhythm comes, when something says, "Oh, this is fine!" ... mon petit, it comes in TORRENTS from all sides without my saying a word. Just like that. There was a time when the body enjoyed it, it was delighted by it, made very happy by it (even two years ago, a little more perhaps), very happy, it found that amusing – it was lovely, you see. But now: "To You Lord." Only this, a sort of quiet, constant joy: "To You Lord, to You Lord, to You Lord...." And on both accounts: for physical pain as well. In that regard, the body is making progress. Although to tell the truth, its life is made so easy! So easy that it would have to be quite hard to please not be satisfied – the Lord is full of infinite grace.

No, in spite of everything, the body doesn't have that sort of eternal stability, the sense of its immortality (immortality isn't the right word), of its permanence. Not that it has a sense of impermanence, far from it, the cells feel eternal – that much is there. But a certain "something" that would be sheltered from all attacks. It still feels the attacks. It feels an instability, it doesn't have a sense of absolute security, it hasn't yet reached a state of absolute security – that's it: the sense of security. There are still vibrations of insecurity. Yet that seems so mean, so silly! It still lives in insecurity.... Security, the sense of security only comes through union with the Supreme – nothing in life as it is, nothing in the world as it is, can offer the sense of security, it's impossible. But to feel the Supreme's presence so constantly, to be able to pass everything on to Him, "To You, to You, to You,"

and yet not to have a sense of security! A shock or a blow comes (not necessarily personally, but in life), and there's still a particular vibration: the vibration of insecurity – it still exists. The body finds that disquieting, painful: "Why?" Not that it complains, but it complains about itself, it finds itself not up to the mark.

To know that all is You, that You alone exist, to feel You everywhere, to feel You always, and still to be open to the first thing that comes from outside to give you a blow, a sense of insecurity – how absurd!

Of course, with a concentration of the true being *(gesture above),* it disappears instantly – but that means it isn't the body that feels a sense of security! It's the true consciousness (and quite naturally so, for it would not be true if it didn't have that sense). But what we want is the body to exist in ITSELF, by ITSELF, with all qualities WITHIN ITSELF. In other words, God shouldn't need to manifest for the body to live without anxiety!

No, that's not THE thing!

So it takes a long, long, long time – one year has passed. And if we take stock ...

Another example. A year later, I read a letter brought by Nolini.

I began reading the letter, it was four or five pages long and I didn't have time. Nolini didn't say anything (of course, he is much too well-mannered to say anything), but within himself, he thought, "Why does Mother waste her time reading this letter when we barely have time to do our work?" It entered the atmosphere, and even before it reached me, as soon as I saw one, two, three, four, five pages, I said, "Oh, enough!" At the end of the first page, I said, "Enough!" and put the letter aside. But the thought from Nolini and the fact that my decision was made just a moment too late, a few seconds too late ... my body was in a sweat from head to toe! It felt terribly exhausted. It took me at least half a minute of concentration to set things right. You understand, it has become so sensitive that in ordinary life it would be impossible – but for its transformation it was a necessity. Still, it surprised me. Naturally, after half a minute it was all over, but I had to concentrate and call for calm.

So the body thought, "Oh, I haven't got beyond that.... If I have to do the right thing in the right way and right on the dot to keep my balance ..." You understand, a sense of insecurity! And very strong, very strong. Of course, there is something like reason (not quite ordinary reason), something like reason that says, "When you automatically and always do exactly what should be done, it will vanish." *(Mother laughs)* Thank you very much! But as it cannot be a mental decision, then how? You see, you can learn only through experience, and since everything is in perpetual motion, the experience of the past cannot help for the future: it's a matter of every minute. So how can you know? ... It means we'll know that we are free from error only when we are all the time, all the time in perfect harmony! But then there will be no point in knowing it, it will be done! That's the situation. If the body is transformed and lives naturally in the divine rhythm, why would I need to know it! *(Laughing)* It will be immaterial to me, because it will BE. We want to know things when they aren't yet.

The body is like a child who needs encouragement, you know, "Come on now, don't get in a state, things are fine, you're making progress, you need not worry...." Oh, ridiculous!

There, mon petit.

(Satprem lays his head on Mother's knees)

A new thing, for example, before ("before" means before last year!), when I gave my blessings, the Will came and went through me into the person – always. It wasn't an act [by Mother]. But now, it's visibly perceptible *(Mother touches her fingertips)*, you can almost see the vibration going through the fingers and into the head [of Satprem]. That's the difference: before, it was always the Consciousness, the Being working from above – now the body participates. This is different.

Very small things, very small things.

March 27, 1963

(Sometimes she cried out)

I am fed up!

(long silence)

Once I told you about an experience I had, I told you that every time a divine manifestation occurs (what is called an Avatar), there's always a particular "angle of quest," in the sense of an intense NEED urging men along the road of evolution towards the Goal, the Transformation, and each avatar saw from a particular angle, believing it to be THE Goal.[39] When I had that experience, I saw it was the need for Immortality that drove the Vedic Rishis. It came back to me yesterday, and I noted it down:

(Mother reads a handwritten note)

> The Vedic Rishis thirsted for Immortality,
> Buddha wanted Permanence....

Then I looked, wondering, "And what was Christ's path?"... Basically, he always said, "Love thy neighbor," in other words brotherhood (but that's a modern translation). For him, the idea was compassion, charity (the Christians say it's the "law of Love," but we're not yet there – that will come much later). So I wrote:

> Jesus preached Compassion....

Then I thought: now, Sri Aurobindo, it's quite clear; for him, the goal was Perfection. Perfection not in the sense of a summit but of an all-inclusive totality

in which everything is represented, has a place. And I saw that this Perfection would come – must come – in stages. He announced something the realization of which will stretch over thousands of years. So it must come in stages. And I saw that what I find essential, indispensable (everything is there, everything finds a place, yet there is a kind of anguish – not a personal anguish but a terrestrial anguish), is Security. A need for Security – whatever you attempt, whatever you seek, even Love, even Perfection, it needs Security. Nothing can be achieved with the feeling that all opposing forces can come and sweep everything away. We must find the point where nothing can be touched or destroyed or halted. Therefore, it's Security, the very essence of Security. So I wrote:

Sri Aurobindo promised Perfection
and to attain it, the first requisite,
what men need today,
is Security.

All the global trends that result in "peace movements" of one kind or another, are nothing but this: they are expressions of the quest for Security. My own experience is a supersecurity, which can be really found only in union with the Supreme – nothing, nothing, nothing in the world can give you security, except this: union, identification with the Supreme. That's what I told you: as long as Sri Aurobindo was here in his body, I had a sense of perfect Security – extraordinary, extraordinary! Nothing, nothing could make a dent in it – nothing. So his departure was like ... like a smashing of that experience.[40] In truth, from the supreme point of view, that may have been the cause of his departure.... Though it seems to me a very small cause for a very big event.... But since in the experience that Security was taking root more and more, more and more firmly, and was spreading ...[41] Probably the time had not come. I don't know. As I said, from a universal and *everlasting* (I can't say "eternal"), *everlasting* point of view, it's a small cause for a big effect.... We could say it was probably ONE of the causes that made his departure necessary.

Consequently, according to the experience of these last few days, the quest for Security is but a first step towards Perfection. He came to announce (I put "promise" deliberately), to PROMISE Perfection, but between that promise and its realization, there are many steps; and in my experience, this is the first step: the quest for Security. And it corresponds fairly well to the global state of mind.

(silence)

The nations of the world legitimize that destructive madness of the arms race by saying it's a way to prevent destruction through fear – that's futile. As an argument, it's futile, but that's the way they think. It's part of that same thirst or need for Security: nothing can be achieved except in peace, nothing can be arrived at except in peace, nothing can be realized except in peace – we need peace, individually, collectively, globally. So let's make horrifying weapons of destruction so that men will be so frightened that nothing will happen – how

childish! But that's the current state of mind. It is still one of those ... in English they say *device,* a ploy (it's not a "ploy," it's a means – between ploy and means) to urge the human race on towards its evolutionary goal. And for that, we must catch hold of the Divine: it's a means of catching hold of the Divine. For there is nothing – nothing, nothing exists from the point of view of Security, except the Supreme. If we ARE the Supreme, that is to say, the supreme Consciousness, supreme Power, supreme Existence, then there is Security – outside of that, there is none. Because everything is in perpetual motion. What exists at "one moment in time," as Sri Aurobindo says (time is an unbroken succession of "moments"), what exists at a given moment no longer exists the next, so there's no security. It's the same experience, seen from another angle, as that of Buddha, who said there was no "permanence." And basically, the Rishis saw only from the angle of human existence, that's why they were after Immortality. It all boils down to the same thing.

(Mother remains in contemplation)

* * *

Soon afterwards

I am inundated by a horde of mental questions ... flat, superficial – everybody asks me questions in order to publish my answers! So I refuse. K.G. sent me five or six questions for his journal, each one more stupidly mental than the other, in connection with the supermind. I am asked to say whether it's "this way" or whether it's "that way" – the kind of questions you ask a good pupil to see if he has learned his lesson well!

It turns out that he had already sent me his questions, at the same time last year, and that I had already sent them back. But they put it all down to my so-called illness, so he sends the same questions again, now that I am "in a fit state to answer"! So again I return them with the same answer: not possible. We were joking the other day: Nolini was reading me the questions, and to every question I answered *(tone of a pupil at fault), "Don't know, don't know...!"*

(Mother laughs)

March 30, 1963

Last time, you said, "As that Security was taking root more and more,

more and more firmly, and was spreading ..." Do you mean that Sri Aurobindo's very presence ...

Yes. Yes.

Yet, the world was in quite a turmoil?

That's just what I mean: the world wasn't ready, and there was ... (what shall I say?) the paradox of a center of Security in total contradiction with the general world condition.

He himself said it: "The world is not ready." So ...

That's what I meant, his physical presence was the sign of Security taking root, but the world wasn't ready. So, as the effect of his presence kept increasing, it brought about an increasing contradiction – an increasing OPPOSITION.

* * *

Soon afterwards

We're really going through such a dull period! *Dull, dull.*

(silence)

There is a sort of review going on of all the elements of the body consciousness, with a sample of the circumstances of their various manifestations or expressions. All this is passed before me as if to show me all the points in the body's cells that were contrary to or unprepared for the reception of the divine Forces. All that comes up in the form of lived memories – things I had more than forgotten (I could have sworn they no longer existed), but which come back. Un-be-liev-able. And it's not an ego's or a person's memory, but the memory of a force in motion in the general vibrations. So I see ... fantastic things!

But it's erased immediately; as soon as I wake up, my first movement *(gesture of offering)* is to present it all to the Lord: the cause, the effect, the image, the sensation – everything. When it's all seen, I tell Him, "Now it's Yours." And then I forget – fortunately, thank God!

It goes on every night. It takes the form of all sorts of scenes, of symbols, of memories, from words to images. It comes in groups and categories of tendencies, it represents the various human tendencies in detail – it's infinitesimal. It's only because they are multiplied millions of times that they can have some importance – but they're nothing! Mere nothings. Yet that's just what blocks the way.

It really isn't of interest.

(silence)

After YEARS of it, there may be a tangible result, who knows? ... Even then, I

am not sure it won't be limited. If it were a terrestrial result, it would be worthwhile, but it may also be very limited.

It gives me the impression of a miniature painting done with a magnifying glass and tiny dots – miniatures are painted with a very fine brush, very pointed, and you make tiny dots with a big magnifying glass. It gives me the impression of that work. And it takes many, many, many tiny dots to paint just a bit of cheek.

(silence)

Tiny dots, tiny dots.

But it's so dull! So dull, so lackluster, so unchanging, so – uninteresting, really dull – that the slightest light shines like a bright star! The smallest, slightest, tiniest progress seems like an extraordinary thing. Like, for example, the attitude in certain cells towards a physical disorder which, naturally, like all physical disorders, tends to recur. The attitude in the cells changes – not the disorder (!), the disorder changes only because of the cells' reaction, that's what makes it change; but it recurs with clockwork regularity – that's its job. It is the way it's received by the cells, their reaction to it, that brings about the change. And there is now a difference in the cells' reaction. The result of my observation (an impersonal, general observation) is that there are two types of change (I can't call it "progress"), two types of change in the reaction: a change that goes on improving, in the sense that the reaction grows less sharp, the cells are less affected and become not only more conscious but more IN COMMAND of the reaction (something people are not generally conscious of, but which is what brings about the cure). And, on the other hand, deterioration: under the unrelenting attack, the cells panic, become more and more affected and afraid, and it eventually results in a terrible mess and a catastrophe. Well, the whole thing is observed, studied, experienced; but ... (laughing) in ordinary medicine it's explained away in two words! You see, what I see now is the process – they don't know the process, only the result. And, well, I notice that as the consciousness grows, the cells panic less and less and a sort of mastery develops. Of course, it's a pleasing observation, if I may say so, but it doesn't even make me happy! It seems rather obvious.... Also the proportion is such that to get a really telling result, it would take years and years and years! Oh, how many years! How slow things are....

So I don't feel impelled to talk about it. I'd rather concern myself with something else – I do the work, but that's all.

April

April 6, 1963

There is progress in the impersonalization of the physical, bodily consciousness, with consequences that are probably interesting, but impossible to explain to people who don't understand. For instance ...

(silence)

I am conscious of the body, but it isn't the consciousness of this body *(Mother touches her body):* it's the consciousness of THE Body – it may be anyone's body. I am conscious, for instance, of vibrations of disorder (most often they come in the form of suggestions of disorder) in order to see whether they are accepted and have an effect. Let's take the example of a suggestion of hemorrhage, or some such suggestion (I mention hemorrhage because it will soon come into the picture). Under the higher Influence, the body consciousness rejects it. Then begins the battle (all this takes place all the way down in the cells, in the material consciousness) between what we could call the "will for hemorrhage," for example, and the reaction of the body's cells. But it's very like a real battle, a real confrontation. And all of a sudden, there's something like a general issuing a command and saying, "What's this!"... You understand, that general is conscious of the higher forces, the higher realities and the divine intervention in Matter; and after trying to use the will, this reaction, that feeling of peace and so on, suddenly he is SEIZED by a very strong determination and issues a command – in no time the effect begins to make itself felt, and little by little everything returns to order.

All this takes place in the material consciousness. Physically, the body has all the sensations – but not the hemorrhage, you understand. But it does have the sensations, that is, the effects: all the sensory effects. It goes on for a while and then follows a whole curve. All right. Once the battle is over, I take a look and wonder (I observe the whole thing, I see my body, which has been fairly shaken, mind you), I say to myself, "What in the world is all this?" But just for a second, then I forget about it.

A few days afterwards, I receive a letter from someone very close, who has an ardent faith and really holds on to me with almost perfect faith, exceptional. In the letter: the whole story, the attack, the hemorrhage, how suddenly the being is SEIZED, the consciousness is SEIZED with an irresistible will, and hears words – the very words that were uttered HERE. The result: saved (he was dying), saved, cured.

Just enough time for the letter to reach me.

I remembered my episode ... and began to understand that my body is everywhere!!

You see, it's not a question of just these cells here: it's a question of cells in, well, quite a lot of people, hundreds, maybe thousands – all that clings anywhere and in any way to the higher Consciousness. And since my mind is silent (I

deliberately keep the mind absolutely still, trying not to react to all that constantly comes to it from "outside," or trying to react almost subconsciously), nothing is there to think, "Oh, it's this one's body, it's that one's body" – it's THE Body! That's what is so difficult for people to understand. It is THE body – this *(Mother touches her body)* is not my body any more than other bodies (a bit more, in the sense that it is more directly the object of the concentration of the Force). So everything, all the sensations, the movements of consciousness, the battles, all of it is everywhere. And suddenly, with this little affair, oh, I understood a fantastic number of things – and also the difficulty, mon petit!... The difficulty ... because really, after this experience, the body was not ill but very tired. But then it is seized with such things all the time! All the time, all the time, all the time, you know, they spring up, brrm! pounce on it, brrm! from this side, that side, every which way. So I have to keep still *(gesture of stopping, silent, in the midst of other activities),* and then I start waging the battle.

(silence)

Which means the body has got its own difficulties (no aggregate of cells is free from difficulties in the present conditions of life), and I think that its capacity to keep still (to an extent) is its only safeguard ... but that doesn't reduce the difficulties at all, since the contact doesn't even depend on the physical presence![42] But then what tremendous, prodigious power has to be EMBODIED in the physical cells to withstand all that! ...

But there too, a shift is taking place (what I told you once: those abrupt experiences that do not settle in but are first contacts[43]). After the lesson was drawn from this story, suddenly something arose in the body consciousness – which isn't ONE body's consciousness but a general body consciousness – an aspiration, something so pure, so sweet ... so sweet ... something like an entreaty that Truth and Light may at last be manifested here, in this. Not "here in this" *(Mother touches her own body):* it was everywhere.

Then there was a contact[44] – there was a contact – and a pale blue Light, very sweet, very bright, and an Assurance.

It lasted only a second, but it was like a new chapter suddenly opening up.

Mon petit, you are the only person to whom I can say all this – there is not one, not one! Not one able to simply understand. Which makes things more difficult, because I am constantly weighed down by the stupidity of people's thoughts (stupidity in the sense of incomprehension), the thoughts of all those around me, who think I am ("I," what they call "I," you know, "me"), who think I am ill and ... I can't tell them a thing! If I hadn't spoken to you today, it would be gone. I would never have said anything. Well, that's the way it is.

So looking at it from an ordinary viewpoint, it's so ... fantastic, it means such a ... colossal work. Of course, it's the Lord who does it, but will this hold out? *(Mother touches her body)* I can't say.

If He wants, certainly He will find a way for it to hold out. But the thing is rather new....

(silence)

My only method is a kind of shield of mental silence (in the ordinary mind), so that all the people's thoughts do not come and pester me all the time, without letup. But they creep underneath! With some people, the moment they enter the room, I feel exhausted, because of their attitude. It doesn't work through thought at all: it's a special vibration in my body.

With others, on the contrary, it's fine.

And I don't try to observe or study or understand – God knows! There is no need to understand: it's self-evident.

Only one thing is always present: to keep intact and POWERFULLY conscious the sense of the divine Presence – that's all. That's the single concern of the cells.

From time to time *(Mother laughs),* they hold ... a kind of little conference among themselves, they seem to tell each other, "No one can interfere with That!"[45] It makes them happy: "All their thoughts are powerless in front of That!"

That's all, mon petit. More work for you.

It's stupendous. Stupendous.

Yes, yes. I had a strong feeling of something ... well, something rather new.

April 16, 1963

(Satprem did not keep note of the beginning of this conversation or of the "personal" questions and the circumstances that led to the situation. It seems that X had invited Satprem to his place, in spite of their break, and wanted to continue with him the Tantric sadhana.)

From a deeper standpoint, what connection should I have with X? If I go there, there will be some interchange despite everything, won't there?

He may influence you, because you were under his influence in the beginning. He does have the power to influence you – to enclose you in his own atmosphere. But he cannot keep you imprisoned! That's not possible, you are beyond his grasp! So, if ... (how can I put it?) if you can learn to receive his force without being enclosed in his thought, that's very good. Or rather to receive his force without

being impressed or influenced by his thought – the thought is very narrow, but the force is very strong.

He does put you in contact with a peace, it's a fact – a boxed-in peace, but a peace all the same, a real peace, a concrete, concrete stillness. So the thing to be done (because that peace is perceptible I've had the experience of it so many times) is to remain very objective within that peace; then you can benefit from the peace without accepting its limits. You should, for instance, be able to keep that peace in the cells (the brain cells if you feel tired) without allowing yourself to be enclosed like that. There is no need to struggle, just remain turned upward.... It's very hard to explain. But maybe you will experience it, then you'll understand what I mean.

There is always a vibration subtler than his vibration of peace, and that one must remain free, without getting enclosed in the other. For example, if something pulls and causes a mental tension in the head, just keep in contact with that peace (oh, he does have a capacity of mental immobility), and let it penetrate you, but without concentrating all your being on it: allow the rest of your activity to unfold as usual in an infinity. It's only the vibrations of the physical mind that you should keep in that stability.

It's difficult to put it into words. But if you are able to do that, it could do you good, it could be restful.

My experience, you see, is that his mental silence is rigid – rigid, closed – but the mental substance, the brain's physical substance really rests, his silence can rid you of a headache, for instance.

It's a very, very material vibration, he has some mastery there.

(What follows was unfortunately not kept.)

April 20, 1963

D. was telling me just now that he is advised to meditate with his eyes open (I know, it keeps you active somewhere), and he said that if by mischance he closes his eyes, he can't move any more! He is conscious but completely paralyzed: he can't get up, can't move, can't even turn his head!

It's dangerous.

So I advised him to be sure to keep his eyes open: it maintains a certain activity. When you close your eyes, you plunge into trance (you are perfectly conscious, but you go into trance and the body is absolutely stilled). That's what Théon had taught me: you free the body consciousness and train it in such a way that it can act on its own, so that while you are deep in trance, you can get up, write, speak, do anything – you are outside the body, there's just a link left. But it's

a whole training. It's not too easy, but still it can be done.

I did it to the point that even if the link is cut (I had the experience), the body can go on speaking. Very useful.

I told D. that I will teach him later, because it's not good to be paralyzed like that: if someone came in abruptly, anything could happen.

But it requires some work.

> *In my case I never went into trance in my life, I never even lost the contact with the outside.*

Didn't you ever see your body?

> *Never.*[46]

Well, it's safer that way than the other way!

I've known several people, especially I., who worked with Dilip (she used to have visions, she danced also): when she went into meditation, it was all over; even when she tried to come back and move, she couldn't. Dilip had to come and pull her hands, disengage her fingers and move her body, till she began coming around. But you understand, that sort of thing won't do at all.

Better be more on this side than on that side.

> *But it's an incapacity, all the same, isn't it?*

It's a lack of connection! She doesn't have any control over her body, that's all. Something that has never, never happened to me.

> *I mean that being unable, like me, to go into trance is an incapacity, isn't it?*

No, I am certain that you went into trance, because I saw you, but you didn't know it.

> *In meditation?*

No, not in meditation: at night.

In my case, I found out I had that capacity because it made me prone to fainting – not too often, but off and on it happened. When I was a child and didn't know a thing, I fainted a couple of times; the fainting, as it happened, wasn't unconscious – it was conscious – and after a bit of practice (not the practice of fainting!), of occult practice, when I fainted I would see myself. Even before that, I had seen myself but without knowing what it all meant, I couldn't make head or tail of it. But I would see myself. And afterwards, whenever I would faint, the first thing I did was to see my body lying down in a ridiculous position. So I would rush back into it vigorously, and it would be all over.

Of course, I was probably born with some abilities! *(laughter)*

> *But are my meditations ...*

Oh, mon petit, they're excellent, don't speak ill of your meditations, they're perfect! I have rarely seen such peace. Because I have seen many meditations with some peace, but generally a very tamasic, heavy peace. But this kind of peace that rises and turns into a white bliss, that's very rare. Very rare. And it's the same every time: regular, automatic, effortless; it's your natural state. I don't know if you had it before coming here, I can't say....

> *No, with you it becomes very concrete. When I'm alone, the perception is more vague; with you, I almost seem to see.*

But that's because when you're alone, it lacks some *shakti! (laughter)*

Yes, that's true.

But generally, the best I've seen here with people who have practiced a lot is a *blank – a blank silence, you* know. It's empty, still, quiet, silent, but *blank – so* after a while, you've had enough of it! That can't last very long. That's what people in India generally have ... and they come out of it in a daze.

But with you, it's like a surging up into whiteness – something luminous but white – in other words, it has a CONTENT. Very luminous, very white, and wonderfully still. It's blissful too, one can stay in it for a very long time – most pleasant.

The only thing I've done since I started meditating with you is a broadening, because at the beginning, it was a bit limited.[47] It's extremely difficult to have this white peace together with breadth. Sri Aurobindo said to me (when I told him about all those experiences), he always said to me that to have this FULL silence – concrete, white, pure, absolutely pure – TOGETHER WITH IMMENSITY ... *there are not many who can have it.* But I must say that I have broadened your silence a lot, quite a lot. Now I no longer feel hemmed in – I don't like to feel hemmed in! I no longer feel like that: it's a spreading out.

It's good. kilo, don't complain of what you have, some people work many LIVES to get that.

The other extreme is an innate ability to go out of one's body, a spontaneous ability to go out of one's body. To have a trance as you understand it, concrete, absolutely material, one must be able to go out, come back in, go out, come back in [at will]. But as people generally take great pains to go out, they don't know how to get back in any more! So they find themselves in ridiculous situations.

I had two experiences of that kind. The first was at Tlemcen[48] and the second in Japan.... There was an epidemic of influenza, an influenza that came from the war (the 1914 war), and was generally fatal. People would get pneumonia after three days, and plop! finished. In Japan they never have epidemics (it's a country where epidemics are unknown), so they were caught unawares; it was an ideal breeding ground, absolutely unprepared – incredible: people died by the thousands every day, it was incredible! Everybody lived in terror, they didn't dare to go out without masks over their mouths. Then somebody whom I won't name asked me *(in a brusque tone),* "What Is this?" I answered him, "Better not think about it." "Why not?" he said, "It's very interesting! We must find out, at least you are able

to find out whatever this is." Silly me, I was just about to go out; I had to visit a girl who lived at the other end of Tokyo (Tokyo is the largest city in the world, it takes a long time to go from one end to the other), and I wasn't so well-off I could go about in a car: I took the tram.... What an atmosphere! An atmosphere of panic in the city! You see, we lived in a house surrounded by a big park, secluded, but the atmosphere in the city was horrible. And the question, "What Is this?" naturally came to put me in contact – I came back home with the illness. I was sure to catch it, it had to happen! *(laughing)* I came home with it.

Like a bang on the head – I was completely dazed. They called a doctor. There were no medicines left in the city – there weren't enough medicines for people, but as we were considered important people (!) the doctor brought two tablets. I told him *(laughing),* "Doctor, I never take any medicines." "What!" he said. "It's so hard to get them!" "That's just the point," I replied, "they're very good for others!" Then, then ... suddenly (I was in bed, of course, with a first-rate fever), suddenly I felt seized by trance – the real trance, the kind that pushes you out of your body – and I knew. I knew: "It's the end; if I can't resist it, it's the end." So I looked. I looked and I saw it was a being whose head had been half blown off by a bomb and who didn't know he was dead, so he was hooking on to anybody he could to suck life. And each of those beings (I saw one over me, doing his "business"!) was one of the countless dead. Each had a sort of atmosphere – a very widespread atmosphere – of human decomposition, utterly pestilential, and that's what gave the illness. If it was merely that, you recovered, but if it was one of those beings with half a head or half a body, a being who had been killed so brutally that he didn't know he was dead and was trying to get hold of a body in order to continue his life (the atmosphere made thousands of people catch the illness every day, it was swarming, an infection), well, with such beings, you died. Within three days it was over – even before, within a day, sometimes. So once I saw and knew, I collected all the occult energy, all the occult power, and ... *(Mother bangs down her fist, as if to force her way into her body)* I found myself back in my bed, awake, and it was over. Not only was it over, but I stayed very quiet and began to work in the atmosphere.... From that moment on, mon petit, there were no new cases! It was so extraordinary that it appeared in the Japanese papers. They didn't know how it happened, but from that day on, from that night on, not a single fresh case. And people recovered little by little.

I told the story to our Japanese friend in whose house we were living, I told him, "Well, that's what this illness is – a remnant of the war; and here's the way it happens.... And that being was repaid for his attempt!" Naturally, the fact that I repelled his influence by turning around and fighting ... [dissolved the formation]. But what power it takes to do that! Extraordinary.

He told the story to some friends, who in turn told it to some friends, so in the end the story became known. There was even a sort of collective thanks from the city for my intervention.... But the whole thing stemmed from that: "What Is this illness? You're able to find out, aren't you?" *(Laughter)* Go and catch it!

But that feeling of being absolutely paralyzed, a prey to something –

absolutely paralyzed, you can't ... You are no longer in your body, you understand, you can't act on it any more. And a sense of liberation when you are able to turn around.

I had a tremendous fever, which naturally dropped little by little – after a few days I was completely cured; even immediately, I was almost cured.

There, petit.

So you're going there ... [to X's place].

(silence)

As for me, I am debating with Death.

It's exactly the universal state of mind: a state of disbelief, oh, terrible! If we didn't know that something will come to replace it, it would be terrible.

This *Savitri is* wonderful, he foresaw everything, saw everything, everything, absolutely everything, there isn't one point he left unexplored!

April 22, 1963

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameshwaram, Monday, 22 April

Sweet Mother,

I arrived here yesterday. So far I have spent most of my time struggling against a horrible impression in my heart, my thought and my body, so strong that if I could, I would catch the first train home today. I have never had such an impression here. I almost wired you to call for your help. I shall try to "hold out" here as long as is decently possible, then will leave as soon as I can.

On the material level, the conditions are as wretched as possible – in a word, complete barrenness in complete squalor. My body isn't too brilliant, but I hope it will get better. On the mental and affective level = NIL. That leaves the one Thing without which all would collapse.

I need you terribly.

With love,

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's reply)

April 23, 1963

Satprem, mon cher petit,

Your letter has just come. It only confirmed what I had seen and FELT. The last two nights were downright bad; and it is hardly better during the day.

Of course, you should come back as soon as you find it possible.

Wire me as soon as you have made a decision. I am doing my best to make you feel that I am with you.

Tenderly

Signed: Mother

(Excerpt from a letter to Sujata)

Monday morning, 22 April '63

.....

I have just written a word to Mother to tell her that if I could, I would catch the first train home. When I arrived here, I got a horrible impression as never before, almost a panic. Everything was so terribly void and far away. Probably I have grown hypersensitive. If I were not afraid of yielding to that impression and if it weren't rude to X, I would take noon train today. The new "guest house" is beyond description[49]: cement walls enclosed within cement walls; the plan is so wonderful that not a whiff of air can blow in here, nor can one see a single blade of grass. There are magnificent wrought-iron railings and openwork cement designs, but not even the most basic amenities. I absolutely refused to enter that sarcophagus, so they put me up in an adjoining house purchased by X and used as a garage. It's unspeakably filthy. It didn't even occur to them to offer me a mat. Finally they brought a bench for me to sleep on, which I refused.... So much for the material conditions. I hope the body will get better. As soon as I can decently leave, I shall weigh anchor.

Signed: Satprem

April 25, 1963

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameshwaram, 25 April '63

Sweet Mother,

I received your card of the 23rd yesterday, and it coincided with an improvement in the "atmosphere" and even a physical improvement. I have rarely felt your Force and your Presence so concretely, continuously and powerfully as

since I arrived here. To say that it is the only reality is almost superfluous – That alone really LIVES. All the rest is a false show. I am anxious to leave this place, but X said he wants to make certain changes in my japa, so I have to wait for the right moment. It is difficult to hurry X, as you know. I will wire you as soon as the time comes. Otherwise, I am experiencing X's power of mental stillness, which is quite remarkable. All the rest I find rather poor.

.....

More and more I feel, live and see that That alone is real. It is a very engrossing experience.

Ma, with gratitude

I am at your feet

Signed: Satprem

(Excerpt from a letter to Sujata)

April 25, 1963

.....

I am waiting for X to make certain changes in my japa, as he said he would, and will then come back without further delay. These last two days my health has been better. I am no longer constantly tired as I was before. In the evening I take a walk alone in the vast dunes near Rameshwaram, it feels like Arabia, and no loudspeakers! You rest in a sort of tranquil infinity.

.....

The monkeys stole my mirror while I was taking my bath, and after marveling at themselves in it at length, they broke it. Then they threw my toothpaste into the well. They were kind enough, however, to leave me my razor, for fear I would end up looking like them, probably!

.....

Signed: Satprem

April 29, 1963

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Rameshwaram, Monday, 29 April

Sweet Mother,

On Friday X gave me a new mantra, then the next day he told me that during his puja he received an "order" to the effect that this mantra was not suitable and he should give me another one. I am supposed to receive the new mantra tomorrow, Tuesday. X said this mantra would be *final and with effect. I* do hope so, for I would really like to be through with all these changes and preparations and delays, to have the Word, as the Rishis said, and fix myself on it. I would like

not to return to Rameshwaram any more and to be through with these dillydallyings. Anyway, I'll have to wait for another three days after receiving the new mantra, so that X can see whether it has the desired "effect." So I cannot leave until Thursday.

I hope this time it will be final and everything will settle into the true Rhythm.

I feel your help very strongly.

With love,

Signed: Satprem

May

May 3, 1963

Did X tell you something about world events, about war?

> *He said what he always says, that there is going to be war. That war is certain.*

War is always there, it seems!

> *Do you see new things on that level?*

You know, I live from day to day. With only the feeling of "that" moving on very fast. By "that," I mean a large number of things.

It's very hard to say, really.

It's the perception of a terrestrial movement more than anything else. So the details are unimportant in themselves, but they are symptomatic of the whole. I mean that difficulties, obstacles, battles, victories, advances are in themselves nothing but indications of a general movement: at times, the resistance and opposition are formidable; at other times there are fantastic advances or progress, seemingly miraculous. If you see everything together, you feel, you feel a sort of thrust – an overall thrust – in which a small cellular concentration seems really unimportant in itself; its importance diminishes with its lack of resistance, in the sense that the more it allows the Work to be done without hindering or distorting the movement – without hindering it or making it more complicated – the more the sense of its importance diminishes. In other words, it appears important only insofar as it hinders.

There is evidently a twofold movement: on one hand, something that tries to draw less and less the attention and concentration of others, that is, to lessen the sense of intermediary necessary for forces and thoughts to spread (more and more there is an attempt to undo that[50]), and on the other hand, an increase – at times

prodigious, staggering – of power. Now and then (seldom, and I must say I don't at all try to make it happen more often), now and then, for a minute – not even a minute: a few seconds – comes a sense of absolute Power; but immediately it is covered over, veiled. The effect at a distance is becoming greater and greater, but that is not the result of a conscious will – I mean there is no attempt to have more power, none at all. Now and then, there's the observation (a very amusing observation, sometimes) that for a moment (but it's a matter of seconds), the Power is absolute, and then the usual hodgepodge takes over again.

The effect on others is increasing considerably, though it too isn't the result of an attempt in that direction, not at all: those things are automatic. Yet, as I said, at certain seconds, there rises ... something that wills. "Wills," but not in the ordinary way: something that ... it's between knowing, seeing and willing. A little something that has something of all three and is ... as hard as diamond ... (oh, how can I explain it? I don't know, there are no words for it), it has something of the emotive vibration, but that's not it; it has nothing to do with anything intellectual, nothing at all; it's neither intellectual vision nor supramental knowledge, that's not it, it's something else. It is ... a diamondlike, live force – live, living. And that's all-powerful. But extremely fleeting – it immediately gets covered over by a heap of things, like visions, supramental vision, understanding, discernment – all this has become a constant mass, you understand.

From the standpoint of sensitivity or sensation (I don't know what to call it), when the body rests and enters the static state of pure Existence ... Before, it was (or gave) a sense of total immobility – not something motionless: a "non-movement," I don't know; not the opposition between something motionless and something in motion, not that – the absence of any possibility of movement. But now, as it happens, the body has the sense not only of a terrestrial movement, but of a universal movement so fantastically rapid that it is imperceptible, beyond perception. As if beyond Being and Non-Being, there were a "something" that's both ... I mean, that doesn't move WITHIN a space but is both beyond immobility and beyond movement, in the sense that it's so rapid as to be absolutely imperceptible to ALL the senses (I don't mean merely the physical senses), all the senses in all the worlds.

This is something new.

When I lie down, I go from one state to the other with extraordinary speed. And I've noticed (the thing is just at its beginning, so I can't really say), I've noticed that in that state, the Movement[51] exceeds the force or power that concentrates the cells into an individual form. And that state seems to be all-powerful, although devoid of conscious will or vision (for the moment). It's a state ... (how can I explain this?) whose characteristics exceed the power that concentrates the cells into an individual body. The effect is automatic (not willed): as soon as something takes the form of a physical pain, it disappears INSTANTLY. But then, and this is most interesting, the second the body reverts to a certain state – its ordinary state, which isn't the ordinary human state, of course, but its ordinary, habitual state – it recaptures the MEMORY of its pain,

and along with the memory comes the possibility of reverting to it if a certain number of conditions are not automatically fulfilled. I don't know if what I am saying makes any sense, but that's how the experience is.... It is probably the passage from the true thing to the thing no longer true – not what is meant by Falsehood here on earth (that's something else altogether), but a first alteration compared to the pure Vibration. It gives the impression of a wrong habit, what remains is merely a question of a wrong habit. It's not the principle of distortion that works here, but the wrong habit due to the effect of ANOTHER principle. And something is to be found to check – check, eliminate, prevent – that effect from recurring automatically.

Because it happens CONSTANTLY. It's a constant phenomenon: passing from this to that, this to that, this to that, to such a point – it's so strong – that a second comes, or a minute, or anyway a certain interval of time (I don't know), when you are neither this nor that; then you have a feeling of nothingness. It lasts just an instant; if it lasted longer, it would probably result in fainting or something, I can't say what. But it happens all the time: this, that *(oscillating gesture).* And between this and that, there is a passage.

Life on the surface (what people see of it, what they are in contact with) is certainly a sort of *mixture* of the two, with something going on behind the screen, but what you see on the screen is a sort of combination of the two – they don't really combine, but the visual effect is odd [for Mother]. By "visual," I don't mean just for the eyes but for the outer consciousness. It's a bizarre life, neither this nor that, nor a mixture of the two, nor a juxtaposition, but as though both were operating through each other. It must be intercellular: something that goes this way *(Mother intertwines the fingers of one hand with the fingers of the other in a continuous movement of interpenetration)*, so that the mixture must be very microscopic, on the surface.

(Mother remains engrossed,
"looking" at the experience)

But from a much more external viewpoint, the night that followed your arrival there[52] was dreadful, in the sense that the consciousness was put in contact with all the most negative and destructive things: like an entire world, yes, of denial, of refusal too, of opposition, of battle, of ill will – the visual appearance was chalk-white, you know, the soulless white of chalk, everything was like that, even black was chalk-white (!). Something absolutely stripped of all soul life. Horrible. I don't know, I would have to go back years and years and years to find anything like it in my memory. And I was right in it, it was forced on me; it was as if I were made to stay there and watch it all.

I forgot: immediately afterwards I swept everything clean. Except for what I've just said, I don't remember what it was – I don't remember what it was because I did NOT want it to exist. But it was horrible. And in the morning, there was such a painful impression! So I thought something was wrong over there, and when I received your letter, I understood. But it isn't limited to one person or another, one

place or another: it seems to evoke a universal way of being, that's what troubles me. As if an entire way of being which I've been resisting for ... for, well, more than seventy years at any rate, which I've been keeping at arm's length so it may no longer exist in a real way, as if it were all forced on me. Like a thing from a past that no longer has the right to exist.

Afterwards, it got better. That night was the worst.

But during the morning meditation, I was at a loss.... Is it the symbol of a *clinging to the past?* Possible. But then there are plenty of people like that in the world, who cling to the past, plenty....

(silence)

The next morning, for an hour, I had an experience.... Everything always happens as if it were in the body (but this body has become a kind of representative and symbolic object), it always takes place that way, whether it's a sense of imminent death or a sense of perfect immortality. All that always takes place in the body – it is the battlefield, it is the field of victory, it is the Defeat, it is the Triumph, it is everything. So I noted the experience down.

(Mother hands a slip of paper to Satprem):

"The Lord is peaceful resignation, but the Lord is also the struggle and the Victory.

> "He is the joyous acceptance of all that is; but also the constant effort towards a more total and perfect harmony.
> "Perpetual movement in absolute immobility."

This isn't an intellectual reflection, it's the notation of the experience: the constant, twofold movement of total acceptance of all that is, as an absolute condition to participate in all that will be, and at the same time, the perpetual effort towards a greater perfection. And this was the experience of all the cells.

The experience lasted more than an hour: the two conditions.

That's exactly what made a sharp division in the whole spiritual thought or spiritual will of mankind. The point doesn't seem to have been understood. Some, like Buddha and that whole line, have declared that the world is incorrigible, that the only thing to do is to get out of it, and that it can never be otherwise – it changes, but really remains the same. The result is a certain attitude of perfect acceptance. So, for them, the goal is to get out – that is, you escape: you leave the world as it is and escape. Then there are the others, who sense a perfection towards which men strive indefinitely and which is realized progressively. And I see more and more that the two movements complement each other, and not only complement each other but are almost indispensable to each other.

In other words, the change that arises from a refusal to accept the world as it is has no force, no power: what is needed is an acceptance not only total but comprehensive, joyous – to find supreme joy in things in order to have (it's not a question of right or power) ... in order to make it possible for things to change.

Putting it differently, you must become the Supreme in order to help in His action, in the changing of the world; you must have the supreme Vibration in order to participate in that Movement, which I am now beginning to feel in the body's cells – a Movement which is a sort of eternal Vibration, without beginning or end. It has no beginning (the earth has a beginning, so that makes it easy; with the earth's beginning, we have the beginning of the earth's history, but that's not the case here), it has no beginning, it is ... something existing from all eternity, for all eternity, and without any division of time: it's only when it is projected onto a screen that it begins to assume the division of time. But you can't say a "second," or an "instant".... It's hard to explain.... No sooner do you begin to feel it than it's gone: something boundless, without beginning or end, a Movement so total – total and constant, constant – that it is perceived as total immobility.

Absolutely indescribable. Yet it is the Origin and Support of the whole terrestrial evolution.

When you speak of terrestrial things, it's very easy, very easy.

These words *(Mother shows the notation of her experience)* come long after the experience is over. There is a sort of silence, of immobility, and it's like something that settles slowly, slowly; and once it has settled, here is the residue *(Mother shows her note, laughing)*.

May 11, 1963

(The beginning of this conversation was noted from memory.)

> *... If I could only have the "Word," as the Rishis said, the true mantra, I would keep at it, I'd do hours of japa if necessary, but I would go right to the end. It's as if I were told, "See this plot of land, there are ten million cubic feet of earth to dig, and at the end of it is freedom." Well, I'd set to it, whatever the time needed, because I'd know there is an end. But for that you need a pickax.*

Nobody can give you the true mantra. It's not something that is given: it's something that wells up from within. It must spring from within all of a sudden, spontaneously, like a profound, intense need of your being – then it has power, because it's not something that comes from outside, it's your very own cry.

I saw, in my case, that my mantra has the power of immortality; whatever happens, if it is uttered, it's the Supreme that has the upper hand, it's no longer the

lower law. And the words are irrelevant, they may not have any meaning – to someone else, my mantra is meaningless, but to me it's full, packed with meaning. And effective, because it's my cry, the intense aspiration of my whole being.

A mantra given by a guru is only the power to realize the experience of the discoverer of the mantra. The power is automatically there, because the sound contains the experience. I saw that once in Paris, at a time when I knew nothing of India, absolutely nothing, only the usual nonsense. I didn't even know what a mantra was. I had gone to a lecture given by some fellow who was supposed to have practiced "yoga" for a year in the Himalayas and recounted his experience (none too interesting, either). All at once, in the course of his lecture, he uttered the sound OM. And I saw the entire room suddenly fill with light, a golden, vibrating light.... I was probably the only one to notice it. I said to myself, "Well!" Then I didn't give it any more thought, I forgot about the story. But as it happened, the experience recurred in two or three different countries, with different people, and every time there was the sound OM, I would suddenly see the place fill with that same light. So I understood. That sound contains the vibration of thousands and thousands of years of spiritual aspiration – there is in it the entire aspiration of men towards the Supreme. And the power is automatically there, because the experience is there.

It's the same with my mantra. When I wanted to translate the end of my mantra, "Glory to You, O Lord," into Sanskrit, I asked for Nolini's help. He brought his Sanskrit translation, and when he read it to me, I immediately saw that the power was there – not because Nolini put his power into it (!), God knows he had no intention of "giving" me a mantra! But the power was there because my experience was there. We made a few adjustments and modifications, and that's the japa I do now – I do it all the time, while sleeping, while walking, while eating, while working, all the time.[53]

And that's how a mantra has life: when it wells up all the time, spontaneously, like the cry of your being – there is no need of effort or concentration: it's your natural cry. Then it has full power, it is alive. It must well up from within.... No guru can give you that.

> *Well up.... Well, it's a long way to go! I will need a great deal of paper for all those "diagrams" [Tantric diagrams given by X]: seventy-two every day.*

Do you want some paper?

> *Yes, quite a lot of it!*

But how big?

> *About this big [approximately four inches]. And the paper should be very smooth. You understand, it should be written with "chandanam" [sandal paste] and a stick! And assuming each diagram takes me three or four minutes ... for seventy-two that means ... it'll be a good four*

hours! So the paper should be smooth enough – and a good amount: seventy-two sheets every day.

Seventy-two sheets.... Where can we find that?

I'll have to go to the Press.

They've no paper left, mon petit, with that state of war. But I have some paper.

But you need it.

Not all of it. One ream of paper.... Will you look down there and see if there's a box or something? Let's see.

(Satprem pulls out a box)

It's turned completely yellow.... Does it matter?

The water would soak into it! Because I have to write with chandanam mixed in water, you understand, and with a twig of "Divine Love"! [pomegranate]

Without a piece of cotton or anything?

No, nothing. A twig which I cut into a nib.

Are the drawings small?

It's a rectangle divided into three compartments, with figures and letters – a Sanskrit letter. Quite a job, I can tell you!

Seventy-two every day! ... Mon petit! *(Mother laughs)*
I've got to find something....

When I come out of it, I feel stunned.

But that's just what they want!
I tell you, I know it, they want to stupefy you. And of course, when you're stupefied enough, they'll put a good dose of force and then it seems like a miracle!

You understand, I am supposed to keep squatting for two hours over those blessed scribblings.

But tell me, couldn't you be allowed to do that sitting on a chair, at a table?

I don't know.

Why not? It doesn't occur to him [X] because he's used to sitting and writing on the ground. It's the same as if I thought it impossible to meditate unless I sat cross-legged and bolt upright! ... Fortunately, I lived with Sri Aurobindo, who never used to sit cross-legged. He told me right away that it was all a question of

habits – subconscious habits. It has no importance whatsoever. And how well he explained: if a posture is necessary for you, it will come by itself. And it's perfectly true, for instance, that when necessary, the body will suddenly sit up straight – it comes spontaneously. As he said, the important thing is not the external frame but the inner experience, and if there is a physical necessity and your inner experience is entirely sincere, that physical necessity will come ALL BY ITSELF.[54] This is something I am absolutely sure of. And he gave me his own example (I had mine, too) of certain things considered dangerous or bad, which we both did independently and spontaneously, and which were a great help to us! Consequently, all those stories of posture and so on are the petty mechanical bounds of the human mind.

It came to me while I was walking [for the japa]. I had a kind of vision of you squatting askew and writing. And I thought, "But that's awful! He'll ruin his health!"

What is needed is to have the inner attitude.

Well, precisely, the inner attitude ... I kind this new work empty and mechanical.

Don't you feel the words you write?

They're figures. Figures and one Sanskrit letter. But you can't say there's much soul in figures, can you?

Will you show it to me? I'd like to see.

I'll write it for you.

(Satprem draws the Tantric diagram he has been instructed to do 72 times a day for three times 72 days. It is a square divided into 9 smaller squares which contain figures and one Sanskrit letter. The first thing Mother does is to add up all the figures.)

Did you add them up? No? Whatever way you do it, it adds up to 72.... 9 is the figure of birth.

It should be done 72 times for 72 days, and three times over.

And 72, that means 7 + 2, or 9.

And this [the Sanskrit letter] is HRIM.

It's one of the three essential sounds. I don't remember now, but each of them represents one aspect of the Mother.

Sujata told me it's Mahalakshmi.

I was hesitating between Mahalakshmi and Mahasaraswati.

(Mother remains concentrated)

It is clearly taken as a symbol of the gestation of the new birth, the second birth, the divine birth. That's certain.

He said 72 days?

Three times 72 days.... A little more than eight months, that is.

That's it.

It's ... ([laughing! I've just asked him!) it's the work of gestation for the birth of the divine consciousness.

And 7 (7 and 2) is interesting. 7 is the realization; 2 is dual: a dual realization. If you put both together, you get the figure of gestation.

You see, Mahalakshmi is the Divine Mother's aspect of love, the perfection of manifested love, which must come before this supreme Love (which is beyond the Manifestation and the Nonmanifestation) can be expressed – the supreme Love referred to in *Savitri* when the Supreme sends Savitri to the earth:

For ever love, O beautiful slave of God!

(XI702)

It's to prepare the earth to receive the Supreme's manifestation, the manifestation of His Victory.

Seen in that way, it becomes clear – comprehensible, and comprehensive, too: it has a content.

(Mother suddenly points to a piece of paper on the table beside her, on which the figure 8 is written)

Did you notice this figure?... There's a line in *Savitri (I* can't quote exactly): "Wherever Nature is, He (the Supreme) too is there, for, in truth, He and She are one."[55] I was asked to find an illustration for this line,[56] and I found the 8.

The drawing starts here *(Mother draws the first half of the 8):* it's the Supreme leaning forward. Then, Nature in its base, Nature in sleep *(the base of the 8).* And here *(the top of the 8)*, I put two little drawings (as if to symbolize an eye, a nose and a mouth) to evoke the summit of consciousness. So the Supreme is leaning forward like this and Nature rises like this *(Mother draws the second half of the 8).* All this *(the top of the 8)* is golden, then it becomes prismatic *(the middle of the 8),* and deep blue here *(the base of the 8),* in the most material part of the creation, and the blue becomes lighter and lighter *(going upward again),* and finally golden. Perpetually.

Eight is the symbol of infinity for mathematicians (oo).

Exactly. It's very interesting.

(Then Mother considers one by one the various figures of the Tantric diagram:)

4 is the figure of the Manifestation (the square is the figure of the Manifestation). So here you have the manifestation of the Infinite: 4 + 8 = 12.

6 is the figure of the creation.

12 is the perfection of the creation: perfect creation.

30 is ... The 3 is Sachchidananda and the 30 its external expression (because 10 means something expressed). So 30 is the manifestation of Sachchidananda.

Thus we have first 6, then 12 (a perfection of manifestation), then 30, the manifestation of Sachchidananda, and 48, the manifestation of the Infinite. You see, it's beginning to come alive!

Afterwards comes 42: it's the dual manifestation, that is to say, the Supreme and Nature.

Then 18 ... The 10 (unless it's 12 ... 12 is two times 6; also 10 plus 2, but that has another meaning), but the 10 in itself is something established (the 11 is something beginning, while the 10 is something established). So if you have 18, it means that the Infinite is established.

Then 36, which is 3 times 12: it's the union of 30 (Sachchidananda) and 6, the creation.

The 12 is the figure of the Mahashakti. It's the essential creation, the creation in its essence – the creative Power. And perfection, too: the perfection in the execution. The 12 is a very important figure (24 is two times 12, and 36, three times).

48 is four times 12. It's an extremely important figure. Extremely important.

And finally, we have 9 here: gestation. Gestation in Matter – not on the heights: here, physically.

(Mother begins drawing herself the diagram with the figures and the Sanskrit mantra.)

Let's see if I remember my Sanskrit....

My eyes are no good, I've lost all my power of expression because of that *(Mother takes her magnifying glass to draw).* Before, I used to do these letters so easily, and now I can't see any more....

Here.

Now, it has life, you understand. It has life. And it's the correct drawing, I mean it should be a square (not a rectangle as you did), a square divided into nine smaller squares. It is the image of the realization (not realization – gestation), the birth of Mahalakshmi's consciousness in Matter, that is to say, the form of divine love in Matter.

(Mother pores over the diagram for a long time. It should be noted that the figures of the diagram must be read and written in a particular order to have their full power.)

Oh, there's a music!

(Mother starts humming the music or the vibration which has come to her and

corresponds to the diagram and the birth of Mahalakshmi's consciousness in Matter.)

Another point is unclear: after 30, do you go here or there?

After 30 it's 48, then 42....

(Mother starts humming again)

There, mon petit. Now I would advise you to take a comfortable chair, a table on which you can write comfortably, put it before you and get on with it!

It's a pity we can't note the music down.

(Mother hums again)

There.

But it's full of meaning, it vibrates with meaning!

I am not positive, but when he gave you this diagram, had he had in himself the conscious meaning, he would have passed it on to you.... I have a feeling he is more like a scholar. He has perhaps more of an impression than an understanding.

But where does the significance of figures come from?

The deeper significance of figures ... There are countless traditions, countless scriptures ... which I took great care not to follow. But the deeper significance of figures came to me in Tlemcen, when I was in the Overmind. I don't remember the names Théon used to give to those various worlds, but it was a world that corresponded to the highest and most luminous regions of Sri Aurobindo's *Overmind.* It was above, just above the gods' region. And it was something in accord with the Overmind creation – the earth under the gods' influence. That was where figures took on a living meaning for me – not a mental speculation: a living meaning. That was where Madame Théon recognized me, because of the formation of twelve pearls she saw above my head; and she told me, "You are that because you have this. Only that can have this!" *(Mother laughs)* It hadn't even remotely occurred to me, thank God!

But figures are alive for me. They have a concrete reality.

And this *(the diagram)* is meant to prepare for the "second birth" mentioned in the Vedas, the spiritual birth. Through it one becomes a complete being, consciously complete.

Of course, it's the beginning of realization. But for many people it's the ultimate term.

I hope it won't tire you out any more.

(as Satprem is about to leave)

Do you think your machine [the tape recorder at the other end of the room] has picked up the music?[57]

I hope so!

I know someone who could note it down: Sunil could note it down, he knows how to write music. I no longer do ... I've forgotten all that. I have spent all my time forgetting everything.

I used to write my Sanskrit as I write French – all gone.

One must learn to lose everything in order to gain everything. Always, every minute.

There we are.

I asked Sujata to prepare some orange juice for you – it should be prepared by someone who puts his heart into it.

Good-bye, petit.

May 15, 1963

> 88 – This world was built by Death that he might live. Wilt thou abolish death? Then life too will perish. Thou canst not abolish death, but thou mayst transform it into a greater living.
>
> 89-This world was built by Cruelty that she might love. Wilt thou abolish cruelty? Then love too will perish. Thou canst not abolish cruelty, but thou mayst transfigure it into its opposite, into a fierce Love and Delightfulness.

90-This world was built by Ignorance and Error that they might know. Wilt thou abolish ignorance and error?

> Then knowledge too will perish. Thou canst not abolish ignorance and error, but thou mayst transmute them into the utter and effulgent exceeding of reason.
>
> 91-If life alone were and not death, there could be no immortality; if love were alone and not cruelty, joy would be only a tepid and ephemeral rapture; if reason were alone and not ignorance, our highest attainment would not exceed a limited rationality and worldly wisdom.
>
> 92-Death transformed becomes Life that is Immortality; Cruelty transfigured becomes Love that is intolerable ecstasy; Ignorance transmuted becomes Light that leaps beyond wisdom and knowledge.

It's the same idea, that opposition and opposites stimulate progress. Because to say that without Cruelty, Love would be tepid ... The principle of Love, as it is beyond the Manifest and the Nonmanifest, has nothing to do with either tepidness or cruelty. But Sri Aurobindo's idea, it seems, is that opposites are the most effective and rapid way to knead Matter so that it may intensify its manifestation.

As an experience, it's absolutely certain: when you come in touch with eternal Love, supreme Love, the first, immediate ... (what should I say?) perception or sensation (it's not an understanding, it is much more concrete) is that even the most enlightened, kneaded, prepared material consciousness is INCAPABLE of manifesting That! The first impression is that sort of incapacity. Then comes the experience of something manifesting a type of ... not exactly "cruelty," because it's not cruelty as we conceive it; but in the totality of circumstances, there is a vibration which is felt as a certain intensity of refusal of love as it is manifested here – that's exactly the thing: something in the material world refuses the manifestation of love as it exists at present (I don't refer to the ordinary world but to the consciousness at its present highest). It's an experience, I am speaking of something that has taken place. Then the part of the consciousness that has been touched by that opposition calls out directly to Love's origin WITH AN INTENSITY IT COULD NOT HAVE HAD WITHOUT THE EXPERIENCE OF THE REFUSAL. Limits are broken, a flood descends which could NOT manifest before, and something is expressed which was not expressed before.

That happened not very long ago.

Seeing that, there is obviously a similar experience in connection with what is called life and death. It's a sort of "overhanging" (it comes to me in English, that's why I have difficulty) of that constant presence of Death or possibility of death. As he says in *Savitri,* we have a constant companion all the way from the cradle to the grave, we are constantly shadowed by the threat or presence of Death. Well, this gives the cells an intensity in their call for a Power of Eternity which would not be there without that constant threat. Then we understand – we begin to understand very concretely – that all those things are only goads to make the Manifestation progress and grow more intense, more perfect. If the goads are crude, it is because the Manifestation is very crude. As it grows more and more perfect and apt to manifest something ETERNALLY PROGRESSIVE, those very crude methods will give way to more refined ones, and the world will progress without the need for such brutal oppositions. It is only because the world is in infancy and the human consciousness in its very early infancy.

It's a very concrete experience.

So, when the earth no longer needs to die in order to progress, there will be no more death. When the earth no longer needs to suffer in order to progress, there will be no more suffering. And when the earth no longer needs to hate in order to love, there will be no more hatred.

(silence)

It is the quickest and most effective method of pulling the creation out of its

inertia and leading it on to its blossoming.

(long silence)

There is a particular aspect of the creation (a very modern aspect, maybe): a need to get out of disorder and confusion – of disharmony and confusion. A confusion, a disorder which assumes all forms, turns into struggles, pointless efforts and wasted energy. It depends on which level you stand on, but materially, in action, it means unnecessary complications, wasted energy and materials, waste of time, incomprehension, misunderstanding, confusion, disorder – what in ancient days they called deformation, *crookedness* in the Vedas (I don't know the French word for it, it's something crooked which, instead of shooting straight to the goal, weaves its way in sharp and unnecessary zigzags). It's one of the things farthest from the harmony of a purely divine action – which is something so simple.... It looks like child's play ... and direct – direct, without those absurd and completely useless twists and turns. Well, it is clearly the same phenomenon: that disorder is a way to stimulate the need for pure and divine simplicity.

The body feels strongly, very strongly that everything could be so simple, so simple!

And for the being – that sort of individual aggregate – to be transformed, it needs in effect to grow simpler and simpler. All those complexities of Nature which man is now beginning to understand and study, which for the smallest thing are so complex (the smallest of our physical workings is the result of such a complex system that it's almost unthinkable ... certainly it would be impossible for the human mind to think up and contrive all those things), are now being discovered by science. And it's quite plain to see that for the functioning to become divine, that is, to escape Disorder and Confusion, it must grow simpler and simpler.

(long silence)

In other words, Nature, or rather Nature in its effort towards expression, was compelled to have recourse to an unbelievable, almost endless complexity in order to reproduce the original Simplicity.

It brings us back to the same thing: it is that excess of complexity which makes possible a simplicity that isn't empty – a rich simplicity. An all-embracing simplicity, whereas without those complexities, simplicity is empty.

This has been my experience these last few days.

They are making discoveries like that. In anatomy, for instance, they are making discoveries for surgical treatments that are unbelievably intricate! It's the same for their division of Matter's constituents – a frightful intricacy! And all that is with the view and endeavor to express Oneness, the ONE Simplicity – the divine state.

(silence)

Maybe it will go fast.... But the question boils down to a SUFFICIENT aspiration, sufficiently intense and effective to attract That which can transform all this: complication into Simplicity, cruelty into Love ... and so forth.

It's no use complaining and saying it's a pity things are that way. They are the way they are. Why?... When things are no longer that way, we'll probably know why. Or to put it differently: if we knew why, they would no longer be that way.

So speculations such as, "It would have been better if it had not existed," and so on, are all impractical – irrelevant, absolutely useless.

We should hasten to do what we have to do to put an end to it, that's all, that's the only practical thing.

For the body, it's very interesting. But it's a mountain, you see! A mountain of apparently tiny experiences, but in such large numbers that they become sizable.[58]

May 18, 1963

(Mother asks for a box of paints to demonstrate practically the gradation of colors of the levels of consciousness, from the most material Nature to the Supreme. The point is to illustrate the symbol of Infinity, the figure 8, which Mother explained in the conversation of May 11: the infinite play of the Supreme reaching down to Nature and Nature rising toward the Supreme. Mother speaks in English in the presence of a disciple, who is a painter, so that he may convey her explanations to H., the disciple who is preparing illustrations for "Savitri.")

Of course, all these things are lights, so you can't reproduce them. But still, it must be a violet that is not dull and not dark *(Mother starts from the most material Nature).* What she has put is too red, but if it's too blue, it won't be good either – you understand the difficulty? Then after violet there is blue, which must be truly blue, not too light, but it must be a bright blue. Not too light because there are three consecutive blues: there is the blue of the Mind, and then comes the Higher Mind, which is paler, and then the Illumined Mind, which is the color of the flag [Mother's flag], a silver blue, but naturally paler than that. And after this comes yellow, a yellow that is the yellow of the Intuitive Mind; it must not be golden, it must be the color of cadmium. Then after this yellow, which is pale, we have the Overmind with all the colors – they must all be bright colors, not dark: blue, red, green, violet, purple, yellow, all of them, all the colors. And after that, we then have all the golds of the Supermind, with its three layers. And then, after that,

there is one layer of golden white – it is white, but a golden white. After this golden white, there is silver white – silver white: how can I explain that? (H. has sent me some ridiculous pictures of a sun shining on water – it has nothing to do with that.) If you put silver, silver gray *(Mother shows a silver box nearby shining brilliantly in the sun),* silver gray together with white ... that is, it is white, but if you put the four whites together you see the difference. There is a white white, then there is a white with a touch of pink, then a silvery white and a golden white. It makes four worlds.

I have explained this [to H.] as I am explaining it to you, but H. has not seen it so she can't understand. I want to show her on paper. It is twelve different things [or twelve worlds], one after another.[59]

* * *

(Then Satprem reads out an aphorism:)

> 93 – Pain is the touch of our Mother teaching us to bear and grow in rapture. She has three stages of her schooling, endurance first, next equality of soul, last ecstasy.

... I am still in a period of conflict.

There are all the time periods of conflict between outside ideas and the inner experience.

The problem is this: you can take the attitude of endurance and endure everything, to the point where you are able to turn pain into ecstasy, as he says – it's an experiment that can always be made, at any given moment. But materialist-minded people will tell you, "That's all very well, but you're ruining your body." And that's where ... *(laughing)* we would have to carry out all kinds of experiments, as they do with guinea pigs, to find out whether ecstasy has the power to restore order in the body.

You suffer from, say, a physical trouble, purely physical (morally speaking, it goes without saying, the thing is quite clear; I mean something purely material). Something is disorganized in the working or the structure of the organs. The result is pain. At first you endure, then out of endurance comes perfect equality, and out of perfect equality comes ecstasy – it's perfectly possible; it's not only possible, it has been proved. But the experiment should be carried through TO THE END to know whether ecstasy has the power to restore the body's order, or whether it ends in dissolution: you are in ecstasy and die in ecstasy. That is, you leave your body while in ecstasy. Is that so?... It's not only possible, it's perfectly obvious. But that's not what we want! We want to restore order, to eliminate disorder IN MATTER – does ecstasy have the power to restore order in the physical working and triumph over the forces of dissolution?

The only way to find out is to make the experiment!

But there is always something which says that the risk is great for ... We are too – still too cautious. Or is it a lack of faith? But it's a lack of knowledge more than a lack of faith, because if we say, "Whatever happens is the Lord's Will, and if the experiment dissolves the body, well, it only shows He willed it," then there is no need to worry. And it's true, you live in this idea, you feel this way, you sense this way; but there is something on the outside or from the outside that says, "That's all very well, but is this need or inclination to experiment legitimate? Couldn't the same knowledge be obtained without running so great a risk? ..."

That's the kind of problem you have to face.

So personally, my attitude (all this has nothing to do with the *Bulletin,* by the way), my attitude is to watch it all: this opinion, that opinion, this attitude, that attitude, and I stay like this *(gesture of a Witness completely outside and passive).* I refrain from deciding or acting, I become exclusively a witness – a non-interfering witness. I say to the Lord, "It's for You to decide; it isn't my business, You will decide. Whatever happens is Your concern." So far, this has always resulted in an intervention that restored order, but ... but with no positive proof that the order was restored in this way or that, because of this or that. There is no certainty.[60]

In this field, we know nothing. Oh, as soon as we get into the field ... even the field of sensation, the vital, all problems are solved. Nothing could be easier, there's nothing to discuss; in the field of feelings, the work was done long ago. That's not what I mean: I mean when we get to the bottom of the problem. There, everything, everything is in a sort of incomprehension, of total ignorance, along with all the ideas that result from the intellectual and scientific development and are so sure of themselves, so full of impregnable certainty! The certainty of the material experience, of the thing you touch.

To use that without being governed by it, to base yourself on that without being influenced by it, is very difficult.

Maybe someone much more intelligent, much smarter than me would find the work easier; but he would probably have more difficulties inside – no such difficulties here! But outside ... For example, the chemical discovery of the structure of Matter would seem to be sufficient to serve as a base for true knowledge to act on Matter.[61] And maybe those scientists, those who have discovered and experimented with the structure of Matter, would have no difficulty.... But the field of the greatest difficulty is the medical field, the therapeutic field: their science is still ABSOLUTELY contrary to the true knowledge. And when it comes to the body's equilibrium ... They know anatomy, they even know a little (not very, very much) a little about the body's chemistry, they know all kinds of things that the common man doesn't, on the strength of which they make dogmatic assertions and send you packing like an ignorant fool. All this business about the body's workings – how much do they know? Naturally, when you ask them, "But why is it like that?" they reply, "Oh, why? I have no idea."

And their way of telling you, "That's how things are and they cannot be otherwise"! But if you tell them, "Your experience is ultimately based on statistics, but your statistics are useless, they cover such a limited field of experience that they are worthless – there is also all that you don't know," then they feel sorry for you.

They are still in infancy, with the kind of dogmatic certainties characteristic of infancy.

On the other hand, the others, those who know the inside of things, don't have the experience – no one has transformed his body so far! No one can tell you, "Well, it's done this way and it happened that way; this is what I did and that's what happened" – no one. That's why it is so difficult.

Very difficult.

And also, oh, there are all those great waves of thought, of convictions *(Mother draws great cosmic waves coming from the outside to assail her),* that whole habit of Matter of decomposing and recomposing itself, being unbuilt and rebuilt.... It comes again and again, very regularly, like waves beating against a dike.

Very difficult.

(silence)

Probably it's necessary because at times, when everything is in utter confusion, at times I ask for an Assurance – and I see very well, very well that if my body's cells, the body consciousness were told, "You are immortal; all those difficulties are experiences; the pain you feel has no importance; this apparent decomposition has no importance; all those things are necessary experiences, and you will go on to the end of the experience, that is, to transformation," if it were told that, obviously it would be mere child's play, just enduring the difficulties – that's nothing. So I wonder.... But never have I been told that, never, never have I been given the Assurance – now and then the body is in a sort of STATE, a state of immortality, but it isn't constant, it's dependent on other things; so the minute it's "dependent," it is no longer a supreme Assurance. There is at the same time a sort of discernment: very likely there would be a general slackening of the cells' effort if they were told, "Never mind, none of this is important, because you will last till the work is done." Maybe they would flag. The concentration of will in the battle would disappear. Which means one of the necessary conditions would be missing.

Then again something else comes and says, "Oh, you always have very favorable explanations to comfort yourself! ..." You see, I am like a spectator *(Mother does the same gesture of great cosmic waves assailing her)* at a sort of contest of all the different reactions. (I put it into words to make myself understood, but there are no words – only SENSATIONS; the verbal translation is just for explaining, but they are like sensations, or rather states of consciousness. They are all states of consciousness.) And they all run into each other ... *(gesture of waves)*.

Ah, none of this is for the *Bulletin!*

* * *

(Just before leaving, Satprem rests his forehead on Mother's feet. The previous time, when Satprem had made the same gesture, Mother, who was standing then, had lost her balance and almost fallen.)

You saw last time how I lost my balance. When you touched my foot, there came down a ... not a column, it was a tornado! Of a light so white, so white! Not transparent – sparkling white, white like milk. But such a powerful mass! It came so violently that I lost my balance. That's all, I only lost my balance. And it remained there, it was there – you saw how I stood a moment without raising my head, it was because I was looking at it. It was ... it was MUCH MORE SOLID THAN MATTER. Something very peculiar, it was solid! More solid, MORE MATERIAL THAN MATTER. And a power, a weight, a density – extraordinary! Like a great column, and everything became pure white. Absolutely white. Nothing but white, everywhere. It stayed on a few seconds. And the power of it threw me off balance.

I was in no condition to tell you all this at the time!

Didn't you feel anything?

Oh, yes, I felt the Force!

Oh, it was ... (laughing) it was compelling enough!

(silence)

I don't recall ever having felt the Force in such a way. It's something (how can I put it? ...) more material than Matter. That's it. It didn't come as a descent of light, no: it was like a mass – an AVALANCHE.

White! White, white, sparkling, dazzling. You couldn't look at it. That's why I looked down, I couldn't look at it.

And there was nothing but that – there was no more you or my feet or my body or anything, nothing but that.

(silence)

At night, sometimes I wake up (not "wake up," rather I come to), I come to enveloped in something like that, very, very, very dense – dense. Which has weight. Perhaps a chemist could explain that! I see it as a new thing.

May 22, 1963

(This conversation took place a few days after Satprem had a violent attack of an infectious "illness.")

The other evening, around 6:30, I was in a lot of pain; my head seemed about to burst, I really suffered: a racking pain. Then I lay down, and suddenly I felt a sort of relaxation – a sudden reversal followed by an easing. And, the next day, I came to know that it happened at the precise time when V. told you I was ill.

Not only that, but there was a rather peculiar experience: a Will came into me.... I don't know, a Will: "Decide." Something that wanted me to decide: "It's for you to decide." So I immediately cast that Power on you, saying, "He must be cured." It's a new experience. It came very strongly, as though the final decision were referred to me – to the PHYSICAL consciousness. So I said, "Very well, then! Let him be cured, that's my decision."

What struck me was the suddenness of it: all at once I felt an easing.

Yes, it isn't gradual, it's all at once. Then the next day I asked for news of you (because I was interested, the experience was completely new), I asked, "Any difference?" And I was told you were much better.

(Mother gives a rose to Satprem)

And this one for Sujata: open like her heart.

May 25, 1963

(Regarding a letter from a personal friend of Satprem at the Editions du Seuil, who hints that the second manuscript on Sri Aurobindo ["The Adventure of Consciousness"] will also be refused: "I do not know whether P.A.L. has read it yet, he hasn't told me, but as soon as I read the first pages, I felt that this manuscript would never be published by Le Seuil. It has some defects and clumsy passages – but that will not be the reason for its refusal....")

Very well! *(laughter)* Let us wait and see what they say. Of course, I never thought even for a minute that those people would publish it – but others will.

Once WE have published it, I am certain – certain – that there will be people

who will want to publish it. Besides, it's not the kind of book to have a success for a while and then fall away. It will have a lasting action.

What does he mean by "clumsy passages"? Whatever he couldn't understand!

He understands. Maybe he means some passages that are a bit lengthy from a literary standpoint. Anyway, I don't know, he'll write to me. He will tell me.... I'd be curious to know what he understood. But the man is open-minded.

My own impression is rather that in order to appreciate the book fully, you must already know a lot – a lot more than those people know.

I have a strong impression – and that's why Sri Aurobindo was so interested in the book and took such a part in it – that it is the way of explaining things which those with a European education can best understand. Or those with a modern education, at any rate, with a modern turn of mind, because it's very appropriate for America, too. And for the whole part of India that's under the influence of British education, it will put them in touch in a way they can understand.

Not for a second did I think they would publish it – in fact, to tell you the truth, it wouldn't make me too happy either! It's not a book for their "Collection." Their Collection is much too trite, too superficial.

Anyhow it wouldn't have been in their "Collection" because it has more than 300 pages and the books in their Collection have only 150. But it could have been outside the Collection – well, it doesn't seem it's going to happen.... I'd be curious to see their criticisms.

Oh, they won't understand anything anyway.

Show me his handwriting.

(Mother studies the letter)

Oh, the man is intuitive! Oh, oh!

Oh, he's very fine! Much better than what he writes.

I'd like to ask you a little question. In this book on Sri Aurobindo, I say in passing that the three aspects – Transcendent, Immanent, Cosmic – probably correspond to the Catholic Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Could you tell me the exact correspondence? The Father is clearly the Transcendent, but the Son?

The Son is the Immanent.

But then, what about the Holy Spirit and its descent?

Yes, I've often wondered.

I used to know. Once I had a discussion on this with the friend of a cardinal, and he gave me the explanation, adding that the cardinals were taught this interpretation esoterically, under a vow of secrecy. They were also taught that the

Virgin was Nature, the universal Mother.

> *But what does the Holy Spirit descending with "tongues of fire" on Pentecost represent? Those "tongues of fire" don't look like a cosmic symbol, do they?*

But I don't see how the Christ could be cosmic? He is very clearly the god within man.

Why? Does the Holy Spirit descend everywhere, or in a limited way?

> *Tradition has it that it descends on Pentecost.*

What's the meaning of Pentecost?

> *I believe it's forty days after Easter.*

Forty days after the resurrection, that is.

> *At that time, the twelve Apostles were gathered and the Holy Spirit "descended" upon them, in the form of tongues of fire.*

But the Immanent doesn't "descend," mon petit!

> *Well, of course! But how can the Cosmic (assuming the Holy Spirit to be a cosmic symbol) "descend" too? And in the form of tongues of fire?*

Maybe we're trying to stretch the parallel too far, maybe it's something else.

(silence)

It might rather be part of the announcement (not the Annunciation!), the heralding of the new world – of a new world. The Holy Spirit would then be the world that will descend after the human world.

I say this because Théon always announced the coming of the "new world." He didn't speak of "Supermind," he said: "There shall be new heavens and a new earth." That was his explanation. So it may be that, originally, in the origin of the Catholic religion, they too had the idea that after forty days (it could also mean forty centuries, maybe forty eons or forty ages), there would come the descent of the Holy Spirit in the form of flames that would enter those who are ready. I find this explanation more logical.

Of course, the bird, the "white dove" they speak of, could be the Universal. Maybe it would manifest openly as a result of that descent?

Basically we always try to cut things into small pieces. It evidently means the manifestation, a new manifestation of the Divine, which takes place some time after the Divine in man is resuscitated. The Divine in man is resuscitated, that's very clear: it has become conscious. And after a time (4 is the manifestation, 10 is the perfection of the manifestation), the perfection of the manifestation of God resuscitated in man allows that universal or cosmic thing to manifest. If you take it

like that, it makes sense.

That "universal thing" might be a collective transformation. A transformation that's no longer exclusively individual – the descent of the Holy Spirit into the collectivity?

I had been told that even in the College of Cardinals, things were only suggested, and each one was left to understand more or less deeply, according to his capacity. It's quite likely. But who has kept the tradition intact? ... We can't say.

Anyway, put like this, it makes sense.

May 29, 1963

> *I would like a clarification on a passage from a previous conversation [of May 3], in which you said: "Something tries to draw less and less the attention and concentration of others...." And you added: "That is, to lessen the SENSE OF INTERMEDIARY necessary for forces and thoughts to spread...." What is this "sense of intermediary"? Do you mean your "role of intermediary" in the diffusion of forces? Do you want to lessen that role – to withdraw?*

It isn't "role"! The role is a fact, a sort of ineluctable fact, absolutely independent of the individual will and consciousness – I am more and more convinced of it, fantastically so. The Work is done through a certain number of elements – whether they are aware of it or not, whether they collaborate or not makes little difference. It has been decided that way, it has been chosen that way and it is done that way. Whether you like it or not, whether you are aware of it or not, whether you collaborate or not – very little difference. It's more a question of personal satisfaction!

And inasmuch as the very cells of the body no longer feel their separateness (that is almost entirely gone, even in the sensation), then something is done (or takes place), but without any self-observation. Somewhere *(gesture above),* something knows, wills and acts; somewhere else, there is a certain number of things in a state of happy receptivity, and absolutely, extraordinarily passive, not interfering. And the less it observes, the better. It remains in an inner contemplation, or rather turned to the Heights (a Height that is everywhere, of course, not just above), a Height perfectly luminous, perfectly conscious, perfectly effective. And that's all that is needed.

The less the consciousness is turned to the outside, the less it perceives

obstacles, resistances – all that appears more and more unreal, transient, extremely relative.

In the necessary and unavoidable everyday contact with people, there is a growing perception that whatever the circumstance (which in itself is so simple, simpler than a child, you know – a perfect simplicity), as soon as it comes into contact with the terrestrial human atmosphere, it becomes ever so complicated! And quite unnecessarily. It seems as if the normal human occupation is to complicate all that could be extremely simple. I see this day after day, for all the small events of every day, of each and every minute. With certain consciousnesses – as soon as it touches certain consciousnesses – it is twisted, sometimes into terrible knots. Then it takes a fantastic labor to undo it – the whole thing PERFECTLY unnecessary!

These last few days, in fact, I have been observing it all and wondering, "Why are things this way? ..." It must have been the means – probably the most effective means, I don't know – to emerge from inertia, from *tamas.* If everything worked in that Simplicity, that perfect Quietness, well, human consciousness would be in such a state that it would have simply fallen asleep. It would have reached the state ... not even of an animal, perhaps of a slumbering plant!

That must be the reason.

But when you see it from the other side, it's so absurd – fantastically absurd! To such a point that the meaning of every single word you utter is immediately twisted – automatically, you can't say why. With something clear and obvious, which should have gone smoothly, without hurdles, you are immediately caught in a swirl of complications.

All, all, all activities, all of life is like that.

And then there are little nuances, little differences, which naturally assume considerable proportions in those distorted consciousnesses: they say, "Oh, now everything is fine," and then, "Oh, now everything is going wrong," but that's not true! It's always the SAME thing, only with little nuances.

But the true everything is fine, THE TRUE THING as it is, is so simple! So simple, so quiet, so immediate, so direct that it's almost unthinkable for human thought, much less for human sensation. Voilà.

June

June 3, 1963

(Mother prepares to read a letter of Sri Aurobindo in the original English.)

Do you understand when I read?

Certainly I do! But it will tire you....

No, it doesn't tire me.

(Mother reads)

The body-mind

And there is too an obscure mind of the body, of the very cells, molecules, corpuscles. Haeckel, the German materialist, spoke somewhere of the will in the atom, and recent science, dealing with the incalculable individual variation in the activity of the electrons, comes near to perceiving that this is not a figure but the shadow thrown by a secret reality. This body-mind is a very tangible truth; owing to its obscurity and mechanical clinging to past movements and facile oblivion and rejection of the new, we find in it one of the chief obstacles to permeation by the supermind Force and the transformation of the functioning of the body. On the other hand, once effectively converted, it will be one of the most precious instruments for the stabilisation of the supramental Light and Force in material Nature.

(XXII.340)

It corresponds exactly to my own experience.

It is this mind of the cells which seizes upon a mantra or a japa and eventually repeats it automatically, and with what persistence! That is to say, CONTINUALLY. That's what Sri Aurobindo means when he says it can be a help: it keeps at things indefinitely *(Mother clenches her fist in an unwavering gesture)*.

A few days ago, at the end of an activity or a situation which demanded an effort, almost a struggle, I heard (it's odd), I heard the cells repeat my mantra! It was like a choir in which each cell was repeating the mantra, automatically.... "Well, this is odd!" I thought. And it was just after that, the next day and the day after, that someone showed me this letter.

It is astonishingly true.

I heard it – I heard THE CELLS repeating the mantra. Automatically, in the difficulty (there was a difficulty), they were repeating the mantra. Like a choir, an immense choir in a church, it was very odd. As if there were lots of little voices, innumerable little voices repeating and repeating the same sound. It gave me the impression of a church choir, but with lots and lots and lots of choirboys – tiny little voices. Yet the sound was very clear, I was dumbfounded: very clear. The sound of the mantra.

But is this the mind the Tantrics use? For instance, when you speak of the "deep blue light" in the physical mind, is it the same cellular mind?

I don't think so.

Because it's also through japa, mantras, the awakening of the physical consciousness, that the Tantric power operates.

I think their power comes from a higher layer [higher than the cellular mind]. Because their action is very cerebral: its effect is always here *(gesture at the forehead and temples),* it takes you here *(same gesture)* – it's even painful!

It's cerebral.

But how does that power act in Matter? Because they do have a power over Matter.

Because it's very material – the brain is material! It's just a little less mechanical than the cellular mind. But it Is material; it isn't the higher mind, certainly: it's a mind confined to the body *(same gesture to the temples).* But the mind I was speaking of, the body-mind, is EVERYWHERE, in every cell: every cell has it within it; whereas that power is specifically situated at the brain level. It's a very cerebral action, enveloping the forehead and the lower part of the face, not even down to the throat.

* * *

How is your "writing" coming on? All right?

Yes, I am no longer tired as I was before, but ... It's a domain that seems so mechanical to me!

Yet I put the Force in it.
I put the Force in it, because I can SEE your yantram like this
(Mother closes her eyes and says aloud): 6, 12, 30
I see it, it exists.
It has a reality now.
And there's a rhythm – a very nice rhythm: 6, 12, 30, 48
Can you see when I say it?
It has become real, I can assure you.

* * *

Shortly afterwards

Yesterday I saw a seven-month-old baby ... who is a sage.
He looks at you with his soul. When I looked at him, his eyes lit up.
Doesn't cry, doesn't speak, but he made a sort of noise – he stretched out his

arms to me and seemed to say, "Aaah!" Then I took him in my arms, and he laid his head there, on my heart – he didn't close his eyes, he became ecstatic.

Extraordinary! I have never seen that before, it's the first time ever.

Then Champaklal (who had brought the baby) didn't want him to go without having touched my feet (I thought it was going to cause a disaster): Champaklal put him on the floor, bent his head forward – as soon as the baby saw my feet, he caught them with his two hands, one hand on each foot!

Seven months old!

And not a noise: only that "Aaah!"

He had never seen Champaklal before; Champaklal took him, he didn't say anything, didn't protest: he was upright, sitting upright on Champaklal's arm.

His eyes! Eyes that look within already. When I looked into his eyes, there was an immediate response – a response I have rarely seen in people's eyes here.

He didn't ask for anything, he was happy. And all of a sudden, that "Aaah!" I took him in my arms – he immediately put his head here, on my heart. Didn't move any more.

I don't know who it is.

I thought I would know afterwards, but I don't. I don't know. I have only a kind of knowledge in the background that it's not a complete person, it's an emanation of someone who has come and established himself there consciously. But someone ... I wouldn't be surprised if I were told it's Sri Aurobindo. As if Sri Aurobindo had made an emanation and put it there (I don't say so, I don't know). But it's not just anyone or anything.[62]

Either it's one of the unincarnate beings, or else it's Sri Aurobindo, who has allowed himself that indulgence!

He is very small, very small, but not with a big head and a small body: well-proportioned. Very small, no bigger than this. Seven months old.

But well-formed: lovely hands, lovely arms, lovely feet. Very well-formed.

It's a new thing, I have never seen such a baby, never.

He came to earth in America (that's already a sign), but his parents are Indians. Entirely conceived and formed, all nine months, in America. And born in America. He spent the first four or five months of his life in America.

His mother, before marrying, told me, "I will have a child only when I want it and, I hope, in the way I want it." It was no accident.

Ah, we'd better get to work!

June 8, 1963

It was yesterday, I think, in the night (not last night, the night before, the 6th of June, that is), for more than three hours without stop, there was no consciousness of anything any more – not a thought, not a will, not an action, not an observation, nothing. Everything was at a standstill. For instance, all that happens when you have experiences and you work in the subconscient – all that, everything, everything was at a standstill. It was like the action of a Force. Without any thought or idea, only the sensation and a sort of perception (*awareness* is the right word) of a Force, but a stupendous Force, you know, like the Force of the earth – all the combinations of the forces along with an action that came from above and worked on them. It was going through me (especially around the head down to the chest, but it was going on in the whole body, and it was spherical), it went through me and out, and out, and out in this direction, that direction, another direction, innumerable directions, and nothing but movements of Force (there was something like a perception of colors, but not in the ordinary way: like a knowledge that certain vibrations corresponded to a particular color), but it was an incalculable MASS, almost ... indefinite, at any rate, and simultaneous. At first I said to myself *(laughing),* "What's going on?" Then I thought, "All right, it doesn't matter, I'll just let it happen." And it went on and on and on – three hours without letup.

I didn't know ... I didn't know anything any more, didn't understand anything any more, had no bearings any more; there was only a Force on the move, and what Force! ... It was a Force that came from beyond and acted upon all the forces of the earth: on big things, on small things, on small, precise points, on enormous things, and it was going on and on and on, on this point, that point, all points together and everywhere.... I suppose that if the mind had been associated with the experience, it would have gone a bit mad! It gave that impression, you see, because it was so overwhelming that ... And all the time, all the time in the physical center (the physical center, that is, in the corporeal base), with something in an ecstatic state; it was very interesting how that ecstasy – an ecstasy that sparkled like a diamond – was there, so sweet, so sweet, so peaceful, as though it were there all the while, telling the body, "Don't be afraid, *(laughing)* don't worry, don't be afraid, all is well." As though the supreme Power were saying all the while, "Don't worry, don't worry, leave it to me, leave it to me...." It lasted more than three hours.

I wondered, "What will my condition be like when I get up? Completely dazed, or what?" – Very quiet, nothing different, with only a sort of ... something that was smiling and saying, "Oh, so things CAN be that way."

The mind was absolutely silent, absolutely: all the connections with all that people keep sending from everywhere were cut – all of it was completely gone. There were only the universal forces in action, with something that came from above and impregnated them all, sent them all out. And with it, a point – it was

like a point in that immensity – a sparkling point, absolutely ecstatic, in such a peace! An extraordinary ecstasy, which was deliberately saying, "Don't worry; you can see what's going on, can't you, so don't worry, don't worry," because certainly the thing had gone beyond all possible individual proportions.

It's the first time. I've had currents of force, I've had actions on the earth, I've had forces coming to me, all sorts of things; but this was different: it was all of that together. It was everywhere at the same time, everything at the same time, with that Inrush, and it was ... There was certainly something that wanted me to be very quiet and not to worry. It was necessary that I should keep very quiet.

I had a feeling that I was given the awareness of something that's taking place right now. Because at night, generally, I disconnect myself from everything and universalize myself – no, "universalize" isn't the word: I identify myself with the Lord. That's my way of resting. I do it every night, it is the time when I have my deep rest. But now I've been made aware of this Force at work. Often experiences come (there have been a number of them lately), but it's the first time this one has come, because ... It was certainly something happening FOR the earth; but it didn't come from the center of forces that generally acts on the earth. It wasn't the usual working of forces on the earth. It was "something happening." And it gave the sense that the earth was very small – the movement was towards the earth, it was for the earth, but the earth was very small.

Very small.

(silence)

There were no psychological perceptions (what I call "psychological perceptions" are, for instance, vibrations of love, vibrations of peace, vibrations of light, vibrations of knowledge, of power), they weren't there in that form, it wasn't that. Still, all that must have been there, because there were many things, many things that were all one thing, but one thing which assumed different forms; but I didn't see the forms, I didn't see the colors. It was only a question of pure sensation. A pure vibratory sensation: only vibrations, vibrations, vibrations, on a ... colossal scale.

It is a new experience.

(silence)

Obviously, there was ... there must have been a cause for alarm, because as soon as I became conscious of the experience (it started before I became conscious of it; when I did, it seemed to me it had already been going on for a long time; so when I say three hours, it means three hours during which I was conscious, but it had started long before; it was around eleven at night and lasted till three in the morning), so the second I was made conscious of the "thing," obviously there was a cause for alarm, because immediately I was told, "You see, this is what is going on," and it was thanks to that ecstasy in the body that there was no alarm: "Oh, things are fine, everything is fine." And when the experience was over, it didn't

end like an experience exhausting itself; it ended as if, very slowly, the thing were, not exactly veiled to my consciousness, but as if my consciousness were turned away from it, with the feeling, "Don't worry." At the start and at the end. All the same, when I woke up, I thought (because my head felt strange, there was a bizarre sensation as if I had become quite swollen! Swollen, inordinately swollen), I thought, "Maybe when I get up tomorrow morning (I get up at 4:30), I'll find myself in a complete daze!" That's why I observed – but everything was fine, there only remained that sort of feeling of being swollen. I feel (yet it was two nights ago, not last night), I feel as if my head were swollen! But the clear-headedness is the same as ever!! *(laughing)* Nothing's been disturbed!

On the contrary, there is a sort of ... like an acuteness, something more acute in the perception, a little bit ironic – I don't know why. A magnified impression that all the things in the world are much ado about nothing, a lot of fuss about nothing – I've had that feeling for ... for centuries, I could say, but there is in addition something ever so slightly acute and ironic.

But otherwise, crystal clear!

(silence)

If someone could tell me ...

But I am not supposed to know, evidently. Probably I am too much of a chatterbox (!), I always tell you all my stories, which probably isn't necessary, so I am not told. But, you know, people are so fond of putting labels on things: "This is what it is, that is what it is...." We don't want that! It sounds so "smart," you know, like newspapers headlines: "The latest development." *(Mother sketches big, sensational headlines)* We don't want that.

You may have an experience for an hour, two hours sometimes, but here there was an impression that ... all of a sudden I was made aware. And that I participated: this *(the body)* was allowed to participate, because for some reason that I don't know (maybe because of the work going on in the body, I don't know, that must be why), it seemed necessary that I should participate. But the impression is that something stupendous is happening right now. You see, when I had that experience of the pulsations of Love in April last year, I had the perception of the color, the "psychological" perception of the state I was in (how can I explain?), for instance, the quality of the vibration of Love (something that has absolutely nothing to do with earthly things). At the time, I was That, I was those vibrations, but I was fully aware of the quality of those vibrations, and remained so for months – this is completely different! It was nothing but an action. NOTHING but an action. And an action, you know, in which the human body is less than an ant. Much less than an ant: an imperceptible point. Yet there seemed to be ONLY this body! As if this body alone were there and it were going through that. This body was a body ... it was THE body! And that point – that comforting point of ecstasy – was very small. Very small. But it was there, quite insistent, very conscious, telling me, "Don't interfere; leave it to me entirely, all is well – see, all is well." Very small, very small.... Yet it was my body: I tell you, my head

still seems swollen!

Strange.(silence)

> *But are they new forces, or is it something going on habitually? Is it a new work on the earth, or is it that you have seen something that goes on habitually but of which you were unaware previously?*

I wondered.... But the question isn't put correctly. It is something eternal which, because of what happened at that time (not at that minute, because, as I said, it must have been going on long before and long afterwards) ... it has become something new, for that reason, BECAUSE of what happened.[63] Coming back to all the things we know, we could say (but that's the usual idle talk) that it is something newly manifested.

But my impression was ... an impression of Eternity. An Eternity BEYOND TIME (not something that lasts forever: something timeless), yes, the word would be: "manifesting," "making itself perceptible," or "becoming active" – that's not it, because ... Yes, acting, becoming perceptible because it acts.

That was my impression.

I could also say: something universal which becomes individual; not individual in the sense of a small person, but conscious of itself.

But the remarkable thing is that it had ABSOLUTELY NOTHING to do with all the intellectual activity, high or low – nothing. Nothing. Nothing to do with knowledge, or observation, discernment, intellectual perception, understanding, judgment and whatever.... Nothing, nothing, nothing to do with all that. It was ... a Force in motion.

"Force" means nothing! Force is something very small. It's ... the impression of "something" stupendous!

It had nothing to do with either Knowledge or Light or understanding (the whole angle of light and intellectual knowledge); nothing to do with Love (which I had felt last time and which has its own particular vibration). The best definition we could give is Power. It was Power in its most formidable aspect – crushing. With REAL All-Powerfulness; Power in its all-powerfulness, with that something unshakable, immutable, untouchable.[64] Yes, really Power, that's right.

But Power, you understand ... For example, a hurricane's power is nothing in comparison. All the powers a human being can withstand, even probably imagine, are nothing – nothing ... it's *(Mother blows in the air)* like soap bubbles.

The feeling of something that can be neither withstood nor felt, because of its formidable state.

And it was quite clear that a solicitude, the supreme Solicitude, took great care to reassure me: "All is well." Without that, obviously, the feeling was that everything, everything was going to be dissolved.

So if we use our little wits, maybe we can say it's the supramental Power which has manifested, I don't know.

(silence)

But there was no perception of light, nothing that might give a hint; there was no perception of feelings or love to give a hint. There was nothing of the kind, nothing – only something that makes you puff out your cheeks in disbelief (!), so formidable that it's indescribable. Indescribable.

Evidently it's Power.

We always conceive of power acting ON something, ON an object, with an object, WITH A VIEW to realizing something; we cannot separate the two – but it was none of that, it was ... Power in action. But not an action ON something.

I had the feeling it was a decisive turning point which far exceeded my little understanding.

(silence)

We will know, one day.

But the explanation comes afterwards: it's brought down to our small scale ... *(laughing)* to make us happy!

June 12, 1963

There was something happening.... I was brushing it away when something said to me, "If you don't tell this to Satprem, it will be lost forever." But I was already erasing it, so now I don't remember what it was....

It was last night, in the middle of the night.

(silence
Mother tries to remember, the clock strikes)

It was a rather acute sensation that when the world, the earth, goes from one state to another, there is a sort of transition; it is always like a ridge between two mountains *(gesture of a precarious balance),* and there is a very perilous moment when the slightest thing can cause a catastrophe – which means a lot of things would have to be built anew. The same phenomenon exists too on a very small scale, for individuals, in the sense that when they go from one state of consciousness – a collection of states which constitutes their individuality – to a higher state, or when they introduce into their state an element that will yield a higher synthesis, there is always a dangerous period when a catastrophe is possible. And the sensation I had last night was that the earth is now going through one such period of transition, and there is – there was or there is – a

possibility of catastrophe.

(silence)

So if one can keep one's balance (it's almost a question of balance) and not fall on this side or that, if one can keep one's balance and get through that moment, then there could be a whole period of normal development which would be very harmonious.

(long silence)

It is a law of progress: whether the progress of the worlds, of the spheres, or individual progress, it's the same thing, though on different scales. I have a feeling that we are in one of those periods.

One must be very careful to keep one's balance.

June 15, 1963

I've received a letter from a friend in France who speaks at length of someone who has written three volumes entitled "Gnosis."

Ohh!

That person lives in Switzerland, he's a Russian named B.M. He has a center with disciples. I asked for his photograph and I'd like you to help me understand what type of man he is.

(Mother studies the photo) He is an intellectual, at any rate – clearly not a spiritual man. He may have some vital powers (that's generally what gets hold of people). Yes, an intellectual, an idealist.

Do you have his handwriting?

No.

He's terribly well-mannered, that's what bothers me! *(laughing)* A well-mannered gentleman!

I had the same feeling: a feeling of someone extraordinarily bourgeois.

A very "respectable" gentleman.

He must have some wit, a rather sharp wit. An ironist: he must be very clever

at answering, really what we call *esprit* in French.

There is no sign of powers in the photo, but if he has any over people, it must be a vital power.

He is not a great mind; he doesn't go beyond the idealistic intellect. But that's more than enough for people, because true spiritual power is completely above their heads – of course, they are very sensitive to a little bit of vital power, mental-vital.

He's a man who could have practiced some Tantrism in the way Woodroffe did; I can't say. There are also many people of that kind who were converted to Sufism – they are very easily converted to Sufism. But true spiritual life, there aren't many....

He has written three volumes entitled "Gnosis."

Quite an ambition.

But he's an intellectual, he may have received some inspiration on the intellectual level.

Is your letter from France?

Yes, from a friend, and as this B.M. seems to be spreading, for my own guidance I wanted to know if he is in good hands or dubious hands.

The ceiling isn't very high, but that doesn't necessarily mean "bad hands."

An aristocrat 'your gentleman. Maybe a former aristocrat from Russia?

My friend is an aristocrat, a marquis "of something." But he's no ordinary marquis: he's an adventurer.

Well, yes! It's part of the character. It's the Kshatrya[65] element, it's part of the character: being an adventurer.

But this one is terribly well-mannered! *(Laughing)* Excellent manners, a refined man perhaps. An intellectual.

But is he humanitarian, does he work for the good of mankind? ... Or for the good of his own glory?!

He says he has received a Message. He has a Message.

Ah, he has something to reveal to the world – Lord, poor world! How many revelations! ...

Anyway, let's wait for the book, we'll see.

Because do you know the story of that Romanian who was tortured by the Communists and had visions of Sri Aurobindo[66] (he didn't see him as he is, in fact, he saw him according to his own conception: thin and ascetic), and finally the apparition told him, "I am your soul," and so on? But he had never read Sri Aurobindo's name, he only heard it, and he wrote it in a very odd way ["Aurobin Dogos"].... It SEEMS to be something of Sri Aurobindo. Anyhow it gave him the strength to go through all those tortures – appalling tortures, unimaginable. And he

was able to escape, somebody helped him escape (now he is safe in England). But before that, he suffered so much that he thought of letting himself die, and that "voice," that apparition which came and spoke to him for hours, was what gave him courage and told him that "the soul NEVER gets discouraged, it has something to do, and you must endure." He endured thanks to that voice.

Well, similar things may have happened elsewhere and some people may have received inspirations – we cannot say.

It's clear that wherever there is a receptivity, the Force acts, there's no doubt.

* * *

(Mother returns to the previous conversation, in which she spoke of perilous periods of transition for the earth and for individuals, when everything hangs in a precarious balance.)

It keeps happening fairly often.

This morning again, for a stretch of several hours (it started at the end of the night, between 3 and 4 o'clock, and went on till 6:30 or 7 in the morning), there was a sensation of hanging in balance on a kind of ridge *(gesture)*: you must be very careful, keep very quiet – not immobile but quiet.

It must be (on a much lower level) at such moments that you fall ill; when people fall ill, it must be (on their scale, of course, probably a very, very small scale), it must be due to that *(gesture of precarious balance):* they must be going from one moment to another, from one balance to another, and if they are not careful, they topple over. Then it's IN the illness that they find a new harmony – *(laughing)* either here or in another world!

* * *

(Then Mother comments on the visit Pandit Nehru paid to her two days earlier, on June 13:)

With the visit, which we could call presidential, naturally there was a lot of hullabaloo here: everybody was excited (most people were, at any rate). The visit was, so to speak, forced upon me, in the sense that I didn't want to see him – I didn't feel I was in such a state that the visit could have a paramount importance. Some people had high hopes in this visit (here and there, even in Switzerland, even in America), they thought I would be able to do something.... But practically speaking, it was an illusion, naturally.

And all at once, it came so clearly, as though the Lord Himself were arranging something, and it was translated into, "Give him a bath of the Lord." You understand, to make an atmosphere (no need to speak, no need for words), an

atmosphere that is a bath of the Lord. So that all those who enter the atmosphere automatically enter the bath of the Lord. It was so lovely! And so simple, so smiling, nothing showy, no big words: something very simple and natural. So, early in the morning, I went to the room over there; I had many people to see beforehand, a host of people who came to see me in the morning, but nevertheless early in the morning I had already started preparing my bath of the Lord! I was finished seeing people about an hour before Nehru's arrival, so I stayed in the room, preparing the "bath".... It was very charming.

He may have felt something – they are very thick-skinned, you know, necessarily so: overworked, full of self-conceit, naturally, and convinced that they know everything and can do everything (and unfortunately they can do a lot), so the whole of life is organized so as to BLOCK all inner receptivity.

But he did have the bath!

He was supposed to stay two or three minutes – he stayed fifteen minutes.

I didn't say anything. Somebody who was there spoke. And towards the end, I could see (I had given him a comfortable armchair), I could see he wanted to get out of his armchair, as if to say, *Now I must go.* So I simply told him, *You need a little rest* – you should have seen the man's face: immediately everything relaxed. All the while, his fingers were fidgety like this *(Mother drums her fingers on the chair's armrests),* two fingers of his hand moving nonstop, even though I kept putting Peace and Quietness on him, but still his fingers were moving, because he was always active inside. And when I told him that, something relaxed in his face and the fingers stopped. But it was very late and everybody was waiting, so after a little while I let him go. It was very interesting: I simply told him, *You need a little rest* – everything stopped.

But mentally, you know ... *(Mother makes a gesture: completely obtuse).* There is a prince of Kashmir who came here once, a young man[67]; he went to England, and there he wrote a thesis on Sri Aurobindo's political life, *Sri Aurobindo, Prophet of Indian Nationalism,* with a preface by Jawaharlal Nehru. I read the preface, but afterwards, the day after I saw Nehru – it's awful! Understands nothing, he understands nothing, nothing, nothing, absolutely obtuse. It's very kind, but written by someone who understands nothing.... I will tell you the thing: between my first and second visits here, while I was away in Japan and Gandhi was starting his campaign,[68] he sent a telegram, then a messenger, to Sri Aurobindo here, asking him to be president of the Congress – to which Sri Aurobindo answered "No."

Those people never forgave him.

> *Yes, he never understood why Sri Aurobindo did not resume his political life.*

No. And then, you see, he takes Gandhi's asceticism for spiritual life – always the same mistake! There's no way to pull them out of it. Unfortunately, the entire world has caught the same idea.

Then when there was that Cripps proposal,[69] I believe it was Nehru (or

Gandhi, I don't remember which of the two) who said, "He has withdrawn from political life, why is he meddling! It's none of his business." They never forgave him. That is to say, completely obtuse, unable to understand that one can have a knowledge higher than practical knowledge.

There you are.

Do you see new threats hanging over India?

The Chinese? ... I don't know. There's a lot of talk about them.

Anyhow, X had announced it would be April – nothing happened!

It came a few days ago, I started to think again of "up there." So I looked, and I thought, "But April is behind us, isn't it?" It was just a few days ago – they may be preparing something, I don't know.

But the Chinese are fairly receptive, in spite of their Communism. They are receptive to an idea of human goodwill, in the sense that they think their political organization is the best from a human point of view, and therefore would like the whole world to adopt it – there is a sincerity in their conviction, they believe it's the best way of life. They are not entirely ill-willed. And they are very intelligent.

At any rate, they had the power to do whatever they liked [last October, at the defenseless northern borders of India], yet they did nothing.

Yes, that was extraordinary!

(Mother smiles) Not so extraordinary. But at any rate, it's proof of a certain receptivity.

They'd rather have a mental and political domination than wage war. They aren't bent on slaughtering people, you understand.

It seems (it's what I heard, I don't know) that all the prisoners (they had plenty of them – many of the Indians, unfortunately – and most of them were released), they all said they had been admirably treated. I heard that from all quarters.

And Nehru, you see (that's what Pavitra told me yesterday, he went to the town hall to listen to Nehru's speech), Nehru is an out-and-out social democrat who believes that the ideal organization for mankind, instead of only an "elite" being able to progress, is that the entire masses should progress (as if they wanted to! ... but anyway). It's an idea – everyone has his own ideas. But then it seems that when the Chinese attacked, it was a violent blow to his conviction: he thought it impossible that the Chinese would do such a thing (!) He was very deeply shattered.

Naturally, they see no farther than the tips of their noses, and then they are surprised when circumstances *(laughing)* don't agree!

But OUTWARDLY, there is nothing that can be done [to act on Nehru and the politicians]. It's only if you are sitting in your armchair, very quiet, that you can do something – provided not too many people are aware that you're doing something (!)

So there you are.

The other day, I had asked S.M. to come while Nehru was here (he is a friend of Nehru's and has his confidence), and S.M. did all the talking. But I saw that if he had been silent, if Nehru had been sitting in his armchair with me saying nothing and no one to listen to, he couldn't have stayed! He would have left. It would have been too strong, he couldn't have stayed. Whereas listening to S.M., he didn't pay attention, and slowly, slowly, I was able to do my work. Which means it can be done only in a COMPLETELY roundabout way, completely.

After he left, there was almost an invasion ... a totally unexpected invasion [of Nehru's retinue]. When I saw that, I thought, "Well, well! That's how I am protected!" If anyone of those people had had some mischief in mind, he could have just walked in! An invasion of the whole Pondicherry government: the councilors. Like a crush of ... I don't know, if I say "a rough sea," I give them a compliment! I hesitated, I was about to say "a herd," but a herd doesn't have the vulgar skepticism of those people; a herd is harmlessly unconscious, while these are unconscious but harmful.

I didn't know them (I know them, but I don't know them!), but I understood who the person was just from the way his face reacted to the atmosphere of the place! It was very funny. Two of them, in particular, when they came in, I thought, "Oh, it must be so and so," and the other, "Oh, this is certainly so and so," merely from the reaction on their faces – the contortion of their features on entering the bath! But in all that crowd there was one man, a sturdy fellow, in a military uniform – only one – whose face ... (what's the word in French?) became *dignified. A* sense of dignity suddenly came over his face. He was the chief of the Madras police (!)

Only one.

> *I wonder why they allowed that mob to come up, they shouldn't have left you ...*

I tell you, I am at the mercy of anything! Unless people give prior notice that they're up to some mischief, nobody will stop them from coming upstairs!

> *But people like G. are notorious bandits!*

Yes, it was G. I recognized. G. and D. are the two I recognized. I thought, "Oh, this is G.," and the other, "Oh, this must be D.," just from what came over their faces!

Oh, you can't imagine the crush! Twenty people at the same time. I thought, "Indeed, I am not protected physically." Unless a murderer comes and says, "I've come to murder," *(laughing)* they wouldn't stop him from coming up!

Nolini felt a bit embarrassed; he told me, "I tried to stop someone from passing but he pushed me aside, saying, 'I too am a Minister'"!! *(laughter)*

> *Oh, they're so ridiculous!... What a farce!*

* * *

(Before leaving)

Is there nothing particular you'd like to eat?

No, Mother, I really have everything I need.

Are you sure?

Everything, but everything.

Except a bit of padding! ... Though it's true that it's too hot to eat. Do you feel hot?

Oh, yes, but one gets used to it.

With me, it's a wonderful thing (I give thanks to the Lord): I feel neither hot nor cold nor anything any more. But I can see that people suffer from heat.

I suffer when I write. When I write, I burn. I burn, my body literally burns! When I wrote the book on Sri Aurobindo, I was exhausted – it burns me, you see, I am ablaze! And then I get covered all over with salt: I don't sweat but I get covered with salt!

Oh, you're really a man of the West.

Hem....

It's true, people are generally built for the place where they are to live, but in my case, I felt comfortable only here. Up to the age of thirty, my whole childhood and youth, I always felt cold – always cold. And in winter ... Yet I went skating, did exercises, I led a very active life – but cold, terribly cold! I felt as if I lacked the sun. But when I came here: "Ah, at last! *(Mother takes a breath)* Now I am comfortable." The first year when I came here, bringing all that accumulated cold in my body, at the height of summer, in this season, I was going about in a woolen suit! A skirt, a blouse and a cloak. People would stare at me.... I didn't even notice it – it was my natural dress.

When I left again, I went by boat (people didn't travel by plane at the time), and when I came to the middle of the Mediterranean, I fell sick – sick from the cold, in the Mediterranean! So you see, I was built for the work here, *(laughing)* it was foreseen!

But couldn't we do something about that burning sensation?

Oh, as long as I don't write, it doesn't matter – I don't suppose I'm going to write books all the time?!

Next time, I'll give you a bottle of lotion. Before writing, rub yourself with it! *(laughter)* It keeps you cool.

June 19, 1963

This is a really difficult period right now.

All last night ...

There are activities that take place in a semidarkness, which the people of the place – people who are here at the Ashram – regard as light ... and where everyone attends to his affairs with his own ideas and what he considers to be his "knowledge." Everything takes place in a semidarkness, a great confusion and a ... you know, a most oppressive sense of powerlessness. It went on for hours. Finally, I absolutely wanted – I wanted to get out of that place at all costs and return to the Light (the real one) and the open. But it was literally impossible: whatever path I took to get out suddenly collapsed, or disappeared as if swallowed up in a wall or a complexity of incoherent things, or else it came to an abrupt end, plunging straight down very deep.... I remember one of those places, I absolutely wanted to find a way out, and when I got there, there was a sheer gulf, and I said to myself, "What am I going to do?" Just then I saw a man, I don't know who he was, but he was dressed (it was symbolic) as a mountain climber, with all the equipment needed to climb down a sheer cliff, and with the help of his ice ax he fastened himself to the cliff and climbed down. Then I said, "This is PRETENDING to find the way, but it's not finding the way." I was there concentrating, and as I concentrated, suddenly I was able to find a path which led me up to a terrace.

I was accompanied by three or four people (but they are symbolic people). Everything was taking place in a half-night, and outside it was complete night. But when I reached the terrace, there was one of those big electric street lights, which turned on and gave a white light (like the half-light of an electric lamp in the night – which is nothing). The terrace was a very long one, but with a drop on every side: there was no way to get out; at one end, the way was blocked by a sort of house, and on both sides it plunged straight down into a black hole. And then that sense of powerlessness, of knowing nothing – you don't know where to go, you don't know what to do. It was ... And it is THE ORDINARY STATE OF HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS – the consciousness of human activity. But in my consciousness (I was shut in there, you understand), it was truly ... it was almost a torture, last night; it was frightful.

I was saying to myself, "But what's the way to get out of here?" I concentrated, became conscious again of the divine Presence, but there was something telling

me, "Nothing is responding, it's not working." It was horrible. "Nothing is responding, it's not working; it's not working, it can't change, nothing is responding; nothing is responding, it's not working." I was there like that, with two or three people. I sat down (some rooms were higher than others and it made a difference in level between the terraces), I sat down on a ledge, questioning intensely within, "What can I do? What can I do? What's the way? What can I do? Where's the lever?" I was trying to find the lever for changing it all. But I was unable to find it. Suddenly, from the room at the end a little old man came out, very old, who gave the impression of an attachment to old things; just the same (he was all blue), just the same when he arrived (it must be the symbol of an old method or an old discipline), I told him, "Ah, now that you are here, can you tell me the way out of this place? What's the way to get free, the way out?" That started him laughing: "No, no! There's no way, no way out, you must be content with what you have." Then he looked at that poor light above, which really didn't give much light at all, and he said *(in a high-sounding tone):* "But in the first place, I came to tell you that you must put out that sun! I don't want that dazzling sun here." Ah!... I thought, "That's what he calls a sun!" I was so disgusted that finally I woke up. Something pulled me out abruptly. But with such a strong impression – so strong – that I was gripped by anguish: "What can be done to change that?" The WAY, you see, the way was inadequate – inadequate. That was the anguish: "My own experience is inadequate, it has no effect THERE, so what's to be done? What's to be done? What can be done?" So that's how I was for hours this morning: "What's the way? What's the way? What's the way to change that darkness into light?"

It wasn't very cheering.

I'm not giving you all the details, but all sorts of people were there, with all their plans, all their ideas; one would come (what I've just said was only at the end, but before that plenty of people had come) and say, "Oh, look how cleverly I've organized this!" Then another one would come with another plan, then they would confer among themselves, then ... It was just life, you see! A whole mental domain of life.

And my experience did not REACH there; there was no contact, I was powerless. What little light that turned on because of my presence and was considered as a dazzling sun was to me a mere street lamp.... It was painful.

I thought, "Why? Why am I not happy and quiet here, too?" And something answered, "Because I want to change that." If I accepted it, I wouldn't even notice it; it's because I want to change that darkness. So then ... then there will be joy only when we have FOUND the way – and how to find it?... All the methods I use for the yoga and for transformation, all were useless, useless, useless, no action, no action, no effect, no effect.... I've never seen a place so unreceptive! No effect, none at all. And everybody VERY content with what he knew!

It is evidently a mental domain. A mental subconscient. But it's horrible. Horrible.

Then in the morning, I asked myself, "What? Is there still a lot like that?" A

world! A whole world, a mass of things. And that powerlessness in which you find yourself; which means that unless I am given the key, there is no way. That funny little old man, oh, he almost made me angry (I cannot get angry, but I was almost angry and that's what woke me up), I was indignant. "Aah, aah *(Mother takes the old man's rasping tone)*, so you want to get out of here?! But no one gets out of this place! And why do you want to get out? ... There's no way to get out, can't you see that there's no getting out of here – and why do you want to get out?! ... Anyway, I came to tell you, I only came to tell you to put out that sun! That dazzling sun, you know!"

Well ....

Those are my nights.

So you get the feeling it will take centuries – centuries to change! Or else a catastrophe.

Though even a catastrophe ... *(Mother shakes her head negatively)* it shakes it all up, then everything sinks back to the bottom.

(silence)

And I kept trying to go down.

It must be to reach subconscient and inconscient depths. That's always what gives difficulties – an abyss.

I haven't yet tried to take the plunge. So far, nothing ever pushed me to plunge down – several times I did find an unexpected way, but there was never the impulsion: "Too bad, I'll throw myself off."

I don't know why.

(long silence)

It is becoming increasingly positive – positive. And as if the problem were drawing closer and closer, growing more and more tight and stifling.

(silence)

It's perfectly obvious that people can live, that men can exist and live BECAUSE they are unconscious. If they were conscious, really conscious of the state they live in, it would be intolerable. And I can see that there is a very difficult period when you go from that unconsciousness (unconsciousness of the habit of living in that state) to a conscious vision of the state you live in. When you become totally conscious of things as they are – of what you are, of your condition – and when you do not yet have the power to get out, like last night, it's almost intolerable. And there was a very clear awareness, very precise, that it isn't a question of life or death: it doesn't depend on that sort of thing, which ultimately changes nothing but a wholly superficial appearance – that's not it! You know, people who are unhappy think, "Ah, a day will come when I'll die, and all my difficulties will be over" – they're simpletons! It won't be over at all, it will go on. It will go on until the time when they get out for good, that is, when they emerge

from Ignorance into Knowledge. It's the only way out: to emerge from Ignorance into Knowledge. And you can die a thousand times, it won't get you out, it's perfectly useless – it just goes on. Sometimes, on the contrary, it drags you even further down.

That's the thing.

But if you know this too soon, there's something ... intolerable, intolerable. For a minute, it's really intolerable. If there weren't the inner faith to answer that there WILL be an end, that you WILL emerge ...

It must require a tremendously powerful lever.

I suppose people without solid heads become unhinged. Although truly, there is a remarkable Grace, because people are given a dose of experiences exactly according to their capacity. But this morning there was an hour ... an hour when I was absolutely conscious, absolutely conscious, and conscious of one single thing: the powerlessness – the powerlessness to get out of Ignorance. The will to get out of Ignorance and the powerlessness to do so. It gave me a whole hour of tension.

When I woke up, the tension was such that my head was like a boiling kettle; so immediately, I said, "Lord, it's Your concern, not mine; it's not my business." And naturally, everything calmed down instantly.

But those who do not have that experience (it's not a question of words, it's a question of experience), those who do not have that experience, were they to have that half-knowledge, the knowledge that we live in Ignorance, that we live in Ignorance with a sort of incapacity to get out – "There is no way out, no way to get out" – and that human wisdom is like that little old man who comes and tells you, "But why should you want to get out? Why should you – that's the way things are, just the way things are."... It's appalling. I felt, you know, like when you concentrate forces to the bursting point, as they do with their bombs; it was exactly like that: so concentrated, so overwhelming that I felt as if everything were about to burst. So much so that it would be utterly impossible for humanity to live with the awareness of the state it is in, if, at the same time, there weren't the key to get out (the key hasn't been found yet), or the assurance that we will get out.

I'm not speaking of things of the higher mind, because there the key to the way out was found long ago, a long time ago: I mean down below, in the material world – the material world. That's why all those people, like the old man last night, go somewhere else – it's all the same to them, why should they bother! "Why do you want to change that? ... And don't try to give light here, it's no use and in addition it's a nuisance. Leave this Ignorance in peace."

It is very clearly symbolic. But it's a frightful anguish, hard to bear.

That's why they all said, "Flee, flee, flee – leave it all, stop bothering about that, there's no getting out."

(silence)

It is the work in the physical mind we spoke of the other day – the material mind.

(silence)

It was very strange because I was in that state all the time, saying to myself, "I must find something, I must find something, there's something to find...." And I tried to call down the experiences of the higher beings,[70] but it couldn't reach down – it couldn't reach down, couldn't make contact. So when I saw that old man come (I knew perfectly well that he could do nothing whatsoever, but I thought, "I must ask him, I must ask him just the same, I must ask him"), I asked him – although I knew perfectly well that he couldn't give me the key. There was that double thing: the knowledge that all that goes on there[71] is useless, useless, that that's not where the solution lies; and yet you should neglect nothing, overlook nothing, leave no stone unturned. Give everything a try.

(silence)

And I came out like this *(gesture as if Mother suddenly emerged from the experience with a movement backward and upward)*. How can I explain?... I was trying to find my way by going down, to find a way out down below, but I couldn't find it. So when that old man came, someone who was with me ... very obligingly went to turn out the light [on the old man's orders]! Then I felt within myself, "I can't bear it, I can't stand here and watch this light being turned out – this light which turned on when I came – I can't bear that!" And I left abruptly like this *(same gesture of stepping backward and upward),* and found myself instantly back in my bed.

Yet the way I seek is ever descending, descending, descending – never to the heights. It's always descending, descending, descending.

Oh! ... When will it be over?... I don't know.

(silence)

All the details are clear – it would take a book to write them. Everybody now has his place and meaning.[72] And they're all so content, so content! So BLISSFULLY ignorant of the condition they live in. And I'm not speaking of people who know nothing: all those who were there last night were people full of philosophy, of knowledge, of "spiritual experiences" and all that – the cream.

The elite of mankind....

June 22, 1963

I had a rather amusing experience while walking [during japa]. I was looking at people's attitude (I mean those who think they lead a spiritual life, who think they have made a *surrender),* and how they are utterly vexed when things don't happen the way they want! (They don't always admit it, they don't always say it to themselves, but it's a fact.) Then all at once, I saw a huge robot – huge, magnificent, resplendent, covered with gold and jewels – a huge being ... but a robot. And all-powerful – all-powerful, capable of doing anything, anything at all; anything you could imagine, he could do it: you had only to press a button and he did it. And it was ... *(laughing)* as if the Lord were telling me, "See, here is what I am to them!"

I couldn't have recounted the experience just like that, but I made a note of it. He said, "See, this is what I am to them." So I wrote it down.

(Mother first reads out the French version of her note)

Then I wrote it in English (if there's a "gap" in the *Bulletin,* I'll put it in!):

> "The Lord is not an all-powerful automaton that the human beings can move by ... (laughing) the push-button of their will ...

It's very funny!

> ... the push-button of their will – and yet most of those who surrender to God expect that from Him."

I read it to Pavitra; he said, "But still, that's rather like the way things work!" He didn't quite understand *(Mother laughs)*.

* * *

(Mother comments on the previous conversation, in which she was looking for a way out "down below" but abruptly came out of the experience "above":)

In order to be complete, we should add that we are aware (not aware: we know it, it's a certainty) that all the upward paths are open, traveled, you can go there as you like and when you like. That's it, and that's why, when I wanted to come out of the experience, it meant going upward, quite naturally. Not that the passage above is closed, on the contrary, it's traveled, explored – but inadequate. We must find the corresponding passage down below.

(silence)

All the means of getting out have been found and practiced. But only for getting out individually, or above – nobody has ever found the key to the change, the way to make that "thing" cease to exist.

Because it can cease only in order to become SOMETHING ELSE.

And to become something else, there must be that leaven of transformation.

There is a period (a period which from the human point of view may seem long, but which can certainly ...), a transitional period which must begin with the perception of what has to come, followed by the aspiration, the will to become it, and then the work of transformation.

How far have we gone in that work of transformation?

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo came with the notion, or the Command, or the conviction that it was in the present. But to what extent is the transformation present? And what does "present" mean? What span of time does it cover?...

There is such a certitude – such a certitude that the thing is ALREADY there, but that's when you see it from the other end. Seen from this end here ... When you see it on the scale of human beings and world events, how much time will it take? I don't know. And how far have we traveled, where are we on the road? I don't know.

And quite clearly, certainties as WE conceive of them, I mean someone who knows (and someone who knows can only be the Supreme) and tells you clearly, "Here is where you stand," and with YOUR way of seeing things, well *(Mother laughs),* such certainties aren't to be expected, it seems! Probably it's quite stupid to ask the question.

You do feel it's a bit stupid, but you often feel the need to know! *(laughter)* It's stupid, but....

It's not much, not a large part of the being that would like to know. It happens when the body feels quite ... bizarre, not at all, AT ALL as it was before, but also not at all as it thinks it should be. A transitional period which is truly unsatisfactory, in the sense that you no longer feel the strength you had, the capacities you had, but you don't feel at all the Power and capacities you expect either – you are halfway between, neither like this nor like that. With, now and then, some absolutely bewildering things, things that make you stare wide-eyed, "Oh, that's how it is!" But at the same time, such tiresome limitations, tiresome....

That is the part (a completely childish part) which needs a little encouragement: "Come on, don't worry, you're on the right track." But that's childish. The only way is to keep quiet and go on without worrying.

There is somewhere a sort of capacity for acute discernment, which can very easily turn into a censor (it's still there; probably it serves a purpose), and that's what demands certainties. The major part of the being says, "It's not my concern. I am here because You want me to be here. If You didn't want me to be here, I wouldn't be here." There is nothing like an attachment or a desire. (That went away quite a while ago! But now it has become an almost cellular condition.)

"And since You keep me here, it means I am doing something here, and if I am doing something here, that's all I need, that's why You keep me here...." It comes full circle, of course.

How long will it last? That's not my concern. Maybe something would be a bit ... frightened if it were told the time it will take (we can't say, we can't foresee the reaction). So it's best to keep quiet. But there's nothing of interest. Nothing to make interesting literature – nothing, nothing at all ... absolutely nothing.

Patience.

June 26, 1963

(Regarding Satprem's Tantric yantram)

I made an experiment: writing the letter OM. When you have written it four, five, six times, it becomes excellent!

I wanted to know why you were asked to do that work and what you could draw from it. So I sat down to write your yantram, and it became very living, I could see it in front of me – I kept seeing it all the while. "But then," I thought, "the VERY FACT of writing must have an effect." Then I started writing the letter OM carefully.... Well, when I came to the fourth, the fifth, it became excellent – excellent, as though it were creating a vibration. That's the power it has, an external power. But then it was very amusing (the body is like a child – really a child), suddenly it said, "Oh, what a lovely game! To be sitting like this and writing, oh, how amusing! If I had the time, it would be great fun to write and write, lots and lots and lots of times." I saw that in the body – in the body's cells. Then I understood.

Basically, these are almost methods for children (children from the spiritual viewpoint), young souls – child-souls. They are methods for child-souls.

I used to write my whole japa fluently like that, in Sanskrit,[73] now I have forgotten everything again.

(Then Mother starts writing from memory Satprem's yantram with its nine figures, in the prescribed order. A few days earlier, Mother had done it without a single mistake; today she stops in the middle:)

Impossible to remember anything in the ordinary way (not that I try, either). The things I have to remember come spontaneously: they become living and present, they have a reality.

Just now, as I tried to remember, suddenly I started "thinking" – thought that you were here and that ... All gone, I forgot everything!

June 26, 1963

(Letter to Mother from Sujata)

Wednesday

Little Mother,

I had a dream this afternoon. I told it to Satprem, who said I should write to you about it.

I was on a staircase that looked like the one leading to the meditation room. Two Ashram girls, about sixteen or seventeen years old, were there, waiting to go upstairs to see "mother." When I heard that, I was seized by a sense of great danger. Because I KNEW that You weren't there. So I began to give instructions to the two girls, whom I knew, in fact, one especially. I don't remember what I told them but it was a matter of will – of life and death. The girl who knew me well promised she would do as I said, the other didn't seem to understand, and time was running out. In fact, the first girl had hardly had time to understand when the door opened and the "mother" was there to receive us. I had a glimpse of her. She was shorter than You in size, but her face resembled yours, though not the look. Also she had all over her round black spots (not jet black, rather brownish black). But for that, she was white.

After that glimpse, I turned and went back, because, Little Mother, I felt that if that false Mother could lay her hands on me once, I would never come out alive. Whereas if I could go out of that place, I might find a way to save the life of at least one of the girls. So before my absence was noticed, I started downstairs. The staircase has become narrow. The door is shut and a dark-looking guard is there. He is surprised to see me and does not want to let me out. I insist that he must open the door. He asks whether I saw "the Mother." I answer yes. He doesn't seem convinced. I add that she is covered with black spots. He is obliged to let me out but thinks that the second guard farther on may stop me. I go downstairs; I see the second guard but go another way; then there are closed doors everywhere, and I open some doors which, according to them, I should not have been able to open. Finally I come to a courtyard, with the last door closed behind me. I still had to cross the courtyard unseen and climb over the high walls that surrounded the house. At that point, I was awakened by servants before I knew whether or not I was able to get out.

With my pranams at your feet.

Your child who loves you,

Signed: Sujata

June 29, 1963

(Mother glances through a collection of Playground Talks and chances on the following question, which she answers immediately:) "Why isn't the universe a place of perfect bliss?"[74]

Because it's progressive. There is no other reason.

* * *

(Then Mother speaks of the new Pope, Paul VI, who was elected a few days earlier:)

Sri Aurobindo seems to have taken interest in the Pope's successor ... because two nights ago (not in the night, at four in the morning), I was with him – I spent a half hour with him (a half hour of OUR time, which is very long), he had just returned from a "tour," in Italy especially. We didn't directly talk about it, but some people were there (there were all kinds of things, many things), and from his comments to this or that person, or on this or that, I knew he was returning from Italy, where he had gone for the nomination of the new Pope. And he said something like: "It's the best that could be done under the present circumstances." That is, he appeared satisfied on the whole.

I told you, didn't I, that I saw the death of Pope [John XXIII] without even knowing he was ill? ... One night, I suddenly saw in the mental atmosphere of the EARTH quite an awesome movement, that is to say, quite global: there were great mental waves (nothing but mental), great waves of anxiety, as though all human thought were very upset; but it wasn't the anxiety of the believers, it was a very global movement – the earth's mental atmosphere was stirring with great movements of upheaval and anxiety *(Mother draws waves in the air)*. I thought, "What's happening?... What's happening that can so upset men?" (as would happen, for instance, with a world war or events of that kind), "What's happening that can draw the attention of the whole earth's atmosphere, its mental atmosphere?" And the next day, I was told that just at that time, the Pope died. So I thought, "Indeed! ..."

Afterwards (because I am not concerned with all those things), I learned what he was doing: his "Ecumenical Council" and all his reforms, his attempt, in short, to bring everyone together as much as he could (all the Christians, at least), and

the fact that he had become a friend of the Russians, etc. So then, I concentrated, because according to natural logic (the logic of Nature's actions), the next Pope should be a horrible reactionary – in a word, it didn't bode well. I concentrated and tried to make things work out for the best. And I see that Sri Aurobindo did find the thing important, since he concentrated over there.

According to the little popular wisdom, it seems his successor is a man with still more progressive ideas. I saw his photo ... (but it's a newspaper photo, they're generally very bad: you can't have any contact, you only see this much *[gesture on the surface]).* The thing that struck me most is a sort of insincerity. A benevolent and ecclesiastical insincerity – if you know what I mean?

Very well.

There was also the photo of the cardinal of India (the first and only cardinal in India), a straightforward man and a wholehearted believer – he must be a fanatical Catholic, but with a sincerity, a fervor. The other fellow is very intelligent – oh, he has a mouth I cannot look at, dreadful.

Anyway, we'll see what happens.

It seems Kennedy is Catholic. That is a serious matter.

They say he was the first person the Pope saw after his ... what's the word for Popes?

Investiture?

I don't know. When he first appears in public: "Here is the Pope!"

Anyhow, after the ceremony of investiture, he saw Mr. Kennedy: the first person.

(silence)

Catholicism has two things that Protestantism lacks: the occult sense (not only the sense but even a certain occult knowledge), and the Mother – the Virgin. The Protestants have something the Catholics lack: the inner divine presence.

It's only through those two things that you can catch them. But ...

Well, we'll see.

I don't know, when I saw the photo of the new Pope, I got a strong impression of a very shrewd man, a politician.

(Mother nods approvingly)

Someone very, very shrewd. I didn't feel anything spiritual.

Oh, but the last one didn't have anything spiritual either!

But he seemed good.

He was a good man.

> *This one gave me an impression of someone very shrewd and dangerous. A politician.*

(Mother nods her head) Sri Aurobindo used something like these words: *It is all that can be done in the present circumstances.*

Which means it seemed to be the man of his choice, because he certainly went to the conclave and saw the situation, that's how he worked – he influenced the vote. Among all those people *([laughing]* there are eighty of them, mon petit!), among all those people, this one was probably the one the most likely to do what we want him to.

He may do it for unavowed reasons, but anyway ... It generally happens that way in the present state of the earth: people's motives for doing things should not be taken too seriously – what's important is what they do. And if you look at things from a certain height (where everything is DECIDED, you understand), people and things are COMPELLED to act in a certain way, but the conscious human motives that determine their actions are irrelevant – "irrelevant" in the sense that they're not always ... to put it more clearly: you VERY rarely do things from the TRUE motive.

At any rate, Sri Aurobindo is interested in world events, which means he considers the Pope's election has a certain importance.

(silence)

But in reality, Catholicism finds its equilibrium because of Communism; so that the rapprochement between the two was a masterstroke. And I don't think the new man (who is a sly fox, I find) will want to lose the advantage the other had gained. The friendship with Russia is very clever. They are today's two platforms of influence in the earth's atmosphere.

We shall see.

I think the foremost idea of the one who left was to prevent war. Consciously, he wanted all Christians to love each other! *(Mother laughs)* A childish hope. To love each other in Jesus – whom they leave on the cross.

As Sri Aurobindo says, men ... men LOVE grief, that's why Jesus is still nailed on the cross.[75]

It's magnificent, that thing.

(silence)

With the others, the Communists, it's the opposite: they want everyone to be happy; but they have succeeded in making everyone unhappy! Everyone: before, a few were happy and many unhappy; now they're all unhappy!

That's what they call "serious matters."

(Later on, regarding Sujata's dream of the "false Mother":)

Apart from that, how are you?

Quite well, Mother.... Did you see anything particular regarding Sujata's dream?

Oh, I forgot to tell you.

It's an excursion in the vital.

You can tell her she got off lightly.

From the occult standpoint, if, for instance, she had said to the people who guarded the doors, "In the name of the Mother, let me out," probably doors and people and everything would have vanished.

It's difficult to remember those things in dream. But anyway, she has an inner trust, and thanks to it she got off lightly.

It was not chance that she was woken up – it wasn't chance: she was HELPED.

Quite likely, someone other than she wouldn't have seen the spots.

Ohh!

It was her sincerity that made her see the spots. And it was because she disclosed what she had seen that the guard was unable to stop her, because it was the sign of a power of inner sincerity.

It left me a bit pensive ... in the sense that I don't find it quite admissible that some persons [the false "Mother"] play that kind of game – though I know it does happen, I know there are such persons.

But I think it has helped to cleanse the atmosphere a little.

Yes, I told her to write to you because, besides her, there were also two Ashram girls who seemed to be in danger.

Yes. Oh, but there are many who are in danger – because they're not sincere, anyone can deceive them. You know, in such cases, for occult danger, the ONE THING that's absolutely indispensable is sincerity. It's the safeguard and security. Sincerity is security. For example, in the presence of that being, insincere people would have said, Oh, it's the Mother. They WOULD NOT HAVE SEEN, you understand. But she saw – it's her sincerity that saw.

The only thing ... (but it doesn't matter, it will come) is that if instead of trying to escape she had taken a determined attitude and said, "In the name of the Mother, open the door," brrrt! she would have seen everything vanish. But that ... I don't think it will happen again, but if it does, she will know what to do next time. It's a kind of sense of the battle.

You did well to ask her to write, it was important enough that I should know, because I have to cleanse the area a little. But I tell you, there are too many, too many insincerities, that's what opens the doors – insincerity is just like a sentry who opens the door, it's nothing but that. And unfortunately, there are lots and lots of insincerities ....

But anyway she got off lightly.

Here, let me give you a rose for her. A big one, a very big one, there!

* * *

(Just before Satprem leaves Mother speaks suddenly:)

There is a boat being built (the symbol of the yoga, obviously), it's made entirely of pink clay, and what a pink! ... A boat of pink clay. I was there with Sri Aurobindo – a very agile Sri Aurobindo who was going about supervising the construction; I too was going up and down with extreme ease.

Clay.

There were some workmen, in particular a young man who was extraordinary – I don't think they are purely human beings. But it's a long story....

But clay, that was something really new – and lovely! Pink. Pink, a warm, golden pink. They were cutting out [of the clay] rooms, stairways, ship decks and funnels, captains' cabins.... Sri Aurobindo himself is as he was, but more ... with a harmony of form: very, very broad here *(in the chest),* broad and solid. And very agile: he comes and goes, sits down, gets up, always with great majesty. His color is a sort of golden bronze, a color like the coagulation of his supramental gold, of his golden supramental being; as if it were very concentrated and coagulated to fashion his appearance; and it doesn't reflect light: it seems as if lit from within (but it doesn't radiate), and it doesn't cast any shadows. But perfectly natural, it doesn't surprise you, the most natural thing in the world: that's the way he is. Ageless; his hair has the same color as his body: he has hair, but you can't say if it's hair, it's the same color; the eyes too: a golden look. Yet it's perfectly natural, nothing surprising. He sits down just as he used to, with his leg as he used to put it [the right leg in front], and at the same time, when he gets up, he is agile: he comes and goes. Then when he went out of the house (he had told me he would have to go, he had an appointment with someone: he had promised to see two people, he had to go), he went out into a big garden, and down to the boat – which wasn't exactly a boat, it was a flat boat – and he had to go to the captain's cabin (he had to see the captain about some work), but it was with that boat that he was returning to his room "elsewhere" – he has a room elsewhere. Then after a while I thought, "I'll follow him so I can see." So I followed him; as long as I saw him in front of me I followed him. And when I came to the boat, I saw it was entirely built out of pink clay! Some workmen were working there – admirable workmen. So Sri Aurobindo went down quite naturally, down into the ship under construction, without ... (I don't think there were any stairs), and I followed him down. Then I saw him enter the captain's room; as he had told me he had some work to do, I thought *(laughing)*, "I don't want to meddle in others' business! I'll go back home" (and I did well, I was already late in waking up!), "I'll go back home." And I saw one of the workmen leaving (as Sri Aurobindo had come back to the ship, they stopped the work). He was leaving. I called him, but he didn't

know my language or any of the languages I know; so I called him in thought and asked him to pull me up, as I was below and there was a sheer wall of slippery clay. Then he smiled and with his head he said, "I certainly don't mind helping you, but it isn't necessary! You can climb up all by yourself." And indeed he held out his hand, I took it (I only touched him slightly), and climbed up all by myself without the slightest difficulty – I was weightless! I didn't have to pull at his hand, he didn't pull me up. And as soon as I was up, I went back home – I woke up and found myself in my bed ... five minutes later than my usual time.

But what struck me was the clay – it means something very material, doesn't it? And pink! A pink, oh, lovely! A golden pink.

They are building something.

It must be.... We aren't told anything, but our work "is being done" for us.

There you are.

It left a very strong sense of Power – concentrated.

That was yesterday.

July

July 3, 1963

(This conversation took place a few days after the new Pope, Paul VI, was enthroned. Mother had asked Satprem to erase the recording, except for a few fragments, but he thought it fit to retain at least its integral transcription.)

Here, your flowers [roses]. A magnificent color....

Then I have another photo of the Pope *(Mother shows "Time" magazine)*.

It seems it's the photo he chose himself for the press, to announce his election.

It's better than the last one.

(Mother hands the photo to Satprem) So, what do you have to say?

You should be the one to say!

I have to say.

I have to say that I know this man. I have met him several times. I don't know whether he is conscious, I mean I don't think he remembers when he returns to his body. But for a long time (not recently, certainly at least for a year, maybe two), the man has been involving himself in world affairs, which means he takes interest in global movements.[76] I met him in this connection. I cannot say we've had interesting "conversations" or anything of that sort, but he is part of the organizations.

I hadn't seen that at all in the other photo [published by the daily newspapers] ... it's his eyes. The mouth is bad as in the other photo, but bad in another way: he

looks almost malicious. But the man has power – real power; not a Pope's power, I mean: real power, inside him.

Vital power, you mean, or spiritual?

Not spiritual! Not spiritual: power. Power – which means a somewhat higher mental capacity along with a vital realization. He's a man who, were he not the Pope, would have no scruples.

But he happens *(laughing)* to be obliged at least to appear good!

I get a sense of hardness.

Very hard. Just the opposite of the other one [John XXIII].

But he has publicly pledged to continue what the other one had begun. Only, the other one had no power whatsoever: he was simply a good man on earth. This one isn't a "good man"! He's an effective power in the terrestrial organizations.

And now he has a position.

It's a bit outdated [the papacy]. But not so much as one may think. I saw that when the other one died, oh, how it stirred the earth's mental atmosphere, it was considerable. Which means that many, many human beings are still governed by that.

But I never concerned myself with that domain. Even when I saw the Pope, the one before the last one [Pius XII], who came to offer me the Keys (I told you the story, didn't I?), even with him, who had a SPIRITUAL rapport with the universal Mother, I never concerned myself. I never did anything for him, I never concerned myself with him. This time, for whatever reason, there is something that keeps pulling and pulling me in that direction.

I don't know, maybe something decisive is going to be achieved? I don't know....

But is his power of organization a power for the "good," if I may say so, or what?

I tell you, it's a power of domination. But now he is the Pope, so his domination will have to be at the service of his position, you understand.

But maybe ... The very fact that I met him (he may have been already thinking of becoming Pope, I don't know), but anyway, long before anyone except him thought of it, the fact that I met him while seeing to certain terrestrial arrangements shows that, probably unconsciously (I told you right away: I don't think he is conscious in his body), he is nevertheless under the influence, if not the control, of the higher forces.

Why is my attention drawn all of a sudden in that direction? Generally, I am not interested in all those things. For the action, I am concerned only with the little field of experience I have been given, and my terrestrial action is of quite another nature; it's on a higher plane, very independent of individuals.

I find there are three noteworthy points: First, this man was already concerning

himself with terrestrial affairs when he was a mere cardinal in Milan (in Milan he was very involved in labor problems – there are many workers in Milan – and that interested him, he liked to solve workers" problems). Then there is the continuation of the other one's work: the rapprochement, so to say, with Russia, which is truly interesting. Last, there is the fact that Kennedy is Catholic. And also, that all this is happening just now, I mean when AT LEAST (I don't say at best, I say at least) the foundation of the new world is being prepared....

The foundations are being prepared.

We shall see.

(Mother looks at the "Time" magazine photo again:) With these photos it's very interesting, I have intriguing experiences: all at once I'll see crystal clear (much clearer than I see physically), I'll see the individual very clearly – he comes alive, the eyes speak to me – and I'll say, "Oh, he's like this and like that...." Everybody brings me photos, because I am used to reading people's characters in their photos, that's very easy for me, elementary; but sometimes when I am given a photo, suddenly I see somebody and I say, "Oh, but it's such and such person, he's like this and like that...." But if I am shown the SAME photo a few days afterwards, it's just a photo and I see nothing. It's a method that's used to "let me know" certain things, and once I know them, it's finished. For instance, the first time I saw this photo of the Pope, when they brought it to me, I saw the man (I know him, you see) JUST AS I see him over there. But if I look at it now – it doesn't evoke anything in me any more, only the kind of things you see in a photo: a mouth that's not good, far from it.... Certainly, that he chose this photo means he LIKES authority – he wants to be seen in his aspect of authority.

The odd thing is that he is seated [in the photo], while all the time I see him standing. He is seated with his hand on the armrest, but I keep seeing him standing – holding his head high, facing life, standing. He must be fairly tall: the man I know is fairly tall, he looks very much like this one. It's *unmistakable, I* mean, when I saw the photo I saw the man I knew.

But I think ... not "think," I see that his belief is, first, simply a question of habit, because he was born in that religion, and then a question of political necessity – I don't think he has the conviction that it is the pure Truth. Whereas the previous Pope really believed in it. This one knows too much in his supraconscient to believe that Christianity is the pure and exclusive Truth. Only, you see, when you're lucky enough to be the Pope, you've got to believe that the Pope is the Pope! Try to imagine, look at the global situation from a distance: of course the whole world isn't Catholic, but there are Catholics all over the world.

What seems ... bizarre to those who have gone beyond the petty, purely terrestrial limits – human terrestrial limits – is that belief in a SINGLE divine manifestation on the earth; all the religions are based on that, everyone says, "Christ was the only one," or "Buddha was the only one," or elsewhere "Mohammed was the only one," and so forth. Well, that "only one" is something IMPOSSIBLE as soon as you rise a little above the ordinary earth atmosphere – it appears childish. You can understand the thing and accept it only as a sort of

recurrent movement of the divine Consciousness on the earth.

Of course, officially there is only Christ; maybe for this man [Paul VI], he is still the greatest, but I would be surprised if he thought Christ was the only one. Only, Christ "has to" be the only one – you'd cut out your own tongue rather than say he's not!

I don't think the question bothers him much (!) His concern is how to exert his power and keep people in it, so as, maybe, to prove his superiority.

This much conviction they still have, you see, that their religion IS superior to all others, their power is superior to all others, and therefore they have to be more powerful than the others. That's the main idea: "To be the most powerful." And what's the way, now, for them to gain that all-powerfulness? Already for two or three generations, they have understood the necessity of a broadening: the narrowness of their dogma gave them too many weak points.... But he [Paul VI] understands maybe even better. We'll see what happens.

Look what I've received *(Mother hands a garland of jasmine),* you'll give it to Sujata – it smells nice!

(silence)

But he seems to me by far the most interesting Pope in a very long time.

It's strange, I got a sense of repulsion.

Repulsion?

The only danger with these people is a spirit of Inquisition, but is that possible nowadays? I don't think so.

No, but under the cover of a "synthesis" or a broadening of the doctrine, they may very well be trying to expand further the power of Catholicism over the world.

Of course. Oh, but it's obvious. That's their intention.

Only, there is always an irony in things: if they grow too vast, they'll be engulfed in their own magnitude! It cannot be otherwise.

If, out of the need to enlarge, the Pope accepts, for instance, all the different sects (they've already started to accept the Protestants), if he accepts all those sects, *(laughing)* little by little they will either break apart or be drowned! You follow, if we look at it from above ... Let's even assume it's an Asuric power – it isn't ... *(Mother hesitates)* it isn't clearly and distinctly an Asuric power, because by his very position, the Pope is OBLIGED to recognize a god higher than himself; that god may, of course, be an Asura, but ... I have a sort of memory – the memory of a very ancient story no one ever told me ... in which the first Asura *challenged* the supreme Lord and told him, "I am as great as You!" And the answer was, "I wish you would become greater than I, because then there will be no more Asura."

This memory is very living, somewhere.... If you become the Whole, it's

finished – you see, the Asura's ambition is to be greater than the supreme Lord: "Become greater than I, then there will be no more Asura."

On a very small scale, it's the same thing on the earth.

(silence)

In a certain state of consciousness, it becomes absolutely impossible to worry about what may happen[77]; everything becomes visibly, *obviously,* the work of one and the same Force, one and the same Consciousness, one and the same Power. So that sense and will and ambition to be "more" – more powerful, greater – is again the SAME Force which pushes you to expand to the Limitless. As soon as you cross the limit, it's finished.

Those are old ideas – the old ideas of two powers opposing each other: the power of Good and the power of Evil, the battle between the two, which of the two will have the last word.... There was a time when children were entertained with such stories. They're just children's stories.

Some people (or if you like, some beings, or forces, or consciousnesses) in order to progress need to give themselves, to merge, and in total self-annihilation, they attain Realization; for others the path is diametrically opposite: it's a growth, a domination, an expansion which assumes fantastic proportions ... until the separation disappears – it can no longer exist.

Some prefer this path, others prefer that one – but when we reach the end, it will all meet.

(silence)

Ultimately, the one thing necessary is to abolish limits.... There are many ways to abolish limits.

And maybe they are all equally difficult.

(silence)

That religion is perhaps the one I have fought the most. For a very simple reason: its power, its means of action (the power it uses as a means of action) is fear. And of all things, fear is the most degrading.

I saw two examples of this, one physically and the other intellectually (I am referring to things I was in contact with materially). Intellectually, it was a studio friend; for years we had done painting together, she was a very gentle girl, older than I, very serious, and a very good painter. During the last years of my life in Paris, I saw her often and I spoke to her, first of occult matters and the "Cosmic philosophy," then of what I knew of Sri Aurobindo (I had a "group" there and I used to explain certain things), and she would listen with great understanding – she understood, she approved. Now, one day, I went to her house and she told me she was in a great torment. When she was awake, she had no doubts, she understood well, she felt the limitations and obscurities of religion (she came from a family with several archbishops and a cardinal – well, one of those "old French

families"). "But at night," she told me, "I suddenly wake up with an anguish and something – from my subconscient, obviously – tells me, 'But after all this, what if you go to hell?'" And she repeated, "When I am awake it doesn't have any force, but at night, when it comes up from the subconscient, it chokes me."

Then I looked, and I saw a kind of huge octopus over the earth: that formation of the Church – of hell – with which they hold people in their grip. The fear of hell. Even when all your reason, all your intelligence, all your feeling is against it, there is, at night, that octopus of the fear of hell which comes and grips you.

That brought home to me ... the magnitude of the problem – it's terrestrial. There are Catholics everywhere: in China, in Africa among the Negroes; people who don't give a thought to these things yet are under the sway and caught by the octopus.

Another time, when I was younger, I was in Italy, in Venice, painting in a corner of St. Mark's Cathedral (a marvelous place of great beauty), and I happened to be sitting right next to a confessional. One day, as I sat there painting, I saw the priest arrive and enter the confessional – that man ... completely black, tall, thin, the very face of wickedness and hardness: a pitiless wickedness. He closeted himself in there. After a short while there came a rather young woman, perhaps thirty years old, gentle, very sweet – not intelligent but very sweet – entirely dressed in black. She entered the box (he was already shut in and could no longer be seen), and they spoke through a grille. I should add that it's far more medieval than in France, it was really ... it was almost theatrical. She knelt down there, I saw her long gown flowing out, and she was speaking. (I couldn't hear, she was whispering; besides, both of them spoke in Italian, although I understand Italian.) The voices were barely audible, there was no sound. Then all at once, I heard the woman sobbing (she was sobbing in spasms), and it went on till suddenly – a collapse: she crumpled in a heap on the floor. Then that man opened the door, shoving aside her body with the door – and he strode away without a backward glance. I was young, you know, and if I could have, I would have killed him. What he had just done was monstrous. And he was going away ... it was a chunk of steel that walked out.

Incidents of that sort have left me with a peculiar impression. The stories of the Inquisition had already given me a sufficient ... Now, of course, you've heard what I told you [the story of the Asura], and that's really my way of seeing the thing. But there was a time when I might have said, "No religion has done more evil in the world than this one."

But I am not so sure now. It's one ASPECT of that religion.

It's yet too human a vision of things. I prefer – I prefer the vision of the Lord telling the Asura, "Go ahead, keep on growing and growing and growing ... and there will be no more Asura!" *(laughing)* That's better.

(silence)

This man [Paul VI] may have been like that priest in Venice. He was a tall young man, couldn't have been more than thirty, very thin, with a face like a knife

blade, oh! ...

Fear is not a negative thing: it's a very positive thing, it's a special form of power that has always been used by the Asuric forces – it's their greatest strength. Their greatest strength is fear.

I can see: whenever people are defeated, it's ALWAYS through fear, always.

So if you *(Mother turns to the photo)* intend to make use of it, you'd better beware!

(Mother stares at the photo)

What comes to me is a magnificence....

Well, we'll see.

* * *

(Later, the subject is the English translation of Satprem's recent book on Sri Aurobindo:)

I think E. will be able to find a public over there, in America especially – more than in France.

(silence)

In France, all those who have an awakening, a spiritual need, rush back to the Catholic religion. Which means the octopus still has a great deal of power there – a very great deal.

Some time ago, I don't remember on what occasion, I recalled the time when you couldn't say that the earth rotates, or even that it's round – they killed you! Can you imagine that....

All the same, we've covered a good bit of ground.

When I realized that I knew this man [Paul VI], a thought came to me as if in jest: what if someone showed him my photo (because I know some people who can do it), and if he himself said, "But I know this woman!" Then I saw that old instinct, that habit not to allow anyone even to say or express opinions contrary to theirs. And I saw the curve – the curve we have traveled just the same towards freedom.... He would be almost obliged to tolerate me. His predecessor's predecessor [Pius XII] forbade the archbishop here to excommunicate people who came to the Ashram. (The archbishop wanted to do that, but he couldn't without the Pope's permission, and the Pope answered him, "Keep quiet.") The next archbishop renewed the excommunication here from his pulpit, but it didn't go beyond that. So I wondered, "What will be the Pope's attitude?" Because naturally, that kind of individual is quite capable of ordering the excommunication of something he considers and KNOWS to be true – that's just what you're seeing in this photo [Satprem's sense of repulsion]. Naturally, in them the political spirit

overrides everything else.

Don't record all I've said. I don't want to have it here, I don't want it kept. Because the time hasn't come for me to meddle in these affairs.

Voilà.

> *There's a whole part in me that very often sees itself as a warrior when I come into contact with that Christian octopus. Something in me immediately feels an urge to fight against those people.*

But isn't it chiefly mental? You feel the battle of ideas.

> *Yes, but almost in the way of those monks of old who went about preaching – I don't see myself preaching (!), but I see myself fighting them through speech.*

Yes, through speech, that's what I mean.

Because you have a great combative power in the mind, very great, and that's immensely useful, but on the vital level I've never seen anything in you like a warrior.

Oh, yes! To go about the world preaching, to go about fighting with ideas, like, for instance, the great sages here who fought through speech – that, of course. But not as the general-in-chief of an army!

> *No!*

Not a Napoleon, I mean.

> *But the urge to fight! Because I feel so strongly the Evil hidden there....*

Oh!

> *And a vicious evil – a vicious evil hidden there.*

Under the cloak of charity and total benevolence: a hypocrisy. Yes, those are the things that always made me get up in arms.

> *And in a way, it pains me to see that what little I can do, this book on Sri Aurobindo, for instance, isn't understood. There is a wall in France – a refusal, I can't get in there, it's blocked. It pains me. With the people I know there it's the same thing; everywhere I meet with a wall of incomprehension – it's absolutely and completely closed.*[78]

(Long silence) With France's intellectual quality, the quality of her mind, the day she is truly touched spiritually (she never has been), the day she is touched spiritually, it will be something exceptional.

Sri Aurobindo had a great liking for France. I was born there – certainly for a reason. In my case, I know it very well: it was the need of culture, of a clear and precise mind, of refined thought, taste and clarity of mind – there is no other

country in the world for that. None. And Sri Aurobindo had a liking for France for that same reason, a great liking. He used to say that throughout his life in England, he had a much greater liking for France than for England!

There is a reason. We'll see.

Things are perhaps going to move a little – I have a sort of feeling they're on the move. Only, there may be casualties – whenever things move fast, there is a possibility of casualties. Periods of stability when things settle down and take their place are more peaceful. But at the moment, it's more dangerous.

More dangerous.

(Mother takes back the Pope's photograph)

Leave me my Pope! *(laughter)*

July 6, 1963

Then?

There are some texts from the Agenda.

Again! But I didn't say a word! I said you should cut out everything.

But some things should be kept.

All right then.

There is also the previous conversation: your experience of the pink clay boat....[79]

Ah!

You know, the next day, I saw Sri Aurobindo again – it was Sri Aurobindo, he was with me, but a bit taller than the previous time, a bit slimmer, with his skin almost white, almost like mine (not the white of northern people but a kind of golden white). So I looked at him and smiled (because it had changed, you see!), I didn't say anything, but *(laughing)* he told me: *Yes, to meet all tastes! I* found that admirable!

That day, he was very busy with the external organization; he asked me for some information and made remarks about everything. Then there was an incident (I don't yet know what it means), and he said, *Oh, there* (but I can't remember which country that was – we were dealing with countries and governments), *oh,*

there, all is all right, isn't it? And I answered him, "Yes, certainly, all is all right since all the people in the government are our people." And he seemed to be showing me ... (at night, Europe is always to my left, and America is always to my right, as if I were always facing north), he was showing me the left side and I too was pointing to the left, and it was there, all the people were ours: *Everything is quite smooth.* But I can't remember (probably on purpose); the name of the country or place or whatever has been wiped out – I could not remember it.

But I can still see Sri Aurobindo, a little taller than me, and myself bent forward and smiling, pointing to the left, and he said, "Yes." And I could see – I saw lots of people. Because it's a strange thing, the eyesight is absolutely different (it's in the subtle physical), the sight is absolutely different from physical sight: you see thousands of miles away and very near at the same time, and distance is implied only by a given place in the atmosphere (I don't know how to explain this), but what's far away is as near from the standpoint of action as what's very close by. You see, the action is just as concrete and close, but it is as though differently placed *(Mother shows different levels in the atmosphere)*.... I never gave it a thought, but probably in that activity of the subtle physical we are physically much taller, I think; yet the proportions remain the same; but things are smaller [than Mother or Sri Aurobindo]. It's the same for going up or down, it doesn't have the meaning it has here. And that country I was pointing to was to the left, a little ... not backward, a little forward and lower down, like this *(gesture)*.

Sri Aurobindo was very tall there. But I, too, was tall.

It was just the day after that first experience, at the same hour, but instead of looking after one kind of thing he was looking after another: all the material organizations, down to the smallest details, all the administrative details.... I remember very well looking at him like this *(Mother raises her head, as if Sri Aurobindo were a little taller than she was)* and telling him, *Oh there, it is quite all right, it is all our people, you know. It is all our people, so everything goes smoothly.*

?

(Laughing) There's no such place on earth!

None that I see!

Maybe it will come.

Maybe it was a premonition!

But the impression was very pleasant. Then he asked me a question on some detail of organization (but not a small thing, it was a big thing), and I answered, "Oh, I don't know, I don't see to that. I let them do as they think best. I only give the general orientation, and for details I let them do as they think best." Then he nodded his head approvingly.

I didn't see him the next day – I was expecting to see him, but I didn't see anything. I saw something quite different.

* * *

Shortly afterwards

For some time (I mean a year or maybe a year and a half), I have quite often been seeing some very ugly faces pass before me, and also all kinds of queer objects – things I didn't use to see formerly. I had seen ugly beings only once, when I was with Sri Aurobindo: during the day I caught a sort of influenza (it was more vital than physical), because I had attended and, so to say, presided over the "festival of arms"[80] of the workers here. And they threw all their woes on me, asking to be protected, relieved and so on – there is a sort of spontaneous sincerity in those people, and I answered straightforwardly, without protecting myself. I didn't even think for a minute of protecting myself: I answered all of them (inwardly, of course). I came back inside.... In the night, I had a frightful fever. But in the midst of that fever I was entirely conscious; I had the fever people call delirium, and I saw what delirium is: there were hordes of beings from the most material vital rushing at me with such violence! It was a real battle against an army of beings from the lowest, most material and also most violent vital – they came in waves and I kept throwing them back (which probably people are unable to do): one wave and I threw them back, another wave and I threw them back, and so on the whole night long. I had a fantastic fever. Sri Aurobindo was there, sitting beside my bed, and I told him, "Well, that's what gives what people call delirium." It attacks the cerebral region, it's really a frightful battle. The next morning, I had an influenza that looked like typhoid fever – I knew where it was coming from, I had seen it, I saw the whole thing, you understand.

It happened once and then it was over: quite naturally the atmosphere gave protection. This time it had the same character, in the sense that twisted faces, very base instincts, very ugly things come and ENTER, which means there must be some work going on on that level, and for it to be done some contact is necessary (naturally when I have my white atmosphere around me, try as they may, they cannot touch it), but this time they entered.

Well, I peered at the thing *(laughing),* not without some curiosity. (The first times, I was surprised, I thought, "Why am I starting to see such ugly things!" But then I soon understood it was because a work had to be done.) I peer at the thing with some curiosity, and I see I just have to do this *(gesture like the flick of a feather duster),* simply a little effortless movement and ... prrt! off it runs with fantastic speed.

But some of the faces I saw had come with the intention of making certain suggestions – I saw that (I don't know what their suggestions were, it didn't interest me and I kept sweeping it all away, so it went away). I didn't attach any importance to it, except that I kept answering in the same way *(the feather duster),* and I thought, "This must be putting order somewhere!" But today, N. read me a

letter and told me the story of a boy who was here – a very nice boy who worked well – and who suddenly was overcome by disquiet and fear and got so ill at ease that finally he said, "My family is calling me, they want me, I must go." Then (I don't know when it happened, it was a while ago), he wrote that some time after he came back home (I don't recall the details), he came to know that a magician was regularly doing black magic against him (he was seeing ugly faces, incense burning, all kinds of odd little gestures – he tells the whole story in his letter – and it affected him very much), and that the magician (who I believe was more or less connected with the family!) was doing that regularly to make him leave the Ashram. Then he went to see the magician, or rather someone went to see the magician and told him, "The boy is back now, you need not continue, he is here, so there is no more reason to ..." And from that moment on, everything immediately disappeared: his feeling of disquiet and all his visions. Anyway, it was clear proof that the magician's work had put him in that state, and that as soon as the magician stopped his work, everything ceased.

Well, I have lived many years, and we know those things to exist, but I didn't attach any importance to them because to me they seemed powerless.... Indeed, they have never affected me (a few Tantrics did do some magic and succeeded in making me ill, but that had quite another character; this boy's story is in the lowest, most material vital domain, you see), and only lately did I notice those little games. They didn't affect me in the least – it was like images shown on a cinema screen, unsightly images, and I just thought, "What's the point?" Still, I did my cleanup, out of habit. But then, when I heard that story, I thought, "Well, I must be teaching a good lesson or two to all those people who do dirty magic!"

In other words, one domain after another, one difficulty after another, one kind of obstacle after another (obstacles that are either subconscious or in the most material consciousness or the lower vital), it all comes for an ACTION. An action which is very sustained and varied; even when some other thing (some other difficulty or problem) is in the foreground, predominant in the consciousness, everything is there [in the surrounding atmosphere], and all the time there is that Light *(Mother makes a gesture of cleaning in the atmosphere)* which has always been with me – of which I became totally conscious with Madame Théon, who told me what it was – a Light I have always kept with me, a white Light, absolutely pure, so dazzlingly white that eyes cannot look at it, a Light which is ...

(long silence
Mother goes off into that Light, her eyes closed)

I will say what it is later.

But at any rate, that is the force Durga wields. And that force is INVINCIBLE for Asuras – it's a fact. What it is ... we will know later.

(silence)

But it isn't total Victory, no. It isn't the power of transformation. The other day,

I told you, I think, that one of my present activities consisted of a sort of conscious concentration on one person or another, one thing or another, to obtain the desired result. For years on end, the Will and Force acted from above, and the outer conscious being [of Mother] wasn't concerned with anything further, knowing that it would only make things more complicated instead of helping them, and that the Force left to itself, directly under the supreme Impulsion, worked things out far better and far more accurately. But over these last months, there have come a will and a tendency to make the material being [of Mother] participate consciously in the details of execution. It has a kind of passive obedience, and so, once that was willed [the need for Mother's material intervention], it began to happen. There was a case recently, with a very good friend of the Ashram, a man with an important position who has been very, very useful. He had to be operated on (I won't tell the whole story, it would be too long); we received two or three wires a day, I followed the thing step by step. There was a very powerful force of destruction – it was a very grim battle – and there was a will to keep him, because in this body he had been very useful, he was still very useful and could still be very useful. He had a great faith, a great trust, and he was conscious (his consciousness was very sufficiently developed: I saw him constantly and constantly he came to me). He fell into a butcher's hands; anyway, it was a wretched thing. Still, even though everyone expected him to leave his body, he held on and was constantly saying (we were kept informed by his son) and feeling that it was I who was keeping him alive. I could even see what they should have done and constantly I sent the formation, the thought, "But THIS is what should be done," insistently. Finally they caught my thought, but I think (I can't say, I don't know the details, the small material details), I think probably they didn't do exactly what they should have – that's why I say they must have been butchers. Thus they performed three operations in a row, and after undergoing all that, he came to me (before also he used to come very often – they said he was *drowsy* all the time, in a semi-coma, but that's not it: he was living inwardly), he came to me, totally conscious as usual, but he said, "I am afraid my body is irretrievably ruined, and if I survive now, instead of this body being a help and a tool of work, it will be a hindrance, an impediment, a source of difficulty, so I have come to ask to be freed – I prefer to enter a new body." I answered immediately, "But as you are, you are useful, very useful; the position you occupy makes you very useful; you are totally conscious; it would be good if you could recover." He listened, again insisted a little, I too insisted, and then he left.

The next morning, he was much better. I was hoping he had decided to stay, but we were without news for about twenty-four hours, till suddenly we were told he had stopped breathing and was being given oxygen. And then he left.

And I saw it so clearly: had he consented ... (naturally, every being's soul is free, it is free to decide), had he consented to stay on, I would have had enough power to keep him, to maintain his body in a condition good enough to keep him alive, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE THE POWER TO UNDO THE DAMAGE DONE – that isn't there yet.

That showed me the exact extent. That isn't there yet. The transformation isn't there yet.

I mean it's not something I have at my COMMAND and can pass on to someone. Many other powers are at my command and can be passed on to one or another, but this ...

Now I'll try (I always say "try" because ... there are always ill-intentioned ears listening in!), anyway, the next step is to give him a new dwelling. This belongs to the domain of things that are not only feasible but done all the time.

He was very conscious, with a lovely faith. He was an active man, very energetic (a short man). How active! And very energetic, with great authority, oh! ... The idea of being dependent on people who would have to nurse him ... he preferred to leave. He was conscious enough to know that the essence of his being, of his experience, is not lost – but still there is all that materially one has built painstakingly, and especially in his case, his position is the result of a whole life. I don't know....

Begin again in a little baby? ... *(Mother shakes her head negatively)* There's the rub, you see. When Sri Aurobindo left, he said, "I will return in a being formed supramentally – entirely conscious, with full capacities."

July 10, 1963

(Regarding the English translation of "The Adventure of Consciousness":)

... What's impossible to translate is the musical rhythm of the sentence – that's impossible. Because the English rhythm and the French rhythm are very different in character, and if you translate literally something that has a poetic rhythm in English, it may not come out poetic at all in French. So a translation is a translation, we have to settle for it.... But there will still be quite enough ideas left to do people some good!

> *Yes, but sometimes it becomes quite jerky. The French has a staccato, powerful rhythm, so in English it gives an impression of small bits cut and pasted together. But anyway, I think she is doing as well as can be done.*

But Sri Aurobindo always told me that French once translated makes good English, while English once translated makes poor French. Because there is a precision in the language that comes from the translation, but that doesn't exist in

natural English. Anyhow, I know it will do.

* * *

(Then Mother reads out a passage from "Savitri":)

There's something here....
A slow reversal's movement then took place:

A gas belched out from some invisible Fire,
Of its dense rings were formed these million stars;
Upon earth's new-born soil God's tread was heard.

(II.101)

It's magnificent ... magnificent.

In French it would be poor.

I don't seek to translate poetically, I only try to render the meaning. I read the English sentence until I SEE the meaning clearly, and once I see it, I put it into French, but very awkwardly – I don't claim to be a poet! Only, the meaning is correct.

This translation will not serve any purpose – it serves a purpose only for me. But I don't even have the time, I can hardly spare half an hour a day for this work – I hope I can offer myself half an hour a day!

* * *

(Satprem reads Mother a previous conversation, of May 11, in which Mother said that the true mantra is not the one given you by a guru but the mantra that wells up from within spontaneously, like the cry of your soul.)

But how is it, if the mantra automatically contains the power of the experience, that it is always said that unless you have been "given" the mantra by your guru, it has no power?

That's when you have no power of your own, naturally! If, for example, just anybody comes to me and asks me for a mantra, I won't tell him he should find his own mantra inside....

What I said there applies to those who are in contact with their soul. But those who have no conscious contact with their soul cannot find their mantra – their head will search for words, but that's nothing. I said the mantra must well up from within – but for them, nothing will well up! They won't find it. They won't find it, not a chance! So in that case, the guru passes on his own power.

Yes, but when you read a mantra in a book, for instance, it is said

there's no force in it – how is that, since the vibration is there?

But if you have the power within yourself and read the book, you will get the force! *(Mother laughs)* What's required is the capacity to feel and make contact.

Ultimately, what does the guru do? He connects *(gesture of junction),* he is nothing but a link. It's not "his" power he gives you (that's what he thinks, but it's not true): he is the link. He brings you into contact with the Power – a contact you don't have without him. But those who don't need a guru will make contact WITHOUT a guru.

It's not at all like something he pulls out of his pocket and offers you! That's not it at all: it's the power to make contact.

(silence)

Ultimately, it's simply a question of consciousness: people (ordinary people) have a consciousness that reaches up to a certain point (a point not very far away generally), and what's beyond it, to them, is the "unconscious" (although it's full of consciousness!), but it's unconscious to them because they can't make contact. It's the same as when at night you wake up in another state of being, become conscious and have a "dream" (what people call a dream, meaning an experience), then you return to your ordinary consciousness, and as there is no contact between the two consciousnesses, you don't even remember your dream. But you can, through methodical development, extend your consciousness and make a connection between the two; and the minute the connection is made, it takes very little to remember everything. But what's difficult is to extend your consciousness.

Basically, the guru's real power is to fill up the gaps! To bring you into contact: when you are in the higher planes, to bring you into contact with the Highest. Or to bring you into contact with your soul, your psychic being within, or to bring you into contact with the Supreme – but that not many can do.

(silence)

That's what I saw when I spoke to you the other day about what I called a "bath of the Lord." The atmosphere was full, really chockfull of a Presence (you can't even call it a "vibration," it's much more than a vibration: it's a Presence), but when people enter it, they don't feel anything! Or if they do, they don't even understand, it doesn't correspond to anything in their consciousness. But if I concentrate a particular vibration on their consciousness, I bring them into contact with it. And all of a sudden they feel something, with the impression that it's a new thing – it's nothing new! What's new is their capacity to perceive the thing.

In a general way, that's how it works: the Lord is everywhere, His vibration is everywhere, but what's new is the capacity to feel Him or be conscious of Him. From all eternity He has been there, for all eternity He shall be there.

And the experience I have constantly – constantly – isn't that I go in search of something that's not there and bring it where it wasn't! When I tell the Lord, "Manifest Yourself," I don't mean He hasn't manifested! I mean: "Give us the

power to feel Your manifestation." We should say: "Become manifest.... Grant that we may grow conscious of Your Presence."

And that gives a clear sense of Unreality and Unconsciousness – and of all the consequent disorder. Because there is a CONSTANT Reality, a CONSTANT divine Order, and it's only the incapacity to perceive it that makes the present Disorder and Falsehood.

The experiences go on multiplying. But then, outwardly, everyone seems to start squabbling and quarreling with each other *(laughing)* much more than before, even (!), over the most futile things in the world and most unnecessarily, without any ground, just like that. And then, to me the two sides become visible at once: the true thing and its deformation; the event as it should occur and its deformation. Yet the event REMAINS THE SAME – the deformation is merely a sort of excrescence added on to it, which is absolutely unnecessary and complicates things atrociously, for no reason. And also which gives a strong impression of Falsehood (in the English sense of *falsehood,* not *lie*[81]*):* something without meaning or purpose, absolutely unnecessary and perfectly idiotic – then why is it there?? ... Seized and twisted – everything is seized and twisted. Where does that habit of twisting things come from? I don't know.

Ultimately one wonders who finds it amusing?! People complain, they say they're wretched – but it's their own fault! They're the first to twist things! If they didn't have that habit, everything would be perfectly simple.

And events would NOT be changed.

(silence)

Voilà.

Nothing else?

Or do you want to ask something?

> *No.... I was contemplating what you said.... It's true, we see things from the wrong end.*

Exactly! That's exactly it!

These days I am EXPERIENCING that every minute, for everything, everything – everyone and everything around me, at EVERY minute. It's extremely interesting.

I'll give you the example of what Pavitra told me yesterday: he always used to go out of his body in his aspiration and to rise very high – I told him a hundred times that he shouldn't do it, it wasn't good (for HIM; to another I would have said to do it). He never understood, and every time he meditated, brrt! he would go out of his body. Then the other day he told me, "Ah, now I've understood! I was always seeking Mother up above, till suddenly I couldn't find anything any more. So I concentrated here [in the body], and I found Mother immediately." And he added, "It's because now Mother is here!" *(Mother laughs)* I didn't explain anything, but that was exactly the point!

I didn't tell him anything, but I smiled as though he had made a discovery!

People try to come into contact with something that's HERE!

(silence)

And the Power ... I would have to tell a mountain of experiences. For years and years and years, the Power was like this *(gesture above the head):* the Consciousness is there and the Power acts from there *(same gesture)*. But it takes a long time to materialize (it depends on the person, but anyway, it always takes some time to materialize), and it gets distorted on the way, so that what's left is a rather ineffective residue. And I was wondering within me, "But for all that to change, a DIRECT power is needed! A power that would make itself felt directly, in other words, that would pass from cell to cell: vibrations of the same quality...." It's beginning to come. But I was also wondering why it didn't come faster.... Although I know very well: it's because we distort everything; we are so accustomed to living in a MENTALIZED consciousness that we distort everything, and naturally the Power cannot come just to get distorted. So now, the lesson is this: the Power comes for a specific action, for instance, to act on someone – the Power is here, it acts – and at the same time, I am given the opportunity to observe, really to VISUALIZE the ... (how should I put it?) ... Sri Aurobindo uses the word *accretion* ("outgrowth" isn't the word, it gives the feeling of something growing from within out – that's not it, it's something that comes from outside and is added on). I visualize how deformation sets in and is automatically added on to the Power – which spoils everything. So the Power stops short, everything reverts to its place ... and it starts all over again.

It takes a very sharp, attentive, and above all impersonal observation (impersonal in the sense of objective, without any reaction) to see those things.

Only little by little, little by little do you learn the true functioning; because those things that are added on and spoil everything aren't deliberate additions arising from a desire or impatience or overenthusiasm – it's none of that, it's due to ... a habit. It's quite simply a habit. That is, the psychological element is purified and doesn't interfere: it's just a habit. The SUBSTANCE has the habit of doing things that way, and so it does them that way. So it must be taught not to stir, to keep quiet, so that when the Vibration comes, the something that always rushes forward doesn't do so.

It's very interesting.

As though you were standing on the threshold of a stu-pen-dous realization that depends on a VERY SMALL thing.

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo said somewhere that miraculous realizations do not last (they do occur, but they don't last), and that transformation alone will effect a lasting change – now I understand! Because some people happen, for some reason or other (a moment or a flash, or for a particular purpose), to receive the Force: all at

once the Force comes, goes through them and acts, producing a fantastic result, but ... it doesn't recur. It cannot recur, because it's like a combination of circumstances, nothing else. It's only when a modest work of this kind, a work of "local" transformation, so to speak, is completed and when there is the FULL consciousness with the FULL mastery of how to use the Force without anything interfering, that ... it will be like a chemistry experiment you have learned to perform correctly: you can repeat it at will every time it's necessary.

That's the period of work under way. Very interesting. But there's no glory in it!

July 13, 1963

I receive letters from everywhere, from Argentina, Canada and so on, from people I don't know but who are really sweet. Listen to this one *(Mother takes a letter from beside her),* it's from the mother of Z, who is here: *If I were within walking distance of you, I would pick a rose, not yet full bloomed, laden and fragrant, to lay at your feet. This sounds like a love letter – well, it is! My son has been trying to teach me through you that all letters should be love letters....* It's lovely. So I replied like this: *Indeed, all life is love if we know how to live it.*

And then Nolini told me ...

(Mother relates some Ashram affairs)

... The Force seems to act more strongly at a distance than near at hand – it's odd. That is to say, it catches hold of people and won't let go of them. Naturally, near at hand, there is always in me the constant will not to influence: to act without influencing, allowing a total freedom. And that ... to tell the truth, people aren't ready for it. Yet that's how I understand things! I have the feeling that the world cannot be true unless it's absolutely free.

And the more power you have, the less you should influence.

But it [the will not to influence] is probably in my very material consciousness, so at a distance it doesn't count: people are caught, seized, held tight, and the Force won't let go of them. Very interesting.

* * *

(Then Mother tells about X's visit)

I gave him his "bath of the Lord"!

It was very interesting. I had to see someone before him, and I wanted enough time to prepare the atmosphere, but it didn't last too long. Then "it" condensed and accumulated. It made an absolutely still atmosphere, with only the internal vibration – I don't know how to explain.... I've said this a few times already: there is a Force which doesn't move and consequently can be said to be absolutely still, yet has an INNER intensity of vibration far more considerable than the vibration of motion. And it's a PALE golden light: it isn't white at all, it's golden. But not an intense gold: a pale color. It filled everything (there were no more walls in the room), and it was condensed, so condensed, as if ... tight as if ... under pressure, you know. There was nothing left but the inner vibration.

He came in, and there was only the ripple of his coming in. It took him maybe a minute or two to adapt. I don't know what his first impression was, but he looked visibly somewhat embarrassed – not ill at ease, but almost surprised, as if wondering, "What's going on?" Then after not even two minutes, he made his usual movement and stayed exactly twenty-two minutes without ANYTHING stirring. Nothing stirred. The atmosphere was absolutely still, without a thought, a movement, a reaction or anything.

Afterwards there came from outside the thought that the time was up (I had asked C. to open the door, and it hadn't opened yet), it made a slight disturbance, and it came precisely from where C. must have been. Then I saw that the door was open: it was twenty-two minutes later. So I looked at X once or twice and he opened his eyes.

I must say it's exceptional.

For five minutes, ten minutes (with one or two people I even went to a little over ten minutes), it happened that everything stayed like that, absolutely motionless: not a thought, you understand, nothing. The atmosphere was well prepared, but generally it doesn't last with people, even the best disposed in the world: after a while, they can't hold on – they can't bear it any more.

And the remarkable thing with him was the silence. The mental silence.

The other times, I told you, I more or less followed him to see what happened. The first time I saw him here [in the upper room], his aspiration rose in a cone, but a cone that was a little rigid and with a spiritual silver light that gave a feeling of ... (what shall I say?) a *commonplace* light, I don't know how to explain ... something very common, nothing exceptional. It was like a cone, tapering to a pointed tip, a very pointed tip ending in a nonexistent point – a nonexistence. It wasn't very satisfying. But this time ... As a matter of fact, that was why I wanted to prepare the atmosphere, I wanted to see. It was good.

* * *

A little later

So what do you bring me?

A letter from the publisher.

Ah!

Here's what he says: "I must now bring myself to write to you. With regret and sadness, I confess, since it is to inform you that we do not think it possible to publish your book 'Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.' I confess that what prevented me from writing to you earlier is not so much the fear of causing you pain, for you are able to rise above the shock such news cannot but cause, as the fact that I knew it would be impossible to explain our reasons to you. Frankly, we cannot really understand this book. And how to explain the reasons for not understanding something? As for me, I often had the feeling of passing from one plane to another, from the level of fact to that of conjecture, from the level of logic (with defined terms as a starting point) to that of presupposition (within a coherence unconnected with the knowledge you offer). I know that all this is disputable. I also know or guess that behind those pages lies an entire lived experience, but one doesn't feel the reader can participate in it. For what reason? Once again, I cannot say. The reader's blindness, quite possibly. The mind's limitation, too. But a book must build a bridge, pierce the screen, and there are doubtless cases in which doing so no longer depends on the author. I must therefore return this manuscript to you." (signed: P.A.L.)

He's all at sea. It's very funny! It doesn't matter at all.

??

Yes, it means the book is really very good.

!?

I had a feeling Sri Aurobindo put a lot of his force into it to make it a revelation – a lot. And I became convinced that my impression was correct when Pavitra told me it had opened some doors to him that had never opened before. But that means it has to be read by people who already know a lot. This book is perhaps a step forward, not merely an explanation.

We'll see in America; I think it will be a great success there.

There are fewer barriers there.

They're younger, that is. They're young and still feel they WANT to learn – they blunder, they make a mess of many things, but there remains that need to

learn.

The French are a little stale.

They're caught in refined but terrible constructions.

Yes. And also they are too aware of being intelligent. They're imprisoned in intellectual castles!

I almost felt like sending my blessings to your publisher.... If he began to understand, it would be fun!

I'm not all that hopeful!

Do you think the cells aren't over there!

No, but there's their whole formation.

That's on another level.

It will come one day.

No, but I've had a contact.

?

Just now, as I spoke to you. That's why I told you I felt like sending him my blessings. "With my blessings THAT YOU MAY UNDERSTAND!"

Yes, suddenly a contact.

We'll witness some strange things – you can be sure of that.

The Force works in extraordinary ways.... I will tell you about that another time, not today.

July 17, 1963

Nolini told me that every day since the Force has been on the increase, there's a shower of letters from people who cry out their misery, whether moral or material. It's a general cry for help, and, he told me, "The remarkable thing is that no one asks for material help," they all ask for my blessings and say (because they have faith) it brings them relief. He said, "It's the identical note in almost all the letters." Contacts with the outside have increased considerably; formerly, it was only with people who knew me, but now it's with scores of absolutely unknown people.

During the part of the night reserved for the work (generally between 2 and 4:30 in the morning ... it varies a little), daily now I see people whom I don't know

physically – all the time, all the time, and with lots of work. The work I used to do with the people around me now seems to be spreading: I go to some places that I don't know at all. And always, always something under construction – always under construction, always. Sometimes I am even testing some new constructions, I mean I try to go this way, that way, do something, try this, try that.[82] And at the same time, I am working with people who, on the other hand, aren't part of those constructions – they're on the sidelines. To such a point that when I woke up this morning I said to myself, "But isn't this going to stop? Won't I get some rest!" But it was always an answer (an answer not in words but in FACTS), an instantaneous answer – taking no time, not gradual: instantaneous.[83]

And along with this, there's a vast, "dead-calm" rest (if you know what I mean?) in that Light – probably the Light as it will manifest. It's a golden Light, not very intense or very pale either; a little less pale than the one that I said comes when I concentrate[84]; a little more intense than that, though not dark – a golden Light, absolutely immobile, with such an inner intensity of vibration that it's beyond all perception. And then it's perfect rest – instantly. So as soon as I complain, the same ironic remark always comes: "Oh, when one can have that in the midst of work, one ought not to complain!" The two states are ... I can't say simultaneous (naturally it's not one after the other, both are there together), but it's not like two things next to each other, it's ... two ways of looking, I could say, two points – not points of view ... a horizontal look, and a look that's ... or rather, a specific look and an overall look. A specific look, that of the immediate activity, and an overall and constant look, that of the whole; and as soon as you look at the whole, it's ... *(dead-calm gesture)* immutable peace, unvarying rest. And then things seem to become swollen – swollen with an infinite content.

It requires no preparation, it isn't something you have to attain: it's ALWAYS there. Only, it also stems from the fact that I am not here (that's so clear, so clear, it needs no reflection or observation, it's such a well-established fact) ... I am not here for anything, anything whatsoever, any satisfaction of any sort, on any level, any point – none of that exists any more, that has no more reality, no more existence. The only thing I still FEEL is a sort of ... not an aspiration, not a will, not an adherence or enthusiasm, but something that is ... maybe it's more like a power: to do the Lord's Work. At the same time, I feel the Lord ... you understand, He isn't in front of me or outside of me! That's not it, He is everywhere and ... He is everywhere and I am everywhere with Him. But what holds these cells together in a permanent form is that something which is at once the will and power (and something more than both) to do the Lord's work. It contains something which probably is translated in people's consciousnesses as Bliss, Ananda (I must say it's an aspect of the problem I am not concerned with). Something like the intensity of a superlove as yet unmanifest – it's impossible to say.

Some time ago I made a discovery of that kind: someone asked me if there was any difference between Ananda and Love; I said, "No." Then he said to me, "But then how is it that some people feel Ananda while others feel Love?..." I answered him, "Yes! Those who feel Ananda are those who like to receive, who have the

capacity to receive, and those who feel Love are those who have the capacity to give." But it's the same thing: you receive it as Ananda, you give it as Love.

So, probably, someone more on the "receiving" side would call that Vibration Ananda – maybe that's what people call the "joy of life," I don't know.... It has absolutely nothing to do with what human beings call joy. It's really the feeling of something full rather than empty – life as people live it, as I see them live it, is something hollow, empty, dry. Hollow. Hard and hollow together. And empty. So when I do that work, as I told you, all that's around me, all the work and everything is ... yes, it gives an impression of being dry and hollow; while when the other thing is there, you instantly get an impression of full-full-full-full – full! Overflowing, you know, no more bounds. So full that all, but all bounds are swept away, erased, gone – and there remains only That, that Something. That's why the cells remain held together – it's because of That, for That, by That. For no other reason.

It's growing increasingly constant and evident – natural, spontaneous. And the growing feeling that You – you know, the You, the You of adoration – You ... is only for the fun of it! I don't know how to explain. It's almost like a burst of laughter ... so obvious is it that there is no difference. Yes, there's only this: "Oh, it's so much fun to say 'You'!" That's how it is.

All this goes on here, in the body.

July 20, 1963

So what would you like to tell me? Tell me a story!

I don't have anything interesting to tell. I have quite a stagnant feeling.

Anyway, this time I've observed, carefully observed X's arrival, stay and departure. Because there were different opinions: some very unfavorable, that he always brought difficulties; others, that he always brought something positive. Well, to tell you the truth, there is nothing to it, ONLY what people think.

Yes.

Simply what they think. Otherwise, his arrival, his stay, his meditations, his departure: absolutely neutral. In other words, I noticed neither increased difficulties nor improved conditions. Things carry on in their own sweet way without any difference. The two atmospheres mingle without anything changing.

I had decided I would study the thing very carefully, absolutely objectively, in order to be sure – because I had around me all the waves of all the impressions,

well-disposed as well as ill-disposed, and I found all that whirl ridiculous. I conducted my observation in a most scientific and objective way: the whole, entire effect is purely mental. The whole whirl – mental.

There you have it.

That's all.

And for you, did he tell you anything? For your yantram? Didn't you ask him?

I've lost the habit of asking him!

He doesn't answer.

So I stopped asking long ago.

But, no! It's because he doesn't know what to answer.

Maybe!

No, no, now I am sure! At the beginning I thought: maybe it's because ... But, no. I am sure.

All right.

How long do you still have to do it [the yantram]?

Till the end of December.

The end of December.... The Force, the Power may act, mind you – only, X as an instrument is ... barely conscious. It may pass through him – I don't say it won't. Because the remarkable point in the meditations (I took a good look this time) is that at the moment of his best, most complete receptivity, I had to come down to X's most material form to find a form – all the rest, there was no more form. Which means the inner being isn't individualized: it's identified, merged. And that's precisely what Sri Aurobindo explains so well: the difference between one who identifies with the Supreme through self-annihilation and one who can express the Supreme *(gesture of pulling downward)* in a perfected being and everywhere. That's what makes the whole difference. Of X there remained only the outer husk, so to say (a coarse enough husk, besides, thick and heavy, with very heavy vibrations), it was there, sitting in front of me and empty: the consciousness was gone *(gesture showing the consciousness spread out or dissolved in the Infinite)*. So his power acts in an almost mediumistic manner, which means that when it is X who speaks, it's something quite ordinary, but the Force can come through him.

But curiously enough, that "yantram" seems to exasperate the physical mind.

Doesn't it set something at rest in your mind?

Generally, it makes the most material mind extremely active.

Extremely active...?

I have great difficulty keeping a hold on it. A domestic detail, for instance, some utterly material things invade my consciousness. The rest is always quiet, but utterly material things become very active.

Probably it pulls the Force down into a very material domain....
All right. It will calm down as it develops.

Yes, I think so. In fact I can see that it's good, it's useful.

Oh, yes! Certainly.

But apart from that, I've had a great sense of inner stagnation for a few months: there's no progress. Up there, there's always something: if I climb up there and meditate, if I connect myself up there, everything is fine, but ... it seems to me it can go on for centuries!

Yes.

... Without anything changing. I have no sense of progress.

It's because the action, the power of progress now acts in the thick of Matter. And down there, there's a long, long way to go – a long way, oh! ...

We can only arm ourselves with patience, that's all. That's the only thing we can do. Be patient.

But materially, is your body better or...?

Because that's where the progress is taking place.(silence)

All the habitual rhythms of the material world have changed.... The body had based its sort of sense of good health on a certain number of vibrations, and whenever those vibrations were present, it felt in good health; when something came and disturbed them, it felt that it was about to fall ill or that it was ill, depending on the intensity. All that has changed now: those basic vibrations have simply been removed, they no longer exist; the vibrations on which the body based its sense of good or ill health – removed. They are replaced by something else, and something else of such a nature that "good health" and "illness" have lost all meaning! Now, there is the sense of an established harmony among the cells, increasingly established among the cells, which represents the right functioning, whatever that may be: it's no longer a question of a stomach or a heart or this or that. And the slightest thing that comes and disturbs that harmony is VERY painful, but at the same time there is the knowledge of what to do to reestablish the harmony instantly; and if the harmony is reestablished, the functioning isn't affected. But if out of curiosity, for instance (it's a mental illness in humans), you start asking yourself, "What's that? What effect will it have? What's going to happen?" (what the body calls "the desire to learn"), if you are unlucky enough to be that way, you can be sure *(laughing)* that you'll have something very unpleasant

which, according to the doctor (according to ignoramuses), becomes an illness or disrupts the body's functioning. While if you don't have that unhealthy curiosity and, on the contrary, will the harmony not to be disrupted, you only have to, we could say poetically, bring one drop of the Lord on the troubled spot for everything to be fine again.

The body is unable to know things in the way it did formerly.

So there is a period when you are in suspense: no longer this, not yet that, just in between. It's a difficult period when you have to be very quiet, very patient, and above all – above all – never become afraid or irritated or impatient, because that's catastrophic. And the difficulty is that from all quarters and without letup come all the idiotic suggestions of ordinary thinking: age, deterioration, the possibility of death, the constant threat of illness, of the slightest thing – illness, dotage ... decay. It comes all the time, all the time, all the time; and all the time this poor harried body has to remain very quiet and not to listen, preoccupied only with maintaining its vibrations in a harmonious state.

Sometimes I catch it (that must be something quite common among human beings) in a sort of haste – a haste, a kind of impatience, and also, I can't say fear or anxiety, but a sense of uncertainty. The two together: impatience to get out of the present moment to the immediately next, and at the same time uncertainty as to what that immediately next moment is going to bring. The whole thing makes a vibration of *restlessness – what's* the word in French?

Febrility, agitation?

That's too much – "agitation" is too much, it's rather a lack of rest. Not agitation really, but something that lacks the rest of certainty. I constantly catch my cells being like that. Naturally I react, but for them it's a very normal state: always straining after the next moment, never the quietude of the present moment. The result (the words I use give a very concrete character to something rather fluid), the result is the feeling that you have to bear or endure, and the haste to get out of that enduring, along with the hope (a very faint and flimsy hope) that the next moment will be better. That's how it is from moment to moment, from moment to moment, from moment to moment. As soon as the Consciousness comes *(gesture of descent)* and concentrates, as soon as I bring the Consciousness into the present moment, everything becomes quiet, immobile, eternal. But if I am not CONSTANTLY attentive, the other condition [of restlessness] comes almost as a subconsciousness: it's always there. And VERY tiring – it must be one of the most important sources of fatigue in mankind. Especially here *(Mother touches her forehead and temples),* it's very tiring. Only when you can live in the eternity of the present minute does it all stop – everything becomes white, immobile, calm, everything is fine.

But it means constant vigilance – constant. It's infinitely more difficult than when one worked even in the vital; in the vital, it's nothing, it's child's play in comparison. But here, phew! ... Because, you see, in the mind or the vital, it's all movements of organization, of action, of choice, of decision – it's very easy to

decide, to rule! But that cellular tension is there EVERY SECOND: it's the activity inherent in material existence. It's only when you go into samadhi that it stops. That is, when outwardly you are in trance. Then it stops.

From time to time – two, three times a day – I am given a few minutes of it. It's a marvelous relaxation. But I always come out of it (I mean the BODY comes out of it) with an anxiety, in the sense that it says, "Oh, I've forgotten to live!" Very odd. Only one second, but a second of anxiety: "Oh, I've forgotten to live!" – and the drama starts all over again.

No, it's no fun. It's interesting only for someone who finds interest in EVERYTHING, to whom EVERYTHING is interesting, that is to say, who has the sort of will for perfection that neglects no detail – otherwise, it isn't ... As soon as you enter the mental realm, of course, the mind says, "Ah, no! No, it's a waste of time." It isn't, but the mind regards all that as twaddle.

(silence)

I said just now that when I come out of those moments of trance, the body feels, "Oh, I've forgotten to live...." It isn't "live," it's the feeling: I've forgotten to act or concentrate, or to do the thing needed; the feeling of a servant who for a minute has stopped his work – that's it. It's just a flash, then at once comes the sense of the divine Presence, and it's all over.

It's not the word "live," no, it's "To do what one is supposed to do."

It happens especially during daytime (between 12:30 and 1 o'clock – not for long, a few minutes, I can't say; and between 5:30 and 6). At night it's not the same, because (I think I've told you already) as soon as I stretch out, the whole body is like a prayer. It's more than an aspiration, it's an intense need: "Lord, take hold of me ENTIRELY! So there may be nothing but You," and that always brings about a result [the trance] – which may last more or less long, until (how can I put it?) ... the moment "agreed upon" comes! Then when I wake up, or rather when the body emerges from that state, it knows it's agreed upon, it doesn't have that anxiety. I don't know how to explain.... In terms of consciousness it's almost like a child: very simple, very simple. No complications, no complications whatever, very simple: to do what is to be done in the proper way while expressing the supreme Will.... That is, to bring as little mixture as possible to the supreme Will (it's not a question of Will: the Movement, the Vibration), as little mixture or distortion or deterioration as possible to the Vibration – we always translate into words that are too intellectual.

But the body is docile, full of goodwill. Only I find it's a little bit of a whiner (that must be particular to this one, I am sure other bodies are different), it isn't spontaneously joyful. Not that it complains, not at all, but ... Perhaps it's due to that sort of concentration of Force of progress – it's not a blissful satisfaction, far from it. It's a long time since it stopped enjoying ordinary satisfactions, like the sense of taste, of smell: it doesn't enjoy any of that – it is conscious, very conscious, it can discern things very clearly, but in an entirely objective way, without deriving any pleasure from them.

Yet it has a spontaneous tendency to find itself incapable; and it receives the same answer all the time: "That's still the ego." That happens so often, it says to the Lord, "Look how incapable I am of doing what You want," and pat comes the answer, direct, in a flash: "Don't bother about that, it's not your business!" Naturally, I put it into words to express myself, but it isn't words, it's only sensations – not even "sensations": vibrations.

Voilà.

So all that must be having repercussions on the others, like Pavitra, when he told me the other day he was seeking me "up above" and could no longer find me! This very down-to-earth state (we can really call it down-to-earth), this very down-to-earth state of things may also create ... not an increased heaviness (because God knows it isn't heavy! It's so luminous, vibrant, luminous, so vibrant, vibrant), that's not it, but it's really at ground level. At ground level. It has none of the flights and enthusiasms of mental things, visions and all that. So it appears a little monotonous and very much at ground level.

> *Yes, but we don't have the sense of participating in something. You are conscious, while we're not.*

Exactly, there's nothing to satisfy you one way or the other!

> *Yes, but if we were conscious, at least we would see that something is happening, but as we are unconscious, we aren't aware of anything.*

But how can you say that something is "happening," mon petit!

> *We would see a work is being done.... As it is, we don't see anything.*

But, no, you can't "see"! How can you?

(silence)

I have a kind of certitude (not quite formulated in words: a certitude in sensation, in feeling) that once this work is completed, the result will be ... almost like a thunderbolt. Because the Power's action through the mind gets diluted, qualified, adapted, altered, and so on, and how much reaches down here? *(gesture as of water disappearing into sand)* While the day it acts through this matter *(Mother touches her body),* obviously it will be overwhelming. There isn't a shadow of doubt. But when will that be? After how long? I can't say. When you see the thing in detail, you know, it appears interminable.

I console myself with the thought that the ways of the Lord are unknown to us, and that the day it pleases Him to declare, "Here, now it's all changed," *(Mother laughs)* all we'll have to do is contemplate!

But when? I don't know. Voilà.

We must have endurance, patience, and trust too – to last and last and last. Because ultimately, whatever way you look at it, that's the only solution. All the roundabout routes people follow *(zigzag gesture as if to show the spiritual*

disciplines and all the usual human quests) are simply to give you the illusion that you are doing something. That's quite clear.

(silence)

All the same, I have some hope that in February next year[85] something will be tangible. But ... *(laughing)* Sri Aurobindo says that man lives on hope from the cradle to the grave! Anyhow, mine isn't the same kind of hope: it's a sort of sensation. Something may happen next February – we'll see.

July 24, 1963

(Mother first reads in English an unpublished letter of Sri Aurobindo's:)

"About the present civilisation, it is not this which has to be saved; it is the world that has to be saved and that will surely be done, though it may not be so easily or so soon as some wish or imagine or in the way that they imagine. The present must surely change, but whether by a destruction or a new construction on the basis of a greater Truth, is the issue. The Mother has left ... *(Mother laughs)* this question hanging and I can only do the same."

(September 1945)

It's marvelous! *(Mother laughs)* Marvelous. And it was written in '45, that is to say during the war – the war hadn't ended yet.

It was the end.[86]

I intend to distribute this for August 15.

(Satprem, in English:) Is it still hanging?

(Mother laughs and does not reply)

There are two other letters:
"To bring the Divine Love and Beauty and Ananda into the world is, indeed, the whole crown and essence of our yoga. But it has always seemed to me impossible unless there comes as its support and foundation and guard the Divine Truth – what I call the supramental – and its Divine Power...."

(XXIII.753)

Here it's clear: he says that what he calls the "Supramental" is the *Divine*

Truth, and that it must come first, and the rest comes afterwards.

And yet, for some time now and increasingly, there has been an extremely concrete Response to a kind of aspiration (a call or prayer) in which I say to the Lord, "Supreme Lord, manifest Your Love." (It comes at the end of a long invocation in which I ask Him to manifest all His aspects one after another, one after another, and it ends like that.) But then, remarkably enough, at that moment there comes a Response which is growing clearer and clearer, stronger and stronger.... But Sri Aurobindo says that Truth should be established first, and that what he calls the Supramental is the supreme Truth, the Divine Truth. It corresponds to what I noticed while translating that last chapter on "the perfection of the being" in the "Yoga of Self-Perfection": I kept thinking, "But that's only the aspect of Truth; all that he expresses is the aspect of Truth; always and everywhere, it's the angle of Truth; and his supramental action is an action of Truth."

I didn't know he had said it, but it's written clearly here:

> "... But it has always seemed to me impossible unless there comes as its support and foundation and guard the Divine Truth – what I call the supramental – and its Divine Power. Otherwise Love itself blinded by the confusions of this present consciousness may stumble in its human receptacles and, even otherwise, may find itself unrecognised, rejected or rapidly degenerating and lost in the frailty of man's inferior nature. But when it comes in the divine truth and power, Divine Love descends first as something transcendent and universal and out of that transcendence and universality it applies itself to persons according to the Divine Truth and Will, creating a vaster, greater, purer personal love than any the human mind or heart can now imagine. It is when one has felt this descent that one can be really an instrument for the birth and action of the Divine Love in the world."

(XXIII.753)

They don't give the date, but I find it most interesting. And the last one: "The importance of the body is obvious; it is because he has developed or been given a body and brain capable of receiving and serving a progressive mental illumination that man has risen above the animal. Equally, it can only be by developing a body or at least a functioning of the physical instrument capable of receiving and serving a still higher illumination that he will rise above himself and realise, not merely in thought and in his internal being but in life, a perfectly divine manhood. Otherwise either the promise of Life is cancelled, its meaning annulled and earthly being can only realise Sachchidananda by abolishing itself, by shedding from it mind, life and body and returning to the pure Infinite, or else man is not the divine instrument, there is a destined limit to the consciously progressive power which distinguishes him from all other terrestrial existences and as he has replaced them in the front of things, so another must eventually replace

him and assume his heritage."

(*The Life Divine*, XVIII.231)

It's amusing.

(silence)

Aren't you replying to my question?

No! *(laughter)*

No, barely two or three days ago, someone asked me a similar question: "Will there be another great destruction or not?" Those are things one ought not to talk about.[87]

(silence)

You know that X ceaselessly repeats, "There will be war, there will be war, there will be war ... even if I don't want it, there will be war"!! He had said war would come by April – it's now July.

For the time being, the Chinese are quite clearly those who represent in the world the aggressive attitude; they've even quarreled with the Russians because of that – a serious quarrel. You know the story, I suppose.

(silence)

Those are things it's better not to talk about.

* * *

Then Mother comments again on Sri Aurobindo's second letter:

And were Love to manifest before Truth, there would be catastrophes.

It's curious, for a-very long time, for months and almost years, something always stopped me when I asked for Love's manifestation, a sort of very clear impression: "No, it isn't time yet, it isn't time yet...." Until suddenly one day it started off and there came an overwhelming Response. That was several months ago, and ever since then there has been a Response – an ever-increasing Response.

Yet I can't say in all sincerity that the Truth has manifested'

Perhaps the preparation is sufficient?

Perhaps it's an individual question – yet my action isn't individual, there's a constant perception of the earth's atmosphere.

Never mind, to say so gives some comfort!

(silence)

Your health – all right?

All right, Mother.

Good. That's the one thing needed – important, very important: to keep the body in good health, in a sort of balance. We must keep our balance. Very important. The rest doesn't matter!

(Mother laughs and so does Satprem)

July 27, 1963

(Mother first comments on the death of a disciple, M.)

How they treat those poor dead! ...

Naturally, they rushed to cremate him; they asked me candidly (because his nephew was coming but not before the next morning, that is, a little less than twenty-four hours after Ml's death – nearly twenty hours), they asked me, "Should we keep him or not?" I answered, "It depends. If you ask me as far as HE is concerned, certainly the longer you keep him the better." Then I see eyes open wide, a mouth open wide – don't understand anything! I told them, "It takes QUITE A WHILE for the consciousness to come out slowly! Otherwise, when you burn him, it's pushed out violently, it gives a terrible shock."

To tell the truth, people burn the dead in that way to destroy the vital, I am sure of it. The idea is not to have any *ghosts.*

A little before his death he had asked me for a new name. He had nearly died twice, but he was saved (the doctors were sure he would die), he was saved by his faith; he had such faith, such an irresistible faith that twice it pulled him through: he was paralyzed, couldn't see any more, it was terrible. And twice all his faculties came back (his eyes weren't too good, but anyway he could talk and move around). The third time, he wanted to get completely cured, because he was a businessman and had made a resolve to earn ten lakhs[88] of rupees for me (he had already given me four lakhs in the past, but he wanted to give me ten). So he absolutely wanted to live, but as he found himself not too well (he was quite deteriorated!), he called for one of those *kaviraj* (you know, those self-styled doctors), who finished him off: he couldn't eat or sleep any more. And the "doctor" went on telling him, "You're much better"! While the poor man was sitting up all night in a chair.... Finally, he was rushed to the hospital and died there. And the day of his death, about an hour later, I was informed that his son (he's not a child, he's a man) absolutely HAD to see me immediately. It was the

time when I don't see people, but I said "all right" (I felt there was something to it), I said "all right" and went to receive him. It was 11:00 A.M. (I think he died at 9:30 A.M.). I go there (I don't remember if it was in the morning or early in the afternoon, anyhow it was very soon after his death), I sit down, the son is ushered in, and along with him comes a small boy, no taller than this *(gesture),* all golden, joyous, alive, happy! ... And he rushed to me. He stayed like that, leaning against me, quite still. And how he laughed! How happy he was!

It was M., his psychic being.

Ever so lovely! All luminous – luminous with a golden light – and so happy, so glad! Like a baby, no bigger than this *(gesture).* Waving his arms and legs about, so happy! He stayed there – stayed put. So naturally, I received him and did the needful.

I've seen thousands of cases, you know, but it's the first time I've seen that! And he had a remarkable knowledge, because in order not to risk any hitch, he clung to his son and urged him to come to me so as to make sure of reaching me without mishap, without any interference from the adverse forces, from currents and all sorts of things. He clung to his son, who was quite unaware of it, except that something in him WANTED him to come to me. And the poor son was crying; I told him, "Don't worry, he is very happy"! *(Mother laughs)*

And lovely! A lovely thing. The sight of it filled me with joy – so happy, so happy, he seemed to be saying, "At last I am with you! I won't budge now, no one can take me away." This small.

I told you the story of the other one who came to be operated on and died[89] (that makes two in a row, among our best workers). The other one had an important government position and did us some incredible services (he was a very intelligent man and had been chief justice for a very long time), he was very helpful and full of faith and devotion. This one [M.] had even promised to lend some money, but he died just before – a few days before he was due to give it![90] But the first one was a conscious, highly mentalized being, with a very well-formed mental being; he knew a lot and he told me, "I am very conscious and now I know that I am fully alive and fully conscious, so I don't want an impotent body that constantly requires someone to nurse it or move it around. I prefer to change." He asked me to find him a good one (!) This one didn't ask to take a new body, but the last thing he said (afterwards, he was paralyzed) was: I *must live, because I want to give ten lakhs of rupees to the Mother.* And he left with that – so an appropriate body has to be found.

But this one [M.] knew very little, he wasn't an intellectual, he was a man of action, very psychic – very much so! Lovely, oh, lovely! He was like a little child, naked, of course, a baby this big, with small arms, small legs – dancing about, he was glad, laughing and laughing, he was happy. And all luminous. I immediately told his son (he did a "pranam" and rose with his eyes full of tears), I told him, *Don't weep, he is now where he wants to be and perfectly at rest.* I didn't tell him the story – he wouldn't have understood a thing!

* * *

(Then Mother reads two letters by Sri Aurobindo which will appear in a future "Bulletin":)

This I find very, very good:
"What the supramental will do the mind cannot foresee or lay down. The mind is ignorance seeking for the Truth, the supramental by its very definition is the Truth-Consciousness, Truth in possession of itself and fulfilling itself by its own power. In a supramental world imperfection and disharmony are bound to disappear. But what we propose just now is not to make the earth a supramental world but to bring down the supramental as a power and established consciousness in the midst of the rest – to let it work there and fulfill itself as Mind descended into Life and Matter and has worked as a Power there to fulfill itself in the midst of the rest. This will be enough to change the world and to change Nature by breaking down her present limits. But what, how, by what degrees it will do it, is a thing that ought not to be said now – when the Light is there, the Light will itself do its work – when the supramental Will stands on earth, that Will will decide. It will establish a perfection, a harmony, a Truth-creation – for the rest, well, it will be the rest – that is all."

(XXII.13)

It's very useful to say to people – they're such a nuisance! Always wanting to put the cart before the horse. This other letter goes with it:
"It is not advisable to discuss too much what it [the supermind] will do and how it will do it, because these are things the supermind itself will fix, acting out of the Divine Truth in it, and the mind must not try to fix for it grooves in which it will run. Naturally, the release from subconscient ignorance and from disease, duration of life at will, and a change in the functionings of the body must be among the ULTIMATE *(Mother repeats)* elements of a supramental change; but the details of these things must be left for the supramental Energy to work out according to the Truth of its own nature."

(XXII.8)

(Mother makes the gesture of hammering) I am all the time driving that into people's heads. I spend my time telling them, "First of all, make yourself ready for its coming; afterwards, we'll see what it does!"

Once the French translation is ready Satprem reads it back to Mother:

Always a slight tinge of humor!

(Satprem reads the French text up to:)

> "... to let it work there and fulfill itself as Mind descended into Life and Matter and has worked as a Power there to fulfill itself in

the midst of the rest...."

If we follow that *(Mother draws a great curve towards the future),* he foresaw that one day the earth would be a supramental creation – the entire earth ... entirely changed. That means a long, long way ahead. In other words, later, among the supramental race, they will say, "That's all very well, but it's only the beginning. Now, the entire earth has to become a supramental manifestation." Just as from mental man the supramental being was born, so also from the supramental being will be born the powers that will transform the earth....

Do you see it?! It's interesting.

(silence)

It's something I've already been shown, I have already been shown it; when I go like this *(gesture)* and enfold the earth, I was shown a glorious earth, lit with an inner light. So instead of a burning sun, it was a Light that allowed Life to exist – you understand, it was the Physical itself that had become luminous. I saw that, I remember VERY DISTINCTLY seeing it.

But that's a long way ahead! *(Mother laughs)* Is that all?

(Satprem reads the end of the French text)

Apart from that, is everything all right?

(Satprem answers with silence)

(Laughing) We'll let the supramental descend and do its work!

(silence)

The greatest difficulty is that the body's texture is made of Ignorance, so that every time the Force, the Light, the Power try to penetrate somewhere, that Ignorance has to be dislodged. Every time the experience is similar, renewed in detail (but not in essence; I mean, every time it's a particular point, but the essence of the problem is always the same): it's a sort of Negation out of ignorant stupidity – not out of ill will, there is no ill will: it's an inert and ignorant stupidity which, by the very fact of what it is, DENIES the possibility of the divine Power. And that's what has to be dissolved every time. At every step, in every detail, it's always the same thing that has to be dissolved.

It's repeated again and again.... It's not as in the realm of ideas, where once you have seen the problem clearly and have the knowledge, it's over; some doubts or absurdities may come back to you from outside, but the thing is established, the Light is there, and automatically things are either repelled or transformed. But this here isn't the same thing! Every single aggregate of cells.... Not that it comes from outside: it's BUILT that way! Built by an inert and stupid Ignorance. An inert and stupid automatism. And so, automatically, it denies – not "denies," there's no will to deny: it is an opposite, I mean it CANNOT understand, it's an opposite – an

ESTABLISHED opposite – of the divine Power. And every time, there is a kind of action which really in every detail is almost miraculous: suddenly that negation is compelled ... compelled to recognize that the divine Force is all-powerful. Seen from another angle, it's a sort of perpetual little miracle.

I'll give you an example: last time you were with me, I got (while you were present) a pain here *(gesture to the right side),* a frightful pain of the kind that makes people howl (they think they're very sick, of course!), it came here like that. You didn't see anything, did you, I didn't show anything.

As long as you were here, I didn't bother about it.... I simply thought of something else. But when you left, I thought, "There's no reason to leave that here." So I concentrated – I called the Lord and put Him here *(gesture to the side),* and I saw it all, what I've just told you, that state of stupid negation, and how if you allow the thing to follow what they call its "normal" course, it becomes a good illness *(Mother laughs),* a serious illness. I call the Lord. (He is always here! But the fact that I concentrate and keep quiet....) And then it's almost instantaneous: the first thing is a reaction – almost a STATE rather than a reaction – which DENIES the possibility of divine Action. It isn't a will, it's an automatic negation. Then there is always a Smile that answers (that's what is interesting, there's never any anger or any force that imposes itself, only a Smile), and almost instantly the pain disappears – "That" settles in, luminous, tranquil.

It isn't final, mind you, only a first contact: the experience recurs on another occasion and for another reason (they aren't mental reasons, they are occasions), it recurs, but there is already a beginning of collaboration: the cells have LEARNED that with That, the state changed (very interestingly, they remember), so they begin to collaborate, and the Action is even more rapid. Then a third time, a few hours away, it recurs once again; but then THE CELLS THEMSELVES call and ask for the divine Action, because they remember. And then That comes in, gloriously, like something established.

Now I've got it – I've got the knack! It's for training the cells, you understand! It's not just like a sick person who has to be cured once and for all: no, it's a training of the cells, to teach them ... to live.

It's wonderful.

That's why with all the consciousness and force, I tell people, "You make yourselves sick with your idiotic fear!" (A subconscious fear – sometimes mental, but then it's utterly stupid – at any rate a fear in the cells, a subconscious fear.) "You make yourselves sick. Stop being afraid and you won't get sick." And I can say that with absolute assurance.

It's interesting.

But constantly (I make the problem more precise for the sake of clarity), there are constantly in the atmosphere, as I have always said, all the suggestions, all that atmosphere of the physical mind which is full of every possible stupidity. You have to be permanently on your guard and sweep it all away: "Go away, don't interfere." The doctors' opinions, the example of other people, that whole ... really, that whole terrible muddle of Ignorance all around, which you have to drive back:

"Don't meddle, mind your own business."

(silence)

So, regularly, as soon as there comes a pain somewhere or a discomfort or anything, immediately, instantly, the first reaction: "Ah! Lord, what do You want me to learn?" And I become attentive.

If everybody does the same thing, if all those who can do it (sincerely, of course, without pretense) do it sincerely: "Ah! Lord, what do You want me to learn?" and then observe, wait, then things are easier, you put yourself at least in better conditions.

July 31, 1963

Mother seems quite shaken and tired, though smiling as always

I've made a discovery – not positively a discovery, but a confirmation. A rather interesting observation.

There was a sort of periodicity in the attacks – can I call them "physical "? ... They're not physical, although they're on the body. They didn't recur at exactly regular intervals, because the periods of time in between weren't always the same, but there was a sort of analogy, of similarity in the circumstances. And now I have come to a kind of certainty.

The work consists, I could say, in ... either removing or transforming (I am not sure which of the two) all the body's cells that are or have been under the influence of Falsehood (not "lie" but *falsehood),* of the state contrary to the Divine. But since probably a radical purge or transformation would have resulted in nothing but the body's dissolution, the work goes on in stages, progressively (I am going very far back in time, to my first attacks). So the sequence is the following: first, a series of activities or visions (but those visions are always activities at the same time: both activities and visions) in the subconscious domain, showing in a very living and objective way the Falsehood that has to be removed (transformed or removed). At first, I took them as adverse attacks, but now I see they are "states of falsehood" to which certain elements in the physical being are linked (at the time, I thought, "I am brought into contact with that because of the correspondence in me," and I worked on that level – but it's another way of seeing the same thing). And it produces ... certainly there is a dissolution – there is a transformation, but a dissolution too – and that dissolution naturally brings about an extreme fatigue or

a sort of exhaustion in the body; so between two of those stages of transformation, the body is given time to recover strength and energy.[91] And I had noticed that those "attacks" always come after the observation (an observation I made these last few days) of a great increase in power, energy and force; when the body grows more and more solid, there always follows the next day or the day after, first, a series of nights I could call unpleasant (they are not, for they're instructive), and then a terrible battle in the body. This time I was conscious – naturally, I am conscious every time, but *(smiling)* more so every time.

I had observed lately that the body was getting much stronger, much more solid, that it was even putting on weight (!), which is almost abnormal. Then, I had a first vision (not vision: an activity, but very clear), then another, and then a third. Last night, I was fed a subtle food, as if to tell me that I would need it because I wouldn't take any physical food[92] (not that I thought about it, I simply noticed I had been fed, given certain foods). And with the visions I had the two preceding nights, I knew that at issue were certain elements forming part of the body's construction (psychological construction), and that they had to be eliminated. So I worked hard for their elimination. And today, the battle was waged.

But then, as I had worked hard for the elimination, the battle was quite formidable – when it exceeds a certain measure, the heart has trouble, and then I need to rest. That's how it happened. But it was so clear, so obvious! And the entire process was SEEN from the beginning, every single step of it, it's ... a marvel! A marvel of consciousness, of measure, of dosage, to allow the purification and transformation to take place without disrupting the balance, so that dissolution does not occur. It's based on the capacity to endure and withstand (naturally, if the body were unable to endure, that work couldn't be done).

And now the body KNOWS (in the beginning it didn't, it thought it was "attacks" from the outside, "adverse" forces; and it can always be explained like that, it was true in a certain way, but it wasn't the true truth, the deepest truth), now the body KNOWS where it all comes from, and it's so marvelous! A marvel of wisdom.... It puts everything in its place, it makes you REALIZE that all that play of the adverse forces is a way of seeing things (a necessary way at a given time, maybe – by "necessary," I mean practical), but it's still an illusion; illnesses are a necessary way of seeing things to enable you to resist properly, to fight properly, but it's still an illusion. And now, the BODY itself knows all this – as long as it was only the mind that knew it, it was a remote notion in the realm of ideas, but now the body itself knows it. And it is full not only of goodwill but also of an infinite gratitude – it always wonders (that's its first movement), "Do I have the capacity?" And it always gets the same answer, "It isn't YOUR capacity." "Will I have the strength?" – "It isn't YOUR strength." Even that sense of infirmity disappears in the joy of infinite gratitude – the thing is done with such goodness, such insight, such thoughtfulness, such care to maintain, as far as possible, a progressive balance.

It came with a certitude, an OBVIOUSNESS: this is the process of transformation.

But this time, there was a voluntary collaboration, so maybe it will go faster.

I was unable to do my work[93]: the jolt was too strong. But I said I would see you because I wanted to tell you about it.

(silence)

It's odd, when I am in that state, I feel as if to make myself heard I have to lift a staggering weight. I feel (for a few days now) as if I have to speak very, very loudly to be heard; it's almost like a mass ... yes, as though I were buried underground and had to shout very loudly in order to be heard.

Am I speaking very loudly?

No.

Because, with everybody, I feel as if I had to shout in order to be heard – and it's an effort, a considerable effort. There is a sort of mass, the color of brownish earth, weighing down on me, as though I were buried and had to shout. All the while I was speaking to you just now, I felt as if I were making an enormous effort to be heard.

Am I shouting or ...?

No.

Not at all?

No, it must be the thickness of consciousnesses that you're feeling?

Yes! Yes. Yes, it's the air – it's in the air.

(long silence)

And I was told something this morning (I think it was this morning, or in the night, I don't remember); it was said to the body, not to me. The body was told that it would go on till complete purification, and that AT THAT POINT it will have the choice between continuing its work or ... You see, once it has attained complete purification from the cellular point of view (not what people call physical "purity," that's not it), from the point of view of the divine Influence, which means that each cell will be under the exclusive influence of the Supreme (that's the work under way now), the body was told that that work would be done, and once it was completed, the body ITSELF, entirely under the Supreme's influence, would decide whether it wants to continue or be dissolved. It was very interesting, because ... dissolution means a scattering, but to scatter (that's easy to understand) is a way to SPREAD the consciousness over a very large area. So the cells will be given the choice either to act in that way *(gesture of diffusion)* or to act in agglomeration *(Mother makes a fist)*.

(silence)

It's the first time the problem has been envisaged from that angle, that is to say, from the standpoint of a general work.

But I don't see how the scattering ... If it is scattered, if it is dissolved, the whole work is dissolved, isn't it?

No, each cell is perfectly conscious.

Then they would go into other bodies?

(Mother remains thoughtful a moment) What happens from the material point of view?... Do they know if it reverts to inert Matter, or what? Does it become dust – what does it become?

Dust, yes.

Dust .... They're not cells any more?

No, I don't think so.

Then that's not it, because according to what I was told, they were cells – they remained cells. It must be something new. They remained cells, it was the cell that was given the choice either of staying in its present agglomeration or of spreading.

I don't know, but it seems to me they could persist only in agglomeration with other living beings.

Are the cells in the human body different from the cells in other bodies, in animals, for instance? Or are they the same?

Except for certain specialized cells, the other cells aren't different, I believe.

But the specialized cells must be the ones in question, because those in question are fully conscious cells – they are specialized cells.

So I don't see that they could go into animals, I don't think they're the same kind.

They could only go into other human organisms.

Human, yes.

Maybe it's the difference between ONE being and many beings? ...[94]
It must be something in preparation. We'll see.
So mon petit, I'll let you go now, because ...

* * *

A few days afterwards, Mother added this reflection:

It is clearly (according to external logic) a new way of dying that must be possible – no longer death as we regard it. But that ... for the moment, all we could say would be speculative, not a concrete experience. We'll see.

August

August 3, 1963

Physical Matter, physical substance – the very elementary consciousness that's in physical substance – has been so ill-treated (since man's presence on earth, I suppose, because before man, there probably wasn't enough self-consciousness to be aware of being ill-treated; the substance wasn't conscious enough, I suppose, to make a distinction between a normal peaceful state and unfavorable conditions; but anyway, that goes back quite long time), so ill-treated that it finds it very hard to believe things can be different. That consciousness has an aspiration – an aspiration especially for a LUMINOUS peace, something that isn't the dark peace of Unconsciousness, which it doesn't like (I don't know if it ever liked it, but it no longer does). It aspires to a luminous peace; not to a consciousness full of various things, not that: simply to a peaceful consciousness, very peaceful, very quiet, very luminous – that's what it wants. Yet at the same time, it has some difficulty believing that it's possible. I am experiencing it: the concrete and absolutely tangible intervention of the supreme Power, supreme Light and supreme Goodness – it [the consciousness in physical substance] has the experience of that, and every time it has a new sense of wonder, but in that sense of wonder I can see something like: "Is it really possible?"

It gives me the impression, you know, of a dog that has been beaten so much that it expects nothing but blows.

It's sad.

Yet the proofs are accumulating. If faith and trust could settle permanently, the difficulty would probably be over.

(silence)

That consciousness feels a sort of anxiety towards mental force; the moment a mental force manifests, it goes like this *(gesture of recoil):* "Oh, no! Enough of that, enough, enough!" As though mental force were the cause of all its torment. It

feels mental force as something so hard, dry, rigid, ruthless, above all dry – dry, empty – empty of the true Vibration.

That's becoming quite clear. For example, whenever there is no need to do anything outwardly and all activity stops, then there's rest, and there comes that thirst and aspiration for a luminous Peace. It comes, and not only does it come, it seems to be firmly established. But if in that rest something suddenly flags and the old mental activity starts up (an activity of the mind of the cells, the most material mind), immediately that consciousness comes out of its rest with a *jerk:* "Ah, no! Not that, not that, not that!" Instantly the mental activity is stopped, and there is an aspiration for the Presence – "Not that, not that!"

This morning, I had the experience twice; a very slight mental activity, and almost instantly: "Ah, no, no! Not that." That consciousness prefers to act or move or do anything rather than fall into that condition – which it seems to regard as the Enemy.

(silence)

This morning there was a kind of vision or sensation of the curve from the animal to man – a spiral curve – then of the return to the state above the animal, in which life, action, movement aren't the result of Mind but of a Force, which is felt as a Force of SHADOWLESS light, that is, self-luminous, casting no shadows, and absolutely peaceful. And in that peace, so harmonious and soft ... oh, it's supreme rest. That disharmony and hardness are the cause of fatigue in life.

I am speaking of the cells' consciousness.

Oh, to get out of that chaos of ideas, wills, conceptions – it's all so petty, so dry, so hollow, and at the same time so irritating in its instability.

And it seems to be reflected in circumstances: everyone seems to be, if not at the peak of his difficulties, at least a good way up (!) Disharmony, conflict, chaos appear to have reached their highest (I hope they won't rise any higher, because as it is it's hardly bearable). From morning till night, without letup, quarrels, discontent, demands ... oh, dissatisfaction, *"rumblings,* all the time, all the time, with a sort of simmering – a simmering of disorder and dissatisfaction. *(Mother points to a stack of letters):* see all that – which I am supposed to answer, naturally.

* * *

(Shortly afterwards, Mother goes into meditation and Satprem follows her:)

Do you still have a sensation of "descent"? A descent of force?

Me, I no longer feel that it descends: it's there *(gesture around and everywhere).* That is to say, I don't feel "something descending," it's there all the time – what about you?

I rarely feel a descent, except at times when the Force rushes downward, from below the shoulders downward.

Yes, in the body.

Then I feel a descent.

It [the meditation] was very good, very still and luminous, without any disturbance. Very good.

But the consciousness doesn't seem to be progressing – the consciousness, you understand.

Because it doesn't want to be mentalized! You shouldn't worry.

Oh, I remember, one day (it impressed me much), the Swami told me, "But you should imagine this, imagine that...."

Oh!

I said, 'No, I don't want to! I want THE THING TO COME. Then he replied (he said it with great force), "That was your error throughout all your lives."

Not wanting to imagine?

Yes, imagine, make use of the mental element.

But that's quite ... On the contrary, I've had to struggle against that, not in myself but everywhere, against that mania for imagining. That's what gives me such a ... (how can I put it?) both restful and pleasant impression [with you], everything stays still. If one wants to receive the Truth, all that must come to a stop.

I do understand.... My complaint is rather that the silence doesn't result in a clearer consciousness, for example.

It will come.

No, that habit of imagining is very, very ... I consider it very baneful.

I had that tendency very strongly in the past; that's what I called "storytelling" – everything, everything became stories: all the work, all that had to be done. But I stopped it completely, completely, as a dangerous thing – it gives a great material power (that's probably why the Swami asked you to do it), what it gives is a material power, but it's VERY bad, it falsifies all that comes from above.

August 7, 1963

You look tired....

The difficulties are continuing.

There's a keen struggle against the constant Negation of all inner life – higher life, rather. That is to say, the general Disbelief [in the body].

It's giving me the same kind of nights again. But it's odd, I don't know what it means, last night there were buildings made of a kind of red granite, and many Japanese. Japanese women sewing and making ladies' dresses and fabrics; Japanese youths climbing up and down the buildings with great agility; and everybody was very nice. But it was always the same thing *(gesture of a collapse or a fall into a hole)*: you know, a path opens up, you walk on it, and after a while, plop! it all collapses. And there was a young Japanese man who was climbing up and down the place absolutely like a monkey, with extraordinary ease: "Oh," I thought, "but that's what I should do!" But when I approached the spot, the things he used to climb up and down vanished! Finally, after a while, I made a decision: "I will go just the same," and found myself downstairs. There I met some people and all sorts of things took place. But what I found interesting was that all the buildings (there were a great many of them, countless buildings!) were made of a kind of red porphyry. It was very beautiful, Granite or porphyry, there were both. Wide stairs, big halls, large gardens – even in the gardens there were constructions.

But outwardly, difficulties are coming back, in the sense that the Chinese seem to be seized again with a zeal to conquer – they are massing troops at the border.

Yet it seems quite unlikely they will attack.

Then why are they massing troops?

Blackmail.

Obviously, but ... The result is that the Americans said they would come to help if they attacked. Even the Russians said they would help.

Well, we don't know. I SEE those great currents: they're like currents of madness that catch hold of people and things.... At bottom, it may be really a rather acute conflict between the Yes and the No, that is to say, between all that struggles to hasten the coming of new things and all that refuses – refuses with increasing violence.

(silence)

Constantly, constantly, this poor body is assailed by all the old ideas and old convictions that keep telling it that it's mistaken, it lives in illusion, it thinks it's being transformed but it's all humbug. So the body ... is a little tired, it wonders,

"Won't I get a little rest?" Night and day, it spends its time in the battle, nonstop. It's beginning to wonder if it's not some kind of inferiority of its own, an incapacity to deal with things quietly?

And then, it has never been very fond of food (that's something it has never been interested in), but in those cases, food becomes almost ... not positively disgusting, but ... It has always considered eating as tiring.

Yes.

Someone who understands!

(As if "by chance," Satprem reads Mother an old conversation, of January 24, 1961, on the influenza epidemic in Japan during World War I.)

And the best part of the story is that they've never had that type of influenza since.

The Japanese are receptive people.

They've learned so much from the Americans – it has warped their taste, but now it's beginning to come back. Also, all that they've learned helps them. And they've converted America to the sense of Beauty!

It's odd, last night, it was all Japanese....

(Then Satprem reads the conversation of May 22, 1963, in which he tells Mother how she cured him suddenly of an infectious disease, as though something suddenly "tipped over.")

I've noticed that phenomenon: always, when great difficulties crop up – a violent attack, a disorganization – the change isn't progressive: it's abrupt, like a reversal.

Just this morning, it was the same thing for me. You see, when the difficulty comes, there is a kind of general disorganization in the body, with intense pains, and ... (I observe, I want to follow the thing) it's not at all a progressive abatement followed by recovery, that's not how it works: it's absolutely like the reversal of a prism – everything vanishes at one stroke. There remains only that stupid habit the body has of remembering. And in remembering ... the remembrance makes you feel tired and out of sorts – but the thing is over.

The body's remembrance is yet another thing that will have to be worked upon.

There is a state in which you don't feel anything – a state – and a positive one, because it's a state of peace; a kind of very tranquil and very happy peace; a peace which makes you feel like staying that way forever: "Oh, if I could be that way forever! ..." Or else there's a chaos in which everything clashes and denies and quarrels – as though everything were in an uproar. It reminds me of the very first experience I had when I was – I really lived – that Pulsation of Love and when it was decided I was to take my body again, to reenter my body; well, I had contact

with my body, I knew I was in contact with my body, only through a pain. Contact with the body meant suffering.

I said that, in fact.

It seems to me (I've been feeling that for a long time now, more than a year, almost a year and a half), it seems to me that all the work was done only to teach every single element of the body to have a physical, material consciousness, but at the same time to maintain that state of peace – a positive, full, thoroughly comfortable peace: something that can last indefinitely. That is to say, I progressively teach the body what I could call all the divine states; I teach it to feel and live in the divine states. Well, the closest things (two things are close enough, but one is more comfortable, if I may say so – it's the word *ease* in English – than the other; the other is more tense *[Mother makes a fist],* there is a will in it) the closest things are the sense of eternity and the sense of silence. Because behind the whole creation (I mean the material creation), there is a perfect Silence, not the opposite of noise but a positive silence, which is at the same time a complete immobility – that's very good as an antidote to disorder. But the sense of eternity is still better, and it has a sweetness the other hasn't; the sense of eternity includes the sense of sweetness (but not "sweetness" as we understand it). It's extremely comfortable. That is, there is no reason why it should change – or cease or start anew. It is selfexistent, perfect in itself. And these are the best antidotes to the other state [of disorder]: peace, simple peace, isn't always sufficient.

After all, the body is an utterly wretched thing.... Yesterday, I think, it was complaining, really complaining (I said it was a "whiner," but yesterday it was complaining), really asking, "Why, why was such a wretched thing ever made?" – Incapacity, incomprehension, oh!... Nothing but limitations and impossibilities. A sterile goodwill, a complete lack of power, and as soon as some little vital power comes, it's turned into violence – disgusting.

(silence)

Whenever I complain like that, I can be sure I'll have a night of tension, and the next morning a "jolt."

It would be better to remain quiet, take things as they are and let the Lord do His work without ... without pushing Him all the time like that. I always feel that all our misfortunes are attracted by our impatience or discontent. If we were blissfully content and let things follow their course, "When You will it, it will be, that's all. I am an idiot, I remain an idiot, and when You will it to change ..."

> *But can we afford to let things follow their course? If we do, everything goes haywire.*

No.

> *We can tell ourselves, "Oh, everything will be fine," and let things sort themselves out, but then they just happen haphazardly.*

They happen haphazardly, but probably there comes a point when they get better.... (Laughing) We don't dare carry out the experiment to the very end!

That belief in us is obviously what makes us struggle. But I am not so sure it is true Wisdom.

I don't know.

> *Let's take a practical example [Mother smiles ironically at the "practical"! on another level than the corporeal level: say you have a garden invaded by crows and sparrows that are eating everything, insects, negligent gardeners.... So you have a choice: either you wear yourself out and get worked up about it but you keep the garden, or you react against your reaction and you say, "All right, I won't say anything, let things go as they like," and then everything gets spoiled.*

Yes, yes....

> *But if you stick your nose into it, you get worked up, because it's chaos.*

No, you should be able to stick your nose into it without getting worked up! And it's quite possible. It's something the body has achieved, here, this body: it can intervene without getting worked up. But that's not the question! The question is something BEHIND that. That's not it. The question is: if we leave disorder alone (if, to be precise, we let it reach its maximum), will the progress (what we call progress, that is, the change) not be greater?

> *Will the garden not be eaten up by the insects? That's the question.*

We don't make the experiment!

I saw in France a patch of garden: it was surrounded by walls, and the land had belonged to someone who took great care of it and had planted flowers in it. It was fairly large, but completely enclosed. That person died. It was in southern France. He died and no one (there were no heirs), no one looked after the garden: it was closed and stayed that way. I saw that garden ... I don't remember now, but certainly more than five years afterwards. It probably happened that the lock broke little by little and came loose; I pushed the door open and entered.... I've never seen anything more beautiful! There weren't any paths any more, there was no order any more, nothing but confusion – but what confusion! I've never seen anything more beautiful. I stood there in a sort of ecstasy.... There is a book (I think it's *Le Paradou* by Zola) in which there is a description of a fairy place – it was just like that: all the flowers and plants entangled, in an absolutely disorderly growth, but with a harmony of another type, a much vaster, much stronger harmony.

It was extraordinarily beautiful.

We have the mental habit of wanting to order, classify and regulate everything: we always want to have order – a mental order. But that's ... For

example, in those places untouched by men, such as virgin forests, there is a beauty you don't find in life, and it's a vital, unruly beauty which doesn't satisfy mental reason, yet contains a far greater wealth than anything the mind conceives and organizes.

But in the meantime, life is beleaguered by thousands of insects – millions of insects...

Yes.

... that constantly try to eat it up.

You know, a naturalist once said that if man didn't destroy the ant, the ant would drive man off the earth.

Well, that's the point!

It's possible! *(Mother laughs)*

It's hard to find ...

What's hard is to find the TRUE THING.

(silence)

But in fact, it must be quite a difficult problem, since it's the very problem that confronts the future of the earth.

The side of reason (of a gradual and harmonious progress as conceived by the mind) wants peace and quiet, order and harmony among nations. The "mortar and pestle" method, which mixes everything together to bring out something more potent, a richer combination of the elements, demands destruction. Both are there in the atmosphere, like this *(Mother looks)*. And it would seem – it would seem – that the decision hasn't been made yet, as Sri Aurobindo says ["it is still hanging"].

Yet ... at present, it would seem that my work is more a work of pacification (I mean the universal work).

But I am not sure.

(silence)

There was a time when I struggled very strongly against wastage: waste of force, waste of material, waste of time, and also, of course, waste of lives. A terrible waste of lives. But isn't this attitude still one of blinkered sentimentality?? I can't say.

(silence)

For a very long time – a very long time – I preferred one path to the other, and all the while when I lived with Sri Aurobindo physically, I quite certainly preferred the path of harmonious growth to that of ... the general "throwing back

into the melting pot"!

(silence)

That habit of throwing everything back, mixing it all together to start anew ... Even if it takes less and less time to learn one's lesson anew, still it takes some time, and that seems so useless!

All that the body knows, all that it has learned, it has learned it as an "aggregate," so if all that goes into another body, everything has to be learned again – which is a pain in the neck. You waste a lot of time.

(silence)

So your garden is in trouble!?

No, no! I was taking it as an example.

Yes, but you said it was a "practical" example!

No, sometimes the sensation of how life is beleaguered comes to me in waves – you are beleaguered. It's a perception I have, sometimes very strongly; you can't do anything without being beleaguered by something – for everything, everywhere, in every detail. For a year or two I've had that sensation. Sometimes it's revolting ... or else distressing. I've never felt it so strongly as during these last years – that sensation of being beleaguered, assailed.

All sorts of things come that way; at one period one thing, at another period another thing – those are periods of inner transformation. For instance, the sense of a universal duplicity (what in the Vedas they call *crookedness):* the impression that nothing goes straight. I have extraordinary examples of writing a sentence with a clear, precise will, and it was understood (by someone with perfect goodwill) in quite another way, according to his own vision of things. It happened a few days ago. But it happens all the time! I say something, which to me is as clear as can be, and it's understood absolutely differently, sometimes the very opposite! So there's the feeling, the sensation that EVERYTHING is that way, all life is that way, all consciousnesses are that way, all vibrations are that way – instead of going straight, everything is crooked. It's so strong that, as you say, it almost makes you feel sort of ill-at-ease. You are disgusted, it makes you feel sick.

And at another time, it's something else that comes.

It's precisely in response to those things that there is a call *(gesture of the Force descending into the body)* for purification: so the thing may be set right, so there may be at least one drop of Truth somewhere. So then it gives a "jolt."

The extent of that deformation is so considerable, so generalized that usually you don't notice it, either in yourself or in others – you notice it only when it assumes glaring proportions, but then ... hypocrisy, for example.

But I am speaking of a phenomenon that's constant.

There is the whole gamut, you see, right from the most material. In the most material, it's really like that: elements that are perpetually clashing and clashing and clashing ... everything is clashing, as though it were the only way to exist. In the vital realm, it's violence. And in the mental realm, it's mainly that *crookedness*. That's why I said to myself, "Truly, we are poor things!"

There is clearly in us the Remembrance that gives birth to the aspiration for something divine – if that weren't there, latent, we could never ... we could not even imagine! That aspiration couldn't exist, it would be meaningless. But still, what a long path this is....

It seems (it's quite certain) that the closer you come to the other side, the more it appears ... the more you see the difference.

As long as you wallow in your Ignorance, you don't notice it.

Well ...

August 10, 1963

93-Pain is the touch of our Mother teaching us how to bear and grow in rapture. She has three stages of her schooling, endurance first, next equality of soul, last ecstasy.

As long as we are dealing with moral things, this is absolutely obvious and indisputable: all moral pain, when you know how to take it, shapes your character and leads you straight to ecstasy. But when it comes to the body ...

It's true that the doctor himself said *([laughing],* the doctor[95] symbolizes Doubt with a capital D) that if you teach your body to bear pain, it grows more and more enduring and doesn't get disrupted so fast – that's a concrete result. People who know how not to be thoroughly upset as soon as they have a pain here or there, who are able to bear quietly and keep their balance, it seems that in their case the body's capacity to bear disorder without breaking down increases. That's very important. You remember, in a previous *Agenda I* asked myself the question from a purely practical and physical point of view, and it does seem to be true. Inwardly, I have been told many a time – told and shown with all sorts of little experiences – that the body can bear far more than people think, provided they don't add fear or anxiety to the pain; if you can get rid of that mental factor, the body, left to itself, without either fear or fright or anxiety for what will happen – without anguish – can bear a great deal.

The second step is that once the body has decided to bear pain (it really takes the decision to do so), instantly the acuteness, the acute sensation in the pain vanishes. I am speaking on an absolutely material level.

And if you have calm (it requires an inner calm, which is another factor), if you have inner calm, then the pain turns into an almost pleasant sensation – not "pleasant" in the ordinary sense of the word, but there comes an almost comfortable impression. Once again, I am speaking on a purely physical, material

level.

The last stage: when the cells have faith in the divine Presence and the divine sovereign Will and trust that all is for the good, then ecstasy comes – the cells open up, become luminous and ecstatic.

That makes four stages (this aphorism refers to only three).

The last one is probably not within everybody's reach (!) but the first three are quite obvious – I know it works like that. The only point that bothered me (I told you once) is that it isn't a purely psychological experience and that enduring pain causes wear and tear in the body. But I inquired with the doctor (I casually made him talk), and he told me that if the body is taught very young to bear pain, its capacity to bear increases so much that it can effectively withstand illnesses, which means that the illness doesn't follow its course, it aborts. That's precious.

The last experience (which I've had these last few days), in which apparently there was a hitch (it wasn't really one) was a sort of demonstration. I told you what it was, you remember: it's like a purge of all the vibrations that are false vibrations, that aren't the pure and simple response to the supreme Influence (all that in the cells still responds to the vibrations of falsehood, either from habit or from the people around or the food taken – fifty thousand things). Then, with an aspiration or a decision, almost a prayer for purification coming from the body, something happens which, naturally, upsets the balance; the imbalance in turn brings about a general discomfort. The form discomfort takes is habitually the same: first, pains and all kinds of sensations I need not describe; if that state goes on developing, if it is allowed to assume its full proportions, it results ... in the past it resulted in a faint. But this time, I followed the process for about two hours from the moment I got up: the struggle between the new balance, the new Influence that was getting established, and the resistance of all the existing elements forced to go away. That created a sort of conflict. The consciousness remained very clear – the consciousness of the BODY remained very clear, very quiet, perfectly trusting. So for two hours I was able to follow the process (while going on with all my usual activities, without changing anything), until I felt, or rather was told sufficiently clearly that the Lord wanted my body to be completely immobile for a while so that He might complete His work. But I am not all alone: there are other people here to help me and watch over everything (but I don't say or explain anything to them, those are things I don't talk about – I don't say what goes on, I don't say anything), so I sat there wondering, "Is it really and truly indispensable?" *(Mother laughs)* Then I felt the Lord exert a little more pressure, which heightened the intensity of the conflict, so that I had all the signs of fainting – I understood (!) ... I stood up, let my body moan a little to make it plain it didn't feel too well (!) and I stretched out. Then I was immobile, and in that immobility, I saw the work that was being done – a work that cannot be done if you go on moving about. I saw the work. It took nearly half an hour; in half an hour it was over. Which means there is really ... there is a fact I cannot doubt, even if all the surrounding thoughts and forces contradict it: I cannot doubt that the consciousness is increasing more and more – the consciousness in the body. It is growing more and more precise,

luminous, exact – QUIET – very peaceful. Yet very conscious of a TREMENDOUS battle against millennial habits. Do you follow?

When it was over, I saw that even physically, bodily, there is a strength: the result is an increased strength. A very clearly increased strength.

But it's still going on. Now, there's a great battle against all the ideas, the habits, the sensations, the possibilities, everything, concerning death – "death" *(laughing),* not "death" in the sense of the consciousness departing (that, of course, people talk about, but ... those things no longer exist), no: WHAT THE CELLS MUST FEEL.[96] And all the possibilities are presented to me ... With that consciousness (the consciousness accumulated, compressed in all those cells), when the heart stops beating and it's understood that, according to human ignorance, you are "dead," how does the force that groups all those cells together abdicate its will to hold them all together?... Naturally, I was told right away (because the problem – all the problems – come from everywhere, and it's purposely that I am shown the problem and made to struggle with it; it's not just as an "idea"), I was told right away that that force, that consciousness which holds everything together in really superconscious cells (they don't have at all the ordinary type of consciousness; ordinarily, it's the inner, vital being *[Mother touches the heart center]* that's conscious of oneness, that is, conscious of being a being), that this aggregate of cells is now an aggregate OF ITS OWN WILL, with an organized consciousness which is a sort of collective gathering of that cellular consciousness; well ... Obviously this is an exceptional condition, but even in the past, in those beings who were very developed outwardly, there was a beginning of willed, conscious cellular gathering, and that's certainly why in ancient Egypt, where occultism was very developed. exceptional beings such as the pharaohs, the high priests, etc., were mummified, so as to preserve the form as long as possible. Even here in India, generally they were petrified (in the Himalayas there were petrifactive springs). There was a reason.[97]

And I saw for Sri Aurobindo (although he hadn't yet started this systematic transformation; but still, he was constantly pulling the supramental force down into his body), even in his case, it took five days to show the first slight sign of decomposition. I would have kept his body longer, but the government always meddles in other people's business, naturally, and they pestered me awfully, saying it was forbidden to keep a body so long and that we should ... So when the body began to (what's the word?) *shrink – it* was shrinking and contracting, that is, dehydrating – then we had to do it. He had had enough time to come out, since almost everything came into my body – almost everything that was material came into my body.

But the question arose for this body [Mother's], "just to see," you know. And I saw all kinds of things, and finally the answer was always the same (you see, the problem was presented to me to enable me to understand the situation in all its aspects and see the necessities), that naturally everything would be for the best! *(Laughing)* Without a doubt. But I mean it was presented very concretely and, I could say, very "personally" to make me understand the problem. And there was

that old thing I was told the other day (old, that is, a few days old! i: I was told that THE CELLS THEMSELVES would be given a free choice. So the conclusion of all that meditation was that there must be a new element in the consciousness of the cellular aggregates – a new element ... a new experience that must be in progress. The result: last night, I had a series of fantastic cellular experiences, which I cannot even explain and which must be the beginning of a new revelation.

When the experience began, there was something looking on (you know, there is always in me something looking on somewhat ironically, always amused) which said, "Very well! If that happened to someone else, he would think he was quite sick! *(laughing)* Or half mad." So I stayed very quiet and thought, "All right, let it be, I'll watch, I'll see – I'll see soon enough! It has started, so it will have to end! ..." Indescribable! Indescribable (the experience will have to recur several times before I can understand), fantastic! It started at 8:30 and went on till 2:30 in the morning; that is to say, not for a second did I lose consciousness, I was there watching the most extraordinary things – for six hours.

I don't know where this is going....

Indescribable; you know, you become a forest, a river, a mountain, a house – and it's the sensation (an absolutely concrete sensation) OF THE BODY, of this *(gesture to the body)*. Many other things too. Indescribable. It lasted a long time, with a whole variety of things.

So at 2:30 in the morning, I said to the Lord, "That will do, won't it?!" *(Mother laughs)* And He gave me a blissful rest till 4:30.

Good.

All that on the aphorism! ... Anyway, you can use the beginning. But you should ask me a question. Ask me a question.

> *I asked myself if for everybody the supramental process will always automatically involve a lot of physical suffering.*

No.

No, because I have a growing proof that those things I have mastered now, in the body, I have the power (I keep receiving letters and notes from here or there, from people here or there who have an illness) ... it is beginning; so far it's only a beginning, a very small beginning: the power to eliminate pain.

You know, on a smaller scale, what happened with your illness.

> *Yes, but I didn't mean sick people. I mean people who today or in the future will seek to effect the transformation in themselves.*

No, they ...

> *Will they have to go through all that suffering?*

No! That Sri Aurobindo wrote very clearly: for all those who have faith and open themselves in *surrender* and faith, the work will be done automatically.[98] As long as he was here, mon petit, all the thirty years I spent with him working, NOT

ONCE did I have to make an effort for a transformation. Simply, whenever there was a difficulty, I repeated, *My Lord, my Lord, my Lord ... I* just thought of him – hop! it went away. Physical pain: he annulled it. You know, some things that were hampering the body, some old habits that had come back, I only had to tell him: off they would go. And through me, he did the same for others. He always said that he and I did the Work (in fact, when he was here, it was he who did it; I only did the external work), that he and I did the Work, and that all that was asked from the others was faith and *surrender,* nothing more.

If they had trust and gave themselves in perfect trust, the Work was done automatically.

> *In your body's cells, it is therefore a universal progress that is being made, it's the earth that progresses.*

Yes.

(silence)

This body was built for that purpose, because I remember very well that when the war – the First World War – started and I offered my body up in sacrifice to the Lord so that the war would not be in vain, every part of my body, one after another *(Mother touches her legs, her arms etc.),* or sometimes the same part several times over, represented a battlefield: I could see it, I could feel it, I LIVED it. Every time it was ... it was very strange, I had only to sit quietly and watch: I would see here, there, there, the whole thing in my body, all that was going on. And while it went on, I would put the concentration of the divine Force there, so that all – all that pain, all that suffering, everything – would hasten the preparation of the earth and the Descent of the Force. And that went on consciously throughout the war.

The body was built for that purpose.

At the time, there was still a lot of mental activity, and those experiences took all the forms the mind gives to things – very nice, very literary! Now, all that is over – happily, thank God! A complete silence – I don't make speeches on the thing. But the experience of last night! ... And to think that when an experience lasts half an hour, three quarters of an hour, one hour, it's considered extraordinary – it lasted from 8:30 till 2:15, nonstop.

> *A sort of ubiquity in the cells?*

Yes, yes.

A oneness – the sense of Oneness.

(silence)

It is clear that if this experience becomes natural, spontaneous and constant, death can no longer exist: even for this, I mean *(Mother touches her body)*.

There's something I SENSE there, without being able to express or understand

it mentally. There must be some difference, even in the behavior of the cells, when you leave your body.

It must be another phenomenon that takes place.

During all that period of concentration and meditation on what happens in a body after death (I am speaking of the body's experience after what is now called "death"), well, several times the same kind of vision came to me.... I had been told (shown and told) of certain saints whose bodies did not decompose (there's one here, there was one in Goa – fantastic stories). Naturally, people always romanticize those things, but there remains the material fact of a saint who died in Goa, left his body in Goa, but whose body didn't decompose.[99] I don't know the story in all its details, but the body was removed from India, taken away to China and remained buried there, in Hong-Kong, I believe (or somewhere in that region) for a time; then it was taken out, brought back here, buried again. For ten or twelve years it stayed buried in those two places: it didn't decompose. It dried out, became mummified (dried out, that is, dehydrated), but it remained preserved. Well, this fact was presented to me several times as ONE of the possibilities.

Which means, to tell the truth, that everything is possible.

But what I was shown clearly and what I saw was ... (I have difficulty talking because it all came to me in English: Sri Aurobindo was there and it was in English), it was the stupidity and *carelessness,* really, the ignorance – the stupid ignorance and I-couldn't-care-less attitude the living have towards the dead. That's something frightful. Frightful.... Frightful. I've heard stories from everywhere, all sorts of appalling things.... For instance, one of the stories (it took place while Sri Aurobindo was here): there was a disciple whose son died (or at least they thought him dead), and as they weren't Hindus, they didn't burn him: they buried him. Then at night, his son came to him and told him ... you see, he saw his son at the window, knocking at the window and telling him, "But why did you bury me alive?" (I don't know in what language, but anyway ...) And that idiot of a father thought, "I'm dreaming"!! Then the next day, long afterwards, he had second thoughts and asked himself, "What if we took a look?" And they found him turned over in his coffin.

When the man told me the story and how he found it quite natural to think, "I am dreaming," I can't find words to tell my indignation at that moment, when I saw that ... you know, it's such a crass, such an inert stupidity! It didn't even occur to him how he would have felt if the thing had happened to HIM. It didn't even occur to him!

There was another case of a man who had been brought to the cremation ground, but a torrential rain started – no question of burning him. They left him there and said, "We'll burn him tomorrow." But the next morning when they came, he wasn't there any more! *(Laughing)* He was gone. But that's not all: thirty years later, he returned (he was a Raja): he had been picked up by sannyasins, taken into solitude, and had become a sannyasin, until, thirty years later, for God knows what reason, he thought it best to go and claim his possessions, so he returned with proofs that he was indeed the same man....[100]

I have heard countless stories of that kind, which show the point to which men ... They want to get rid of the dead, don't they! And the faster the better.

I remember someone who told me (someone who claimed to be a sage), he told me, "But if it's untrue that the same beings reincarnate many times, then the dead increase more and more in number, and the atmosphere is going to be terribly crowded with all those dead! ... They'll become a plague. What will we do with all that? They will be far more numerous than the living and will crowd everything – what will we do with all that?" There, you see the type of reflection.

(silence)

The attitude of the living towards the dead is one of the most loathsome expressions of mankind's selfish ignorance.

It's either a complete I-couldn't-care-less attitude, or else, "Ohh, anything to get rid of that!" I have some children here (they're no longer children), who live here with their fathers and mothers (who aren't very old), and some of those children told me "dreams" in which they saw their fathers or mothers dead and coming to them ... and they sent them back violently, saying, "You're dead, you've got no right to come and bother us"! ...

You're dead, you've got no right to come and bother us. There you are.

That's ... few will be frank enough to say so, but it's very widespread.

Many things must change before a little bit of truth can manifest – that's all I can say.[101]

August 13, 1963

(Regarding an old "Playground Talk" of 1950 and noted from memory by a disciple, which Mother asks Satprem to scrap. The subject was Nirvana, which one was to reach – or so the notation said – by withdrawing all one's energies into the psychic being or soul.)

None of that is true! In the first place, we should say that each realm has an energy of its own. But what people generally feel as energy is vital energy; and vital energy ... (hem!) is vital! Therefore to say that those who withdraw withdraw all their energies and consciousness into the psychic to attain Nirvana is nonsense!

There is a nirvana behind the vital, a nirvana behind the psychic, a nirvana behind the mind; there is a nirvana on every level, even behind the physical – it's death. And those who withdraw, who try to attain Nirvana, NEVER go into the

psychic – the psychic is something essentially linked to divine manifestation, not to divine nonintervention, not to Nirvana.

All that is fit for the wastepaper basket![102]

August 13, 1963

(Note from Mother to Satprem)

> *(This note came apropos of an old "Playground Talk," of December 21, 1950, which Satprem read Mother during the preceding conversation. Mother spoke in it of the "clear, precise and constant vision of the Truth," and she added: "Some call it the Voice of God or the Will of God. The real sense of these terms has been perverted, that's why I prefer to say 'the Truth,' although it is but one very limited aspect of That which we cannot name but is the Source and Goal of all existence.")*

Satprem,

Here is what came to me for the *Questions and Answers* after you left, you will see if you can use it and insert it in the text:

I do not readily use the word "God" because religions have made it the name of an almighty being, foreign to his creation, outside of it. Which is incorrect.

Yet, on the physical plane, the difference is obvious. For we are still all that we no longer want to be, while He is all that we want to become.

Signed: Mother

August 17, 1963

(Mother prepares another aphorism for the next "Bulletin.")

What aphorism do we have?

It's about "renunciation."

There is that thing I said: acceptance and struggle – both together. What did he say about renunciation?

> 94 – All renunciation is for a greater joy yet ungrasped. Some renounce for the joy of duty done, some for the joy of peace, some for the joy of God and some for the joy of self-torture, but renounce rather as a passage to the freedom and untroubled rapture beyond.

And your question?

> *I always hesitate to ask you questions, because it sets you on a certain line which isn't necessarily what would come to you....*

(silence)

I never had much that experience of "enunciation.... To renounce something, you must be attached to it, while I always had the thirst, the need to go farther, to go higher, to progress, to do better, to know better and ... instead of having a sense of renunciation, you have rather a sense of good riddance! Something you get rid of that hampers you, weighs you down, hinders your advance.

In that light, it's very interesting.

That's what I wrote to you the other day ["We are still all that we no longer want to be, while He is all that we want to become"]. What we call "we" in our egoistic stupidity, a stupidity of the ego, is precisely all that we no longer want to be; and it would be such a joy to throw all that away, get rid of it in order to be ready to become what we want to be.

That's a very living experience.

August 21, 1963

(Regarding an old "Playground Talk," of January 4, 1951, in which Mother said that one of the essential conditions for transformation is an awareness of the inner dimensions: "It's a total reversal of consciousness, which can be compared to what happens to light when it goes through a prism. Or else it's as if you turned a ball inside out, which can be done only in the fourth dimension. You emerge from the ordinary consciousness of the third dimension to enter the higher consciousness of the fourth dimension, and then an infinite number of dimensions. This is the indispensable starting point.")

That's what I had told you already: the whole basis of the yogic effort is changed now. Formerly, the work was based precisely on that knowledge of inner dimensions – I can't recapture that any more, I see it as completely outside me.[103]

So I can't add anything to those "Talks": their source is different. Even now for the aphorisms, it's a little bit difficult. I feel I have to come down, to revert to an old frame of mind in order to say something.

> *You need not bother about people. Just speak according to your present mode, without bothering whether they understand or not.*

They understand nothing.

> *It doesn't matter.*

Then it's no use publishing what I say!

> *Some do understand.*

Anyway, what I say nowadays is good for the [Agenda] box.

* * *

(Then Mother returns to the aphorism on "renunciation."
She remains silent. She still appears to be shaken.)

It's difficult because ...

These days, I don't know whether it has come to the last battle, but it has descended very deep into the cells' worst-lit realm: what still belongs most to the world of Unconsciousness and Inertia and is most foreign to the divine Presence. It is, so to say, the primal substance that was first used by Life, and it has a sort of inability to feel, to experience a reason for that life.

In fact, it's something I had never experienced [that absence of meaning]; even in my earliest childhood, when there was no development, I always had a perception (not a mentalized but a vibrant perception) of a Power behind all things which is the raison d'être of all things – a Power, a Force, a kind of warmth.

It isn't the experience of THIS body's cells: it's an identification with the world in general, with the Earth as a whole. It's an absolutely frightful and hopeless condition: something meaningless, aimless, without raison d'être, without any joy in itself or ... and worse than *disagreeable – meaningless,* insensate. Something that has no raison d'être and yet is. It was ... it is a frightful situation.

I have an impression of being quite close to the bottom of the pit.

Yesterday, it was like that almost the whole day long. But all at once something came (I don't know from where or how ... neither from above nor from within nor from ... I don't know): there is only ONE raison d'être, only ONE Reality, only ONE Life, and there is nothing other than ... THAT. It was THAT

(not in the least mentally, there was no intellectual formulation, nothing), it was Something that was Light (far more than Light), Power (far more than power), Omnipotence (far more than Omnipotence), and also an intensity of sweetness, of warmth, of plenitude – all that together – along with that Something, which naturally words cannot describe. And That came all at once, like that, when there was such a frightful state of anguish, because it was nothing – a nothing you couldn't get out of. There was no way of getting out of that nothing, because it was nothing.

You know, all those who seek Nirvana, all their disgust of life, all that is almost enjoyable in comparison! That's not it. That's not it, it was a thousand times, a million times worse. It was nothing, and because it was nothing it was impossible to get out of it – there was no ... no solution.

At one point, the tension was so great that ... you wonder, "Am I going to burst?"

Then everything relaxed and opened up *(gesture as if the cells opened out)* ... OM.

(silence)

I don't know if there's a yet deeper pit but ...

And that relief, that blossoming, that peace ... Everything disappears, except That.

(silence)

It's really the first time I had that experience – never, never did I experience that before. And it wasn't in the least, in the least personal to my body, it[104] isn't my body's cells – it's something else....

And that is the basis and foundation of all materialism.

It lasted the whole day long! ...

(silence)

The experience came at the time when the condition was most acute in its nothingness.... I don't know how to explain it, it's inexpressible, but it was COMPLETE: there was nothing but that, that sort of meaningless and aimless "nothing," without raison d'être or origin – and, therefore, without remedy. Then it reached the point when ... you know, when everything is about to burst and there is such a tension. (Is it tension? I don't know how to explain.) And all at once, a change as total as you can imagine.

So you understand, those old "Talks," all that's ... a lot of talk!

(long silence)

Every time an experience of that kind occurs, the entire vision of things and of the relationship between things is changed *(gesture of reversal)*. Even from a quite practical viewpoint. You see, Life is a sort of chessboard on which all the pawns

are arranged according to certain inner laws, and every time it all changes: everything changes, the chessboard changes, the pawns change, the types of organization change. Also the inner quality of the pawns – very much so.

For instance, these last few days I had a whole vision of X, of what he represents, the people around him, his relationship with the Ashram – all that entirely changed. Every element took a new place in relation to all the others. And I have nothing to do with it, I don't "try" to understand, I don't "try" to see, nothing: the thing is simply shown to me. Like pictures that are shown to me. Each thing has its own special flavor, its own special color, its own special quality and its own special relationship with the rest – all the relationships are different.

It's growing very PRECISE, very minute, very sharp, not floating: very accurate to the last detail. And with a great simplicity.

As though the entanglement of forces, of consciousnesses and movements grew clearer and clearer, more and more complete, very, very precise. And very simple too.

Very simple.

All problems, all problems are beginning to be seen in that way.

And always an impression of emerging (what I previously called "clarity" or comprehension is to me now incomprehension and confusion), of emerging from that towards a greater clarity, a more total comprehension. With all sorts of complications that disappear, even though everything is far more complete than before.

Before, there were always hazy spots, some hazy, imprecise, uncertain things; and as that disappears, it all becomes much clearer, much simpler, and MUCH MORE EXACT. And the haziness disappears. There is, you know, a whole world of impressions, of *guessing* (things you imagine, they are imaginations rather than impressions) that fills the gaps; and there were some reference points, things that are known and linked together by a whole hazy mass of impressions and imaginations (it works automatically); and every time, oh, you emerge from it all towards something so light *(gesture above),* and all those clouds evaporate. And it looks so simple! You say to yourself, "But it's so obvious, so clear! There weren't any complications."

Every time, it's like that *(gesture of ascent from stage to stage):* you see farther, you see more things at a glance.

It would seem that a time will come when all the movements of the earth will be like that, very clear and very simple.

And it corresponds to that descent into the pit.

August 24, 1963

(Mother asks Satprem if he has prepared a question on the aphorism on

"renunciation," which is to appear in the next "Bulletin." Then she adds:)

I delivered great speeches to you on the subject, but I don't remember! *(Laughing)* It was in the night, I delivered a whole speech to you, and I even thought, in the middle of the night, "Well, that's just what I should tell Satprem tomorrow!"

I told you that the only process I've known, and which recurred several times in my life, is to renounce an error. Something you believe to be true – which probably was true for a time – on which you partly base your action, but which, in actuality, was only one opinion. You thought it was a truthful finding with all its logical consequences, and your action (part of your action) was based on it, so that everything proceeded from it automatically. Till suddenly an experience, a circumstance or an intuition warns you that your finding isn't so true as it appeared to be (!) Then there is a whole period of observation and study (sometimes too it comes as a revelation, a massive proof), and then it's not just your idea or false knowledge that needs to be changed, but also all its consequences, perhaps an entire way of acting on a particular point. At that moment, you get a sort of sensation, something that feels like a sensation of renunciation; that is to say, you have to undo a whole collection of things you had built. Sometimes it's quite considerable, sometimes a very small thing, but the experience is the same: the movement of a force, a dissolving power, and the resistance of all that must be dissolved, all the past habit. It is the contact of the movement of dissolution with the corresponding resistance that probably translates in the ordinary human consciousness as the sense of renunciation.

I saw that very recently; it's something insignificant, the circumstances are completely unimportant in themselves (it's only the study of the whole that makes it interesting). It's the only phenomenon that has recurred several times in my life and which for that reason I know well. And as the being progresses, the power of dissolution increases, becomes more and more immediate, and the resistance lessens. But I remember the time when the resistances were at their highest (more than half a century ago), and it never worked in any other way: it was always something outside me – not outside my consciousness but outside my will – something that resists the will. I never had the feeling I had to renounce things but I felt as if I had to exert a pressure on them to dissolve them. Whereas now, the farther I go, the more imperceptible the pressure becomes, it's immediate: as soon as the Force that comes to dissolve a collection of things manifests, there's no resistance, everything gets dissolved; on the contrary, there's hardly any sense of liberation – there's something that is amused every time and says, "Ah, again! How many times you limit yourself...." How many times you think you're constantly moving on, smoothly, without stopping, and how many times you set a little limit to your action (it isn't a big limit because it's a very little thing within an immense whole, but it's a limit nonetheless). And then when the Force acts to dissolve the limit, at first you feel liberated, you feel a joy; but now it's not even like that any more: there is a smile. Because it's not a sense of liberation – you

very simply remove a stone that stands in your way.

That's more or less what I told you last night, but I told it to you complete with illustrations! It would take pages, you understand! *(Laughing)* That's why the illustrations are gone, otherwise it would fill a volume. There were all the explanations, all the details.

That idea of renunciation can occur only in an egocentric consciousness. Naturally, people (those whom I call quite unevolved) are attached to things – when they have something, they don't want to let go of it! That seems so childish to me! ... For them, if they are obliged to give it up, it hurts! Because they identify with the things they hold on to. But that's childish. The real process behind *is* ... *the amount* of resistance in the things that developed on a certain basis of knowledge – a knowledge at a given time, no longer a knowledge at another time – a partial knowledge, not fleeting but impermanent. There is a whole collection of things built on that knowledge, and they resist the Force that says, "No! It's not true, *(laughing)* your basis is no longer true, away with it!" But then, "Oh, it hurts!" – that's what people feel as renunciation.

> *The difficult thing is perhaps not so much to renounce as to accept ... [Mother smiles] when you see life as it is now. But then if you accept, how can you live in the midst of all that while having that "untroubled rapture" – the untroubled rapture not up there but here?*[105]

This has been my problem for weeks.

I have reached this conclusion: in principle, what gives rapture is the awareness of and union with the Divine (that's the principle), therefore the awareness of and union with the Divine, whether in the world as it is or in the building of a future world, must be the same – in principle. That's what I keep saying to myself all the time: "How is it that you don't have that rapture?" I do have it: at the time when the whole consciousness is centered in the union, whenever that is, in the midst of any activity, along with that movement of concentration of the consciousness on the union comes rapture. But I must admit it disappears when I am in that ... it's a world of work, but a very chaotic world, in which I act on everything around me – and necessarily I have to receive what's around me in order to act on it. I have reached a state in which all that I receive, even the things considered the most painful, leave me absolutely still and indifferent – "indifferent," not an inactive indifference: no painful reaction of any kind, absolutely neutral *(gesture turned to the Eternal),* a perfect equanimity. But within that equanimity, there is a precise knowledge of the thing to be done, the words to be said or written, the decision to be made, anyway all that action involves. All that takes place in a state of perfect neutrality, with a sense of the Power at the same time: the Power goes through me, the Power acts, and neutrality stays – but there's no rapture. I don't have the enthusiasm, the joy and plenitude of action, not at all.

And I must say that the state of consciousness that rapture gives would be dangerous in the present state of the world.... Because it has almost absolute

reactions – I can see that that state of rapture has an OVERWHELMING power. But I insist on the word "overwhelming," in the sense that it's intolerant of, or intolerable to (yes, intolerable to) all that's unlike it! It's the same thing, or almost (not quite the same but almost), as supreme divine Love: the vibration of that ecstasy or rapture is a first hint of the vibration of divine Love, and that's absolutely ... yes, there is no other word, intolerant, in the sense that it doesn't brook the presence of anything contrary to it.

So that would have frightening results for the ordinary consciousness. I can see that very well, because at times that Power comes – the Power comes ... and you feel as if everything is about to explode. Because it can tolerate only union, it can tolerate only an accepting response – receiving and accepting. And not from any arbitrary will: from the VERY FACT of its existence, an all-powerful existence – "all-powerful" not in the way man understands allpowerfullness: really an all-powerfulness. That is, entirely, totally and exclusively existing. It contains everything, but what is contrary to its vibration is forced to change, you see, since nothing can disappear; but then that immediate, brutal, so to say, and absolute change is, in the world as it is, a catastrophe.

This is the answer I received to my problem.

Because that was my question, I wondered, "But why? I who am ..." Any second I just have to do this *(gesture upward)* and it's ... there's only the Lord, all is THAT – but in such an absolute way that all that is not It vanishes! So the proportion at present .. *(laughing)* is that too many things would have to disappear!

That I understood.

(silence)

At times ... For the body it's a constant work – a constant labor – very tiny, of every instant, an unceasing effort, with, so to say, an imperceptible result (externally at any rate, quite nonexistent), so for someone who doesn't have my consciousness, it's perfectly obvious that the body appears to wear out and age, to be slowly heading for decomposition: that's in everyone's atmosphere and consciousness *(Mother laughs),* it's the kind of appreciation and vibration that's being thrown all the time on this poor body, which besides is quite conscious of its infirmity – it doesn't entertain any illusions! But that quiet, peaceful, but UNCEASING endurance in the effort of transformation makes it sometimes yearn for a little ecstasy – not as an abolition or annihilation, not at all, but it seems to be saying, "Oh, Lord, I beg you, let me be You m all tranquillity." In fact, that's its prayer every evening when people are supposed to leave it in peace (unfortunately they leave it in peace physically, but mentally they don't). But that ... I could cut off, I learned to cut off long, long ago, I could cut off, but ... something, I mean somewhere, "someone" doesn't approve! *(Mother laughs)* Obviously what the Someone – the great Someone – wants to see realized is perfect peace, perfect rest, and joy, a passive joy (not too active; a passive joy is enough), a passive, constant joy, WITHOUT forsaking the work. In other words, the individual experience isn't

regarded as all-important – very far from it: the help given to the whole, the leaven which makes the whole rise, is AT LEAST equally important. Ultimately, that's probably the major reason for persisting in this body.

Nothing inside asks any questions, there are no problems there; all the problems I am talking about are posed by the body, for the body; otherwise, inside, everything is perfect, everything is exactly as it should be. And totally so: what people call "good," what they call "evil," the "beautiful," the "ugly," the ... all that is a small immensity (not a big immensity), a small immensity that is moving more and more towards a progressive realization – that's the correct phrase – within an integral Consciousness which integrally (how should I put it?) *enjoys,* or I could say, feels the plenitude of what He does – does, is and so forth (it's all the same thing). But this poor body ...

And probably ... It's certain too that one can't go too fast: if the body had that Joy in it, if it had that ecstasy in it, that rapture continually, surely that would bring too rapid a transformation – there are still a lot of things to be changed, a lot, a whole lot of things....

What people see [when they look at Mother's body] is only the appearance, but this appearance is a reflection of something else.... *(silence)* There's a sort of knowledge (is it a knowledge?) or foreknowledge given to the body of how this appearance will be changed. And it sounds so simple, so easy, it can be done in a flash, because it's not AT ALL – it won't AT ALL be done in the way people think or expect.... It's rather like the vision of the TRUE internal movement that would IMPOSE itself in such a way that it would veil the false vision which sees things like that [on the surface]. It's very hard to explain, but it's ... I've felt it several times for a few seconds (I have a sort of sensation of the thing): there is something true, the true Physical, which, although it's not perceptible to our eyes as they see, could make itself perceptible through an INTENSIFICATION. And that intensification would be what would effect the transformation outwardly – that would replace the false appearance with the real form.

But I have no idea whether the false appearance wouldn't still exist for those not ready to see the true thing.... At any rate, it would be an intermediary period: those whose eyes were open would be able to see (what is called "open eyes" in the Scriptures), they would be able to see; and they would be able to see not through effort or seeking, but the thing would impose itself on them. While those whose eyes were not open ... for a time, at least, it would be that way, they wouldn't see – they would still see the old appearance. The two may be simultaneous.

I SAW myself the way I am, and quite obviously ... *(Mother laughs)* my body seems to have been shrunk to enable me to dominate it and exceed it on all sides without difficulty! That's my impression, something that's *shrunk!* The English word is very expressive *(Mother laughs)*.

Now, of course, when I say that, people imagine it's a psychic or mental vision – that's not it, I don't mean that! I mean a PHYSICAL vision, with these very eyes *(Mother touches her eyes)*. But a TRUE physical vision, instead of the distorted

vision we have now.

This means, basically, that the true reality is far more marvelous than we can imagine, because all that we can imagine is always a transformation or glorification of what we see – but that's not it. That's not it!

I am not quite sure that I do not already exist physically with a true body[106] – I say "not quite sure" because the outer senses have no proof of it! But in fact-... I don't try, I have never attempted to see or know, but from time to time, it somehow imposes itself: for a minute, I see myself, feel myself, objectify myself as I am. But it just lasts a few seconds, and pfft! gone – it's replaced by the old habit.

You know, we can only conceive of things changing from one to another: you grow young again, all the signs of aging disappear and so on – that's old hat, that's not how it works. That's not it!

Once, I remember, my body was feeling sorry for itself like a child, it was bemoaning its condition, when it heard a voice – an awesome voice – that said to it, "Why don't you feel yourself AS YOU ARE?" And that experience followed – but it lasted a second. A second, a flash.

And then comes that wonderful reason we reek of (I don't say we're "steeped in," I say we "reek of"), which starts asking: How can that be? And how can I remain efficient? And how can I keep a contact with the rest of the world? And how ... how, how? So I stopped, stopped it all. And what's going to happen to this body? And what will be its mode of existence? ...

We can very well conceive (it's something easy to conceive) that beings may be born in another manner, through a power of concentration, and that those beings may materialize without any of the miseries that beset us – that's all very well, but it's for later. We are in between, that's where the difficulty is.

August 28, 1963

I've received a letter from a publisher friend of mine. He tells me the real reasons for their refusal of my manuscript "Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness."

Oh, really!

It's interesting. If you want me to read it to you ...

(Satprem reads)

... "I had already told you about my misgivings.[107] As to the motives for the decision, it always boils down to the same point: a sincere (though ambiguous) will of ecumenism, a broad rather than deep

intellectual curiosity, permit mentalities such as those that give our firm its orientation and public image to pay some attention to academic essays regarded (wrongly so in the present instance) as dealing with the famous "Eastern spirituality." But as soon as the essays are lived from within, the goodwill withdraws into its shell. The reaction is even worse if the author is a "renegade," a Westerner who has gone over to the enemy side. (I can vouch for that![108]) I must emphasize that this whole process is not only unintentional but, more than that, unconscious (which is not an excuse but an aggravating circumstance). The opposition put up against your first manuscript[109] rather hardened with the second, a much more personal book, I mean less "detached," still less "objective" than the first – and more ample. Through the medium of literature, you were able to convey whatever you liked. Through a direct essay, you will reach – and so much the worse, or so much the better – only those who seek. Our firm and its public do not belong, for that matter, to the category of those who seek."

He's conscious! It's obvious, I told you so all along: your book isn't meant for them. There aren't many who seek. Those who seek ... really, there aren't many. I see the letters we receive from those who are convinced not only that they seek but also that they've found. Letters from would-be disciples of Sri Aurobindo coming from over there, from France, Germany, England – don't understand, they don't understand! Anyhow, that doesn't matter, it will be for later.

Above all, they think they've understood everything.

Ah, the less you know, the more you think you know.

Yes, they know everything, they can't learn anything from us.

They will have to return both your manuscripts to you. No need for them to rot there.

But I don't see what can touch that?

No, no! It's not worth trying.

But still it's worth it from the point of view of the Work – how will there be a breach there one day?

Oh! ... You remember that aphorism of Sri Aurobindo's? ... I understand VERY WELL what he means.

That will be the day of the great overturn.

A little child ...

[76-Europe prides herself on her practical and scientific organisation and efficiency. I am waiting till her organisation is

perfect; then a child shall destroy her.]

I didn't want to comment on it.... But it's true.

Because they're impregnable. Those people are impregnable.

Mentally.
It's not mentally that you can make them yield.

Then how?... It's either by force – violent force – or else by a miracle (what they call a "miracle") that will leave them ... dumbfounded.

Those people are entirely vulnerable (by vulnerable, I mean defenseless) to spiritual force. The day when it manifests physically, there will be a debacle.

Even here, with these people who through their tradition are so accustomed to the Power, the true spiritual Power, when it just manifests a little, they ... they tremble all over. But there they deny it ... which means they are completely defenseless.

I don't know when it will come – I don't know, it may not be soon – but one thing I know: when it comes, there will be panic – you know, THE Panic.

And in a panic, you can do something.

(silence)

In any case, your book will be published here, which means it will reach the few who are ready – but not over there.

The Americans are more open, because they have remained more childlike – they think they know everything on a material level, but they also know that there are things they don't know. While the others ... they are "beyond childish religious beliefs," of course!

It's not even true, for as soon as a little something stirs within *(gesture at the heart center),* they plunge back into their Catholicism.

Anyway ...

* * *

(There follows a discussion between Mother and Satprem to decide whether Mother's comment on the last aphorism, on renunciation, should be published in the "Bulletin" in full or only in excerpts. At first Mother finds it too "personal." This raises the problem of the publication of Mother's words.)

... It should have been said objectively, not as "my experience." But if I start saying "my experience," I have to go right to the end of my experience, I can't stop halfway.

But that's just the point: it's really striking only when it's YOUR experience.

Yes, but then I would have to tell everything. It's exactly as your friend wrote in that letter: if you present an "objective" theory, then it's fine – people can take it or leave it, it doesn't matter; but when you introduce that personal element ... Not that I am afraid people may not appreciate (I am perfectly indifferent to that), it's that I fear it may harm some.

Harm, how?

When you read something you are not ready for, it does you no good.

If I at least had put it in a didactic way ...

Yes, but in a didactic way it won't have that richness, that force.

Of course, but that's what people consider "intellectual."

Well, I think we should just ignore them.

Either I should give lessons, or else ... But I must say that nowadays I don't enjoy it. I find it so childish to say, "Things happen in this way" – I know perfectly well they don't happen "in this way"! They happen in this way and they happen in another way, and everything is possible. You can't keep telling people, "Everything is possible, you know." To keep repeating, "Everything is possible, you know," is absurd.

So either I should keep quiet, or else ...

Let me give you another example: when I answer people's letters, I never write about myself, I write about them, yet it's very personal: it's FOR THEM. And in fact, I am coming to see (in not a very pleasant way) that out of a personal answer they want to make a general teaching – it's absurd! Absurd. I say something to this man or that woman, and I'll say the opposite to someone else! But they publish it.... So we should stop publishing anything.

Either stop publishing anything or else, well, too bad....

If we must always take this and that into account, there's nothing we can do or say any more.

I could very well stop publishing anything and declare, "Now, I won't speak any more, it's finished." But then we would have to stop the *Bulletin.*

I think you should present your experience, and that's all. Because otherwise, if we cut these texts to leave only the "objective" things, it becomes dry.

Yes, dry and hollow.

And incomplete, terribly incomplete. Then people will understand very

dogmatically – that's bad.

I think it's better to put everything in.

To tell the truth *(laughing)*, I don't care! Even if they get the impression that I have "a screw loose"....

Those who get wrong impressions will get them anyhow.

And, truly, sincerely, it's absolutely all the same to me. It's the same when people write to me, "How wonderful": I smile and I think, "What can they understand?!" I receive letters ... priceless letters! Positively exuberant, full of bombastic words, and then there are others who tell me very frankly that they are full of doubt, that I quite simply use "tricks" to run the whole "business" (!) like any ordinary human intelligence, and that they can't feel anything divine at all behind all that – both make the same impression on me, the one and the other! *(Mother laughs)* To me it's all the same thing. It's their opinions – they have the right to have any opinions they like. To tell the truth, all that we could reply to them is, "Have the opinions that make you progress," whether in this way or that, it doesn't matter in the least!

That's not the point.... Maybe it's the fear (there is a fear somewhere, I don't know), the fear of opening the intimacy a little too much, a fear from the standpoint of the vibrations.

But *(laughing)* I don't think there's much danger!

I saw that, in fact: I showed A. some passages from the *Agenda* that I had selected; obviously A. likes me, also he makes an effort to understand spiritually – well, I clearly saw while he was reading that he doesn't understand. There was a whole part that was absolutely beyond his understanding, he didn't understand, and what little he could catch was just a husk.

So, to tell the truth, it doesn't matter.

Of course, there's the rule that it's not good to speak of yourself – that goes without saying. But what can I talk about now, if not about my experience? Because nothing exists any more – all the so-called "objective" knowledge is to me a useless mental activity.

So let's just leave it at that.

Otherwise, truncated publications ... I find that very bad; better nothing at all, because they are, as it were, drained.

Yes, drained of all power.

Let's just leave it as it is.

August 31, 1963

(Mother looks at Satprem for a long time)

I saw a new thing in front of you.

You were in a sort of golden light, rather solid, and then from here *(the throat)* down to here *(the solar plexus),* there were all the Tantric colors, you know, all the shades. I don't know if you have ever seen them: the Tantrics have an atmosphere with all the colors, not mixed together but side by side. It's a kind of "chart of powers," and according to the color they select and pick out, or use, it serves one purpose or another: one is for health, another for progress, another for understanding, and so forth. That chart was with you, and I saw your hand moving as if you were writing.

I see those colors, I always see them in association with those who have practiced Tantrism. X always has them with him, and with his guru,[110] it's even much more, very strong and very intense.

It was there in front of you, from there *(the throat),* that is to say the center of relationship with the world, down to here *(the solar plexus)*.

* * *

Soon afterwards

These last few days, I had an opportunity to work on the proportion between the expression and the fact. Let me explain: for example, you have an experience (there are two cases where it's very clear) ... first you have the experience, then comes the expression of that experience; and the proportion between the divine simplicity of the experience and the realizing power of the expression is what gives the measure of perfect sincerity – the ratio between the two must be perfectly true.

I saw in that almost a key to assess sincerity.

The same goes for a teaching, in the sense that you have a certain power, which acts with a view to a result on those who, naturally, are receptive – a certain power intended to produce a certain result or effect – and owing to the world's condition, which is almost exclusively mental, there is a need to add words (what people call a "teaching") to that power. And that's where there should be an exact proportion between the sentence and the power: the sentence shouldn't express more or less than the power, it should be an exact expression of the power – say neither too much nor too little but say exactly the appropriate words that will clothe the power (in a mentally receivable way), that will be a vehicle of the power. And the proportion between the two gives the exact measure of the sincerity.

I don't know if I can make myself understood, but for two days I was engrossed in that work of establishing an absolutely true ratio – which in fact can be true only in a complete simplicity and complete sincerity. I saw the power that acts in the words and the power that acts without words, and the proportion

between the two powers must be exact, entirely correct, to have a complete sincerity. You follow?

It was a very interesting work – not intellectual at all, a completely material work, down here, very, very practical. For example, what you write to someone should exactly correspond to the quality and quantity of the Power – which acts DIRECTLY, not through the mind. It was very interesting, a very painstaking work. And it was the key – one of the keys to perfect sincerity.

That was my preoccupation these last few days.

(silence)

And once more, I had that experience when the body was again moaning – I say "moaning," but it's not that, it's a kind of aspiration so strong that it becomes like an anguish; and also that sense of incapacity. And the same Response: all at once the body is seized by a formidable power, so great that the body itself feels it could break anything! It comes like a mass. And I recalled a sentence of Sri Aurobindo in which he said, "Before you can be the Lord's lion, you should first be the Lord's lamb,"[111] and it was as though I were told, "Enough of being the lamb! *(laughing)* Now become the lion." But it doesn't last.

And I can easily see why it doesn't last! Oh, it's ... You feel as if you're going to tear everything down!

(silence)

But the body does profit from the experience, in the sense that it feels stronger afterwards – not much stronger physically, we don't care about that strength! It's a very odd phenomenon: the sense of the "concrete" fades away – it fades farther and farther away. "Concrete" vision, "concrete" sense of smell, "concrete" taste, "concrete" hearing, it all seems far away – far behind in a ... an unreal past. And that kind of dry and lifeless "concrete" is replaced by something that's very supple *(round, global gesture),* very complete in that all the senses function together, and VERY INTIMATE WITH EVERYTHING.

For a while I was shown the two functionings to enable me to perceive the difference: how the senses function now, and how they did formerly: and it gives a fuzzy impression, but it's an impression of something both very intimate and very complete *(same round gesture),* whereas, before, each thing was separate, divided *(choppy, hard gesture),* unconnected with the other, it was very superficial – very precise but very superficial, like a pinpoint. It's not at all that way any more.

And I see very well that if we let ourselves be carried along instead of having that absurd resistance of habit, if we let ourselves be carried along, there would come a sort of very ... *(same round, global gesture)* very soft thing, in the sense of *smooth,* very soft, very complete, very living, and with a very intimate perception of things. Along with a knowledge that becomes ... if there weren't that mixture of the old habit, it would be really extraordinary: the perception of things not as if they were outside, but an INTIMATE perception. When someone enters the room,

for instance, or when the clock is about to strike, you know it just (I can't say a second, it's a thousandth of a second), just before it takes place materially; which gives you the feeling of a foreknowledge, but it's not that! It's not a foreknowledge, it's ... It belongs to the realm of sensation, but it's other senses. The FOREMOST feeling you get is one of intimacy, that is to say, there is no more distance, no more difference, no more seer and thing seen; yet, there is in it what corresponds to vision, hearing, sensation, all the perceptions, taste, smell and all of that.

There is here a very concrete change from before, very perceptible.

I understand very well: what prevents the functioning from being perfect is all the old habits. If we could let ourselves be carried along without resisting – without any will to "see well," to "hear well" and so on – we would have the other perception, which is much TRUER. And that intimacy with things ... things are no longer foreign. But there is no thought in it; they speak of "knowledge through identity," you know, but that's all intellectual notions, it's not that! It's ...

And always that feeling of something smooth *(same round gesture),* smooth, without any clashes, any complications, as though you could no longer bump into things, no longer ... It's quite interesting.

It takes time simply because of the resistance of the old habits. If we could always let ourselves be carried along, things would go much faster – much faster. All the time, a hundred times a day (more than that!), I tell myself, "Why are you thinking of this? Why are you thinking of that?" For example, if I have to answer someone (not always in writing, it can be an [occult] work, to organize something), the Force acts quite naturally, smoothly, without any resistance; then suddenly thought comes into the picture and tries to interfere (I catch it every time and I stop it every time; but it's too often!), and all the old habit returns. That need to translate things into thoughts, to give them "clear" expression .

And then you hinder the entire process.

Oh, to let oneself live simply, simply, without complications....

September

September 4, 1963

An avalanche of letters!

Someone disappears, people ask me where he is, whether he's dead or alive. Someone else has worries: he wants to see me. Someone ... People I don't know at all! A stack of letters! They ask me for success in their business, for good health, for a child (a boy!), a good job.... Anyway everything that people are capable of wanting, they write and ask me. Oh, there are also those who ask me to tell their fortune! Many ask me, but I answer them bluntly, "I am not a fortuneteller, I don't read tea leaves"!

(Mother scribbles a note)

Here is an answer I'll have sent to all those people whom I don't know and who ask me for things: *What have you given to the Lord, or done for Him, that you ask me to do something for you? – I do only the Lord's work! (Mother laughs)*

You know, it's clearly millions and millions of miles away from their thought, so ...

It's funny, no? Even Nolini would be shocked! *(Mother laughs heartily)* But I find it funny.

Basically, their idea of the divine is something that's at their service – that knows a little more than you do (!) and is at your service to give you whatever you desire.

* * *

After a meditation with Satprem

I again saw a square shape, like last time, in front of you, but this time it was different: there was a bright golden light, and that square shape was here *(gesture between the throat and the solar plexus),* in front of you, then it rose and rose and rose like that, slowly, very slowly, above your head, and there it spread out into a great light ... a very quiet light.

I think it's the symbol of your meditation. A square – a perfect square, I mean, about this size, from there to there *(from the top of the head to the solar plexus):* that's you when you meditate. It's quite established, like something firmly established, and then slowly, very slowly, it rose and rose and rose above your head, and there ... not violently, of course, it didn't burst out, but it spread out into an Immensity of light.

The symbol of your consciousness.

It's always a square shape.

Last time, I told you there were those Tantric lights; this time, there was a pale gold, very luminous, very tranquil, and the shape [of the square] was like a somewhat more golden vibration, a little darker (but not "dark"), and it stayed still a very long time, till suddenly I felt in your consciousness as if something were opening out, relaxing and opening out, like a sort of well-being in your consciousness. And no sooner did that happen than the square began to rise and rise and rise above your head, and there ...

Is it the symbol of your meditation or the symbol of your consciousness? ... – The symbol of your consciousness.

Did you feel, towards the middle of your meditation, a kind of sudden relaxing, an inner well-being?

Yes, I felt it.

Then that's it.

As soon as you felt it, it started rising until ... as though it merged into an infinite.

But it's good.

Very good.

Do you have anything to tell me? We still have a quarter of an hour.

What?

> *Some things have been very present in my consciousness lately – death.*

Death?

> *Very present.*

It's because ... yes.

And you're wondering what it means?

> *I sense a threat, something lying in wait; like a Fate lying in wait, very close, and as the end of the year draws near, it becomes heavier and heavier.*

(silence)

> *Sujata also felt it these last few months – but I've been feeling it for a long time. I sense something lying in wait, something hanging over her and over me – I don't know which of the two. In the past I didn't often think of death, but now it comes to my mind constantly.*

But what do you call death?!

> *I mean, leaving this body.*

As a thing personal to you?

> *It expresses itself personally, though it may be something more general, I don't know.*

(Mother remains silent) Two years ago I used to see it over you very much – much more than now. It seems to have moved away, so that's strange.[112]

Two years ago, when I was still going downstairs, when I used to see you in Pavitra's office.

There was a time when I intervened (it was the time of the Swami's activities and all that). It was over you at that time. But lately ... I haven't seen anything special – attacks do come periodically along with the suggestion of all kinds of catastrophic possibilities: nothing more particular to you than to others. It's part of the work, I don't pay any attention to it.

But as for a quite personal threat to you, things seem much better now than they were two years ago.

Only, it may be that because of the work I am doing, you are brought into contact with a certain *layer* of possibilities and so you become more conscious of that.... As for Sujata, she must be unknowingly under your influence, so what you feel she feels too – that's my impression.

I'll look, but I haven't seen anything lately. On the contrary, that thing I used to see over you at that time and drive away deliberately, since the beginning of this year in particular I haven't seen it – I'll look.

I rather feel that a work is going on in the field of your consciousness, something which is awakening, which was less conscious before – it's more that than an impending danger.

How does your body feel? Still tired?

> *Not too brilliant. Oh, you know, I've always thought that '63 would be a very important date for me. Why, I don't know.*

Yes, because we WANT it very important!

One thing has been coming back to me almost obstinately lately, it's the memory (that's what's odd, it comes as a MEMORY, as though it were something I had lived), the memory of your concentration camp. Very odd. It came back to me perhaps two or three weeks ago, I don't know, very strongly. I even looked – studied, rather – what the consequences were for your body. Studied and ... well, did what was needed.

I don't know, I can't say, because for all these experiences I try to drive all thoughts as far away as possible, because they don't help to get the correct perception. So that I can't say whether or not there was a reason for that "memory" – to tell the truth, the mind always finds reasons for everything, so ... You know, I am not occupied with those things, I don't try to know, and therefore they don't come – they come of their own accord. There was obviously a necessity: all that comes is necessary, I know that, otherwise it wouldn't come. But that memory didn't bring with it any sense or perception of a danger to your physical life, not in the least. I don't have that perception, while I did have it two years ago. Now I don't have it.

But I remember that for a few days I was occupied with that memory, as part of a vast work on certain physical vibrations, in all the physical domains with which I deal. And it came (strangely, it's always LOCATED, located somewhere ...), and the perception I have is very acute, absolutely like the perception of something that happened to me personally (but all that comes to me now comes in this way). Only, there was the knowledge that it was your own body that had gone through that experience. And then ... yes, I remember, there was a certain quality of vibration ... *(Mother "looks" silently),* and it was connected with a study on the experience the cells gain in the process of death. I remember, I was studying the cellular experiences (which the cells have more often than not semiconsciously and often unconsciously), those semiconscious experiences that stay in the

subconscient and help to make some cells more and more receptive and prepared for the new Force. And as I was studying that, your experience of the camps came, and I saw in fact that a certain number of your cells, a rather considerable number (cells that are partly in the brain, partly in the throat center and partly here *[gesture to the upper part of the chest])* have had the preliminary experience of death.

And that gives them a very special capacity of consciousness.

Could this be what gave you that sense of death? ... But you say it has been there for a long time. While, for me, it's recent (it was perhaps ten days ago), my study is recent. It was very interesting.... I can still see them now, they were as if located in certain parts of your body.

But that's a favorable observation, not a dangerous one!

Favorable, how?

Favorable, oh, yes! Favorable in the sense that those cells are far more conscious than cells are ordinarily.

Because they had that experience?

Yes, because they had that experience and survived – because the form survived that experience.

From the standpoint of a higher receptivity, it has a very, very considerable importance – I mean receptivity to the new forces, a preparation to receive the new forces.

(silence)

But things are rather complex.... For the body in its ordinary consciousness, its absolutely normal state is when it doesn't feel itself living. When the body doesn't feel itself living, that means it's functioning normally; as soon as it feels itself living in some part of itself, it means that something isn't quite normal, and instinctively (I don't mean the vital or mental consciousness), but its primal consciousness is alarmed, because it's not normal (not what it calls "normal"); and then that sort of alarm (an alarm that's not formulated in thoughts) brings it into contact with a whole world of adverse and defeatist suggestions – oh, there is an INTENSE atmosphere of pessimistic, defeatist, adverse suggestions in which human lives are bathed, as it were. It's even very strong here, very strong – I mean in the Ashram – very strong. People who are very sensitive and whose consciousness isn't firmly rooted in faith are very ... (what shall I say?) very deeply ... not deeply but intimately attacked by that atmosphere.

And it makes bodies very ill-at-ease.

(silence)

I will look again,[113] but for the moment, it seems to me, it's a period or a stage in the integral development that brings you into contact with death. It's an impersonal thing and I don't see anything ominous about it, I mean I don't consider

your feeling as premonitory – except that Death is everywhere in the world, of course! Well, that's all, it boils down to that.

There, mon petit.

That may be it, because there is an interesting work going on within you.

My impression ... If you ask me, my impression is to the contrary: it's that for the moment, I am preparing a new life for you. Voilà.

You should ... I don't even feel the need to tell you, but what's necessary is to fasten one's consciousness imperturbably to something which, in fact, isn't personal – to the New Realization.

And if you feel those defeatist vibrations, know that things are now a battlefield, a field of action, very active. You see, the battle is being waged in the body every minute – all the time, all the time.... I don't expect others to wage it along with me; only, if on their part they hold on to what MUST BE, that's all that is needed.

September 7, 1963

(The beginning of this conversation was to disappear, but Satprem chanced on it on a second track of the tape-recording. He found it charming and inserted it back here. Quite often he deleted these beginnings of conversations.... Here the subject was his health, Sujata having written to Mother that it was deteriorating" and proposed that a supplementary diet be given him.)

So, let me contemplate you! *(laughter)* How are you, mon petit?

There is some improvement.

A little better.... And that food, is it all right?

Yes, it seems to be helping.

Here ... *(Mother gives a white hibiscus):* it's the "will one with the Divine Will" – when they're merged like that and you can no longer tell one from the other. Petit...

* * *

(Mother comments on an "old" experience of June 29: the "boat of pink clay.")

Things are moving much faster than I thought because this experience seems to me far, far, far behind [it dates back two months], so many things have happened since – there are so many things I don't mention.

* * *

Soon afterwards

The other day, for some question of work, I was led to explain my position from the standpoint of the materialist conviction (I don't know what their position is today, because that's something I am not concerned with generally), but anyway I was led to do it because of a certain work.[114]

For them, all the experiences men have are the result of a mental phenomenon: we have reached a progressive mental development (they are at a loss to explain why or how!), anyhow it was Matter that developed Life, Life that developed Mind, and all of men's so-called spiritual experiences are mental constructions (they use other words, but I believe that's their idea). It is, at any rate, a denial of all spiritual existence in itself and of a Being or Force or Something superior which governs everything.

As I said, I don't know what their position is today, what point they have reached, but I was in the presence of a conviction of that type.

Then I said, "But it's very simple! I accept your point of view, there is nothing other than what we see, than mankind as it is; all the so-called inner phenomena are due to a mental, cerebral action; and when you die, you die – in other words, the phenomenon of agglomeration comes to the end of its existence, and it dissolves, everything dissolves. That's all very well."

(Quite likely, had things been that way, I would have found life so disgusting that I would have left it long ago. But I must add right away that it's not for any moral or even spiritual reason that I disapprove of suicide, it's because to me it's an act of cowardice and something in me doesn't like cowardice, so I did not ... I would never have fled from the problem.)

That's one point.

"But then, once you are here on this earth and you have to go to the end, even if the end is nothingness, you go to the end and it's just as well to do so as best you can, that is to say, to your fullest satisfaction.... I happened to have some philosophical curiosity and to study all kinds of problems, and I came upon Sri Aurobindo's teaching, and what he taught" (I would say "revealed," but not to a materialist) "is by far, among the systems men have formulated, the most satisfying FOR ME, the most complete, and what answers the most satisfactorily

all the questions that can be asked; it is the one that helps me the most in life to have the feeling that 'life is worth living.' Consequently, I try to conform entirely to his teaching and to live it integrally in order to live as best I can – for me. I don't mind at all if others don't believe in it – whether they believe in it or not is all the same to me; I don't need the support of others' conviction, it's enough if I am myself satisfied."

Well, there's no reply to that.

The experience lasted a long time – for all details, to all problems, that's what I answered. And when I came to the end, I said to myself, "But that's a wonderful argument!" Because all the elements of doubt, ignorance, incomprehension, bad will, negation, with that argument they were all muzzled – annulled, they had no effect.

That work, I think, must have had worldwide repercussions. I was in it, in that state (with the sense of a very great power and a wonderful freedom) for certainly at least six or eight hours. (The work had started long before, but it became rather acutely present these last few days.)

And afterwards, everything was held in a solid grip – what do you have to say?

(silence)

It's much easier to answer out-and-out materialists who are convinced and sincere ("sincere" within the limit of their consciousness, that is) than to answer people who have a religion! Much easier.

With Indians, it's very easy – they're heaven-blessed, these people, because it takes very little for them to be oriented in the right way.[115] But there are two types of difficult religion, the Christian religion (especially in the form of Protestantism), and the Jewish religion.

The Jews are also out-and-out materialists: you die, well, you die, it's over. Though I haven't quite understood how they reconcile that with their God, who moreover is Unthinkable and must not be named ... but who, seen from the standpoint of a vaster truth, seems (I am not sure), seems to be an Asura. Because it's an almighty and UNIQUE God, foreign to the world – the world (as far as I know) and he are two completely different things.

It's the same with Catholicism. Yet, if I remember correctly, their God created the world with a part of himself, no?

No, no!

No? Is it only man that he pulled out of his rib?

No! It's out of Adam's rib that he pulled man, not out of his own rib!

Aah!

It's out of Adam's rib ...

... that he pulled woman. Aah! ...

No, no, he "created" the world.

Out of nothingness he made the world?

That's right.

Then it's the same problem, the same difficulty. It's quite simply an incomprehension.

And in fact he sent his son to "save the world."

Then his son doesn't belong to the creation?

He is the son of God – not so the others.

He is the ONLY son of God?

Yes, of course!

They've twisted everything. But Adam belonged to the creation, didn't he?

Yes, while Christ isn't human, he is the son.

But he took on a human body.

Yes, but he's the son of God. He isn't a human being become divine, he is a divine being – "the son of God" – who took on a human body.

But that's understood! All Avatars are like that.

Yes, but he's the only one.

It's all twisted.
But the Virgin, in that affair? What happened to her? Because she was a woman, wasn't she?

She was human.

Yes ... because in the story, there's even a moment when Christ says, "What do I have to do with that woman"! But then, the Assumption? ...

(silence)

Of course, those who know understand very well – it's all symbolic.

But for instance, I told you I spoke with the Pope for quite a long time the day of his election, and the conversation was abruptly interrupted by a reaction he had. (It was really a mental conversation we were having: I spoke, he replied, I heard his reply – I don't know whether he was conscious of something ... probably not, but anyway; it wasn't at all a formation of my own mind because I received quite *unexpected* replies.) But the conversation was interrupted abruptly by a reaction he

had when I told him that God is everywhere and in all things; that everything is He; and then a great Force came down into me and I added, "Even when you descend into Hell, He is there too."

Then everything stopped dead.

Since then I've learned that it's part of their teaching: that what is terrible in Hell isn't so much the suffering, but that there is no God there; that it's the only part of the creation in which there is no God – there is no God in Hell. And I asserted that He is there too.

But naturally, from an intellectual point of view, all those things are explained and find their place – man has never thought anything that wasn't the distortion of a truth. That's not the difficulty, it's that for religious people there are certain things they have a DUTY to believe, and to allow the mind to discuss them is a "sin" – so naturally they close themselves and will never be able to make any progress. Whereas the materialists, on the other hand, are on the contrary supposed to know and explain everything – they explain everything rationally. So *(Mother laughs)*, precisely because they explain everything, you can lead them where you want to.

There.

There's nothing to be done with religious people.

No. And it's not good to try either. If they cling to a religion, it means that that religion has helped them somehow or other, has helped something in them which in fact wanted to have a certitude without having to seek for it – to lean on something solid without being responsible for its solidity (someone else is responsible! *[Mother laughs]),* and to leave their bodies in that way. So to want to pull them out of it shows a lack of compassion – they should just be left where they are. Never do I argue with someone who has a faith – let him keep his faith! And I take great care not to say anything that might shake his faith because it's not good – such people are unable to have another faith.

But with a materialist ... "I don't argue, I accept your point of view; only, you have nothing to say – I've taken my position, take yours. If you are satisfied with what you know, keep it. If it helps you to live, very good.

"But you have no right to blame or criticize me, because I am taking my position on your own basis. Even if all that I imagine is mere imagination, I prefer that imagination to yours." That's all.

September 18, 1963

I had an interesting experience the day before yesterday.

In a very concrete way, there was the consciousness that everything is the Lord and that everything is His will, His action, His consciousness and so forth; at the same time, the perception of the world as it is ("as it is," anyway ... as we feel it).

And as there was no longer any notion of good and evil and all that, there was a sort of almost candid surprise, a very spontaneous surprise, not thought out, at reprobation, anger, disapproval, scorn for all the people who are called "bad," who do evil and have bad will. It seemed so strange that one could lose one's temper because of that! Then there arose a profound Pity – but a Pity that has nothing of the sense of superiority or inferiority, nothing like that – like a sort of sorrow that there can be people who are so small and so weak in that Immensity that they are COMPELLED to be nasty and malicious, to hate, to reject, to wish evil.

The words diminish the experience very, very much. It was so ... a super-compassion, you know, full of a deep Love and Understanding: "How can one reproach them for being the way the Lord wants them to be?"

Then, when it all settled down, several hours afterwards, I wrote something – I wrote it in French (even with the will that it should not be translated into English). And as a matter of fact it's untranslatable. Here is what I wrote:

> *Ce monde est plein de misères pitoyables, mais les êtres que je plains le plus sont ceux qui ne sont pas assez grands et assez forts pour être bons.*[116]

But then the word *bon* [good] no longer had that sense of opposition to "evil": it contained all the divine splendor. It was the radiance of divine Love.

(silence)

Any translation of the word *bon* [good] into English is very small and all the way down. I didn't want to put it into English. But today, all at once it came to me in English and I wrote it down:

This world is full of pitiable miseries, but of all beings those I pity most are those who are so small and so weak that they are compelled to be nasty.

It's seen from the opposite side, but there is as much in it as in the first.

* * *

Soon afterwards

What have you brought me?

> *There's some work....*

The active work, you know ... I am not good for much!

When I have an experience, I don't even try to formulate it – I never try: I live it as intensely as I can and keep it alive as long as I can. Then suddenly there's a kind of rivulet: a rivulet of words that come, and they come all together, then they arrange themselves – I have nothing to do with it all! I don't know whether it's listening or seeing: it's something in between. For a very long time, all my

contacts with the invisible were visual contacts, but now there is sound too. So this is how it works: I simply have to be attentive, that is to say, not actively busy with something else. If I stay still, it comes: it's exactly like a rivulet, a tiny rivulet flowing out of a mountain; it's very clear and pure like pure water, very transparent, and very white and luminous at the same time. It comes *(gesture as of pearls of water dropping)* and it arranges itself here, just above the head, in the form of words. It arranges itself, and someone, I don't know who (probably Sri Aurobindo! because it's someone with a poetic power), looks after the sound and the placement of the words, and puts them in the proper order. Finally, after a little while, it's complete. And then I write it down – it's very amusing. That's what happened with the English translation: I had said with authority, "It will not be translated." Then this morning, when I wasn't thinking of anything at all, it came all on its own. That is to say, to be precise, I was telling the fact to someone who knows English better than French, so I said it in English, and once it was said I noticed, "Well, well! Ah, that's it, that's right!" It was the experience that had expressed itself in English. But thank God, all this *(gesture to the head)* has nothing to do with it – quiet ... oh, so peaceful. *(silence)* There is almost a paroxysm of disorder and confusion in all the affairs of the earth (at the Ashram too – maybe even worse than elsewhere! No, not worse but just as bad!), and it seems to be reaching new heights: almost hour by hour I discover confusion ... confusion, disorder (before I would have called it mischief, but now ...). And what confusion! ... People who are convinced that they know how to deal with things (they know far better than the Lord, far better – the Lord is completely ignorant of the things of this world, but THEY know better), and then the blunders they commit! And when they've committed a blunder, after a while they realize it's a blunder, so to make it good they commit another blunder! Everything is like that here, absolutely everything, with all sorts of blunders. And once they have thoroughly bungled, piled up blunder upon blunder and landed themselves in a complete 312

mess, they think of asking me! *(laughing)* They ask me, "What should we do?" So I answer, "It's about time!"

But what's marvelous is that nothing stirs here *(gesture to the head),* nothing stirs. And the Lord smiles.

* * *

I had several hours of concentration regarding that decrease of energy in your body; not an illness: a decrease of energy in your body[117] (you add mental things to it, but that's your affair, mon petit, you will correct that). I had several hours of concentration, and I even reproached the Lord, telling Him that really if that's the effect I have on people, *(laughing)* it's not worth mentioning, I'd better leave! (There was a conjunction of a good number of things.) I don't believe a word of my complaint! But anyway ... *(laughing)* I make it "just like that."

Immediately, there came a massive descent, and everything was blissful – I said to myself, "Lord, it's up to You. It's up to You to have me here, it's up to You to have me act; I don't act, You are the one who acts. The result is up to You, but ... as far as I can see, if I am allowed to see, I don't find that logical!"

Then I was told (but not with words), very clearly and very strongly, that it was a transition necessary for your integral development – INTEGRAL. And that I shouldn't worry.

Though I do....

He has absolutely convinced me that you will come out of it grown in stature, enlightened (not in the sense of deranged!), illuminated, and much stronger. Voilà.

I even added something which I am not supposed to tell you, but anyway ... (usually it's left unsaid), I added that I needed you. And that consequently nothing should happen to you.

The answer was a smile.

Afterwards it came to me that it was a transition. So I hope it won't last too long.[118]

A little change in your mental attitude is necessary; what in fact we could call a little cure of a pessimism – or a big cure of a little pessimism! Voilà ... somewhere: it's for you to know where.

But it's a transition, nothing other than a transition.

The body is very ignorant (that we know, it goes without saying!), so the minute something is wrong with it, I can't say it gets afraid, but it feels it's VERY serious *(laughing)* – always! (I know this from experience, for myself.) Until you have CAREFULLY explained to it that it should be a good boy, keep very quiet, not be afraid and ... let itself be carried along.

It always answers, "But look at all those people who die, all those who are sick, all those ..." But now, I answer my body, "There are enough sick people as it is, no need to imitate them!"

(silence)

Above all, there is a kind of coexistence, of juxtaposition of two things that are really opposite states yet always seem to be together: a Peace in which everything is harmonious (I am speaking of the body's cells), everything is harmonious to the point that no disorder can occur, no illness, no suffering, no disorganization or decomposition can occur – impossible; it's a Peace that's eternal, absolutely beyond time (though it is felt in the body's cells); and at the same time, a tremor – an ignorant and bustling and dark tremor, dark in the sense that it's unaware of its ignorance, not knowing what to do and doing useless things all the time. And in that state you find disorder, decomposition, disorganization, suffering and ... at times it becomes acute, acute, all the nerves are tense and it aches all over – and both states are together.[119]

"Are together," I mean to the point that you don't even feel you make a movement of reversal, you don't even know how you go from one state to the other, you ... the reversal is imperceptible.

And they are exactly opposite.

You can, in much less time than a flash, eliminate any pain, any disorder, any illness from your body; and in a flash, it can all come back. And then you can switch from one to the other, from one to the other ... *(back-and-forth gesture)*.

The point not yet grasped or understood is how to stabilize that Peace.

When It's there, you feel as if nothing can alter It: all the attacks in the world fall away, powerless; nothing can alter It. And It disappears the same way It came, there's no knowing how.

If I observe very carefully, I have the impression that the mind of Matter Sri Aurobindo refers to,[120] you know, the thought of Matter, isn't yet pure, it's still mixed; so it only takes one wrong movement for everything to come undone. And in people, that material mind lives in its wrong movement constantly – except a flash once in a while: a reversal. But here [in Mother], there still remains a habit; a habit (almost like a mere memory) of the wrong movement. And it only has to recur even as tiny as a pinpoint for ... brrt! everything to fall back into the old rut.

But when I see the care I've taken for so many years to purify that fellow, I am a little (what should I say?) ... I can't say frightened or anxious, but ... (I can't even say pessimistic), but the condition of people who haven't done all the yoga I've done for years, how difficult it must be! Because the body's cells obey that material mind, which, in its natural state, is a mass of stupid ignorance that thinks it's so smart, oh! ... An almost foul mass of stupidity, and it thinks it's so smart! It thinks it knows everything.

(silence)

Because NOTHING in the consciousness budged during those changeovers [back and forth from the true to the false movement]; the consciousness is like that, turned ... not upward, not inward, turned ... simply turned to the Lord, living in His Light, which, in the physical world, becomes a golden splendor. The consciousness is turned to That. There is nothing but That, it's the sole reality, the sole truth. And It vibrates like this *(Mother touches her hands, her arms),* It vibrates in all the cells, everywhere. I go like this *(Mother makes a gesture of collecting "it" in the air around),* as if I picked it up. It isn't ethereal, it's very material; it feels like an air that is thick – but vibrant, very vibrant.... The consciousness is like that. And all this goes on in the body. But with the presence of that old idiot ... which is immediately pessimistic, catastrophic, defeatist – how defeatist, oh ... it sees everything as a calamity. And then that wonderful character, after imagining the worse (in the space of a second, of course), it submits it all to the Lord and tells Him, "Here, Lord, here is Your work, it's all Yours, do what You will with it"! The silly idiot, why did it have to prepare its catastrophes! A catastrophe, invariably a catastrophe, everything is catastrophic – but it offers its catastrophe to the Lord!

And the answer is invariably a smile full of such patience, oh! ... That patience gives me a sense of wonder every second.

Now and then, a great power comes (the body is deliberately given the

experience to make it feel and grow aware that "that" exists), a great power comes, and along with it the impression that you would only have to do this *(Mother brings down her two arms in a sovereign gesture)* for everything to change. But ...

It's still much, much too limited and ignorant for that Power to be allowed to act. It [Mother's individuality] sees many sides of the question, but not all. It isn't ... in spite of everything, it has its own angle – as long as there remains an angle, the Power isn't allowed to act.

Though, yes, there was that experience the other day, when all was the Lord, all, with all things as they are, as we see them; when all was That in SUCH a perfect whole, perfect because it was so complete, and so harmonious because it was so conscious, and in a perpetual Movement of progression towards a greater perfection. (That's something odd, things can't stay still for a quarter of a second: they are constantly, constantly, constantly progressing towards a more perfect Totality.) Then, at that moment, if the Power acts (probably it does act), if the Power acts, it acts as it should. But it isn't always there – it isn't always there, there is still a sense of the things that are to fade away and of those that are to come – of the passage; a progression which ... which isn't all-containing.

But in that state, it seems that what you see MUST be – and inevitably (I should say necessarily), it is. And probably instantly so. But you have to see the whole at once for your vision to be all-powerful. If you see only one point (as, for example, when you feel that the action on earth is limited to a certain field that depends on you), as long as you see that way, you can't be all-powerful, it's not possible – not possible. It's inevitably conditioned.

(long silence)

There is a growing feeling that all that is, all that happens, outwardly and inwardly (inwardly too) is absolutely necessary for the totality of the whole.

I am thinking, for instance, of that sort of reaction I had the other day.... Naturally there is a part of the being that looks on, that smiles and says, "Oh, aren't you beyond that yet!" And at the same time, I saw, "No, it's necessary – everything is necessary." A special vibration was necessary ... necessary to trigger something else. And everything works like that.

Everything works like that.

(silence)

It's a transitional period – but isn't the transitional period constant?! It must be constant. Only, a point comes nevertheless when it becomes absolutely conscious and willed, and then it no longer has the same character.

Basically, once we have emerged from Stupidity, there is ... there should be a rather considerable change.

Oh, there would be a world of things to say!

(silence)

It is impossible for any change, any change towards perfection (I don't mean a regression, because that's another phenomenon), it's impossible for any change, even in one element or one point of the earth consciousness, not to make the whole earth participate in that change. Necessarily.

Everything is closely knit together. And a vibration somewhere has TERRESTRIAL consequences – I don't say universal, I say terrestrial – necessarily.

Which means there isn't one aspiration, not one effort that isn't useful seen from the terrestrial standpoint (from the individual standpoint, this has been obvious for a very long time), but seen from the terrestrial standpoint, there isn't one effort – not one effort towards the Better, not one aspiration to the True – that does not have terrestrial repercussions, terrestrial consequences.

September 21, 1963

(During the conversation, Mother envisages the possibility of reading out a message, if any comes to her, on the occasion of the second anniversary of the Supramental Manifestation, on February 29, 1964. Then she adds:)

... Provided I can speak.

Yes, I was kindly informed that I won't be able to speak any more.

What do you mean?

Oh, the adverse forces always make all sorts of suggestions. I was told that I will lose the use of *speech – (laughing)* that'll *be* all *the* better for everyone!

(Satprem does not seem too appreciative)

This is how it happened: the other day, the doctor brought some canaries, a cage of canaries to show me. All over the world, canaries whistle, they come and go and are very active ... but here, nothing at all! The doctor put the cage on the window sill and I came near to see them – they were absolutely dumb, huddled at the bottom of their cage as though paralyzed. I tried to whistle (I could whistle very well in the past): not a sound! Then I was kindly told, "You can't whistle any more, you can't sing any more, and soon you won't be able to speak any more." Voilà.

I must have a funny effect on animals, because the other day, little M. came to see me with a tiny squirrel in a padded box (it was a very tiny thing). He took it

out of its box and showed it to me; I stroked it – gone! Asleep in trance!

Oh, they don't feel unhappy, they're very happy (!) but it's too strong for them. So they fall asleep or are immobilized like those canaries. At the end, the doctor began to worry about his birds and asked me, "But what's happening? At home, they whistle all day long!" I answered *(laughing),* "Yes, here it's something else!"

He took his cage, and just as he was going, the canaries shook themselves, whistled a few little notes and off they went! Anyhow we'll see. I hear all manner of things.

September 25, 1963

(Mother first reads her notation of a recent experience)

It came in English. (I want to put it in the *Bulletin* to fill a gap!) We should put it in French, too.

Love is ... (no need to say that it's the condensation of an experience – an experience I leave unsaid).

> Love is not sexual intercourse. Love is not vital attraction and interchange. Love is not the heart's hunger for affection. Love is a mighty vibration coming straight from the One. And only the very pure and very strong are capable of receiving and manifesting it.

Then an explanation on what I mean by "pure," *the very pure and very strong:*

> To be pure is to be open only to the Supreme's influence, and to no other.

Far more difficult than what people consider purity to be! Which is something quite artificial and false.

The last sentence I wrote in French, too (the two came together):

> Être pur, c'est être ouvert seulement à l'influence du Suprême et à nulle autre.

It's simple and definite.

Now we should translate the rest into French – I have so many papers that I am lost! *(Mother rummages among a heap of scraps of paper)* I am snowed under with papers!

At first I put, *L'Amour n'a rien à voir avec ...* [Love has nothing to do with ...],

and so on, but that's not true. So we'll put, *L'Amour n'est pas* ... [Love is not ...].

> L'Amour n'est pas les relations sexuelles. L'Amour n'est pas les attractions et les echanges vitaux. L'Amour n'est pas le besoin d'affection du cœur ...

It's from *Savitri,* in "The Debate of Love and Death," when Death tells Savitri, "What you call love is the hunger of your heart."

> *Could we translate: "L'Amour n'est pas le cœur et son besoin d'affection" [Love is not the heart and its hunger for affection]?*

But the heart can manifest Love! No: *L'Amour n'est pas le besoin d'affection du cœur* [Love is not the heart's hunger for affection]. And then, the positive side:

> L'Amour est une vibration toute-puissante emanée directement de l'Un. Et seul, le très pur et le très fort est capable de la recevoir et de la manifester.

I have a whole stack of notes! *(Mother shows her successive drafts of the translation)*

The thing is new to me. That's what I told you the other day: first an experience, but an experience ... something that takes HOLD of the entire being, the entire body, everything, everything, like this *(grasping gesture)* and keeps you in its hold. And it works. It works everywhere in the cells: absolutely everywhere, in the consciousness, in the sensation, in the cells. Then it settles, as if passing through a very fine sieve, and it falls back to the other side – as words. But not always arranged in sentences (it's very odd): two words here, three words there *(Mother seems to show patches of color here and there).* Then I keep very still, I don't stir – above all I don't think, don't stir – silence. Then, little by little, the words start a dance, and when they form a reasonably coherent sentence, I write it down. But generally it isn't final. If I wait a little longer (even while doing something else), after a time it comes: a sentence that has a far more logical and striking existence. And if I wait still longer, it becomes more precise, until finally it comes with a feeling, "Now this is it." That's what happened with the English note: "Now this is it." Good, so I write it down.

I never had that before. Everything had to fall silent (I mean even the most active and material outer mind), I had to get into the habit, when my experience comes, of not stirring – not stirring, nothing stirring, everything like this *(gesture in suspense),* waiting.

Even visually, it almost looks like a fine rain of white light, and after a time, that fine rain seems to make the words grow, as if it were watering the words! And the words come. Then they start a sort of dance, a quadrille, and when the quadrille has taken a clear shape, then the sentence becomes clear.

Very amusing.

It's already the third time that's happened – brand new.

So when I note it all down, the result is all sorts of papers! *(Mother shows the stack of drafts)*

And now, with that new process, the papers will go on multiplying! Because it comes the way I told you [in successive bits]. But it has an advantage: the mind stays absolutely silent – the mind need not do anything, it's as if someone came to look for the words in a storehouse and made all the arrangements. And that someone is impersonal: an impersonal consciousness. Almost "the consciousness of what wants to be expressed," the consciousness of a revelation or an instruction, or the consciousness of a will, but not of a person. That someone collects the words and puts them together, then there is a dance ... like a dance of electrons!

(silence)

The other day, the process was less complete, but it was something similar, a first hint: K. had sent me an article he wanted to publish somewhere with quotations from Sri Aurobindo and myself, and he wanted to make sure it was correct and he hadn't muddled it (!) In one place, I saw a comment by him (you know how people delight in wordplays when they are fully in the mind: the mind loves to play with words and contrast one sentence with another), it was in English, I am not quoting word for word, but he said that "the age of religions was the age of the gods"; and, naturally, as our Mr. Mind loves to play with words, it made him say that, now, the age of the gods is over and it is "the age of God" – which means he was deplorably falling back into the Christian religion ... without noticing it! And just as I saw his written sentence, I saw that tendency of the mind which loves it and finds it very ... oh, charming, such a nice turn of phrase (!) I didn't say anything, I went on to the end of his article. Then where that sentence was I saw a little light shining: it was like a little spark (I saw that with my eyes open). I looked at my spark, and in the place of *God,* there was *The One. So* I took my pen and made the correction.

But my first translation was *The All-Containing One,* because it was an experience, not a thought. What I saw was *The One containing all.* And innocently, I wrote it down on a paper *(Mother shows a little scrap of paper): The All-Containing One.* But just then, I saw what looked like someone giving me a slap and telling me, "Not that: you should put *The One,* that's all." So I wrote *The One.*

That's how it works!

It's really thought seen from above, from a height, and it's very amusing. Very amusing, it all plays, it's like little will-o'-the-wisps coming out from here and there, doing a dance, arranging themselves – very amusing.

It's beginning to be amusing. It has been very strong lately – it's been coming at night, in daytime, all the time.

But the night before, I was with Sri Aurobindo, who gave me a revelation. I was with him, he was *reclining* (not stretched out but on a sort of chaise longue) and I was supposed to bring him something to eat (not at all like physical food, it's something else ... I don't know what it is ... it's rather different in that world – the

subtle physical), and it was expressed to me ... (there were no words in my consciousness; I don't know why, no words), he told me something which I understood perfectly, not only understood but it made me very happy, a joy came into me, and I answered, "Yes, exactly! It corresponds to the experience I had today and which is ...???" *(Mother leaves her sentence hanging)* You see, I was conscious while I was having all the activity, but it was expressed in words [there] that aren't words [here], so I don't know what to do! And he told me in the tone you take when expressing a definitive and overwhelming experience (his tone was one of absolute power) something that was translated like this: *Now, the nourishment* (it wasn't *nourishment* but *food) comes from the whole of Nature at once. (Mother utters those words like a riddle or an open sesame that has not yet opened the door)* And he told me to bring it to him (that too was a translation): *Yes, you will bring it* (the *it* was that *food coming from the whole Nature at once* – it's a seemingly silly transcription, but anyway ...), you *will bring it in this translucent bowl.* And I replied, *Yes, I knew, I knew that I had to use this translucent bowl to bring you the food....* But what on earth does that correspond to??... Yet it was so evident! There was such a joy! (Because as I was conscious, I thought, "Well, all the same, I am still following him closely in his development, it's going on as when he was here: when he wins a victory, it is materialized in me.") Thus I was perfectly conscious and I told him, *Ah, I am glad!...* (I am faltering, of course, it wasn't that at all – it was admirable.) *Oh, I am glad, I knew that I had to bring you the food in this translucent bowl....* And the *translucent bowl* was a marvel! I had it, you see, it was beautiful! It was like opaline, living glass, all luminous but with all the lights alive and moving, and what colors! ... Pink, mauve, silver and gold, oh, it was so very beautiful. And I brought it to him.

It impressed me very strongly. Very strongly: I was *under a spell,* probably because the experience was still too strong and powerful for the material brain. And I saw it immediately; at the very moment of the experience, I saw it was a transcription, and an extraordinarily poor transcription, but nothing better could be done.

And such details!... There was a whole story (which lasted even more than an hour and a half) ... with all the details. Because where I was with him was an upper floor and when I came down I met people, did some things and so on. It was the upper floor. And it all went on in a dazzling light, dazzling, dazzling; everything was as though in a blazing sun ... much brighter than the sun – the sun is dark in such a case.

And when I came downstairs (it wasn't like here: everyone had his own house and garden, it was a huge estate), I went straight to my bathroom. I open the door ... and whom do I find there but someone (I recognized him, but I won't name him) who was using it – "Well," I thought, "that's a fine thing!" And I closed the door again. All kinds of details, it lasted more than an hour. And you know, the number of things that can happen in an hour and a half at night....

Once again I was tall – I am always tall. But I hadn't dressed as I do usually: I wore a short dress. There were lots of people there; I recognized everyone, I could

hear everyone's voice, it was very, very distinct. And there were two girls (not girls, they're women now, but to me they were like girls), two girls talking to each other and saying, "How strong her legs are!" (It's symbolic.) And at the same time, I saw my legs as if there were a mirror to show them to me! I had a short dress and I saw my legs and my two feet with shoes on – my feet had shoes on. And a short dress. Very active.

Voilà.

(silence)

Last night was less pleasant.... There were again those things collapsing. I was below, you see, trying to go back up to my room, and every time I tried to go back up, all the means to do so disappeared or were done away with. Now I've chased it all away because it was tiring. But one thing I do remember: I was climbing up a sort of ... not stairs or a ladder, it was a very queer thing, like blocks of dark red stone, and they were all crumbling – and coming apart. It ended up annoying me, and I had a movement not of anger, but of self-assertive will – and everything vanished.... You feel it's adverse formations trying to harass you, until I can't say I lose patience, but something gets angry (is it "angry"? Asserts itself, rather: "Ah, no! Enough!") and instantly, pfft! it all goes away. But then I found myself on a road I knew very well, but there was such a crowd! A crowd, a crowd: all the schools of the world were coming there for their holidays. There were troops of kids led by matrons and teachers, myriads and myriads of them! ... And also children who stopped and played on the ground; but all those children knew me very well, and when I arrived, they would take their things out of the way to let me through – weeny little kids this high. Then I met a symbolic person (not a human person) whom I know very well, she was pale blue (that is to say, a being of the higher mind, a force of Nature in the higher mind), I know her very well, she is very often with me. She explained to me her difficulties and I explained to her what she should do; I told her, "I've already told you several times, it's like this and like that...." She stayed beside me a very long time, and she asked me, "Why do I always have to leave you?" I answered her, "Don't worry; everything is fine now." It went on for a long time. But it was interesting, a very pleasant, very refined contact: a beautiful girl – that is, a beautiful thought or a beautiful idea. A beautiful girl. And she had in her charge an innumerable amount of kids *(Mother laughs)*, so she was somewhat worried at times, and I explained to her what she should do.

I feel a sort of tenderness towards that person.

And all those children! Even the tiny little ones who could hardly walk, when they saw me arrive they would push their toys aside and make way for me.

It wasn't on the ground, it wasn't in the physical world.

But a swarm, you know! ... It's certainly some mental world or other.

(silence)

But that experience [of the crumbling stairs], I know what it corresponds to, because I know the experience I had when I went to sleep: it's always when I am confronted with the Problem.... I could put it this way (but that diminishes it a lot), "Why is the world the way it is?" Then there comes to me that sort of ... it's an INTENSE state of compassion – intense, almost painful – for the condition of the world and humanity. When that comes, I have those difficulties at night. And then I ask, I want to know the REAL secret – not all the things people have told (which all seem to me just like a story to ... to comfort children), but the REAL thing. When I go into deep rest with that tension, it's always translated by those things collapsing: I try to climb and crunch! crunch! crunch! all the time, all the time everything crumbles under the weight of my ascent. Until I see that ill will trying to stop me from finding what I want to find, so I get angry and it stops instantly – is "angry" the word? I don't know: I refuse, I refuse the situation. Then it stops short.

And I awake saying to myself, "You see, it's all your fault: as long as you accept, you cannot know, you are in the dark; when you really refuse, you will know."

So I answer, "When the Lord wants me to know, I will know; when it's necessary for me to know, I will know."

Probably for the time being ...

It's like Sri Aurobindo's "translucent bowl".... There's nothing that corresponds to it.

To tell the truth, we always want to go too fast. But that's because the notion of time is in everyone's mind – they're wearisome.

* * *

(Before Satprem leaves, Mother gives him the latest issue of "World-Union," a magazine launched by some Ashram disciples.)

It makes me uneasy.

I know what you mean! It even makes some people here furious. Because it's published from here (most of those people are here), but there's never any mention of the Ashram, any mention of Sri Aurobindo, nothing.

What's worse is that when they do speak of Sri Aurobindo, they put him on a level with everybody else.

Exactly! Exactly!

You know, Sri Aurobindo, Teilhard de Chardin, Schweitzer and so on and so forth.

Yes, a mishmash.

As for me, I would have rejected it *[World-Union]* altogether, but there are in it those who started the whole affair: there are three persons through whom I do something – not this! *(the issue of "World-Union")* Something else, of which they themselves are very little aware. (They are very interested in this *[the "World-Union" brochure!,* not me!) So I didn't quite declare, "I don't want to have anything to do with that," but when people ask me, I say it has nothing to do with the Ashram, absolutely nothing.

September 28, 1963

Do you remember Savitri's debate with Death ["The Debate of Love and Death"]? ... According to it, Sri Aurobindo seems to be saying that Disorder arose when Life entered Matter.

(Mother leafs through her thick translation notebook[121])

Although God made the world for his delight,
An ignorant Power took charge and seemed his Will

In other words, that Power assumed the appearance of God's Will.
And Death's deep falsity has mastered Life.
All grew a play of Chance simulating Fate.

(X.III.629)

And before, Sri Aurobindo writes:

O Death, this is the mystery of thy reign.

He seems to imply it's only on earth:
In earth's anomalous and tragic field
Carried in its aimless journey by the sun
Mid the forced marches of the great dumb stars,
A darkness occupied the fields of God,

(Mother repeats)

A darkness occupied the fields of God,
And Matter's world was governed by thy shape.

The shape of Death.

Thy mask has covered the Eternal's face,

It's marvelous!
The Bliss that made the world has fallen asleep.
Abandoned in the Vast she slumbered on: An evil transmutation
overtook Her members till she knew herself no more.

(X.III.627)

And so on, a whole passage. And he seems to imply that it's when Life entered inert Matter that an ignorant Power ... what I read at the beginning:
An ignorant Power took charge and seemed his Will
And Death's deep falsity has mastered Life.

Consequently, according to this, Death would exist only on the earth.

(silence)

That's where I am in my translation. *(Mother closes her notebook)*

What are your conclusions?

I'll have to go to the end to understand what he wants to demonstrate.

You see, I was always under the impression that the earth was a symbolic representation of the universe in order to concentrate the Work on one point so that it could be done more consciously and deliberately. And I was always under the impression that Sri Aurobindo too thought that way. But here ... I had read *Savitri* without noticing this. But now that I read it and I am so immersed in that problem ... In other words, it's as if it were THE question given me to resolve.

I noticed it while reading.

(long silence)

It would seem to legitimize or justify those who want to escape entirely from the earth's atmosphere. The idea would be that the earth is a special experiment of the Supreme in His universe; and those who are not too keen on that experiment (!) prefer to get out of it (to say things somewhat offhandedly).

The difference is this: In one case, the purpose of the earth is a concentration of the Work (which means it can be done more rapidly, consciously and perfectly here), and so there is a serious reason to stay on and do it. In the other case, it's just one experiment amidst thousands or millions of others; and if that experiment doesn't particularly appeal to you, to want to get out of it is legitimate.

I don't see how it would be possible for one point of the Supreme not to be the whole Supreme. If there is a difficulty here, it's a difficulty for the WHOLE, isn't it?

Not necessarily.

Why should there be something apart from the rest?

It all depends, in fact, *(laughing)* on what He is driving at!

We can very well conceive that He may be carrying on some very different experiments. And so you could go from one experiment to another, you see.

It would be as Buddha said: it's attachment or desire that keeps you here, otherwise there's no reason for you to stay here.

(Satprem protests wordlessly)

Everything is possible to me, you know, absolutely everything, even the seemingly most contradictory things – really, I am totally unable to raise a mental or logical or reasonable objection either to this or to that. But the question ... *(Mother leaves her sentence unfinished)*. That is to say, the Lord's Will is very clear to Him, and *(laughing)* the whole thing is to unite with that Will and know it.

It had always seemed to me that way [the earth as a symbolic point of concentration], but I am so convinced that Sri Aurobindo saw things more truly and totally than anyone did that, naturally, when he says something, you tend to consider the problem!

I don't know, I haven't reached the end of *Savitri* yet. Because I notice (rereading it after the space of a few months, barely two years) that it's altogether something else than the first time I read it. Altogether something else: there is in it infinitely more than what I had experienced; my experience was limited, and now it's far more complete (maybe if I reread it in a year or two, it would be still more complete, I don't know), but there are plenty of things that I hadn't seen the first time.

Perhaps that passage I've just read is only one aspect? ... I will see when I reach the end.

What he announces, and what I am sure of, is that the Victory will be won on the earth and that the earth will become a progressive being (eternally progressive) in the Lord – that's understood. But it doesn't preclude the other possibility. The future of the earth he has announced clearly, and it's understood that such is the future of the earth; only, if that possibility [of death as an exclusively earthly phenomenon] is what we could term "historically" correct, it would sort of legitimize the attitude of those who get away from it. How is it that Buddha, who undeniably was an Avatar, laid so much stress on Deliverance as the conclusion of things? He who stayed behind only to help others ... to get away faster. Then that means he saw only one side of the problem? ...

Oh, yes!

But if there is a whole universe, thousands of universes with altogether different modes, and if to be here is merely a matter of CHOICE ... then the choice is free, of course – there are those who like conquest and victory, and those others who like doing nothing.

But Buddha represented only one stage of consciousness. AT THAT TIME it was good to follow that path, therefore ...

We can conceive it was a particular necessity within the whole, of course. But these are all conceptions, it's still something mental – I recently had in my hands a quotation from Sri Aurobindo in which he said that there is "no problem the human mind cannot solve if it wants to." *(Laughing)* There is no problem that the mind cannot solve if it applies itself to it! But I don't care, I have no need of mental logic – no need. And it would have no effect on my action – that's not what I want, not at all! It's only because there is that increasingly acute contradiction between the Truth and what is. It's becoming painfully acute. You know, that suffering, that general misery is becoming almost unbearable.

There was a time when I looked at all that with a smile – a long time. For years and years it was a smile, the way you smile at a childish question. Now, I don't know why it has come ... it has been THRUST on me like a sort of acute anguish – which certainly is necessary to get out of the problem.

To get out, I mean, to cure, to change – not to flee. I don't like flight.

That was my major objection to the Buddhists: all that you are advised to do is merely to give you an opportunity to flee – that's not pretty.

But change, yes.

(silence)

There are some lines [in *Savitri*] that all of a sudden are so magnificent! They come with such power, but once written down, that's not it any more.

For example, you SEE that image of the mask of Death covering the Supreme's face.

It's marvelous. So intense. And then that ignorant Power that took charge of the earth and made it ... that "seemed," SEEMED the Supreme's Will. It's so pregnant with meaning.

October

October 3, 1963

(On Mother's table are two double white hibiscus flowers called "Grace." Mother takes one and gives it to Satprem:)

N. had a dream last night in which Sri Aurobindo gave her many things, then I came and gave her two "Grace" flowers. And in the morning, she wakes up, goes to her garden ... on the tree were two Grace flowers. It's amusing. So, what have you brought?

I have a letter from X.

Well! ... What does he say?

I asked him what I should do: today I finished the second "round" of my Tantric writings. So he says, "Once more start the thing and continue."

Naturally he said you should go to the end.

So I need more paper!

Ayo!

If we can do like last time, Ill take scraps of paper from the Press. I need ... 5,200 sheets!

Two thousand?

Five thousand two hundred! ...

* * *

(Then Mother translates Sri Aurobindo's letter on the descent of Love, on which she has already commented on July 24, and she adds this comment:)

If divine Love were to descend first, before divine Truth, certain beings with a special power or receptivity might draw it into themselves, personally, and then all those wrong impulses might occur.[122] But if this divine Love descends only in the Truth, in the Truth-Consciousness, it will enter someone only if that person is ready to receive it. Without a preparation of Truth, there might occur a very powerful attraction of elements unable to keep that Love in its purity; whereas if the preparation of Truth has been done, with that preparation, It will CHOOSE, in order to manifest, the persons, the individualities, who are ready.

* * *

Later

Are you still in "The Debate of Love and Death"?

I haven't finished, I have no time left to work, that's the nuisance! I have so much work in the afternoon – I don't call it "work," it's being busy with people to

see, letters ... hosts of letters! And the entire organization: everything is in a terrible confusion. I should finish seeing people at four and take up my translation till five – they leave at ten to five! So I have no time left for anything. One day out of four I get some translation done, so it's going very slowly.

I'll have to change something in the organization again – it goes wrong very quickly.

In the beginning [when Mother withdrew], I used to receive one or two letters daily, not even that many; now it's ten or twelve daily, and when I don't reply immediately, two days later I receive another letter: "I wrote to you but I haven't had a reply." So immediately I scribble on their letter two or three very curt words *(Mother laughs)* ... to show them it isn't worthwhile to be too impatient.

Anyway ...

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

I saw a square again.

It was fringed with red, like little red sparks. The same white square. Afterwards, it was as though absorbed and replaced by a square of blue and green light – the blue and green of the Tantrics: it's like vividly colored emerald and sapphire, a powerful color. Translucent, luminous. And the two squares became superposed – the blue first, the green on top.

But before that, when the white square fringed with red entered (it took form first, you see; it seemed to take form between us), it took form and then something eased in you – did you feel a relaxation?

(Satprem nods his head ... silence)

The last two days, Sri Aurobindo was here all the time, all the time. Constantly, constantly mingled with things. And many people saw him and spoke to him – he was very, very present. The last two days.

At times he seemed to go into a kind of ... (I can't say) of inner stillness, then at other times he was very active.

And once (two or three days ago) he told me, "You are with me as much as you like, you speak with me as much as you like," as if it weren't he who was directing but I (!) I said it wasn't true! *(Mother laughs)* But anyway....

Since that experience of the translucent bowl, he has been very, very close. This morning, he seemed to be mingled with everything.

There are also some rather amusing things: yesterday I saw some people who aren't from here; usually I don't speak to people, but I spoke to them. I started saying something, then Sri Aurobindo interrupted me: "Don't tell them that, they'll be convinced that you always harp on the same thing!" And it was true – I took a look and stopped instantly. He is always letting me know, "This one feels this way, that one thinks that way, that one ..." He is very, very much mingled with everything, all the time, all the time.

Then at other times, it's as if he were no longer here at all – "no longer here,"

only up there ... in the Supermind! *(Mother laughs)*

October 5, 1963

Yesterday I had a very curious experience which left me with a bizarre feeling....

It was a construction – a huge construction. It resembled one of those huge hotels they build nowadays, with inner courtyards and all sorts of things. And I had my room right at the top. (It called to my mind an old experience I had had.... Do you remember that "big hotel"?[123] It was somewhat like that.) And everyone there was APPARENTLY full of respect, of obedience, of thoughtfulness ... but everyone was going his own sweet way – that's nothing new. At first, I was downstairs (my room was way upstairs, I don't know how many floors there were), and there I met some people, people whom I know. But each and every detail was so revealing, it was marvelous! And it was time for me to have my bath (I don't know what time it was!), so I wanted to go back upstairs to do so, but I needed someone to prepare the bath (it's symbolic; I don't know yet, I haven't yet understood the symbol of that "bath," because it occurs very often; but there may be some meaning hidden in that symbol). But then one person was too old (someone who had offered to prepare the bath, but he was too old), another wasn't strong enough, another ... – to be able to prepare the bath required VERY special qualities. It isn't the first time; it has happened two or three times before: to be able to prepare that bath took absolutely exceptional qualities of courage, strength, physical power, endurance. And the people downstairs ... *(gesture expressing incapacity)*. So I said to myself, "All right, I'll go upstairs and see what happens."

On the way, the same thing happened again: I went the usual way – plop! cut off, nothing left, I can't get through; I come back, start another way – plop! cut off, I can't get through. Yet I kept going up (how, I don't know). Then I reached a sort of square terrace-balcony, perfectly square, and ALL its doors were closed. There was no way of going farther: all the doors were closed. Then I see water rising, rising, rising in the ENTIRE building, except the places where the doors were closed. Downstairs ... (I don't know, I was very high up, maybe on the fourth or fifth floor) the doors were closed, so naturally water could not get in. All the courtyards (large, immense courtyards) were turned into swimming pools. What water! ... I kept watching it, admiring it; I said to myself, "What wonderful water!" So clear, so clear, clearer than any I ever saw. Water that was ... I can't say, it was transparent like ... like purity itself, it was marvelous. It was rising and rising and rising.... I saw in one of the courtyards on my left (a very large courtyard: it had become an immense swimming pool!), I saw a person in a bathing suit come out of the water, as if he had taken his bath in it, and wrap himself up (a very tall person, very tall, who was neither a man nor a woman), he wrapped himself up in a bathrobe, then walked away on the water (!) I was watching this till suddenly I

realized that the water was beginning to reach my feet. Then I KNEW: "Ah, yes! They've decided to do this." I was a little upset: "They really could have told me they were going to do this!" I thought. "It's something they must do regularly.... Did they inform some people?" (All this in my head, of course.)

And I kept admiring that water, thinking, "But it's purity itself!" It was reaching my feet, yet I wasn't getting wet. Then I remarked, "If I stay here ..." (Because I was standing with my back against closed doors and the building extended beyond them, but in front of me there was nothing, so normally the water should have flowed out that way – how is it then that it didn't? I don't know – the whole thing was quite "marvelous"!) And it was rising and rising and rising, until it reached my ankles and suddenly triggered something within me – I woke up.

I was at least ten minutes later than my usual time.

I didn't have any sense of danger – not at all. Only that slight feeling of being upset: "They ought to inform people before doing things of that sort!" And "they" were the supreme heads of the organization (there was nothing religious or spiritual about it: it was very concrete, in Matter). But that water ... I kept admiring it, thinking, "Oh, they have control over that water!" It was like liquid diamond. It was a marvel, as if everything it touched were purified. And that being who came out of the huge swimming pool (it wasn't a human being: it looked like a vital being who was neither a man nor a woman) came out in a kind of bathing suit, wrapped himself up and disappeared. But otherwise ALL the doors were closed, there wasn't a soul – only me on my square, with the square around me and my back against a closed door, watching the whole scene from a great height. And everything was filling up with that substance – it looked like water, but it wasn't water.

The impression lingered, as if there were something I had to understand.

And I just felt a slight disappointment: "They really could have told me." And together with it, a smile that understood it was better that way.

"They really ought to inform people...."

I thought it was something in the vital, because all my relationships with the people downstairs, before going back upstairs, were with their character, their vital – not with material matter but with the character, vital nature. And it was...! You could write books: an irony, a sharp perception, fine, delicate – priceless! It's charming, you know: each one with his own little flaw – they were all people I know!

But there are some beings that have been in two or three persons: for example, a vital being that went from one person to another (a being I know very well, so I know it happened that way), and what I saw was the BEING, not the different persons. A vital, female-looking being (they take on a sexual appearance when they have been in human beings: they retain the female or male appearance), a female-looking being, and just when the question of preparing my bath arose (always that "bath" ... I'll have to find out what it means), she had something very urgent to do, went into her room, then *(laughing)* came out again a minute later with a dress ... a sort of green dress – grass green but bright – with an immense

train! And she walked past so proudly: "Yes, I wanted to show them who I am." What an admirable comedy! If I had the time to write, it could make utterly charming stories.

But I'll have to find out what that bath is which comes repeatedly.

One person was so anxious (I know who it is, I know him very well), so anxious to prepare the bath, but he didn't have the strength, he couldn't do it: "Oh, how I would like to prepare the bath!" So I looked at him, I didn't want to say no; but I thought, "It's not possible, he can't, he doesn't have the strength."

(silence)

I kept going up, but all the ways I knew stopped short. First I had started up a very large staircase, a magnificent staircase of pink marble, that was the way I had to go upstairs, but just as I turned on the landing – plop! impossible to get through. (But how is it...? Impossible to get through, yet I went up just the same?..) And I find myself on another landing, I try again to go up from there – plop! stopped, impossible to get through. I try again and find myself on the third landing (but in fact I was on a higher floor, because I had already climbed two flights before I was stopped), I reach the third landing and find myself on a square – a perfect square – edged with a parapet of pink marble, but with reddish veins, very beautiful: very beautiful, it was chiseled – magnificent. Then a door, a sort of bronze door behind me, which was closed. So I watched and saw the water rising and rising (it wasn't water, but it was liquid like water). And in front of me: an immensity. No limits. I seemed to be above all the other houses; there were no trees, no mountains, nothing – an immensity, like a perfectly cloudless sky; and it wasn't white, but there was light in it. I was looking down and I saw the water rising and rising and rising – like the Flood. But it wasn't water.

It will come back until I understand.

It didn't appear catastrophic?

No.

But in that consciousness, there aren't any "catastrophes," so I can't be sure.

There was only that: "Why? ... They could have informed people just the same!" But it was "they" in the plural: "They should have." They were the "all-powerful masters" or the "supreme masters." But there was nothing religious in the feeling, nothing spiritual either.

It wasn't in the vital – the supreme beings of the vital?

No, no!

It was what corresponds to the "owners" – they were the owners, in the sense that they had built everything and everything belonged to them – built and organized everything. Maybe they are gods?

I had no consideration for them (I don't know how to explain this), not only no respect, but no consideration: they were just owners. Only, I lived at the very top

of the house. And in that house, everyone obeyed me ("obeyed," well, in appearance). They were the owners or the *management.* But they weren't responsible to me, they didn't take orders from me; they didn't need to ask me before doing something – nor was I responsible to them. But I didn't have the feeling of being any more at home there than anywhere else; yet I had undeniably my room there, at the very top of the house.

Maybe they were gods?

The world's construction as they built it?

But then, that water rising and rising and rising??...

And everything was very well organized, because all the doors were closed and the water didn't enter where it wasn't supposed to – I saw no one drowned, no one in danger. There was no danger for anyone. And there was only one being, a vital being (he wasn't like the others I had seen downstairs). He had had great fun in that water! And he was leaving.

I remember that when the water touched my feet, it was ... (how can I explain?) it wasn't a sensation, I had no sensations, but around my feet it was like sparkling diamonds. Obviously I didn't intend to be fully immersed in it. And when I felt the water around my feet, I had an odd sensation (a perception, not a sensation), not the sensation of being wet, but clearly like: "I shouldn't stay here." And I woke up very abruptly.

(silence)

Before the water reached my feet, while I was watching it rising and rising, I thought, "Still, they really could have told me" (no, it wasn't "me," it was "they really could have ANNOUNCED the thing"). And at the same time I felt: "Why, but it's something they do regularly *(recurring gesture),* they do it regularly, but they should really inform people." But not strongly, simply like something passing [in Mother's thought].

Not for a second the sense of a danger, not at all. Not for a second.

I don't know ...(silence)

It has a meaning. Something will come back to give me the explanation.

In the old traditions they often mention "waters of immortality"; could there not be a connection? Waters that had the power to give immortality.

Maybe.

That made you invulnerable.

Invulnerable ... maybe that's it.

I always have to take my bath: I have to take a bath and no one is able to prepare it for me.

I have a bathroom.

I always go to take my bath, but someone has to prepare it. And either they aren't strong enough, or they think of other things, or they don't care about it, or ... And once (I told you this), I opened the door and found someone trying to take a bath, but I arrived just in time.[124]

We'll see.

October 16, 1963

(Mother first reads two lines from "The Debate of Love and Death" in "Savitri." She would like to put them as epigraph to the conversation of September 7, the dialogue with a materialist.)

Listen to this:

O Death, thou speakest Truth but Truth that slays,
I answer to thee with the Truth that saves.

(X.III.621)

It's beautiful!

So the materialist ... "O Death, thou speakest Truth...." What can he reply? It's the Truth!

* * *

(Satprem first decided not to publish in full the following conversation on Tantrism. Then, after Mother's departure, when he saw that same Tantrism trying to spread through Auroville, he changed his mind and decided to publish the conversation in full, preceded by a note which we are inserting below. This note was written in 1979.)

> Every time a new truth has attempted to manifest upon earth, it has been immediately attacked, corrupted and diverted by pseudo-spiritual forces – which did represent a certain spirituality at a given time, but precisely the one that the new truth wants to go beyond. To give but one example of those sad "spiritual diversions" which clutter History, Buddhism was largely corrupted in a sizable part of Asia by a whole Tantric and magic Buddhism.

The falsity lies not in the old spirituality which the new truth seeks to go beyond, but in the eternal fact that the Past clings to its powers, its means and its rule. As Mother said in her simple language, "What's wrong is to remain stuck there." And Sri Aurobindo with his ever-present humor: "The traditions of the past are very great in their own place, in the past...." We could expect the phenomenon to recur today. In India, Tantrism represents a powerful discipline from the Past and it was inevitable that Mother should experience the better and the worse of that system in her attempt to transform all the means and elements of the old earth – this Agenda has made abundant mention of a certain X, symbol of Tantrism. Now, as it happens, we are witnessing the same phenomenon of "diversion," and today this same Tantrism is seeking to divert the new truth by convincing as many adepts as possible not to say Mother's Mantra, which is "too advanced for ordinary mortals," and to say Tantric mantras in its stead. This is purely and simply an attempt to take Mother's place. One has to be quite ignorant of the mechanism of forces not to understand that saying a mantra of the old gods puts you under the influence and into the orbit of precisely that which resists the new truth. Mother had foreseen the phenomenon and forewarned me in the following conversation. Unfortunately, until recently, I always wanted to believe that Tantrism would be converted. Nothing of the sort. It is attempting to take Mother's place and lead astray those who are not sincere enough to want ONE SINGLE THING: the new world.

* * *

X has left. I saw him twice (yesterday for the second time), and I wanted to wait till I had seen him the second time before telling you the story.

Here is what happened: I do my usual "bath of the Lord" and it is arranged that, after a time, Champaklal opens the door – which signals to me the end of the visit. So I looked at X, just to see (I had looked at him several times before, but there was nothing particular), I looked at him and saw in front of him a sort of mass of substance, not material but responsive to a mental formation, which means that mental thought and will can make this substance take different shapes – I know it *(Mother makes a gesture of fingering the substance),* it's very like the sort of substance mediums use for their apparitions (less material, more mental, but anyway the same kind). There was a sort of mass in front of him, which was hiding him; it wasn't luminous, not black either, but dark enough. So I looked at it, STARED at it to see what it was, and as I was staring, I saw that there was a will or an effort to give that mass of substance a shape. It was exactly in front of X's head and shoulders. And there was a will to give it a shape *(gesture of molding).*

As I stared very carefully, it took the shape of Sri Aurobindo's head as it appears in newspapers and magazines (what I call the "popular" Sri Aurobindo, as he is shown in books), the substance took that form. Immediately I thought *(ironic tone),* "Oh, it's the popular form, that doesn't resemble him!" And instantly, the substance rearranged itself and took the form of Cartier-Bresson's Sri Aurobindo[125] (the three-quarter face photo, where he is seated in his armchair). That was better! *(Mother holds back a chuckle)* It wasn't yet quite good, but anyway it was better (although, mind you, it had neither light nor life: it was matter – a subtle matter, of course – put into shape by a mental will). So I began to wonder: "Whatever is this?! Does he want me to believe that Sri Aurobindo is in him, or what?" Because X's head and shoulders had completely disappeared, there was nothing left but that. And I thought (not a strong thought, just a reflection): "No, it's not very good, really not very lifelike!" *(Mother laughs)* Then there was a last attempt and it became very like the photo that was taken when he left his body (that photo which we stood on end and called "Meditation"), it was very like the photo, *(in an ironic tone)* a very good likeness. And it stayed. So I thought, "Oh yes! This is the photo."

Then I concentrated just a little and thought, "Let's see, now. Whom is he trying to delude?" And instantly, everything vanished. And I saw X, his head.

I had stared at that thing – it went on for more than ten minutes – I stared and stared at it, and with truly an extreme goodwill I tried to see if Sri Aurobindo's vibration was in it (the light wasn't, but I tried to see if the vibration was), but I didn't feel anything.

Nevertheless, there was a very strong WILL to make me believe it was Sri Aurobindo – I saw it, you understand.

It annoyed me a little.

At first I thought, "My goodness! Who does he take me for? *(Laughing)* A fool who can be made to believe that the moon is made of green cheese?" Then I decided I wouldn't say anything until he left: I wanted to wait till I saw him a second time. Then I made a very strong formation and I said to Sri Aurobindo, "If there was really anything of you in that, well, let it occur again next time." And yesterday, I kept watching all the time, attentively, very carefully – absolutely nothing happened.

I didn't like that very much.

You understand, I know those things, I have seen thousands of them! Only, as it happens, for more than half a century I have sensed the difference in a most sharp way. I think I told you already that when I returned here from Japan, there were difficulties: once, I was in danger and I called Sri Aurobindo; he appeared, and the danger went away[126] – he appeared, meaning, he came, something from him came, an EMANATION of him came, living, absolutely concrete. The next day (or rather later the same day), I told him my experience and how I saw him; that worried him (it was an unceasing danger, you see), and he very strongly thought that he should concentrate on me to protect me. And the next day, I saw him – but it was an image, a mental formation! I told him, "Yes, you came in a

mental formation, it wasn't the same thing." Then he told me that this capacity of discernment is an extremely rare thing. But I always had it, even when I was small. It's a sensitiveness in the perception. And indeed I believe that very few people can sense the difference. So with X, my first impression was, "My goodness, to do this to me!... Well, really, I have some experience of the world, I can't be so easily made to believe that the moon is made of green cheese!"

And yesterday, it was all very peaceful: X was there all the time with nobody in front of him, not pretending anything. But the first time, as he expected some result, he stayed on for ten minutes – probably he was expecting some reaction (I never told him that Sri Aurobindo is with me all the time, that we talk to each other every night). Anyhow, he was probably expecting some enthusiasm on my part (!) There you are.

[Satprem cannot believe what Mother has just told him:] It was a will coming from him? It wasn't someone else who used that substance?

No. It was either he or his guru – his guru interferes in many things. And I saw his guru several times by his side – I wasn't positively sure it was X, but if it wasn't X, it was his guru, it can only be one or the other. And it was done DELIBERATELY, to make me think that Sri Aurobindo was there, in X, using X as a means of expression.

Very, very long ago, when I was still downstairs (not last year, the year before), one day ... I don't remember the details, but I know he made a sort of cinema show during the meditation: he showed himself as this god, that god, this or that – there was a whole swarm of gods and beings who came and threw themselves onto him like this *(Mother lays one hand flat on the other),* and Sri Aurobindo was there too, among the crowd! I took it as a demonstration of his powers – I didn't attach any importance to it. Naturally, I saw what it was; none of those beings was actually there, it was only their image. But I didn't attach any importance to it because to me it was ... *(laughing)* like someone giving me a show!

But this time ...

It's the first time it happened, mind you, the first time he tried – spontaneously, I say he tried to delude me. I would be surprised if he wasn't conscious.

You know that for a long time he said, "I and the Mother, the Mother and I, are one." Of course, in the Scriptures too it's like that! But it was reported to me (I don't attach much importance to it because people twist everything), it was reported to me that he said several times, "It's the Mother speaking to you through me," and I talked *nonsense! (Laughing)* That's the trouble. If at least I said some very wise things ...

That's serious.

I wouldn't call it "serious."

I wouldn't call it serious because he may have done it with the best of

intentions: not to deceive me, but to help me. But I found it so IGNORANT! That he should use such methods with me shows that he knows absolutely nothing of me.

It would succeed with any ordinary medium, or with a faker. A faker, someone insincere, would be immediately taken in, because in such cases IT IS SINCERITY THAT SAVES. Going by appearances it's very, very difficult to make out the difference. It is sincerity that saves (it's the same thing I said to Sujata[127]). I remember how Madame Théon, after I told her several of my experiences, said to me, "Nobody can deceive you because you are perfectly sincere" (occultly, I don't say outwardly: occultly). And it's true, it depends on the sincerity. Consequently, that X should attempt this shows he has a peculiar opinion of me!

But why all this? To what end?

I was told many things. He was AT LEAST tactless (he denied it afterwards, but it's true, I know it's true), he said it is he who would take my place when I go, when I leave my body.

Really!?!

Yes, I know he said so.

I find it incredible.

To me it's not an accusation, because I always take things for the best – it may be the expression of a great goodwill, but obviously an absolutely ignorant one. And then he has such a mania for prophecy! This time again (no one asked him anything), he said spontaneously that I would come downstairs next year, that I would resume my activities downstairs. So I looked (through what he said I looked at what he thought), and I saw that, for him, it didn't at all mean I took possession of a new Power, it was a return to the old things – but in my case, a return to the old things is folly!

Of course!

You understand, that's what interests me; it's not that I want to find fault with him, but this is the proof that he has no true perception whatsoever of what it's all about.

He certainly has no understanding of what's taking place here, of your work, for sure; but I had rather the feeling of a goodwill.

Yes, he does have goodwill, but such an ignorant one!

He even said that he would be asked – he would be ASKED – to take my place. He added, "I can't say, because I am a free man"! *(Mother laughs and laughs)*

Anyway ...

I wanted to tell you this because it's interesting to note it and keep it.

But I don't want him to know, because I take it for the best, as a goodwill, as if to show me that he is quite ready to help and support me: but all this in a mind that seems to me so childish! You see, the idea that I trust only Sri Aurobindo, and that if it's presented in the form of Sri Aurobindo, I'll accept! Things of that sort. I had such an impression that he thought he was dealing with a goose!

> *Mentally, I know. When I am with him, if I happen to listen to what he says for just two minutes, I get a headache, I can't bear it. I can stay with him only when I am above or outside, then it's quite all right. But if I listen to him mentally, I get a headache.*

Yes, I told you, the day when I entered his mind, it was frightful!

> *I can't listen to him, but I can be with him without listening to him.*

There you have it! *(Mother laughs)*

He clearly knows how to put mental substance into shape – but this handling of mental matter to give it a shape, everybody does it unknowingly, automatically; you only have to think a little strongly for it to be done. Only, people don't see it because they don't have the mental vision. And here, it was so funny [X's mental formation], because it responded so well (that's what made me think it was he who was doing it, not someone else), it responded so well to my immediate thought (and I didn't think strongly). I looked at the thing, and spontaneously, within myself, I thought, "Oh, no! ..." Almost as if Sri Aurobindo were saying, "Oh, no! That's my popular portrait, it's no good!" Voilà.[128]

* * *

A little later

> *I would like to know the meaning of the "flood" you saw the other day.*

Ah, I had the explanation, and now I don't remember. I had it, classified it – it all goes away so fast, so fast.... I had it very clearly, I don't remember now. It will come back. There are thousands of things like that.

* * *

(after a silence)

There is really now a struggle against all that terrestrial formation ... against, yes, the ignorance and unconsciousness of the earth's primal thought.

It's still there; even in those who have developed their higher mind, who are able to emerge from that darkness and ignorance, it's still there – it's still there in a sort of mental or vital subconscient. And it's so dark! Thoroughly stupid, you know: it can be given hundreds and thousands of proofs, it remains unaffected – a kind of incapacity to understand. And then it constantly rises to the surface, and I am constantly obliged *(gesture of offering to the Heights)* to "present" it: "This is still there, that is still there, that ..." And I see very well that the distinction between what goes on in this body and its atmosphere, and what goes on in all other bodies is ... I don't know if the distinction still exists, but it's imperceptible. And the consciousness is aware of all those movements as if they were personal to the physical person. But the physical person *(Mother touches her body)* isn't just this body – I am not yet sure whether the physical person isn't the whole earth (for certain things, it is the whole earth), or whether the physical person is the entirety of all the bodies of the people I am in contact with.... During the last hours of the night, that is, between 2 and 4, I see precise forms; but those precise forms are themselves representative, meaning there are TYPES and those types take on the image of someone I am in contact with or was in personal contact with. But to me they are types: "Oh, it's such and such a type" – but that can be thousands of people. And the action (it's always for an action), the action on the person-type has repercussions on all that he represents.

And that's a labor which seems ... infinite – endless, at any rate.

It does have consequences.

You see, what I do is this: the thing comes, it's taken up, presented *(gesture to the Heights)* as though it were mine: "But look, see how I am ..." (but it's the "I" – the great I), it's presented to the Lord, very humbly, with the sense and feeling of complete helplessness – I simply say, "Here, change it." The feeling that only He can do it, that everything that people have tried everywhere appears childish – everything appears to be childish. The most sublime intelligence seems to me childish. All the attempts that are made to enlighten, organize, educate mankind, to awaken it to a higher consciousness, to give it mastery over Nature and its forces, all of it – all of it, which for a human vision is sometimes utterly sublime, seems absolutely like children playing and having fun in a nursery. And children who love dangerous games, who believe TERRIBLY in what they do (as do children, naturally). I have never met more serious and stern a justice than the justice children have in their games. They really take life seriously. Well, that's exactly the impression it makes on me: the impression of a mankind in infancy which takes what it does with ferocious seriousness. And which will never get out of it – it will never get out of it, it lacks the little something (which may be really nothing at all), a very little something thanks to which ... ah, everything becomes clear and organized – all that comes from mankind always BORDERS on Truth.

So the only thing I can do is this *(gesture of presenting):* "Look, Lord, see how ignorant and powerless we are, how utterly stupid we are – it's up to You to

change it." How do you change it? You can't even imagine the change, you can't even do that. So all my time *(same gesture)* – not from time to time: constantly, day and night, without letup, day and night without letup. If for an interval of one or two minutes this isn't done, there is something that catches up: "Oh, all that time wasted!" And if I take a close look at what happened, then I see; I see that for these few minutes, I was blissful in the Lord, letting myself live blissfully in the Lord; so I no longer presented things to Him – it happens two or three times a day. A relaxation, you know, you let yourself flow blissfully in the Lord. And it's so natural and spontaneous that I don't even notice it; I notice it when I resume my attitude ... *(same gesture to the Heights)* of transferring everything to the Lord every minute.

(silence)

And always that question of age ... In everybody, everybody, without even their noticing it, there is always in the background (for the slightest thing, at the slightest opportunity), always the idea of old age, of going downhill, of decrepitude. And it comes a thousand times a day! *(Mother laughs)* So here too, I say to the Lord, "Listen, am I really going downhill?" Then He shows me one or two things ... in a dazzling light. It happens to me off and on – not often – when the "avalanche" has been considerable enough; then there is a bedazzlement of Light and Power, sometimes of such a formidable Power that you get the feeling that if you were to wield it ... what would happen? For instance, if I simply come into contact with a malicious ill will (that's rare), an urge or a desire to harm, I do this *(Mother pinches the vibration between her fingers)*, I do this (but it corresponds to an inner action: it's a Power that acts together with a white Light, absolutely white, you know, intolerant of anything but the perfectly white), and almost instantly, in the person in whom the movement of ill will resulted in a partial possession of the vital: an attack of nerves or (what do they call it?) a *vital collapse* or a *nervous collapse,* very tangible. So naturally, you curb all movements and you watch it all, perfectly quiet, with the eternal Smile. But it's as if to show me: here – here is the potentiality (!) Only there is no Order to wield it, except now and then "just to see."

(silence)

Listen, the night before, in the middle of the night, someone came to me (someone who was dark blue, which means a mental formation) with a plan of action, and told me, "It's all arranged: on such and such a day and at such and such a time" (it was meant for next year), "you will have this work to do, you will have to come downstairs, and here is how everything will be arranged for you to come down – this, that, that...." And I played the game very well, I answered, "Oh, no! That won't do, you have to arrange it this way and that way...." Then when it was all over, something suddenly made me go within *(gesture of return inward)*, I looked at the whole thing, saw the person, saw the plan, saw everything (I was in

the midst of an action), and said, "Yes, all this is very well, but you see, the snag is that I am not going downstairs!" And at one stroke, frrt! gone – it was a construction, as if there were an entire organization, even a governmental one (!), to make me come downstairs. And when I woke up (that is, in the morning when I came out of my activity of the night), I thought, "Could it be what showed itself" (it was a mental formation – from whom, from where? I didn't bother about that), "could it be what showed itself to X and made him declare with the authority of a clairvoyant: 'Mother will come downstairs next year'?" I found it very amusing.

Things are increasingly AS THEY ARE: exact, without complications. I have noticed that with people, even the most sincere and straightforward, there is always a kind of *coating,* an emotive coating (even with the coldest and driest), something that belongs to the vital; an emotive coating that makes things fuzzy, uncertain and allows a game that gives them a feeling of all sorts of "mysterious forces" at play – things are very clear, very simple, very, oh, very simple, and that coating brings along a sort of confusion. It's not sentiment, not emotion either, it's something ... something that LOVES uncertainty, the unknown, the unexpected – not positively chance (it's not so strong), but which loves to live in that, in ... in fact, in Ignorance! Which loves not to know what's going to happen. Even the simplest things, the most obvious, have all that coating over them.

Look, for instance, how many people, even the most serious, love to have their fortune told: reading the hand, reading the handwriting (I am pestered with people who ask me things like that), but anyway, even regardless of any spiritual idea, that sort of interest people find in being told, "See, your life line will last up to here...." People love it! They love it, they love to remain in their uncertainty. They love their ignorance. They love that unknown – the unknown "full of mysteries." They love the prophet who comes and tell them, "This is what you will do.... This is what is going to happen to you...." It seems so childish! It's the same as the taste for theater, it's the same thing (not the playwright, but the spectator who watches the play without knowing how it will end), or again the taste for novels – the taste for the "unknown." But then that's very close to the taste for the marvelous.

There is still a long way to go to enter Knowledge – the consciousness in which you know things quietly, in which everything is so simple, so natural, so evident. And it's that coating which brings complications: suddenly things get complicated in the human atmosphere.

I think animals (not those which live with men), animals (there aren't many left nowadays, they have all been contaminated by man!), the "natural" animals – animals in their natural state – have a very simple life. Everything is quite evident, quite simple, quite natural – we're the ones who make complications.

October 19, 1963

I am coming to the conclusion that there must be a great power (a transforming

power, probably) in the extreme tension of circumstances.

Let me explain myself:

The Help is ever present, in the sense that you unquestionably feel that the Force acts (the "Force," that is, the supreme Consciousness and supreme Knowledge), the Force acts with a sort of pressure on all people and all circumstances, in a favorable direction so that what happens may truly be the best – and the best hierarchically; in other words, the highest and purest (you know my definition of "pure") is a sort of center in relation to which things get organized; they get organized hierarchically, each with its "right to progress," but as if to favor what's closest to and most expressive of the Divine – that is going on constantly, I see hundreds of examples of it all the time. Yet, from the point of view of outer circumstances, there is such a tension that you feel you are close to catastrophe.

Sri Aurobindo told me that there are three difficulties, and they are the three things that have to be conquered for the earth to be ready (this is from the purely outward point of view, I am not speaking of psychological factors): government, money, health.

Of the three, health is the most directly connected to the inner transformation, but not completely so because it constantly depends on what comes in from outside: influences, vibrations – the contagion from the outside. You have to eat: everything you receive along with food – it's fantastic! There's so much that eating represents a considerable work – the physical digestion is nothing, but the work of assimilation and adaptation of all the rest is considerable. Consequently, of the three, health is the most directly under the influence of the inner progress, but, as I said, not completely so. Therefore, that too has to be conquered.

As for money, when Sri Aurobindo was here there was no problem: all that we needed came. Yet the last two years were beginning to be more difficult and he kept saying, I think I already told you, that it resulted from the wrong attitude of the people around; that this wrong attitude represented a considerable problem – it has gone from bad to worse, it has become quite acute.

As for government, it has followed an opposite curve: in the beginning, it was frightfully hostile, I mean, simply to be able to stay here we had to struggle every minute. And Sri Aurobindo told me that probably both health and money would give way at once; maybe health first and money afterwards, but not with a big difference. And he added, "As for the government, there is but one solution, only one: it is to BE the government." If you are not the government, you will never be able to conquer it, except when the earth is transformed – but then there won't be any work left! This is the situation. Things have been like this for ... forty, fifty years – more than forty years.

But because of my inner work, I become increasingly aware of things, increasingly aware of the Care, the Solicitude and the hierarchical Organization of circumstances so that the most precious and useful thing for the divine work is favored – of course not conspicuously so, but inwardly. And yet, in the three domains – government, money and health – things always reach a POINT, a point

of such tension and complication that if you didn't have the inner certitude, they would always seem to point simply to the catastrophe, the fall. And it's ALWAYS at that point that ... *(gesture of abrupt reversal)* everything turns around – not before, not one minute before.

It's not to give me faith – I have it; it's not to give me consciousness – I have it; it's for an outward reason. I cannot yet grasp why.

Because inwardly, even if I were told that everything would be demolished in the most tragic manner, I would say, "Very well." And in all sincerity, you know, nothing anywhere in me starts protesting or vibrating, nothing at all. I say, "All right." But I see – I do see that in that tension, a certain power is released, like a power intense enough to cure a tamas, to change a tamas.[129]

Yesterday (this is an example I give you, but in all three domains it's similar), yesterday it was a question of money. The question of money, for more than twelve years, has been a problem – growing increasingly acute because the expenses are increasing fantastically while the income is decreasing! *(laughing)* So the two things together make the problem very acute. It results in things to be paid but no money, which means that the cashier (the poor cashier, it does him a lot of good from the yogic viewpoint: he has acquired a calm that he never had before! But still he is the one who has to stand the greatest tension), the cashier spends money and I cannot reimburse him. Very well. And then it's not for me to run about, look for money, arrange things, discuss with people, of course, that wouldn't be proper (!), and those who do it for me have in them a rather sizable amount of tamas, which I cannot yet shake up. Anyway, yesterday they proposed something absurd to me (I don't want to go into the details, it doesn't matter), but their proposal was absurd and put me in a totally "unacceptable" situation. In other words, it might have brought a legal action against me, I might have been summoned before the court, anyway, all kinds of "inadmissible" things – not that I care personally, but they're "inadmissible." When they proposed their idea to me, I looked and saw it was silly; I was very quiet, when, suddenly, there came into me a Power ... (I told you it happens now and then) like this *(massive gesture)*. When it comes, you feel as though you could destroy – destroy everything with it ... you see, it's too awesome for the present state of the earth. So I answered very quietly that it was unacceptable, I said why, and I returned the paper. Then something COMPELLED me to add: "If I am here, it is not because of any necessity or obligation; it is not a necessity from the past, not a karma, not any obligation, any attraction, any attachment, but only, solely and absolutely because of the Lord's Grace. I am here because He keeps me here, and when He no longer keeps me here, when He considers I am not to stay any longer, I won't stay." And I added (I was speaking in English), "As for me ..." ("as for me" *[gesture upward]* that is, not this *[gesture* to *the body])*, "as for Me, I consider that the world isn't ready: its way of responding inwardly and outwardly, even visibly in those around me, proves that the world isn't ready – something must happen for it to be ready. Or else it will take QUITE SOME TIME for it to be prepared.... It's all the same to me: whether it is ready or not makes no difference. And everything could collapse, I –

couldn't – care – less." And with what force I said that! My arm rose, my fist banged on the table – mon petit, I thought I was going to break everything!

I was watching the scene, thinking, "Why the devil am I made to do this?!" These people are, apparently, quite devoted, quite surrendered and intimate enough not to be afraid. (I don't know what effect it had on them, but it must have had some effect.) As soon as it was over, I started working again, looking into affairs and so on. Afterwards, once I was alone, I wondered, "Why did that come into me?" ... And in the evening, I had the solution to the situation: it's here *(Mother takes an envelope on the table)*. I didn't even look at it *(Mother opens the envelope and looks at the amount of a check)*.

Then I said to myself: that's how it is, there must be a certain tamas – an uncomprehending tamas – which in order to change needs to be violently shaken up. With illnesses, it's the same thing, in the sense that only when things really seem about to topple over on the wrong side ... I go out of my body deliberately, hovering over all things, and the body recovers – now it takes very little time: a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes.

From the point of view of government, it also seems to be the same thing, as if all the difficulties little by little BROUGHT to power people who are under my influence.[130] But it's still sporadic – I think it is the thing that will give way last. Sri Aurobindo said it would happen in '67 ... we still have some time, it's only '63, four years to go. It's not that we'll govern ourselves (God knows we don't have the time!), but "to be the government" means that in the government, there will be people directly under the Influence. And it's not enough if it's local (God knows! *[laughing!* I have never seen anything more rotten!), it's not enough if it's local, it's not enough if it's Indian, not at all: it has to be global for ... And clearly, for the moment, we are still very far from it – even in the invisible, even in the Inconscient.There are some signs. Some signs before which ordinary people would marvel and rejoice but which to me are far from sufficient.

No, concerning government, the issue is still undecided, and yet ... Only, there are so many things that tend, that draw near, and then they go off at a tangent – that's the trouble, for when they go off at a tangent, then they go very far away ... *(gesture showing the possibility coming very close to crossing History, then moving away along an immense circle backward, to return again)* ... and they take a very long time to return.[131]

Something is being attempted now: there are some people who are in contact with us and are conscious; they have a possibility of action and they are trying. They have caught an idea: to bring Russia and America together so that the two powers united will be the agents of peace on earth. It's an EXCELLENT idea. We'll see what's going to happen.

Because obviously ... Oh, to tell the truth, I don't know. I say "obviously," but it's absolutely all the same to me if everything is demolished and starts again – it's another way of playing, that's all. But maybe without demolishing ... To demolish and start all over again *[laughing)* has already been done a few times! Maybe that's enough – if, without demolishing, men could progress ... But is it possible?

We must come VERY CLOSE to the goal for that to be possible.

The big difficulty is that tamasic stupidity. Yesterday, in this connection, I had the experience of a young couple who came to see me. (It has become a custom nowadays that young people who are going to marry and whose families I know, or who live here, come to receive my blessings before marrying! That's the new fashion.) So they came. The girl was educated here and the boy stayed here for quite a long time, working here; anyway, they want to marry. The boy went searching for a job; he had trust [in Mother] and found one. He is – I can't say conscious because it isn't like consciousness, I would call it rather superstition (!) but it's a superstition on the right target! The movement is ignorant, but well directed, so it works; not that he has an enlightened faith, but he has faith. All right. Things are fine and he does very well. So they came yesterday to receive my blessings. Then they went. And they left behind in the room ... a vital formation, very bubbly, absolutely ignorant, very bubbly with a joie de vivre, a joie de vivre so blissfully ignorant of all possible difficulties, all possible miseries, and not only for oneself but for everyone! You know, that joie de vivre that says, "Oh, it doesn't matter to me if we are born and die – life is short, well, let it be good, that's enough." No mental curiosity, no urge to know the why of the world – all that is nonsense, we needn't bother about it! Let's be happy, have some fun, and do as well as we can. That's all.... That formation was so strong, you know, in the room that I saw it and had to find a place for it. It put me in contact with a whole domain of the earth, of mankind, and I had to put it in its proper place, put it in order and organize it. It took me a little time (long enough, maybe three quarters of an hour or an hour), I had to order and organize everything. Then I saw how widespread it is on earth. (Note that these young people belong to the "top" of society, they are regarded as very intelligent, they are very well educated, in a word, it's about the best you can find in mankind! Not the dregs, far from it.) And I wondered if it isn't even more widespread in Western countries than here – I think it is. At that moment I came into contact with everywhere, and, well, the "everywhere" was really quite extensive.

Afterwards, I asked myself, "But what the devil can be done with all this? ..." Disturb these people? They are quite incapable of getting out of their condition in this life and will probably need many, many, many lives to awaken to the NEED TO KNOW – as long as they can move about, you know *(laughing),* as long as they can move about and things aren't too painful, they're quite contented! And then, in addition, there is, all the way down, that whole inert mass, you know, of men who are very close to the animal – what can be done with that? If that too has to be ready, it seems to me impossible.... Because that young couple, according to human opinion, are very fine people!

So how many ... HOW MANY consciousnesses must there be, what quantity, if we may say (intensity, there is: off and on it shines like stars), what is the mass of consciousnesses necessary to enable this new world to come down on earth? ... Otherwise, what would happen to it? It would be swallowed up. Like in '60, when I saw the supramental forces descend (mon petit, what a sight it was! They were

descending, it was stupendous, marvelous; they were like torrents, you felt as though they were going to inundate everything), and then, from below, there rose up great, dark blue masses like this, and they went vroof! *(gesture of engulfing)* And everything was swallowed up.

So it would be the same thing PHYSICALLY, you understand.

(silence)

So, yesterday, there was first the visit of those young people, then that question of money, and then that manifestation [of Power], which comes from time to time. Afterwards, I asked myself, "How is it ..? How is it that I was that way?" It lasts for a time, I do a certain thing, then it disappears completely. And I feel surprised, you know, surprised. The first times it happened, something in the body was having some difficulty holding it [the Power]; now, nothing whatsoever, the body doesn't feel anything, it's grown accustomed to it. Perhaps that's what is being done: the body is being accustomed. But if that Power were there all the time, good grief! People would have to behave themselves, because ...

So I was looking at it and thinking, "How come?" I was neither angry nor upset nor anything at all – within, there was always that same Love, unchanging, always, always there, for everything; even when I perceive things with a kind of discernment (not even an intuitive one, a discernment higher than intuitive, which is like a clear vision – clear, precise, in the white Light), the discernment of all the stupidity, all the ill will, all the *crookedness – a* very clear discernment – it is always with a Smile, there is always that same Vibration of an eternal Love. Then that Power comes – it doesn't disturb anything, it doesn't take the place of anything: it's an addition. It's an action: it does its action and then goes away. But while it's there ... you know, the Force that made me bang my fist on the table could have smashed everything. But of course, a poor little hand, a poor little arm, could only shake the table!... *(Mother laughs)* It could only make a lot of noise and shake the table. But the perception was tremendous.

That was the last time, but not the first.

Certain times, I don't budge; at times it comes when I am alone, so naturally I don't say a word and don't budge, but after a while, there comes a kind of ... (what can I call it?) I wonder, "What's going to happen? ..." It's not an anxiety but something that observes and asks, "But is it really possible to let this ... let this manifest?" And it always comes in connection with a circumstance, an action, a movement (sometimes – very rarely – an idea in someone, but that's rare), and it comes almost as a NECESSITY: "This must be struck down" *(gesture of bringing down a sword of light).* And what a mighty striking-force! ... Out of all proportion with earthly things. Then away it goes – I don't pull it down nor do I send it back: I witness the thing, and the body is used, nothing else. And then it's gone.

There is a constant aspiration in the body for everything that can perfect it – perfect the instrument, I mean – and there is very, very little asking for Power. When Sri Aurobindo was here, there was a clear awareness of the necessity of Power, and several times I said, "It is the supramental Power that will manifest

first." Because, without Power, it will be impossible: the mass of opposition in the world is sufficient to swallow up everything, just as the Light was swallowed up in '60 – the supramental Light and Consciousness were swallowed up; it will be the same thing. But afterwards, when I had to do the whole task, I no longer insisted on this point [Power], there wasn't the sense of this necessity any more but rather the feeling of a WHOLE that has to progress together and manifest together. A kind of perfection of the Whole.

But it's coming.

But, for example, when we used to have those gatherings for the pujas[132] and Durga used to come (when Sri Aurobindo was here and for some time afterwards), when she manifested, there was a great power that came along with her – but that's nothing! Nothing compared to That. Durga's power ... yes, it's like milk and water in comparison.

And there is absolutely nothing vital about it – now I find vital power quite crude, almost repugnant. There's nothing vital about it: it's something from on high. It always comes with a golden Vibration, very strong, and so massive! ...

But it comes only when the situation is extremely tense; which might explain that it is probably necessary to shake up all that Matter a bit, and that it can come only when all the other means won't do any more.

You know, at those times, I feel such a force in me, even a physical strength, greater than I have ever felt in my life, even when I was young and strong enough, and it makes me feel that people's physical strength ... is nothing! The first time it came after my illness (I wasn't on my guard), it did so for no apparent reason (possibly as a test) and there was this instrument on my table *(Mother points to a penholder mounted on a steel pivot)*. So the Force came, and for some reason or other I wanted to push this thing down. I put my hand on it without any effort, any force (but the Force was there, it was in my arm): snapped off! (It isn't easy to break.) Snapped clean off! Without the shadow of an effort. The doctor was here, he asked me "Why?" I told him, "Oh, I didn't do it deliberately, a force took hold of my arm and went snap!" And I did it consciously; I saw, I saw the Force, saw a sort of golden bolt of lightning, very strong, that came and – snap! I didn't make the slightest effort. The doctor was upset! (He is a man with a sattvic nature.) He told me, *That is stupid, it breaks your things* – I'll get others!

That was the first time. Afterwards, I was on my guard.

When Sri Aurobindo was here, there was a boy who was quite uncontrollable: he had fits of anger which he couldn't control (not that it occurred to him to control them!). He was an engineer and a very intelligent boy (but that makes no difference), and once, while Sri Aurobindo was in my room, this boy came up the stairs and had me called. I went out to see him. Then he flew into a great rage, began shouting and in his rage tried to rush at me. Well, I simply put my two hands on his shoulders, without an effort, like that – he went tumbling down the stairs. Quite simply, I stopped him from coming near by touching his shoulders.... But that was clearly Kali. Sri Aurobindo came and I told him what had happened. (The boy had got back to his feet and was climbing the stairs again; when he saw

Sri Aurobindo, he scampered off! ... He never did it again, of course.) But that was clearly Kali: when Kali wants to, she can be very strong, but that still belongs to the realm of terrestrial things. She is very strong: I simply stopped the boy from coming near, I put my hands on his shoulders, he lost his balance and fell all the way down the stairs, he rolled right down the stairs. So I thought it was Sri Aurobindo who had made Kali intervene (he had heard that demented boy shout, you see).

It's not the same thing. Long ago, when Sri Aurobindo was here, Kali used to come from time to time – but it still belongs to this world, it's not the same thing [as the supramental Power].

Another time, a fellow (there are some demented characters of that kind) had come from Australia: he was a teacher and had been given classes in the School. He started to preach unbelievable things – he was God incarnate, you see! Until the day it began to be a pain in the neck. And he had declared he would stay here forever.... People were annoyed, everyone was annoyed, they didn't know what to do. I was in my room here (it was three years ago, maybe four). I remember: I was sitting on my bed (at the time I used to work on my bed, over there), and I received a letter in which I was told ... in short, that it had become impossible, intolerable, that he could not be kept here. So I concentrated for a minute and Kali arrived – Kali in her battling mood, a black, dancing Kali. I told her, "Why don't you go on his head?" *(Laughing)* She went and did her dance on his head – the next day, he wrote he was leaving the Ashram. In this case, it was very clear: the day before, he had declared that he wouldn't budge, that he intended to stay here and continue his lessons, and that we would have to send him away forcibly for him to go (they had told me all this quite tearfully). Kali's dance convinced him he had better go!

But all that, you see, it's the play of the world. What is going on now is something else, altogether something else.

It comes, it acts, it goes. And it doesn't give any advance notice of its coming!

At such moments, the body feels very vast – vast, limitless, very vast, as though it were TOUCHING all Matter; there is a conscious contact with all Matter. And banging my fist as I did yesterday is quite symbolic, nothing but symbolic: it wasn't a table, my fist banged on the earth! "Earth, if you are not ready, well, you will be left to fend for yourself; we'll go away and come back when you're ready."

So it appears to be a necessity to shake up a tamas somewhere – there is plenty of TAMAS, plenty.

You understand, I don't feel any haste – I love stones, flowers, plants, animals so much, they're all so wonderful! It begins to be less pleasant beyond ... the most unpleasant is human perversion – perversion of cruelty, of wickedness, of hardness. You have to rise higher to be able to accept it, to be unaffected by it.

But that thing I saw yesterday, that bubbly formation of joie de vivre, I saw clearly that it's one of the greatest obstacles – one of the greatest obstacles: a vital joy that knows only itself, that knows nothing other than its own vital joy and is

PERFECTLY content. I saw it was a great obstacle, because ... it already contained a sort of reflection of the True Thing. And then, you can only laugh, but there are stern people who say, "You'll see when you get sick, you'll see when you get old...." (All that came because there was a whole work, which represents a whole great drama on the earth's scale, there was this and that and that....) What for? Why be stern? Let them be happy, they represent ... why, it's like foam on fresh beer!

* * *

Just before leaving

> *I had a dream last night, it's the last thing I remember. It was like a mountain road and there were enormous vehicles, like tanks, very black, very high, climbing up the mountain. And I had a feeling they were Russians or Chinese, like an enormous military convoy, very, very black, climbing up the mountain.*

It isn't a dream! Perhaps it's what's going on up there.[133]
You probably went there.

(silence)

Yes, one can see things that way, many things. It's to show you that you have inner senses – one goes and sees, one wanders about and comes back. *(Laughing)* It's exercises!

October 26, 1963

(Pondicherry has just been hit by a cyclone and Satprem by a strange fever.)

Did you feel anything during the cyclone? No, nothing particular?

You always have a sense of something in a fury – and not too nice!

(Laughing) Obviously!

First it came from one direction, then a dead calm – it's always that way. You know how cyclones work? It's something that rotates, and at the center there's a dead calm; all around is a whirlwind, and it rotates as it advances. So the first part (what might be called the front of the cyclone) arrives from one direction, then it goes on rotating, and the second part comes from the opposite direction. We have an American rear admiral here who knows those things very well – all seafaring people know them – he had seen the cyclone from a distance on the sea and warned us. But it's always that way, I had noticed it. The first wave arrived from the north, but as we were forewarned, everything had been closed. Then the wind died down completely, but the southern windows had been left open. And the second wave came from the other direction (it came around evening, a little before 7, I don't remember; anyway, I was sitting at the table here). And I saw ... I saw that whirlwind coming, and inside it there were formations: like heaped masses, some gray-black, others reddish-brown. And I watched it all; I saw them from a distance, there were lots of them: big formations, about as big as houses. They came in heaped masses, with kinds of formations WITHIN the whirlwind. So I was here, just beginning to have my dinner, when a reddish-brown formation went over, like this, right from here towards your house *(Mother sweeps across the room from south to north),* and it struck me. Mon petit, howling pains! And then a horrible discomfort. So naturally, my usual remedy: I stayed still and offered it all to the Lord. The formation went past, didn't stop (it went past, struck and went away), and left behind it (afterwards the pains were dull, they could be controlled) a kind of very peculiar sense of discomfort ... a sort of wickedness, like big sharp claws raking one's stomach. So I was expecting something for you – others too fell sick who were in the path of the formation. But there must have been quite a number of cases, because I saw many formations – that one did strike, you see. I saw it arrive as swiftly as the cyclone, strike, and then go on. So when I was told that you had a fever, instantly I thought, "That's it."

Was it painful?

Oh, terrible, as if I were burning within.

That's it, like red-hot iron claws. And others too had the same thing, the very same thing.

My body and muscles are aching all over, as if I had been battered.

Yes, that's it, mon petit. The doctors would say it was a mass of germs or microbes or viruses (or God knows what), but it was vital ill will – vital malice – but with a coating material enough to act directly *(Mother strikes):* it was instantaneous, you know, no need of incubation! Instantaneous, like a fiery sword ripping open your stomach – charming.

It will go away.

But I stopped the immediate effect (the immediate effect was ... almost catastrophic), I stopped it with my great method: that sort of inner immobility, and

leaving everything in the Lord's hands. Nevertheless, the next day, I was unwell (I'm not quite well yet), as though the body had been terribly shaken.

Then I saw all kinds of things – oh, bah! bah!... An adverse organization in the most material vital to mislead unenlightened spiritual aspirations: I encountered that last night. There was a kind of preacher teaching how to do things, and for each thing I had to contradict and explain – because he had quite an audience: he has that audience at night, and when people wake up, they aren't conscious of it, and it influences them. It results in a kind of possession. It was (oh, I see that gentleman often), it's a tall, black being – he is black, jet black – but he passes himself off as a great Initiate! People don't see him as he is (they must see him in a very attractive guise), and he preaches the very things that foster disintegration. He teaches you in detail how to do – a very good teacher of *mischief.* But I argued with him about everything, explained everything in detail, very carefully, very conscientiously, and when it was over, I offered it all to the Lord – so I don't know what happened to him!

"They" are quite unhappy at what's going on here! *(Mother laughs)*

So that must be a good sign, mustn't it?

Yes, but ... It shakes people a little.

The strange thing is that L., who was in the path of this formation *(gesture from south to north),* was sick, like you, he had a fever: the same thing, the same pains – very particular pains. And U. too was nearly caught; but the day before, I had explained to him how to defend himself, and he told me he had used my method and it worked quite well. I had explained to him how to "pass the thing" on to the Lord (that is, to learn to offer it). He tried it and told me, "It worked quite well, the thing didn't take root: a moment of discomfort, and it was over."

One should learn to do that. If one does it with one's head, it's useless; what's effective is when you are able to summon that sort of eternal immobility ... then, the effect is immediate. But generally, people know how to do it for others but not for themselves, because for themselves, they go on vibrating – when it hurts a lot, it's difficult to stop that vibrating. But it CAN be done; even when the pain is absolutely acute, almost unbearable (normally one would start screaming), one CAN, one can do it and summon that silent immobility to the painful spot – immobility of eternity. Very, very quickly, within a few seconds, the intensity disappears; there remains only a memory, which one should take care not to reawaken by thinking about it, but which lingers as a memory in the body, as when you've given yourself a good knock, a sound blow, and the acute pain has gone, but the mark stays. It stays a more or less long time. If one made the effort to stay very, very quiet, immobile, without doing anything, thinking anything, wanting anything, for a long enough time, I think there would be very little effect.

So much so that, for example, one KNOWS one has a violent fever (the thing comes with a violent fever, a violent reaction), yet there is no sign of fever! I had the experience three or four times; I had those things that bring on bouts of violent fever, and when the doctor came, I asked him, "Doctor, do I have a fever?" (I

knew very well I had a fever, I didn't need to ask him! One of those fevers that make you run a very high temperature; but then there was that immobility I had summoned.) The doctor feels my pulse: "No, you're fine!"

Of course, one can imitate this mentally, but it's only an imitation. What I mean is something else, which has nothing to do with mental *will – (laughing)* maybe it's a gift from the Lord, I don't know!

October 30, 1963

(On the occasion of Satprem's birthday Mother writes the following message.)

> "A day shall come when all the beautiful dreams will become real,
> with a reality far more marvelous than anything we can dream of.
> With our love and blessings."

I've put it into French, but it's something Sri Aurobindo said for you!

I put "our," it's deliberate.

And he said with assurance, "Do tell him this, let him not forget that all the most beautiful, the most marvelous, the most fantastic things we have dreamed of are nothing compared to what will be realized" – and yet that will be the realization of all dreams. But far more perfect, more marvelous, more complete, more living.

The other day I wondered, "What am I going to tell him?" And he immediately answered me, "Tell him this."

Yes, it wet be that way.

Yes! It's obvious.

November

November 4, 1963

(Mother looks tired)

Yesterday, I had resolved to see Sujata, and they kept me standing there arranging objects, perfectly unnecessarily, under the pretext that there are showcases, that visitors are expected and that the objects should be arranged in the showcases.... After spending more than an hour on that work, I told them, "Go away, I've had enough! And – do whatever you like." I was exasperated.

An avalanche of people, of letters, of things, of complications.... But at the same time, there's an avalanche of ... (how can I put it?) – everything, everything is becoming so new. Everything. Everything.

An example: yesterday, for at least a quarter of an hour, I was filled with a sort of marvelous – marveling – admiration for Nature's fantastic imagination in inventing the animals. I saw all the animals in all their details – that is, the prehuman age. Consequently, there was no mind. And without the mind, how wonderful that imagination was, you know! It was as though I lived in it: there was no man, no thought, but that imaginative power making one species emerge out of another, and then another; and all those details ... Everything is becoming like that, as if it were SEEN for the first time and from an altogether different angle; everything, everything: people's character, circumstances, even the motion of the earth and the stars, everything is like that, everything has become entirely new and ... unexpected, in the sense that all the human mental vision – is completely gone! So things are much better! *(Laughing)* Much better without the human mind. (I don't mean they are better without man, I mean that seen from another viewpoint than the human, mental viewpoint, everything is far more wonderful.) And then, all the details of every minute, all the people, all the things, all ... The trees *(Mother looks at the coconut tree in front of her window)* that were stripped by the cyclone; this one held up so marvelously and it has a new flower – it has old leaves damaged by the cyclone, but it has grown a new flower. So lovely, so fresh! ... Everything is like that.

Me too. Me too, I saw myself *(laughing)* from a new angle! And the things that in the past were, not positively problems, but anyway "questions to be resolved" (certain actions, certain relationships), all gone! And there is something that thoroughly enjoys itself – I don't know what that something is, but it thoroughly enjoys itself. Outwardly, as I told you, everything is heaped on me ("on me," well, it isn't on me), on this body, which is obliged to answer questions, obliged to read letters, obliged to see people ... whereas it has so much more fun when it can enjoy the inner experience and have this new vision of things – because all that is very material, it's not going out of Matter to see the world in another way (that has been done for a long time, of course, it's nothing new, and it's nothing marvelous), that's not it: it's Matter looking at itself in an entirely new

way, and that's where the fun is! It sees the whole affair anew and altogether differently. Then they plunge me back into that stupid way of seeing things, the ordinary human way in which everything becomes a problem, a complication. And I am obliged – obliged to answer people, to listen to what they tell me.... It's a shame.

They're wasting my time.

* * *

(Later, Mother, thinking of the preparation for the next "Bulletin," asks what the next aphorism is.)

95-Only by perfect renunciation of desire or by perfect satisfaction of desire can the utter embrace of God be experienced, for in both ways the essential precondition is effected, – the desire perishes.

It's impossible to satisfy desire perfectly – it's something. impossible. And to renounce desire too: you renounce one desire and get another one. Therefore, both ways are relatively impossible – what's possible is to enter a condition in which there is no desire.

(long silence)

It's too bad I can't keep note of all the experiences that come to me, because just these last few days, for a period of time, there was a very clear perception of the true functioning, which is the expression of the supreme Will and operates spontaneously, naturally and automatically through the individual instrument; I could even say (because the mind is quiet, it keeps quiet): through the body. And the perception of the moment when this expression of the divine Will is blurred, *distorted* by the introduction of a desire, the special vibration of desire, which has a quality all of its own and which comes for many apparent reasons: it's not only a thirst for something, a need for something or an attachment to something; that same vibration can be triggered by the fact that, for instance, the will expressed seems to be (or at any rate has been taken for) the expression of the supreme Will, but there has been a confusion between the immediate action which was evidently the expression of the supreme Will, and the result which was to follow from that action – it's a very common mistake. People are used to thinking that when they want a particular thing, that's what should come; because their vision is too short – too short and too limited, not an overall vision which would make them see that that particular vibration is necessary to trigger a number of other vibrations, and that it's the TOTALITY of them all that will have an effect, which isn't the immediate effect of the vibration that was sent out.... I don't know whether this is clear, but it's a constant experience.

If I gave an example, it would be easier to grasp, but it must be a lived

example, otherwise it's worthless.

But during that period of time, I made a study and observation of the phenomenon: how the vibration of desire is added to the vibration of the Will sent out by the Supreme (for small everyday acts). And with the vision from above (if you take care, of course, to remain conscious of that vision from above), you see how the vibration sent out was exactly the one sent out by the Supreme, but instead of producing the immediate result which the superficial consciousness expected, it was intended to trigger a whole set of vibrations in order to reach another result, more distant and more complete. I am not talking of big things or terrestrial actions, I am talking of very small things in life. For example, you tell someone, "Give me this," and the person, instead of giving that, misunderstands and gives something else; so if you don't take care to keep an overall vision, a certain vibration may occur, say of impatience, or a dissatisfaction, along with the feeling that the Lord's vibration is neither understood nor received. Well, it's that little ADDED vibration of impatience (or, in fact, of incomprehension of what happens), it's that feeling of a lack of receptivity or response that has the quality of desire – we can't call it a "desire," but it's the same kind of vibration. And that's what comes and complicates things. If you have the complete, exact vision, you know that "Give me this" will produce a result different from the immediate one and that that other result will bring about yet another, which is exactly what should be. I don't know whether I am making myself clear, it's a bit complicated! ... But it gave me the key to the difference in quality between the vibration of the Will and the vibration of desire. And together with this, the possibility of doing away with that vibration of desire through a broader and more total vision – broader, more total, more distant, that is to say, the vision of a vaster totality.

I am insisting on this, because it eliminates all moral elements. It eliminates the derogatory notion of desire. The vision increasingly eliminates all those notions of good and evil, good and bad, inferior and superior, and so forth. There is only what I might almost call a difference of vibratory quality – "quality" still evokes the idea of superiority and inferiority, it isn't quality, not intensity either, I don't know the scientific term they use to distinguish one vibration from another, but that's it.

But then, the remarkable thing is that the Vibration (what we could call the quality of the vibration that comes from the Lord) is constructive: it constructs, it is peaceful and luminous; while that other vibration, of desire and such like, complicates, destroys and confuses, it twists things – confuses and distorts them, twists them. And it takes away the light: it makes for a dullness, which can be intensified with violent movements to the point of very dark shadows. But even where there is no passion, where passion doesn't interfere, that's how it is. You see, the physical reality has become nothing but a field of vibrations mingling together and, unfortunately, clashing together too, in conflict with one another. And the clash, the conflict, is the climax of that kind of turmoil, of disorder and confusion created by certain vibrations, which are ultimately vibrations of ignorance (they come because people don't know, they are vibrations of

ignorance), and are too small, too narrow, too limited – too short. The problem isn't seen from a psychological standpoint at all: it's nothing but vibrations.

If we look at it from a psychological standpoint ... On the mental plane, it's very easy; on the vital plane, it's not too difficult; on the physical plane, it's a little heavier, because desires are passed off as "needs." But there too, there has been a field of experience these last few days: the study of medical and scientific conceptions on the body's makeup, its needs, and what's good or bad for it. And all this, in its essence, again boils down to the same question of vibrations. It was quite interesting: there was an appearance (because all things as the ordinary consciousness sees them are nothing but appearances), there was an appearance of food poisoning (mushrooms that are thought to have been bad). It was the object of a particular study to find out whether there was something absolute about the poisoning, or whether it was relative, that is, based on ignorance, a wrong reaction and the absence of the true Vibration. And the conclusion was as follows: it's a question of proportion between the amount, the sum of the vibrations that belong to the Supreme, and the sum of the vibrations that still belong to darkness. Depending on the proportion, the poisoning appears as something concrete, real, or else as something that can be eliminated, in other words, that doesn't resist the influence of the Vibration of Truth. And it was very interesting, because, immediately, as soon as the consciousness became aware of the cause of the trouble in the body's functioning (the consciousness perceived where it came from and what it was), immediately the observation began, with the idea: "Let's see what happens." First set the body perfectly at rest with the certainty (which is always there) that nothing happens except by the Lord's Will and that the effect too is the Lord's Will, all the consequences are the Lord's Will, and consequently one should be very still. So the body is very still: untroubled, not agitated, it doesn't vibrate, nothing – very still. Once this is achieved, to what extent are the effects unavoidable? Because a certain quantity of matter that contained an element unfavorable to the body's elements and life was absorbed, what is the proportion between the favorable and the unfavorable elements, or between the favorable and the unfavorable vibrations? And I saw very clearly: the proportion varies according to the amount of cells in the body that are under the direct Influence, that respond to the supreme Vibration alone, and the amount of other cells that still belong to the ordinary way of vibrating. It was very clear, because I could see all the possibilities, from the ordinary mass [of cells], which is completely upset by that intrusion and where you have to fight with all the ordinary methods to get rid of the undesirable element, to the totality of the cellular response to the supreme Force, which renders the intrusion perfectly innocuous.... But this is still a dream for tomorrow – we're on the way. But the proportion has become rather favorable (I can't say all-powerful, far from it, but rather favorable), so that the consequences of the ill-being didn't last very long and the damage was, so to say, minimal.

But all the experiences nowadays, one after the other – all the PHYSICAL experiences, of the body – point to the same conclusion: everything depends on

the proportion between the elements that respond exclusively to the Supreme's Influence, the half-and-half elements, on the road to transformation, and the elements that still follow Matter's old vibratory process. The latter appear to be decreasing in number, to a great extent, but there are still enough of them to bring about unpleasant effects or unpleasant reactions – things that are untransformed, that still belong to ordinary life. But all problems, whether psychological or purely material or chemical, all problems boil down to this: they are nothing but questions of vibrations. And there is the perception of that totality of vibrations and of what we could call (in a very rough and approximative way) the difference between the constructive and the destructive vibrations. We can say (to put it very simply) that all the vibrations that come from the One and express Oneness are constructive, while all the complications of the ordinary, separative consciousness lead to destruction.

(long silence)

It is always said that it is desire that creates difficulties (and indeed it is so). Desire may be simply something added on to a vibration of will. It is also said that nothing happens except by the supreme Will, so how can the two things be true at the same time and be combined? And it's because this problem was being posed that I found ... The will (when it is the one Will, the supreme Will expressing itself) is direct, immediate, there cannot be any obstacles; so all that delays, blocks, complicates, or even brings about failure, is NECESSARILY the mixture of desire.

This can be seen for everything. Take, for example, an external field of action, in the outer world and with outer things (naturally, to say it is "outer" is simply to put yourself in a false position), but, for example, if in the highest consciousness, the Truth-Consciousness, you tell someone, "Go" (I am giving one example among millions), "Go and see so-and-so, tell him this to obtain that." If the person is receptive, inwardly immobile and *surrendered,* he goes, sees the other person, tells him, and the thing happens – without the SLIGHTEST complication, just like that. If the person has an active mental consciousness, doesn't have total faith and has all the mixture of ego and ignorance, he sees the difficulties, sees the problems to be resolved, sees all the complications – naturally, they all occur! So according to the proportion (everything is a question of proportion, always), according to the proportion, it creates complications, it takes time, the thing is delayed, or, a little worse, it is distorted, it doesn't occur exactly as it should, it is changed, diminished, distorted, or, finally, it doesn't occur at all – there are many, many degrees, but it all belongs to the domain of complications (mental complications) and desire. Whereas the other way is immediate. Examples of those cases (of all cases) are innumerable, so also are the examples of the immediate case. Then people tell you, "Oh, you've worked a miracle!" No miracle was worked: it should always be that way. It's because the intermediary did not add himself to the action.

I don't know if that's clear, but anyway ...

So, from the smallest thing to even terrestrial things ... I don't want to be

personal at all, so I won't give examples, but there were some amusing ones, like, for instance, making people such as presidents, prime ministers, make certain decisions – if the right intermediary is there.

It can even be a terrestrial action.

There are examples, in the terrestrial action, of things that were done "just like that": no one ever understood how it was done or why it was done – just like that, so simply, very simply, it all worked out. And in other cases, to obtain a mere visa or permit, you have to move heaven and earth! So, from the smallest thing, the slightest physical discomfort, to the most global action, it's all the same principle, it all boils down to the same principle.

Naturally, when you have the experience, it's very easy to understand, but it's hard to explain – by the way, I don't think we can put this in the *Bulletin.*

Yes, we can, it's quite clear!

Oh, incomprehensible.

No, no.

Anyway ... I tried to take out the personal element as much as possible.

It's clear.

Is it really?... All right *(laughing),* very well then!

November 13, 1963

(Regarding an old Playground Talk of January 8, 1951, in which Mother said: "The history of the earth seems to be a history of victories followed by defeats, and not of defeats followed by victories.... [But] in truth, the movements of Nature are like those of the tides: things go forward, then backward, then forward, then backward ... which implies, in universal life, even in earthly life, a progressive advance though apparently broken with retreats. But those retreats are only an appearance, as when you take a run in order to jump. You seem to move back, but it's only to enable you to jump higher. You may tell me that this is all very well, but how do you give a child the certainty that truth will triumph? For when he learns history, he will see that things do not always end well.")

(Mother remains pensive)

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

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

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

(Mother remains in contemplation)

November 20, 1963

So, any news? How are you?

So-so.

Not all that well?

Not all that well, no.

Your health isn't good?

Not too good either.

What's wrong?

It's inside also.

Oh, then that's why! What's wrong inside? You don't want to tell me?

I'm a bit... disillusioned.

By what?

My faith doesn't waver, but I have the impression that except for a certain number of things I have to do and for which I receive a precise

help, a help really from above, for the rest, nothing. You understand, it's ten years now since I came here, well, there's nothing – not that I lack faith, but there's no development.

Maybe not the development you're expecting.

Well, for me, it has to be a development of consciousness: you SEE. I don't know, you should see!

Ah, always that question of "seeing."

Of course!

But that's not necessary, some people realize without seeing.

I find that quite incomplete. There's no consciousness.

No consciousness?

No.

Aren't you conscious?

Of what??

(silence)

My faith doesn't change: this is the Truth, without a doubt. Even if nothing happened for two centuries, it would still be the Truth, but...

Oh, two centuries, that's nothing! Two millennia, my child, come on.... You're in too great a hurry.

I really thought ... When I began the yoga, it seemed to me quite natural: you do such and such a thing, you come to such and such a result – it seemed obvious to me. That obviousness is what has been shaken.

Yes, that's what I felt. Would you believe that lately, for about two or three weeks, there has been a kind of *craving* for effects (what YOU call "results"), effects. To me, they were "effects." And I said to myself, "That's odd, I've never had that in my life, I am absolutely indifferent, why this craving?" – All the time I keep catching your illnesses! Say, that's not very nice! *(laughter)*

Ah, now I understand! I said to myself, "Where is it coming from? Where is it coming from? ..."

All right.

Well, it will pass. It's going to pass.(silence)

I have been shown in a perfectly objective, but tenuous, way some effects that are insignificant in their dimensions, yet OVERWHELMING, I am telling you, overwhelming in their quality. And with a smile, as if I were made fun of and told, "Oh, so you want results? Well, here they are. You want effects? Well, here they are." And then it went on (you know, what I call "insignificant" is what concerns life's tiny little circumstances of every minute): "You want TERRESTRIAL results? Well, these are far more considerable in their quality than you can see." And indeed, I saw small, very small things, movements of consciousness in Matter, tiny little things that were ... truly astounding in their quality, and that are never noticed because they are totally unimportant (outwardly unimportant). Only if you observe in a most tenuous way do you notice them, because they are, in fact, phenomena of consciousness in the cells – are you conscious of your cells?

(Satprem shakes his head)

No. Well, become conscious of your cells, and you will see that there are results!

All these last few days, it has been coming as ... as proofs, proofs that can crush any doubt: proofs of the Supreme's omnipresence in the apparently MOST UNCONSCIOUS MATTER – something so overwhelming that the rational reason can hardly believe it. But it is forced to. Only, of course, you notice it when you have reached that most tenuous degree of attention and when, instead of wanting great things that cause a lot of noise and movement and appear very dazzling, you content yourself with observing very, very little, very tiny things that are to our pretentious reason perfectly insignificant, but to the Lord are crushing proofs.

But I don't need proofs! I don't doubt for a second, there isn't one doubt in my consciousness.

Then what do you lack?

Well, I tell myself I'm useless! I'm not capable. That's all.

But that's not true!

Then why am I not conscious?

But that's false, mon petit!

But I'm not aware of anything going on. I wake up in the morning, for example, and I don't have the faintest idea of where I've been at night.

And here I am trying never to remember! ... I go to the greatest trouble to succeed – I do succeed, I am beginning to succeed. When I go to bed, I ask, "For the love of God, for the love of You, Lord, let me rest blissfully and peacefully, without being conscious of ... all that useless jumble of life and people." And when I wake up (I wake up nearly four or five times in the night, that is, I come

out of my trance and enter the external consciousness), every time I notice there had been an event going on, but immediately, something comes and goes vrrt! ... *(gesture of erasing)* because I asked; so it goes away. And He's full of humor, the Lord, you know *(Mother laughs),* far more than we think, because He gives me just a hint of something which is suddenly extremely interesting and revealing: the other day, I had been put in contact with the political circumstances of the country, then naturally, at my idiotic request, as soon as I woke up, as soon as I came back to the external consciousness, something came and went vrrt! ... and the thing vanished. So I made a little attempt to bring it back, but I heard someone laugh, saying, "You see! ..."

In the end, the conclusion of it all is that we're fools! We want what we're not given, we don't want what we're given, and we mix in all kinds of personal desires with the care the Lord takes of us.

> *But I can't call unconsciousness a "care"! When I'm unconscious, I feel it as something wrong!*

But are you really unconscious?

> *Yes, certainly; what am I conscious of? ...*

Mon petit ...

> *I'm conscious of my own noise, of my own din, of my stories, that's all I'm conscious of!*

(Mother laughs) I remember, it wasn't at night, but in daytime; while I was walking, the Lord complimented me on you.

> *Well, I'll be...!*

Not that way, not the way we understand compliments. I was looking into the way the Truth has to make use of mental capacities to express itself. (Because you're asked to silence the mind, and when you succeed in doing so, you really do succeed, but but that's not the aim; it's only a means, it's to change your way of functioning.) So I was looking at the way the mind has to function in the true life (the supramental life, since Sri Aurobindo said he called "supramental" the manifestation of Truth and Light). Anyway, I was looking. I was conducting a kind of terrestrial survey, wondering, "Are there on earth mentalities that are ready to receive and manifest – especially manifest – that vibration properly?" And I heard the Lord answer me something (I am translating, naturally): "But why are you looking so far afield? You have the fitting instrument with you." And it was you. So I thought, "That's fine."

I didn't voice any doubt on His judgment!

But since you protest and chafe ... And He showed me how the drop of Light came, burst, sent forth radiation and went through your mentality without being dimmed – it was a very lovely thing to see.

I didn't tell you because ... is it necessary to pay compliments? The fact itself was more important than saying it. But since you're unhappy, I am telling you: that's how it is. Maybe it's a habit of inner revolt – you aren't a rebel by nature, by any chance?

I tried to find out why your physical life began (well, not quite began, but you were very, very young, just the same) with such a painful experience [the concentration camps]. And I saw why: it was like a separation – not "separation," but *disentanglement,* you understand? ... There are two things in every human being: what comes from the past and has persisted because it is formed and conscious, and then all that dark, unconscious mass, really muddy, that is added in every new life. Then the other thing gets into that and finds itself imprisoned, you know – adulterated and imprisoned – and generally it takes more than half one's life to emerge from that entanglement. Well, for you, care was taken to ... more than double the dose at the beginning, and it caused a kind of tearing apart: one part went up above, another part fell down below. And the part (it acted almost like a filter), the part that rose up was very cleansed, very cleansed of all that swarming: it's becoming very, very conscious of the mixture.... Just see, today, the whole morning until I was swamped with work by people, till then there was a sharp awareness of the part of the being that still belongs, as I said, to Unconsciousness, to Ignorance, to Darkness, to Stupidity, and is ... not even as harmonious as a tree or a flower; something that's not even as tranquil as a stone, not even as harmonious and not even as strong as the animal – something that is really a downfall. That is really human inferiority. And maybe (no, I shouldn't say "maybe": I know) it was necessary for things to settle down – settle, you know, as when you let a liquid settle? That's exactly it: it's the Light that settles, the Consciousness that settles. And indeed it's true, there is in you a part that has entirely settled. Every time I see it (it comes in the course of the work, you understand), it's lovely in its quality of light, its quality of vibration, and it has settled considerably. But it's true that there is also a kind of *sediment,* a deposit (deposit, you know?) which is a bit heavy – that's what you're conscious of.

But you shouldn't say "me"! It's not you, that residue isn't you! ... But you are indeed conscious of the Light, aren't you?

Yes, I am conscious of it when I write, for instance.

Yes, or when you meditate.

Yes, but that's all. It's a light or a force.

Mon petit, it's as lovely as can be! It sparkles like champagne – it's as lovely as can be, and it's a light. Like champagne bubbles, you know? It's bubbles of light.

But why doesn't it express itself in an awakened external consciousness?

Because it has settled! So you should get the awareness or knowledge that this

[the body] isn't you – the trouble is that when you say "me" you think of this *(Mother strikes her body),* but that's not it! It isn't you! And you have to feel that it isn't you before you can come down again into it to take possession of it and change it. As long as you say, "This is me," you are tied, bound hand and foot.

What's you is this *(gesture above the head),* it's there: what sparkles in the light – that's you. This [the body] isn't you, it's the sediment. You still have your body's self-esteem! You should feel: this isn't me, it isn't me. It is ... yes, what was put together more or less clumsily and ignorantly by father, mother, maybe with the influence of grandparents.... That discovery I made at the age of about fifteen or sixteen, or seventeen. I began to see clearly all the "gifts" (if we can call them that) that came from father, mother, parents, grandparents, education, people who looked after me, that whole mudhole, as it were, into which you fall headfirst. And then, the quality of the vibration, the quality of the sensation, of the so-called "thoughts" (which aren't thoughts, but are almost automatic mental reflexes of sorts) and of the feelings (if you can call them feelings: they are kinds of reactions to the milieu and to all that comes from outside) – it all swarms, swarms like worms in the mud.

When you see it all and you begin to say, "But this isn't me!" and you feel it isn't you: "It isn't me! No – me is what looks on; me is what wills; me is what knows...."

You must be having revelations without even noticing them! You have all this here *(gesture above Satprem's head),* it's full of revelations, mon petit! And there you are, trying to see with the eyes of the vital, to have experiences in the subtle physical, all kinds of things, which cannot even come because you are here *(gesture above),* and that is the sediment.

(silence)

But I don't know, it's clear that the Lord is particularly interested in your case, because He has shown me many things of your body's life, your body's reactions – He must be taking care of you! *(Laughing)* Maybe if you give Him credit, you'll notice it!

I rather get sore, I flare up, I take Him to task.

Oh, you always get sore – you are a rebel by nature.
That's tiresome, one wastes one's time.

(silence)

But the time of change must have come, because I was shown the worst – your worst state – and then what you are to be. In fact, I realize now *(laughing)* that I've been occupied with you quite a lot these days.

I must say that what I see isn't very pretty.

Everyone is born with ... (what can I call it?) *some special twist (laughing)* – I

know my own twist, I know it quite well! (I don't talk about it because it isn't enjoyable.) But that's what remains last of all. With our idiotic human logic, we think, "That's what should go first," but it's not true: it's what goes last! Even when it all becomes clear, clear *(gesture above),* even when you have all the experiences, the habit stays on and it keeps coming back. So you push it back: it rises again from the subconscient; you chase it away: it comes back from outside. So if for one minute you aren't on your guard, it shows up again – oh, what a nuisance! But Sri Aurobindo wrote about this somewhere, I don't remember the words; I read it very recently, and when I read it, I thought, "Ah, there it is! He knew it was that way." So it comforted me, and I thought, "All right, then." He said that he who has purified his mind and so on and so forth, who is ready to work towards Perfection (it's in the *Synthesis,* "The Yoga of Self-Perfection"), "He is ready and patient for lapses and the recurrence of old errors, and he works quietly, waiting patiently till the time comes for them to leave." I thought, "Very well, that's how it is now." I am patiently waiting for the time when ... (though I don't miss any opportunity to catch them by the tip of their nose, or the tip of their ear, and to say, "Ha, you're still here! ...").

The first thing is to detach your consciousness, that's most important. And to say: I-AM-NOT-THIS, it's something that has been ADDED, placed to enable me to touch Matter – but it isn't me. And then if you say, "That is me" *(gesture upward),* you'll see that you will be happy, because it is lovely – lovely, luminous, sparkling. It's really fine, it has an exceptional quality. And that's you. But you have to say, "That is me," and be convinced that it's you. Naturally, the old habits come to deny it, but you must know that they're old habits, nothing else, they don't matter – that is you.

This movement is indispensable. A moment comes when one must absolutely separate oneself from all this, because only when one has separated oneself and become quite conscious that one is there *(gesture above the head),* that one is THAT, only then can one come down again to change it all. Not to forsake it, but to be its master.

I've spent nights in sewers, cleaning out sewers.

Ah, that's good! *(Mother laughs)* Oh, but that's very funny because I've done identical things. Listen! ... Oh, well, it's very funny.

It's all right, it's all right.

We must endure. The victory belongs to the most enduring.

There are times when one is disgusted, and that's just when one should remember this. Now, your disgust may have reasons of its own (!) But you have only to endure. You know, there is one thing, I don't know if you have savored it yet: as soon as you have a difficulty, dissatisfaction, revolt, disgust – anything – fatigue, tension, discomfort, all, all that negative side (there are lots and lots and lots of such things, they take on all kinds of different colors), the immediate movement – immediate – of calling the Lord and saying, "It's up to You." As long as you try (instinctively you try to arrange things with your best light, your best

consciousness, your best knowledge ...), it's stupid, because that prolongs the struggle, and ultimately it's not very effective. There is only one effective thing, that's to step back from what's still called "me" and ... with or without words, it doesn't matter, but above all with the flame of aspiration, this *(gesture to the heart),* and something perfectly, perfectly sincere: "Lord, it's You; and only You can do it, You alone can do it, I can't...." It's excellent, you can't imagine how excellent! For instance, someone comes and deluges you with impossible problems, wants you to make instant decisions; you have to write, you have to answer, you have to say – all of it – and it's like truckloads of darkness and stupidity and wrong movements and all that being dumped on you; and it's dumped and dumped and dumped – you are almost stoned to death with all that. You begin to stiffen, you get tense; then, immediately *(gesture of stepping back)*: "O Lord...." You stay quiet, take a little step back *(gesture of offering):* "It's up to you."

But you can't imagine, it's wonderful! Immediately there comes – clear, simple, effortlessly, without seeking for it – exactly what has to be done or said or written: the whole tension stops, it's over. And then, if you need paper, the paper is there; if you need a fountain pen, you find just the one you need; if you need ... (there's no seeking: above all don't seek, don't try to seek, you'll just make another mess) – it's there. And that's a fact of EVERY MINUTE. You have the field of experience every second. For instance, you're dealing with a servant who doesn't do things properly or as you think they should be done, or you're dealing with a stomach that doesn't work the way you'd like it to and it hurts: it's the same method, there is no other. You know, at times ... situations get so tense that you feel as if you're about to faint, the body can't stand it any more, it's so tense; or else there's a pain, something wrong, things aren't sorting themselves out, and there's a tension; so immediately you stop everything: "Lord, You, it's up to You...." At first there comes a peace, as if you were entirely outside existence, and then it's gone – the pain goes, the dizziness disappears. And what is to happen happens automatically. And, you see, it's not in meditation, not in actions of terrestrial importance: it's the field of experience you have ALL the time, without interruption – when you know how to put it to use. And for everything: when something hurts, for instance, when things resist or grate or howl inside there, instead of your saying, "Oh, how it hurts! ..." you call the Lord in there: "Come in here," and then you stay calm, not thinking of anything – you simply stay still in your sensation. And more than a thousand times, you know, I was almost bewildered: "Look! The pain is gone!" You didn't even notice how it went. So people who want to lead a special life or have a special organization to have experiences, that's quite silly – the greatest possible diversity of experiences is at your disposal every minute, every minute. Only you must learn not to have a mental ambition for "great" things. Just the other day, I was shown in such a clear way a very small thing I had done ("I," it's the body speaking), a very small things that had been done by the Lord in this body (that's a long sentence!), and I was shown the terrestrial consequence of that very small thing – it was visible, I mean,

as my hand is visible to my eyes – and the terrestrial correspondence. Then I understood.

We are given everything – EVERYTHING. All the difficulties that have to be overcome, all of them (and the more capable we are, that is, the more complex the instrument is, the more numerous the difficulties are), all the difficulties, all the opportunities to overcome them, all the possible experiences, and limited in time and space so they can be innumerable. And it has repercussions and consequences all over the earth (I am not concerned with what goes on in the universe because, for the time being, that isn't my work). But it is certain (because it has been said so and I know it) that what goes on on the earth has repercussions throughout the universe. Sitting there, you live the everyday life with its usual insignificance, its unimportance, its lack of interest ... and it's a WONDERFUL field of experiences, of innumerable experiences, not only innumerable but as varied as can be, from the most subtle to the most material, without leaving your body. Only, you should have RETURNED to it. You cannot have authority over your body without having left it.

Once the body is no longer you at all, once it is something that has been added and TACKED onto you, once it is that way and you look at it from above (a psychological "above"), then you can come down into it again as its all-powerful master.

You must come out of it first, then come down again.

There you are.

And one should also look at all those difficulties, all those bad habits (like, for you, that habit of revolt: it's something that seems to have been kneaded into the cells of your body), one should look at all that with the smile of someone who says, "I am not that. Oh, this was put on me! ... Oh, that was added...." And you know, it was added ... because it's one of the victories you must win.

I've witnessed the most complete panorama of all the idiotic things in this life,[134] they were shown to me as in a complete panorama: passing from one to another, seeing each of them separately and how they combined with each other. And then: Why? Why should one choose this? (A child's question, which one asks immediately.) And immediately, the answer: "But the more" (let's say "central" to be clearer) "the more central the origin and the more pure in its essence, the greater the 'ignoble complexity below,' as we could call it. Because the lower down you go, the more it takes an essential light to change things."

Once you've been told this very nicely, you're satisfied, you stop worrying – it's all right, you take things as they are: "That's how things are, it's my work and I do it; I ask only one thing, it is to do my work, all the rest doesn't matter."

There, mon petit.

Oh, you've made me chatter away!

November 23, 1963

Kennedy has been assassinated, that means the possibility of war.

He was one of the instruments for the establishment of peace – it's a setback for the entire political history of the earth.

But probably, it means basically that things weren't ready: some parts would have been overlooked.

But I had been told this a few weeks ago, last month, while I was conducting a general survey. I heard someone who said ("someone" is a manner of speaking, I know who it is): *Kennedy won't be able to do it.* I thought the instrument was too small, I didn't think of this.

And then five of our air force chiefs have been killed in a helicopter crash – helicopters never crash, and they were the best possible pilots. It's an act of sabotage – the Communists are doing a lot of sabotage. So that makes two accidents in a row.

> *But these accidents always occur at the time of Kali, in November – October and November.*

November and February.

> *February, too?*

Revolutions, big strikes, dangerous INNER events are always just before February 21. And the catastrophes of this kind in November – always.

Sri Aurobindo too used to say that the most difficult period in the year was November to February.

(silence)

We must broaden and endure, that's all. That's the only lesson there is to learn: broadening and endurance – going on and on and on enduring.

As for the accident here [the five army chiefs], those killed were first-rate pilots. There is every indication that it's an act of sabotage. It's the same thing again.

The Communists here sabotage everywhere (they sabotage the mail too, that's a nuisance), they sabotage a lot, sabotage everywhere.

Anyway, there we are, we have only to wait, endure, and broaden more and more.

(silence)

Kennedy won't be able to do it.... According to the American constitution, the vice-president automatically becomes president, the next minute; and this vice-president symbolized the opposition to Kennedy. And within his own party, among the Democrats, there was already a division.

Well.
So, what have you brought me?

Nothing, Mother, except Agenda conversations.

That will soon sound repetitious – things are moving fast.

(silence)

You were better yesterday, weren't you?

Yes, better.

I even felt something lifted: I pressed and pressed hard, and whoops! it lifted.

But I feel quite a dark shadow following me.

Still?

Not like in the past.

No. You know, what lends force to the opposition is superstitious ignorance – superstitious in the sense of a sort of faith or at least of belief in Destiny, in Fate. It's *ingrained,* as if woven into the human substance. They have the same superstition, the same superstitious belief in what is favorable to them as in what is unfavorable; in the divine Power as in the adverse power – it's the SAME attitude. And that's why the divine Power doesn't have its full force, and also precisely why the adverse force has so much power over them, because it's absolutely a movement of Falsehood, of Ignorance – of total Ignorance.

Recently, I was following the thing down to the smallest detail, in everybody's mentality. Even in those who have read Sri Aurobindo, who have studied Sri Aurobindo, who have understood, who have come into contact with that region of light, it's still there – it's still there. It's very ... yes, it's very tightly woven into the most outward and material part of the consciousness. It's a kind of submissiveness, which may be quite rebellious, but which gives a sense, as you said, of something hanging over your head and shoulders: a sort of Fate, of Destiny.

So there is the good destiny and the bad destiny; there is a divine force which one regards as something entirely beyond understanding, whose designs and aims are perfectly inexplicable, and the submission, the *surrender* consists in accepting – blindly – all that happens. One's nature revolts, but revolts against an Absolute against which it is helpless. And all of that is Ignorance. Not one of all those movements is true – from the most intense revolt to the blindest submission, it's all false, not one true movement.

I don't know if it's in Sri Aurobindo's writings (I don't remember), but I hear very strongly (not for me, for mankind):

AWAKE AND WILL

Naturally men take "will" for their own whims, which have nothing to do with a will – they're all impulses.

"To will" means "to will with the supreme Will." And it's as if it were the key that opens the door to the future:

AWAKE AND WILL

But beware of willing the wrong way because that's no longer a will, it's a whim – don't confuse the two. Will with the supreme Will.

We shouldn't hunch our shoulders – it makes us grumble terribly within ourselves and it's useless.

Oh, *(Mother holds up her head)* that feeling of the head rising above all that, of emerging above ...

But we're so totally enslaved to very small things – the very small things of the body: its needs (or supposed needs). I see all the entreaties that come from everywhere, and it all revolves around the same thing (even those who think they've understood that the consciousness must be general – not collective, but terrestrial – they're slaves to the reactions of their body), it all revolves around two things: sleep-food-sleep-food-sleep ... *(Mother draws a circle)*. Even with those who profess that they have "no interest" in those things, they still have the power to cause reactions in their consciousness: a sleepless night or poor digestion, or an upset digestive system – there you are. It has the power to weigh down on their faith and to take away its capacity of action. It's a kind of attachment – an involuntary and mechanical attachment – to that need for sleep and that need for food. And I don't mean people who love to eat or lazy people who like to sleep – I don't even mean that, which is all the way down, that's not it: I mean those who aren't interested in food and would really like to replace sleep with something else, something more interesting, even those – all, all, all of them.

And even this body, which has been worked on and kneaded for years ... It's in the subconscient of the body. And so that was the answer, it was said to the body:

AWAKE AND WILL

(silence)

And as usual, it was full of humor. Something said: "You grumble all the time, you moan all the time, you complain all the time, what's the use? – AWAKE AND WILL!"

And that submissiveness, you know, that acceptance of the worst, with the idea that it comes from the Lord! Not only that, but almost imagining the worst as a trial, as a test to find out if you're really *surrendered* – that's another stupidity! If you need to imagine such things in order to find out if you really haven't revolted,

it means there is still somewhere the germ or residue of revolt.

And the fear of being selfish, the fear of being rebellious – it means it's still there, otherwise you wouldn't have that fear.

(silence)

We are so small, so small. The smaller we are, the more we revolt. We want to break everything because we are so small – when you are vast, you don't need to break anything. You only have to be.

AWAKE AND WILL

November 27, 1963

I spent the whole night with Sri Aurobindo, all night long, it was really very interesting.... But I don't remember now.

It stays, but not as a mental memory, not at all: as the feeling of an atmosphere – very interesting.

There was something about China, something about America, something about ... all the time, everywhere, everywhere. As though he had realized a certain thing through my experience on earth; and there is an action which he does accordingly, and then the result everywhere.

A mass of things – very interesting.(silence)

People want me to talk about Kennedy's death – I refused.

There was a poor Negro here, very nice, who did all his studies in America, and who used to send me letters, sometimes as many as two a day. His country has just been liberated, it's one of those countries ... Nigeria, I think, and his ambition is to work so that his country will be one of the first ready for the transformation – a great ambition. And I received a cable from him the day Kennedy was shot, praying for my help. It's very touching.

But it has triggered all kinds of things – in fact, that's in part why I had that long presence of Sri Aurobindo and that long work. As though it had served to trigger one of the movements of transformation of the earth.

There are landmarks of that kind.... I had told you, you remember, how that great Asura (who in fact was the first born; it's for him that I had built a subtle body) had said he was going to China and that China's revolution (a long time

ago!) would signal the beginning of the work of transformation of the earth.[135] Those things are like milestones on a road, and the Chinese revolution was like the first milestone, opening up the road. Well, Kennedy's assassination is one of those signs, one of the landmarks – I've been told this.

(silence)

I remember having asked, "But the earth, the human earth, is it really still so tamasic that it needs tragic events of the sort to awaken its consciousness?..." And I was answered, "Still far more tamasic than you think."

The intelligences that have emerged into a higher light are like stars scattered over a perfectly dark sky – perfectly dark.

> *But this "trigger" you mention, Kennedy's death, will it precipitate things in the sense of a "shake-up"?*

Yes. Its effect is like an electrical discharge that shakes up the tamas, shakes up inertia.

It's like in *Savitri,* when he speaks of the "consciousness that fell asleep in the dust" ... the divine Consciousness that fell asleep in the dust of its creation (I am embroidering). The divine Consciousness, the eternal Mother, that is, fell asleep in the dust of her creation; somebody wakes her up, and She realizes (this isn't from Sri Aurobindo!), She realizes *(laughing)* that it's the supreme Lord who shook her! So She does everything, all sorts of extraordinary things, anything to stop Him from going away! *(Mother takes up "Savitri")*

She reposes motionless in its dust of sleep.

(II.VI.180)

Then:

For him she leaped forth from the unseen Vasts
To move here in a stark unconscious world.

And then:

In beauty she treasures the sunlight of his smile. Ashamed of her rich cosmic poverty....

Splendid!

And woos his large-eyed wandering thoughts to dwell
In figures of her million-impulsed Force.
Only to attract her veiled companion
And keep him close to her breast in her world-cloak
Lest from her arms he turn to his formless peace,
Is her heart's business and her clinging care.

(II.VI.131)

(silence)

You know, that Russian woman who went up into the stratosphere[136] (she went around the earth several times, I don't know how many), anyway she came

on a visit to India and gave a lecture somewhere about her journey. And she said (in a very lovely way, it seems, I don't know her exact words) that she saw the earth from up there and that it was so beautiful, so magnificent! And she made this reflection: "From up there, there are no demarcations between countries, it makes so harmonious a unity that it seems unthinkable men should fight among themselves." That's lovely....

Of course, as soon as you go high enough, there's a unity, a whole, which is so beautiful and without divisions – "Why do men fight?"

It struck people very much.

(silence)

People still need death, drama, illness – it's a shame.

* * *

A little later

For some time, I had been encountering in N. a sort of resistance to the Action. Whenever he entered the atmosphere *(Mother makes the gesture of banging against a wall),* it resisted terribly. And I didn't have any intention other than to make it give way, in other words, I confined myself to the inner action *(gesture indicating the Force at work).* Then, as it happened, he fell ill. Yesterday, he came as every day, but he wasn't well. So I told him, "Listen, go downstairs, shut yourself up in your room, enter *Sachchidananda* and don't move from it." (He is quite capable of doing it.) In the evening, the doctor came and told me that N. had a very high fever: *He is restless.* The fever was too high. I thought, "The resistance is even stronger than I thought." At night, when I went to bed, I began to concentrate on him to see, and I saw him surrounded by a kind of black crust, which obviously comes from the fact that he isn't used to purifying himself as things come onto him from outside (me too, for example, I would be surrounded by a black cuirass, absolutely coal black, if I didn't do my work of purification all the time, all the time, all the time). So I saw this, and did what was needed. And this morning, the fever had dropped. But the interesting thing is that when he came this morning, he told me this: "Last night I had a vision: I suddenly found myself entirely surrounded by coal, a thick crust of coal, and I wanted to get rid of it and get out of it. I looked at my hands, I had nothing in them, so I thought, 'How can I do it? I have nothing to do it with.' And instantly, I saw the crust begin to crumble and crumble and crumble into dust and ... gone! And this morning, I feel weak and tired, but it's over."

It's a minimum of distortion.

From time to time, I have examples like that, where the experience corresponds almost exactly. I mean, one's idiosyncrasy, the individual distortion,

doesn't interfere: every individual has his own distortion ... what's the word?... I know that it ends with "-syncrasy" (it was translated in me as "idiot-syncrasy," but I am not sure if that's the word!).

It's a minimum of distortion. I am forever studying, in the body, the difference between THE Thing and its transcription. It's very interesting. Very subtle – very subtle. And it takes a mere nothing for it not to be the True Thing any more.

November 30, 1963

(After a meditation with Mother)

Do you believe in Muses?

In Muses?!... [Satprem is taken aback]... I believe in inspiration.

Because I saw ... It was so precise, so concrete, material, that for a moment I wondered whether it was physical or not. There was only the arm and shoulder of someone who stood behind you, but veiled, that is, as if behind a mist so as not to be seen. It was a woman's arm, very young, a very milky white, and a little rounded – not fat (!), but without angles. There was a hand and an arm, very white-skinned – a milky white – and I could see the beginning of a sort of silver dress. She had words and sheets of paper, and she was arranging words on the sheets, and then the words were written in black on the sheets – she had the words and the sheets separately, and she arranged the words on the sheets and then put the sheets in front of you. She was standing behind you. But not a vague and imprecise vision, it was very, very material.... (smiling) So I wondered if you have a Muse?

It was only her right arm – she wasn't very tall, but very young, and a shape without angles (I can't say plump!), a well-rounded shape. And with her small fingers she took the words and arranged them on the sheets, then when it was arranged (the sheets weren't covered all over with words: in places only), she put the sheet in front of you.

It lasted a long time.

A Muse ...

It was a being from the subtle physical, she didn't seem human at all.

And there were no letters: the words were ready-made, she took them and arranged them; then when there was a certain number of them on the paper, she would put the paper in front of you.

(silence)

So there's someone helping you.[137]

(silence)

At night, I often see beings who are like the genii of literary form – I've seen quite a number of them lately. Oh, they are extremely interested in small points and details of form so it may be very harmonious and exact at the same time. I surprised some (two or three together) almost arguing about the best way to say a certain thing. So it means you must be in the company of people like that.

They are certainly the beings that were in the past taken for the Muses, the genii of inspiration. They are the genii of the form. Not so much for what has to be said as for the way to say it.

They are a pleasant company; there is a sense of harmony, something that doesn't clash. It's a company that gives the feeling that everything unfolds harmoniously – which isn't all that common!

December

December 3, 1963

(Regarding the difficulties of certain disciples)

... But anyway, it's settling down – we are in the years of settling down. Everyone is caught by his own illusion – it's always the mirage of an illusion. She [Y.] is convinced, it is her very deep belief, that she is causing the Supermind to descend upon earth. And many, many people among those I know are caught by that illusion; so they go off at a tangent far away from the Truth, towards a "fabulous" realization.

Pride, vanity – that's the worst trap. And when they feel that sort of vital force in them [as Y. does], they believe all at once that they have caught the Thing....

> *The farther I go, the more I feel the opposite: I find everything poor – so very poor.*

Oh, but when you are sincere and look at things straight, you find yourself frightfully poor to express what has to be expressed.

> *For sure!*

But that's the ego's last days, the last stage. When it's gone, you are no longer anything! *(Mother laughs)* In other words, you don't have that feeling of being something bad or good – it's all gone. You have such a feeling of ONE existence, and all the rest ... all the rest is something that has become twisted like that, twisted in the consciousness. That's becoming so concrete....

(silence)

December 2nd was interesting – sports day[138]: the day before, the 1st, the weather was wonderful, and insofar as I gave it thought I was convinced that on the 2nd it would be just as fine. But in the morning I saw it was nothing of the sort, and as the day went by, it became worse and worse. In the beginning my first movement was to say to myself, "Well, I didn't see to it, I should have given it thought," but then I saw that was absurd. Then I told the Lord, "Why are You doing this? It's not very nice! Those children have worked so hard, they have taken great pains...." And just as I said it, the consciousness was looking at what I said, smiling, "Oh, my! How silly still to be that way!" And then there was yet another thing (it's becoming very, very complete), something that wasn't exactly the Lord, but like an expression of the Lord, telling me (not with words, of course, but ... how can I explain? ... Sri Aurobindo describes it very well in the "Yoga of Self-Perfection": it's a very new thing which has to do with action, feeling, sensation and consciousness all at the same time; it's all of them together – none of those things, yet all of them), so it was there, telling me (I am putting it into words, but that distorts it entirely), "So what! What if it's a test, what do you have to say about it?" So immediately in the consciousness here – the consciousness at work here – the thought awakened, "Ah, it has to become a test, then. In THEIR consciousness it has to become a test." (Because at first I had made a kind of attempt to stop the rain; then I saw it didn't correspond to the Truth and that the rain had to be accepted – why accepted? ... To do nothing after having worked so hard? And to accept is easy, it's nothing, it's not interesting, nothing new.) So a test, all right. If they take it as a test, they will go through it victoriously and it will be very good. And all the time, I was so concentrated on them [at the sports ground] that I no longer knew what I was doing or where I was. It lasted from 4 P.M. to 8 P.M. Around 8 P.M., I received the news: they had gone on with the performance just the same, the important visitors had remained till the end, so ultimately it was a real success.

There was only one difficulty: the little children, who cannot be conscious of a test, of course, and who remained four and a half hours in the rain.... I didn't want it to do any damage – there were about a hundred small ones, tiny tots. I spent the night in concentration to bring into their material sensation the true reaction (because, for a short while, children love rain, they have a lot of fun in it), so I said to myself, "That part of their consciousness should predominate so there is no damage." And I waited for the day after. The day after, no one was sick.

Then I received a letter from M., the captain, saying that they had felt it was a test, the *lila*[139] of the Lord (he called it "the *lila* of the universal Mother") and

asking me if it was true. I was happy and answered him that it was true and that I was happy. And everyone told me, "They were wonderful." As if doing that performance in the rain had given rise to a kind of will in them, and they were remarkable: everybody was enthusiastic. So instead of saying to the Lord, "That's not nice," I thanked Him heartily! And I laughed, I thought, "There you have it! It's always that way...."

And all the experiences come in that way *(Mother makes a round, global gesture).* It can't be expressed with words; there are a hundred things that come together like that, and which ... *(gesture of round movements within that round totality),* and then there is the sense of a light (which might be like a will, but not a will formulated with words), a light that moves within it all and arranges it all, then produces a result – which isn't one small thing, one point or one thing: it's a mass of things; and it's always moving, always in motion, always in a kind of progression towards a more perfect reorganization. And the sense of individual action, of individual participation, of individual will, seems so IDIOTIC that it's absolutely impossible to have it. Even if one tried, one couldn't. Once one LIVES that ... the whole sense of individual importance in all that seems so STUPID, you know, that it's absolutely impossible to think that way or feel that way.

I would like to be able to pass this experience on to others, because, well, it's definitive: once you LIVE that for several hours, it's over, you can no longer entertain any illusion,[140] it's not possible – it's impossible, it's so STUPID, you know! Above all, so silly, so flat – it's impossible *(Mother makes the same gesture of a round, moving totality).* But then you cannot say, "I said this, the other answered that"! How can we express ourselves? ... Our language is still truly inadequate. It's not that way ... it's ... *(same round gesture)* and there isn't even either sense or direction: it's not that this goes that way and that goes this way *(gesture from one person to another, or from inside to outside),* or that it goes this way and comes back that way *(gesture from low to high and high to low),* that's not it; it's ... a whole ... a whole that moves, moves always forward, and with internal vibrations, internal movements. So according to the given point of concentration, this or that action is done.

Very long ago, many times over, when I looked at the universe (I don't mean the earth: the universe), it was that way *(same gesture of a round totality).* How can I put it? ... It gave the feeling of moving forward, of moving forward towards a progressive perfection. For years on end, my perception of the earth has been that way; and now, it takes place completely at will, in the sense that it takes only just a small movement in the consciousness *(gesture of a trigger or a slight reversal, a drawing within)* for the whole earth to move that way, along with the events and the inner complications. But now, that same consciousness of the whole works that way: when it thinks of something (for some reason of work, not because of an arbitrary decision), the thing imposes itself; it's a whole set of things that presents itself as the TOTALITY on which the action must take place. So it may be a small thing like this sports festival, it may be the Ashram (very often the Ashram as a whole), it may be a part of the earth, or sometimes even a single

individual (who is no longer an "individual" but a set or a world of things, a totality[141]). A totality of things *(round gesture)* that move within themselves in ... *(Mother draws within that totality small movements, individual and local, like waves or currents of force).* Oh, it's most interesting! And even there, there is no more notion of this person, that person, so-and-so – all that vanishes.

But when you have to speak, what can you do?... You can't spend all your time explaining it all; besides, it's unintelligible for whoever hasn't lived it.

Look, we were just talking about Y. I was seeing a kind of small world *(again that same round, moving gesture),* and there were all sorts of things within it that went like this and like that *(Mother draws spirals within that roundness),* and then there was a falsehood *(laughing):* it was the consciousness she had of herself! It took hold of everything and distorted the movement.

But when you express yourself, you speak with the usual words and the usual language.... Because to express one minute of that consciousness, it would almost take a book to make yourself understood – even then you wouldn't be understood.

But in this case, on December 2nd, the thing was observed very attentively, because it was a limited field, and it lasted a certain number of hours (all the other occupations went on automatically, without interfering with the active consciousness, with the observation).

(silence)

I had another interesting example, with a visitor: a German industrial magnate, it seems. I had seen his photo and found there was something in him – I had him come. He entered the room and came in front of me: he didn't know what to do (no one had told him anything). So I looked at him and put some force *(Mother slowly lowers her hand),* a little, progressively. And all at once ... (at first he was quite official, it was MISTER So-and-so who was there), all at once his left hand began to rise, like this *(gesture of a hand clenched as in trance),* all the rest was absolutely still. When I saw that, I smiled and withdrew the force, then let him go. It seems he went downstairs, went into Sri Aurobindo's room and started weeping. Afterwards, the next day, he wrote to me and told me in German English that I had been "too human": "Why have you been too human?" He wanted his being to be DESTROYED in order to be born again to the true life.

That interested me. I thought, "Oh, he felt it, he was conscious both of the force and of my withdrawing it." I answered him, "True, I spared you, but because it was your first visit! Prepare yourself, I will see you again."

You see, he came in as a big industrial person with a remarkable power of mental creation that organizes events – that's what entered the room – and then ... it melted. And I didn't put the full charge: I simply put some power like this *(Mother lowers her hand),* and I was looking him in the face. Then I felt something going on lower down; I looked: his hand was tightly clenched. So I stopped.

But the remarkable thing is that he was CORRECTLY conscious.

And he complained.

* * *

(Just before leaving)

We still have two difficult months ahead. Because it's not going to change abruptly on January 1st (people think that everything will change at one stroke – that's not true). Two difficult months; afterwards, I think we'll begin to ... *(gesture of loosening a grip)*.

You feel that the slightest slackening and, plop! you go tumbling down again. So then you have to climb up again. Anyway ...

But you climb faster – you climb faster.

December 7, 1963

(Mother first reads a letter by Sri Aurobindo:)

"The way to get faith and all things else is to insist on having them and refuse to flag or despair or give up until one has them – it is the way by which everything has been got since this difficult earth began to have thinking and aspiring creatures upon it. It is to open always, always to the Light and turn one's back on the Darkness. It is to refuse the voices that say persistently, "You cannot, you shall not, you are incapable, you are the puppet of a dream," – for these are the enemy voices, they cut one off from the result that was coming, by their strident clamour and then triumphantly point to the barrenness of the result as a proof of their thesis. The difficulty of the endeavour is a known thing, but the difficult is not the impossible – it is the difficult that has always been accomplished and the conquest of difficulties makes up all that is valuable in the earth's history. In the spiritual endeavour also it shall be so."

Sri Aurobindo

You see, *they cut one off from the result that* WAS *coming... by their strident clamour and then triumphantly point to the barrenness of the result as a proof of their thesis!* And it's so TRUE, it's an experience I've had so many, many times, not only for myself, but for lots of people.

* * *

I think ("I think," like the scientists' "it appears") I can announce that something is getting organized in the Subconscient – it's beginning to get organized – in the subconscient of individuals as well as in the general Subconscient. It's less unconscious (!) It's a bit more ... yes, a bit more conscious, reflective and organized – a very faint beginning of organization, very little, but a growth in consciousness; it isn't quite so unconscious any more.

It's always the last part of the night that I spend there.... You remember that story of the supramental ship and how things were organized by the will, not by external means? Well, that's the action which is beginning to exist in the Subconscient.

Last night, for instance, early in the morning, there were several layers of cells,[142] as it were, and each cell was I can't say the property, but the possession of someone: what was under his direct control and reflected his "mood," as it is customarily called, his way of being. And there were many levels: you could go upstairs and downstairs.... And the impression I had of myself was that I was much, much taller and that I towered above it all; and I had a different texture, as if I were made of a different substance, not quite the same as the others'. It was as if all that were inside me without being inside me (I can't explain): I was looming over everything and at the same time acting inside. And then, according to the action, people were going upstairs or downstairs, going and coming; but everyone had his own little box – they were BEGINNING to have it, it was beginning to get organized. Each cell was more or less precise: some were very precise, others more blurred, as if on the way to becoming precise. And the whole experience, last night, had a kind of precision about it. I was like something very big, outside, and I was laughing, talking to everyone, but they weren't aware of the action [of Mother]. You see, they seemed to me this tall *(gesture: four inches),* tiny. But quite alive: they were going and coming, moving about.... And I was talking to them, but they didn't know where the voice was coming from. So I laughed, I found it funny, I said to some, "There! You see, that's your idea of things." And it was ... oh, if I compare it to last year, there is a tremendous difference of CONSCIOUSNESS, from the point of view of consciousness. Before, all the movements were reflexes, instincts, as if people were impelled by a force which they were totally unconscious of and considered to be their "character," most of the time, or else Destiny (either their character or Fate, Destiny). They were all like puppets on strings. Now, they are conscious beings – they're BEGINNING, they're beginning to be conscious.

The proportion has changed.

And I was able to show them precisely the proportion between the conscious, willed movement, which can be observed, and that sort of almost unconscious instinct which obeys a COMPELLING Force, that is to say, you know neither where it comes from nor what it means or anything – you just tag along.

Some still had quite blurred and cloudy spaces; with others, it was precise, there were even some very precise details. And clear, clear: there was a light – the dawning of a light.

If this goes on, it will be fine. It will change a lot of things.

It was in the subconscient of individuals?

Of individuals, yes.

It wasn't their waking consciousness?

No, no! It's not individuals as they know themselves – it is their subconscient. It is in the subconscient. The subconscient is a realm just as the material world is a realm – it's in the subconscient.

There have been many efforts, concentrations, meditations, prayers to bring about the clarification and control of all those semiconscious reflexes that govern individuals – a great concentration on that point. And this experience seems to be the outcome.

There are lots of things which people don't even take notice of in life (when they live an ordinary life, they don't take any notice), there's a whole field of things that are absolutely ... not quite unconscious, but certainly not conscious; they are reflexes – reflexes, reactions to stimuli, and so on – and also the response (a semiconscious, barely conscious response) to the pressure exerted from above by the Force, which people are totally unconscious of. It is the study of this question which is now in the works; I am very much occupied with it. A study of every second.... You see, there are different ways for the Lord to be present, it's very interesting (the difference isn't for Him, it's for us!), and it depends precisely on the amount of habitual reflex movements that take place almost outside our observation (generally completely outside it) And this question preoccupied me very, very much: the ways of feeling the Lord's Presence – the different ways. There is a way in which you feel it as something vague, but of which you are sure – you are always sure but the sensation is vague and a bit blurred – and at other times it is an acute Presence[143] *(Mother touches her face),* very precise, in all that you do, all that you feel, all that you are. There is an entire range. And then if we follow the movement *(gesture in stages, moving away),* there are those who are so far away, so far, that they don't feel anything at all.

This experience made me write something yesterday (but it has lasted several days), it came as the outcome of the work done, and yesterday I wrote it both in English and in French:

"There is no other sin, no other vice
than to be far from Thee."

Then, the entire world, the universe, appeared to me in that light, and at every point (which takes up no space), at every point of the universe and throughout the universe, it's that way. Not that there are far and near places in the universe, that's not what I mean (it's beyond space), but there is a whole hierarchy of nearness, up to something that doesn't feel and doesn't know – it's not that it is outside, because nothing can be outside the Lord, but it is as if the extreme limit: so far away, so far, so far – absolutely black – that He seems not to reach there.

It was a very total vision. And such an acute experience that it seemed to be the only true thing. It didn't take up any space, yet there was that sensation of nearness and farness. And there was a kind of Focus, or a Center, I can't say (but it was everywhere), which was the climax of Thee – purely Thee. And it had a quality of its own. Then it began to move farther and farther away, which produced a kind of mixture with something ... that was nothing – that didn't exist – but that altered the vibration, the intensity, which made it move farther and farther away to ... Darkness – unconscious Darkness.

And something kept coming again and again to me: there is no other sin ... (because this followed a few lines I read in *Savitri* on the glorification of sin in the vital world, the words came to me because of that) ... there is no other sin, no other vice than to be far from Thee.

It seemed to explain everything.

It wasn't I who wrote it! There's no "I" in it: it comes just like that.

The *far from Thee* is so, so intense in its vibration, it has a concrete meaning.

And that's the only thing: all the rest, all moral notions, everything, everything, even the notion of Ignorance ... it all becomes mental chatter. But this, this experience, is marvelous. *Far from Thee....*

December 11, 1963

There was in the Subconscient a frightful battle in the night from the 8th to the 9th – oh! ... It was like a return of the attack on me when you went to Rameswaram (long ago[144]); X said it was a Tantric who had made that formation (it happened on December 9 too and I was very sick, I didn't go out). Well, it was an attack of that kind. I don't know if it comes from the same ... I can't say "person," but from the same origin of forces. And very violent, during the night. It went on during the meditation on the 9th: for the first time during those meditations, there was a tremendous battle, in the Subconscient. And the body was in a state ... a not too happy state. It stops the heart, you see, so ... it was unpleasant.

But afterwards, I saw that it did dislodge something, it wasn't useless. It dislodged something. But it's forces with a radical ill will: they are not merely ignorant – a radical ill will.

> *But it didn't have a human origin, did it? It wasn't from a human individual?*

No, it's not an individual: it's a universal way of being. It's always that way: things aren't positively impersonal, but they do not belong to one person; they are universal ways of being.

> *I mean, there was no human instrument, was there?*

I wasn't conscious of an instrument, but I was conscious of plenty of spots[145] to which the thing clings. It clings not even to beings, but to ways of being of beings: to certain tendencies, certain attitudes, certain reactions – it clings to all that. It's not at all "one" person or "one" will, that's not it, but it's a way of being. It's all universal ways of being that are destined to disappear from the field of activity and are being eliminated.

But the reaction on the body was painful, as it was the first time. The first time (according to X and the Swami), it was supposed to kill me – it didn't even make me seriously ill, but it had a very unpleasant effect. I told you at the time that it was a mantra intended to drain you of all your blood; I've seen several examples of people who died in that way: it was found afterwards to be the result of a mantric formation. In my case, all it succeeded in doing was to make me sick, as if everything came out – I vomited terribly. Then there was something pulling me and I absolutely had to go ... my consciousness told me I had to go and see someone (I was all alone in my bathroom when it happened), a particular person whom I had to go and see; and when I opened the door, Z was there, waiting to prepare my bath, but I didn't see him at all and I absolutely wanted to go somewhere, into the other room, so I pushed against him, thinking, "What's this obstacle in my way?" And he thought I was fainting on him! It caused quite a to-do.

I was completely in trance, you see. I was walking, but completely in trance.

Anyway, things went back to normal fairly quickly at the time. But the other day, the 9th, there was a return of that attack, as though that ill will hadn't been completely eliminated, completely defeated – there was a return. It didn't have the same effect, but it was painful. A curious feeling, as if ... (I was sitting at the table, as I always do on mornings when there is meditation), then at the beginning, in some parts of the body, the cells seemed to be grating. I concentrated, I called, and I saw there was a battle – a formidable battle being waged down below. It was grating, it's curious. A kind of grating of things that aren't smooth. And I wondered, "When will it be able to relax?" Then spasms here, at the solar plexus. And on those days, the doctor and P. always stay here for the meditation; but I was in trance, in my battle, when suddenly I felt a pressure on my pulse *(laughing):* it was the doctor, who had got up from his meditation (I must have been making some strange noises!) and was feeling my pulse – it seems my pulse was fading! But I didn't come out of my trance (I was conscious, but I didn't come out of it), I stayed like that till the end of the meditation, even a little afterwards. Then when the grating diminished, I came out of the trance and saw them both standing in front of me. I gave them a nice smile and told them, "It's all right." And I lay down. Then I went into a deep trance, completely out of the body, and everything returned to normal.

Afterwards I took a look. I wasn't too happy: "To do that during the meditation! ..." And I was "told" that it could be done only during the meditation and not at any other time, in activity or even in concentration, because it's not the same thing: it could be done only in deep meditation. So I said, "Very well." And I

was also shown that there was a concrete result, a kind of partial victory over that type of ill will – a very, very aggressive ill will, extremely aggressive, which belongs to another age: it's something that no longer has the right to exist on the earth. It must go.

It's the same thing, moreover, which brought about Kennedy's assassination. And I suppose that's why I had to intervene. Because Kennedy's assassination has upset many things from the point of view of the general work. And it was the same thing, because as soon as I had news of the assassination, I saw the same kind of vibration, the same black force – very, very black – and spontaneously, I said (it isn't "I" who said it), "Oh, that may mean war." In other words, a victory of that force over the one that tries to follow more harmonious paths. But I have been protesting and working since then, and what happened on the 9th is the outcome of it.

But when you're right in it ... it isn't comfortable.

* * *

(Then Mother reads a handwritten note which is the continuation of the experience she related on December 7, when she spoke of the varying nearness and farness of the Presence.)

I address it to the Lord:

"It is as if You flowed with the blood, You vibrated with the nerves, You lived with the cells...."

It isn't "in" or "by": it's "with," it's identified. As if You flowed with the blood. And the sensation was absolutely concrete: this Presence of the Lord FLOWS with the blood, VIBRATES with the nerves, and LIVES ("lives," meaning Life, the essence of Life) with the cells.

That's the best time! *(Mother laughs)*

Well, just recently, since that attack of the 9th, the Presence has increased [in the body]. And that's how I know that something has been won. I mean it has increased in duration, in frequency, and in the promptness of its response, of the time needed to get it.

(silence)

The difference between before and after the 9th is that before the 9th there was a constant pressure of adverse suggestions, as Sri Aurobindo said in that letter we translated last time: "It's all an illusion, it's all imagination...." A constant harassment. And sometimes it even takes very precise forms: "You think you're integrally conscious of the Lord – not in the least! It's just a little bit in your head, vaguely, and so you imagine it's true." When I heard that, it annoyed me very much, and I said, "All right, I'll see." And it is after that kind of battle in the

Subconscient that the voice stopped and I had this experience: "It flows in the blood, it vibrates in the nerves, it lives in the cells...."

And everywhere, you see, not just my cells, not just the cells of this body: when the experience comes, it is quite widespread; I have an impression of many bloods, many cells, many nerves.... Which means that the CENTRAL consciousness isn't always aware of it, the individual isn't always aware of it (it has an extraordinary feeling, but it doesn't know what it is), while the cells are aware of it, but they cannot express it.

I felt that several times: when the experience comes, it isn't limited to one body. Only, the consciousness – the observing consciousness – isn't the same everywhere: there are DEGREES of consciousness, and here [in Mother's body] it appears to be a MORE CONSCIOUS center of consciousness, that's all; but otherwise ... For the consciousness itself it's that way too: at times it is very much awake, at other times not so awake.... Ultimately, all this is an experience of Oneness, of multiplicity in Oneness, and this experience depends on the degree of nearness and intensity. But it is the all – the all which is one – and seen from the standpoint of the Lord's consciousness.... You know, what we call "the Lord" is that which is fully conscious of itself; and the more the consciousness diminishes, the more you feel it's no longer the Lord – but it is the Lord all the same!

That's how it is.

(silence)

When we speak of "perception or knowledge through identity," it is still something that projects itself, identifies itself and OBSERVES itself while doing so; and it is conscious of the result. But my experience now isn't like that; it isn't something projecting itself: it's an overall perception. So instead of being able to say, "You think this way, THIS ONE thinks that way, THAT ONE feels this way," one thinks it or feels it with more or less clarity in the perception, more or less precision in the perception, but it's always "one" – you don't feel like saying "I"; there's no "I," it's "one," it's something. Listen, I'll give you an example: this morning I received that Italian, he started speaking, making gestures, telling me things – NOT ONE sound reached my ears ... yet I knew perfectly well what he was saying. And I answered him in the same way, without speaking. I didn't feel it was someone else talking to me and that I was answering him: it was a totality of movements more or less conscious of themselves, a totality and an exchange, an interchange of movements more or less conscious of themselves, with some vibrations more conscious, some less conscious, but the whole thing very living, very active. But then, in order to speak, I would have had to put myself in the ordinary consciousness in which the Italian was over there and I was here – but it didn't mean anything any more, it wasn't true. So there was something answering within, very actively, very distinctly, and all of it went on together *(gesture showing movements of consciousness or waves of vibrations),* and at the same time, there was a consciousness – a very, very vast consciousness – which was watching it all [those exchanges of vibrations] and exerting a sort of control, a

very, very slight but very precise control, so as to put each vibration in its place.

That's how it is now when I see people. And it seems to be becoming more and more constant.

The other state, the state in which there is "me" and "other people," is becoming unpleasant; it brings things the consciousness disapproves of, reactions the consciousness disapproves of: "Still this? Still this smallness, still this limitation, still this incomprehension, still this darkness?..." All the time like that. So, immediately, something within goes like this *(gesture of inner reversal),* and it becomes the other way. And the other way is so soft, oh! ... So soft, so smooth, without clashes, without friction, without unpleasant reactions – that's what happened when there was that very painful "grating" during the meditation on the 9th it was because the individual reactions of the cells were not in accord with the general harmony.

It's becoming a little interesting. It's a little new.

And there is a kind of joy, an unobtrusive joy, always like a kind of smile ... a smile not ironic, but a little ...

Putting it into words takes a sort of contraction, which is a pity – a pity. I don't know when there will be a means of expressing ourselves without that contraction.... I remember, I am seeing again or reliving just now the face of that boy, that Italian (he is a thirty-five- or forty-year-old man, but young within, very young psychically), and there was this consciousness kneading something within, putting things back into place – but smoothly, without violence or clashes or reactions. And when I told him, "Now it's time to go," it wasn't at all one person saying to another, "It's time to go," it's as if I said to myself, "Now it's time to go." It's very odd. Rather new. Because it has become much more conscious; it had been like that in a sort of natural and spontaneous way of being for a long time, but now it's becoming conscious.

And when there is ... For example, when there is a relaxation in someone, or when there is a tensing up, I feel it: something in me relaxes, or tenses up; but not "in me" here, like this *(Mother in her armchair):* in me THERE *(Mother in the "other" person)*.

And I know the very minute it takes place, you see. But those [tensing up, relaxation] are big movements, so it becomes obvious, but I realize that it goes on all the time – it's like that all the time.

To the point that what happens in the body isn't (oh, it's been that way for a long time, but it's becoming more and more that way), isn't familiar like something that happens in a particular body: it's just one way of being among all the others. It's becoming more and more like that. The reaction here [in Mother's body] isn't any more intimate than the reaction in others. And it's barely more perceptible: it all depends on the state of attentiveness and concentration of the consciousness (it's all movements of consciousness). But the consciousness isn't – is NO LONGER individual AT ALL. I am positive about that. A consciousness ... which is becoming more and more total. And now and then – now and then – when everything is "favorable," it becomes the Lord's Consciousness, the Consciousness

of everything, and then it's ... a drop of Light. Nothing but Light.

December 14, 1963

Did W tell you his experience? No?... He says that lately he had the experience of an extraordinary force, like a kind of power going out of him through every pore and spreading, and he felt he had an extraordinary power; it lasted for hours.

A very good experience.

What force?

(Mother smiles) You know, there are, broadly speaking, two categories of people: those who by nature receive, are receptive; who receive and like to receive and to feel they are receiving; and those who like to give and like the feeling of giving. So those who like to receive have the experience of receiving, while those who like to give *(laughing)* have the experience of giving. But basically, it's all the same thing: it's the Force circulating. The Force circulates, and you get the feeling ... (how can I explain it?) ... it depends on the position of the consciousness with regard to the individual ego.

When I noticed W's difficulties, I put a lot of force on him, a lot, a great concentration to get him out of that tight corner, because I felt a kind of wavering in him, I felt he wasn't so steady on the path any more. That's what worried me. So I put a very great concentration of force on him to set him on the right road again. And, as I said, the Force circulates; it circulates: it isn't something which goes out like that, like a little beam which you send out, which reaches its goal and stays there – that's not it. It's a thing *(round gesture)* that spreads out with waves of concentration. And I've noticed this for everybody (I did my first study on myself), but the ego must be completely ... *(gesture of palms upward, immobile)* ... must become nonexistent, must stop interfering, at any rate, in order to feel that great, universal Pulsation.

It is simply the art of putting yourself in the right place in order to be in the path of the Force.

Or else, when you are able to see things from above, you can direct concentrations and channel the Force, as it were [on people and events]. And I've noticed (since it became a natural fact for me), I've noticed those two categories of people (with all kinds of nuances and differences): those who are happy to receive, and who are therefore much more conscious of the moment when the Force comes IN, and those (they are generous by nature, but also dominating) who are happier when they have a feeling of giving; so they are far more conscious of the

Movement when it goes out of their individuality.

That's just what I knew of W's nature: the ego in him is that he likes to be a guru – that's when one is quite egoistic, but as one grows less so, there still remains that aspect of the nature that makes one more inclined to give than to receive. And as I had made a very strong concentration, quite naturally he felt the force going out of him.

I didn't tell him anything, I simply said it was a very good experience: an experience "that was given to you" or "that you were given" (all that impersonal, as impersonal as possible). I am very glad when people do not tell me, "You did this, you did that ..." because immediately I feel that sort of little limitation which is so childish – intellectuals would call it "idolatry"! *(Mother laughs)* I don't like that.

I was very happy with W's experience. I also saw it was very sincere – naturally he feels filled with force! "But do not attach any importance to where it comes from, it doesn't matter! The Force is there." It's true – in a way, it's true.

(silence)

You know that toy that makes images when it is turned? A kaleidoscope. All the little pieces arrange themselves to form patterns – there's a lot of that in the way forces organize themselves and play.

What I told you last time is still going on and intensifying. But sometimes, at a given moment, a movement comes to me, some reaction, for instance, and something complains (all this is in the BODY's consciousness), the body says, "Oh, I haven't got beyond that, what a wretched shame!" So immediately, there is an answer, and an answer which ... It's odd, it doesn't come from one place, it comes from everywhere; and the body's protest also doesn't come from one place: it isn't ONE thing or ONE body that protests, it's a way of being; a terrestrial way of being which is expressed by: "Oh, I am still like that!" And the immediate answer: "But don't you see, don't you see the usefulness of it?" Then I am shown a whole tangled web of movements, vibrations, reactions, actions, all of it; and on one small spot there is a need for a small force: there is a small, slightly inert thing which serves as a support for something else – and then everything becomes clear, everything falls into place! You see so clearly it is egoism; egoism which wants personal, individual perfection: instead of wanting overall progress, it wants personal progress, it still makes breaks where there are none, separations where they do not exist. And you see how a movement going through [Mother] should be accepted when that is its place and when it is the right time for it to be useful, so that the WHOLE may follow its road – it's very, very interesting.

That way, you can gauge precisely how much is left of the old habit of personal reaction, especially in the emotive part of the universal being: it's the emotive part that still remains the most personal, even more so than the purely physical, material part. As soon as the emotive part comes into play, it "personalizes," because it ENJOYS individual reactions; it is the part that LOVES to feel it loves, that LOVES to feel its own emotions, and because of it there

remains a faint personal coloration. And when there occurs a somewhat darker or backward movement, the body is indignant and doesn't understand that it's part of the whole, that the whole must go forward together and you can't separate a piece of it to perfect it – it can't be done! It's impossible. It's not that it shouldn't be done – it CANNOT be done. Everything goes together.

(silence)

But since the 9th (the experience of the 9th at this table), there has been a considerable change – considerable.

(silence)

Do you have anything?

I can read you what you said last time....

Oh, now....
Is it worth the trouble?!

(Satprem does not agree)

If the expression becomes clear enough to be understandable, the present phase of the experience may be interesting for others, no? I have the feeling it could help break a few limits.

Certainly.

Yes, but it has to be understandable, really understandable – I am not sure it is. Because when I talk to you, I communicate to you the vibration of the experience, so insofar as you are receptive, you feel it. But it doesn't pass into the printed words – very little, very, very little.

People read with their heads, with their brains.

I see someone like N., who obviously is an exceptional subject in the sense that he vibrates with the intellectual vibration (Sri Aurobindo used to say, and it is obvious, that of all those around him, he was the one who understood best), well, even for him ... it goes off at a tangent. It's not that he understands nothing, but it's at a tangent. It's a mitigated understanding, very slightly distorted, and which relates everything to the sense of the person, of the [Mother's] individual, so the thing loses all the ESSENCE of its value.... What I would like to be able to communicate is precisely that absence of individual. But when I express myself, I am forced to say "I," the sentence always has a personal turn, and that's what people see. When I have my experience, it is there, living; you yourself feel it, and with a little movement of adaptation you eliminate the distortion that comes from the language, but others don't do it.

The best way to communicate your experience would be to give some of these recordings for people to hear, because then the thing is pure,

it's you, YOUR vibration.

Not quite, but anyway, almost.

That's what would best convey your experience.

It would be worthwhile to make the experiment, one day. We'll see.

If one day I can find the expression ...

I still feel I am struggling with the old way of speaking, I haven't found yet. It's this obligation of talking "as a person" – what can be done? ... But, for instance, Sri Aurobindo would know very well how to speak while doing away with all that sense of personality.

The night before last, almost all of it, was spent with him – all kinds of very interesting things. They are mostly impressions. Extremely interesting impressions. And I understood an entire aspect of the creation....

The way the world is now physically organized, with the difference and specialization in the forms, in sexes, encourages a kind of opposition between the two poles, the union of which results in creation. So, naturally, each pole has enormous difficulty understanding the other (although it thinks and believes it does), especially understanding the pole I place underneath *(gesture signifying the basis of the world),* which is the effectively creative pole, that is to say, what is expressed by woman. She feels very well that without this *(gesture above)* the full understanding isn't there; but this, which is above, doesn't AT ALL understand the creative power of that which is below – it knows it in principle, but doesn't understand it. And there is a lack of adaptation, a sort of conflict, which shouldn't exist. It never existed – never – between Sri Aurobindo and me, but I could see it didn't exist because he had adopted the attitude of complete *surrender* to the eternal Mother (the stage, in the creation, of complete surrender). I would see it, and it embarrassed me! It embarrassed me, I thought, "But why does he think he has to do that *(laughing),* as if I couldn't understand!" On the contrary, I thirst for the other attitude – for identifying myself this way instead of that way *(Mother presses her fist upward against her hand above):* for identifying myself from below upward instead of from above downward. It was an aspiration, which has been there ... almost for eternities ... for the universal creative Force to identify itself with the Creator. And to identify itself not through the descent of the Creator, but through the ascent of the Force – the conscious ascent. But Sri Aurobindo willed it that way, so it was that way ... and then I was very busy with my work. For the thirty years we lived together, it went on that way, perfectly smoothly; and I kept my aspiration quiet because I knew that it was his will. But since he left and I was obliged to do his work, so to speak, things have changed. But I didn't in the least want the Creator, because of my taking up the work, to be obliged to adapt himself to the creative Force (that won't do at all!), and my whole aspiration has been for the creative Force to consciously BECOME the Creator. It's becoming increasingly that way. And at the last meeting [with Sri Aurobindo], for a time (not the whole time, but some time), it was that way. Then I understood;

it made me understand the play of all the forces in the two elements – the two poles – and how they could be joined, through what process that opposition could disappear so that the total Being might exist.

We're on the way. And it's growing clearer and clearer. It will be tremendously interesting. But that's for later on.

Increasingly (but it began long ago, after Sri Aurobindo left), it is growing, perfecting itself, becoming precise and increasingly conscious: the difference is fading away, the opposition is disappearing altogether, and the possibility is growing of identifying oneself with the other – the other attitude, the one I deliberately call "from above."

Naturally, in human beings, the two are extremely mixed up. Among all the human beings you cannot find two who are one really male and the other really female – that doesn't exist. It's very, very mixed. But the goal is a totality; a totality in which each thing is in its place and plays its part, not in opposition but in perfect union – in identity. And the key to this is beginning to come.

But the difficulties are still there, and they're very subconscious.

It's very interesting.

(silence)

The thing that resists the most on the terrestrial level (perhaps even on the universal level) is that zone (which is more pronounced in the earth's atmosphere), the emotive zone. I had the clear perception that it CLINGS to its emotions, it ENJOYS its emotions. This counteracts the effort towards perfection, towards perfect unity – the pleasure of emotions.

There was an experience for a few seconds, with the clear vision and immediate action of the supreme Force over this [the emotive zone], but the experience wasn't sufficient so it could be noted down.

(silence)

Those things, which are ESSENTIAL conquests and advances and are happening now, take a long, long time to materialize [on earth].... What can be done to make them materialize faster? I don't know.

It's still the same problem as that of Identity I told you about the other day, the nearness to the center: identity, then nearness, then a greater and greater farness – that's why it takes time. To go right to the end takes a long, long time.

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo wrote somewhere, I don't remember where (I am translating, it's not the exact sentence): "The body's cells must burn with the divine Flame."

It's obviously somewhere where he explains transformation. The body's cells must burn with the divine Flame. And you feel it – you FEEL it. It's when they begin to be aflame, to burn with a flame that is clearer and clearer, purer and purer ... – when all the smoke is gone.

December 18, 1963

(Mother reads a letter by Sri Aurobindo:)

> "It is equally ignorant and one thousand miles away from my teaching to find it in your relations with human beings or in the nobility of the human character or an idea that we are here to establish mental and moral and social Truth and justice on human and egoistic lines. I have never promised to do anything of the kind. Human nature is made up of imperfections, even its righteousness and virtue are pretensions, imperfections and prancings of a self-approbatory egoism.... What is aimed at by us is a spiritual truth as the basis of life, the first words of which are surrender and union with the Divine and the transcendence of ego. So long as that basis is not established, a sadhak is only an ignorant and imperfect human being struggling with the evils of the lower nature."

I want to offer it to an American admiral who is here and who needs to know this. Did you meet him?

> *No. But ALL Westerners! The highest they can conceive of is always social work....*

Yes, a kind of social perfection on earth.

> *It's Schweitzer, Gandhi, Philanthropy, Charity....*

To them, the Supermind would be the reign of a harmonious equality of all classes and all countries – at the most, a union of all countries and all classes. That's the summit of their dream.

I like this letter, because he says, "I have NEVER promised anything of the kind." This is to me the important point.

December 21, 1963

(Regarding the "joys" of Tantric discipline, when Satprem was still at his seven thousandth, or was it seven hundred thousandth, Tantric yantram. Satprem unfortunately did not keep the beginning of this conversation.)

... It's true, in fact, off and on I have fits of revolt, but more and more I'm settling into a kind of nothingness – not many things have meaning. I was very attached to life, I loved life, I found it beautiful – that's gone.

Oh, yes, I can understand that!

But still, there was something good in that love of life, wasn't there?

Yes ... for later on, when life is different from what it is.

Now that's gone, if I were told, "You will die tomorrow," I wouldn't care at all.

Of course! I understand.

And besides, that's the almost essential condition for being capable of living another life while remaining here. It's essential, mon petit, as long as one has the "taste for life," one is tossed and shaken about.... I consider it a GREAT progress.

That's very good.

The taste for life is, we could say, like a foretaste of what will be, but it isn't at all suited to what is.

(silence)

You see, when you have the certitude – the certitude – that Ananda, joy, blossoming are the Truth of your being, when you have that inner certitude and look at life as it is, it appears incredible (not the certitude, but life as it is!), an incredible deformation.

Just recently I have been observing this fact. Apart from Sri Aurobindo, all the people I have ever met and had around me were dissatisfied. And in some cases (cases of lives more constantly intimate with me), either rebels, or people terribly bitter about life as it is – which is the very opposite of my nature. I am rather on the side of those who take things quite philosophically as they are – even when I was a very small child. So then I wondered (I saw this these last few days): "Why is it like that?"

I saw that this attitude or way of feeling is like a fortress for what opposes the transformation.

(silence)

I jotted down two observations this morning and kept them on the table with the idea of reading them to you (they were "remarks," "observations"), and very clearly I was told that to have that very keen sense of discernment which sees all that is contrary to the divine Truth is very good, it's very good not to be disappointed or deceived (in particular not to deceive oneself), but that whenever you stress on that aspect, you give it a POWER OF BEING, a sort of power that prolongs or perpetuates its existence. So I took my notes and threw them into the wastepaper basket! *(Mother laughs)* They were the result of studies and observations recently.

As long as Sri Aurobindo was here, these things did not come near me because I counted on him for the exact perception of what was to be and what was to disappear; so they were very far away from my consciousness, I didn't bother about them. They came back only afterwards, when I had to take up the whole work.

But, to tell the truth, if we could always keep in our consciousness, in a clear and living way, the vision of WHAT SHOULD BE, not with the illusion that it's already there (there must be no illusions), but a clear, positive vision of what should be, despite all that denies it ... we would be very strong. This necessity is beginning to impose itself: that's what I am asked to do now. We KNOW things are not as they should be (God knows we know it!), but to keep deliberately ignoring those denials in order to keep ACTIVELY in the consciousness the vision of what should be – that, I feel, is true creative power.

You know, the fact of no longer having the physical support of Sri Aurobindo's presence was a blow that might have been mortal (I prevented it from being mortal by closing a door, because he had asked me to continue and I decided to continue), but it made certain things rather difficult because it became necessary to have a constant perception of what has to be done and a constant effort to change what is into what should be.... Probably it's a period of work that must be completed now, and he was asking of me the capacity to live in the positive side. The trouble is, the body is itself a kind of contradiction – but it was suggested to me that those contradictions of the body arise from the fact that I admit in the consciousness all the contradictions, and that consequently they are there in the body, too. Instead of looking at the body and saying, "Oh, this (this limitation, that narrowness) is still here," I should look only at WHAT SHOULD BE, and the body would be forced to follow.

This seems to be the preparation of the program for next year – a long, long way to go yet. But anyway, there are still a few days left (!)

There are so many victories I can't win yet! It's obviously an incapacity, there are limitations; it must come from an attitude that's not entirely what it should be.

The Lord's Presence is there, his Action is there, in a way that I could almost call perpetual because It rarely ... It never withdraws, but the times when It isn't active, when It becomes a little passive, are far less frequent than the times when It is active – far less, there is a big difference. And yet, the result this ought to bring is not there. Therefore, since It uses this body and this atmosphere [of Mother],

there must be something that dims, that limits, that alters.... I could give some quite precise and concrete examples, but anyway they involve certain people here, so I won't mention them. But that's what made me question: why, why?...

I have a feeling that something is pressing to eliminate in my active consciousness that discernment which is so sharp, so imperative – sharp, you know, with a vision ... (like the vision I had the other day of the nearness and farness), a vision almost microscopically exact. Obviously, this is helpful to get rid of all the things that shouldn't be, but now there is a will for this attitude to move into the *background,* and for the active consciousness to see constantly and almost exclusively only WHAT SHOULD BE.

Which means there are movements of elimination, of rejection, movements (for a second) of transformation, and also movements of construction – it seems the time has come to step into the movement of construction.

The body consciousness is still very timid, very timid in the sense that it doesn't have confidence in itself. It feels that if it isn't constantly vigilant, watching, watching, observing, discerning, some things *(gesture below)* may get through that shouldn't get through. That's what hinders. And that is why this certainty comes more and more: no criticism, no criticism at all, none at all, don't see what shouldn't be – see only WHAT SHOULD BE.

It's a great victory to be won – a great victory.

And all the more great and difficult since (certainly because of the necessities of the work) I am surrounded only by people who are on the other side. I don't have around me a single optimist. All that people tell me, all that they bring to me, is always the vision (more or less clear and complete) of what should go; but the vision of what should be ... I have never found it except in Sri Aurobindo.

It's only in sudden gusts, in flashes, now and then, and only when he wrote (never when he spoke) that you could find that sort of sharp thing, of sharp discernment, like in what we translated the other day. Otherwise, when he spoke, when he was with people, there was never a negative criticism.

No one else.

From my earliest childhood (when I was five, my memories at five) and for more than eighty years, I have always been surrounded with people who brought me an abundance of revolt, discontent, and then, more and more so, cases (certain cases have been very acute and still are) of sheer ingratitude – not towards me, that doesn't matter at all: towards the Divine. Ingratitude ... that is something I have often found very, very painful – that it should exist. It's one of the things I have seen in my life that seemed to me the most ... the most intolerable – that sort of acid bitterness against the Divine, because things are as they are, because all that suffering was permitted. It takes on more or less ignorant, more or less intellectual forms ... but it's a kind of bitterness. It takes sometimes personal forms, which makes the struggle even more difficult because you can't mix in questions of persons – it's not a personal question, it's an ERROR to think that there can be a single "personal" movement in the world; it's man's ignorant consciousness which makes it personal, but it isn't: it's all terrestrial attitudes.

It came with the Mind; animals don't have that. And that's why I feel a sweetness in animals, even the supposedly most ferocious, which doesn't exist in man.

(long silence)

And yet, of all movements, the one that gives perhaps the most joy – an unalloyed joy, untainted by that egoism – is spontaneous gratitude.

It is something very special. It isn't love, it isn't self-offering.... It's a very FULL joy. Very full.

It is a very special vibration unlike anything other than itself. It is something that widens you, that fills you – that is so fervent!

It is certainly, of all the movements within the reach of human consciousness, the one that draws you the most out of your ego.

And when it can be a gratitude without motive, that vibration (basically, the vibration of what exists towards the Cause of existence) ... then a great many barriers vanish instantly.

(Mother contemplates that vibration of gratitude for a long time)

When you can enter that vibration in its purity, you realize immediately that it has the same quality as the vibration of Love: it is directionless. It isn't something going from one thing to another, it doesn't go from here to there *(gesture from low to high)* or there to here ... it is *(round gesture)* simultaneous and total.

I mean it isn't something that needs the two poles in order to exist; it doesn't go from one pole to the other or from the other to the one: it's a vibration which in its purity is the same as the vibration of Love, which doesn't go from here to there or from there to here – the two poles of existence.

It exists in itself for its own delight of being. (And what I am saying spoils it a lot.)

Like Love.

Men have repeated ad nauseam that nothing exists without those two poles, that those two poles are the cause of existence and everything revolves around them *(Mother shakes her head),* but that's not the way it is. This means that man, in his ordinary outward consciousness, cannot understand anything beyond that. There we are. That we know. But in its essence *(Mother again shakes her head),* Love is not like that.

Ultimately, gratitude is only a very slightly colored hue of the essential Vibration of Love.

(meditation)

December 25, 1963

(Mother looks tired)

How are your nights?

Not too conscious.

That doesn't matter (!) If you get rest, that's all that is needed.
Last night there was a perpetual harassment.

(silence)

There is at the moment an entire study going on in the subconscient on the cause of illnesses. I am not seeing very pleasant things....

There is a whole zone in the most material vital which penetrates, as it were, the subtle physical – that's where illnesses are formed. You see swarms of completely *crooked* formations – a lack of sincerity. And it expresses itself in images: I see all kinds of people and do all kinds of things in a special zone – the same people who are elsewhere are here too under a special aspect. It's a mixture of the deformation of consciousness, the deformation of language, the deformation of forms – swarms and swarms! ... For hours.

But I was always accompanied by a form, not a very precise one, but which was the materialization in that realm of the Lord's Presence. I remember having for the work entered a huge room, completely bare, without anything, in a half-light, when suddenly I felt something grabbing hold of me here *(gesture at the nape of the neck),* something I even felt physically (I was lying in my bed, but I felt it physically). So I pointed it out to that Form which was accompanying me everywhere – so attentive, so close – to explain and show things to me; I complained, saying, "Look, something has grabbed hold of me, it even hurts physically." So I saw a kind of arm come and take that thing on my neck, pull it away and present it to me: it was like one of those big bats that are called *flying fox* (there are some here, they eat little birds, chicks ...), it was clinging to my neck! He said, "Oh, it's nothing! It's only that." *(Mother laughs)* And it was a big thing like this *(about three feet)* which had grabbed hold of me here and had its two claws still out (he had wrenched it off my neck). It had become flat and almost inert, but it was still as vicious as anything.

It was quite simply an "incident" – to mention just one.

But the remarkable thing is that my physical pain went away immediately; I felt a pain in the nape of my neck, like a weight that hurt and pressed on the nerves, and it went away instantly: "Oh, it's nothing, just that"!

Then He seemed to lead me to other places, where I saw a sort of scorpion with a very odd shape (it was also a sort of entity in that realm and it gave other

illnesses) trying to climb up somewhere. There was also a truncated snake which had been cut through, and out of the cut something like its life was escaping, yet it was still alive. All kinds of horrors. But there wasn't the slightest feeling of disgust: it was more like a consciousness studying, observing, and the "I" that observed was the force exerted by the consciousness on the play of those things.

It isn't a pleasant realm. It's the realm that's just like this *(Mother places one hand over the other),* immediately beyond ... (how can I put it? It's neither higher nor deeper inside) beyond the subtle physical, and it's the realm in which formations of illness MATERIALIZE. I spent more than three hours of the night in it.

It's a kind of study ... a useful one, maybe. And I noticed, I remember having complained, "Oh, it hurts!" (Apparently I was sound asleep, but I was very conscious of my body.) So it interested me, and I turned to the Lord: "It hurts quite a bit." So He extended his hand, took that thing away and presented it to me, saying, "Oh, it's only that"! ... It wasn't pretty. But then, INSTANTLY, the pain went away. I had been feeling some pain in the evening before going to bed (the nerves ached, the neck muscles hurt, it was like something weighing down heavily and clinging to me painfully); I saw His hand take it and present that animal to me, and I heard the voice say, *Oh, it's only that* (He speaks to me in English), *it's only that – gone!*

Exactly what Sri Aurobindo did when he was here: his hand seemed to come, take hold of the pain, and the illness went away.

Only, these nights are a little ... tiring. Nights of work, of struggle. And then during the day, there is that avalanche of people and things.... If you don't go mad, it's a sure sign you had no predisposition to madness! *(Mother laughs)*

Well.

You should get some rest nevertheless. It's time this book was finished and those [Tantric] writings were finished – so you can go and sit facing the sea. And watch the waves move, no?

I still have eight days of work.

All right. You'll have to hold on for eight days.

Those eight days are the most...

Afterwards, you go and sit and watch the waves. The waves ... that's pretty! *(Mother laughs ironically)*

December 29, 1963

(Note from Mother to Satprem)

Satprem, mon cher petit,
On the 31st I will see you in the music room, and I would like
Sujata too to come at 10 A.M., because I want to try different key
boards of the organ, and she will help me arrange them.
My tenderness is ever with you

signed: Mother

December 31, 1963

(Mother tests the organ: a little white figure swaying on her stool)

There.

You have recorded it, haven't you? ... And we'll play it tomorrow [for the Ashram] – that way, I won't have any work to do!

(Sujata:) Is it "work "?

You always have fun.

It gives me fun.... I don't know, I don't know what I play at all, at all, at all! I barely hear it. There is something having fun "over there." If I listen just a minute, it begins to disturb me!

That's enough, no?

(To Satprem:) What do you say, you there? Is that enough or do you want to hear more?

It depends. If you're tired ...

Oh *(laughing),* tiring, this! It doesn't tire anything. The head is empty. I tell you, when I listen, it gets more difficult; if I don't listen, it's fine.

What time is it?

Almost half past ten.

Do you have anything to tell me? ... You want to hear more ... in a minor key –

this was a major key!

(To Sujata:) What about you, do you prefer "gay" or "sad"? *(laughter)*

I intended to play "The Horror of the World of Falsehood" tomorrow, and to end with "The Glory of Light" ... if it comes.

But this is a little relaxation ... musical relaxation.

(Mother plays the harmonium again: "gay minor key" and ends with a G)

Finished this time.

That's a promise: the G.

Whenever a promise comes, it ends with a G.

(Mother vibrates the G)

So I'll keep the keyboards as they are. And tomorrow at half past twelve when I play [for the Ashram], maybe it won't be ... as free as today!

(To Sujata:) You put everything back in place.

I don't know the time.... The clock is there [on the wall], but I can't see anything: I see the bright sky.

(Mother gives flowers)

It's a "golden power" [a hibiscus], lovely, isn't it!

What did the music evoke in you?... I don't want you to say "good" or "bad," but did it suggest anything?

My eyes fell on this sentence of Sri Aurobindo [on the calendar!

Ah, exactly! That's it. That's it! Every day, I look at it. In the evening the date and the quotation are changed – I don't know what tomorrow's text will be, we have to change the calendar and start "January." Would you like us to do it? Bring the calendar here.

All this will go now!

We have December here. *(Mother reads:)*

And earth shall be the Spirit's manifest home[146]

(Sujata:) Is it the promise that came?

Yes, the promise of the G. The G always promises.

(Mother sets the calendar to January 1, 1964, and reads Sri Aurobindo's quotation)

All can be done if God's touch is there1

There: *All can be done.* All.

I like this calendar a lot because of its quotations. I change it every evening.

Tomorrow, I see here ... *(Mother looks at her notebook)* four, five, six, seven, eight people, and two over there, which makes ten – tomorrow morning between 10 and 11 A.M.... *(Laughing)* "All can be done if God's touch is there"!

So I'll see you next year.

Did I give you everything? Did I give you the second calendar [with a photograph of Mother, printed in Calcutta]? The other one, he [Satprem] didn't like it.

(Sujata:) You're too stern, little Mother!

Ah, there we are again! But I wasn't stern: I was in contemplation!

(Satprem:) A stern contemplation.

(On the second calendar, the photograph shows Mother engaged in her translation work)

It's the last part of the *Synthesis*.[147] We were supposed to revise it together, but it doesn't work.... *(To Sujata:)* You know what he does? He takes the English and starts translating again! *(laughing)* So there's no work left for me!

The conclusion is that when he has finished his book, I'll give you my manuscript to type. If my eyes were good, it would do, but they're no good, the poor things (I can't speak ill of them, they've served well, but anyway ...). Or else, he [Satprem] would have to correct directly on my manuscript, but that he won't do.

Ah, no!

So it's no use.

(Sujata:) I also have a whole year of "Agenda" to catch up with.

Oh, the Agenda.... I keep talking on and on. He has a knack for making me talk – before he comes, I decide, "Today, I won't say anything," and then ... I don't know, he doesn't say anything, doesn't ask anything, and I don't know what happens but I start talking![148]

All right, so we'll begin the revision of the *Synthesis* on the 4th, Is my handwriting difficult?

(Sujata:) No, no!

Oh, it's not so good any more. And while I was writing it, some strange things happened: one day, suddenly, I feel I've lost all control over my hand.... How do you write? And all at once, I start writing, and then I see: it's Sri Aurobindo's handwriting! And as it is illegible, I thought, "That's no great progress!" *(laughter)* So I really exerted myself, concentrated, wrote slowly, slowly, like a pupil in school, and it came back!

So you may come across some passages that aren't all that legible.

But the last part ["The Yoga of Self-Perfection"] is the longest, and it's difficult, too.

He didn't complete it.

He never completed the last chapter, he even told me, "You will complete it when I have completed my yoga," and then he went, left everything.

Afterwards, several times, he told me that I should be the one to complete it – I answered him that I didn't have the brain for it. Or else I would have to write it in a mediumistic way, but I am not a good medium, I am too conscious – the consciousness is immediately awake in the background and watches the phenomenon, so it stops working.

But your Agenda is the end of the "Yoga of Self-Perfection"!

Well, it'll be a long end! *(Mother laughs)* In other words, when it's over (we must first wait for it to be over), when it's over, with those notes, we could establish something – you'll have to wait for some time! There are still several years to go.

It doesn't matter, we aren't bored, are we? *(To Sujata:)* Are you bored? Tell me frankly, are you bored? *(Sujata laughs)* I don't need to ask HIM, I know the answer: "Oh, it's endless, it lasts forever, nothing happens, nothing takes place...." *(laughter)* Anyway, my children, that's the way it is. I am going as fast as I can, I am the one most concerned! But you can't hurry, it's not possible. Not possible.

In fact, in *Savitri,* Sri Aurobindo went through all the worlds, and it so happens that I am following that without knowing it (because I never remember – thank God, I really thank heaven! – I asked the Lord to take away my mental memory and He took it away entirely, so I am not weighed down), but I follow that description in *Savitri* without mentally knowing the sequence of the worlds, and these last few days ... I was in that Muddle of Falsehood (I told you last time), it was really painful, and I was tracking it down to the most tenuous vibrations, those that go back to the origin, to the moment when Truth could turn into Falsehood – how it all happened. And it is so tenuous, almost imperceptible, that deformation, the original Deformation, that you tend to lose heart and you think, "It's still really quite easy to topple over ... the slightest thing and you can still topple over into Falsehood, into Deformation." And yesterday, I had in my hands a passage from *Savitri* that was brought to me – it's a marvel, but ... it's so sad, so miserable, oh, I could have cried (I don't easily cry).

The world grew full of menacing Energies,
And wherever turned for help or hope his eyes,
In field and house, in street and camp and mart,
He met the prowl and stealthy come and go
Of armed disquieting bodied Influences.
A march of goddess figures dark and nude
Alarmed the air with grandiose unease;
Appalling footsteps drew invisibly near,

Shapes that were threats invaded the dream-light,
And ominous beings passed him on the road
Whose very gaze was a calamity:
A charm and sweetness sudden and formidable,
Faces that raised alluring lips and eyes
Approached him armed with beauty like a snare,
But hid a fatal meaning in each line
And could in a moment dangerously change.
But he alone discerned that screened attack.

(II.VII.205)

It makes you wonder.... It's like something gluey surrounding you, touching you all over; you can't go forward, you can't do anything without encountering those black and gluey fingers of Falsehood. It was a very painful impression.

And last night, there was the Answer, as it were. This morning, when I got up, I didn't remember clearly, but in the middle of the night I knew it very well. (It's not going from sleep to the waking consciousness: it is coming out of one state to enter another one, and when I came out of that state to enter the so-called normal one, I remembered very well.) I was as if made to live the WAY of turning that Falsehood into Truth, and it was so joyful!... So joyful. In the sense that it's a vibration similar to joy that is capable of dissolving and overcoming the vibration of Falsehood. That was very important: it isn't effort, it isn't righteousness, or scruple or rigidity, none of that, none of that has any effect on that sadness (it is a sadness) of Falsehood – it's something so sad, so helpless, so miserable ... so miserable. And only a vibration of Joy can change it.

It was a vibration that flowed like silvery water – it rippled and flowed like silvery water.

Which means that austerity, asceticism, even an intense and stern aspiration, all sternness, all that: no action. No action – Falsehood stays put in the background.... But it cannot resist the sparkling of joy. It's interesting.

(silence)

And in his text, Sri Aurobindo says that the Lord joins the contraries, the opposites, puts them together so they fight each other, and that this will and action give Him a sardonic smile (I am commenting).

A tract he reached unbuilt and owned by none:
There all could enter but none stay for long.
It was a no man's land of evil air,
A crowded neighbourhood without one home,
A borderland between the world and hell.
There unreality was Nature's Lord:
It was a space where nothing could be true,
For nothing was what it had claimed to be:
A high appearance wrapped a spacious void.
Yet nothing would confess its own presence

Even to itself in the ambiguous heart:
A vast deception was the law of things;
Only by that deception they could live.
An unsubstantial Nihil guaranteed
The falsehood of the forms this Nature took
And made them seem awhile to be and live.
A borrowed magic drew them from the Void;
They took a shape and stuff that was not theirs
And showed a colour that they could not keep,
Mirrors to a fantasm of reality.
Each rainbow brilliance was a splendid lie;
A beauty unreal graced a glamour face.
Nothing could be relied on to remain:
Joy nurtured tears and good an evil proved,
But never out of evil one plucked good:
Love ended early in hate, delight killed with pain,
Truth into falsity grew and death ruled life.
A Power that laughed at the mischief of the world,
An irony that joined the world's contraries
And flung them into each other's arms to strive,
Put a sardonic rictus on God's face.

(II . VII. 206)

I was asked for an illustration for H.; I saw the image, the Lord's face with a sardonic smile. And then, after last night's experience, this morning suddenly that expression of the face changed, and I saw the image of the true, the true sorrow of Compassion – I don't know how to explain it.... The sardonic smile changed: from sardonic it grew bitter, from bitter it grew sorrowful, from sorrowful it grew full of an extraordinary compassion....

(silence)

So we could say that Falsehood is the sorrow of the Lord. And that His Joy is the cure for all Falsehood.

Sorrow had to be expressed so as to be erased from the creation.

And sorrow is Falsehood – the Lord's sorrow, sorrow in its essence, is Falsehood.

So to live in Falsehood is to hurt the Lord.

It opens up horizons....

And His Joy is the cure for everything.

That's the problem seen from the other angle.

So, if we love the Lord, we cannot give Him cause for sorrow, and necessarily we emerge from Falsehood and enter Joy.

That's what I saw last night. It was all silvery. All silvery, silvery....

There was even the vision of how the vibrations were in the cells: vibrations that were silvery, sparkling, rippling, but very regular, and precise ... (how can I

put it?). It was the contradiction of Falsehood in the cells; like little flashes of silvery light.

But that [Falsehood] is the great obstacle, the extreme difficulty. It's something gluey which entered the creation and sticks to everything, and which has become a material habit too, because it's not only Mind that has Falsehood in it: there's Falsehood in Life, in Life itself. In the completely inanimate, I don't know.... Maybe it came with Life? (According to *Savitri,* the origin of Falsehood lies in Life.) But it's as though Unconsciousness, in order to go towards Consciousness, to return to Consciousness, had taken the path of Falsehood and Death instead of the path of Truth.

And Falsehood is this: the sorrow of the Lord.

I was asked for a message for next year, and things of that sort kept coming to me, so I didn't say anything. They wouldn't even understand, it's incomprehensible if you don't have the experience. And if you say just like that, almost dogmatically, "Falsehood is the sorrow of the Lord," it doesn't mean anything.

Or if you say it in a literary way, it's no longer true.

And if you said, "Falsehood is the Lord's way of being unhappy" (!) *(Mother laughs),* people would think you're not being serious.

Well. My children, I think it's time to go and do our work. I wish you a happy new year!

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[1]See *Agenda 1,* p. 104.

[2]The yoga's collective difficulties.

[3]During the last conversation, Mother had broken off abruptly as if about to faint.

[4]Italics indicate words or sentences Mother spoke in English.

[5]The "secretaries" and the attendant.

[6]An old disciple who has just died.

[7]Before the cremation, so as to give the consciousness time to come out.

[8]In the next conversation, Satprem asked for some clarification of this passage, and Mother repeated her experience, adding some details and comments:

There's just one passage that isn't clear to me.

Aah! ... Well, you told me that – yesterday afternoon or the day before, I don't remember, you told me that. You told me it wasn't clear!

(Satprem stares wide-eyed)

And I explained it to you again.

You see, Sri Aurobindo was explaining something to me, but the explanation wasn't like a theory: it's immediately translated into movements of matter, that is, movements of forms and forces. So I was listening (I was listening to him, we

were talking), and I turned my head away to follow the demonstration of forces, of what he said; naturally it led to another movement which was the consequence, and then I described what I was seeing. When I began describing the consequence, I received a reply (it was a sort of dialogue between us, but without different voices and all the things we know physically), but the quality of the vibration was different, it had become ... instead of being supramental, if you like, it had become sattvic [moral], the reply was sattvic. In other words, a diminution, a limitation. I was surprised so I turned back again, and instead of finding Sri Aurobindo, I saw the doctor, with his hair very neat – oh, a super-doctor, you know! But it was he, I mean at his best. So immediately I thought, "Here we are! Here is how things get more and more diminished – yes, diminished, altered, altering also physical appearances – here is how the Lord changes all His physical appearances." Oh, it was really funny, because it was a practical and precise little illustration. But then there was immediately the feeling that everything, the whole universe is like this! That's how all forms are changed.

So now you see!

[9]Yantram: a ritual drawing used to "capture" forces.

[10]Showing flowers, landscapes, symbolic photographs, etc.

[11]The *muladhara,* at the base of the spine.

[12]Mother's translation is: *Le vacarme du plan humain.*

[13]*Pralaya:* end of a world, apocalypse.

[14]Mother was eighty-five on February 21.

[15]Mother refers to the February 21 darshan.

[16]For the first time in a year, Mother appeared on the new balcony above all the assembled disciples.

[17]This far less physical vision was more accurate IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD.

[18] Gradually Mother will stop struggling and intrusion will become the rule. As a result, these conversations will suffer greatly.

[19]*Savitri, I.V.85.*

[20] In other words, the physical mind, creator of the medical, gravitational and mortal cage we live in.

[21]Later, Mother repeated the same remark: "I am not much concerned with this field, I see it from the OTHER angle What I refer to here is seen from below upward, while I see it the other way *(gesture from above downward)*, so it assumes a very different character. We'll talk about it again later."

[22]In the following conversation, Mother gave a very recent example of someone cured by the supramental force acting in the material mind: "After three warnings which he didn't heed, A. [a Paris disciple], one morning, found himself half-paralyzed. And the next day, it started spreading to the other side, the left side. At that point, he gave a call – it struck him to see one side completely paralyzed and the other following suit, he saw himself going down, so he gave a call. And he says that inside a few minutes, a stupendous Force came into him and that Force said, "No!" And almost automatically, everything came to a stop. Nothing came over the left side, and the right side started to improve. And when I received the first telegram informing me that A. had to take to his bed because of an 'attack' (a 'heart attack,' they said, but it wasn't the heart, it was an embolism in the brain), with the telegram in my hands, I saw, written OVER the telegram's words: 'It's nothing, no need to worry'! So I said coolly, 'Oh' it's nothing, no need to worry.' *(Mother laughs)* Then the letter came with all the details: thrombosis, and so on. But he says he feels a Force [near Mother] that's not in his ordinary little life over there, he finds it makes all the difference – it's something which gives a LIFE that's not in his ordinary little life in France. Anyhow, this is something like a miracle."

[23]Just what presides over the "inevitability" of accidents, including gravitation, illness and death.

[24]About forty feet long and thirteen feet wide.

[25]One of Mother's secretaries.

[26] In March 1962, when Mother very nearly did not return to her body.

[27]Second anniversary of the supramental Manifestation.

[28]"My God is love and sweetly suffers all." (IX.II.591)

[29]The last chapter of the *Synthesis of Yoga:* "Towards the Supramental Time Vision."

[30]In *Savitri,* the King represents the human aspiration to discover the Earth's secret beyond all already explored spiritual knowledge.

[31]Later, Mother added: "That is to say, an extremely powerful experience but which doesn't stay, except in its effect: becoming another person, changing position. I wouldn't be able to describe the experience, but my position changed. That's what happened every time. It's very different from the other experiences: they stay, you understand them fully, they don't fade away – but they don't have the power to change your person. They are two types of experience, both very useful, but very different from each other. The experiences of the very powerful but very brief type are those that, afterwards, are expressed in the form of the other type. The other experiences are those that ESTABLISH in a certain domain of consciousness that first experience which had come only as a shock – a compelling but transient shock. And sometimes it may take long – formerly it took years between the first experience and the resulting ones; now the interval seems a bit shorter, though it still takes some time. And it follows the same course every time: something comes, has the necessary effect, and then the consciousness seems to go to sleep on that point, as if a silent incubation period were needed – you stop dealing actively with the subject – and it reemerges at the end of a long curve, but as if it had been digested, assimilated, and you were now ready for the full experience."

[32]With a sort of incomprehensible comprehension, we are reminded of the words of the Vedic Rishis: "He uncovered the two worlds, eternal and in ONE nest." (Rig-Veda, I.62.7)

[33]Thus it is in the depths of the cells that the key is found, that the passageway is found, not in a world "beyond" but in this very world where death is not the opposite of life – where death is no more (this very world too where you fall on flints weightless and unscathed?).

[34]Satprem's Tantric guru.

[35]*Pranam:* prostration.

[36]The following time, Mother added, "On the 16th, I stopped seeing people downstairs, but on the 18th and 20th I went down again for the balcony: those were the last two times. Afterwards I was put in bed (ordered!) on April 3rd. Up to April 3rd I still moved around here; then, to bed, no moving! It went on till May. Then the night of April 12th came the second experience, that's when I called Pavitra to record [the message]."

[37] The news and the "diagnosis."

[38]Which means that Mother does not act personally but she is "acted through" automatically.

[39]See *Agenda III,* November 27, 1962, p. 436 ff.

[40]See *Agenda III,* November 30, 1962, p. 440 ff.

[41]Mother commented further on this passage in the following conversation.

[42]The contact with other bodies (which in fact are not "other").

[43]See conversation of March 16.

[44]Gesture of junction between the Supreme and this general body consciousness.

[45]The experience of the Presence.

[46]This is in fact incorrect. Satprem remembers occasions when, while playing in his room as a child, he saw his body quietly asleep in bed – only to rush back into it.

[47]Mother had once told Satprem that he was in a kind of "white cube."

[48]Mother means the experience when the link is cut off and one cannot reenter one's body (which means one is medically dead). The first experience at Tlemcen is probably the one when Théon had a fit of anger while Mother had gone out in her vital body in search of the mantra of life," and the link was cut off by Theon's anger.

[49] A gift from the Ashram's businessmen.

[50]Mother means the perception of herself as a radiating center for the higher Forces. Mother commented on this passage later, on May 29 (see under that date).

[51]In the next conversation, Mother clarified: "It isn't a movement or a vibration.... To put it accurately, one should say 'this something.'"

[52]At Rameshwaram, the night of April 21.

[53]Mother later clarified: "'Glory to You, O Lord' isn't MY mantra, it's something I ADDED to it – my mantra is something else altogether, that's not it. When I say that my mantra has the power of immortality, I mean the other, the one I don't speak of! I have never given the words.... You see, at the end of my walk, a kind of enthusiasm rises, and with that enthusiasm, the 'Glory to You' came to me, but it's part of the prayer

I had written in *Prayers and Meditations:* 'Glory to You, O Lord, all-triumphant Supreme' etc. (it's a long prayer). It came back suddenly, and as it came back spontaneously, I kept it. Moreover, when Sri Aurobindo read this prayer in *Prayers and Meditations,* he told me it was very strong. So I added this phrase as a kind of tail to my japa. But 'Glory to You, O Lord' isn't my spontaneous mantra – it came spontaneously, but it was something written very long ago. The two things are different."

[54]Such is the case, for example, of Anandamayi-Ma, who was said to be hysterical because of the strange gestures she made during her meditations, until it turned out that they were ritual *asanas* and *mudras* which she performed spontaneously.

[55]As long as Nature lasts, he too is there;

For this is sure that he and she are one. (I.IV. 72)

[56]Mother helps a disciple, a painter, to illustrate some passages from *Savitri.*

[57]Mahalakshmi's music.

[58]When Satprem later read to Mother the text of this conversation, she remarked, "Scientists will deny it, they will say I am talking nonsense; but that's because I don't use their language, it's just a question of vocabulary."

[59]Mother seems to have forgotten the red of the vital, which comes between material Nature's violet and the Mind's blue. Thus we have twelve worlds: violet, red, blue (the Mind's three blues), yellow, then the Overmind's prismatic colors, which makes five lower worlds, then finally the three golds of the Supermind and the four whites of the supreme creative Joy or Ananda.

[60] Mother means that there is no proof that the order was restored because of the Lord's intervention rather than by some other, "natural" mechanism.

[61]Let us recall that it was in 1952 that the biochemist Stanley Miller discovered the structure of the DNA molecule.

[62]Mother will see the child again four years later and will then discover in him an emanation of an ancient Pharaoh (see *Agenda,* May 10, 1967).

[63]Mother probably means because of the fact that she became aware of the thing.

[64]Mother is referring to the "point" that sparkled like a diamond.

[65]*Kshatrya:* the caste of warriors and kings.

[66]Silvius Craciunas, author of *The Lost Footstep.*

[67]Yuvaraj Karan Singh.

[68]Gandhi arrived in India in January 1915 from Africa. He started his "noncooperation" campaign in 1920.

[69]See *Agenda III,* November 17, 1962, p. 420.

[70]The higher parts of Mother's being.

[71]In that mental domain.

[72]Mother often said that each of the Ashram disciples was the symbol of a particular difficulty to be conquered.

[73] Satprem has entire pages written and rewritten in Sanskrit by Mother.

[74]*Questions and Answers, July 18, 1956.*

[75]See *Aphorism 35:* "Men are still in love with grief; when they see one who is too high for grief or joy, they curse him and cry, 'O thou insensible!' Therefore Christ still hangs on the cross in Jerusalem."

[76]Occultly speaking, Mother means.

[77]Mother is referring to Satprem's "worries" in the face of Catholic expansionism.

[78]Things have changed much since then.

[79]On June 29.

[80]*Ayudha Puja,* during which workers and servants invoke the divine presence in tools and machines.

[81]In French the same word, *mensonge,* has both senses.

[82]A few days afterwards, as Satprem was referring to these "constructions," Mother interrupted him with this observation: "Last night, it wasn't that way! I spent more than an hour in all the possible theosophical groups, and they had magnificent buildings! They were rather old (!), but magnificent anyway, with gardens, halls, auditoriums – magnificent places. But there was no sign of any new construction. It was solid with hundreds and hundreds of very busy people. I was there for more than two hours. Which means there are places where no construction is going on – people live in what has already been built."

[83]Mother is referring to her own answer in the form of help or action.

[84]See last conversation, when Mother spoke of X's visit.

[85]Second anniversary of the supramental Manifestation.

[86]May 7, 1945, in Europe and August 15 in Japan.

[87]We find it worthwhile to publish here a letter Mother wrote (in English) to Prithwi Singh, Sujata's father, just a few days before Sri Aurobindo's letter published at the beginning of this conversation, on August 30, 1945: "I do not see that the Supramental will act in the way you expect from It. Its action will be to effectuate the Divine's Will upon earth whatever that may be. On men Its action will be to turn their will consciously or unconsciously on their part towards the way in which the Divine's Will wants them to go. But I cannot promise you that the Divine's will is to preserve the present human civilisation."

[88]One *lakh:* one hundred thousand.

[89]See conversation of July 6.

[90] The Ashram chronically faces a worrisome financial situation.

[91]A few days later, Mother added: "There is also something I left unsaid: an urgent need to cease all material activity in order to enable the body to receive fully – as fully as possible – the divine Force that will replace what has been removed. There is something absolute about that need: to stay totally still, quiet, letting the Force descend – permeate the body, rather. All physical activity must be suspended in some way, and if the material organization, or the habit, tends to make it continue, a kind of material impossibility, an excessive fatigue or discomfort, comes to oblige the body to keep still. Because simply to remove or change what shouldn't be there won't do; it must also be replaced by what SHOULD be there. Otherwise, there would be a dwindling or gradual reduction of substance resulting in dissolution. What has been sublimated or removed has to be replaced by something which is the true Vibration, the one that comes straight from the Supreme."

[92]Mother did not eat anything this morning.

[93]Mother did not receive the secretaries this morning.

[94]Mother means: between an agglomerated individual action and an action spread in many beings.

[95]The "doctor" is not an abstraction here, but the person who watches and will watch over Mother up to the end.

[96]After "death" or at the time of "death."

[97]Many years earlier, Mother had told Satprem a vision she had had of one of her bodies petrified in a Himalayan cave, near a route of pilgrimage.

[98]When Satprem suggested publishing this passage in the *Bulletin* along with the beginning of Mother's comment on the Aphorism, she observed, "I don't want to speak of that now, it isn't yet time. We need not tell them too clearly that the work is being done for them, they know it only too well! *(Laughing)* No need to insist!"

[99] St. Francis Xavier.

[100]It is the story of the Raja of Bhaowal, which created a sensation in the Indian press around 1930.

[101]Can we ever overemphasize the fact that what happened to Mother ten years later, in 1973, is an unspeakable betrayal ... of which she had a presentiment?

[102]It may be mentioned that at the time, Satprem had undertaken the systematic publication of the older *Questions and Answers* (Mother's talks at the Ashram Playground), which is why they will come up now and then in the *Agenda.*

[103]See *Agenda III,* May 24, 1962, p. 159.

[104]That pit of Inertia, of material Unconsciousness, which feels no raison d'être for itself and is "nothing."

[105] "All renunciation is for a greater joy yet ungrasped. Some renounce for the joy of duty done, some for the joy of peace, some for the joy of God and some for the joy of self-torture, but renounce rather as a passage to the freedom and untroubled rapture beyond."

[106]Let us recall in this connection the experience of many disciples who in their "dreams" see Mother much taller than she is apparently.

[107]See conversation of May 25.

[108]The author of this letter is a Westerner turned Sufi.

[109]*Sri Aurobindo or the Transformation of the World.*

[110] X's deceased guru, who several times appeared before Mother.

[111]Mother may be alluding to the following Aphorism (141): "Nietzsche saw the superman as the lion-soul passing out of camelhood, but the true heraldic device and token of the superman is the lion seated upon the camel which stands upon the cow of plenty. If thou canst not be the slave of all mankind, thou art

not fit to be its master, and if thou canst not make thy nature as Vasishtha's cow of plenty with all mankind to draw its wish from her udders, what avails thy leonine supermanhood?" (The Rishi Vasishtha had a cow that supplied all that he needed for himself and his ashram, including armies to defend him.)

[112]In fact, the physical blow will come a year later and Satprem will nearly die from it.

[113]Occultly, to see if there is a real threat over Satprem.

[114]An occult work, obviously.

[115] Later Mother added: "This isn't quite correct because I am in contact with the best among Indians, but those who are materialists are very darkly and brutishly so."

[116] A literal translation, using the words of Mother's own English translation which follows, would give: This world is full of pitiable miseries, but the beings I pity most are those who are not vast and strong enough to be good.

[117]A state of continuous exhaustion (which has lasted for three years now). In fact, medicine would have called it "tuberculosis," but Satprem did not believe in medicine.

[118]It will break and dissolve a year later. As Mother will explain to Satprem later, the "transition" consisted in removing Satprem's entire vital being (which normally causes one to die) in small doses.

[119]It is the same experience as that of the two "rooms," one within the other, or the two "rivers," now muddy and now crystal clear.

[120]. The "body-mind."

[121]We are giving here directly the original English of those passages and not Mother's translation into French.

[122]"Otherwise Love itself blinded by the confusions of this present consciousness may stumble in its human receptacles and, even otherwise, may find itself unrecognised, rejected or rapidly degenerating and lost in the frailty of man's inferior nature."

[123]See *Agenda 1,* July 3, 1957, p. 104.

[124]See conversation of September 25.

[125]Cartier-Bresson had photographed Sri Aurobindo in 1950.

[126] The famous scene of the strangling with Richard.

[127]Who had seen a "false Mother" with dark spots all over her – her sincerity made her see the spots. Others would have seen a "dazzling" Mother.

[128]Let us recall the conversation of May 15, 1962 (volume III, p. 140 ff.), in which Mother also refers to Tantric intrigues to corrupt Sri Aurobindo's teaching.

[129]*Tamas:* inertia, darkness.

[130]It is the period of the Kennedy-Khrushchev-de Gaulle "combination." Indira Gandhi will come to power about two years later.

[131]President Kennedy will be assassinated almost exactly a month later (on November 22).

[132]In October and November, the pujas of the different aspects of the Mother.

[133]In the Himalayas.

[134]Mother is referring to her own life.

[135]See *Agenda III.* January 15, 1962, p. 44.

[136]Yalentina V. Tereshkova (on June 6, 1963).

[137] Satprem is at the moment working on the final revision of his book on Sri Aurobindo.

[138] The Ashram's yearly sports performance, which took place this year in a lashing rain.

[139]*Lila:* the divine play.

[140]The egoistic illusion.

[141]Mother often said that every individual belongs to a particular type and that through a single individual she could reach thousands of individuals of the same type.

[142]Mother means structures, not cells in the biological sense.

[143]Mother commented on and developed this passage in the following conversation, of December 11.

[144]In 1958.

[145] All those to which the force of ill will clings.

[146]Savitri.

[147]In fact, the passage Mother is seen translating in the photograph is from Savitri:

Our will [shall be] a force of the Eternal's power
And thought the rays of a spiritual sun. (I.IV.55)

[148]Indeed, Satprem asked Mother few questions, but he WAS a question.

Mother's Agenda
Vol. 5

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(Note from Mother to Satprem)

The old dreams of the past will turn into meaningful realities.

January 4, 1964

(Regarding the Tantric guru's visit)

There has been an interesting phenomenon.

I had X told about a rather interesting encounter of mine with Ganapati[1] (quite a few years ago), and how he had promised to give me whatever I needed and actually gave it for quite a long time, certainly more than ten years, and generously so. Then everything changed in the Ashram. It was after the war, the children came and we spilled over; we became much more complex, much larger, and began to be in touch with foreign countries, particularly America. And I continued to be in contact with Ganapati; I can't say I used to do a puja to him (!), but every morning I would put a flower in front of his image. Then one morning I asked him, "Why have you stopped doing what you had been doing for such a long time?" I listened, and he clearly replied, "Your need has grown too large." I didn't quite understand, because he has at his disposal fortunes larger than what I needed. But then, some time afterwards, I had this told to X, who answered me from the height of his "punditism," "Let her not be concerned with the gods, I will look after that!" It was needlessly insolent. Then I turned to Ganapati and asked him, "What does all that mean?" And I clearly saw (it wasn't he who answered, it was Sri Aurobindo), I clearly saw that Ganapati has power only over those who have faith in him, which means it's limited to India, while I needed money from America, France, England, Africa ... and that he has no power there, so he couldn't help. It became very clear, I was at peace, I understood: "Very well, he did his best, that's all." And it's true that I keep receiving from India, though not sufficiently; especially as since Independence half of India has been ruined, and all

those who used to give me a lot of money no longer do, because they no longer can – it isn't that they no longer want to, but that they no longer can.

For instance, M. was greatly interested in my story about Ganapati, and I saw that there was a connection between him and Ganapati, so I told him, "But turn to him and he will give you the right inspiration." And since then M. has been perfect, really; all that he can do he does to the utmost of his ability. So all this is very good.

But there is a considerable difference between the real fact, that is, what this body [Mother's body] represents, and X's conception. He has always remained all the way down. This is what, in fact, had ruined his health for a time. And the odd thing is that every time he was ill and CONSENTED to inform me, he was instantly cured – he KNOWS this, but still his first instinct is always to turn to the gods with his ordinary puja.

It was the same thing with you – I saw that. He regards you like this *(gesture of looking down on Satprem),* and then, you're not a pundit (!), you haven't had the religious education of the country – he regards you as a beginner, he isn't at all conscious of where your mind is, of where your mind can reach. I told him, but even that he doesn't quite understand. But once, I saw (it was at the time when I was giving him meditations downstairs), he had made a remark that was quite preposterous on the fact that people here meditated with eyes closed and that I, too, had my eyes closed when I meditated. It was reported to me. That was long ago, years ago. He was going to come and see me the next morning, so I said, "Wait, my friend, I'll show you!" And the next day, I meditated with my eyes open *(Mother laughs)* – the poor man! When he went downstairs, he said, "Mother meditated with her eyes open, she was like a lion!"

That's it, you understand, there's a gap.

He is a very good man, but very ignorant – it seems funny to say that about a pundit, a great pundit who knows Sanskrit better than the head of the Maths [monasteries] of the South, but I say that he lacks this: the opening up above. He has a connection in a straight line *(gesture tapering off to a point above),* and indeed it's very high up, but it's a pinpoint – a sharp point that gives him an experience which is his ALONE: he cannot pass it on to others. You understand, it isn't an immensity rising upward: it's a pinpoint.

Last time, when he came to meditate, just before he came upstairs, all of a sudden I felt the Lord coming (He has a particular way of becoming concrete when He wants me to do something), and He became concrete with the will that I should take advantage of this man's goodwill to widen his consciousness. It was very clear. And He became concrete with a Power, you know, one of those overwhelming Powers ... and a wonderful Love. It came like that, and he was caught in the Movement – what he was conscious of, I cannot say. But when he left the room, he said he had had an experience. And this time, he was quite sincere, spontaneous, natural, not trying to ... *to make a show.*[2] It was very good.

No, you might have gained something [with X], but it's a something you would have found quite small; if you had felt it, you would have thought, "Oh,

really, that was it!?"

(silence)

But he has given W a new mantra – a mantra to Kali, with the sound of Kali! Yet W isn't on Kali's side,[3] not in the least! It's things of this sort that I don't understand in X. Whereas I know so well the kind of force, the quality of power that not only influences but can be manifested by one person or another, here or there.... X seems to do it according to tradition: you must first turn to this divinity, then to that one, then ... regardless of the individual's quality. He doesn't seem to have a very great psychological insight into individuals.

When I sent him D. (you know, she is always ready to believe in any miraculous power), she went to him in good faith. He made outwardly every blunder that was needed to make her withdraw! So she withdrew.

Anyway, it doesn't matter.

Now, let's hope you will ...

> *But still, for years now he has been making me go round in circles. Will I eventually get hold of a little something?*

But of course, it's traditional, mon petit! That's the way of tradition: you must always have people go round in concentric circles, and there are times when you must drive them FAR AWAY to increase their aspiration. That's what tradition is all about – I don't believe in it.

It's erudition, that's how it's passed down from guru to *chela* [disciple], indefinitely.

Now when I see a possibility in someone – bang! I fling it at him – sometimes it stuns him a bit! But at any rate, one goes faster.

He thinks I act the way I do because I am incompetent.

> *(Satprem laughs in disbelief)*

No, I am not imagining things: I know! He said that thing (had Sri Aurobindo been here, he would have had a good laugh!), "Oh, the gods, she should let me look after them, I know better than she does"! You understand, when I was giving meditations in the hall downstairs, they were all there: Shiva, Krishna, all the gods of the Indian pantheon were there, seated like this *(gesture in a circle)* to follow the meditation.

Krishna ... sometimes I walked with him for hours in conversation. At night, when I was very tired from my work, he would come and sit on the edge of my bed, I would put my head on his shoulder and fall asleep. And it lasted for years and years and years, you know – not just once by chance.

After that, I smiled.

> *Which Aspect or Force is most in affinity with what I am?*

Ahh!

Have you read *The Mother?*

It's the first aspect.

Do you have the book? I saw the text not very long ago and I thought, "Well, this is exactly it!"

(Mother looks for the book)

But I gave you your name because ... There are many people who are very, very different apparently and are in relation with very different aspects of the Mother, yet who all, for a reason which I know, will find the fullness of their being only when, Truth having been fulfilled on earth, divine Love will be able to manifest purely – that's why I called you Satprem. And there are other people, whom I know very well, who appear to be at the other end (how can I put it?) of the realization of their character (they are entirely different in origin, entirely different in influence), and yet who have exactly the same character ... with regard to something else, which I will tell only when the time comes. And it's only when divine Love can manifest in its absoluteness that they will have the fullness of their being. So that for the moment they have, like you, but for very different reasons, the feeling that ... things don't move, nothing gets done, nothing changes ... you know, that all your efforts are useless; or else, for a few who do not have a sufficiently developed higher mind, they don't have faith: they think, "Oh, it's all promises, but ..." *(vague gesture, up above).*

You are saved from that difficulty by the fact that up above you understand fully. But that's very rare – you should be infinitely grateful! *(Mother laughs)*

Oh, but I AM grateful!

(Mother leafs through "The Mother" by Sri Aurobindo, then reads:)

Here:

> "Imperial Maheshwari is seated in the wideness above the thinking mind and will and sublimates and greatens them into wisdom and largeness or floods with a splendour beyond them. For she is the mighty and wise One who opens us to the supramental infinities and the cosmic vastness, to the grandeur of the supreme Light, to a treasure-house of miraculous knowledge, to the ..."[4]

There isn't enough light for me....

But there was a sentence there that suited you marvelously.

(Mother reads again further on:)

> "Equal, patient and unalterable in her will she deals with men according to their nature and with things and happenings

> according to their Force and the truth that is in them. Partiality she has none, but she follows the decrees of the Supreme and some she raises up and some she casts down or puts away from her into the darkness. To the wise she gives a greater and more luminous wisdom ..."

You should read all this passage. I am looking for that sentence....

You'll tire your eyes....

(Mother reads further on:)

> "Yet has she more than any other the heart of the universal Mother. For her compassion is endless ...

I can't see – I am imagining more than seeing....

You're tiring your eyes, leave it.

(Mother reads on:)

> "... is endless and inexhaustible; all are to her eyes her children and portions of the One, even the Asura and Rakshasa and Pisacha and those that are revolted and hostile. Even her rejections are only a postponement, even her punishments are a grace...."

All this passage. I am sorry, my eyes have become ... When there's plenty of light I can see very well.

You're getting tired.

Yes. But anyway, She is the one. I simply found a sentence and I thought, "This is just right for Satprem." You understand, I feel it, I know those things, because I feel which Force or Power is acting – when I am with one person or another, there is always something that is the witness and watches the play of Forces, and it is this observation that lets me know. If I am asked, "Who is it?" – I know because of this.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Extract from "The Mother" by Sri Aurobindo[5])

Imperial MAHESHWARI is seated in the wideness above the thinking mind and will and sublimates and greatens them into wisdom and largeness or floods with a splendour beyond them. For she is the mighty and wise One who opens us to the supramental infinities and the cosmic vastness, to the grandeur of the supreme Light, to a treasure-house of miraculous knowledge, to the measureless movement of the Mother's eternal forces. Tranquil is she and wonderful, great and calm for ever. Nothing can move her because all wisdom is in her; nothing is hidden from her that she chooses to know; she comprehends all things and all beings and their nature and what moves them and the law of the world and its times and how all was and is and must be. A strength is in her that meets everything and masters and none can prevail in the end against her vast intangible wisdom and high tranquil power. Equal, patient and unalterable in her will she deals with men according to their nature and with things and happenings according to their Force and the truth that is in them. Partiality she has none, but she follows the decrees of the Supreme and some she raises up and some she casts down or puts away from her into the darkness. To the wise she gives a greater and more luminous wisdom; those that have vision she admits to her counsels; on the hostile she imposes the consequence of their hostility; the ignorant and foolish she leads according to their blindness. In each man she answers and handles the different elements of his nature according to their need and their urge and the return they call for, puts on them the required pressure or leaves them to their cherished liberty to prosper in the ways of the Ignorance or to perish. For she is above all, bound by nothing, attached to nothing in the universe. Yet has she more than any other the heart of the universal Mother. For her compassion is endless and inexhaustible; all are to her eyes her children and portions of the One, even the Asura and Rakshasa and Pisacha[6] and those that are revolted and hostile. Even her rejections are only a postponement, even her punishments are a grace. But her compassion does not blind her wisdom or turn her action from the course decreed; for the Truth of things is her one concern, knowledge her centre of power and to build our soul and our nature into the divine Truth her mission and her labour.

January 8, 1964

(Mother shows a sketch she has just drawn to illustrate the passage in "Savitri" in which Sri Aurobindo speaks of the "sardonic rictus on God's face.")

I wanted to see this "sardonic laugh" of the Lord! So I looked, and instead of a sardonic laugh, I saw a face ... with such a deep sorrow – so deep, so grave – and full of such compassion.... It's after that that I said (you remember, it was over there,[7] I was seeing that): "Falsehood is the sorrow of the Lord." It was naturally based on the experience that everything is the Lord – there is nothing that cannot

be the Lord. So what is this "sardonic" smile? ... I was looking at that, and then I saw this face.

So, as I am supposed to do sketches for H.'s paintings, I did the sketch: *Falsehood is the sorrow of the Lord.*

(Mother shows the sketch representing the Lord's sorrowful face. Long silence)

Sri Aurobindo had the feeling or the sensation that what was farthest from the Lord (I always base myself now on that experience, which is very concrete in its sensation, of the "nearness" or "farness" – it isn't a farness in feelings, not that, it's like a material fact; yet it isn't located in space), well, Sri Aurobindo, for his part, felt that the farthest was cruelty. That's what he felt farthest from; that vibration seemed to him the farthest from that of the Lord.

And yet, it sounds bizarre but in cruelty one can still feel, distorted, the vibration of Love; far behind or deep within that vibration of cruelty, there is still, distorted, the vibration of Love. And Falsehood – the real Falsehood that doesn't arise from fear or anything of the sort, that has no reason behind it – real Falsehood, the negation of Truth (the WILLED negation of Truth), is, to me, something completely black and inert. That's the feeling it gives me. It is black, blacker than the blackest coal, and inert – inert, without any response.

When I read that description in *Savitri,*[8] I felt a sorrow which I thought I had been unable to feel for a long time – a long time. I thought I was (how shall I put it?) cured of that possibility. And last time, when I saw that, I saw it was still there; and while I was looking, I saw this same sorrow in the Lord, in His face, His expression.

The deliberate negation of all that is divine – of all that we call divine.

The Divine, for us, is always the perfection not yet manifested, all the marvels not yet manifested, and which must keep on growing, of course.

The far end of the Manifestation (assuming that there was a progressive descent ... there may have been one, I don't know – there have been so many perceptions of what happened, sometimes contradictory, always incomplete and humanized), but if you consider the aspect of evolution, you tend to consider a far end from which you proceed to another far end (it's obviously childish, but anyway ...), or an extreme way of being that grows towards the opposite Extreme Way of Being; well, what seems to me the blackest and most inert, the total negation of "that" to which we aspire, is what constitutes Falsehood.

In other words, this is perhaps what I call Falsehood; because falsehood in the human way is always mixed with all kinds of things – but Falsehood proper is this. It is the assertion that the Divine does not exist, Life does not exist, Light does not exist, Love does not exist, Progress does not exist – Light, Life, Love do not exist.[9] A negative nothingness, a dark nothingness. And it may be this that clung to evolution and made Darkness, which denied Light, Death, which denied Life, and Hatred, Cruelty and all that, which denied Love – but this is already diluted,

it's already in a diluted state, there has already been a mixture.

Oh, if we wanted to make poetry (it's no longer a philosophical or spiritual way of seeing, but a pictorial way), we could imagine a Lord who is a totality of all the possible and impossible possibilities, in quest of a Purity and Perfection that can never be reached and are ever progressive ... and the Lord would get rid of all in the Manifestation that weighs down His unfolding – He would begin with the nastiest. You see it?... Total Night, total Unconsciousness, total Hatred (no, hatred still implies that Love exists), the incapacity to feel. Nothingness.

We're on the way. I still have a little bit of it [that total Unconsciousness] left.

Ah, let's get to work.

January 15, 1964

(after a long silence)

There is a curious transitional state in the most material consciousness, the body consciousness. A transition from the state of subjugation, of helplessness, in which one is constantly at the mercy of forces, vibrations, unexpected movements, all sorts of impulses – to the Power. The Power that asserts and realizes itself. It's the transition between the two; and there is almost a swarm of experiences of all types, from the most mental part of that consciousness down to the darkest, most material part.

And when I want to say something, there immediately comes from all corners a swarm of things that want to be said and rush in all at the same time – which, naturally, prevents me from speaking.

It's a curious state.

The passage from an almost total helplessness – a sort of Fatality, like the imposition of a whole set of determinisms against which you are powerless, which weigh down on you – to a clear, definite Will, which, the MOMENT It expresses itself, is all-powerful.

(silence)

But, as a whole, it gives a sense of treading a very sharp ridge between two precipices.

(long silence)

It's impossible to say....

And this field of experience also includes the physical mind – all the mental constructions that have a direct action on life and on the body; there is there an

almost unlimited field of experiences. And everything takes the form not of a speculation or a thought, but of an experience. I'll give you an example to make myself understood. I won't tell you the thing as it occurred, but as I now know it to be.... There is in France someone very devoted, born Catholic, and who was seriously ill. He wrote to me asking what he should do; he said that people around him naturally wanted him to receive extreme unction (they thought he was about to die), and he wrote to ask me if it had any influence on the progress of his inner being and whether he should refuse categorically. I knew none of this [as Mother had not yet received the letter], but I had an experience here, in which a priest and altar boys came to give me extreme unction! (That's how it presented itself to me.) They wanted to give me extreme unction, so I watched – I watched, I wanted to see; I thought, "Well, before dismissing them abruptly, let's see what it is...." (I had no idea why they had come, you understand; someone had sent them to give me extreme unction – not that I felt particularly sick! But anyhow that's how it was.) So before dismissing them, I watched carefully to find out if really it had a power of action, if extreme unction had the power to disturb the progress of the soul and tie it down to old religious formations. I watched and I saw how thin and tenuous it was, without force; I saw clearly that it could have some force only if the priest who performed it was a conscious soul and did it consciously, in relationship with an inner power or force (vital or other), but that if it was an ordinary man doing his "job" and giving the sacraments with the ordinary belief and nothing more, it was perfectly harmless.

Once I had seen that, suddenly (it was as if on a screen) the whole story vanished and it was over. It had come only to make me see it, that's all. But it presented itself in that way in order to make me watch intently, seriously, not as a mental consideration: a vision and an experience.

Immediately afterwards, I had a visit from the Pope! The Pope [Paul VI] had come to Pondicherry (he does intend to visit India), he had come to Pondicherry and asked to see me (quite impossible things materially, of course, but they were perfectly simple and straightforward). So I saw him. He came, we met each other over there *(in the music room),* and we actually did speak to each other. I really felt the man in front of me *(gesture of feeling),* felt what he was. And he was very worried at the thought of what I was going to say to people about his visit: the revelation I would give of his visit. I saw that, but I didn't say anything. Finally he said (we were speaking in French, he had an Italian accent; but all this, you see, doesn't correspond to any thought: it's like pictures in a film), he said, "What will you tell people about my visit?" So I looked at him (inner contacts are more concrete than pictures or words) and I simply answered him, after staring at him intently, "I will tell them that we have been in communion in our love for the Lord...." And there was in it the warmth of a golden light – extraordinary! Then I saw something relax in him, as if an anxiety were leaving him, and he left like that, in a great concentration.

Why did that come? I don't know.

And one, two, ten, fifty experiences like that – those two struck me. The first,

because the NEXT DAY Pavitra told me a gentleman had written to ask me the question I told you: he had been very ill, he was in bed, anyway at death's door, and he had written to ask that question.

Curious, isn't it?

It's not a mental contact that lets you know he has written and so on; no, it was the experience – it always takes the form of an experience, an ACTION: something that has to be done and gets done, or that has to be known and becomes known. It is never the mental transcription of ordinary life.

The Pope ... I wonder why: what happened? What does it mean? Why did it happen? But I still see the scene; it was a very living reality: he was tall, in the room over there *(the music room),* and there was a somewhat gloomy atmosphere around him, with a kind of worry. But the inner contact was very strong, very strong, very intense, and it went beyond the man – beyond the man, beyond the physical "Supreme Pontiff" – quite beyond. It touched something. Yet I had never thought of him, of course, nothing.

And all this happens IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY, not while I am sleeping. All at once, you know ... This story happened to me when I had just had my bath! You understand, it's completely unconnected.... All at once something comes, takes hold of me, and then there's a sort of life in which I live, until something is done – some action – and when that action is done, everything goes away. And it goes away without leaving any traces, as if ... *(Mother pulls away a screen abruptly).*

I am giving these two examples because they are recent and a little unexpected (or at least, they didn't correspond to my occupations or preoccupations), but they come in hundreds! Every day thirty, forty of them will come and take hold of me, and then, all at once, I'll go into a concentration, I'll LIVE a certain thing, until I have seen – seen, known through the vision – something that had to be seen, and as soon as it is seen, pfft! gone away, finished. It loses its interest, it's gone.

I'll go into a sort of concentration for a time during which I am completely isolated, absorbed; then when it's over, hup! it goes away abruptly *(gesture of pulling a curtain).*

And it doesn't stop me from continuing my activities – I tell you, I was dressing again after my bath! But then all the movements become almost automatic: the consciousness is no longer occupied with its gestures, there is only a delegation of the consciousness to keep watch, that's all.

But all this changes my position – my position vis-à-vis the world is changing. How can I explain it?... It's very strange.

* * *

A little later, before Satprem leaves

More and more, there is something that presses to make itself known and is formulated like this: what wants to come for next February[10] is the Truth-Light ... *(Mother repeats like an incantation)* the Truth-Light, the Truth-Force, the Truth-Light, the Truth-Force ... to prepare the way for the manifestation of supreme Love.

But that is for later on.

But immediate, immediate: the Truth-Light, the Truth-Force. It's becoming precise.

I didn't think about it. It was perfectly *blank* in my head. I didn't know at all. And then that came.

January 18, 1964

... I saw S.G. this morning, the person who went to America, who knew Kennedy and even spoke to him about the possibility of openly joining with Russia so as to exert pressure on the world and prevent armed disputes (he said, "to settle all border and territorial disputes in a peaceful way," beginning, of course, with China and India). Kennedy had been enthusiastic. The Russian ambassador had been summoned at once, and he had telephoned Khrushchev: enthusiastic over the idea (but this Khrushchev seems to be rather a good man). They were supposed to sort it out during a meeting at the U.N. At this point, Kennedy makes off....[11]

But the idea has been taken up again through Khrushchev and he continues to be quite enthusiastic.[12] It seems (I don't know if it's quite true, because it's Z [a Russian disciple] who says so) ... but Z sent him my article "A Dream,"[13] on the possibility of creating a small "international center" (I don't like the word "international," but never mind), and Khrushchev answered, "This idea is excellent, the entire world should make it a reality." Well, I don't know whether it's correct, but anyway the gentleman seems to be well-disposed. And this S.G. is very intimate with the U.S. ambassador in Delhi.... In brief, S.G. has sent me the new proposal – the first one, I had approved it, I had even put my *blessings* on it, and he had gone to see Nehru: Nehru immediately called both ambassadors for a conference.[14] At the time, I worked a good deal and things were moving.... Now, it seems that the new president [Johnson] is, for the time being, continuing what the other did: he won't upset the apple cart.... We'll see.

If it succeeds, it will give some concrete expression to the effort of transformation without violence.

* * *

A little later, regarding a new American disciple

... Oh, are they conceited! ... And puffed up with their superior realization – they were born to HELP the earth. They have such goodwill! They want to help the whole earth, *(in an ironic tone)* help the earth. They come here, but instead of asking themselves what they can learn, they come TO HELP; they come to bring some order (there's "no order"!), to set right the things that are wrong, to bring some practical sense into these nebulous minds!

> *The other conceit seems to me more serious than the American one – the European conceit. Because they really think they are very intelligent. The Americans want "to help" – they're children. But the Westerners are "sages" of the intellect; so it takes some doing to penetrate their minds!... There's nothing they need to learn.*

I have very little contact with those people.

> *Well, exactly! They are the ones: a fortress. It's the entire European "elite."*

Especially the French, no?

> *The French very much so, but almost everywhere in Europe: the Germans, the...*

The Italians don't think they have a superior intelligence.

> *But the Germans, the British ...*

Oh, the British, that's a different phenomenon, mon petit! Anything that isn't British is worthless! *(Mother laughs)* The British alone are practical, the British alone are intelligent, the British alone know how to live, the British alone are powerful, the British alone ... In short, there are only the British, the entire earth ought to be British – but the British, I took a thorough dislike to them when I was five years old![15] *(Mother laughs)* I remember, I always used to say, "But our real enemies" (as a child, just like that, between us), "our real enemies aren't the Germans: it's always been the British." And then I had, like Sri Aurobindo, a great admiration for Napoleon, so I had quite a grudge against them for the way they treated him.

Oh, no! The British ... (laughing) the only thing that rehabilitated them in the world's history is that Sri Aurobindo went to study in their country! But he clearly said that during his studies there, his whole feeling of intimacy was with France, not England.

Oh, the British ... No, the British haughtiness certainly isn't just a legend. What gave them that? Where does it come from? Because, basically, they are Normans, aren't they.

But they became islanders, it's an island.

Yes, that's the main reason.

* * *

ADDENDUM

A Dream

There should be somewhere upon earth a place that no nation could claim as its own, a place where every human being of goodwill, sincere in his aspiration, could live freely as a citizen of the world, obeying one single authority, that of the supreme Truth; a place of peace, concord, harmony, where all the fighting instincts of man would be used exclusively to conquer the causes of his sufferings and miseries, to surmount his weakness and ignorance, to triumph over his limitations and incapacities; a place where the needs of the spirit and the concern for progress would take precedence over the satisfaction of desires and passions, the search for pleasures and material enjoyment. In this place, children would be able to grow and develop integrally without losing contact with their souls; education would be given not with a view to passing examinations or obtaining certificates and posts, but to enrich one's existing faculties and bring forth new ones. In this place, titles and positions would be replaced by opportunities to serve and organize; everyone's bodily needs would be provided for equally, and in the general organization, intellectual, moral and spiritual superiority would be expressed not by increased pleasures and powers in life, but by greater duties and responsibilities. Beauty in all its art forms – painting, sculpture, music, literature – would be accessible to all equally, the ability to share in the joys it brings being limited solely by one's capacities and not by social or financial position. For in this ideal place, money would no longer be the sovereign lord; individual worth would have a far greater importance than that of material wealth and social position. There, work would not be for earning one's living, but the means to express oneself and develop one's capacities and possibilities, while at the same time being of service to the group as a whole, which would in turn provide for everyone's subsistence and field of action. In short, it would be a place where human relationships, ordinarily based almost exclusively on competition and strife, would be replaced by relationships of emulation in trying to do one's best, of collaboration and real brotherhood.

The earth is not ready to realize such an ideal, for humanity does not yet possess either the knowledge necessary to understand and adopt it or the conscious force indispensable for its execution. This is why I call it a dream.

Yet this dream is on the way to becoming a reality, and it is what we are endeavoring to do at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, on a very small scale and in proportion to our limited means. The achievement is indeed far from being perfect but it is progressive; little by little we are moving towards our goal, which, we hope, we shall one day be able to show to the world as a practical and effective means of emerging from the present chaos to be born to a new life, more harmonious and truer.

January 22, 1964

(Mother looks tired and seems to have a cold. First she quotes from memory a note she has written in English:)

> *The true purpose of life: to live for the Divine or to live for the Truth, or at least to live for one's soul....*

That's the minimum. And then:

> *And the true sincerity: to live for the Divine without expecting any benefit from Him in return.*

I said this yesterday or the day before, because I was very angry with the Ashram people! ... We are going through a very difficult period financially, and so, you know, people ... they respect you only as long as you have money; when you have no more money, they don't respect you anymore – and they find it so self-evident, so natural! They don't even feel ill at ease, not at all: it's perfectly obvious that you respect someone only when he has money and holds you in his grip.

I wasn't happy, so I wrote this note.

* * *

Then Mother shows another handwritten note:

It's prayers that come out from here *(gesture to the heart center),* like this, all of a sudden, unexpectedly – they come out all the time, but I found this one interesting. It was again after my bath (!). It often happens at that time....

"To be what You want me to be, to do what You want me to do ...

That was the beginning; then came the sensation, "What's this ridiculous 'me'?" (It doesn't come from the vital or the mind, though, not at all: it comes from the

body, it's the body's cells that suddenly ask themselves, "But what's this 'me'?") So the experience came, and it was very intense:

"To be You, at every moment the supreme Spontaneity."

(silence)

Human beings always do a thing FOR something, with a goal, for a reason, from a motive; even spiritual life, even spiritual effort are FOR the progress of consciousness, FOR reaching the Truth, for ... it's a vibration that always has a tail – a tail in front. And these cells have realized that if you can have the vibration without the tail, the power increases tenfold – "tenfold" is nothing! At times the difference is fantastic. And actually, when they said, "To be what You want ...," it was a way of expressing a need they felt for that; but once it was expressed, they said, "What's this platitude! What's this 'me' poking its nose in!" Then, all of a sudden, came the True Vibration – the True Vibration, without cause and effect, which at every moment of the universe is total and absolute. And it was translated into: "To be You, Lord, at every moment the supreme Spontaneity."

There was an extraordinarily dazzling light – which didn't last.

(silence)

So the conclusion (afterwards, naturally, when the whole thing had been seen and studied carefully), the conclusion is that the Lord has neither cause nor effect; and all that is is like those pulsations in my experience two years ago (or a year and a half ago, I don't remember – it was in April), the pulsations of Love bursting forth and creating the word, which followed one another but had neither cause nor effect: one pulsation wasn't the result of the one before or the cause of the one after – not at all – each one was a whole in itself.

Each moment of the Supreme is a whole in itself.

And "moment," what does it mean? What does it correspond to in the truth of the Supreme? I don't know – for us, that's how it is translated, because everything is translated that way for us. All change is translated for us as the sense of time – ONE sense of time, a certain sense of time, which may be infinite and eternal, but is a time all the time. And for Him, the change is timeless. What is it? What does it correspond to? I don't know.

Because the consciousness [Mother's] is outside time and space, completely, and yet there is this ...

(silence)

(Mother starts coughing)

Someone has given me a present: a head cold – a lavish present!

Who gave it to you?

(Laughing) He didn't do it purposely.

But it's a lesson. I could have been cured immediately (it was yesterday). At first, it met with the true consciousness and the true attitude (even in the body), and for hours it was under control. Then came the people who come every day, some in the morning and some in the afternoon (but it was in the afternoon, yesterday), with their truckloads of work – a truckload, you know, it's dumped as when a truck unloads, meaning they don't wait for one to be unloaded before bringing another: they throw it all together. So, all of a sudden, my nose started running, it was over – there was a tension. The Force that was there couldn't withstand it. In the night and this morning, it was brought under control again and could have gone away; then came the usual people with their usual truckloads (each his truckload, there are four of them); so, right in the middle of the work, again my nose started running. It's stupid, but anyway....

And always the same thing (the first vision was quite correct, I mean the vision of the cells was quite correct): it isn't something coming from outside, it's the impulse that comes from outside, it's the wrong vibration that comes from outside, and the difficulty is that you are unable to replace this wrong vibration or, rather, CANCEL it, with the True Vibration. That's what I had already said: the "proportion" isn't sufficient, so it takes time. I can understand that with a sufficient proportion of cells remaining in the True Vibration, the cure should be instantaneous, that is, the effect of the wrong vibrations should be canceled automatically. But I had seen the thing and spent almost an hour, three quarters of an hour [in concentration], and the little bit that had been affected (it was in the throat) was canceled – it didn't return. It was canceled. But after those three quarters of an hour, I had to resume my activities, see people, do things, take my bath, too (although the bath is always beneficial), and a sort of memory lingered.... And then, from three o'clock, a quarter to three, the invasion started: first one, then another, then two more, then a third, then ... So all at once, because my attention had been DIVERTED to what I had to do (scores of answers to be written, of *blessings* to be sent, of problems to be resolved – all of it dumped on me), as my attention was diverted to that, naturally all at once I started sneezing and so forth – there was nothing to do but ... *go through* it.

Still, for actions in this domain, actions of transformation, I don't say solitude because that's silly – there is no such thing as solitude – but peace is necessary, that is, the perfect control over the activity: the activity must be kept on a level where it doesn't interfere with the inner work – that's the point. That was why, in fact, I was forced (apparently) to remain upstairs, because downstairs it had become ... it was infernal – infernal, no one can imagine! It's always the same principle: "Why not me?" And there are 1,300 of them, you understand ... let alone the visitors who come in their hundreds (some days, there are more than 200 or 300 of them at one time); they hear that there is "someone worth seeing," and when I was downstairs and one of the "circus showmen" *([laughing]* excuse me!) came, he would bring a troop along.

Now, it's a little better, but it has become "Why not me?" Mother has seen

such and such a category of people, therefore the entire category has a right to be seen! ... The *birthdays*[16] too, it depends on the ages and occupations: if I see people of a certain age and occupation on their birthdays, all those of about the same age and similar occupation have a RIGHT to come – they have the right – and it is my DUTY to see them. And when I say that I don't have the time ... they're upset.

It's a farce, you know! And that farce has been going on since 1929.

But when Sri Aurobindo was here, I only had to mention something to him and he would send word telling people they should keep quiet. (I found all that in his correspondence, I didn't know; how many times he wrote to people!) But afterwards ... afterwards they all gloried in their "faithfulness," because they stayed on at the Ashram and kept some sort of consideration for me! So naturally, I was supposed to be infinitely grateful to them – "We have been faithful to the Mother."

At the time, I had all the money (as I did in Sri Aurobindo's time: he never took care of the money, he would hand everything over to me, and afterwards it went on as it was), and that keeps them a little quiet. But when I say, "I don't have any money, I can't pay," then ... That's "spiritual life" for you!

Now, according to what I have seen and *tested* (with "little tests" done casually), there are certainly – oh, being EXTREMELY generous, patient and (what shall I say?) merciful – there are a good third who are here only because they are comfortable: you work if you want to, you don't work if you don't want to, you always eat, you always have shelter and clothes, and, ultimately, you sort of do as you please (you must pretend to obey, that's all). And if you're denied a convenience, you start grumbling – Yoga is simply out of the picture! It's a hundred thousand miles away from their consciousness (their mouths are full of words, but it's only lip service). Sometimes you have a little scruple in order to appear to be doing some work. And some have grown very old or come here because they have become unfit for life outside ... so we can't send them away! (It was wrong to accept them – I must say I have little to do with that acceptance: I'll say no, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, they'll pretend they heard yes, but anyway ... that's life.) So I can't send them away. But I am going to make life ascetic for them: one won't be here to be comfortable anymore – then for what?

Well, we'll see. We have started restrictions – oh, they're not very serious, but anyway ...

January 25, 1964

In the *Illustrated Weekly* they have published photographs of the Pope's visit to Palestine, and there is one in which he is prostrating himself: he is kissing the

ground on the Mount of Olives, where Christ, as the story goes, was informed that he would be crucified.

It put me again in contact with that man.

And his intention is clear: to make religion quite real, in the sense that it isn't a myth, it isn't a legend – it's truly God who came, and so on. So, to him, this is "human greatness" prostrating itself before the "divine sacrifice."

There is another photograph in which he is embracing the Patriarch of the Orthodox Church – heretics formerly, now they embrace each other.

And all the people around him (they are well-dressed, you know, with modern suits) look like puppets, mon petit! Oh, it's awful! ... Awful. He at least has a force – or a will, at any rate. And he has a plan, he knows what he wants.

(silence)

He is also the first Pope to travel by plane, so they took his photograph in the plane – he gives a "broad smile," he looks very happy.

(long silence)

In sum, it is the glorification of physical suffering as a means of salvation.

> *I must say I kind the whole story repugnant – that crucifixion being flaunted everywhere. There's nothing so clever about Christ! There are millions others who died without making such a fuss!*

That was also my feeling, and it was Théon's too. But Sri Aurobindo ... as for him, he clearly said that it had brought a sense of charity, humaneness and fraternity on earth that didn't exist before.

> *Yes, it certainly did bring something. But they just remain there.*

Ah, the Falsehood is to remain stuck there, yes.

* * *

A little later

We'll have to revise some of these aphorisms [by Sri Aurobindo] little by little. Do we still have quite a few ready?

> *Not many. But at the rate we're commenting on them, we still have at least a year to go!...*

(Mother laughs)

I haven't yet had the time to prepare the "Bulletin": I'm catching up with my work.

It doesn't matter. Besides ... people are arriving by the hundred. Next month is going to be a bit difficult ... although I'll see as few people as possible. But still ...

See *(Mother takes out an appointment pad),* all these are people announcing their coming and asking for appointments – just look! *(an endless list)*

I could speed things up and prepare the "Bulletin" earlier?

No. I'll be better also *(Mother still has her cold),* it will give me some time to get better.... Not that the ideas aren't clear (!), on the contrary ... there's a sort of very precise and sharp vision of things, but speaking is difficult.

But what-I say is hard for people to understand, I find.... I gave that text from the Agenda to A. – he didn't say anything. Which shows that he didn't understand anything. As for Pavitra, he clearly didn't understand anything.

To them it's platitudes, mon petit! They take it just on the surface.

But when Sujata reads it, she understands! Yet she didn't listen to you.

But mon petit, Sujata is *trained,* she has typed it all, she has gone through it all.

Anyway, I don't care.

Personally, I'm very reluctant to touch up what you say under the pretext of making it more "readable."

Oh, no! It would become absolutely useless.

I'm reluctant to do that – and I don't do it. I could easily make it more "literary."

No!

But I find it absurd. I've never done it. I can't do it.

It wouldn't be worth the trouble.

Too bad for them!

They just read the words, you know!

Exactly!

They read the grammar of it.

That's right!

For instance, with that "dialogue with a materialist,"[17] my experience lasted for two days, for hours on end. So there were all the arguments and counterarguments. It was extremely interesting. But I didn't say what the arguments were. So Pavitra told me, "It lacks life."

But I find it full! The whole essence is there.

But it isn't "explained."

But it doesn't need to be explained!

It would be very good if there were no need to explain....

But, for example, that "dialogue" was only the memory of the experience. When I have the experience WHILE you are here and describe it to you, it's much stronger.

Yes, obviously.

So it would be better to try to have the experience while speaking to you – or rather speak to you while having the experience.

I remember that while I was having that experience, I had the feeling that all materialism was ESSENTIALLY defeated, that there was a definitive answer, and that the force or power (because there is a Power behind materialism, a sort of sincerity that doesn't want to deceive itself), that that Power was overcome and convinced. And so, it has some importance. But the experience itself should be expressed for the power to be there. What I told you was only a reflection. Anyway ...

January 28, 1964

(The following conversation between Mother and a Bengali disciple, B., was not tape-recorded but only noted from memory in English:)

(B.) I am going to Calcutta. There they will ask me one question regarding the present situation – communal riots.[18] *What is the solution?*

The solution is, of course, the change of consciousness. I know those other people [in Pakistan] behaved badly, like animals – even animals are better than human beings – but if people here also do the same, they would be playing in the hands of the forces that make people do evil and would only strengthen the hold of these forces. Retaliation like this is no remedy.

(B.) People there feel frustrated, they see no remedy, do not know

which way to go, whom to look up to. They are going the wrong way, following the wrong lead. Isn't the division of the country responsible for much of these troubles?

Yes, division of religion, of country, of interest! If people felt like brothers – not brothers who quarrel but brothers conscious of their common origin ...

(B.) When are you coming?.i.40;

Don't be under the illusion that I am not there. I am there, the force, the consciousness are there, but there is no receptivity. During the Chinese trouble, I was in those places in the front, concretely, but I am sorry to say that the only people who were receptive were the Chinese. The impulsion to come forward disappeared. That is receptivity. No one knew why they withdrew! On the Indian side a few were touched and they told me of terrible conditions.

Since World War II, I have been keeping Kali[19] quiet, but she is restless! Times are critical, anything may happen. If people will only give up their ego!

(B.) I shall suggest a simpler way – to turn to you.

Perhaps the time has come to tell what I have told you. You may talk if an occasion arises. Keep your faith and go like a warrior.

January 29, 1964

Mother reads a few extracts from letters of Sri Aurobindo:

I have here three quotations on difficulties.... They apply so marvelously now! Sri Aurobindo wrote them in ... 1946, '47, '48 – the dark hours. And things are repeating themselves now:

> "The Mother's victory is essentially a victory of each sadhak over himself. It can only be then that any external form of work can come to a harmonious perfection."
>
> November 12, 1937

Then this one, which is very interesting:

> "I know that this is a time of trouble for you and everybody. It is so for the whole world. Confusion, trouble, disorder and upset everywhere is the general state of things. The better things that are

> to come are preparing or growing under a veil and the worse are prominent everywhere. The one thing is to hold on and hold out till the hour of light has come."

(XXVI. 168, June 2, 1946)

This we could repeat to people endlessly, but it is extraordinarily true just now!

To hold on and hold out.

Till the hour of light has come.

So be it!

(Laughing) Things have never been so bad! And strangely – strangely enough – there is behind all that a kind of SOLIDITY that has never been there before. I have noticed this since yesterday. Outwardly, things have never been so confused, so complicated, so unpleasant, so difficult, yet there is somewhere (as if underneath or within, I don't know how to explain) a solidity, something that has a solid evenness ... like a base that NOTHING can shake. This I have never felt previously. I have felt it for the last two days.

As though something were established that is UNSHAKABLE. And outwardly, things have never been so catastrophic. I find this interesting.

And then, even from the point of view of light, there was (till the last few days) a sort of bright light of a more or less childlike trust and a more or less childlike hope (especially among the people here), which ... (it's rather comical to say) suddenly went out when the food supplies were cut at the dining room!

(Satprem, in disbelief:) No!

I assure you, it sounds like a joke, but it's true! The supplies were cut – more as a demonstration than as a necessity, that is to say, it didn't save much money: it made a lot of noise, a big hoo-ha, a lot of changes, but it didn't save in proportion; but D. felt that the demonstration was necessary – very well. But what an effect it had! ... That sort of childlike trust, like a light of childlike unconcern which was hanging in the atmosphere here: pff! – swallowed up *(Mother laughs).* So I was watching it, thinking, "But this is wonderful!" I watched carefully for that reason ... and I saw that that kind of surface sheen – com-plete-ly gone! People were dismayed. At the same time, in the consciousness, such a solidity and stability ... as I had never seen before, as if it were decided *(Mother brings her hands down in a sovereign gesture),* "This is now established."

And it's connected to February 29.

For a long time people have been like bubbling champagne, you know, always wanting to know, "What's going to happen? What can we expect?" A big to-do. I answered, "I don't know." I don't know – I am not trying to know, I am not looking at it, I am not concerned with it: when it comes, it will come. Then, several times (while I was writing birthday cards or letters), several times, it was as if clearly dictated to me, "Prepare yourself for the Truth-Light that is

descending." And it's clearly this: the Truth-Light that is going to manifest ... the Truth-Light that is descending ... the Truth-Light that is preparing its manifestation – all sorts of sentences kept coming to me like that, but always "the Truth-Light." Then I understood that this was what was going to happen.

And now ... it's something as solid as cement (which means it's material) and ab-so-lute-ly EVEN, you know, even, not one ripple of form, absolutely flat as a slab of marble, and without beginning or end – limitless, you can't see its end: it's everywhere. Everywhere, and everywhere the same. Everywhere the same. A color ... like a sort of gray (a gray, the gray of Matter) that would contain a golden light, yet doesn't shine: it doesn't shine, it doesn't have a luminosity of its own, but it contains light. It doesn't radiate, it isn't luminous, yet it's a gray with a golden light in it – the gray of the most material Matter, of stone; gray, you know. But it contains that light: it's not inert, not insensitive, not unconscious, yet it is MATTER.

I have never seen that before.

It has been there for two days. What is it going to be? What is it going to bring about? ... I don't know.

Listen, Sujata had a dream that's exactly what you've just described.

Oh, but she's wonderful, your Sujata!

> *She was looking at the sky, then she started seeing stars falling down everywhere, like a rain of stars over the earth. And then the ground had turned into an even mass of ice, like at the poles: it wasn't bright, but it was like ice everywhere on the ground. And a sort of ship rose on it, with a slightly gray color, with passengers, whose color was also ... not bright, but slightly gray, slightly blue, as though they had escaped from old things – as though they had escaped from some catastrophe or were coming out of some catastrophe....*[20]

Really!

And everywhere, like at the poles, there was that ice.

That's it. Well, it's odd. And the rain of stars ... Oh, it's interesting.

(silence)

A solid base, you know, and it's there *(Mother makes a gesture at ground level)*. The feeling of a solid, un-shak-a-ble base.

As if ...

Inertia transformed into its conscious principle of immortal stability.

It is evidently a change in Inertia itself.

* * *

Then Mother reads another letter by Sri Aurobindo:

> "The extreme acuteness of your difficulties is due to the yoga having come down against the bed-rock of Inconscience which is the fundamental basis of all resistance in the individual and in the world to the victory of the Spirit and the Divine Work that is leading toward that victory. The difficulties themselves are general in the Ashram as well as in the outside world....

The description follows. You would think it was happening now:

> "Doubt, discouragement, diminution or loss of faith, waning of the vital enthusiasm for the ideal, perplexity and a baffling of the hope for the future are the common features of the difficulty. In the world outside there are much worse symptoms such as the general increase of cynicism, a refusal to believe in anything at all, a decrease of honesty, an immense corruption, a preoccupation with food, money, comfort, pleasure, to the exclusion of higher things, and a general expectation of worse and worse things awaiting the world. All that, however acute, is a temporary phenomenon for which those who know anything about the workings of the world-energy and the workings of the Spirit were prepared. I myself foresaw that this worst would come, the darkness of night before the dawn; therefore I am not discouraged. I know what is preparing behind the darkness and can see and feel the first signs of its coming. Those who seek for the Divine have to stand firm and persist in their seeking; after a time, the darkness will fade and begin to disappear and the Light will come."

(XXVI.169-170, April 9, 1947)

Very appropriate.

Very well, we have to stand firm.

Oh, it doesn't even make a slight dent! All those things are exactly like ... watching a spectacle.

(silence)

It has become absolutely concrete, you know, as concrete as can be.

And yet, difficulties pour in from everywhere, not only with regard to health (which is still linked to moral things: the mood, the state of consciousness, the thoughts and mental formations, etc.), but to money, the "paper money" which refuses to come! And in this connection, lately I have seen in a fairly interesting way the difference in the material mental atmosphere: there was a sort of certainty that all that was necessary would come somehow – it was impossible for it not to come (I al. referring to the general atmosphere); then it was replaced by . you

know, like when you bang your nose against a wall! That sort of very childlike, carefree trust – vanished! It just vanished So I had to look deeply at it, at what was behind, and that's how I saw this change in the Inertia (how is it going to express itself? I don't know; in what way?...), which I had never seen before.

It is something there, down below. Before, it was here *(gesture to the level of the forehead),* like this, in the atmosphere; now, it's there *(gesture at ground level),* that is to say, very low.

It's something that has happened in the Inconscient.

It's interesting. We'll see.

January 31, 1964

Mother reads the text of a message she has just given:

I wrote it in English yesterday:

> The only hope for the future is in a change of man's consciousness and the change is bound to come. But it is left to men to decide if they will collaborate in this change or if it will have to be enforced upon them by the power of crushing circumstances.

Then, at the end, I put:

> So, wake up and collaborate.

There seems to be a "push from behind" – I don't know how I could explain it to you.... I feel something, as if from behind a veil something were pushing and saying, "Come on! Move on, now!" As if everything were almost completely asleep and there were, behind, something pushing very forcefully.

February

February 5, 1964

Something strange has happened – very, very strange, it's the first time such a thing has happened to me.

G. brought back from Paris a book, an album – an album of photographs. On one side of the book there is a photograph, and on the other a facsimile of the handwriting probably of well-known authors, poets, writers, and so on – I didn't read that. A facsimile and a photograph. They call it *Dream Paris!... (Mother raises her eyes heavenwards)*

The photos attempt to be very artistic. They are taken from quite unusual angles and some are very fine. On the whole, a little vulgar: too many people kissing, socks hanging in the sun – they confuse the artistic with the uncommon, the unconventional. To be unconventional is very good, but still it could be directed towards the Beautiful rather than ... Anyway. I was looking at the book, turning the pages, and while looking I thought, "Well, really, someone who doesn't know Paris at all would get a queer idea of it!" There isn't one single picture that makes you say, "Oh, that's beautiful," except a view of the Seine and also ... a few trees, which could as well be in the countryside. And I kept turning and turning the pages. Suddenly I saw (I had my magnifying glass to see better) a view of the banks of the Seine with the boxes of those ... what are they called?

The bouquinistes.[21]

Bouquinistes, that's right. A *bouquiniste.*

The album was big and the photo also was this big *(gesture).*

That photograph was clearer than the others, less confused – it was clearer. And I looked at all the details, thinking, "A pity the boxes weren't open, the books could have been seen, it would have looked better." In other words, I looked at the photo attentively and saw all the details, the different intensities of shade and light: it wasn't just a passing glance. Then I went on looking up to the end of the book and gave it to someone to look at. Naturally, the first thing that someone said to me was, "You don't quite get an impression of Paris." I said, "True, but there was one photo that gave a very good impression of Paris: that of the *bouquinistes* on the banks of the Seine." He looked surprised; so I said, "Of course!" I took the book and started turning the pages. I turned all the pages – my photo wasn't there! So I thought, "I've missed it" (I was looking without my magnifying glass), "I must have missed it." I took my magnifying glass, turned all the pages starting from the other end, very carefully – nothing! No *bouquinistes.* I turned the pages a third time *(Mother laughs),* still no *bouquinistes!* I said to myself, "There's an aberration somewhere ... something that makes me turn two pages at a time or that veils my sight." So I said, "All right, I'll look tomorrow morning," and I put the

book aside.

The next morning I was alone, concentrating – I concentrated a lot, saying to myself, "I do not want to be under an illusion, I do not want to be fooled by something...." I had seen the photo as clearly as ... I saw it, I looked at it for several MINUTES. Which is to say that I am absolutely sure of what I saw.

I looked through the book one, two, three times – nothing. So I thought, "It's not possible, a spell has been cast!" A. was coming that morning. "When A. comes, I'll ask him to look for it." So I told him, "Look for it." He did find *bouquinistes,* but not like in my photograph, and then I had seen it on this side of the book, while his was on the other side; and I knew his photo quite well (I knew my album by heart, you understand!), it wasn't the same at all, there weren't any *bouquinistes,* only closed boxes. So it didn't look like much, and moreover it was on the other side of the book.

And it wasn't an "animated view," it wasn't a vision: it was a PHOTO, just like the other photos, the same color as the other photos – a photo which I even studied critically as a photo for the way it was taken. It doesn't exist!

It must exist somewhere.

Maybe they intended to include it in the book but didn't? Maybe the photo is with the book's publisher? But the photo exists, I saw it materially with these eyes *(Mother touches her eyes)* and a magnifying glass. Anyway ... But it isn't in the book.[22]

(silence)

Some time ago, I was saying to myself, "Some people see physical things at a distance, but I have never seen anything of the sort."

I have seen things in the subtle physical (very close to the physical, with a very small difference), but that wasn't a physical vision: it was a vision in the subtle physical. Some time ago I said to myself, "That's odd, physically I have no special capacities, I have never observed interesting phenomena!" *(Mother laughs)* But that was in passing. And now this story! But, mon petit, it took me forty-eight hours to be convinced that it wasn't in the book! I haven't yet got over it! Because my eyes have the eyes' memory, a very precise memory; they were educated by painting and they see things very exactly as they are (well, as they pretend to be materially). You know, I could have sworn that it was in the book. And clearly it isn't. Four people, apart from me, have seen the book, and it's not there!

I found that interesting, it's new.

They intended to publish it.

Possibly.

And then, probably, the photo was found to be one too many and they left it out – something like that. But the photo certainly EXISTS somewhere.

And it exists in connection with this book.

I wasn't in a special state when I saw it. But the second time, in the morning,

when I looked at it, I was in a very special state: there was a tension in all the physical cells to know the truth, the truth, the truth ... no illusions, and a call to the Lord, and a will for all this world of illusions to disappear – the Truth, we want the Truth. And when I opened the book, there was a great call to the Lord for things to be exactly as they are – not "as they are," but as they are according to the Truth. But the photo wasn't there!

It gave me an extraordinary intensity of aspiration in the body. I spent a part of the night in that tension: may all those illusions disappear, may there be only something wholly true, true, true ... ESSENTIALLY true, not what people are in the habit of calling "true" – one shouldn't confuse the real with the true (in this regard the body has made great progress!). But the photo isn't there.

I thought it was perhaps the beginning of a new series of experiences.

There is an experience I have more or less constantly, it is to know exactly when someone is going to enter (the person and the minute when he enters), and to know exactly when the clock is going to strike, BEFORE the sound comes out. It began long ago, months ago, but it's growing more and more established, constant ... and total.

But that's nothing! It's convenient, but it's nothing.

I'll have to find the way to organize this new type of experience and make use of it – but I need to know how it comes about! Because when I was looking at those pictures, I wasn't at all in a special state, I was looking at them somewhat superficially – I was finding them ... hm! ... I saw their effort to be "artistic" and I found the perspectives from which the photos were taken interesting, but that's all. The subjects ... except for the angler (there were more than four anglers in the book, mon petit!) and people sleeping in the street, things of that sort. And then people kissing everywhere: on chairs, on the banks of the Seine, on benches, in swings in amusement parks. And rather vulgar. But the photos, the patches of light and shade – well taken. I didn't want to tire my eyes reading those people's literature, but it must be very "modern" probably – there were some authors' signatures...! The signature alone was the portrait of the individual: pretentious, affected....

> *The atmosphere of Paris is unbreathable. When I returned to France, first I fell sick, and then that atmosphere ...*

Horrible.

> *Unbreathable. You need to be armor-plated to be able to live there.*

Yes, so as not to feel. A great corruption. And spinelessness, cynicism....

> *It's plain that they can live only thanks to their nonreceptivity. If they were receptive, they couldn't stay there!*

Exactly.

That's right! That angler ... you need to be an enthusiast to fish in the Seine!

(Mother laughs) You see boats passing by in black smoke and the chap unruffled with his fishing rod.... That's it: shut up in his dream – "Dream Paris"! ... He must be thinking he is sitting by a little brook in the middle of the countryside.

* * *

(A little later, Mother again takes up Sri Aurobindo's aphorisms for the next "Bulletin":)

> 96 – Experience in thy soul the truth of the scripture; afterwards, if thou wilt, reason and state thy experience intellectually and even then distrust thy statement; but distrust never thy experience.

It doesn't require any explanations.

That is to say, to children you should explain that WHATEVER the statement, WHATEVER the Scripture, they are always a step-down from the experience, they are always inferior to the experience.

Some people need to know this!

> 97 – When thou affirmest thy soul-experience and deniest the different soul-experience of another, know that God is making a fool of thee. Dost thou not hear His self-delighted laughter behind thy soul's curtains?

Oh, it's charming!

You can only comment with a smile: "Never doubt your experience, for your experience is the truth of your being, but do not imagine that truth to be universal; and basing yourself on that truth, do not deny the truth of another, for everyone's experience is the truth of his being. A total Truth could only be the totality of all those individual truths ... plus the experience of the Lord Himself!"

> 98 – Revelation is the direct sight, the direct hearing or inspired memory of Truth, *drishti, shruti, smriti;* it is the highest experience and always accessible to renewed experience. Not because God spoke it, but because the soul saw it, is the word of the Scriptures our supreme authority.

I presume this is in reply to the biblical belief in "God's Commandments" received by Moses, which the Lord is supposed to have uttered Himself and Moses is supposed to have heard – it's a roundabout way ... *(Mother laughs)* to say it's not possible!

"The supreme authority because the soul saw it," but it can be a supreme authority ONLY for the soul that saw it, not for all souls. For the soul that had that experience and saw it, it's a supreme authority – but not for other souls.

That's one of the things that made me think when I was quite a small child, those twelve "commandments," which, besides, are extraordinarily banal: "Love thy father and mother.... Thou shalt not kill...." Sickeningly banal. And Moses climbed up Sinai to hear that....

Much ado about nothing!

Yes, that's always the feeling it gave me.

Now, I don't know if Sri Aurobindo had in mind the Indian Scriptures.... The Upanishads, then? Or the Vedas – but no, the Vedas were oral.

They BECAME Scriptures.

With God knows what distortion....

Not too much, since they were repeated with all the intonations. Among all the Scriptures, they're probably the least distorted.

There were Chinese Scriptures, too....

But more and more, my experience is that revelation (it comes, of course), revelation is a thing that can be applied universally, but which, in its form, is always personal – always personal.

It's as if you saw the Truth from one ANGLE. The minute it's put into words, it is necessarily, inevitably one angle.

You have the experience, without words or thoughts, of a sort of vibration that gives you a sense of absolute truth, and then if you stay very still, without trying to know anything, after a time it seems to go through a filter and is translated into a kind of idea. Then that idea (which is still somewhat hazy, that is to say, quite general), if you remain very still, attentive and silent, goes through another filter, but then a sort of condensation occurs, like drops, and it turns into words.

But when you have the experience perfectly sincerely, that is, when you don't kid yourself, it's necessarily one single point, ONE WAY of putting it, that's all. And it can only be that. There is, besides, the very obvious observation that when you habitually use a certain language, the experience expresses itself in that language: for me, it always comes either in English or in French; it doesn't come in Chinese or Japanese! The words are necessarily English or French, with sometimes a Sanskrit word, but that's because physically I learned Sanskrit. Otherwise, I heard (not physically) Sanskrit uttered by another being, but it doesn't crystallize, it remains hazy, and when I return to a completely material consciousness, I remember a certain vague sound, but not a precise word. Therefore, the minute it is formulated, it's ALWAYS an individual angle.

It takes a sort of VERY AUSTERE sincerity. You are carried away by enthusiasm because the experience brings an extraordinary power, the Power is there – it's there before the words, it diminishes with the words – the Power is there, and with that Power you feel very universal, you feel, "It's a universal Revelation." True, it is a universal revelation, but once you say it with words, it's

no longer universal: it's only applicable to those brains built to understand that particular way of saying it. The Force is behind, but one has to go beyond the words.

(silence)

They come more and more often, those things that I scribble on a slip of paper, and they always follow the same process: first, always a sort of explosion – like the explosion of a power of truth; it makes great dazzling white fireworks ... *(Mother smiles),* much more than fireworks! Then it rolls and rolls *(gesture above the head),* it works and works; and then comes the impression of an idea (but the idea is lower down, it's like clothing), and the idea contains its sensation, it brings the sensation along with it – the sensation was there before, but without any idea, so you couldn't define it. There is only one thing: it's always the explosion of a luminous Power. Then, afterwards, if you look at it while remaining very still, while above all the head keeps quiet – everything keeps quiet *(gesture of a stillness turned* upward) – then, all of a sudden, somebody speaks in your head (!), somebody speaks. It's the explosion that speaks. Then I take a pencil and my paper, and I write. But between what speaks and what writes, there is still a difficult little passage, with the result that when I have written, something above isn't satisfied. So I again keep still: "Ah, no, not that word – this one" – sometimes it takes two days for the thing to be really definitive. But those who are satisfied with the power of the experience skimp it all and send you off into the world of sensational revelations, which are distortions of the Truth.

One must be very level-headed, very still, very critical – especially very still, silent, silent, silent, without trying to grab at the experience: "Ah, is it this? Ah, is it that?" Then one spoils it all. But one must look – look at it very attentively. And in the words, there is a remnant, something left of the original vibration (so little), something remains, something which makes you smile, which is pleasant, it bubbles ... like a sparkling wine, and then here *(Mother shows a word or a passage in an imaginary note),* it's lackluster; so you look at it with your knowledge of the language or sense of the rhythm of the words, and you notice: "Here, a pebble" – the pebble must be removed; so then you wait, until suddenly it comes – plop! – it falls into place: the true word. If you are patient, after a day or two it becomes quite exact.

I have the feeling it has always been this way, but now it's a very normal, very common state; the difference is that, before, one was satisfied with an approximation (when I see again certain things written in that way, I realize that there is an approximation, that one was satisfied with an approximation), while now one is more level-headed, more reasonable – more patient, too. One waits until it has taken form.

In this connection, I have noticed another thing, that I no longer know in the same way the languages I know! It's very peculiar, especially for English.... There is a sort of instinct based on the rhythm of the words (I don't know where it comes from, maybe from the superconscient of the language) that lets you know whether

a sentence is correct or not – it's not at all a mental knowledge, not at all (that's all gone, even the knowledge of spelling is completely gone!), but it's a sort of sense or feeling of the inner rhythm. I noticed this a few days ago: in the birthday cards, we put quotations (someone types the quotations, sometimes he makes mistakes), and there was a quotation from me (I didn't at all remember having written it or having thought it either). I saw it – it was in English – I saw it, and in one place it was as if you tripped: it wasn't correct. Then there came to me clearly, "Put this way and that way, the sentence would be correct." (To say this mentalizes it too much: it's a sort of sensation, not a thought, but a sensation, like a sensation of the sound.) With the sentence written this way, the sound is correct; with the sentence written that other way, using the same words but reversing their order (as was the case), the sentence isn't correct, and to correct that sentence where the order of the words had been reversed, it was necessary to add a little word (in that case it was *it),* and then, with the sound *it,* the sentence became correct.... All sorts of things – if I were asked mentally, I would say, "I haven't the faintest idea!" It doesn't correspond to any knowledge. But so precise! ... Extraordinary.

And I understood that this is the way of knowing a language. I always had it in French when I wrote – in the past it was less precise, more hazy, but there was the sense of the rhythm of a sentence: if the sentence has this rhythm, it's correct; if it's incorrect, the rhythm is missing. It was very vague, I had never tried to go deeper into it or make it more precise, but these last few days it has become very accurate. In English I find it more interesting, because, of course, English is less subconscious in my brain than French is (not much less, but a little less), and now it's instantaneous! And then so obvious, you know, that if the greatest scholar were to tell me, "No," I would answer him, "You are wrong, it's like this."

That's the remarkable thing, this knowledge is completely independent of outer, scholarly knowledge, completely, and it is ABSOLUTE, it doesn't tolerate discussion: "You may say whatever you like, you may tell me about grammar and dictionaries and usage.... This is the true way, and that's that."

February 13, 1964

(Satprem kept note of the following conversation despite its episodic character, for it is, alas, a good illustration of the kind of innumerable microscopic "avalanches" that assailed Mother from every side, daily.)

H. was so very vexed because I had this work done by Sujata that she has broken off all relations with me! ... Except that she sends me letters of abuse every day!

She wrote that she will no longer have anything to do with the work, with this, with that, with me, and she is sending everything back.

Vanity....

I expected it a little.... You can't think of such things in advance, but when I spoke to her I thought she was going to be pleased – oh, she almost flew into a rage! But in front of me, of course ... I looked at her and went like this *(Mother lowers her thumb):* it stopped. But once she had gone, it was the end!

A jealous and vain character is hard to correct.

You see, when she tells me, "I want the Truth, I want the Divine," I take it as sincere and act accordingly – but that gives her terrible thrashings! And I do absolutely nothing but take what she says at its face value. She says she "wants the Truth," "wants the Divine," that it is "the only thing she wants and nothing else." So I act accordingly.

The result is that I have piles of letters with frightful insults: "Liar, hypocrite...." *(Mother laughs)* It isn't the first time, she has those fits now and then. But after this letter, I received a sort of inner command to make one last attempt, and I wrote to her that it was HER SOUL that had asked me to act as I did. Because when I entrusted this work to Sujata instead of her, I had a moment of hesitation, then I went within to find out, and her soul exerted a very strong pressure for me to act in that way. I had always seen, at every minute, that her aspiration was constantly tainted with that vanity – she always puts on an act for others and for herself. I was waiting patiently for that vanity to go, but her soul wasn't as patient – hers is a very beautiful soul (that's the strange thing, you see, her soul is a very beautiful one), but at times she rejects it violently. So I wrote to tell her that now I had something serious to say to her, that it was her soul that had asked me to act in that way in order to break and conquer her ego's vanity.... She says, "I don't want my ego, I don't want my ego ..." but she identifies herself with it to such a degree that when she has those fits, she is the ego; when the fit is over, she clearly sees the difference. And at the end of my letter, I said, "Now, it is up to you to choose between Truth and falsehood" – it was a hurricane!

I am waiting till it's over.

I am waiting.

.i.58;

February 15, 1964

(After various remarks or observations which, unfortunately, Satprem did not keep:)

Ah, to work now! *(Mother laughs)* One plays all the time ... one has the

feeling that life is nothing but play! ...

* * *

(Then the question comes up of Mother's photograph with a veil and the date when it was taken. That photograph is to be included in Satprem's book on Sri Aurobindo, and Mother had said to date it 1914.)

The photo was taken in 19 ... *(Mother tries to remember).*

1903, according to J.

No. That was the first time I went to Tlemcen ... it must have been in 1905 – at least 1905, if not 1906.[23]

I never remember dates, I only remember circumstances.

I know it was the first time I went to Tlemcen. And I remember having said that I began my "conscious yoga" when I was twenty-five (twenty-five, that's in 1908[24]), what I call my "conscious yoga," that is, certain practices. It was in 1908. And Théon was three years earlier. Only, I had known Théon one year before going to Tlemcen, so it was perhaps 1904, and the photo was perhaps taken in 1905. But you know, I am not much good with dates! Anyway, it was between 1903 and 1908.

But I hadn't changed: my appearance was exactly the same when I came here. So for your book, we'll say 1914, according to the appearance; in other words, that's how I looked when I met Sri Aurobindo for the first time in 1914. Voilà.

February 22, 1964

(The day after Mother's eighty-sixth birthday. Mother first reads the translation of the message she gave on the 21st:)

It was translated in an interesting way.... I read it, then I concentrated (A. was sitting here, not moving or saying anything), so first I said a word or two to him to "establish the atmosphere." Then I remained quiet, and it simply came – it isn't exactly a translation:

Sa volonté solitaire affronta la loi du monde.
Pour arrêter la roue fatale, cette Splendeur se leva ...

Her single will opposed the cosmic rule.

To stay the wheels of Doom this greatness rose.

(*Savitri*, I.II.19)

* * *

I had a strange night last night.

The whole day yesterday, I had an impression – not a vague impression: a very precise sensation – of the Pressure of something that was trying to manifest. But it was so material that it was almost like a physical pressure. And then a kind of Force that not only resisted, but revolted, trying to make a muddle of everything – to create unpleasant circumstances, trouble people, all sorts of perfectly unpleasant little nothings. I was watching all that.

And in the evening the resistance and revolt took a concrete form, as it were. Then, in response, there was in all the cells of the body a call, a desperate call for the Truth, as if all the cells were crying out, "Ah, no! We've had enough of this Falsehood, enough, enough, enough! – the Truth, the Truth, the Truth...." It put my body in a very deep trance. And it had the impression of a very, very intense struggle.

I was looking, and everywhere there were ... as if the world were made of huge engines with enormous pistons that were falling – you know, like in engine rooms: they were rising and falling, rising and falling.... It was like that everywhere. And it was pounding Matter – it was frightful. To such a degree that the body felt pounded.

It was a compression – a mechanical compression – and at the same time (both things at the same time), such an intensity of aspiration! There is in these cells an extraordinary intensity: "The Truth, the Truth, the Truth..."[25] Then, in the middle of all this, I went into a state of very deep trance, a sort of samadhi, from which I emerged five hours later – it lasted from 10 at night to 3 in the morning – five hours later, beatific, and conscious that I had been conscious all the time, but of something inexpressible. And what a light! A light, a light ... a fantastic light.

But this morning, the body is a bit ... (what's the word?) *giddy.*

Dizzy?

Not exactly dizzy ... the sensation of a sort of lack of consistency. Yes, like when one is giddy – a giddiness, rather. Because it was such a pounding!

> *Mother, some fifteen days ago, I dreamed that very thing. There was a sort of enormous "drill" boring into Matter; then you came, and you were very interested, as if you participated actively in it. An enormous black drill, like the ones they use to drill wells, boring into a sort of Matter with a color like yellow clay. It struck me very much. About ten or fifteen days ago.... A tremendous power.*

Yes, yesterday I had the feeling that I was brought into contact with something

that's going on ALL THE TIME.

Then that's it.

Like this, a pounding: you know, those machines that rise and fall and rise and fall.... And there were scores and scores and scores of them ... it was endless.

But then *(laughing),* this poor body was lying underneath! I even heard (although I was in trance), I heard my body letting out little cries, "Ah! ah! ..." Just a little "ah"!

So that's how I am this morning, a little giddy. These are powerful methods!

(silence)

I have never seen such an intensity in the cells, in the consciousness of the cells ... you know, an almost desperate intensity: "We've had enough, enough of this Falsehood! – the Truth, the Truth, the Truth...." And then that Light ... bah-bah! ... They were conscious of the light. Conscious of a dazzling light.

Look, it's the kind of giddiness one has when one has drunk a bit too much – that's it, the giddiness caused by alcohol.

But I didn't have the sense of a definitive thing: I had the sense of a beginning! It's only a beginning!

Which means that the gap between what they are used to receiving through infiltration and a radical descent is a tremendous one.

Several times in his letters, Sri Aurobindo wrote that if the higher Light were to descend abruptly, or if divine Love were to descend abruptly, without preparation ... *the matter would be shattered.* It appears to be quite true!

(silence)

Even now *(Mother touches her hands and fingers),* one feels ... not the pounding, but the aspiration in all the cells....

(Mother goes into contemplation)

Yes, that's what it is, a sort of inebriation.

> *Somewhere in "Savitri," Sri Aurobindo says, "This wine of lightning in the cells...."*[26]

Oh! Do you know where it is? ...

(Satprem looks for the passage in vain)

February 26, 1964

Mother's left eye is very bloodshot

Does your eye hurt?

My eye?

It doesn't hurt??

I don't know.... Is there something?

Yes.

Oh! I didn't see.... It hurt this morning, and then ... Strange, no one told me anything.

All right, that's all I needed! I won't be able to do anything at all. It hurt, but I didn't give it thought.

Is it very red?

Not as much as sometimes.... But here, when you look down, it's very red. When you lower your eyelid, there is an entire bloodshot area, up to the iris.

So it has started again.... All right.

It's such an avalanche, you know....

If one could do the work quietly, without having to rush ... it wouldn't be a problem, it would be nothing. But one has to do in ten minutes a work that should normally take an hour, that's the bad thing.

(silence)

This week, you know, I should have remained quiet (meaning that I would have liked to), because the result of that intensity of aspiration [in the body] is to give me a crystal clear and almost constant perception of the extent to which the material substance is made of Falsehood and Ignorance – as soon as the consciousness is clear, at rest, peaceful, in a luminous vision, falsities seem to come up from all sides. It isn't an active perception, in the sense that I don't "try" to know: these are things that PRESENT themselves to the consciousness. And then you realize what it takes to clarify all that, to transform all that – what tremendous power of Truth-Force!... And you notice that the intensity of the aspiration – which hastens the transformation and brings the realization nearer – may well ... *(Mother touches her eye)* yes, here's the result.

And I notice that, all around, those nearer to the center of descent are very shaken up – very. I see very few bodies around me capable of bearing it. But then,

if that's how it is, necessarily the descent is so filtered and diminished that ... how much will get through?

This morning, it hurt a little, but I said, "It's nothing, it MUST NOT be" – that it has come bothers me. It's a sign that the descent is too strong. So if we have to wait another four years – 1968 ...

And what's going to come? ... It'll be like a perfectly innocuous little rain! Which probably will not even be perceptible for the ordinary consciousness.

Maybe the work would go faster if instead of burdening me with such superficial chores – sending *blessings,* signing photographs ...

Yes! Oh yes, indeed!...

And then receiving people. Receiving one after another, one after another, dozens of them.... Each one says, thinks, feels, "But I take just one minute!" But when you add up all the minutes, then ...

(silence)

But it also shows one thing: if I let too wide a gap grow between me and the people around, it isn't good either, in the sense that if others aren't able to bear what I might bring down, it will be another kind of catastrophe.

One must have patience.

Patience one has.

Much patience.

* * *

A little later

I have a feeling that people didn't understand a thing in the last

Bulletin[27] *– they* didn't dare to say anything, but they didn't understand a thing! Even those who, consciously, are supposed to understand: Nolini, Amrita, Pavitra, André ... not to mention all the rest who are not as developed intellectually – understand nothing.

I have a feeling, a vague feeling that it will give someone, somewhere, very far away physically, a coup de grace, because I had that feeling while having the experience – what I told you and what you noted down was only the memory of the experience, but while I was having the experience and responding *(gesture of mental communication),* I had the feeling that, somewhere, someone was touched in a radical way, and that it was important for the intellectual atmosphere of the earth. Who is it? I don't know.

That's why I let that article be published, because otherwise ... You see, when I read something or when, for instance, Nolini reads me a translation, I read with the others' consciousness – how flat it had become! Flat, flat: all the Power was gone.

I made some discoveries of this kind on the way people understand and read – very "cultured" people....

They don't know how to read, they read with their brains.

They read with a grammar book at the back of their minds!

Those are the scholars, that's awful, but I've never tried to convince a scholar!

They don't "hear" what's behind, they don't try to capture that sort of music – they just see sentences.

My article gives them a sense of something both very boring and very childish – both at once, so that crowns it all! Because the external form is very simple, of course, without literary pretensions; so it isn't exciting for the brain, not in the least (on the contrary I try to calm it down as much as possible!).

No, those who understand you best are the simple-hearted.

Yes, they are touched.

And their understanding is infinitely greater than that of "cultured" people – they understand better, they are more intelligent.

More receptive. Yes, they feel. They feel correctly, they mentalize less.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

* * *

Just before Satprem leaves

So, if by our next meeting you feel something or see something or think of something, or have a "dream," you will tell me.... I don't have much hope left ... because these last few days there has been a great intensity, rather hard to bear – tremendous – and this morning when I got up, the intensity had lifted a little. The night was good (I perceive the general subconscient and the state of receptivity, the conditions – it wasn't bad, it was rather satisfying), but I noticed that the Pressure, the intensity of the Pressure, had lessened.

It was only during the work here [with the secretaries], that hour of work (labor, not work), I felt something here *(gesture to the forehead and temple)* that was a bit tired, like a fatigue coming from outside.... Anyway ...

Well, now we have to hold on.

March

March 4, 1964

So, how are you?

And you?

Experiences ... I have nothing to say. It's too much and too little at the same time – too many things, details, innumerable little observations, innumerable little changes; but nothing sensational, nothing to make a "nice picture," no. But first, I had asked you to tell me if you saw something.

I did see something, but I don't think it's very interesting, or collective either. I seemed to kind myself in an enormous plane, a very powerful one, which managed to take off (a takeoff which, besides, gave me a very pleasant sensation). It took off, but it was hedgehopping, that was dangerous. At first, the space before us was clear anyway, but we were flying very low and skimming the trees. Then, suddenly there were all kinds of buildings that stood in the way, in particular a huge tower, like a church steeple, of a very black color. I don't know how it happened, but the plane (or the force) entered it – oddly enough – and inside it was completely dark; there was only a sort of opening in a watt, and beyond it, a patch of blue sky. It sounds impossible, but the plane tried to go through that hose, and when we tried to, that sort of opening turned out to be covered with very thick glass that stopped us from going through. So I remember that with a pointed instrument I broke the entire window to enable us to go through. We did, but it was too small, the opening was too narrow for such an enormous plane. Afterwards, it's very confused; I only remember that in a hidden place, there was a sort of huge gold ciborium, very beautiful – it was hidden. But all the rest is quite confused.

Oh, but it's interesting....

(silence)

As for me, I only saw one thing: on the morning of the 29th, I woke up ("woke up," I mean "got up") with the consciousness the Vedic Rishis called the "straight consciousness," the one that comes straight from the Lord – the Truth-Consciousness, basically. It was absolutely quiet, calm, but with a sort of supersensation of an absolute well-being. Well-being, security – yes, a security – an indescribable peace, without the contrast of opposites. And it lasted about three hours, continuously, solidly, effortlessly (I didn't make any effort to keep it). I only had a definite perception that it was what they called the consciousness of

truth and immortality, along with a perception (an observation, rather), fairly clear and precise, of the way in which it becomes *crookedness* (you know their word).

I hadn't tried to have that experience, I hadn't thought about it or anything – it came as something massive, and it stayed. But I had the feeling it was individual: I didn't feel it was something descending on earth. I felt it was something given to me, given to this body. That's why I didn't attach much importance to it. The feeling of a grace given to this body. And it didn't leave till – it hasn't left, but it has been little by little and very slowly veiled by ... you know, that chaos of work, which has never been so chaotic and feverish at the same time.[28] For about two weeks, it has been appalling. We haven't come out of it yet. It has veiled that state FOR ME. But I clearly felt it was something GIVEN to this body.

During the meditation on the 29th, I noticed (I looked), I noticed that for about two days, the atmosphere had been full of a sparkling of white stars, like dust – a twinkling dust of white stars.[29] I saw it had been there for three days. And at the time of the meditation, it became extremely intense. But it was widespread, it was everywhere.

There seemed to be nothing but sparkling dots – dots that glittered like diamonds. It was like sparkling diamonds everywhere, absolutely everywhere. And it had a tendency to come from above downward. It lasted not just hours, but days; others saw it (yet I didn't say anything to anyone), others saw it and asked me what it was.

But there was nothing stunning or magnificent or astounding about it: nothing of the kind, nothing spectacular, nothing to give the feeling of a "great experience" – very quiet, but very, very self-assured. Very quiet.

Once it was over, after the balcony,[30] when I came back from the balcony, I said spontaneously, "Very well, then, we'll have to wait another four years."[31]

Something in me was expecting ... I don't know what, which didn't happen – maybe something that would have created havoc!

It was very quiet, very peaceful – very quiet, especially very quiet, and nothing marvelous or miraculous, nothing of the sort. So I said, "Very well, we'll wait four years, another four years," but for what, I don't know ... the something I was expecting and which didn't happen.

But the external, material life had become very difficult – there were 3,000 extra people from outside. So it made a sort of confusion in the atmosphere, which isn't over yet.

(silence)

I heard from some people that a great number of little miracles had occurred, but I didn't listen, it doesn't interest me (people tell me, but my thoughts are elsewhere). It's possible: the atmosphere was highly charged. In people's consciousness, it may result in little phenomena – a number of little phenomena which they call "miraculous," but which to me are childishly simple and elementary: it's just "the way things are."

(silence)

Your vision ... obviously it's mental constructions standing in the way of the takeoff – that's obvious. But it isn't an individual experience: it's a collective thing.

> *It was very black, and it was a church ... like a church steeple. But the gold ciborium, what is that? It was very pretty, besides; it was beautiful, but hidden.*

But it's true, that's indeed how it is.

It must be the supramental realization, which is hidden, still buried in Unconsciousness.

> *When I saw that gold ciborium, it was very confused, but some one was there with me (I don't know who, I didn't see him), and I said to him, "Have you seen this beautiful ciborium!" He replied, "No," but I KNEW he had seen it. Then I understood that if he said he had seen it, something bad would occur,[32] people would come or whatever, anyway it was important that people shouldn't know he had also seen it.*

It was important that people shouldn't know it was there.

(long silence then meditation)

The feeling that the cells of the body are constantly subjected to a sort of pounding – it's ceaseless, night and day. Since I told you about it last time, it's been like that all the time.

It seems to be an endless work.

(long silence)

Today the doctor is leaving for America for a brain operation.[33] It's far from being a safe affair, it's too new, there are still too many unknown elements.

There have been a number of really very interesting things with him, but it's a sort of microscopic work, so it can't be told.... For instance, the way the auras, the vibrations, are mingled – it's very interesting.

> *I hope he is going to pull through?*

He told me he wasn't afraid.

But actually it's nothing but an adventure into the unknown, because there's no guarantee that they won't cure one thing at the expense of another.... You understand, when they start operating on the brain!

Obviously a day will come when these operations will be common practice, but for the time being there are still too many unknowns.

But because we have lived together constantly, there is quite a mingling of atmospheres [the doctor's and Mother's], and when he tried to pull his away ...

(because he doesn't know yet how to remain everywhere at the same time – not many people know how to do it, so they pull their atmosphere away, which causes a sort of dislocation of many things and ...). He doesn't admit it to himself, but he is very disturbed.

It's an adventure.

March 7, 1964

I told you last time that when I returned from the balcony on the 29th, it was as if in my concentration I said to the Lord, "Well, we'll wait another four years." That was the impression. And since then (today is the same day as the 29th, it was just a week ago), everything has been like this *(quivering gesture in the atmosphere),* like hosts of little promises – but promises that haven't come to fruition, in other words, it's always something that IS to come, something that IS to be, something that IS to be realized; something that's drawing near, but nothing tangible. And last night, when I awoke from my usual concentration (it's almost always at the same time: between midnight and half past midnight), I felt something special in the atmosphere, so immediately I let myself flow into it and made contact with it.

I noticed (I've known it for some time, but it was quite concrete this time) that in my rest, as soon as I am at rest, the body is completely identified with the material substance of the earth, that is to say, the experience of the material substance of the earth becomes its own – which may be expressed by all sorts of things (it depends on the day, on the occasion). I had known for a long time that it was no longer the individual consciousness; it isn't the collective consciousness of mankind: it's a terrestrial consciousness, meaning it also contains the material substance of the earth, including the unconscious substance. Because I have prayed a lot, concentrated a lot, aspired a lot for the transformation of the Inconscient (since it is the essential condition for the "thing" to happen) – because of that there has been a kind of identification.

Last night it became a certainty.

And something began to descend – not "descend": to manifest and permeate; permeate and fill this terrestrial consciousness. What a force it had! What a power! ... I had never felt that kind of intensity in the material world. A stability, a power! Everything in the sense of a power, everything in the sense of a thrust forward – a thrust forward: progress, evolution, transformation. Everything like that. As if everything, everything were filled with a power of transformation – not "transformation," not transmutation, I don't know how to explain it.... Not the final transformation that will change the appearance, not that: it was the ananda of progress. The ananda of progress, like the ananda of progress of the animal becoming man, of man becoming superman – it wasn't transformation, it wasn't what will respond to that progress: it was progress. And with a plenitude, a constancy, and No RESISTANCE ANYWHERE: there was no panic anywhere,

no resistance anywhere; everything was enthusiastically participating.

It lasted more than an hour.

And with the feeling that it was something unceasing,[34] but that the consciousness [of Mother] was only changing its position because of the necessities of the work. And this change of position took place in a few minutes, quickly enough, without the sense of losing the other experience; it simply remained there, behind, in order for the work to be done outwardly in a normal way, that is, without too abrupt a change. And the consciousness seemed to revert to a sort of superficial bark: it gave exactly the impression of something hard, rather inert, very artificial, extremely thin, dry, with just an artificial transcription of life – and that was the ordinary consciousness, the consciousness that makes you feel you are in a body.

For a very long time the body hasn't felt in the least separate – not in the least. There is even a sort of constant identification with the people around ... which at times is troublesome enough, but which I see as a means of action (of control and action). I'll give an example: on the 4th, the last time I saw you, the doctor left for America. He had his lunch here (I told you he was very moved); he was given a sort of little ceremony for his departure. He was sitting on the floor as usual, next to me (I was seated at the table, facing the light), and they served him his lunch; he turned towards me to receive the things. He was in a state of intense emotion (nothing apparent at all; the appearance was very quiet, he didn't say or do anything extraordinary, but inwardly ...). At one point I looked at him to encourage him to eat, and our eyes met.... Then there came into me from him such a violent emotion that I almost started sobbing, can you imagine! ... And it's always there, in the lower abdomen (really in the abdomen), that this identification with the outside world takes place. There *(gesture above the heart center),* it dominates; the identification is here *(gesture to the abdomen),* but the Force dominates *(Mother holds up her head);* while here *(the abdomen),* it seems to be still ... it's the lower vital, I mean the lower vital OF MATTER, the vital subdegree OF MATTER. It's on the way to transformation, this is where the work is being done materially. But all those emotions have rather unpleasant repercussions.... Even, when I looked at it in detail, I came to think that there must be something analogous in you; you must be open to certain currents of force in the lower vital, and those kinds of spasms which you get must be the result. So then, the solution – there is only one solution, because immediately I called, I put the Lord's Presence there *(gesture to the abdomen),* and I saw it was extremely CONTAGIOUS. Because I had received the vibrations, they had entered straight in without meeting any obstacles; so the response had a considerable contagious power – I saw it immediately: I stopped the doctor's vibrations; it took me a few minutes, and everything was back in order again. Then I understood that this opening, this contagion was kept as a means of action – it isn't pleasant for the body (!), but it's a means of action.

It's the same thing with that necessity of returning to the superficial consciousness. In the beginning, in the very beginning, when I identified myself

with that pulsation of Love that creates the world, for many days I refused to resume entirely the ordinary, habitual consciousness (to which I was just referring: that sort of surface consciousness which is like bark), I no longer wanted it. That's why I was outwardly so helpless; in other words, I refused to make any decisions *(Mother laughs),* the others had to decide and do things for me! That's what convinced them that I was extremely ill!

Now I understand all this very well.

At any rate, last night's experience was decisive in that it coordinated all those scattered little promises, all those scattered little advances, and gave a TERRESTRIAL meaning to all those little things that came making a promise of progress here, a promise of consciousness there – all those promises have suddenly been coordinated within a sort of totality on the scale of the earth. I didn't feel it as something crushing in its immensity, not at all: it was still something dominated by my consciousness. A little thing *(Mother holds up a ball in her hands),* which my consciousness dominated but which was (for the moment) the exclusive object of my concentrations. And when I returned to the external consciousness (there was a moment when I had both consciousnesses at once), then I saw that the supposedly individual or personal consciousness, the consciousness of the body – of the body – was no more than a sort of convention necessary for maintaining contact. With the feeling that a step or two more – not many – will give THE Will (the supreme Will, that is) full power to act on this body.

It [this body] wasn't much more interesting or important than many other bodies – it didn't at all have the sense of its importance. Even, in the overall vision of the Work, its present imperfections were quite simply tolerated, even accepted, not because they are unavoidable, but because the amount of concentration and exclusive attention necessary to change them does not appear to be important enough to stop or reduce the general work. That's how it was ... there was a smile for lots of little things. Finally, as for "the Thing" (the great thing from the "artistic" point of view of the material appearance, great too from the point of view of public faith, which only goes by appearances, of course, and which will be convinced only when there is an obvious transformation), it appeared to be, for the moment, at any rate, something secondary and not urgent. But there was a fairly clear perception that soon (how can I put it?) the state of being or way of being (I think they say the "modus vivendi") of the body, of this fragment of terrestrial Matter, could be altered, ruled, entirely driven by the direct Will. Because it was as if ALL the illusions had fallen away one after another, and every time an illusion disappeared it produced one of those little promises that came in succession, announcing something that would come about later. So that prepared the final realization.

When I got up this morning, I had the feeling that a corner had been turned. But not at all – oh, not at all! – a subjective thing, not at all: a corner has been turned FOR THE EARTH. It doesn't matter in the least if people aren't aware of it.[35]

(silence)

Amidst all that – that mass of experience – there was, standing out from the rest, the impression of the gorilla, of the fantastic power of progress that would turn him into a man.... It was very odd, it was an extraordinary physical power, with an intense joy of progress, of the thrust forward, and it made a kind of simian form moving forward towards man. And then it was like something repeating itself in the spiral of evolution: the same brute power, the same vital force (there's no comparison, of course, man has lost all that completely), the fantastic force of life that's found in those animals was coming back into the human consciousness and, probably, into the human form, BUT with all that has been brought by the evolution of Mind (a painful enough detour), and transformed into the light of a higher certitude and a higher peace.

And, you know, it wasn't a thing that came, diminished and came back again, it wasn't like that. It was ... an immensity, a full, solid, ESTABLISHED immensity. Not something that comes and presents itself to you to tell you, "This is how it will be," it wasn't that – it was HERE.

And I didn't feel it went away: it's I who left it, or rather, to say things accurately, I was made to leave it in order to concentrate on this bark, for the necessities of the work.

But it hasn't gone – it's here.

This morning I noted the experience through the same process I told you I was using for revelation. I wanted to note exactly how the experience could be defined *(Mother reads out a note):*

"The penetration and permeation into material substance of the Ananda of the power of progress in Life."

It wasn't a permeation into the Mind: it was a permeation into Life – into Life, into the material, earthly substance, which had become alive. Even plants participated in last night's experience: it isn't something that was the privilege of the mental being, it's the whole vital substance (vitalized material substance) of the earth that received this ananda of the power of progress – it was triumphant. Triumphant.

And when I came back (it took me perhaps five or six minutes to come back), it was with a sort of quiet certainty that the return was a necessity, and that something else would occur thanks to which it won't be necessary to leave one state for the other (that's the trouble, we still have to leave one state for the other). It hasn't left, but it's in the background – it should be in the front.

And then I realized ... When I got up, I asked myself, "Am I again going to come up against all the same material drawbacks that come from this sort of ... not even contagion, of identification with the people and things around?" The slightest thing causes a reaction – there wasn't even one thought, you see [in the incident with the doctor], not one sensation – yet there was a disorder here *(gesture to the abdomen).*

Yes, I'm familiar with it.

Then one has to hold still, put the Force and ... Now, I am conscious of where it comes from, of what it is, of who it is (when it comes from someone), of all that. And the response can be perfectly conscious and willed. And when I restore order here *(gesture to the abdomen),* it restores order there, too.

This, in the realm of thought, is something that has been there for a very long time – very long, years and years: the shock that comes from outside exactly as if it were ... it's YOUR thought, but it comes from over there, it isn't actually here; and then the response. Since soon after the beginning of the century, this work has been going on. Afterwards, there was all the psychic work, in the same way *(gesture of widening):* the identification and the response. Then the vital work, which I began with Sri Aurobindo when we were staying over there [at the Guest House]; then the physical work, but there it's ... gropingly learning one's job. Now there is a sort of certainty (not absolute and constant, but not far away), a sort of certainty: you see, you come into contact with something, and then you know instantly what should be done and how it should be done; the vibration comes, meets a response, and goes back – and this is going on every minute, all the time.

A sort of assurance and confirmation came last night with that experience.

But we must be patient. And we mustn't think that we've reached the goal – we're still far from it! There is always the joy of the first step, the first step on the path: "Ah, what a lovely path!" *(Mother laughs)* ... We have to go right to the other end!

(silence)

It was luminous – luminous the whole time. That diamond-like sparkling turning into something much more compact, but less intense, that is, less bright – far more powerful. There was, above all, that sense of power: a power that can crush everything and rebuild everything. And in such an Ananda! But with nothing, absolutely nothing that had the slightest excitement, nothing of that bubbling which comes from the mind – the mind was like this *(gesture, both hands open towards the Eternal),* peaceful, peaceful, quiet, absolutely quiet. And while the experience went on, I knew (because the consciousness above was watching it all), I knew that only when the flash – the dazzlingly intense flash of the mental transformation through the supramental descent – only when the Light, the burst of Light, joins the ananda of Power will there occur things that will be a bit ... indisputable.

Because in an experience of this type, only the one who has it can be sure. The effects are visible in tiny details that can be observed only by those who are already well-disposed, that is (to translate), by those who have faith – those who have faith can see. And I know that because they tell me: they see examples of those tiny miracles of every minute (they aren't "miracles") multiply; they're everywhere, all the time, all the time – little facts, harmonies, realizations, concords ... all of which are quite unusual in this world of Disorder. But while the experience was there, I knew there would be another one, which is yet to come (God knows when!), and which would join with this one to form a third. And it is

that junction that will then probably cause something to be changed in the appearances.

When will it come? I don't know. But we shouldn't be in a hurry.

Voilà.

* * *

(Just before Satprem leaves, regarding the recent publication of "Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness" at the Ashram, and its distribution:)

... What I wanted was to set a date, to get the book published – I am not particularly keen that people [here at the Ashram] should read it! Because I have a feeling that after some time (now I understand better), when the atmosphere is quite ready, it will do a very useful work over there [in Europe], very useful.

France is a black hole in the atmosphere.

Atmospheres are very interesting.... Yet there is an IMMENSE possibility there. But it is buried, as it were.

There are far more possibilities there than in England.

There is a possibility in Russia, too, but of a different nature – mystic, a great mystic possibility there. When the mystic spirit awakens there ... It has been repressed, so ... *(gesture of explosion)*.

It seems they have now allowed baptisms [in Russia]: they've made a special organization for people who want to be baptized! A special place, maybe a building, I don't know, where all those who want to can be baptized. It used to be done secretly – now it will be a State organization. So those people had made progress, they had emerged from all the superstitions of the past, and now here's their new "progress": they fall back into the pit! They are taking up again the old burden of all the old superstitions....

March 11, 1964

I'll read you something.

It concerns an American who came here full of all the American ideas, who did a survey of everything (the way the services are organized and so on), and who sent me his report in which he says that everything lacks organization, a mental structure.... I didn't intend to answer him, but the day before yesterday, just when I was going to retire for the night, Sri Aurobindo told me insistently – he came and told me, "Here is what you must say to T." And he insisted until I had written it down – I was forced to write it!

Sri Aurobindo has told us (it's he himself who said it) and we are convinced by experience that above the mind there is a consciousness much wiser than the

mental wisdom, and in the depths of things there is a will much more powerful than the human will.

> All our endeavour is to make this consciousness and this will govern our lives and action and organise all our activities. It is the way in which the Ashram has been created. Since 1926 when Sri Aurobindo retired and gave me full charge of it (at that time there were only two rented houses and a handful of disciples) all has grown up and developed like the growth of a forest, and each service was created not by any artificial planning but by a living and dynamic need. This is the secret of constant growth and endless progress. The present difficulties come chiefly from psychological resistances in the disciples who have not been able to follow the rather rapid pace of the sadhana and the yielding to the intrusion of mental methods which have corrupted the initial working.
>
> A growth and purification of the consciousness is the only remedy.

* * *

(Then Mother refers to the preceding conversation, of March 7, and to her experience of the ananda of progress in life.)

I feel it as something decisive, because, for me, things have changed. It's not one of those things that come and then go away.

Well ... now we have to go farther.

Perhaps that's what I meant when I said "another four years," because I was in a rather strange state when I came back from the balcony on the 29th.... Wait, I'll show you a photo: they have given me photos of that balcony.

(Mother goes and gets a photo, then looks at it)

With the cloak flapping like a wing ...

I wasn't seeing physically.... But that expression ... that's the state I was in when I said (I was concentrated and something came out of here *[gesture to the heart]* and said to the Lord), "Well, we will wait another four years."

Four years, that means 1968. Sri Aurobindo said there would be a beginning of supramental manifestation in '67; so perhaps in '68 the two experiences will meet. It's possible.

The photo is clear.

An expression of yours that I didn't know.

That you didn't know ...

You see, it isn't a woman, it isn't a man; very clearly there's neither woman nor

man here.

And to me, as I see it, the eyes are the will, while the lower part of the face is the struggle, the difficulty – it represents the difficulty with the earth. But the eyes are the will to make contact *(Mother pulls from above downward to make high and low meet).*

They aren't eyes of entreaty, look at them closely: they are eyes of will – almost eyes of command.

Yes, as if you were saying, "So?"

March 14, 1964

(About a trip to France which Satprem has to make soon.)

... You'll be able to see your friend B. if you go there.

I've lost the habit of contact with others; it's very rarely that I don't get tired as soon as I meet someone.

Oh, but it's more than tired, it's dazed!

And I'm not used to social life anymore, so I have nothing to say anymore, I'm not there.

I know what you mean!

It's difficult.

No, that's good, very good, it SHOULD be that way.

There is only one solution in such cases, the one I have established: the "bath of the Lord." You make contact within yourself, and you let That flow through you onto others – and then let what happens happen, what does it matter! ... It's very interesting, you feel the Force flowing and flowing and flowing through you – some people can hold on a long time. Over there ...

(Mother stops short and looks for a long time)

No, if I look, it's terrible.

As long as you don't look, you can ... but if I look, it's terrible: to be plunged in that.... I don't think you will be able to stay long. Unless you're completely alone with your mother in Brittany.

What's most worrying is people's friendliness, far more than their adverse reactions.

Oh, yes! That's much more worrying....

(long silence)

I am not going with a light heart....

I don't want you to fall ill like the first time. That's precisely what I am looking at and studying: whether it's possible to protect you adequately.

But for myself, I know: the first time I went away from here, in 1915 (and I left my psychic being here, I didn't take it with me – I knew how to do it – I left it behind), in spite of that, in spite of the link, when I came to the Mediterranean, suddenly I fell ill, dreadfully ill. I was constantly ill.

So I know, I know very well!

> *But even before I did the yoga, as soon as I returned to France from America or Africa, I would suffocate instantly, I couldn't stay – l never could. I could breathe in Brazil, I could breathe in Africa or even in Guyana, I could breathe in those countries, but in France, in Europe, I couldn't breathe.*

In Europe, yes.

Anyway, I'll see, mon petit.

Ultimately, it will depend on your receptivity. If you can get used to holding the charge – you understand, to keeping the atmosphere around you, in order to protect yourself.

We'll see.

March 18, 1964

(Mother reads a note she wrote in connection with a quarrel at the Ashram's handmade paper factory:)

The Employer to the Employee

"Nothing lasting can be established without a basis of trust. And this trust must be mutual.

"You must be convinced that it is not only my good that I am aiming at, but also yours. And on my side I must know and feel that you are here not merely to profit but also to serve.

"The welfare of the whole is dependent on the welfare of each part, and the harmonious growth of the whole is dependent on the progress of every part.

"If you feel you are exploited, then I too will feel you are seeking to exploit me. If you fear that you may be deceived, then I too will feel you are seeking to

deceive me.

"It is only in honesty, sincerity and trust that human society can progress."

It's just the opposite of the Communist theory – all the Communists preach to them: "If you have the least trust in your employer, you are sure to be deceived and to become miserable; doubt, lack of trust and aggression must be the basis of your relationship." It's just the opposite of what I am saying.

* * *

Then Mother takes up the translation of a letter from English to French.

To translate I go to the place where things are crystallized and formulated. Nowadays my translations are not exactly an amalgamation, but they are under the influence of both languages: my English is a little French and my French is a little English – it's a mixture of the two. And I see that from the standpoint of expression, it's rather beneficial, for a certain subtlety comes from it.

I don't "translate" at all, I never try to translate: I simply go back to the "place" where it came from, and instead of receiving this way *(gesture above the head, like scales tipping to the right for French)* I receive that way *(the scales tip to the left for English),* and I see that it doesn't make much difference: the origin is a sort of amalgamation of the two languages. Perhaps it could give birth to a somewhat more supple form in both languages: a little more precise in English, a little more supple in French.

> *I don't find our present language satisfactory. But I don't find the other thing [Franglais] satisfactory either – it hasn't been found yet.*

It's being worked out.

> *Each time, something in me grates a little.*

It's on the way.

But it's my method for *Savitri,* too, it's a long time since I stopped translating: I follow the thought up to a point, and then, instead of thinking this way *(same gesture of tipping to the right),* I think that way *(to the left),* that's all. So it's not pure English, not pure French either.

Personally I would like it to be neither English nor French, to be something else! But for the moment, what words are to be used? ... I clearly feel that to me, both in English and French (and maybe in other languages if I knew any), words have another meaning, a slightly unusual and far more PRECISE meaning than they do in languages as we know them – far more precise. Because, to me, a word means exactly a certain experience, and I clearly see that people understand quite differently; so I feel their understanding as something hazy and imprecise. Every word corresponds to an experience, to a particular vibration.

I don't say I have reached the satisfactory expression – it's taking shape.

And the method is always the same: I never translate – never, never – I go up above, to the place where one thinks beyond words, where one experiences the idea or the thought of a thing, or the movement or the feeling (whatever), and when it's in a particular language, it goes like this *(same gesture as before),* while in another language, it goes like that: it's as if something up above tipped over. I don't translate on the same level at all, I never translate on the level of languages. And sometimes, I notice that for me the quality of the words is very different from what it is for others, very different.

I have given up all hope of making myself understood.

(Mother makes some remarks on the disciples' "understanding," then adds:)

Do you know the story?

It's a story told by the Muslims, I think (but I am not sure). Jesus is said to have raised people from the dead, made the dumb speak, restored sight to the blind ... until he was brought an idiot to be made intelligent – and Jesus ran away!

Afterwards, people asked him, "Why did you run away?" He answered, "I can do anything – except give intelligence to an idiot." *(laughter)*

It was Théon who told me the story.

March 21, 1964

(About a letter from the "doctor," who had gone to the U.S.A. for a brain operation: "The operation was torture for four hours; it is done under local anaesthesia but not effective. They cut and scraped my skull and drilled it without any anaesthesia.... Nursing is not so good, my [nurses] are far better. They have no feeling and do not do things honestly.... Surgeons are also slack...." It may be noted that the doctor was himself a surgeon of repute in Calcutta.)

... And they want to come here to teach everything to the poor Indians who know nothing!

It's disgusting.

If they cure him, it's all right, but I have my doubts.... Those Americans are nothing but bluffers – they bluff, bluff, bluff for everything. They come with grand airs, they will right all wrongs, correct all mistakes, enlighten all minds – and they're just at ground level.

Those doctors, when you fall into their clutches ...

(silence)

And here he kept complaining that his nurses weren't up to the mark – now he'll understand! At least, after that experience, he will understand that what's here

is exceptional – they always have to go outside to have this experience, they aren't sensitive enough to feel that here there is something that isn't found elsewhere. In order to compare they have to go elsewhere, and then be "tortured" a little.

It's too bad – that's the way the world is, it needs to be tortured to understand that there is something else.

March 25, 1964

> 101 – In God's sight there is no near or distant, no present, past or future. These things are only a convenient perspective for His world-picture.
>
> 102 – To the senses it is always true that the sun moves round the earth; this is false to the reason. To the reason it is always true that the earth moves round the sun; this is false to the supreme vision. Neither earth moves nor sun; there is only a change in the relation of sun-consciousness and earth-consciousness.

(long silence)

Impossible, I can't say anything.

> *It implies that our habitual perception of the physical world is a false perception.*

Yes, naturally.

> *But then, what would the true perception be like?...*

Well, yes, that's the question!

> *... The true perception of the physical world – of trees, of people, of a stone – what would it be like to a supramental eye?*

That's exactly what cannot be said! When you have the vision and consciousness of the Truth-Order, of that which is DIRECT, the direct expression of the Truth, you immediately feel something inexpressible, because all words belong to the other sphere; all images, all comparisons, all expressions belong to the other sphere.

I had precisely that great difficulty (it was on February 29): all the time while I was living in that consciousness of the DIRECT manifestation of the Truth, I tried to formulate what I was feeling, what I was seeing – it was impossible. There were no words. And immediately, merely formulating things made me instantly fall back into the other consciousness.

On that occasion, the memory of this aphorism on the sun and the earth came back to me.... Even to say a "change of consciousness" ... a change of

consciousness is still a movement.

I don't think we can say anything. I don't feel capable of saying anything, because all that you can say is uninteresting approximations.

> *But when you are in that Truth-Consciousness, is it a "subjective" experience, or does Matter itself really change in its appearance?*

Yes, everything – the whole world is different! Everything is different. And the experience has convinced me of one thing, which I am still feeling constantly: that both states [of Truth and Falsehood] are simultaneous, concomitant, and there's only ... yes, a "change of consciousness," as he calls it, which means that you are in this consciousness or in that consciousness, and yet you're not moving.

We are forced to use words of movement because, for us, everything moves, but that change of consciousness isn't a movement – it isn't a movement. So then how can we speak about it and describe it?...

Even if we say "a state that takes the place of another" ... takes the place ... we immediately introduce movement – all our words are like that, what can we say?...

Yesterday again, the experience was quite concrete and powerful: it isn't necessary to move, or to move anything, for this Truth-Consciousness to replace the consciousness of deformation or distortion. In other words, the capacity to live in and be this true Vibration – essential and true – seems to have the power to SUBSTITUTE this Vibration for the vibration of Falsehood and Distortion, to such an extent that ... For instance, the outcome of Distortion or of the vibration of distortion should naturally have been an accident or catastrophe, but if, within those vibrations, there is a consciousness that has the power to become aware of the Vibration of Truth and therefore manifest the Vibration of Truth, it can – it must – cancel the other vibration. Which would be translated, in the external phenomenon, by an intervention that would stop the catastrophe.

There is a growing feeling that the True is the only way to change the world; that all the other processes of slow transformation are always at a tangent (you draw nearer and nearer but you never arrive), and that the last step must be this – the substitution of the true Vibration.

There are partial proofs. But as they are partial, they aren't conclusive. Because, to the ordinary vision and understanding, you can always find explanations: you can say it was "foreseen" and "predestined" that the accident would miscarry, for example, and that consequently that intervention isn't at all what made it miscarry – it was "Determinism" that had decided it. And how do you prove anything? How do you even prove to yourself that it is otherwise? It's not possible.

You see, as soon as we express things we enter the mind, and as soon as we enter the mind there's that kind of logic, which is frightful because it is all-powerful: if everything has already been existing and coexisting from all eternity, how can you change one thing into another?... How can anything at all "change"?

We are told (Sri Aurobindo himself has just said it) that to the Lord's consciousness there is neither past nor time nor movement nor anything –

everything is. In order to translate, we say "from all eternity," which is nonsense, but anyway, everything IS. So everything is *(Mother folds her arms),* and then it's all over, there's nothing more to be done! You understand, this conception, or rather this manner of speaking (because it's only a manner of speaking) nullifies the sense of progress, nullifies evolution, nullifies ... We are told: it's part of the Determinism that you should strive to progress – yes, all this is rhetorical gibberish.

And, mind you, this manner of speaking is one minute of experience, but it's NOT the total experience. For a moment you feel this way, but it's not total, it's partial. It's only ONE way of feeling, it isn't all. There is in the eternal consciousness something far deeper and far more inexpressible than this – far more. This is only the first stupefaction you have when you emerge from the ordinary consciousness, but it isn't all. It isn't all. When the memory of this aphorism came back to me these last few days, I felt it was only a little glimpse you have all of a sudden and a sense of opposition between the two states, but it isn't all – it isn't all. There is something other than this.

There is something else, which is something altogether different from what we understand, BUT WHICH IS TRANSLATED INTO WHAT WE

UNDERSTAND.

And That we cannot say. We cannot say what it is because ... it's inexpressible – inexpressible.

It amounts to feeling that all that, in our ordinary consciousness, becomes false, distorted, crooked, is ESSENTIALLY TRUE for the Truth-Consciousness. But how is it true? This is precisely something that cannot be said with words, because words belong to the Falsehood.

> *Does this mean that the materiality of the world wouldn't be canceled by this Consciousness, but would be transfigured?... Or would it be another world altogether?*

(silence)

We should be clear on one point.... I am afraid that what we call "Matter" is precisely the world's false appearance.

There is something that CORRESPONDS, but ...

You see, this aphorism would eventually lead to an absolute subjectivity, and only that absolute subjectivity would be true – well, it's NOT like that. Because that means "pralaya," it means Nirvana. Well, there isn't only Nirvana, there is an objectivity that's real, not false – but how can you say what it is! ... It's something I have felt several times – several times, not just in a flash: the reality of ... (How can we express ourselves? We are always deceived by our words) ... In the perfect sense of Oneness and in the consciousness of Oneness there is room for the objective, for objectivity – one doesn't destroy the other, not at all. You may have the sense of a differentiation; not that it isn't yourself, but it's a different vision.... I

told you, all that we can say is nothing, it's nonsense, because the purpose of words is to express the unreal world, but ... Yes, that may be what Sri Aurobindo calls the sense of "Multiplicity in Unity" (maybe that corresponds a little), just as you feel the internal multiplicity of your being, something of that sort.... I don't at all have the sensation of a separate self anymore, not at all, not at all, not even in the body, yet that doesn't prevent me from having a certain sense of an objective relationship – well, yes, it leads us back to his "change in the relation of sun-consciousness and earth-consciousness." *(Laughing)* Maybe that's really is the best way of putting it! It's a relation of consciousness. It isn't at all the relationship between oneself and "others" – not at all, that's entirely canceled – but it might be like the relation of consciousness between the various parts of one's being. And it gives objectivity to those various parts, obviously.

(long silence)

To come back to that very easily understood example of the aborted accident, we may very well conceive that the intervention of the Truth-Consciousness had been decided "from all eternity" and that there isn't any "new" element; but that does nothing to alter the fact that this intervention is what stopped the accident (which gives an exact image of the power of this true consciousness over the other one). If we project our way of being onto the Supreme, we may conceive that He enjoys carrying out many experiments to see how it all plays (this is something else, it doesn't follow that there isn't an All-Consciousness that knows all things from all eternity – all this with utterly inadequate words), but that does nothing to alter the fact that, when we look at the process, this intervention is what was able to make the accident miscarry: the substitution of a true consciousness for a false consciousness stopped the process of the false consciousness.

And it seems to me it occurs often enough – much more often than people think. For example' every time an illness is cured, every time an accident is avoided, every time a catastrophe, even a global one, is avoided, all that is always the intervention of the Vibration of Harmony into the vibration of Disorder, allowing Disorder to cease.

So the people, the faithful, who always say, "Through the Divine Grace this has happened," aren't so wrong.

I only note the fact that it is this Vibration of Order and Harmony that intervened (we're not concerned with the reasons for its intervention, this is only a scientific observation), and of this I've had a fairly large number of experiences.

So that would be the process of transformation of the world?

Yes.

An increasingly constant embodying of this Vibration of Order.

Yes, exactly, that's it. Exactly.

Even from that point of view, I have seen ... You know, the ordinary idea that

the phenomenon [of transformation] must necessarily occur first in the body in which the Consciousness is expressed the most constantly seems to me quite unnecessary and secondary. On the contrary, it occurs at the same time wherever it can occur the most easily and totally, and this aggregate of cells *(Mother points to her own body)* isn't necessarily the most ready for this operation. It may therefore remain a very long time as it apparently is, even if its understanding and receptivity are special. I mean that this body's *awareness,* its conscious perception is infinitely superior to the one all the bodies it comes into contact with can have, except for a few minutes – a few minutes – when other bodies, as if through a grace, have the Perception. While for it, it's a natural and constant state; it's the effective result of this Truth-Consciousness being more constantly concentrated on this collection of cells than on others – more directly. But the substitution of one vibration for another in facts, in actions, in objects, occurs wherever the result is the most striking and effective.

I don't know if I can make myself understood, but it is something I have felt very, very clearly, and which one cannot feel as long as the physical ego is there, because the physical ego has the sense of its own importance, and that disappears entirely with the physical ego. When it disappears, one has a clear perception that the intervention or manifestation of the true Vibration doesn't depend on egos or individualities (human or national individualities, or even individualities of Nature: animals, plants and so on), it depends on a certain play of the cells and Matter in which there are aggregates particularly favorable for the transformation to occur – not "transformation": the substitution, to be precise, the substitution of the Vibration of Truth for the vibration of Falsehood. And the phenomenon may be very independent of groupings and individualities (it may happen in one part here, another part there, one thing here, another thing there); and it always corresponds to a certain quality of vibration that causes a sort of swelling – a receptive swelling – and then, the thing can occur.

Unfortunately, as I said at the beginning, all words belong to the world of appearances.

(silence)

This has repeatedly been my experience lately, with a vision and a conviction, the conviction of an experience: the two vibrations are like this *(concomitant gesture indicating a superimposition and infiltration),* all the time – all the time, all the time.

Maybe the sense of wonder comes when the quantity that has infiltrated is large enough to be perceptible. But I have an impression – a very acute impression – that this phenomenon is going on all the time, all the time, everywhere, in a minuscule, infinitesimal way *(gesture of a twinkling infiltration),* and that in certain circumstances or conditions that are visible (visible to this vision: it's a sort of luminous swelling – I can't explain), then, the mass of infiltration is sufficient to give the impression of a miracle. But otherwise, it's something going on all the time, all the time, all the time, continuously, in the world *(same twinkling gesture),*

like an infinitesimal amount of Falsehood replaced by Light ... Falsehood replaced by Light ... constantly.

And this Vibration (which I feel and see) gives the feeling of a fire. That's probably what the Vedic Rishis translated as the "Flame" – in the human consciousness, in man, in Matter. They always spoke of a "Flame."[36] It is indeed a vibration with the intensity of a higher fire.

The body even felt several times, when the Work was very concentrated or condensed, that it is the equivalent of a fever.

Two or three nights ago, something like that occurred: in the middle of the night, early morning, there was a descent of this Force, a descent of this Truth-Power; and this time it was everywhere (it's always everywhere), but with a special concentration in the brain – not in this brain: in THE brain.[37] And it was so strong, so strong, so strong! The head felt as if it were about to burst – yes, as if everything were going to burst – so that for about two hours I simply had to keep calling for the widening of the Lord's Peace: "Lord, Your widening, Your peace," like that, in the cells. And with the consciousness (which is always conscious, of course *[gesture above])* that this descent into an unprepared brain would be enough to drive you completely mad or absolutely daze you (at the very best), or else you would burst.

This experience, like the other one,[38] hasn't left.

It's everywhere, you understand.

And I saw (because I wanted to see, and I saw) that the other experience was still there but it was beginning to be almost habitual, almost natural, while this one was new. It was the result of my old prayer: "Lord, take possession of this brain."

Well, that's what is happening – happening everywhere, all the time. So if it happens in a large enough aggregate, it gives the appearance of a miracle[39] – but it is the miracle of the whole EARTH.

But one must hold out, because it has consequences: it brings a sensation of Power, a Power which very few people can feel or experience without their balance being more or less upset, because they don't have an adequate basis of peace – a vast and very, very, VERY quiet peace. Everywhere, even here at the School, children are in a state of effervescence (I was informed that the best-behaved and generally most regular children had become like that). I said, "There is only ONE answer, one single answer: you must be still, still, and even more still, and increasingly still. And do not try to find a solution with your head because it cannot find any. You must only be still – still, still, immutably still. Calm and peace, calm and peace.... It is the ONLY answer."

I am not saying it's the cure, but it's the only answer: to endure in calm and peace, endure in calm and peace....

Then something will happen.

(silence)

But this experience (this is between ourselves) is an experience I had never had in my life. I always had the impression of a sort of control over what was

going on in the brain, and that I was always able to answer with the "blank," you know, the calm, still blank – the still blank. This time *(laughing),* it wasn't that! And it became so formidable that even the mantra (the words of the mantra) were shooting past like cannonballs! *(Laughing)* It all seemed like a frightening hail of bullets!

There was only this to be done: I kept perfectly still, calling – calling for the Lord's Peace and Calm, that ever-widening Peace. The Infinite of the Lord's Peace.

Then it became possible to bear the Vibration.

Now, what it does, its work – that's not our business, it's His. We cannot understand. But that it is at work goes without saying.

But without a doubt, if at that moment there had been a doctor to take my temperature, he would have found there was a tremendous fever – though nothing even remotely like an "illness"! No, it was miraculously wonderful, it gave the feeling that ... it was something the earth did not know.

That's how it always expresses itself: something the earth did not know, something new. It is new to the earth. That's why it's hard to bear! Because it is new.

Even now *(Mother touches her skull),* it feels all swollen, and with a vibration inside *(gesture of a trepidation)* as if the head were twice as big as before.

(Mother feels her head) I am trying to see if my bumps have gone – they haven't yet!

March 28, 1964

The big difficulty is that all of N.'s experiences are in his mind. He has worked in his mind, transformed his mind; he has experiences, he's had all the experiences – but IN THE MIND: not at all in the body. But then all that I am saying here, all these experiences I have now are in the body – he doesn't understand. That's the difficulty. He cannot understand. And who can? ... I don't know:

As soon as it concerns mental things, he understands perfectly well; as soon as it concerns material things, he doesn't understand anymore. But who can understand?...

> *I can't say I "understand," but ...*

You feel.

> *I transpose. I transpose a truth that I understand mentally. I tell myself it's the same in your body.*

Yes, that's closer, but *(laughing)* it's not quite it!

I see the problem very clearly, because all these experiences (if you reread *Prayers and Meditations*, you will see), I had them in the mind, even in the vital, and at the time, naturally, what I said was very clear, it made perfect sense; but the

body didn't participate: it obeyed. When it's perfectly docile, it obeys, and it didn't stand in the way. But what's happening now is that all this, all these living experiences are taking place in the body itself; and unless one has them HERE, all my explanations of "vibrations' are meaningless

It's only when the experience becomes mental and psychological that people "understand" it.

Perhaps the modern scientific mind that has studied atoms would understand better. It's the same kind of understanding as that of the scientist who analyzes the constitution of Matter. I distinctly feel it is an extension of that study and that it's the only true approach for the most material part of Matter. Any psychological explanation is meaningless.[40]

This very morning, I was following the movement, observing the control this Vibration of Truth has in the body in the presence of certain disorders (very small things in the body, you know: discomforts, disorders), I was observing how this Vibration of Truth abolishes those disorders and discomforts. It was very clear, very obvious, and ABSOLUTELY REMOVED from any spiritual notion, from any religious notion, from any psychological notion, so that the person who possessed this knowledge of opposition of one vibration to the other very clearly didn't in any way need to be a "disciple" or someone with philosophical knowledge or anything at all: he only had to have mastered this in order to realize a perfectly harmonious existence.

It was absolutely concrete and irrefutable. It was a lived, absolute experience.

And then all these cells, in a fervor ... (it was truly an Ananda, so inexpressible ...) hurled themselves at the Lord and told Him, "But it's so much more marvelous when we know it's You!" – the whole body.

And the light and warmth were expressed, that intensity of Ananda, that bliss ... You understand, it wasn't in opposition to but like a COMPLEMENT of this vibratory knowledge, which was ... I can't say a "coldly scientific knowledge" because that introduces mental notions, but it was of such a wisdom! ... A knowledge so wise, so calm, so imperturbably quiet, absolutely free from any notion of good and evil, of divine, of positive and negative, absolutely independent of all of that – purely material. And with an absolute power. Then in these same cells, which were fully conscious of this knowledge of vibrations as being the supreme means of control for their harmony, suddenly there arose in them a sort of ... not a flame (a flame is dark in comparison), a luminous Ananda: Love in its perfect reality.

And it was translated like this: "It's so much more marvelous when we know it's You!"

It was really an experience. It lasted a few minutes (I was sitting at my table having my breakfast), but during those few minutes it was a perfection.

The two poles had met.[41]

(silence)

Truly the sensation, in the entire body, of Love's perfect Ananda.

The other thing is very fine, it's the vibratory knowledge and the Power – but this, this Ananda ...

(silence)

What's very interesting is that all those experiences you've had in your inner and higher beings, in your every state of being, appear feeble, flimsy, like a dream in comparison with the same experiences in the body. There, it becomes so ... The Power and Intensity are so fantastic that, all of a sudden, you understand WHY there is a material world.

(silence)

The relationship with the outside world would become difficult if this experience were constant....

And there is such a marvelous Wisdom, which gives all things in doses so that the overall progress may not be at the expense of anything – so that EVERYTHING may move on. Then you marvel at that Wisdom – which humanity constantly insults, which they clothe in the most pejorative words: Destiny, *Fate.*

It is a marvelous Wisdom.

And in spite of all your knowledge, in spite of all your powers, in spite of all your past experiences, you feel very small before That.

That Wisdom is a marvel.

(silence)

You know, one minute of such an experience gives you courage for years – it lasted a few minutes, I was having my breakfast.

> *Ultimately, that's also what I am waiting for: an experience in the body.*

Of course, mon petit!

> *That may be why I am disappointed with "yogic life."*

But I have myself never had much respect for yogic life! Never.

> *Yes, some days I feel a little bitter, I find that's really "not it."*

No, that's not it. That's not it.

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

A vital like a warrior, with an absolute self-control (the vital of this present incarnation was sexless – a warrior), an absolutely calm and imperturbable warrior – no desires, no attachments.... Since my earliest childhood, I have done things which, to the human consciousness, are "monstrous"; my mother went so far as to tell me that I was a real "monster," because I had neither attachments nor desires. If I was asked, "Would you like to do this?" I answered, "I don't care" (my father especially, it would make him furious![42]).

If people were nasty to me, or if people died or went away, it left me absolutely calm – and so: "You're a monster, you have no feelings."

And with that preparation ... It's eighty-six years since I came here, mon petit! For thirty years I worked with Sri Aurobindo consciously, without letup, night and day.... We shouldn't be in a hurry.

We shouldn't be in a hurry.

And there was that experience, which of all experiences was truly the most ... I could say the most decisive: that was when Sri Aurobindo left his body. Because materially, for the body, it was the complete collapse of a sort of unshakable trust, a sense of absolute security, of certitude that things were going to be done "just like that," harmoniously. Then his departure – the blow of a sledgehammer on the head.... And the entire weight of the responsibility here, on the body. Voilà.

That means quite a preparation – which is as wise as all the rest.

That's what Sri Aurobindo told me very clearly (because, of course, he saw, he knew), he said to me, "Only your body can withstand THAT, has the power to withstand ...." It's a bit worn-out, but with the struggle and effort and work it has gone through, there is no ground for complaint: it has withstood – it has withstood very well. And it has been able to benefit from its accidents.

So we shouldn't be in a hurry.... Besides, that's an absolute rule: we shouldn't be impatient.

> *Yes, but that's not very encouraging for the ordinary human beings that we are.*

Excuse me! There is a way.

All that I am doing, all that this body is doing, it has the power to pass on to others – that's precisely what I am studying now. I am studying this. It's a sort of power to put people in contact with the Vibration of the Consciousness *(radiating gesture around the head),* which is concentrated on a number of people and things (all over the earth, naturally), but also on certain points. It's the Power that came the night when there was that descent in the brain: at any moment I was able to direct a beam here, another beam there, touch a point here, another point there ... *(gesture like a beacon).*

That's what Sri Aurobindo never stopped repeating: "Do not try to do it all by yourself, the Mother will do it for you, if you trust Her."

This I never say to anyone. But it's a fact.

I never say it. I am saying it to you just now. But it's an absolute fact.

It isn't – you know this – it isn't done for ONE body: it is done for the earth.

But the advantage of the individuality is that you can aim a beam at precise points *(same gesture like a beacon)* and obtain a result – not in a miraculous way that leaves people open-mouthed and stupid, not that; but when the aspiration is sincere, when the will is sincere ... You know, what I do constantly is *(gesture of offering):* "Lord, I cannot do it, do it for me. Lord, I cannot do it, do it for me...." Well, that's what Sri Aurobindo said: if people around me do not have the direct Contact with the Lord (a contact I brought with my birth, of which I have grown more and more conscious, but which was the very source of this earthly existence), if they don't have that Contact, they can have a conscious contact with me; that's easy, because, of course, it's something visible, tangible, with a real existence. So if one can be in that state of offering (not with words or sentences, but with a truly sincere feeling): "No, I don't know how I can do it all by myself, how can I? It's such a formidable thing to do, how can I?... How can I even discern exactly between the true movement and the untrue, or between the movement that leads to the Truth and ... No, I don't know – I give it all to You, do it for me."

And that goes on twenty-four hours a day, and, I can say, as many thousand seconds as there are in a day, spontaneously, sincerely, absolutely *(gesture of offering):* "Here, I give it to you." Oh, here comes a difficulty; oh, so-and-so has a difficulty; oh, these circumstances are bad, oh ... "Here, here, here, I cannot sort it out with the knowledge I have – do what needs to be done; do what needs to be done, I give it to You." It's a gesture of every minute, every second.

Then, after some time, you see such an OBVIOUS Response, you know, so clear that all that has doubts or lacks understanding is compelled first to keep quiet, and then to give in.

Only, I am in a transitional period in which I cannot actively look after people, that is, see them, talk to them, receive them, give them meditations – I can't, it's impossible, the body is unable to do both things. And it is clearly more important for it to attract as much Truth-Force as it can and work like this in silence *(radiating gesture)* than to help one, two, or three, or ten or a hundred people to progress.

Later on, I can't say.... If a power of ANOTHER ORDER descends into the body, and if it recovers from the wear and tear of effort, then things may be different, but for the moment ...

Sri Aurobindo said it and some people remember, they repeat it and I don't say no (because it isn't no – it cannot be no: it's true), but I don't insist on it, I never say it.... I am saying it to you because we work together, and also, in fact, because you'll be going to France for some time and during that time it will truly be the way for you to make this progress: to fasten yourself, stand firm and be constantly wrapped in the Force.

Then, as I said the other day *(laughing),* maybe something will happen!

March 29, 1964

(Note from Mother to Satprem)

March 29, 1964

Satprem, my dear child,
People are raining like locusts!
On Tuesday, I have to see four of them before you. I will try to rush it, but I am telling you so that you take your time and don't hurry.
With tenderness and blessings

Signed: Mother

(Two lines from "Savitri" sent along with this note, on the occasion of March 29, the date when Mother and Sri Aurobindo first met ... fifty years earlier:)

Because thou art, men yield not to their doom,
But ask for happiness and strive with fate.

(VII.IV. 507)

March 31, 1964

A remark in passing

It is expected that people (here in the Ashram) would have made some progress!... And would not need the physical presence [of Mother] to feel the Help and the Force.

* * *

Regarding older Agenda conversations

... I forget completely. I seem to go by so fast, so fast, so fast, that it's impossible to remember – it would pull me backwards.

April 4, 1964

> *You gave me two recordings of Wanda Landowska and I have listened to them. In one of them, there's a passage which is a pure marvel.*[43]

Isn't it!

> *It doesn't last long – it's like crystal.*

Yes, exactly! I found it extraordinary.

> *It's so beautiful! I've never heard anything so pure.*

Pure, yes, absolutely pure!

> *That's a divine means of expression. It's really a divine manifestation on earth....*

Yes, very pure – and simple.

> *I have always wondered why I wasn't born a musician....*

You must have been a musician.

> *It's really a regret in my life not to be a musician. Writing is NEVER "it." But capturing a note like that one ...*

Oh, mon petit, yesterday or the day before, I heard something ... I don't exactly know what it is – it isn't music, I mean it isn't the notation of some musical instrument: it's the notation of a vibration of ... I can't say, I didn't understand.[44] But in it ... At first, you feel exactly as if you had entered a madhouse: it's completely incoherent, disjointed, and everything is unexpected because there is no logic – absolutely nothing mental. So you go from one sound to another, without any transition, and your first impression is exactly like ... it's madness. But if you listen, now and then there's a sound, which isn't the sound of a musical instrument ... absolutely wonderful! But it lasts one second. You would like it to continue – pfft! gone. And now and then there is a voice, quite like the human voice, you can almost hear words, there seem to be words – which made me think that the sound of our voice has its origin elsewhere (below or above, I don't know; where those vibrations come from I cannot say). And after a while, I saw that something in the being [Mother's being] was ... I can't say "interested," it was something that *enjoyed* it, that didn't exactly have a "pleasant" sensation, but almost felt a need for the unforeseen, an unforeseen beyond all that we can imagine: disjointed, no logic, no sense, nothing. It SOUNDS like chaos, but all of

a sudden I felt it wasn't chaos, it responded to another law. And when it came towards the end, I really wanted it to go on for a long time.

At first, you start laughing, you make fun of it, you giggle as if you were faced with something absolutely farcical. But now and then, oh! ... And you've hardly had the time to appreciate it when it's already gone – a marvel. A marvel: a sound the like of which I have never heard, which no instrument can produce.

You go through all kinds of states, but curiously enough, I discovered in the being, somewhere in the consciousness, a sort of joy or intense interest in the absolutely unexpected – the unexpected, which to the mentality is unspeakably farcical.

Interesting.

April 8, 1964

(This was to be the last conversation before Satprem's departure for France, from where he would return in July.)

Mother looks tired, she goes into a long contemplation.

Will you continue [the Tantric discipline] there?

Yes.... I must say that in my outer consciousness, I don't know anything at all. I don't understand anything

You don't understand?

I understand nothing whatsoever.

(Mother laughs)

I simply know that there is "something else," and then I do what I have to do [japa, meditation], but what's happening, where I am, where I'm going, what I'm doing – l have no idea: I understand nothing at all. I have no perception of where I stand.

If it's any consolation to you, it's just like that for me l

I mean that the body doesn't even know whether it's going to last or ... to decompose – nothing, it doesn't know anything. It doesn't know anything at all.... What purpose does it serve? Why is it here? ... Yes, as you say, we know – we do know somewhere in the background of the consciousness – but the body itself ...

You see, it finds it rather painful, in the sense that it never has the feeling of a quiet force, of a complete balance. And then all this suffering, all this, why?

That's just what I was looking at now [during the meditation].

And this poor body says to the Lord, "Tell me! Tell me. If I am to last, if I am to live, that's fine, but tell me so I may endure. I don't care about suffering and I am ready to suffer, as long as this suffering isn't a sign given me that I should prepare to go." That's how it is, that's how the body is. Of course, it could be expressed with other words, but that's it. When you suffer, for instance, when the body suffers, it wonders why, it asks, "Is there something I have to endure and overcome in order to be ready to continue my work, or is it a more or less roundabout way to tell me that I am coming undone and I am going to disappear?" ... Because it rightly says, "My attitude would be different – if I am to go, well, I'll completely stop bothering about myself, or about what's going on or anything; if I am to stay, I will have courage and endurance, I won't budge."

But it isn't even told that – I haven't yet been able to obtain a clear answer.

It's not necessary, probably. Only, it's ...

I cannot say that a single day passes entirely without my having to fight against one suffering or another, one difficulty or another – you know, the feeling that things are grating.

Of course, the body notices that when its entire consciousness is exclusively centered on the Divine, it no longer feels its suffering: if it has a pain, it no longer feels it. But the minute it is slightly aware of the outer world, it sees that the pain is there all right.

There are moments – moments – of illumination. Then it has the certitude of the Triumph. But almost immediately, something comes to contradict it violently, like a reminder: "Don't get carried away! You're not yet there, you know." Voilà. But then that state ... How much time must the body last?... I don't know.

No, you're not in an inferior position – that's not it, it seems to be a necessity for the work.[45] But why? ... I don't understand.

(silence)

Does it lack faith? ... Possibly. It doesn't lack a trusting love – it has that, it accepts anything and everything, it is always full of its trusting love, that doesn't vary. But what is lacking is a sort of ... almost an "intellectual faith." In other words, it has the feeling it knows nothing – it knows nothing, it isn't told anything. It knows nothing. It isn't told what will happen. And as long as it doesn't know what will happen, it feels as if ... *(gesture hanging in midair).*

It can switch all at once from a consciousness of eternity to a consciousness of absolute fragility.

On top of this, there are lots of adverse forces, of adverse suggestions (some made of ignorance, others of ill will) that come and harass.... I don't believe them – it doesn't believe them, but it doesn't have the assurance that would allow it to laugh in their face. It doesn't believe them, but ...

There's one thing, you know, which is so difficult *(Mother has a spasm in her throat),* so difficult, it's that Sri Aurobindo left.... That's at the root of everything. Before, my body wasn't like this; before, nothing in me was like this: there was an

absolute certitude. That, you know, it was ... a collapse.

It clearly came to teach something that could never had been learned before. But it's always on this that the adverse forces base themselves – always. All the adverse suggestions, all the adverse forces, all the ill will, all the disbelief – it's all based on this: "Yes, but HE left."

And I know – I know in my deeper consciousness – that he left because he WILLED to leave. He left because he decided that it should be so, that it was the thing that had to be done.

But WHY?...

Well, then, I cannot give you anything more than this. It's a very difficult period – very difficult. We are still in the middle of a transition.

(silence)

You must, you must hold on tight to the earth.... Did you get from Sujata the little packet [of rose petals from Mother]? She very much wanted you to keep it always on you – she is right. She is right. Because I know, I know what the atmosphere is over there. You must wrap yourself in a shell.

Voilà, mon petit....

April 14, 1964

(All of Satprem's letters to Mother having disappeared, as we already said, under lock and key in Pondicherry, we thought it fit to throw light on this journey to France by publishing, along with Mother's letters, a few fragments of Satprem's letters to Sujata.)

(From Satprem to Sujata)

Paris

For the past three days, I don't know how I've lived; I feel somewhat like a sleepwalker jostled about here, there and everywhere, walking, walking without quite knowing how, in a thick darkness – all I know is the Force, which I hold on to like a drowning man.... All that is left is the feeling of being far from home, far from all that is true, good, restful, the feeling of living in a hallucination – and yet, marvelously, the Force is there every minute, I breathe with it, live with it, otherwise I would drop dead, or simply go mad.

This is the last time in my life I'll return to the West, unless I receive an Order from Sri Aurobindo and Mother to do so – I cannot live here anymore, I feel as if I were going back to the prehistoric age of caves.

... Then they all rushed at me, one on the heels of another – family, friends, etc. I was completely bewildered. I had just enough strength to go into my room

from time to time and rest on my bed, wrapping myself in the Force to hold out.

... How empty the days are – they are full of empty things, of empty people and empty movement. You feel you must constantly pull down the Force in order to fill up this enormous Emptiness, or else you would be utterly crushed. I keep my watch by Indian time, so that I always know where you are, although I never know what time it is in France! I have to make a complicated calculation and subtract four and a half hours: it's now 2:30 P.M. in our garden, therefore ... 10 A.M. here, and I have an appointment. I will probably see Corréa[46] tomorrow. My friend M. tells me that they definitely agree to publish the book, but they would like to "cut" certain passages! ... So I will have to argue to try and keep my book more or less whole! What a world! I will write to Mother tomorrow, once I know what the publisher's demands are.

I have to see a doctor day after tomorrow ... but no doctor can close the hole in my heart.

S.

April 19, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

Paris

... People are miserable in the midst of their wealth, their faces are hard and closed, they are harassed.... There are fine beings, but all their energy is devoured by this devouring life – I will never come back here, I don't belong here, I've never belonged here! The best of their ideal is as aggressive as they themselves are – I like them, but they are thousands and thousands of miles away from any true truth, it will take them many centuries to broaden a little. At any rate, it is clear that no book, no word will be able to change that, *another* Power is needed. I will nonetheless write that *Sannyasin,* but afterwards nothing but tales or poetry.

April 23, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

Paris

It's hard, you know, life here is hectic, harried, you always have to see people, always have to run about – life doesn't have time to live, nothing has time to be.

My brother, too, suffers from this life and would really like something else, but they are so tied up, bound hand and foot to this Falsehood that they cannot find the way out. They would have to break everything.

I don't know what's going on, but all your letters arrive open – censored in India?? It's the third letter from you that has arrived like that, open, with the envelope half torn. Apart from that, the contract with Corréa has been signed and they will publish the book in September, without cuts, 4,000 copies. They wanted to put me on television for an interview about this book, imagine! But I refused – those advertising organizations are as full of falsehood as all the rest. They also wanted my photo; I told them it would be in bad taste to stick my photo in a book on Sri Aurobindo. Anyway, it's done, the book will be published. I am writing to Mother to tell her (it's my second letter).

My own little mother looks so much younger and radiant – truly a natural, living soul, a living force.

It will take me many, many years to make up for these three lost months, because each day is about six months in French time.

April 25, 1964

(From Mother to Satprem)

Satprem, my dear little child,

Here is your second letter. I didn't answer the first one because of my eye, which needed complete rest. Now it's better. But I immediately asked Sujata to write you that I'd rather not have my photo published in the book, and that regarding Sri Aurobindo's, the first one seemed to me the best.[47] Now, if the contract is signed, there is nothing to add.

Yesterday, the 24th, there was a meditation.[48] It was intense and formulated itself thus:

"Suffocated by the shallowness of the human nature, we aspire to the knowledge that truly knows, the power that truly can, the love that truly loves."

The words are poor; the experience was strong. I am with you always, in love and joy.

Signed: Mother

April 29, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

Paris

I have obtained from the embassy my return visa and I am quite relieved, because I was terribly anxious that this visa might be refused – it's silly, but I waited for this visa with a horrible fear.

May 2, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

St-Pierre

I am in silence, gazing at the sea. In fact, I am not in Brittany, not in St-Pierre, not in France, I am in Air-India's waiting room, waiting for July 18.... I am neither happy nor unhappy – I am nothing, I am as if anesthetized, counting hours and days in my waiting room. During my japa-meditation, perhaps I exist a little more: instead of a nothing, it's a super-nothing – you see, Nirvana is at the door if you don't hold my string firmly in your hands.

Why do I have to write all those lines in ink when it would be so much simpler to think of you, and lo! I would be with you, I would see you.... Our human life is quite bounded and stupid. In two hundred years, in Eskimo land, we will be colored penguins; you will be sky blue and I, pomegranate red. And sometimes, I will be you and you will be me, red and blue, and we'll no longer be able to tell each other apart, or else we'll become all white like snow and no one will be able to find us again, except the great Caribou who is wise and knows love. And when the snow melts, we will be eider-penguins, of course, a new flying race, emerald, which plays among the northern fir trees on the shores of Lake Rokakitutu (pronounced "fiddledeedee" in penguin language).

S.

May 14, 1964

(From Mother to Satprem)

Satprem, my dear little child,

This onslaught of doubts[49] you are referring to is part of the general work. It is a very direct way of acting on the atmosphere.

You ask me if I see you. You do not come to me in a subtle body, but I am with you very concretely, so concretely that I see through your eyes and speak through your mouth. In this way, you made me meet people whom I don't know at all physically and have strange conversations with them. A useful preparation is certainly going on.

Through repeated, everyday experience, I am increasingly convinced that all disorders in the body and all diseases are the result of DOUBT in the cells or a certain group of cells. They doubt the Divine's concrete reality, they doubt the Divine Presence in them, they doubt their being divine in their very essence, and this doubt is the cause of all disorders.[50]

As soon as you succeed in infusing into them the certitude of the Divine, the disorder disappears almost instantly, and it recurs only because, not having been definitively driven away, the doubt reappears.

I hope you will be able to make out this scribble – I am forever struggling with writing tools, which to me are all equally inadequate.

Regain your health in Brittany and come back revived to resume your work with me. So many things are going to fly away into oblivion....

With all my tenderness and blessings.

Tell your mother that I love her much, very much, because she is YOUR mother!

Signed: Mother

May 15, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

St-Pierre

I have become as brown as an Indian – that's just like me, I do the contrary of the country I am in: Breton among the Indians, Indian among the Bretons. Basically, I'm forming a new race, the Bretondians – what do you say?

S.

May 17, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

St-Pierre

Of course, Nature is wonderful, the sea is so beautiful, the climate delightful, but ultimately, when I close my eyes and meditate, I feel something fuller and more solid than all the degrees centigrade on a pearly sea. In reality, I spend my days waiting for my hours of japa-meditation, it is the real open sea, the peace that refreshes. It *is* something, and if it is nothing, it's a nothing that is worth everything. Yet there is no progress of consciousness, I don't see anything, least of all you – you tell me that you know the reason, I would really like to know what it is. I cannot understand why I am so blocked (my Western atavism?). I know the Light, I see the Space, I feel the Force, there is the absolute Truth that rules everything, pacifies everything, but inside there is nothing, not even the tip of your nose – why? I don't see Mother either, it's complete *blackout.* Inside, there is the Light, without a doubt, but why is it all black outside? – No communication between the two. Do you make sense of it? Drat!

S.

May 21, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

St-Pierre

This morning I have received your letter of the 16th and am surprised that I paid you a visit because, on my part, I didn't see you – still nothing, complete *blackout.* This too disgusts me – I really don't know what I am doing ... probably useless and silly trivialities, as usual. But when there are horrors, I am sure to see them. Maybe at night I am an American gangster, or a Zulu, unless it is a good, jet-black Negro.... It's absurd and discouraging. Besides, I seem to be becoming completely null and stupid – which is a pity for you.

S.

May 28, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

St-Pierre

This month of May is interminable, in-ter-mi-na-ble, it is surely elastic. If June is as long, I'll tear the calendar to pieces. But I haven't yet spoken to my mother about returning sooner than planned; I would like to know if Mother approves, it

would give me more inner strength to convince my mother. In the meantime, I count the hours (they are also elastic, expandable and sticky; my watch was so weary of those rubber hours that it broke down for good). Is time shorter in India? It seems to have shortened Nehru's life, at any rate – there must be great confusion over there; now all the mud will be free to spread out into the open?... Here the newspapers are full of Nehru's death – one would think a god had disappeared....

S.

June 4, 1964

(From Mother to Satprem)

Satprem, my dear little child,

There you are! Since my last letter, I have seen you several times, often, even – every time that I go to the place where the moves of nations *(their next move)* are being worked out. It is a terrestrial mental region, open to the higher influences. It seems to interest you, especially in certain details.

Last night, it involved the countries of the Far East, particularly China and Japan. You were there with me. We were trying to do some good work and to bring about a rapprochement. The details were picturesque and interesting but too long to narrate.

.....

Don't worry about the *Bulletin:* Nolini has only just finished his translation. I will revise the *Questions and Answers* with Pavitra, and as for the aphorism, we will see later.

I have received a letter from Bharatidi,[51] who is reading your book with enthusiasm and a fine understanding.

You do not tell me anything about your health. I assume it is good thanks to the air of Brittany and that you will come back with a brand-new system.

See you soon, mon petit, I am with you, but I will be happy to have you back here.

With all my tenderness,

Signed: Mother

June 27, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

Chatou-Chambery

... I don't feel tired – what tires me is rather human beings with their constant agitation and troubled atmosphere. Anyway, I am happy to be with my brother. The difficulty is that I no longer know how to speak, I have lost the habit of conversation, and people talk and talk, ask questions without giving you time to answer, and in that whirl it is quite hard to pull down true words. In fact, my only rest is when I am alone doing my japa; then everything seems to open, to relax, and I feel I am back home. Otherwise I am like a cork tossed about on the sea and turned in all directions. People don't live – they bustle about. It is painful to be constantly pulled outside, constantly torn from oneself. I am not able to live in this world any longer, I think I would die if I had to stay here.

S.

June 28, 1964

(From Mother to Satprem)

(The following note has a curious history. Satprem had gone off on a journey to see his brother and upon his return, reaching the coast of Brittany, he saw in the sky what Breton sailors call a "wind foot," an immense white cloud shaped like an archangel with wings spread and no head. Satprem was so struck by that cloud, without knowing why, that he told his brother, "Look at that victorious angel coming our way!" Then they went inside. This letter from Mother was awaiting Satprem:)

Take heart, my dear little child, Open your wings and soar above the world, vast. I look forward to seeing you soon.

With tenderness

Signed: Mother

July 4, 1964

(From Satprem to Sujata)

St-Pierre

Outside, everything is agitated and running around and making noises, but inside I was all along as if on an island of Peace – at home. And even the most beautiful landscapes of the world were not as full, not as quiet as this home in my heart.

July 13, 1964

(Satprem is back from a three-month journey to France. Unfortunately, only a fragment of this conversation was kept.)

... Did you get my last note on the golden card?

Yes, I did. But you know, I had an amusing experience.... When I came back to Brittany from my trip to Savoy, I was in a car with my brother, and as we approached the Quiberon peninsula, I saw in the sky two extraordinary, immense wings, two clouds that were like immense wings. I said to my brother, "Look!" It really struck me: "Look at those immense wings, look at that victorious angel welcoming us!" It was wonderful.... Then I went into the house, and found your letter: "Open your wings and soar..." It's wonderful!

Very good! For me, it was a LIVING image. I am not surprised the clouds took the shape: it was a LIVING image. *(Mother opens her two arms:)* "Above the world, vast ..."

I felt there was something in those clouds – and then your letter!

July 15, 1964

(Mother reads an answer she wrote in English to a disciple, in which she says in particular:)

> ... to be grateful, never to forget this wonderful Grace of the Supreme who leads each one to his divine goal by the shortest ways, in spite of himself, his ignorance and misunderstanding, in spite of the ego, its protests and its revolts.
>
> June 26, 1964

What's written here is such a true experience! Never to forget this wonderful Grace of the Supreme who leads you straight to your true goal, in spite of all your revolt, all your misunderstanding – straight, imperturbably.

You cry out, you weep, you protest, you revolt.... "I will lead you right to the end in spite of yourself."

When I wrote it, it was such a wonderful thing! ... We are all so silly, so ignorant, so stupid, we cry out and say, "Oh! ..." (people who believe in "God"), "Oh, he is cruel, he is an implacable judge" – they don't understand a thing! It's just the opposite! A goodness, an infinite grace that leads you there, just like that, right to the end, prrt! Straight.

July 18, 1964

(Mother translates into French the following letter by Sri Aurobindo:)

> "The one safety for man lies in learning to live from within outward, not depending on institutions and machinery to perfect him, but out of his growing inner perfection availing to shape a more perfect form and frame of life...."[52]

It made me see something so interesting.... Automatically, human thought is always convinced (automatically convinced, anyway) that things must "follow the mechanism." For the body, in order to get cured, to change something, they instinctively feel that things have to follow the mechanism. For example, I've had these last few days an interesting experience concerning a question: "What will the form of the superman be like?"... All the conceptions speak of a man with a more perfect form; but that's only an improvement. And man does represent a radical change from the ape – but from what point of view? Not so much because of the form of his body as because of his POWER OVER THE MECHANISM OF LIFE. So, following this idea, I had a confirmation of what I had seen, that Matter became plastic and obeyed the will. So everyone had a certain amount of matter at his disposal and gave it the forms he liked.

And I saw that human imagination has great difficulty getting out of a sort of enslavement to the physical machinery. That's what Sri Aurobindo means here.

* * *

(complete text of Sri Aurobindo's letter)

The one safety for man lies in learning to live from within outward, not depending on institutions and machinery to perfect him, but out of his growing inner perfection availing to shape a more perfect form and frame of life; for by this inwardness we shall best be able both to see the truth of the high things which we now only speak with our lips and form into outward intellectual constructions, and to apply their truth sincerely to all our outward living. If we are to found the kingdom of God in humanity, we must first know God and see and live the diviner

truth of our being in ourselves; otherwise how shall a new manipulation of the constructions of the reason and scientific systems of efficiency which have failed us in the past, avail to establish it? It is because there are plenty of signs that the old error continues and only a minority, leaders perhaps in light, but not yet in action, are striving to see more clearly, inwardly and truly, that we must expect as yet rather the last twilight which divides the dying from the unborn age than the real dawning. For a time, since the mind of man is not yet ready, the old spirit and method may yet be strong and seem for a short while to prosper; but the future lies with the men and nations who first see beyond both the glare and the dusk the gods of the morning and prepare themselves to be fit instruments of the Power that is pressing towards the light of a greater ideal.

Sri Aurobindo

* * *

(Then the conversation turns to Satprem's brother. This person will appear several times in the Agenda, which is why we publish what concerns him.)

I'd like to talk to you about my brother and sister-in-law. They had an inner opening when they read the book.

I felt that.

And as they are in close touch with me, I'd like to know... I would like you to know and help them. This is my brother's photo.

Oh!... He's younger than you. Well, well ... There's a lot of substance.

And this is his wife, a Russian.

Ah, I know her.

You know her?

Yes. What does he do?

He's a doctor.

He is fine. Very fine, even.

And this is a photo of my friend the publisher, who helped me for the publication of "The Gold-Washer" and the book on Sri Aurobindo.

Oh, a familiar face.[53]
More substance here [in the brother]. A lot of substance, a lot.
He's fine, your brother.

So he has felt the book?

He has been ... *(gesture of a wall opening up).*

He's a man who gives himself very much to his profession, and he suffers from being too receptive. He gives himself to his patients, so he swallows ...

He receives everything.

As soon as a patient enters his office, he senses whether he will be able to cure him or not. And if he can cure him, he loses all his energy, he gives everything to the patient.

That doesn't matter; what he needs is to learn to receive, to universalize his receptivity. That's just what Sri Aurobindo was saying: that "inwardness." Not to depend exclusively on outward means, but to lean more on the universal Will *(gesture above the head)* than on the individual will; that way, you always have an inexhaustible source instead of depending on what you eat, how much rest you get, this and that.

That's the method exactly: to broaden your receptivity indefinitely and depend on the forces that circulate constantly in the world, so that only the most physical materiality is dependent on food and sleep. Because even what you eat feeds you differently according to your receptivity, your inner attitude; there is a capacity for extracting the Force from things, which can be gained from a broadening of the receptivity.

He CAN do that, he can.

You understand, to shrink from giving narrows you – you should give generously and receive generously.

(Mother looks at the photo again)

He has quite a considerable vital capacity.... But the true solution lies in the psychic development. Besides, that's how doctors cure people, much more than through medicines – much more. With some doctors, when the patient comes into contact with them, he feels supported, helped.

(silence)

So, you did some good work in France.

(Satprem protests: it is Mother who worked)

To me, it doesn't make any difference!

It's extremely interesting, because it's becoming absolutely concrete. It isn't a thought, it isn't an idea, it's absolutely concrete: all, but all the contacts with people are simply vibrations. There isn't "this person" or "that person," that's not it: it's nothing but vibrations, with places or moments of concentration, others of

broadening and diffusion. And what's extremely interesting is that constant mass, in constant motion, of vibrations of all kinds: of falsehood, disorder, violence, complication. Then, within that mass, there is a rain, as it were, but a very consciously directed rain, of vibrations of Light, Order, Harmony, which enter that *(Mother draws movements of forces),* and it all resists, it all works. It's something that lives untrammeled, constantly, everywhere, every second, and in a consciousness ... if I use the word "love," it won't be understood, because ... That's what is everywhere, constantly, eternally and immutably; nothing exists but by That and in That – in fact, only That exists essentially. And within that mass, there is a sort of struggle – which isn't a struggle because there's no sense of struggle, but an effort against a resistance, an effort so that Order and Harmony and, naturally, eventually Love (but that's for later) overcome the disorder and confusion. And in that Order (that essentially true Order), the greatest contradiction is precisely Falsehood. But those are all vibrations. They're not individual wills or individual consciousnesses: within one individual aggregate, you find the whole range, and not only the whole range, but it changes constantly: the proportion of the vibrations changes; only the appearance remains what it was, but that's very superficial.

This experience is becoming so constant, so constant that's it's difficult for me to adapt myself to the ordinary perception.

For instance, when you show me photos, what I see is the proportion between the vibrations; I don't see a character with a destiny (all that is no longer true, it's only very superficially and relatively true, like a story you read in a novel), but the TRUE THING is precisely the extent to which the vibrations are arranged in a given spot, centralize and spread according to the receptivity to the Vibration of Light and Order, and to the possible use of that cellular aggregate.

People who are quite shut up in their bag of skin, in their vital and mental ego, give you the feeling of something totally artificial, hard – hard, dry and artificial. And exact. That's troublesome, you feel like taking a hammer and bashing them – it happens!

July 22, 1964

I had an experience some time ago (about something unimportant, but anyway). I took some notes, I don't remember where they are (they were in English, in the form of an answer to a letter).

I saw, almost simultaneously, love as people "practice" it, if we may say so, and feel it, and divine Love in its origin. Both were as if shown to me side by side, and not only were they side by side, but I saw also the difference (it was almost simultaneous) between the two actions: how human action is generated and how

divine action is produced or manifests. It came through a series of examples or absolutely concrete experiences, lived one after the other, as if a superior Wisdom had organized a whole set of circumstances (circumstances which in themselves were minor, "unimportant") in order to give me the living example of those two things. It was such a concrete and living whole that I took some notes, very succinct and reduced to the minimum as always, and in English. All that is somewhere around, mixed up with other papers.

(the first note, found again later:)

Unlike human love which is for some and not for the others, my love is for the Supreme Lord alone, but as the Supreme Lord is all, my love is for all equally.

> The Lord's love is equal, constant, all-embracing, immutable, eternal.

(the second note:)

> Unlike in human beings, the action is not governed by feelings or principles, but by the "dharma" of each being or thing, known through identity.

I will tell you the second experience first, because it's a phenomenon of daily experience, a daily observation. And it's one of the chief reasons why it's impossible for ordinary human beings to understand a being who acts from what we could call "divine impulse." Because all human activity is based on reactions, which are themselves the result of feelings and sensations, and, for people who are considered "superior" and who act according to reason, is based on principles of action – everyone has his range of principles on which he bases his action (this is so well known that there's not much point in talking about it). But the other fact is interesting: for instance, when a human being loves someone (what he calls "love") or doesn't love someone, his reactions to the SAME phenomenon – the SAME phenomenon – are, not always opposite, but extremely different, to such an extent that ordinary human judgment is based on those reactions. It would be better to take a very precise example: that of disciples and Master. The disciples almost never understand the Master, but they have opinions of him and of his ways of acting; they see and they say, "The Master did such and such a thing, he acts with this person in such and such a way and with that other person in such and such other way, therefore he loves this person and doesn't love that one." I am putting it very bluntly, but that's the way it is.

All this is based on experiences of every minute, here.

All human action is based on that – for them, that's the way it is; they won't act with this person in the same way as with that one, even in similar circumstances, because, as they say, they "love" this one, but not that one. Therefore, in one case, the Master loves, and in another case, he doesn't – (laughing) simple!

So I said that human action is based on reactions. Divine action, on the other hand, SPONTANEOUSLY stems from the vision through identity of the necessity of the "dharma" of each thing and each being. It is a constant perception, spontaneous, effortless, through identity, of the dharma of each being (I use the word "dharma" because it's neither "law" nor "truth," but both together). In order for this being to go by the shortest way to his goal, here is the curve of the most favorable circumstances; consequently the action will always be modeled on that curve. The result is that in seemingly similar circumstances, the action of the divine Wisdom will sometimes be completely different, at times even opposite. But then, how do you explain this to the ordinary consciousness?... In one case, the Master "loves" this person, while in the other he doesn't "love" him – it's easy!

It was so clear! And such a constant, constantly repeated experience that it's really very interesting. It's very clear that it's impossible for the disciples to understand; even if they are told, "What is done is done because of each being's dharma," for them it's just words; it doesn't correspond to a living experience, they can't feel it.

So once and for all, I've given up all hope of anyone at all understanding why and how I act. Because it's true, now I can say (it has come about progressively), I can say in an absolute way, after looking at it for several months, that my actions are not the result of a reaction – neither an intellectual reaction nor a mental reaction, nor a vital reaction, nor, of course, an emotional reaction, nor even a physical reaction. Now, even the body instantly refers all that comes to it to the Supreme, automatically.

This experience came regarding a simply personal question, to make me understand how things happen and how useless it is to hope that people will ever understand; it was on the occasion of a host of silly little events that occur constantly and make people repeat, "Mother said, Mother felt, Mother did, Mother ..." and so on – and all the squabbles. And I was put forcibly into that whole muddle. For a time, I used to worry, I wondered, "Can't I make them understand?" Well, I have seen that it's impossible, so I don't bother about it anymore. I simply said to those who have goodwill, "Don't listen to what people tell you; when they come and tell you, 'Mother said, Mother wanted ...,' don't believe a word of it, that's all; let them say what they like, it doesn't matter."

But the other experience, which came first and is now continuous (it hasn't left me, which is quite rare: usually, experiences come, assert themselves, impose themselves, then they fade away to be replaced by others; but in this case, it didn't go, it's continuous), this other experience is of a more general order....

Human love, what people call "love," even at its best, even taking it in its purest essence, is something that goes to one person, but not to another: you love SOME people (sometimes even you love only certain qualities in some people); you love SOME people, and that means it's partial and limited. And even for those who are incapable of hatred there is a number of people and things that they are indifferent to: there is no love (in most cases). That love is limited, partial and defined. It's unstable, moreover: man (I mean the human being) is unable to feel

love in a continuous way, always with the same intensity – at certain times, for a moment, it becomes very intense and powerful, and at other times it grows dim; sometimes, it falls completely asleep. And that's under the best conditions – I am not speaking of all the degradations, I am speaking of the feeling people call "love," which is the feeling closest to true love; that's how it is: partial, limited, unstable and fluctuating.

Then, immediately, without transition, it was as if I was plunged in a bath of the Supreme's Love ... with the sensation of something limitless; in other words, when you have the perception of space, that something is everywhere (it's beyond the perception of space, but if you have the perception of space, it's everywhere). And it's a kind of homogenous vibratory mass, IMMOBILE, yet with an unparalleled intensity of vibration, which can be described as a warm, golden light (but it's not that, it's much more marvelous than that!). And then, it's everywhere at once, everywhere always the same, without alternations of high and low, unchanging, in an unvarying intensity of sensation. And that "something" which is characteristic of divine nature (and is hard to express with words) is at the same time absolute immobility and absolute intensity of vibration. And That ... loves. There is no "Lord," there are no "things"; there is no subject, no object. And That loves. But how can you say what That is?... It's impossible. And That loves everywhere and everything, all the time, all at the same time.

All those stories those so-called saints and sages told about God's Love "coming and going," oh, it's unspeakably stupid! – It's THERE, eternally; It has always been there, eternally; It will always be there, eternally, always the same and at the highest of its possibility.

It hasn't left, and now it won't be able to leave.

And once you've lived That ... you become so irrevocably conscious that everything depends on the individual perception, entirely; and naturally, that individual perception [of divine Love] depends on the inadequacy, the inertia, the incomprehension, the incapacity, the cells' inability to hold and keep the Vibration, anyway all that man calls his "character" and which comes from his animal evolution.

(silence)

It is said that divine Love doesn't manifest because, in the world's present state of imperfection, the result would be a catastrophe – that's a human vision. Divine Love manifests, has manifested eternally, will manifest eternally, and it's the incapacity of the material world ... not only of the material world, but of the vital world and the mental world, and of many other worlds that aren't ready, that are incapable – but HE is there, He is there, right there! He is there permanently: it's THE Permanence. The Permanence Buddha sought is there. He claims he found it in Nirvana – it is there, in Love.

(silence)

Since that experience came, there has no longer even been in the consciousness that sort of care I took for years not to concentrate too much Force or Power, or Light or Love, on beings and things for fear of upsetting their natural growth – that seems so childish! It's there, it's there, it's there – it is there. And it's for things themselves that it's impossible to feel more of it than they can bear.

(silence)

As soon as I have one minute to meditate, that is to say, as soon as I am not assailed from every side by people, things, events, as soon as I can simply do this *(gesture of drawing within)* and look, well, I see that the cells themselves are beginning to learn the Vibration.

It is obviously the agent of the creation.

And I said that that sort of "rain of Truth-Light" which came a few months ago[54] announced something – it has obviously prepared, started this kind of permeation of a superior Harmony into the material vibrations. It has prepared not a "new descent," but the possibility of a new perception, a perception that allows an outward and physical action.

(silence)

We should use another word; what men call "love" is so many different things, with such different mixtures and such different vibrations that it can't be called "love," it can't be given a single name. So it's better simply to say, "No, this isn't Love," that's all. And keep the word for the True Thing.... The word *amour* [love] in French has a certain evocative power because, whenever I pronounce it, it makes contact; that's why I'd rather keep it. As for all the rest: no, don't talk of love, it isn't love.

I said and wrote somewhere, "Love is not sexual intercourse. Love is not attraction.... Love is not ..." and so on, and in the end I said, "Love is an almighty vibration coming straight from the One...."[55] It was a first perception of That.

But it's a fantastic discovery, in the sense that once you have discovered it, it won't leave you no matter what happens. You may have your attention turned elsewhere while you are at work, as for instance last night when I had a quite symbolic activity: for an hour I went around all the Ashram rooms, and I wanted to find an armchair in a corner where I could sit down and do a certain inner work – it was impossible! I went from room to room, and in every room there was a group of people, one or two people, or several groups of several people, each with a "marvelous" discovery, a "marvelous" invention, a "marvelous" project – each one had brought the most marvelous thing he had! And each one wanted to show it to me and demonstrate it. So I was looking and looking (they were people I know; it must be the expression of their best thoughts: it was really full of a great goodwill *[Mother laughs]),* but there were scores and scores of them! I would simply look, say a word or two, then I would take a few steps in the hope of finding a solitary corner and an armchair in which I could do my work; and I was

going from room to room, from room to room.... It lasted an hour. One hour of invisible life is extremely long. I woke up, in other words, I emerged from that state ... without having been able to find an armchair! I woke up just as I said to myself, "It's no use trying" (there were corners with armchairs, but with so many people that it was impossible to go there), "No use trying, it'll be the same everywhere, it's useless, I'll go back into myself," and as soon as I decided to go back into myself, it was over.

Obviously, in those activities, I don't have recourse to divine Love to find the solution of the problem – I am not allowed to do so. So I understand that this is what was translated in people's thought by the idea that divine Love cannot manifest entirely, otherwise there would be catastrophes[56] – it's not that at all, that's not at all the way it is. But it's clear that in my consciousness the [supreme] contact has been made (with some degree of limitation, but still it has been made), and nothing takes place – nothing, absolutely nothing, not even the most totally in-sig-nif-i-cant things – without, I can't even say the "thought" or the "sensation" (in English they say *awareness,* but it's much fuller than that), the feeling (another impossible word), without the feeling of the Lord's Presence, the supreme Presence, being there twenty-four hours a day. Throughout that activity of the night I've just told you about, He was there, the Lord's Presence was there all the time, every second, directing everything, organizing everything – BUT THAT WASN'T THERE. And That, which I call Love, that Manifestation, is so formidably powerful that, as I once said, it is intolerant of anything else – That alone exists.... That exists, That is – and it's finished. Whereas the Lord (the "Lord," what I call the Lord) is something else altogether; the Lord is all that has manifested, all that hasn't manifested, all that is, all that will be, and all, all is the Lord – it's the Lord. But the Lord *(laughing)* is necessarily tolerant of Himself! ... All is the Lord, but all is perceived by the Lord through the limitations of human perception![57] But everything, everything is there – everything is there; everything, as it is every second; and with the perception of time, every second is different, in a perpetual becoming. This is supreme Tolerance: there is no more struggle, no more battle, no more destruction – there is only He.

Those who have had this experience have generally stopped there. And if they wanted to get out of the world, they chose the Lord's "aspect of annihilation"; they took refuge there and stayed there – all the rest no longer existed. But the other aspect ... the other aspect is the world of tomorrow, or of the day after tomorrow. The other aspect is an inexpressible glory. So all-powerful a glory that it alone exists.

It's ONE way of being of the Lord.

(silence)

This experience is a milestone on the road.

To come back to the ordinary world, the result is the epidemic in the Ashram,[58] it's people who lose their self-control, it's ... and so forth. But I CANNOT see things the way they do – I cannot find it so catastrophic! It's like

when people leave their bodies, they're in tears – I can't! I just can't. You know, when you put something in a pot to cook, it boils.

(silence)

But the remarkable thing is that you are the only person to whom I can speak – not that I didn't try [during Satprem's trip to France], because I had the feeling that if certain things went away, it might be a pity. I tried with Nolini and Pavitra: nothing comes out, except a sort of mental transcription.

When I called you Satprem, that's what I meant: you must certainly have the capacity to come into contact with That.

And That is ... I don't know if this world (I am not talking of the earth alone, but of the present universe), if this world will be followed by others or if it will itself go on, or if ... but That, which I am talking about and calling "Love," is the Master of this world.

The day when the earth (because we were promised it, and they aren't vain promises), the day the earth manifests That, it will be a glory.

I've had very faint and momentary perceptions of what it could be – it was beautiful. It was magnificent.

And the physical world is made to express Beauty; if it became harmonious instead of being the ignoble thing it is, if it became harmonious, it would have an exceptional vibratory quality!... It's rather curious: the vital world is magnificent, the mental world has its splendors, the overmental world with all its gods (who are existing beings, I know them well) is truly very beautiful; but I tell you, since I had that Contact, I have found all that hollow – hollow and ... lacking the essential.

And that essential thing, in its principle, is here, on earth.

July 25, 1964

(After reading Sri Aurobindo's "Hour of God" in front of a microphone for the Ashram people:)

... I don't know why they wanted me to read this – it's something quite terrible ... quite terrible.

For December 1st they've organized an entire performance at the Theater, with recitation, dances, tableaux vivants, to illustrate it *[The Hour of God]*.

When things happen in that way, I always take them as organized by the Divine for the general progress. Rarely does there come a precise indication: "No." When it's "no," it's categorical. But I always see *(Mother draws in the air movements of forces)* that things move with a very supple movement: they seem to be heading here *(gesture to the left),* but it's in order to go there *(gesture to the right);* they seem to be going this way *(curve to the right),* but it's in order to get

there *(gesture to the left)* – all the time.

July 28, 1964

(This conversation is about Dr. S., who left for the U.S.A. for a brain operation. The operation consists in introducing a needle into the diseased spot and injecting liquid oxygen to destroy the group of affected cells. The first operation took place three months earlier, and the second was scheduled for this month.)

I've just received a long letter from Dr. S.... You know that one side was operated on and that ... To make it interesting, I should tell you the story from the beginning.

Before his departure for America, when he spoke to me about the operation, I immediately saw not only that it was dangerous (that was obvious, he himself knew it), but that it couldn't be conclusive, and that at any rate one operation wasn't enough. When he spoke to me with the enthusiasm of someone who at last sees his salvation, I asked him, "Are you really sure it will be conclusive? That one operation is enough and the disease won't come again?" He almost got angry! He thought I was ... *(laughing)* an atheist of medical science!

Anyhow, he left.

Once he arrived there, they immediately told him that as the disease was affecting both sides, both sides would have to be operated on: they would perform the first operation on the right side to cure the left, and six months to a year later they would perform the second operation on the left side to cure the right – the first blow.

Then, the operation was extremely painful, it lasted four hours, and the result was as I had perceived: the result is paralysis. (All they can do is paralyze, then they have to reeducate.) Anyway, it seems his reeducation has gone well. And the American doctor told him it was only a question of will. You see how hazardous that operation is which was claimed to be definitive and absolute. Well.

Anyhow, the American doctor told him, "At any rate, there's nothing else I can do for another three months." So he has waited there for three months. And I, all that time – all the time, almost constantly – I kept seeing death written over the second operation. But I knew that if I sent a letter, it would be useless, it would only create an atmosphere of *distrust,* that's all. So I made formation upon formation, formation upon formation, on the American doctor. Finally, S. asked me for a talisman for the second operation – I sent it immediately, with a great concentration of force so that nothing fatal should happen.

Recently, on July 20, S. enters the hospital for the second operation. The American doctor keeps him two days, three days, then tells him, "I can't, I won't run that risk...." It seems that during those three months, he had operated on

several people for whom it was also a second operation, on the other side, as for S., and all of them ended in hemorrhage, paralysis, or death. So the American doctor declared, "I won't run the risk." S. replied, "It doesn't matter to me, I'd rather die than be crippled." But this American very cleverly told him, "I won't do anything without the permission of your 'Mother'!" So they sent me a telegram saying that the American doctor refused to operate because it was too dangerous, and they asked for my opinion. I answered, *No operation.*

At the same time, there was a telegram from E. (who wanted to be present at the operation), an exultant telegram saying that for her (E.), it was proof that S. would be cured not by surgery, but by a supramental intervention. She said it to S. too, who was rather unhappy (!) Anyway, he is coming back.

But in this case, there was such a precise action of the Force.... And at the same time I had another experience (but a much more personal and subjective one), which confirmed me in my perception ... Did you read *Rodogune* by Sri Aurobindo? In *Rodogune,* there is a scene in which an eremite meets a young prince and utters these words, "This man has around him the atmosphere of someone who is going to die." (The prince had just won a great victory, anyway all was for the best, and he had decided to go to such and such a place; that's when the eremite uttered those words.) When I read that, I tried to make contact with that vibration the eremite called "the atmosphere of a man who is going to die." And when I received S.'s letter telling me that with the talisman, he was sure all would be well – exactly the same vibration. That sort of exultation, of assertion of power and force, and, behind, there was exactly the same vibration. So it confirmed for me what I had seen.

But I was very happy with the American doctor's receptivity.

And when I received El's telegram saying it was proof that S. would be cured by a supramental intervention and not by surgery, in her telegram there was a light – E. is a very impassioned person, but suddenly I saw the light of a revelation. So I thought, "That's why."

But *(laughing)* S. isn't too enthusiastic! He doesn't have faith, you see. He says he will be "very glad ... *to be worthy of this Grace*," instead of saying, "I have faith that the Grace will ..." It's a polite way of saying *(Mother laughs)*, "I don't believe in it."

So he is coming back, crippled.

One side is cured.

The left side. And the American doctor isn't quite happy about the extent of the cure.... Which means, as always, that however things seem to be in the world, when they are brought into contact with the Light, that is to say, a concentration of Truth, they appear in their stark reality: all the ballyhoo about that operation and all the illusion gathered around that miraculous power of surgical cure, it all vanished into thin air. The American doctor himself, according to Dr. S.'s letter, was shaken and lost trust in the absoluteness of his system. But from the first minute, you know, I saw that there wasn't even sixty percent of truth in it. There is

an entire obscure field, which they deliberately ignore and which showed itself in broad daylight in order to make itself known. And for Dr. S., it's the same thing: "A doctor COULD NOT be deluded," and he didn't want to admit it. When I told him that one operation might not be enough, he almost got angry: "Why do you say such things!" *(Mother laughs)* He knew it as well as I did, but he didn't want to admit it.

He will have gone through a terrible experience.

Oh yes, and very, very dangerous – he knew it. But to some extent I can understand: a surgeon who can no longer use his hands ...

But from the beginning, I've seen that he couldn't be cured, because he doesn't really have faith. He has a sort of diluted knowledge that there are "forces behind" the material forces, but still, for him, the concrete reality is Matter and its mechanism, and so remedies must be mechanical. Because I tried to cure him several times, but there was no receptivity, none – like a stone, you know.

Maybe it will be better now?...

In any case, if he is to be cured in a supramental way, I don't feel called upon to do it, because he has no trust in me – he likes me, he has a sort of ... "worship" is too big a word, a *worshipful feeling* for a god who's very nice (!), but *(laughing)* from whom you shouldn't expect too much: "He's rather ignorant of the things of this world; now and then he may perform some miracles *(Mother laughs out loud),* but that's miraculous!"

It's strange that, with that kind of attitude, he came here.

Oh, he left everything to come here.

That's strange.

No, it's very strong inside him; the inner call is very strong: it's the outer reason that veils everything.

He left everything, but he knows darn well that he left everything! He's very conscious of his "sacrifice," which means that in his consciousness there's no correspondence between what he gave and what he has received – what he gave, as when you stake everything on a future benefit.

Anyway, he's coming back.

* * *

(Later, Satprem puts in order some loose papers of Mother's, fragments of notes, etc., and stumbles on these lines:)

"Every moment contains the equilibrium of all the simultaneous

possibilities."

That was an experience.

It's the same as saying that at every moment, you can change everything; if a force comes and changes that equilibrium, all the consequences are changed.

In other words, there is neither determinism nor law of "cause and effect" or any of that – there is a determinism, but externally.

(another fragment of a note)

"Sri Aurobindo told N. in a dream that there would be a great change on December 6."

July 31, 1964

(Satprem files all sorts of loose scraps of paper – Mother's "notes" – and stumbles on this one, which he reads aloud:)

"They consent to worship a god only if that god suffers for them."

That was in connection with the new Pope's election, and with Christ on his cross *(Mother remains silent).*

They [the Catholics] are furiously active in France.

Yes ...

Oh, but there has been something new here. Very recently, three days ago, a messenger from the Pope came to visit Pondicherry and, naturally, to meet the archbishop. There was a public reception – and the archbishop invited people from the Ashram officially! ... Z was Catholic and he went, and it seems the delegate delivered a great speech in which he kept repeating that the time of division is over, that the time has come for all those who love God to unite fraternally, and so on – it's a step forward.

Afterwards, there was a reception at the town hall. The delegate was sitting on the dais with the archbishop and the Chief Minister of Pondicherry – no one else, all the others sat on chairs below. Then, as nothing was happening, Z thought it was just a waste of time (!), he went up on the dais and asked the minister to introduce him to the Pope's delegate, which he did. Then Z said he was very happy with the delegate's speech and thanked him for bringing such ideas – you can

imagine the archbishop's face!

But it's a tiny step forward.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Satprem comes upon another note, the draft of a letter Mother wrote to a disciple, but never sent:)

"There are too many guides, founders of sects, heads of temples or monasteries, sadhus or saints who intervene between humanity and the supreme Lord under the pretext that they are intermediaries, and who keep for their glorified little persons the waves of gratitude that should go straight, straight to their true goal: the supreme Lord. I always refrain from having anything to do with those people, whether they are on earth or in the subtle world. Whatever the Lord wills for us He will always give us, and I prefer to receive it directly rather than through intermediaries, however great they may be."

* * *

(Later, regarding a recent note, which Mother has looked for everywhere in vain:)

... You know, queer things are happening here. There are certain things that literally disappear, and then, after a few days, they reappear! *(Mother looks for her note again)* I prefer to exhaust all material explanations before making other suppositions. But even someone like Madame David-Neel (and God knows she was positivist in the extreme) herself told me an experience of that sort. I was explaining something to her and she replied, "I am not surprised, because the same thing happened to me...." She had a jewel (it was the time when she used to wear jewels) which she used to keep at the top of a box (inside the box, but at its top). It was a Chinese dragon, and she wanted to wear it one evening. She opened the box, the jewel wasn't there anymore (yet the box was locked inside a cupboard, and there wasn't any sign of theft). She tried, she searched for it, she couldn't find it. Then, four or five days afterwards, she opened the box again, and there was the jewel, just where it was supposed to be!

But the same thing happened to me. At the time, I used to go up on the terrace and I would take a parasol (I had one of those tubes in which umbrellas are put away, and my parasol was there). I looked for it, couldn't find it. I took another one and went upstairs (I looked carefully, examining all the umbrellas one after the other, not just casually; my parasol wasn't there). Then I came back downstairs, didn't bother about it anymore – two days later, it was there!

Things like that happen.... Probably little beings having fun. Do you know the

story of Sri Aurobindo and the clocks?

Before he broke his leg, Sri Aurobindo used to walk from the street over there up to the garden here, straight through the rooms for a precise length of time. And to make sure he didn't walk for too long or too short a time, he had four wall clocks placed at a certain distance from each other, all synchronized; the last one was here and the first one was in his room, near him. One day, as he was walking as usual, he looked at the first clock: stopped; he looks at the second clock (he used to wind them himself): stopped, at the same time; looks at the third clock: stopped, at the same time; the fourth clock: stopped, at the same time. I was meditating at the time, and I heard him exclaim, *Oh, that is a bad joke!* And ... they all started up again one after the other.

That I saw with my own eyes (and he wasn't under any illusions, nor was I). I asked him, "What happened?" He told me, "See, all the clocks have stopped," and ... all the clocks started up again.

So as for these papers ... I have my doubts.

* * *

(Satprem then explains to Mother the "mystery" of the tape recorder, which, four times in a row, did not work in Mother's room – Mother's recorded voice was very faint, as if vetted by something – while during checkup in the electrician's workshop, four times in a row it worked perfectly well.)

The four times I came to see you, it was the same thing. And every time we test it downstairs, it works fine!

(Mother smiles, amused)

That's mysterious....

It's my voice that doesn't carry.

No, no! When the recording begins, it's clear, I hear your voice very clearly, you speak for a while, then suddenly, hup! l can't hear anything anymore, as if it were veiled. I can hear, but it's very, very faint.

Very far away ... *(Mother nods her head).*

It works, then suddenly it gets veiled.... The day you spoke of your experience of Love, it was veiled almost throughout.

But still you retrieved it quite well!

Yes, but there's something mysterious there.

Yes ...

But the more sophisticated those machines are, the more sensitive they are. A few years ago, when I was still downstairs, they brought me a machine that measured the vibratory waves of speech. They use it, but I don't know what for. They brought it to show it to me. I said, "Wait, let's make an experiment." I don't remember exactly, but I remember having said the same thing twice: once, with my usual concentration, and once, with a full "charge" of the Lord's Presence.... You know, those machines draw kinds of graphs – it started dancing! Everyone could see it, there was no mistake. And as far as I was concerned, I said the same thing in the same way; only, in the first case I said it without special concentration, while in the second case, I put the full charge and concentration – it started jumping and jumping! I said, "See!"

Those machines have a sensitivity.[59]

* * *

Just before Satprem leaves, Mother comes to talk about money:

... By the way, are finances better?

They're worse!

We have tremendous debts. We've borrowed money from all the people who could give us any.

I don't know....

We'll see! *(Mother laughs)*

August 5, 1964

(D., a disciple, sent Mother an eighteenth-century account by a Japanese monk of the Zen Buddhist sect describing a method called "Introspection," which enables one to overcome cold and hunger and attain physical immortality.[60] Mother reads a few pages, then gives up.)

It's better to work out your OWN system – if you want to work one out at all.

That's what people have always reproached Sri Aurobindo for, because he doesn't tell you, "Do this in this way and that in that way...." And that's precisely what made me feel that there was the Truth.

People cannot live without reducing things to a mental system.

They need a mechanism.

Yes, but as soon as there's a mechanism, it's finished.

The mechanism may well be very good for the person who found it: it's HIS mechanism. But it's good only for him.

As for me, I prefer not to have any mechanism!

The temptation comes sometimes, but ... It's far more difficult without, but infinitely more living. All this [the Zen account] seems to me ... I immediately feel something that's becoming dead and dry – dry, lifeless.

They replace life with a mechanism. And then it's finished.

(silence)

The mistake everyone makes is to consider – to believe – the goal to be immortality. Whereas immortality is just ONE of the consequences. In that Zen story, the goal is immortality, so THE WAY has to be found – hence all those methods. But immortality isn't a goal: it's just a natural consequence – if you live the true life.

You see, I am sure that D. (she doesn't say so, but I am sure of it) imagines that my goal is immortality! At any rate, it's the goal of many people here (!) ... Actually, it's something secondary. It's ONE of the consequences, it's the sign (it can be regarded as a sign) that you are living the Truth, that's all. Though that's not even certain!

Immortality in this bag of bones, that's no fun!

(Mother laughs) Oh, indeed! ... First it would have to be changed.

It wouldn't be worthwhile.

August 8, 1964

... There are some strange things. When I went to Japan, I met a man there who was a striking reproduction of my father – the first moment, I wondered if I was dreaming. I think my father was already dead, but I am not sure, I don't remember exactly (my father died while I was in Japan, that's all I know). But he was the same age as my father, which means they were born together, at the same time. My father was born in Turkey, while this one was born in Japan – but anyway, it WAS my father! And this man took to me with a paternal passion, it was extraordinary! He wanted to see me all the time, he showered me with gifts.... And we could hardly talk to each other, as he knew very little English. But what a resemblance! As if one were the exact replica of the other: same size, same features, same color (he was exceptionally white for a Japanese, and my father wasn't white as northern people are: he was white as people from the Middle East are, just like me).

It always surprised me. You know, people often say, "Oh, they look like each other," but that's not it! He was like an exact replica.

But inwardly too, occultly too?

There was a kind of affinity.

He was an inventive man – my father also had a very inventive imagination. But my father was a first-rate mathematician, while I don't know about this man.... He had invented a "meditating machine"! It was really very interesting, I even brought it back; but it worked with batteries and I couldn't replace them, so it's useless now. It must still be around somewhere. But it's a machine ... like the prayer wheel, something of that sort, but it was a "meditating machine"! It was very interesting. There are some strange things....

* * *

(Regarding an Italian or Spanish reader of "The Adventure of Consciousness":)

The best thing is for them to translate for themselves. That's the best way of reading; when you really want to understand a book, you should translate it.

* * *

(Mother again takes up the filing of her loose notes and stumbles on two slips of paper that seem to be two rather close versions of the same experience. The first "version" is as follows:)

> "Suffocated by the shallowness of the human nature we aspire to the knowledge that truly knows, the power that truly can, the love that truly loves."

April 24, 1964

The same experience came back to me later; it isn't another "version" or another way of saying it, it's the experience that suddenly came back so acutely, so intensely *(Mother reads her note):*

> "Human beings are so powerless, so imperfect, so incomplete!

The "incomplete" was the strongest of the three – so incomplete!

> "Only the all-powerful rule of Truth and Love upon earth can make life tolerable."

It's like a continuation – but it didn't come as a continuation: it's the experience that came back. As if something in the consciousness of THE EARTH felt an urgent and irrevocable need for this change – for the change, for the new creation. As if the consciousness of the earth ... The aspiration grows so intense, you know, so acute, so constant, so concentrated – under pressure – that something has to burst.

So these are poor words. The experience translates itself into words at a given moment: first, there is the intensity of the experience, then spontaneously – spontaneously – it takes the form of words, so I note them down. But the words are thin and flat, they're poor. But it's ... like when you are about to come into contact with your psychic being and you feel the ego's obstruction; there comes a point when you push and push to get through, it's so acute that you feel as if everything is going to burst. And in fact something does burst.

It's the same thing for the earth, the same experience.

It's the consciousness of THE EARTH pushing away like that, absolutely disgusted with what is there, and feeling the need for ... for THE THING to come.

* * *

Soon afterwards, Mother files another note:

> "You ask for the story of their death – but some deaths have no story. It is the tranquil transition from one state of consciousness to another, peacefully entering a silent wait for another period of activity."

There are some things, like this one, that I wrote but never sent. I remember, there were people who had bombarded me with letters; I wrote this immediately, and then it stayed.

* * *

Another slip of paper:

"I do not have faith in ceremonies and rites."

August 11, 1964

(About the Tantric guru announcing his coming visit:)

... He has sent me his usual message: it's a sort of picture with all the colors. You know that Tantrism attributes a value to each color; they make a sort of play of forces with all those colors, depending on what they want to say or express – they're lights, very brightly colored lights. It's very particular; the first time I saw that, it was connected with Tantrism. And the other day there came to me ... *(in a slightly ironical tone)* a very beautiful picture, this big *(gesture: about six inches by twelve)*. So I knew it was coming from him and that he was happy!

* * *

Soon afterwards

There was an experience the night of the 8th, which lasted at least two hours by the clock, maybe more. An experience I had never had before. In fact, it wasn't at all the experience of a "person," because I was very conscious of the return to the personal consciousness, and in a very interesting way: everything was felt as a diminishing. The return lasted nearly half an hour. It's inexpressible with words.

For two hours, it was the experience of Omnipotence – of THE LORD'S Omnipotence – for two hours, with all the decisions that were made then, that is to say, the expression of what was going to be translated in the earth consciousness. There was such a simplicity about it! Such obviousness – what we customarily call "natural." So obvious, so simple, so natural, so spontaneous, without even the memory of what might be an effort – the constant effort you have to make in material life just to live, just to keep all those cells together.

The strange thing is that (I was very conscious, perfectly conscious; the "Witness" consciousness is never canceled, but it isn't in the way) is that I knew, I saw (yet my eyes were closed, I was lying in my bed), I saw my body moving – it had movements of such a Rhythm! ... You see, every movement, every gesture, every finger, every attitude was a thing that was being realized. Then what I studied, what I saw during the half-hour that followed (with my eyes closed, seeing much more clearly than with my ordinary eyes) was the difference in the body – the difference in the body's movements between that moment [during the experience] and after [when Mother returned to the personal consciousness]. At that moment, the movements were ... it was creation! And with an EXACTNESS, a majesty! *(Mother stretches out her arms and moves them slowly in a vast Rhythm.)* I don't know what other people might have seen, I have no idea, but as for me, I saw myself; I saw especially the arms because it was the arms that acted: they were like the realizing intermediaries ... I don't know how to put it. But it was as vast as the world. It was the earth (it's always the earth consciousness), not the universe: the earth, the earth consciousness. But I was conscious then of the universe and of the action on the earth (both things), of the earth as a very small thing in the universe *(Mother holds a small ball in her hands).* I don't know, it's hard to say, but when it expressed itself, there was also the perception of the difference in vision between that moment [during the experience] and afterwards.... But all this is inexpressible. Yet it is an absolute knowledge – it's another way of knowing. Sri Aurobindo explained this, that all mental knowledge is a seeking: you seek; while this knowledge has another quality, another flavor. And then the power of the Harmony is so wonderful! *(Mother again depicts a great Rhythm, her arms outstretched)* So wonderful, so spontaneous, so SIMPLE. And It stays there, as if It supported the entire world as it is; it is a kind of inner support of the world – the world leans on it.

But outwardly, that sort of film ... it's like a thin film of difficulties, of complications, added on by the human consciousness (it's much stronger with man than with the animal; the animal doesn't have that, very little – it has it more and more because of man, but very little; it's something specific to man and the mental function), it's something very thin – as thin as an onion skin, as dry as an onion skin – yet it spoils everything. It spoils everything ONLY FOR THE HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS. At the time [of the experience], it was unimportant. Unimportant, in the sense that it takes away all the Beauty, all the Power, all the Magnificence of the thing – for the human consciousness. For man, it is of paramount importance. But for the Action, it's almost negligible. Basically, it's rather that it makes it difficult for man to become conscious and PARTICIPATE; otherwise, my feeling is that truly the time has come for things to get done: that experience was a NEW descent, that is, something new entering the terrestrial manifestation; it wasn't that I became conscious of how the world is: I WAS the Lord's Will coming into the world to change it. That's what it was. And that action was only very slightly affected (assuming it was affected at all) by that stupid "onion skin" of human mentality.

In fact, that was the interesting point: when you come back to the other side (it's not even "coming back to the other side," it's a curious thing that happens ..), I remember, when I became conscious again of this body, its gestures had become dry, sterile, thin – stupid. And yet it was still in an intense Bliss and a total self-giving: it was at the height of its joy; and yet what it was doing, its appearance, oh, it all seemed so silly!

Those oppositions are really what gives the consciousness an interesting knowledge. Because I have a feeling that that Action wasn't at all limited to the moment when the consciousness that acts here took part in it: it's going on all the time. If for just a second *(gesture of interiorization)* I stop speaking or acting, I feel that golden Glory behind – "behind," it's not behind, not within, it's ... supporting everything – it is there. But in that experience, I was given two hours of TOTAL participation: there was nothing left but That, nothing existed anymore but That. And all the cells were given an unforgettable joy: they had become That.

What I don't know is, if someone had been looking, what would he have seen? I don't know.

Anyhow, the work is being done very fast. This is truly what Sri Aurobindo called "the Hour of God": it's being done very fast.

(silence)

I remember, the very day when Janina[61] died (she died around 6 in the morning, I think), around 4 in the morning, something made me suddenly take interest in this question: What will the new form be like? What will it be? I was looking at man and at the animal, and then I saw that there would be a far greater difference between man and the new form than between man and the animal. I began to see certain things, and it so happened that Janina was there (in her thought, but a material enough and very concrete thought). It was very interesting (it lasted a long time, nearly two hours), because I saw all the timidity of human conceptions, while she had made contact with something: it wasn't an idea but a sort of contact [with a future reality]. And I had the sense of a more plastic Matter, more full of Light, much more directly responsive to the Will (the higher Will), and with such a plasticity that it could respond to the Will by taking on variable and changing forms. And I saw some of her own forms, forms that she conceived (rather like those beings who don't have a body as we do, but have hands and feet when they will it, a head when they will it, luminous clothes when they will it – things of that sort), I saw that, and I remember I was congratulating her; I told her, "Yours was a partial but partially very clear perception of one of the forms the new Manifestation will take." And she was very happy; I told her, "You see, you have fully worked for the future." And then, suddenly, I saw a sapphire blue light, pale, very luminous, with something like the shape of a flame (with a rather broad base), and there was a kind of flash – pfft! – and it was gone. She wasn't there anymore. I thought, "Well, that's odd!" An hour later (I saw that around 6 A.M.; all the rest had lasted about two hours), they told me she was dead. Which means she spent the last moments of her life with me, and then, from me, pfft! went off

towards ... a life elsewhere.

It was very abrupt. She was so happy, you know, I told her, "How well you have worked for the future!" And all of a sudden, a sort of flash (a sapphire blue light, pale, very luminous, with the shape of a flame and a rather broad base), pfft! she was gone. And that was just the time when she died.

It's one of the most interesting departures I have seen – fully conscious. And so happy to have participated! ... I myself didn't know why I was telling her, "Yes, you have truly participated in the work for the future, you have put the earth in contact with one of the forms of the new Manifestation."

(silence)

Do you have anything to say?

(long silence)

I would like to be more conscious.

Of course!

But mon petit, all these experiences are quite recent for me. I was just looking at that (it was yesterday): for some reason or other, on some occasion or other, I was put in contact with certain things that I knew and saw and said just two years ago – it seemed to me to be cycles ago! I remember reading a sentence I had written ... I felt as if it had been written in another life! Yet I am twice your age, no? More than that. How old are you?

Forty – forty-one!

That's right, more than twice your age. When I was forty, I didn't know all that you have written here *(Mother points to the American edition of "The Adventure of Consciousness").* True, I had experiences, but as for knowing what you know, certainly not!

But it's not I who know!

It's never been I who did! That's just the point. Only, according to the instrument ... That's what I said: if you take a piano that has three keys, you can't do anything; the keys have to be developed.

Yes, but what surprises me is that I am not conscious – not at all conscious.

Not conscious? Not conscious of what?

... Of what I am, of what I do. I tell you, I am not conscious of what's going on, of the progress I may or may not be making.

That's quite secondary.

But still, at night, for example, I don't see anything.

You told me something you had seen. You told me something very interesting, I don't remember now....

??

I think you have in a corner of your being ... what I could call a *grumbler.* I became aware of that – not particularly for you, but as one of the manifestations of that "onion skin" I mentioned just a moment ago (!) Some people in that way are *grumblers,* for them everything is an occasion to grumble and complain. It's very interesting, you know, because owing to the work I am doing, all those ways of being or reacting are taking place WITHIN me, and I catch myself being like this, being like that, doing this, doing that, being there – all the things one shouldn't be! Everything comes to me in that form: as if it took place within me. I'll catch myself being like that and I'll say, "What! "... Some time ago, I was haunted by this for a long while: something which always sees the bad side of things, the difficulty, which even foresees the difficulty, which is in contact with all that protests, complains and grumbles – I saw that very strongly. Then I started to work and work on it; and when I set to work, there is a sort of awareness that comes to me of the different places or elements where the same thing is: it shows itself very clearly, so then I can do something. But you know, it's an incalculable work of every minute, and for a considerable number of people! Quite a lot. The larger part of the work is impersonal, in the sense that I don't know to whom it's going or what, but it is often as an illustration (you know, like when you tell a story to make an idea better understood; they are illustrations to make me understand the work better), then I see in everyone the different ways of being and reacting. But it's so incalculable in the perception, so constant, that it's very hard to express – I would have to say lots of things at the same time, which is impossible.

No, but there's obviously a link missing between something I sense in the background and something I am here.

There is a part of your being (not far: it isn't something very far away, it's very close), a part of your being which is on the contrary extremely conscious and LUMINOUSLY conscious, and not only conscious but responsive: it receives and responds – it vibrates. I can see very clearly that you aren't conscious of it – oh, in the first place, you wouldn't be pulling that sour face, you'd be laughing all the time if you were conscious of it! Because it's very luminous and golden, very joyful. It's just about the opposite of the grumbler! But it isn't far away! It isn't miles away: it's there. But there is a sort of thin film. It's an "onion skin": all our difficulties are onion skins. An onion skin, you know: it's terribly thin, but nothing can get through. We have to be patient. You can't imagine how, as you go forward and as all that Consciousness, in fact, grows more and more alive, true and constant, how at first you feel you are a rotten bundle of insincerity, hypocrisy, lack of faith, doubt, stupidity. Because as (how can I explain?...) as the balance

changes between the parts of the being and as the luminous part increases, the rest grows more and more inadequate and intolerable. Then you are really utterly disgusted (there was a time when it used to hurt me, long ago – not so long ago, but anyway long enough, a few years ago), and more and more there is the movement (a very spontaneous and simple movement, very complete): "I can't do anything about it. It's impossible, I can't, it's such a colossal work that it's impossible – Lord, do it for me." And when you do this with the simplicity of a child *(gesture of offering),* really like this, you know, really convinced that you cannot do it, "It's not possible, I'll never be able to do it – do it for me," it's wonderful! ... Oh, He does it, mon petit, you're dumbfounded afterwards: "How come! ..." There are lots of things that ... prrt! vanish and never come back again – finished. After a time, you wonder, "How can that be?! It was there...." Just like that, prrt! in a second.

But as long as there is personal effort, it's ... oof! it's like the man who rolls his barrel uphill, and down it rolls again every minute.

But it must be spontaneous, not as a calculation, it mustn't be done with the idea, "It's going to work." It must truly be done with the sense of your complete helplessness and of the very formidable dimension of the task that ... "Oh, please do it Yourself; I can't – it's not possible."

Of course, very philosophical or learned people will pity you, but personally I don't care! I don't care. I am not a philosopher, I am not a scholar, I am not a savant, and I declare it very loudly: neither a philosopher nor a scholar nor a savant. And no pretension. Nor a littérateur, nor an artist – I am nothing at all. I am truly convinced of this. And it's absolutely unimportant – that's perfection for human beings.

There is no greater joy than to know that you can do nothing and are absolutely helpless, that you're not the one who does, and that what little is done – little or big, it doesn't matter – is done by the Lord; and the responsibility is fully His. That makes you happy. With that, you are happy.

Voilà.

But there is one thing you must know. I am surrounded with people, even people who are considered great yogis – it's only with you that I can talk. So this isn't to make you inflate (!), it's simply to tell you that there is obviously something there that can receive. And if you have that trust, the trust that THERE IS something and IT IS for this something that you are here, then all will be well.

It's a question of adjustment *(gesture of connection).*

There's no need to be in a hurry – no need to be in a hurry, no need to be impatient; there's no use. No use in being impatient, it only makes the heart go sour – perfectly useless.

When the time has come, it will have come; when the Lord wants it, He will want it: it will be, and that's that. We always worry too much – or rather, all our worries are an onion skin over His work.

August 14, 1964

Last night, and maybe the night before, oh, you and I talked for a very, very long time about all sorts of subjects, and I became aware that there is a place, somewhere in the physical Mind, but very close to the earth, where people must almost inevitably go at night. There are sorts of big meeting rooms where people come and discuss all kinds of problems: they meet, work out programs and discuss problems. I don't know why, I've been going there for the last two nights (I am afraid it is because of all those seminars and all that business where they play tape-recordings of me[62]), something pulls me there. And I am literally bombarded with questions by all those people (some I know, others I don't), and I start answering this one, answering that one, addressing a crowd, oh! ... When I wake up from it, I say to myself, "Well, how silly can I be! ... Physically I am out of it all, but now I am doing it at night!" This morning, I was thoroughly disgusted: I woke up delivering a speech, oh!... There was a crowd, and people were asking me questions – seriously, very seriously!

But you were there, you are always there. So I wonder why you don't remember....

I told you (and even wrote you when you were in France) that I was seeing you. At one time I used to go to the place where the events in the various countries of the world are prepared – you were there, too. And you seemed to be very interested. There were goings-on between China and Japan, and it was very funny because one could see events, people with quite unexpected costumes and all sorts of things, ways of life and so on, and it didn't correspond to an active knowledge: it was a FACT, I had gone there. And you were there; you were there with me and you were interested.

I remember once (I wrote to you about it), we spent a long time, a long while, looking at what the Chinese wanted to do, and there were the two kinds of Chinese: the Communist Chinese and the Formosan Chinese. And they were doing things: there were not only ideas, but acts, their actions could be seen. Now I've forgotten the details, but it was really very interesting. There was a place (it was where I wanted to go, and I did go there), the place where the meeting point of those Chinese could be found – I was always leading people and circumstances to a plane where a harmony is worked out.

That was more interesting than the last two nights!

These last two nights (only at the end of the night, around 3 o'clock), it was all the way down.

> *But very often, the memory has gone, but an image remains. I very often have an image of Pandit Nehru, an image of Khrushchev, an image of a congress in Africa, recently an image in Burma, an image*

of the Court of England....

That's it!

It doesn't mean anything, it's just an image – what it does, I haven't the faintest idea.

But that's it! It must mean that you go to that particular place.

But what takes place exactly, I have no idea.

True, one doesn't remember much. Personally, I am used to it and if I remain (even after getting up), if I remain sufficiently quiet and absorbed in the consciousness of my dream (not "dream," but anyway of my activity), I find it again, it comes back – I relive it. But usually, one remembers just an image, like you – something that struck and came through to the other side.

In fact, one is very, very active. To succeed in having a part of the night still (not only mentally: a supreme Stillness in that great universal Movement) requires a whole lot of work, a lot of work.

As a matter of fact, these last few nights I've been conducting a sort of review of all the stages my nights went through before being what they are – it's fantastic! I started working on my nights at the beginning of the century, exactly in 1900, sixty-four years ago now, and the number of nights when I didn't continue my training is absolutely minimal – minimal.... There had to be something unexpected or I had to be ill; and even then, there was another kind of study going on. I remember (Sri Aurobindo was here), I caught a sort of fever like influenza from contact with the workers, one of those fevers that take hold of you brutally, instantly, and in the night I had a temperature of more than 105. Anyway, it was ... And then I spent my night studying what people call "delirium" – *(laughing)* it was very interesting! I was explaining it to Sri Aurobindo (he was there: I was lying on the bed and he was sitting by the bedside), I told him, "This is what's going on, that is what's going on ... and that (such and such and such a thing) is what gives people what doctors call delirium." It isn't "delirium".... I remember having been assailed for hours by little entities, vital forms that were hideous, vile, and so vicious! An unequaled cruelty. They rushed at me in a troop, I had to fight to repel them: they retreated, moved forward, retreated, moved forward.... And for hours like that. Naturally, at that time I had Sri Aurobindo's full power and presence, and yet it lasted three or four hours. So I thought, "How terrible it must be for the poor devils who have neither the knowledge I have, nor the power I have, nor Sri Aurobindo's protective presence – all the best conditions." It must be frightful, oh! ... I have never in my life seen anything so disgusting.

I had picked it all up in the workers' atmosphere. Because I hadn't been careful, it was the "festival of arms" and I had been in "communion" with them: I had given them some food and taken something they'd given me, which means it was a terrible communion. And I brought all that back.

I was ill for a long time, several days.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother resumes the filing of her old notes, in particular the following, in English, which dates from the Chinese attack on India's northern borders in 1962:)

> Silence, silence. This is a time for gathering energies and not for wasting them away in useless and meaningless words. Anyone who proclaims loudly his opinions on the present situation of the country, must understand that opinions are of no value and cannot in the least help Mother India to come out of her difficulties. If you want to be useful, first control yourself and keep silent – silence, silence, silence. It is only in silence that anything great can be done.

That was just when the war began; people were criticizing the government as if ... To one of them I wrote personally: "If you were up there, would you know what has to be done? No. So if you don't know, you have no right to say anything – keep silent."

> *But you know, I make a point of reading an Indian newspaper every day.... You get a sense of a great decomposition.*

The country? Oh, but it's rotten, mon petit! Oh, it's in an appalling condition.

> *But what's extraordinary is that there's nobody! There's no opposition, there's nothing.*

(After a long silence) It's a subject I don't talk about, first because it's understood that we do not concern ourselves with politics; I made the decision not to concern myself with politics until WE do it, that is, until we are in power. But in spite of this, since the day of liberation (already seventeen years ago to the day – seventeen years!), I have ceaselessly repeated, "These people are going to ruin the country. They have neither consciousness nor knowledge nor will, and they are going to ruin the country." Every time, whenever they made a blunder, I repeated the same thing.

Now the country is ruined.

The famine is much worse than it was when it was supposedly "tragic." Now it's terrible. There's not enough to eat; the country is so large, there's so much uncultivated land, there are so many people without work ... and there's not enough food for everyone! And they've closed the borders: they stop the food from coming from outside, and there's not enough for everyone to eat.

But then, the number of stupid ideas these people have tried out to mend the situation – it's unbelievable! And each blunder has made the situation worse. Now

it's extremely serious.

Sri Aurobindo said (he said it to me in an absolute way) that nothing could be done as long as WE weren't the government – not that we were going to start governing in person (!), but that those who govern should be people who "receive" and obey. He also said that he expected that in '67, not only in India, but in the whole world, governments would begin to receive the supramental Influence. And obviously, he expected things to become EXTREMELY bad before that.... They're bad enough in the world: people are fighting everywhere, people are being killed everywhere – in Indonesia hosts of people have been murdered, in Cyprus hosts of people have been murdered. Anyway, it's an undeclared war, but it's everywhere.

And here, there's TOTAL corruption – total, to such a point that ... I'll give you an example. The government meddles in everything, you can't move a finger without its permission: you can't leave the country, you can't enter the country, you can't send money out, you can't open a shop, you can't ... nothing, nothing, nothing, not even plow your field without its permission. They meddle in everything, which in itself is pretty stupid. And then they make regulations – the more regulations you make, the more disobedience it creates, naturally.

People no longer grow crops because it's too complicated and with all those taxes (they've scores of taxes to pay), it costs them much more than they can earn. And as there isn't enough food, there are naturally individuals who try and hoard as much as they can to sell it for as high a price as possible.

The situation in which we ourselves are [at the Ashram], this difficulty, doesn't come from anything else: the government's interference in everything, its meddling in other people's affairs and putting spokes in the wheels of everything, but everything. I've got a pile of examples, of proof for every minute – all the proof.

So there are two possibilities: violence, or Transformation. Violence means invasion or revolution – it's hanging in the air, it could break out any moment. The government ... Nehru wasn't worth much, but still for the masses he represented a certain ideal (which he was quite incapable of living up to, but anyway ...). After him, it's finished; the present Prime Minister is a man with great goodwill, who has no character, to such a point that in the presence of difficulties he falls ill – he's ill! Ill, he can't work! That's where we are.[63]

Here, in Pondicherry, it's the same muddle.

> *But you get the feeling that in a country like this one, which in spite of everything is receptive, if one great man (I mean, of great spiritual value) arose, everyone would follow.*

Exactly! They send me delegates, they send me people to ask me, "What should we do?"

I told them, "I lack a man."

If I had one man, I would see to everything. But I can't do everything myself.

> *But that's just the question: how is it that in this country one man*

hasn't arisen, a man you would support from behind?

I think it's the result of having been under the domination of another country for such a long time. People lost interest in politics (people of value, those who weren't after personal gains). I think that's why.

Because I feel very clearly that if one man with a bit of sincerity arose, it would be enough ...

Yes, yes!

... for everyone to follow.

Exactly! I tell you, if I had one man and I told people who asked me, "Here he is, follow him," the work would be done.

(silence)

There are two places where it's like this: here and in Africa. In Africa, if there were one man, oh! ... And he need not be a Negro: he could in fact be an Indian, for instance (there are many of them there, they're the ones who have enriched the country). But it's not impossible – it's not impossible. There, I am not losing hope.

But not here, either.

But the situation might have to get even worse, until they are quite desperate.

All I would need is one man who had an absolute trust and was receptive, with a power of execution.

Those I have are too old.

But, you know, when it's necessary, the man turns up.

Among the young.

It's not impossible.

We'll see.

At any rate, they are conscious.... A considerable number of ministers, generals, governors (even ministers of the Central Government) are writing, not positively to ask for advice, but to ask for Help. They're not asking for advice yet (and on the external level you can't give detailed advice, you can only give general ideas). But there are some things they SHOULD NOT be doing.

How to get out of it? They have tied themselves up in knots....

Yes, it's general – everything is rotten.

But everything is rotten because they've made regulations everywhere! Everywhere, everywhere, for everything. And appalling complications, incredibly stupid. It's unthinkable, you can't believe they're true. Regulations far more restrictive than parents give their children! Children have a greater freedom of movement than people here. There is a WILL to control which is so stupid! It's unthinkable.

And it's done almost openly. For instance, they have millions and millions to

spend, given them by the Americans – they've forbidden the Americans to give A SINGLE CENT without their permission! And they will give their permission only if they have complete control over the spending. Here, at the Ashram, the Americans have expressed several times not only a will, but a very great desire to give a large amount, several million rupees, for the work – opposition from the government. So we're trying to find a way, but they give answers of this kind: "So long as the Mother has absolute authority, we cannot allow you to receive money, because we cannot give advice to the Mother"! In an official letter, mon petit! ... That's how it is, that's where we are – an official letter. It's unbelievable.

Anyway ... it means the Moment is going to come, and then ...

One thing is obvious, it's that if everything had gone very well, with good results, the need for a higher Help would never have occurred to them; they would have become puffed up with statistics and with satisfaction with their capacities.

August 15, 1964

(Message for Sri Aurobindo's birthday)

> Avoid the imagination that the supramental life will be only a heightened satisfaction of the desires of the vital and the body; nothing can be a greater obstacle to the Truth in its descent than this hope of glorification of the animal in the human nature. Mind wants the supramental state to be a confirmation of its own cherished ideas and preconceptions; the vital wants it to be a glorification of its own desires; the physical wants it to be a rich prolongation of its own comforts and pleasures and habits. If it were to be that, it would be only an exaggerated and highly magnified consummation of the animal and the human nature, not a transition from the human into the Divine.

Sri Aurobindo

August 19, 1964

Mother looks very tired

How are you?

I should be the one asking you. I was told you haven't been well.

It's not that. There is too much confusion and disorder.... Very busy nights – too busy. And too much confusion here. Maybe it's fatigue.

It's especially (for me, for my consciousness) an avalanche of confusion on me, and not enough time to ... (how can I put it?) transform it all as it falls on me. So it's a little too much.

And then, all that one reads ... I've heard some things written about me, I've heard the stories people have been telling in their "seminars"[64] – there's enough to bury someone.

For sure! Their seminars are ridiculous, it's a tangle of paltriness – they're teaching people Sri Aurobindo!

That's right.

They use words without consciousness, without knowledge and without power, so it's just chatter, and unpleasant chatter.

Yes, that's right.

As Bharatidi puts it, they love the sound of their own voices.

But that's exactly the point, she is perfectly right.

I have myself never stopped telling them (you understand, I see the quality of the atmosphere *[Mother fingers the air]),* I told them that all those people who came worsened the stupidity of the atmosphere very seriously.

Then there are the others, that World-Union – as for them, from the first day (there were five members), from the first day, they have all been quarreling among themselves, they've never stopped quarreling! I told them it was a strange beginning for a "World-Union" – individually they all agreed with this, but they all went on quarreling! And it's still going on.

This time, they decided to name me president. I didn't ask them anything, naturally – they decided. And then, M. has withdrawn. She has written to me today to tell me, "I believe I cannot do anything more in World-Union." If you put the two things together, it's rather funny: the others write to ask me to be president, and M. withdraws – "I cannot work for World-Union anymore."

Anyway, it's a mishmash – you know, like mash for chickens.

But what makes it worse is that there were too many people, and too many

people asking to see me – hundreds and hundreds of people who asked to see me. I said, "It's not possible, it's materially impossible." And a minuscule work consisting in signing and signing and giving "blessings".... So last night was difficult. This morning, it wasn't brilliant.

We just have to stay still and let the storm blow over.

(meditation)

August 22, 1964

Something peculiar happened to me.... It was the other day, the last time you came. I looked peculiar that day, didn't I?

You were tired.

It's not that! It's never "tired," never "ill" – it's never that, it's something else. But it takes me a few days to find out what it is.

It's that the center of the body consciousness moved (usually it's in the head, in the brain). The body consciousness, the cellular consciousness, the one that responds to the workings of Nature and governs the whole functioning – suddenly it moved, it went out of the body.

I had the experience (I knew what it was, but I didn't know the consequences or how to express it), I had the experience of my body consciousness going completely out of the body (that must be what happens when one dies, mustn't it?), and for ... apparently for ten or fifteen minutes, I don't know, it was over, the physical world no longer existed, the body no longer existed. But I was very conscious of a movement of forces and of an action; that corporeal consciousness was even repeating its mantra, that was very interesting: it was repeating its mantra and watching the effect of the mantra on the vibrations of forces. But the consciousness left the body over there *(gesture to the bathroom)* and came back into it here *(on the bed)*. I was carried .. and what happened between the two, I don't know. But when you reenter your body (that is, when the most material part of the consciousness has left the body, when you faint or go into a state of cataleptic trance, and then reenter your body), it's very painful, very painful – all the nerves hurt. So then, suddenly, I felt a lot of pain like that (it lasts two seconds, that's nothing), and then I felt that I was lying on cushions! *(Laughing)* My last impression was of standing over there!

It's the first time in my life that has happened. Always, whenever I fainted, I would remain conscious of what was happening to my body; often, I would even see it – I would see it lying on the floor, for instance; but I would remain conscious. This is the first time.

But the effect afterwards was queer, as if all the functionings had lost their (what can I call it?), their captain – they no longer knew what to do. And in the

head, at first it felt as if it had grown very, very big, and then there were vibrations ... You know, I often mention those Vibrations of Harmony that try to enter the vibrations of Disorder (it's something I often see now, even with my eyes open: they come through, enter, there are formations, all sorts of things), but that was going on in my head. My head was big (!), and inside, there were all those dots of the white light of Harmony, moving about with a great intensity and power, within a dark gray medium. It was interesting. But I was conscious only of that – the entire relationship with the body had vanished. And the whole day long I had the feeling of a lack of government in the body, as if everything followed its own impulsion; it was very hard to keep it all together.

That's how it was – very strong. The second day, it was a little less strong; the third day ... But there is something that has changed and isn't coming back. And that something gives the sense of a distance (it's the word *aloofness)* from the natural body consciousness that makes the body automatically do all it has to do. It is as if that consciousness were now at a distance, had almost lost interest in what's happening – not "lost interest," because it's laughing! I don't know why, I feel it's laughing, as if it were making fun of me, of this body – the poor old thing! *(laughing)* It has a lot of difficulties, it is made to do some strange things.

And that center hasn't returned to its normal place?

No, no! Nothing has returned of what was before.

It's very different from what it was before for so many years – very different. I feel a sort of ... Oh, it's an impression equivalent to the one I had when Sri Aurobindo gave my mind silence. It became perfectly blank and empty *(gesture to the forehead),* blank and empty, and there was nothing anymore: I couldn't think anymore, not one idea, not one system anymore, nothing – in a word, total imbecility! It never came back. You see, it went up above, and here there was nothing. Well, this time, it was the same thing for the body consciousness: before, it was everywhere like something holding everything together (to such a point that when there was a difficulty, I only had to stop bothering about it all and let that act, and the difficulty would automatically be sorted out by that body consciousness, which knows far better than our active thought what the body should do), and that day it left DELIBERATELY. The decision had been made the night before, but I was resisting it, as I knew the normal consequence was fainting. But "that" willed it so and "that" chose its own time (when there was no danger, when no accident could happen and someone was there to help me), "that" chose its own time and "that" did it deliberately – gone. And it has never returned.

So the first day, I was almost dazed; I was constantly groping for the way to do things. Yesterday, it was still strong. And this morning, suddenly I began to understand (what I call "to understand" is to have control), I understood: "Ah, that's it!" Because I was wondering, "But what on earth does all this mean? How can I do my work?"... I remember, yesterday I had to see a host of people, people who aren't close and whose atmosphere isn't good: it was very difficult, I had to keep a hold on myself, and I must have looked strange, very absent – I was very

far away, in a very deep consciousness, so that my body wouldn't be ... you know, that gave it discomfort of sorts – discomfort, yes – it was hard to bear. Yesterday the body was still that way the whole morning; towards evening it got better. But the night wasn't good, oh!... In the night, I am always given a state of human consciousness to put right, one after another – there are millions of them. And there are always all the images and events that illustrate that particular state of consciousness. At times, it's very hard going: I wake up tired, as after a long period of work. And last night, that's how it was; it's always the various, multiple ways which men have of complicating the original Simplicity: of turning a simple vibration into extremely complicated events – where the thing should be simple and flow naturally, there are endless complications, and such difficulties! Unbearable and insuperable difficulties. I don't know if you have experienced that: you want to go somewhere, but there are hindrances everywhere; you want to go out of a room, but there is no way out, or there is one, but you have to crawl on the ground under kinds of rocks ... and then something in the being refuses, "No, I won't do it." And with a sense of insecurity, as if at any moment the thing could topple over and crush you.... There are people who want to help you, but they can't do anything at all, they only make the complication still more complicated; you start on a road with the certainty of reaching a particular place, then all of a sudden, in the middle of it the road changes, everything changes, and you have your back to the place you wanted to go.... All kinds of things like that. The symbolism of it is extremely clear. But then, it makes for a lot of work.

Anyway, I got up in that state and began to wonder, "Won't there be an end to it?"... It's always, always, always like that. And more and more I have an inner conviction that it isn't a thing you can obtain through effort and progressive transformation – it would take millions of years! It's only ... the Grace. When the Lord decides, "It's finished, now it's going to be like that," it will be like that. Then you find rest and tranquillity.

I offered Him my whole night and all the difficulties and all the complications, as I always do. Then a sort of Peace came into me, and in that Peace, I saw what it was and said, "That's odd! The center of the body consciousness isn't there anymore."

From that moment on, it got much better. The sort of vague uncertainty this poor body was in went away. Because, naturally, that center was immediately replaced by the clear Consciousness from above, and I hope that little by little it will have complete control over the body.

In fact, it must be – theoretically it must be to replace the natural, automatic consciousness by a conscious consciousness.

It isn't a consciousness that sees the details: it's a consciousness that establishes and maintains a Harmony.

There. I thought it was amusing to tell.

Otherwise, it's endless! ...

Everybody is falling ill.[65] And for me, it's the same thing: it isn't an illness – it isn't an illness, it's a very strong action on the consciousnesses.

August 26, 1964

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, I understand that very well; in other words, the heart cells tend to form a heart again, the liver cells to form a liver again, and so on. But I am up against this

problem: here is an aggregate of cells making up this body; do they have a will for this body to continue, or ...? But when a body decomposes, the cells do not remain cells: the end is dust.

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

Yes, so then it's over.

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

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

Yes, but those cells revert to dust.

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

Well, yes! But dust is dust!

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

Yes, but that's before death.

> *Yes, before death.*

It's before death.

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

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

Yes, of course!

> *There's no doubt about it.*

It's before. Something has to ENTER here.

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

make a body different from an animal body.

Yes, but that's not my question.

But after death, it's finished.

It's finished.

It's finished, for sure!

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

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

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

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

Yes.

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

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

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

I am perfectly convinced of that.

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

But that's not impossible.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How?

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

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

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

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

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

(long silence)

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

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

(silence)

Well. We will see.

Anyway, everything depends on you.

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

(silence)

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

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

Some claim to have done so.

Bah!

(silence)

So then, that would be the difference between the subtle physical and the physical – immortality in the subtle physical is even perfectly obvious: it's not only easy to imagine, it's a fact; but the PASSAGE? ... The passage, which for most people is like passing from the waking consciousness to the sleep consciousness and from the sleep consciousness to the waking consciousness.... The most concrete experience I have had was like taking a step here and then taking a step there – there is still a step; there is still this-that *(gesture of reversal).*

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

(silence)

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

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

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

Things of this sort, you understand!

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

(silence)

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

There are ups and downs, moments when it's more present and moments where it's less so; to be exact: moments when it's active and moments when it isn't. And whenever there is a period during which it isn't active, when it starts again it

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

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

It is another way of living.

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

(silence)

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

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

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

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

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

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

There's no path, the path has to be blazed out!

August 29, 1964

(Regarding the definitive break between Satprem and his Tantric guru, with whom he had worked for six years. The occasion for this break was a sort of repetition of what had happened two years earlier, i.e., a swarming little horde of businessmen and "disciples" in search of petty powers, against whom, once again, Satprem wanted to warn X, for he loved him in spite of everything. This break nearly cost Satprem his life, as will be seen later. Thus is it said that those things are fire.)

... I see in a very clear way that even in circumstances in which you seem to have made a mistake, even with things that betrayed a hope and give you proof that what you expected wasn't legitimate, even in such a case, there isn't one circumstance, not one encounter, not one event that isn't EXACTLY what's necessary to lead you to the victory as rapidly as possible.

This, to me, is an absolute thing.

I have noted that whenever something occurred and I said to myself (at the time), "Oh, I shouldn't have done this – I should have done that" or "I shouldn't have felt this way – I should have felt that way ... ," afterwards, when I looked at it carefully with the higher knowledge and higher consciousness, I saw that it was EXACTLY what I should have done under the circumstances! But instead of doing it knowingly and consciously, I did it in the usual ignorant way of human beings. And if I had had Knowledge, I would have done exactly the same thing.

So, this whole story [with X], the meeting with this man, his coming into our life, I KNOW it was absolutely necessary and that it brought along a whole set of circumstances that have contributed to the Work. Only, one starts with a certain illusion, and after a while one loses it – but one doesn't alter the course of circumstances, which happen as they have to happen.

This to me is an absolute thing, there isn't a shadow of doubt – not a shadow of doubt.

And as always, when there is nothing pleasant to say, it's better to keep quiet.

One has no right to give one's Knowledge, which stems from a higher Consciousness, to those who aren't capable of having it; this is why, in fact, from the beginning I decided never to talk to X: I never tell him anything, I will never tell him anything, because there are things I know and see, and I have no right to reveal them to those who aren't capable of seeing and feeling. Far more complications and disorders are created by an excess of words than by silence. So one shouldn't say anything, one should just let things follow their course – one knows, one KNOWS perfectly well, one isn't deceived, one knows what's what, but one does what one has to do, without comments.

In your case, I had known it from the beginning. From the beginning, I had seen the proportion between what agreed with the truth and what was the product ... (how should I put it?) of the mental hope you placed on X, but I didn't say anything. I knew that his passage through our life here, that contact of a moment, was necessary for certain things to be realized – and I let him enter ... and exit.

It's so amusing every minute when you can discern the TRUE THING from what's added on by the mental functioning, by mental creation and activity – the two things stand out so clearly! But Wisdom lets you know that it would be pointless to want to make an arbitrary purification, that circumstances should be left to unfold as they have to so your knowledge may be TRUE, not arbitrary – at the appropriate time, in the appropriate conditions and with the appropriate receptivity.

One must learn how to wait.

Sri Aurobindo said that he who has learned how to wait puts time *on his side.*

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother asks what the next aphorism will be for her to comment on. Satprem answers that it is the story of Narada and of Janaka who practiced yoga while leading the ordinary human life.[70]*)*

That's odd! Very recently, a few days ago, after you came last time, again while I was walking for my japa, this whole story of Narada came to me! Sri Aurobindo said that Narada himself was deceived and didn't recognize in Janaka a true spiritual man – it all came back to me suddenly. I wondered, "Well, well! Why am I thinking of this?"

It's like that all the time! All the time, all the time.

I receive the explanation afterwards.

So I looked, and all sorts of things came....

* * *

(Then Satprem reads Mother the first "Playground Talk" for the next Bulletin

and tells her that the next Talk is about "exteriorization.")

Again! That's amusing.... Not only the memory of the time when I was occupied with that, but an entire detailed knowledge of the different methods and the vision of what should be done and how – all that has been coming back to me these last few days! It came in the same way as the story of Janaka *(Mother indicates a sort of film being projected):* it comes, so I am a spectator, I watch – I watch all sorts of things – until the work appears to be over, then it stops, and then it goes away just as it came – I have absolutely no part to play in it.

It's odd.

And it happens every day, for all kinds of things. At times I have happened in that way to be a witness of certain incidents that corresponded to events taking place or about to take place in other countries. But it comes without the precise name or detail that would allow you to "play the prophet." From that point of view, it's very interesting. Different events taking place in different countries come in the same way as that story of Janaka *(gesture of a film being projected):* it's a story "being told" (not always pretty stories: wars, quarrels, political struggles, all sorts of things that come and unfold). But there isn't the name of the country or the detail that would allow you to say, "Oh, you know, such and such a thing is going to happen in such and such a country." It's only when the news comes from outside that I say to myself, "Why, but that's what I saw!"

I suppose that the lack of precision is to protect you from the temptation to speak! But I never speak about those things, just because they're uninteresting: there are no precise details.

But what's interesting is the agreement: the story of Janaka and the other that come at the exact time.... It's very interesting.

September

September 2, 1964

Satprem prepares to start the tape recorder, Mother stops him:

There would be too many things to say. It's a sort of WORLD being worked out.

(silence)

It's still too complicated, it's impossible to say anything. Better to work.

September 12, 1964

(Satprem reads Mother an old "Talk" of February 24, 1951, in which she refers to the memory of past lives and the unbridled imagination of certain people.)

I didn't name her, but it was Annie Besant. She recounted all her lives with all the details – right from the ape! I didn't read her books, incidentally.

Oh, I tried several times, but it's really all stories, it gets on your nerves.

Yes, that's what I call "spiritual storybooks." Worse than that: spiritual pulp novels!

It's shallow. And it has done a great deal to devalue true knowledge.

(Mother nods her head)

* * *

(Then Satprem reads a passage in which Mother talks about young children who remember their previous lives, the village where they lived, etc., with

precise descriptions.)

That's amusing: a few days ago, after I saw you last time, one day I saw a whole story about that, which came back to me (it takes the form of a memory, but those things come from outside). It was about a seven-year-old child who told all his memories of his past lives. It came all at once, and I thought, "But why am I seeing this?" I watched it all and why and how it happened – a long story. And then it went away. It must have been while you were writing down the Talk!

It keeps happening like that all the time!

I still wonder, "But why has this come?" instead of saying to myself, "Oh, here he is reading this story!"

Amusing.

It's growing more and more precise. I lack a very tiny thing in the receiving set ... a very tiny impersonalization. But maybe if it were there the attention wouldn't be caught: the thing would unfold *(Mother shows a film being projected in front of her),* and then it would go away.

For the moment, it comes, I stop it [the "film"], and then I work on it to clarify the ideas, put things in their place, see all the relationships; and when the work is finished, it goes away.

Only, it takes the form of a memory, so I wonder why I "remember" that – it's a lack of true objectification. That's how I explain it: otherwise, maybe the thing wouldn't be stopped, it would pass on.

But it is an entire "reconstruction" of the mental functioning.

* * *

(From the same Talk from the past, Satprem reads a passage in which Mother tells the story of Queen Elizabeth, who, dying, received a delegation from the people in spite of her physician's protests: "We shall die afterwards.")

Is it recent?

It's from 1951.

Again this whole story of Elizabeth came back to me a few days ago! Since then, a part of the consciousness has been more self-assured, but it hasn't changed its attitude ... (how can I explain it? ...). Its attitude towards the Divine, towards the Work and towards life, is the same, but there is a greater clarity and a greater certainty – and a sort of integrality in the experience.

But I said, "It's recent," because the things that to me are old are those that give me the feeling of having changed my position and of having a completely opposite outlook – this Talk hasn't changed.

This remark, "We shall die afterwards," is my own experience, it wasn't a

"dream" – in fact, it's never dreams: it's a sort of STATE you enter VERY CONSCIOUSLY, and all at once you relive a thing.

Even now I can see the picture: I see the picture of the people, the populace, myself, the gown, the person who nursed me – I see the whole scene. And I answered ... It was so obvious! I felt so strongly that things are governed by the will that I answered, "We shall die afterwards," quite simply.

In English, not in French!

* * *

Just before Satprem leaves, Mother shows him a stack of letters:

There are very funny things all the time: I answer letters I haven't received! Then I receive them afterwards – my answer is already written down!

Things of that sort....

September 16, 1964

103 – Vivekananda, exalting Sannyasa,[71] has said that in all Indian history there is only one Janaka.[72] Not so, for Janaka is not the name of a single individual, but a dynasty of self-ruling kings and the triumph-cry of an ideal.

> 104 – In all the lakhs of ochre-clad Sannyasins,[73] how many are perfect? It is the few attainments and the many approximations that justify an ideal.
>
> 105 – There have been hundreds of perfect Sannyasins, because Sannyasa had been widely preached and numerously practiced; let it be the same with the ideal freedom and we shall have hundreds of Janakas.
>
> 106 – Sannyasa has a formal garb and outer tokens; therefore men think they can easily recognise it; but the freedom of a Janaka does not proclaim itself and it wears the garb of the world; to its presence even Narada was blinded.
>
> 107 – Hard is it to be in the world, free, yet living the life of ordinary men; but because it is hard, therefore it must be attempted

and accomplished.

It seems so obvious!

It's obvious, but difficult too.

You see, to be free from all attachments doesn't mean to run away from opportunities for attachment. All those people who assert their asceticism not only run away, but warn others that they shouldn't try!

It seems to me so obvious. When you need to run away from a thing in order not to experience it, it means you aren't above it, you are still on that level.

All that eliminates and diminishes or lessens doesn't free. Freedom must be experienced in the totality of life and sensations.

In this connection, there has been a whole period of study of this subject, on the purely physical level.... To rise above all possibility of error, you tend to eliminate the opportunities for error; for instance, if you don't want to utter unnecessary words, you stop speaking. People who make a vow of silence imagine it gives a control over speech – that's not true! It only eliminates the opportunities to speak, and therefore of saying unnecessary things. For food, it's the same problem: how to eat only just what is needed?... In the transitional state we find ourselves in, we no longer want to live that wholly animal life based on material exchanges and food, but it would be folly to think we have reached the state in which the body can live on without any food at all (still, there is already a big difference, since they are trying to find the nutritional essence in foods in order to reduce their volume); but the natural tendency is fasting – which is a mistake!

For fear of acting wrongly, we stop doing anything; for fear of speaking wrongly, we stop saying anything; for fear of eating for the pleasure of eating, we stop eating anything – that's not freedom, it's simply reducing the manifestation to its minimum. And the natural outcome is Nirvana. But if the Lord wanted only Nirvana, there would be only Nirvana! He obviously conceives the coexistence of all opposites and that, to Him, must be the beginning of a totality. So, of course, you may, if you feel that you are meant for that, choose only one of His manifestations, that is to say, the absence of manifestation. But that's still a limitation. And it's not the only way of finding Him, far from it!

It's a very widespread tendency, which probably comes from an old suggestion, or perhaps from a poverty, an incapacity: to reduce and reduce – reduce one's needs, reduce one's activities, reduce one's words, reduce one's food, reduce one's active life, and it all becomes so cramped! In the aspiration not to make any mistakes, you eliminate the opportunities of making them – that's no cure.

But the other path is far, far more difficult.

Yes, I am thinking, for instance, of those who live in the West, who live the Western life: they are constantly swamped with work, with appointments, with telephones... they don't have one minute to purify

what constantly falls on them and to collect themselves. In those conditions, how can they be free men? How is it possible?

This is the other extreme.

(silence)

No, the solution is to act from the divine impulse alone, to speak from the divine impulse alone, to eat from the divine impulse alone. That's what is difficult, because, naturally, you immediately confuse the divine impulse with your personal impulses!

That was the idea, I think, of all the apostles of renunciation: eliminate all that comes from outside or from below, so that if something from above manifests, you will be in a fit state to receive it. But from the collective point of view, it's a process that may take thousands of years! From the individual point of view, it's possible; but then the aspiration to receive the true impulse should be kept intact – not the aspiration to total "liberation," but the aspiration to the ACTIVE identification with the Supreme, in other words, to want only what He wants, to do only what He wants, to exist only through Him, in Him.

So the method of renunciation may be tried, but it's a method for someone who wants to cut himself off from others. And can there be an integrality in that case? ... It doesn't seem possible to me.

Announcing publicly what you intend to do helps considerably. It may give rise to objections, contempt, conflicts, but that's largely made up for by the public "expectation," if we may say so: by what others expect from you. That was certainly the reason for those robes: to let people know. Obviously, you may incur the contempt and ill will of some people, but there are all those who feel, "I mustn't touch this, I mustn't have anything to do with it, it's not my concern."

I don't know why, it has always seemed to me to be showing off – it may not be that, and in certain cases it isn't, but still it's a way of telling people, "Ah! Here is what I am." And as I said, it may help, but there are drawbacks.

It's still childish.

All those things are methods, stages on the way, but ... true freedom is being free from everything – including from all methods.

(silence)

It's a restriction, a narrowing, while the True Thing is a blossoming, a widening, an identification with everything.

When you reduce and reduce and reduce yourself, you don't feel you're losing yourself, it takes away the fear of losing yourself – you become something solid and compact. But the method of widening – maximum widening – there, you must ... you mustn't be afraid of losing yourself.

It's far more difficult.

What do you have to say?

I was wondering, in fact, how this can be done in an external world that's constantly absorbing you.

Ah, we must pick and choose.

Certainly monasteries, retreats, running away to the forest or to caves, are necessary to counterbalance modern overactivity, and yet that exists less today than one or two thousand years ago. But it seems to me it was a lack of understanding – it didn't last long.

It is clearly the excess of activity that makes the excess of immobility necessary.

But how to find the way to be what you should be in ordinary conditions?

The way not to fall into either excess?

Yes, to live normally, to be free.

Mon petit, that's why we started the Ashram! That was the idea. Because when I was in France, I was always asking myself, "How can people have the time to find themselves? How can they even have the time to understand the way to free themselves?" So I thought: a place where material needs are sufficiently satisfied, so that if you truly want to free yourself, you can do so. And it was on this idea that the Ashram was founded, not on any other: a place where people's means of existence would be sufficient to give them the time to think of the True Thing.

(Mother smiles) Human nature is such that laziness has taken the place of aspiration (not for everyone, but still fairly generally), and license or libertinism has taken the place of freedom. Which would tend to prove that the human species must go through a period of brutal handling before it can be ready to get away more sincerely from the slavery to activity.

The first movement is indeed like this: "At last, to find the place where I can concentrate, find myself, live truly without having to bother about material things...." This is the first aspiration (it's even on this basis that the disciples – at least in the beginning – were chosen), but it doesn't last! Things become easy, so you let yourself go. There are no moral restraints, so you do stupid things.

But it cannot even be said it was a mistake in recruiting – it would be tempting to believe this, but it's not true, because the recruiting was done on the basis of a rather precise and clear inner sign.... It's probably the difficulty of keeping the inner attitude unalloyed. That's exactly what Sri Aurobindo wanted and attempted; he used to say, "If I can find a hundred people, it will be enough for my purpose."

But it wasn't a hundred for long, and I must say that when it was a hundred, it was already mixed.

Many people came, attracted by the True Thing, but ... one slackens. In other words, an impossibility to remain firm in one's true position.

Yes, I've noticed that in the extreme difficulty of the world's external

conditions, the aspiration is far more intense.

Isn't it!

It's far more intense, it's almost a question of life and death.

Yes, that's right! Which means that man is still so crude that he needs extremes. That's what Sri Aurobindo said: for Love to be true, Hate was necessary; true Love could be born only under the pressure of hate.[74] That's it. Well, we have to accept things as they are and try to go farther, that's all.

It is probably why there are so many difficulties (difficulties are piling up here: difficulties of character, difficulties of health and difficulties of circumstances), it's because the consciousness awakens under the impulse of difficulties.

If everything is easy and peaceful, you fall asleep.

That's also how Sri Aurobindo explained the necessity of war: in peace, people become flabby.

It's too bad.

I can't say I find it very pretty, but it seems to be that way.

Basically, that's also what Sri Aurobindo says in *The Hour of God:* "If you have the Force and Knowledge and do not seize the opportunity, well ... woe to you."

It isn't at all vengeance, it isn't at all punishment, it's just that you attract a necessity, the necessity of a violent impulse – of a reaction to a violence.

(silence)

It's an experience I have more and more clearly: for the contact with that true divine Love to be able to manifest, that is, to express itself freely, it requires a POWER in beings and in things ... which doesn't exist yet. Otherwise, everything breaks apart.

There are scores of very convincing details, but, naturally, as they are "details" or very personal things, I can't talk about them.

But on the basis of the proof or proofs of repeated experiences, I am forced to say this: when that Power of PURE Love – a wonderful Power, beyond any expression – as soon as it begins to manifest fully, freely, a great many things seem to collapse instantly: they can't hold on. They can't hold on, they're dissolved. Then ... then everything comes to a stop. And that stop, which we might believe to be a disgrace, is on the contrary an infinite Grace!

Just the ever so slightly concrete and tangible perception of the difference between the vibration in which we live normally and almost continuously and that Vibration, just the realization of that infirmity, which I call nauseous – it really gives you a feeling of nausea – is enough to stop everything.

No later than yesterday, this morning ... there are long moments when that Power manifests, and then, suddenly, there is a Wisdom – an immeasurable Wisdom – which makes everything relax in a perfect tranquillity: "What is to be will be, it will take the time it will take." Then, everything is fine. With this,

everything is immediately fine. But the Splendor goes.

We can only be patient.

Sri Aurobindo, too, wrote it: "Aspire intensely, but without impatience...." The difference between intensity and impatience is very subtle (everything is a difference of vibration); it's subtle, but it makes the whole difference.

Intensely, but without impatience.... That's it: that's the state in which we must be.

And then, for a long, a very long time, we should be content with the inner results, that is, results of personal and individual reactions, of inner contacts with the rest of the world, and not hope for or will things to materialize too soon. Because that haste people have generally delays things.

If this is the way things are, it's the way things are.

We – people, I mean – live a harried life. It is a sort of semiconscious feeling of the shortness of their life; they don't think about it, but they feel it semiconsciously. So they are forever wanting to go – quickly, quickly, quickly – from one thing to another, to do one thing quickly in order to go on to the next, instead of each thing living in its own eternity. We are forever wanting to go forward, forward, forward ... and we spoil the work.

That is why some have preached that the only important moment is the present moment – which isn't true in practice, but from the psychological point of view, it should be true. In other words, let us live every minute to the utmost of our possibility, without foreseeing or wanting or expecting or preparing the next minute. Because we are forever in a hurry-hurry-hurry ... and we do everything wrong. We live in an inner tension which is totally false – totally false.

All those who tried to be wise have always said it (the Chinese have preached it, the Indians have preached it): live with the sense of Eternity. In Europe, too, they said you should contemplate the sky, the stars, identify with their infinitude – all of which makes you wide and peaceful.

They are methods, but they are indispensable.

And I have observed it in the body's cells: they would seem to be forever in a hurry to do what they have to do for fear of not having the time to do it. So they do nothing properly. Clumsy people (there are people who bump into everything, their gestures are brusque and clumsy) have this to a high degree – this sort of haste to do things quickly, quickly, quickly.... Yesterday, someone was complaining of rheumatic pains in his back and said to me, "Oh, it makes me waste so much time, I do things so slowly!" I said to him *(Mother laughs),* "So what!" He wasn't happy. You understand, to complain if you have pain means you're soft, that's all, but to say, "I'm wasting so much time, I do things so slowly!" was the very clear picture of that haste in which people live – they hurtle through life ... where to? ... to end up in a crash!

What's the use?

(silence)

Basically, the moral of all these aphorisms is that it is far more important to

BE than to be seen to be – you must live, not pretend – and that it is far more important to realize a thing entirely, sincerely and perfectly than to let others know you're realizing it!

It's the same thing again: when you feel the need to proclaim what you are doing, you spoil half of your action.

And yet, at the same time, it helps you to take stock and know exactly where you stand.

It was Buddha's wisdom when he said, "The middle path": not too much on this side, not too much on that side, don't fall on this side, don't fall on that side – a bit of everything, and a balanced ... but PURE path.

Purity and sincerity are the same thing.

September 18, 1964

I am on the border of a new perception of life.

People's ordinary reaction to the activity of others, to everything around them, their general and ordinary way of seeing things, all of that represents a certain attitude of consciousness: it is seen from a certain level. And when I commented on those aphorisms the other day, I suddenly noticed that the level was different and the angle so different that the other attitude, the ordinary way of seeing things, appeared incomprehensible – you wonder how you can have it, so different is it. And while I was speaking, I had a sort of sensation or perception that this new "attitude" was being established as a natural, spontaneous thing – it isn't the result of an effort for transformation: it's an already established transformation.

It isn't total, because both functionings are perceptible, but I am confident that it is on the way. Then it will be interesting.

As if certain parts of the consciousness were in a metamorphosis from the caterpillar state into the butterfly state, something like that.

It's just on the way. But far enough on the way to make the difference very perceptible. Once it is done, something will be established.

(silence)

From the necessity of certain circumstances, it so happens that I am read things I said ten years ago (statements or remarks I made): I really feel it's somebody else! I find it odd.

Yet, at that time, it was the most sincere expression of the consciousness.... Now I feel, "Ah, I hadn't gone beyond that...." A strange feeling.

And for Sri Aurobindo's writings (not all), it's the same; there are certain things I had truly understood, in the sense that they were already understood far

more deeply and truly than even an enlightened mentality understands them – they were already felt and lived – and now, they take on a completely different meaning.

I read some of those sentences or ideas that are expressed in few words, three or four words, m which he doesn't say things fully: he simply seems to let them fall like drops of water; when I read them at the time (sometimes not long ago; sometimes only two or three years ago), I had an experience which was already far deeper or vaster than that of intelligence, but now ... a spark of Light suddenly appears in them, and I say, "Oh, but I hadn't seen that!" And it's a whole understanding or CONTACT with things that I had never had before.

It happened to me again just yesterday evening.

And I said to myself, "But then ... then there are in that certain things ... we still have a long, long, long way to go to truly understand them." Because that spark of Light is something very, very pure – very intense and very pure – and it contains an absolute. And since it contains that (I haven't always felt it; I have felt other things, I have felt a great light, I have felt a great power, I have felt something that already explained everything, but this is something else, it's something which is beyond), so I concluded *(laughing]* "Well, we still have a long way to go before we can understand Sri Aurobindo!"

It was rather comforting.

The sense of a sort of certainty that he has opened the doors, and that when we are able, we will go through those doors.

Just yesterday. It's interesting.

But then, it leaves you ... speechless.

* * *

(A little later, regarding the last aphorism, about which Mother spoke of the haste in which people live.)

I have noticed this, too (I don't know if you've noticed it): the more quiet and still you are within yourself and the more you have eliminated that haste I was talking about, the faster time goes by. And the more you are in that precipitousness, the longer time is, the more it drags on and on.... It's strange.

Years and months are going by with dizzying speed – and without leaving any trace (that's what is interesting). So, if you look at it, you begin to understand how you can live almost indefinitely – because there no longer is that friction of time.

* * *

As Satprem is about to leave, regarding his next novel, "The Sannyasin":

Do you have something to say?

> *There's a question I have been asking myself for some time, and I would like you to solve it for me.... I am supposed to write a sequel to "The Gold-Washer" – or rather, they're expecting it, and also I thought I should do so. But I really wouldn't like to do it from an arbitrary decision. I would like ... You understand, I wouldn't like it to be "me" who decides.*

You told me that some time ago! [in the "dream" state]

(Banteringly) I took a look and saw what you wanted to write, but I won't tell you!

I saw two things, which were, so to speak, concomitant, or superimposed (they occupied the same space). One seemed to me to be what you wanted to write, the other seemed to me to be what you will write. It was the same book, but it was very different – very, very different. Yet it was the same book. I even saw images, I saw scenes, I saw sentences and I saw almost the entire story (if it can be called a story). It was very interesting, because one was matt and concrete (there was a kind of hardness in it, it was precise), while the other was vibrant and still uncertain, and there were sparks of light in it that were calling down something, that were trying to make something "descend." And one was endeavoring to take the place of the other.[75]

So I followed that very closely, and then, when the work was finished *(gesture as of a screen being pulled up),* it went away, as always.

But I didn't mention it to you because I didn't want to say anything; I wanted to see what would happen.

I have the feeling that you will write the book only when that ... that old garment has fallen off – when the other has taken its place.

I don't know, it was a few days ago, not very long ago, maybe a week or two, I don't remember (I never keep track of time), but anyway I had the feeling it was something being prepared in your subtle atmosphere, and that when the time has come, it will simply go like this *(gesture of a vertical fall),* it will drop down on your head (!), and then you will feel the urge to write.

And I was waiting for that.

I don't feel it's really very immediate, but it's clearly on the way to realization. That's all I can tell you on the subject.

I even saw rather interesting things, because there were events that were like reminiscences of your past lives, and they found a place in your book. Those things are still quite in your subliminal. (They call it "subliminal," don't they? It's something that's neither the subconscient nor the clear supraconscient; it's a sort of subliminal consciousness.) They're there, they have remained as a memory and it is clear. And those reminiscences are like ... you know, what they put inside a clay statue to hold it up?

An armature.

They are the armature of the book.

But an armature that, probably, will not reveal itself; it's only something that will give a cohesion – but not a visible one, an unexpressed cohesion.

That's all I saw.

But it's interesting, because when I had finished seeing all those things, I said to myself, "Well, well, would he be thinking of writing his book, by any chance?"

I was thinking about it, but I didn't want it to be an arbitrary decision.

That's it. It isn't ready yet; when it's ready, it will drop down on your head.

(Mother looks above Satprem's head)

It's well established, up there – it's very, very ... it's becoming increasingly precise and clear. It is well established. It's above your head, firmly established.

September 23, 1964

(Regarding a disciple who is following a Tantric discipline:)

... "He" has completely stupefied him. He has to do six to seven hours of japa a day.

From a certain point of view, it's good, because W has never been able to see anything through to the end, it's the first time he has persevered. From that point of view, it's good for his character. But still, I found the amount fantastic! He has to do three lakhs of this, four lakhs[76] of that, some six or seven hours of recitation a day.... It's a lot. And then you have to remain sitting in the same position all the time – he should at least be allowed to do it walking.

Yes, there was a time when I was doing it five to six hours a day.

But did it have an effect on your self-control?

I don't know.

Neither do I!

I don't know what is the fruit of the japa and what is simply the fruit of a sedimentation: I can't tell. I know that when I am doing my japa, there is a rather concentrated force, but I don't know if that comes from the japa or, quite simply, from the fact that I concentrate. I can't tell.

Oh, you mean the words of the japa – those words have only the power given

by the generations that have repeated them.

(silence)

There is ONE sound which, to me, has an extraordinary power – extraordinary and UNIVERSAL (that's the important point): it doesn't depend on the language you speak, it doesn't depend on the education you were given, it doesn't depend on the atmosphere you breathe. And that sound, without knowing anything, I used to say it when I was a child (you know how in French we say, "Oh!"; well, I used to say "OM," without knowing anything!). And indeed, I made all kinds of experiments with that sound – it's fantastic, even, fantastic! It's unbelievable.

So then, if around this you build something that corresponds to your own aspiration – certain sounds or words that FOR YOU evoke a soul state – then it's very good.

All that is traditional benefits from the power of tradition, that goes without saying, but it's necessarily very limited – personally, it gives me the feeling of something shriveled and withered, as if all the juice it could contain had been squeezed out (!) Except if, spontaneously, the sounds correspond to a soul state in you.

> *I have noticed that this japa automatically triggered the physical mind into a great activity.*

The physical mind!

> *Yes, that is to say, when I begin the japa, I am assailed by a number of material questions, tiny little material things that happened during the day and come back. Uninteresting things. The japa seems to act on that mind, on that bit of physical mind.*

Yes, it WANTS to act there. That's why its action is stupefying – it is meant to stupefy that mind. But there are people who can't be stupefied, mon petit! ... It's very good for average humanity, it can help average humanity, but on those who have an intellectuality, it cannot act.

(Here, Mother makes various remarks about the Tantric guru and describes certain things she saw about him:)

... It comes with images, it's a sort of perception like a motion picture....

(Then she goes on:)

... There is a whole part of the most material consciousness, the utterly physical consciousness (precisely the one that participates in incalculable, minuscule activity of every day) which, of course, is very hard to bear. In ordinary life, it's tolerable, it's bearable because you take interest in it and sometimes pleasure – all that life on the surface that makes you ... you see a pretty thing, it

gives you pleasure; you have something tasty in your mouth, it gives you pleasure; anyway, all these little pleasures that are so futile, but help people bear existence. Those who don't have the inner consciousness and the contact with what's behind all that wouldn't be able to live if they didn't have little pleasures. So a host of tiny little problems crop up, problems of material existence, which explain perfectly well that those who no longer had any desire, and therefore no longer took any pleasure in anything, had one single idea: "What's the use of it all!" And indeed, if we didn't have the feeling that all that must be borne because it leads to something else of an altogether different nature and expression, it would be so insipid and puerile, so petty that it would become quite unbearable. That's certainly what explains the aspiration for Nirvana and the flight from this world.

So there is this problem, a problem of every second, which I must solve every second by the corresponding attitude that leads to the True Thing; and at the same time, there is the other attitude of acceptance of all that is – for instance, of what leads to disintegration: the acceptance of disintegration, defeat, decomposition, weakening, decay – all things that, naturally, to the ordinary man, are detestable and against which he reacts violently. But since you are told that everything is the expression of the divine Will and must be accepted as the divine Will, there comes this problem, which crops up almost constantly and every minute: if you accept those things as the expression of the divine Will, quite naturally things will follow their habitual course towards disintegration, but what is the TRUE ATTITUDE that can give you that perfect equanimity in all circumstances, and at the same time give a maximum of force and power and will to the Perfection that must be realized?

As soon as we deal with even the vital plane, even the lower vital, the problem doesn't arise, it's very easy; but here, in the cells of the body, in this life? In this life of every minute, which is so constricted, so shriveled, so microscopic.... What should you do when you know that you mustn't bring into play a will to reject all that is a decay, and when, at the same time, you can't accept decay because you don't see it as a perfect expression of the Divine?

It's very subtle ... there is something to be found; and it's something that, obviously, I haven't found because it keeps coming back again and again.... At times, I even say, "Oh, for Peace, Peace, Peace ..." but then I feel it is a weakness. I say, "To let myself go, not thinking of anything, not trying to know anything," but then something instantly rises there, somewhere, and says, *Tamas.* [77]

(silence)

You see, on the mental level, it isn't a problem, all that has been

solved and it's very fine. But it's HERE, inside here – I can't even say in the sensation because I don't live in the sensations. It's a problem of consciousness, of the consciousness of this body.

And I clearly feel that the problem could disappear only if the supreme Consciousness truly took possession of the cells and made them live, act, move, like that, so they had the sense of the Omnipotence taking hold of them; then it

would be over, they would no longer be responsible for anything. This seems to be the only solution. Then comes the prayer, "When will it come?"

"Aspire intensely, but without impatience...."

It's not even that I have the feeling of the years going by – there is nothing like that, it's not that! It's the problem of living from second to second, from minute to minute. I don't at all think, "Oh, the years are going by ... ," it's a long time since all that has been over. It's not that, it's ... the easy path of passive acceptance, which evidently leads ("evidently," I mean not through reasoning, but THROUGH EXPERIENCE), which leads to increased decay; or else, that intensity of aspiration for the Perfection that must manifest, for all that must be, an aspiration which keeps everything at a standstill in that expectation. It's the opposition between these two attitudes.

The problem is made worse by the fact that the goodwill of the cells (a necessarily ignorant goodwill) doesn't know if one attitude is better than the other, if it should choose between the two, if both should be accepted – they don't know! And as it isn't mentalized or formulated or with words, it's very difficult. Oh, as soon as the words are there ... all that has been said comes back, and it's over. It's not that, it's not that anymore. Even if strong sensations or a vital force come up, it's not a problem anymore. The problem is only HERE, in this *(Mother strikes her body).*

Nights, for instance, are a long awareness, a great action, a discovery of all kinds of things, a taking stock of the situation as it is – but there aren't any problems! But the minute the body (I can't say "wakes up" because it isn't asleep: it's only in a state of rest sufficiently complete for its personal difficulties not to interfere), but from time to time, what we'll call "waking up" takes place, that is to say, the purely physical consciousness comes back – and the whole problem comes back instantly. Instantly the problem is there. And without your remembering it: the problem doesn't come back because you remember it, it's that the problem is there, in the very cells.

And in the morning, oh! ... All mornings are difficult. It's odd: life as a whole goes by with almost dizzying speed – weeks and months go by like that – and mornings, about three hours every morning, last like a century! Each minute is won at the cost of an effort. It is the time of the work in the body, for the body, and not just one body: for instance, all the vibrations from sick people, all those problems of life come from everywhere. And for those three hours, there is tension, struggle, acute seeking for what should be done or for the attitude to be taken.... It's at that time that I have tested the power of the mantra. For those three hours, I repeat my mantra automatically, without stopping; and every time the difficulty increases, a kind of Power comes into those words and acts on Matter. And that's how I know: without the mantra, that work couldn't be done. But that's why I say it has to be YOUR mantra, not something you received from whomever – the mantra that arose spontaneously from your deeper being *(gesture to the heart),* from your inner guide. That's what holds out. When you don't know, when you don't understand, when you don't want to let the mind intervene and you are ...

THAT is there; the mantra is there; and it helps you to get through. It helps to get through. It saves the situation at critical moments, it's a considerable support, considerable.

For those three hours (three or three and a half hours), it's constant, constant, without stop. So then the words well up *(gesture from the heart).* And when the situation becomes critical, when that disorder, that disintegration seem to be gaining in power, it's as if the mantra were becoming swollen with force, and ... it restores order.

And that wasn't just once, or for a month, or a year: it has been like that for years, and it goes on increasing.

But it's hard work.

And afterwards, after those hours, the contact with outside starts again: I start seeing people again and doing the outer work, listening to letters, answering, making decisions; and every person, every letter, every action brings its own volume of disorder, disharmony and disintegration. It's as if all that were dumped by the truckload on your head. And you have to hold out.

Then, at times, it becomes very difficult. You have to hold out.

When you can remain still and quiet, it's fine, but when you have to make decisions, listen to letters, answer ... So when it's too much at once and when people who bring it all bring their own disorder in addition, at times it's a bit much.

But it's so subtle in its nature that it is incomprehensible for people around you; you seem to be making a lot of fuss about nothing. Those are things which, in their unconsciousness, they don't feel at all, not at all – it takes shouting and quarrels and battles, almost, for them to notice that there's disorder!

Voilà.

I didn't intend to tell you all this because it's ... it's useless.

September 26, 1964

I'd rather not talk, because ...

It is a terribly dark labor and without clearly visible effects. There are people who proclaim they perform miracles with my name or my force – bringing dying people back to life, wonderful things, anyway. To me, it immediately smacks of the ego a mile off; and the ego means vital entities taking advantage of it. I don't like that.

It's a labor of every minute, without a break, night and day.

Last night again ... I went through strange places with people I know very well and whom I am seeing in that way for the first time. As if I went into all sorts of places I'd never been to before, in which fantastic things occur: in which people, whom I know very well physically, appear there in a light and with activities that are truly unexpected – it's dumbfounding.

Last night, it lasted hours.

Unbelievable.

So you wonder, "When will it come to an end?" There's always more and more and more of it.... It is an actual demonstration of new disorders, new ways of seeing things. It's like new aspects of the world.

I go there with full consciousness, I am entirely conscious, conscious with the totality of my consciousness, and I am an outwardly powerless witness of a lot of unbelievable things.

It results materially in all sorts of truly unexpected and rather chaotic circumstances, as if Disorder were going on increasing.

It's undeniably a preparation, but how long will it last?... It's as if there was a will to give me a demonstration – a demonstration in detail – of how absolutely closed the world is to the higher Influence: all that comes down to the world, the minute it touches it, is twisted. Twisted, distorted beyond recognition. Almost as if I were made to touch the rock bottom of insanity, in the root sense of the word. Well ... so might you have anything a little more comforting? *(Mother laughs)*

> *I don't know if this will interest you, but someone has presented me with a problem.*

Oh, who?

> *A problem of a "spiritual" order.*

Oh! ... Who put it to you?

> *My brother.*

Oh, very well, then.

> *Would it interest you?*

Yes, it interests me. Your brother, I've been thinking of him quite a lot lately, quite a lot; that is, to say things correctly, he has certainly been thinking of me ("me," I don't mean me here in this body – you know what I mean). Tell me.

> *He's a doctor, you know.*

Yes, that doesn't surprise me!

> *So here's what he writes: "... There is also something exhausting in this profession, it is the Falsehood ..."*

(Mother nods her head approvingly.)

> *"... when, day after day, you have to accompany up to death a being who is afraid of death and who comes to drink out of your hand an ever-polished lie. Doctors say that the greatness of the profession lies there – that's not my opinion. Yet I am a damn good liar – that's why*

people love me – but I can no longer stand this so-called charitable imposture, which is self-contempt and contempt of others. And who gave me the right to decide that this one or that one is not entitled to know the Truth, his or her last truth?... Let's leave it at that – neither religions nor science have given me an answer to this question."

Obviously, there could be only one solution: to lose the mental consciousness that gives you the perception or sensation that you are telling a "lie" or a "truth"; and you can obtain that only when you get to the higher state in which our notion of falsehood and truth disappears. Because when we speak from the ordinary mental consciousness, even when we are convinced that we are telling the whole truth, we are not doing so; and even when we think we are telling a lie, sometimes it isn't one. We do not have the capacity to discern what's true and what isn't – because we live in a false consciousness.

But there is a state in which, first, you no longer make "personal" decisions, and then you are like a mirror reflecting the exact NEED, the true (spiritual, that is) need of the patient, for instance, and exactly what he needs to know so that the rest of his life (whatever time he has left to live) brings him the maximum possibilities of progress.

And when you perceive this, you also see that the human way (the human doctor's way) of seeing the illness isn't in accord with the higher vision of the SAME condition of the body; and that in each and every case (not in a general way for all cases), in each case there is ONE thing to be told, which is the True Thing, even if it is, for example, giving the patient the sense of a duration of life. You can shift your consciousness and place it inside that part of the patient's being that lasts.... It is difficult to explain, but I am saying this from experience because it's a problem I have encountered very often. Just now, there is a person here who has had several cancers, who was operated on and was made to last for years with operations and treatments; only, she is told the usual lies; but she asks me, she asks me what I see and what I know. So I had the opportunity to see the answer that should be given....

It is, so to speak, the practical means to compel the doctor to enter a higher consciousness. That must be the crisis that has come to your brother; he has come to a point when he is imperatively obliged – professionally obliged – to enter a higher consciousness.

Because, in his present state, he must be lying very badly – he says he is a very good liar, but with the perception he has now, the result must be that, along with his lie, doubt enters the patient's consciousness. So he isn't doing what's considered to be the useful thing.

In my opinion, from a practical and external standpoint, I have more often seen cases in which the lie had a bad effect than cases in which the truth had a bad effect. But everything depends on the doctor's consciousness.

I know, and with certainty, that if you can be in that clear consciousness, you see that the state of illness was certainly a necessity, often a WILLED necessity

(not only accepted and undergone, but willed) by the soul in order to go faster on the path – to save time, to gain lives. And if you can, if you have the power to bring that soul into contact with the force that governs its existence and leads it towards progress, towards the Realization, you do a work of quite a superior quality.

You know this: the SAME words, the SAME sentences, spoken by someone who sees and knows and spoken by the ordinary ignorant person, change entirely in nature and power – and in action. There is a way of saying things which is the true way, whatever words you speak. And that is the solution: it's inside himself, in the depths of his being, that he must find that light – the light that knows what should be said and how it should be said. And then that feeling of responsibility and of complicity with falsehood is finished, it disappears completely. And necessarily, inevitably, absolutely, he will say the thing that should be said and as it should be said, in the way it should be said.

Oh, what a beautiful realization to achieve! A beautiful work can be done in that way.... To be able to feel and SEE the thing to be said, and THAT'S what should be said – not with the thought, "This man is going to die, I shouldn't make him too unhappy, I should ...," all that is perfectly useless. Perfectly useless, and you put yourself in a kind of mental muddle; besides, it doesn't really help, it doesn't have the expected effect. While this inner vision ... to see why that being is ill and what that physical disorder expresses in the destiny of the soul of that man or this woman – it's magnificent, magnificent!

And ultimately, saying, "You will be cured," is just as useless as saying, "You won't be cured," both are equally incorrect from the point of view of the true Truth, and unsatisfactory for someone who has had a first contact with a life other than physical life.

Even when the patient asks you, "I'll be cured, won't I?" or when he asks how long he is going to last, there is a way of answering, even materially, which is neither yes nor no, but is TRUE and has a power of inner opening.

For a long time, would you believe it, I have been in search of a doctor, a man with full medical knowledge, knowing all that they now know about the human body and the way to cure it, AND capable of having the contact with the higher consciousness. Because through such an instrument, one could do very, very interesting things – very interesting.[78]

(silence)

There is a domain in which "disease" and "cure" no longer exist, but only disorder, confusion, and harmony, organization. A domain in which everything, but everything that takes place in the body works in that way, and necessarily, first of all, everything that involves the functioning of the organs themselves (disorder in the organs themselves). And there, there is a whole way of seeing things that leads you very close to the Truth.... There remain only the diseases that come from outside, like diseases that are contagious through germs, microbes, bacilli, all that business, viruses – that's still under the aspect of "attacks from adverse forces," it's

another plane of action. But there is a point where it all meets.... I would like, oh, I would very much like to discuss certain things or certain details of the body's functioning and organization with a man who thoroughly knows anatomy, biology, physical and bodily chemistry – all those things thoroughly – and who UNDERSTANDS, who is ready to understand that all those things are a projection of other forces, subtler forces; who is able to feel things as I feel them in my own body. That would be very interesting.[79]

(silence)

That's the first step. You see, he puts the problem from a purely mental standpoint: to tell what's conventionally called the "truth" (which isn't true), or to tell what's conventionally called a "lie" (which may not at all be what you think it is: it isn't a lie, but simply the contradiction or opposite of what you consider to be the "truth" – same thing). But in order to find the solution, you have to climb up there – where you SEE, where you can see in a totally concrete way that that "truth" isn't absolute and that "lie" isn't absolute, that there is something else – another way of seeing – in which things are no longer like that.

And then ... then if you could speak the True Thing, the right word (word or sentence), have the thought which is the TRUE thought in every case – what marvelous power you would have over your patient! It would be magnificent.

You understand, to know all the material, cellular questions with the full knowledge of all the details, and at the same time to have that vision – if you could put both together, you would be ... a divine doctor. That would be marvelous.

Emerge from the moral problem in order to make it a spiritual problem. And then it's no longer a "problem."

There, mon petit.

(long silence)

But I often think of your brother.

When did you receive that letter?

Some time ago actually, almost a month ago.

No, not long ago. Just these last few days, I was again thinking of him. Maybe he has written once again?...

(silence)

Ask your brother whether he has seen the different cases: for example, the case in which he had foreseen the end, but the patient was cured, or else the opposite case, in which he was counting on the patient being cured and he left his body; but especially the case (the more interesting one) in which medical science declares that you are incurable, and you get cured – whether he has observed cases of this sort and whether he can give examples. Of course, without jargon, simply

describing what he has seen; I mean, what happened to the patient and how he came to be cured (that he can't know, but OUTWARDLY he can say what happened).

Does he believe in the possibility of an intervention of another order?

Oh, yes, certainly. On the contrary, he's trying to get hold of...

To get hold of that.... Yes, that's my impression.

(silence)

There are two things.... One, for instance, which I have often observed: an illness is triggered, or a disorder is triggered, and there is a kind of ... it isn't a contagion (how can I explain it?), it would almost be like an "imitation," but that's not quite it. Let's say that a certain number of cells give way; for some reason or other (there are countless reasons), they submit to the disorder – obey the disorder – and a particular point becomes "ill" according to the ordinary view of illness. But that intrusion of Disorder makes itself felt everywhere, it has repercussions everywhere: wherever there is a weaker point which doesn't resist the attack so well, it manifests. Take someone who is in the habit of getting headaches, or toothaches, or a cough, or neuralgic pains, whatever, a host of little things of that sort that come and go, increase and decrease. But if there is an attack of Disorder somewhere, a serious attack, all those little troubles reappear instantly, here, there, there.... It's a fact I have observed. And the opposite movement follows the same pattern: if you are able to bring to the attacked spot the true Vibration – the Vibration of Order and Harmony – and you stop the Disorder ... all the other things are put back in order, as if automatically.

And that doesn't happen through contagion, you see; it isn't that, for instance, the blood carries the illness here or there, that's not it: it is ... almost like a spirit of imitation.

But the truth is that the Harmony that keeps everything together has been attacked, it has given way, and so everything is disrupted (each thing in its own way and according to its own habit).

I am speaking here of the body's cells, but it's the same thing with external events, even with world events. It's even remarkable with regard to earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, etc.: it would seem that the entire earth is like the body; that is to say, if one point gives way and manifests Disorder, all the sensitive points suffer the same effect.

From the human standpoint, in a crowd, it's extraordinarily precise: the contagion of a vibration – especially vibrations of disorder (but the others, too).

It is an absolutely concrete demonstration of Oneness. It's very interesting.

It is something I have observed on the level of the body's cells hundreds and hundreds of times. And then, you no longer have at all that mental impression of one "disorder added to another, which makes the problem more difficult" – that's not it at all, it's ... if you get to the center, all the rest will be naturally restored to

order. And that's a fact: if order is restored at the center of disorder, everything follows naturally, without your paying it any special attention.

From the human standpoint, from the standpoint of revolutions, from the standpoint of fights, from the standpoint of wars, it's extraordinarily accurate and precise.

An absolutely concrete demonstration of Oneness.

And it is this knowledge of Oneness that gives you the key.

People wonder how, for instance, the action of one man or of one thought can restore order – this is how. Not that you have to think of all the troubled spots, no: you have to get to the center. And everything will be restored to order, automatically.

(silence)

There, you must get cured, mon petit.

* * *

(Towards the end of the conversation, an "urgent" letter from a disciple is brought to Mother. Mother laughs and, without reading the letter, scribbles her answer:)

She already wrote to me the other day, she's upset because I can't read anymore! (I used to read *Savitri* aloud and she wanted to record me.) I told her, "I can't read anymore, it's not possible." So she wrote to me that I must "make use of my Grace" in order to cure my eyes!

I didn't answer her. But just now, as I finished speaking to you, it came – my answer. It came, that is, He told me, "Write this to her." So I wrote this:

> There is no I to take a decision, there is only the Lord's Will that decides everything. And if He decides that my eyes will recover the reading capacity, I will recover.

That's that, finished, no more problem!

Now she must be upside-down because I haven't yet answered!

They can't get it into their heads! You know, for them, when they say that "there is a Grace," the purpose of the Grace is to do what they like, of course, and if it doesn't do what they like, there's no Grace! It's the same thing with those who accept the idea of God only if God does exactly what they like, and if He doesn't do what they like, there's no God: "It's not true, he's an impostor!"

It's comical.

September 30, 1964

W has come back from his "Tantric course" – after having fallen ill! It seems X gave him a new mantra, which must be repeated in three periods of several lakhs each, and he told him, "So far, none of those to whom I have given this mantra have been able to reach the end." And he warned him, "You will be attacked in your thought, your feelings and your body." Sure enough, W got a fever, a sort of discomfort all over, and all kinds of suggestions that sprang up from below. I must say it left me pensive.... To go and do battle with the adverse forces in their own domain, to provoke them, is indeed a peculiar method.... I told W (and in any case I'll see to it that the other two periods don't go the same way) that I would keep those gentlemen at a distance.

To go and seek them out in their own place, on their own ground, and fight them seems to me ...

> *But they are the guardians of a certain power, so if you want that power, you have to go and fight them, don't you?*

It had rather seemed to me that they should be kept at a distance. With Théon, the adverse forces and hostile beings were often mentioned, they occupied a big place in self-development and in action. As for Sri Aurobindo, he used to say that that notion was useful mostly from the psychological and personal standpoint, because struggling with difficulties is easier when you see them as coming from "outside," as an attack from outside, than if you think they are part of your own nature. Not that he denied their existence, far from it, but the path depends a lot on the attitude you take and on the mental construction you have, naturally.

Sri Aurobindo insisted rather on Oneness: he used to say that even what we consider to be the worst adversaries are still a form of the Supreme, which, deliberately or not, consciously or not, helps in the general transformation. This seems to me vaster, deeper, more comprehensive.

And I tried to base action on this rather than on constant battle with opposing forces. Because, granted this idea, it makes sense that if you make the necessary progress, if you have the divine knowledge and consciousness, the very purpose of those forces disappears, and consequently they can't stay.

On the practical level, I have seen obvious examples of this; it was even my great argument with Durga (I told you, didn't I, that she used to come at the time of the pujas and that, two years ago, she "surrendered"), that was my great argument, I said to her, "But the purpose of your existence in this form – in this form of combative action – would disappear if through identification you obtained the powers that render those forces unnecessary." And it's after I told her these things that she surrendered to the supreme Will; she said, "I shall do what the Supreme wants me to do."

It was a very interesting result indeed.

But if we look at it from another point of view, I had noticed – or rather WE

[Mother and Satprem] had noticed – that X's presence or contact always brought conflicts, difficulties, a sort of struggle with Nature (personal or surrounding Nature). But judging by the effect of his mantras, that would correspond to his line of action; and because of what he is himself, his line of action is located in a relatively very material domain: the physical, the immediate vital and the physical mind – not the higher, speculative or intellectual mind, no: the physical mind, the one that has an action on Matter, then the vital with all the vital's entities (he always mentions them, and he also gives the ways of mastering them, of overcoming them), and then the physical. And when people around him complained about headaches or difficulties, as he once said to me (he himself said it to me, it was downstairs, I remember), "I put them in contact with the nonhabitual Nature." Therefore, it's part of his mode of action. And it struck me, I remember, it struck me, because several times when I felt a pressure, a discomfort, something unpleasant, I asked myself, "Is it because the body's cells aren't accustomed to the force that's acting?" So I would do a work of opening, of broadening, and indeed it always succeeded: the discomfort always stopped.

Sri Aurobindo said that all the Tantrics start from below; they start right down below, and so right down below, that's how things must be, obviously. While with him, you went from above downward, so that you dominated the situation. But if you start right down below, it's obvious that, right down below, that's how things are: anything that's a little stronger or a little vaster or a little truer or a little purer than ordinary Nature brings about a reaction, a revolt, a contradiction and a struggle.

I prefer the other method. Though probably it isn't within everyone's reach.

(silence)

W told me that over there, during one of his moments of struggle, as he really didn't feel well at night, "someone" came up to him and ran her hand over his head, and he felt quite well, it put him right again. So he asked X (as for me, I had gone to him consciously, because I received an S.O.S. from him and I went there consciously and brought him relief), but he told X what had happened, and ... *(laughing)* X answered him, "It's a goddess"! I laughed and said to him, "What does he call a goddess?..." Probably whatever isn't in a body is a goddess!

But in this case, it had taken place consciously, I had gone to him consciously, you see, to bring him relief. I asked him, "Didn't you see who it was?" He said, "No, I only saw part of an arm and a sari."

I didn't insist.

* * *

Soon afterwards

It is like the beginning of a new phase.

Previously, the whole action always used to come from here *(radiating gesture above the head),* in the highest, vastest and purest Light; but for a few days now, whenever something or other goes wrong, when, for instance, people don't do what they should or their reactions are wrong, or when there are difficulties in circumstances, anyway when things "grate" and Disorder gets worse, now there comes into me a sort of Power, a VERY MATERIAL Power, which goes like this *(gesture of pummeling),* which goes at things and pushes terribly hard – oh, what a pressure it makes! ... And it comes without my willing it, it goes without my knowing it.

Naturally, the inner Power is put into action (that Power which obviously is always increasing), but it never used to be exerted in that way, in detail, on tiny things of that sort, like someone's wrong attitude or an action that doesn't conform to the Truth, anyway lots of things ... pitiable things, which I used to watch: I would smile, put the Truth-Light on them *(gesture from above),* and would leave them. But now, it's not that way: "that" comes, and it's like something that comes and says to people, things, circumstances and individuals *(in an imperative tone): "You* shall do what the Lord wills – you shall do what He wills. And beware! you shall do what He wills." *(Mother laughs)*

It makes me laugh, but it must be having some effect!

It is very material, it's in the subtle physical. And it always takes that form; it doesn't say, "You should do this" or "You should do that," or "You shouldn't do this"... – nothing like that: "You SHALL do what the Lord wills," just like that, "You SHALL do ... and, you know, you shall do it, so beware!"

It is a strong Light, with what looks like precise little details (which probably must be translated as details of action, I don't know): they are like lines that make little marks like this *(gesture)*. It's a formation.

It's a force that isn't ordinary in the material world.

You remember, I had that in the past (a few months or years ago), I told you, it was something that would suddenly make me bang my fist ... it was so terrible that I felt as if everything would be smashed – it's the same thing, but now organized for a definite aim: it comes fully ready, then it acts, and when it's finished, it goes. It comes, and sometimes it stays long enough: it insists and insists, as though it were pummeling the resistance; and then suddenly it stops, it's finished, it's gone. It comes into the consciousness spontaneously, it goes out of it spontaneously, and I am like a witness. Just a witness who is used as a link – an electric plug.

It goes towards the person (I see it with the inner vision, you understand) or towards the circumstances or towards the event, and it pummels it without letting go of it: "You will do what the Lord wills, it will be as the Lord wills."

I put it into words, but ...

And it's completely outside – outside – human feelings, human thoughts, human perceptions, which means it can go to someone very close, very intimate,

just as it can go to someone very remote; it can go to someone full of goodwill just as it can go to someone full of ill will – with perfect impartiality. It's very interesting, there are no nuances in its action, no nuances. There may be a dosage, but the dosage seems to be measured according to the resistance. But no nuances, which means that, for its action, everyone and everything is IDENTICAL – absolutely identical; there aren't those "for" and those "against," that doesn't exist anymore; there's only something that isn't as it ought to be: it isn't as it ought to be – bang! *(Mother laughs)*

It came again just yesterday.

Generally, I have to be resting or at any rate quiet for it to come (or maybe for me to perceive it).

Voilà, mon petit.

October

October 7, 1964

Things (not from the ordinary point of view, but from the higher point of view) have clearly taken a turn for the better. But the material consequences are still there: all the difficulties seem to have worsened. Only, the power of the consciousness is greater – clearer, more precise. Also the action on those who have good-will: they are making rather considerable progress. But the material difficulties seem to have worsened, which means ... it's to see whether we bear up!

From the standpoint of money, it's serious, the situation is serious. From the standpoint of health, everybody is sick. And from the standpoint of quarrels (!), the quarrels are more bitter, but they are "indicative," in the sense that those who quarrel realize that they have made a blunder, that it's something serious.

Recently (it began yesterday), something has cleared in the atmosphere. But there is still a long way to go – a long, long way. I certainly feel it very long, we must endure. Endure and endure. That's the main impression: we must endure. And have endurance. The two absolutely indispensable things: keep a faith that nothing can shake, not even an apparently complete negation, even if you are suffering, even if you are miserable (the body, that is), even if you are tired – endure. Hold on tight and endure – have endurance. There. With that, it's all right.

Some letters describing very interesting experiences ... People who had been deliberately refusing to understand – they have yielded. Things of that sort. Things that weren't moving, that were stubbornly stuck, you felt as if they would never move – all of a sudden, pop! gone. Only ... what spoils everything is the sort of haste people have to get a visible result. That spoils everything. One shouldn't think about results.

(silence)

But according to what people tell me who listen to the radio or read the newspapers (none of which I do), the whole world is undergoing an action ... which for the moment is unsettling. It seems that the number of apparently "mad" people is increasing considerably. In America, for instance, all the youth seem to be seized with a kind of curious giddiness, which for reasonable people would be disquieting, but which is a sure indication that an uncommon Force is at work. It is the disruption of all habits and all rules – it's good.

For the moment, it's a bit "strange" (!), but it's necessary.

The action isn't limited. That is, it's probably limited to the earth ... although manifestations from other planets or other worlds seem to be multiplying, too. And there have been experiences lately, rather curious ones.

Other physical planets?

Physical. Yes, physical.

I don't know if you've heard this, it's something P. told me. She was still in Switzerland, and shortly before she came back here, she had a vision (she was in her home, simply meditating, and she had a vision), and in her vision she saw five big "luminous cigars" going past like this, slowly, one behind the other, in single file. When she woke up, she wondered what it was.... And a few days later (maybe the next day or the day after, I don't know), she read in a newspaper the account of people in southern France (I don't remember in which part) who saw above the sea five "luminous cigars" go by, in single file, exactly the same color as those she had seen. But in their case, they saw it with their physical eyes. So that seems interesting.

It was clearly a phenomenon of a subtle physical order (in its origin) or material vital (in its origin), but which manifested physically, and which may very well have come from other planets that are a little more subtle than the earth.

There are many other experiences; this one I remember clearly. The Action is widespread.

Now, what about you? What do you have to say?

What have you brought? Nothing? Do you have a question to ask?

> *No ... a question of sadhana, perhaps.... Isn't the true attitude at present to try and be as transparent as possible?*

Transparent, receptive.

> *I ask myself the question because you feel that that transparency is transparent indeed, but it's a bit ... nothing – a nothing that's full, but still is nothing: you don't know. You don't know if it's a kind of higher "tamas" or...*

Above all, one should be trusting.

The big difficulty, in Matter, is that the material consciousness, that is to say, the mind in Matter, was formed under the pressure of difficulties – difficulties, obstacles, suffering, struggle. It was, so to speak, "worked out" by those things, and that gave it an imprint almost of pessimism and defeatism, which is certainly the greatest obstacle.

This is the thing I am conscious of in my own work.

The most material consciousness, the most material mind, is in the habit of having to be whipped into acting, into making effort and moving forward, otherwise it's tames. So then, if it imagines, it always imagines the difficulty – always the obstacle, always the opposition, always the difficulty ... and that slows down the movement terribly. So it needs very concrete, very tangible and VERY REPEATED experiences to be convinced that behind all its difficulties, there is a Grace; behind all its failures, there is the Victory; behind all its pain and suffering and contradictions, there is Ananda. Of all the efforts, this is the one that has to be repeated most often: you are constantly forced to stop, put an end to, drive away,

convert a pessimism, a doubt or a totally defeatist imagination.

I am speaking exclusively of the material consciousness.

Naturally, when something comes from above, it goes vrrm! like that, so everything falls silent and waits and stops. But ... I well understand why the Truth, the Truth-Consciousness, doesn't express itself more constantly: it's because the difference between its Power and the power of Matter is so great that the power of Matter is as if canceled – but then, that doesn't mean Transformation: it means a crushing. It doesn't mean a transformation. That's what used to be done in the past: they would crush the entire material consciousness under the weight of a Power that nothing can fight, nothing can oppose; and then they would feel, "Here we are! It's happened!" It hadn't happened at all! Because the rest down below remained as it was, unchanged.

Now, there is a will to give it the full possibility of changing; well, for that, it has to be given free play, without bringing in a crushing Power – this I understand very well. But it has the obstinacy of stupidity. How many times at the moment of a suffering, for instance, when a suffering is there, acute, and you feel it's going to become intolerable, there is in the cells a little inner movement of Call: the cells send out their S.O.S. Everything stops, the suffering disappears. And often (now it's becoming more and more like that), the suffering is replaced by a feeling of blissful well-being. But the first reaction of that stupid material consciousness, its first reaction: "Ha! Let's see how long it's going to last." So, naturally, with that movement, it demolishes everything. Everything has to be started again.

I think that for the effect to be lasting (not to be, as I said, a miraculous effect that comes, dazzles, and goes away), for it to be truly the effect of a TRANSFORMATION, one has to be very, very, VERY patient. We are dealing with a very slow, very heavy, very obstinate consciousness, which cannot move on rapidly, which holds on tight to what it has, to what has seemed to it to be a "truth": even if it is a very small truth, that consciousness holds on tight to it and doesn't want to budge anymore. So to cure that takes a great deal of patience – a great, great deal of patience.

The whole thing is to endure – endure and endure.

Sri Aurobindo said it several times, in various forms: *Endure and you will conquer.... Bear – bear and you will vanquish.*

The triumph belongs to the most enduring.

And then *(Mother points to her own body),* this seems to be the lesson for these aggregates (bodies, you know, seem to me to be simply aggregates). And as long as there is, behind, a will to keep this together for some reason or other, it stays together, but ... These last few days (yesterday or the day before), there was this: a sort of completely decentralized consciousness (I am always referring to the physical consciousness, of course, not at all to the higher consciousness), a decentralized consciousness that happened to be here, there, there, in this body, that body (in what people call "this person" and "that person," but that notion doesn't quite exist anymore), and then there was a kind of intervention of a universal consciousness in the cells, as though it were asking these cells what their

reason was for wanting to retain this combination (if we may say so) or this aggregate ... while in fact making them understand or feel the difficulties that come, for example, from the number of years, wear and tear, external difficulties – from all the deterioration caused by friction, wear and tear. But they seemed to be perfectly indifferent to that! ... The response of the cells was interesting enough, in the sense that they seemed to attach importance ONLY TO THE CAPACITY TO REMAIN IN CONSCIOUS CONTACT WITH THE HIGHER FORCE. It was like an aspiration (not formulated in words, naturally), and like a ... what in English they call *yearning, a longing* for that Contact with the divine Force, the Force of Harmony, the Force of Truth and ... the Force of Love, and [the cells' response was] that because of that, they valued the present combination.

It was an altogether different point of view.

I am expressing it with the mind's words because there's no other way, but it was in the field of sensation rather than anything else. And it was very clear – very clear and very continuous, without fluctuations. And then, at that moment, the universal Consciousness intervened, saying, "But here are the obstacles...." And those obstacles were clearly seen: that kind of pessimism of the mind (a formless mind that's beginning to be born and organized in these cells). But the cells themselves didn't care a whit! To them it was like a disease, they said, "Oh, that ..." (the word distorts, but it was felt as a sort of "accident" or an "inescapable disease or something that DID NOT FORM A NORMAL PART of their development and had been forced on them), "Oh, that, we don't care about it!" And then, at that moment, a sort of LOWER power to act on that mind was born; it gave the cells a MATERIAL power to separate themselves from that and reject it.

From that point of view, it was interesting. And it was after that that there was the turning point I told you about: a turning point in things as a whole, as if something truly decisive had taken place. There was a sort of trusting joy: "Ah! We're free from that nightmare."

Usually, I don't say anything until it's firmly established, because ... But anyway, that's how it was.

And at the same time, a relief – a physical relief – as if the air were easier to breathe.... Yes, it was a bit like being shut inside a shell – a suffocating shell – and ... at any rate, an opening has been made in it. You can breathe. I don't know if it's more than that, but at any rate, something has been as if torn open, and you can breathe.

It was a totally, totally material and cellular action.

But as soon as you descend into that realm, the realm of the cells and even of the cells' constitution, how much less heavy it seems! That sort of heaviness of Matter disappears: it becomes fluid and vibrant again. Which would tend to show that the heaviness, the thickness, the inertia, the immobility, is something that has been ADDED ON, it's not an essential quality of Matter – it's false Matter, Matter as we think or feel it, but not Matter itself as it is.

That was very perceptible.

(silence)

The best one can do is not to have any prejudices or preconceived ideas or principles – oh, moral principles, fixed codes of conduct, "what must be done" and "what must not be done," and preconceived ideas with regard to morals, with regard to progress, and then all the social and mental conventions – there's no obstacle worse than that. I know people who wasted dozens of years trying to overcome one of those mental constructions!

If one can be like this, open – truly open in a simplicity ... you know, the simplicity of ignorance that knows it's ignorant ... like this *(gesture, hands open),* ready to receive all that comes ... then, perhaps, something will happen.

Naturally, the thirst for progress, the thirst to know, the thirst to transform yourself, and above all the thirst for Love and Truth – if you can keep that, then you go faster. Really a thirst, a need, you know, a need.... All the rest doesn't matter, what you need is THAT.

(silence)

To cling to what you think you know, to cling to what you feel, to cling to what you like, to cling to your habits, to cling to your so-called needs, to cling to the world as it is, that's what binds you hand and foot. You must undo all that, one thing after the other. Undo all the bonds.

This has been said thousands of times, but people go on doing the same thing.... Even those who are, you know, very eloquent, who preach this to others, they CLING – they cling to their own way of seeing, their own way of feeling, their own habit of progress, which to them is the only possible one.

No more bonds – free, free, free, free! Always ready to change everything, except ONE thing: to aspire. That thirst.

I quite understand: some people don't like the idea of a "Divine" because it immediately gets mixed up with all the European or Western conceptions (which are dreadful), and so it makes their lives a little bit more complicated – but we don't need that! The "something" we need, the Perfection we need, the Light we need, the Love we need, the Truth we need, the supreme Perfection we need – and that's all. The formulas ... the fewer the formulas, the better. A need, a need, a need ... that THE Thing alone can satisfy, nothing else, no half measure. That alone. And then, move on! Move on! Your path will be your path, it doesn't matter; any path, any path whatever, even the follies of today's American youth can be a path, it doesn't matter.

As Sri Aurobindo said, if you can't have God's love (I am translating), well then, find a way to fight with God and have a wrestler's relationship with Him.[80]

(meditation)

October 10, 1964

(For the past few months, Mother has often remarked that she could no longer see and was writing her replies without seeing. Once, she even said, "I am blind.")

That's another odd thing. All of a sudden, for no apparent external reason, even for no apparent psychological reason, I'll see clearly, precisely – it lasts a few seconds, and then ... it's over. And it happens to me in entirely different circumstances. For instance, I'll pick up a piece of paper: I'll see as clearly as I did before; I'll notice that I am seeing clearly – and it's finished!

It has happened a little more often lately.

At times, on the contrary, I try; for instance, nobody is here to read me a paper, and I would like to read it – impossible; and the more I try, the more it fades into the mist. At other times, I WANT to see something (with a certain will), and I see it very clearly. It's an apparent incoherence.... It must depend on another law, which for the moment I don't know, and which rules the Physical. But for example, for some time now (a rather long time), at night I have been reading in my "sleep," and I see very clearly: when I wake up, I am reading something that I am holding in my hand and I see very clearly. Therefore, it's not the physical state that influences the night's condition, it's something else.

For a very long time, I used to see – see images, scenes and so on – I used to see, but I didn't hear. Then, all of a sudden, I began to hear; and I would hear the slightest noise, I would hear in a perfectly coherent and natural way. It was as though the sense had suddenly developed. Well, there is a certain state of vision as a result of which I read – I read written things; now that I no longer read physically, I read at night. Which means that all this inner development of the physical and subtle physical is still a whole unknown world to be learned.

I don't know its laws, I am only a spectator. And it obeys a will of an absolutely different order from the will at work in the physical world.

(silence)

But you understand, if you walk a path like this one, it may last a hundred years! And more.

There you have to learn everything, you know nothing.

> *I don't know, but the feeling keeps coming to me very strongly that it doesn't depend on a whole detailed work on this point, that point, that point ...*

No, no.

> *... and that in fact, one day, suddenly something will take place.*

Yes, that's right. Hints of this sort come and tell you, "Things will be that way, and that will be that," and then it goes away. And when things are that way, they'll just be that way. Yes, you're right. You are right, that's correct.

How many times, you know, it comes, it swells up like a tide, like a rising wave, that aspiration of all, all the material being, of all the cells, towards the Supreme: "All depends on You – all depends on You." A sense of total helplessness and total incapacity, which in a second can be transformed through an Intervention into a total Wisdom.

And it's the cells that feel this – the thought has said ... it says all sorts of things, the earth is full of (when you see it in its totality, it's really interesting!), the earth is full of all the human imaginings (which have been turned into "statements of facts"), even the most fantastic, the most contradictory, the most unexpected – it's full of all that, it lives on that, it swarms with that – and the result is that the material world is convinced that all by itself, it can do nothing! Nothing. Nothing, nothing but that: that inextricable and apparently senseless jumble, which is nothing, which is an unbridled imagination in comparison with what can be.

And then, this faith (it's a faith in Matter) that in a flash (a "flash" ... we don't know, of course, it isn't a question of "time" as we understand it materially), a trigger – and everything can be changed. Changed into the harmonious Rhythm of a Will expressing itself; and a Will which is a Vision: a Vision expressing itself, that's really it; the harmonious Rhythm of a Vision expressing itself.

And all that we can think about it, imagine about it, deduce from it, all of that is nothing, nothing – it's nothing, it doesn't lead you THERE. What leads you THERE is the certitude, the inner faith that when the supreme ... (supreme what? We can say Truth, Love, Wisdom, Knowledge, all of that is nothing, it's words – the "Something"), when That expresses itself, all will be well.

And all that incoherence – false incoherence – will disappear.

(silence)

What's odd, too, is that this conviction, this certitude is necessarily expressed in altogether different actions according to the person: it's the SAME THING taking on different colorations in the aspiration of different consciousnesses.

For instance, I saw recently a sort of exhibition or procession of all the possible theories of humanity explaining the creation (the world, life, existence). All those conceptions came before me one after another, from the seemingly most primitive and most ignorant to the most scientific – and they were all *(smiling)* on the same plane of incomprehension ... but ALL had the same RIGHT to express the true aspiration that was behind. And it was miraculous! Even the faith of the savage, even the most primitive religions and most ignorant convictions had behind them the same right to express that aspiration. It was wonderful. And then the sense of the "superiority of intelligence" fell away completely, instantly.

It is the same thing for those oppositions, those contradictions that are called "violent and vulgar" between the intellectual (and especially scientific) progress of the human species and, by contrast, the apparently foolish stupidity of those who

react against conventions[81]; well, that feeling of inferiority or superiority that you find among so-called reasonable beings, all of that disappeared instantly in a perception of THE WHOLE, in which EVERYTHING – everything – was the result of the same Pressure *(downward gesture)* towards progress. It's like a pressure exerted on Matter *(same gesture)* to draw the response out of it. And whatever form that response may take, it's part of the general Action.

I told you last time what had happened: that sense of liberation; yes, a liberation from suffocation, and a kind of opening and well-being – that has become established. And the understanding (like the understanding of a detached witness) that everything, all those difficulties that come and pile up are absolutely indispensable so that nothing is forgotten in the march forward – so that EVERYTHING goes together; and that it's only the vision of the details that blots out the vision of the whole.

Voilà.

It will be like the chick popping out of the egg all at once: as long as it's inside, to the superficial vision there's no chick; and all at once, pop! out it comes.

Let's hope so!

* * *

As Satprem prepares to leave, Mother inquires about his health:

... Now, the last stage is that the body should forget it has been ill; that's very important.

Very difficult.

It's very important.

I am constantly struggling against pernicious suggestions. This physical mind gives me a lot of trouble – a lot of trouble. It has terrible apprehensions and fears.

Oh, absolutely.

You understand, it has received so many blows...

Exactly!

... that it lives in an anxiety which ruins everything.

Yes, yes.

What can you do?!

Persist.

I saw it in my own case. It was interesting enough, because from my earliest childhood, I was in contact with the higher consciousness *(gesture above the head)* and in a real stupefaction at the state of the earth and people – when I was very little. I was in a stunned amazement all the time. And the blows I received! ... Constantly. Each thing came to me as a stab or a punch or a hammer blow, and I would say to myself, "What? How is this possible?" You know, all the baseness, all the lies, all the hypocrisy, all that is crooked, all that distorts and undoes the flow of the Force. And I would see it in my parents, in circumstances, in friends, in everything – a stupefaction. It wasn't translated intellectually: it was translated by that stupefaction. And when I was very little, the Force was already there *(gesture above the head)*; I have a clear memory from the age of five: I only had to sit down for a moment to feel it, that Force which would come. And I went through the whole of life, up to the age of twenty or twenty-one (when I began to encounter Knowledge and someone who explained to me what it all was) like that, in that stupefaction: "What – is this life? What – is this what people are? What...?" And I was as though beaten black and blue, mon petit!

Then, from the age of twenty or twenty-five, that habit of pessimism began. It took all that time, all those blows, for it to come.

But with regard to health, whenever I had an illness (for me it was never an "illness," it was still part of the blows), I had a trust, a complete assurance that it had no reality. And very young (very young, maybe around the age of thirteen or fourteen), every time a blow came, I would tell my body, "But what's the use of being ill since you'll just have to get well!" And that stayed until I was over thirty: what's the use of being ill since you have to get well? And it faded away only little by little, with that growing pessimism.

Now I have to undo all that work.

But with you, it's the same thing, because you were already conscious when you were small (without being conscious of it), and when all those terrible things[82] happened to you, there was something that remained conscious, but those things "cultivated" the pessimism – that pessimism of the physical mind. And now you have to undo all that work. And what a work it is, phew! ...

You understand, it was IMPOSSIBLE, impossible for me to believe in ("believe" – even understand) all those movements of betrayal, of jealousy, all the movements of negation of the Divine in human beings and things – it was impossible, I didn't understand! But it came from every side, striking and striking and striking.... So all that had to be undone.

And with you, it was the same thing – I know it very well. I know it very well. And for you it took brutal forms.

But we only have to hold out, that's all.

We must erase the imprint little by little. And in fact, the only way to erase the imprint is to make contact with the Truth. There is no other way – all reasoning, all intelligence, all understanding, all that is totally useless with this physical mind. The only thing is to make contact. That's just what the cells value: the possibility of making contact.

Making contact.

On the material level, japa is very good for that. When your head is tired and you are a little weary of forever contradicting that pessimism, you just have to repeat your japa, and automatically you make contact. To make contact. That's something the cells value a lot. A lot. It's a very good way, because it's a way that isn't mental, it's a mechanical way, it's a question of vibration.

There, mon petit, we must endure.

October 14, 1964

You seem to have quite a cold!

Yes! *(Mother laughs)* It's odd, I have been with people who had all sorts of things, including fever, and I didn't catch anything;, and the other day, Z came....

They have again made a mess at the School, they are seized with such terrible whims of independence! Do you know the story? ... They put together a big display board on "sleep" for the children's education (that's their affair), but then they put at the bottom, without asking for my permission, a quotation of mine, which I am supposed to have written in 1952 and in which I am supposed to have said that children should be in bed by 9. Now, they show films till 9:30 or 10. So I received a shower of letters, from kids asking me, "What should we do? ..." As for me, I don't understand a thing, and I ask what that "quotation" is. Then I learn that not only did they stick it at the bottom of their display board, but they also circulated a note of mine in which I say, "Children should go to bed at 9." I said, "What!" I never had that circulated! Maybe I said it years ago, but I said it "just like that," like a remark that "it would be better".... It caused quite a to-do, I've been assailed with protests. So when Z came, I asked him to explain this affair. He told me what they had done; it seems that the teachers, seeing that poster with my quotation (probably the teachers who don't like films or who are "against" this one or that one and found this was a good opportunity to kick up a row), said and VOTED among themselves that it should be made into a circular! They simply forgot to ask my permission.

I told Z, "Well, really, that's going a bit too far!" And he was probably upset, because suddenly something came through him: it was like black little darts (they didn't come from him directly – maybe they came from the teachers!), little black darts that rushed at my throat. I felt it: it went ztt! I said, "Oh, what's that?" And I struggled; but I struggled against a sore throat, and indeed it didn't happen – it turned into a cold!

In this School, they have a terrible tendency to turn everything into a system.

Yes, systems, rules....

They make a system, a formula out of everything, they have all their "ideas" ...

Yes, yes.

... And they fuss around. The subtle impression I get of it all isn't good.

(Here Mother hands Satprem a letter of explanation from the author of the poster. The letter gives the references of Mother's quotation: a personal letter from Mother to a disciple ... written ten years earlier.)

That's it! A totally private letter! What right do they have to display it?

But they do that constantly, with everything – they cut Sri Aurobindo into bits, they cut Mother into bits, and there you are: it's the Law, the Rule, the Principle.

Exactly, exactly!

They have no common sense. Common sense completely escapes them.

Yes. And now, he [the author of the poster] is in the right and I am in the wrong!

(silence)

When I was there at the Playground,[83] after ten minutes (that was probably because of my presence), all the little children were deeply asleep, and as it isn't cold and they were lying on mats, they would sleep there quietly till the end of the show.

True, at that time films were shown only once a week. Nowadays, you know how it is, it's the competitiveness: everyone wants to bring films. So one turned to the French embassy, another turned to the British embassy, another to the American embassy, another to the Russian, German, Italian embassies.... From all the embassies, they're pouring in. And how do you make a choice? How do you decide without hurting one or the other? Before, it was agreed that films would be shown only on Saturday, so that on Sunday morning they could get up an hour later if they felt sleepy. Now, in effect, it takes place two or three times a week. But that's the fault of these people! Everyone took pride in bringing films from his embassy. How can you refuse some and accept others?

But to me, those film shows aren't the biggest obstacle, I don't think so. What's much worse is all those comics they read – they spend their time reading those things.

And the worst of all – the worst of all – is when the family arrives! Oh!... Those parents are horrid beings, they tell them just the opposite of what we tell them, and then they argue and quarrel in front of them, they tell them all the family's little stories.

I think it's useless to put a child to bed if he isn't going to sleep – he needs to be peaceful before going to sleep. If they were given a somewhat peaceful atmosphere, they would be able to sleep....

This brought back to my mind all kinds of things from my childhood, from my infancy. My grandmother lived next door to us, and at night (in the evening after dinner), we used to visit her before going to bed. I can't say it was great fun, but she had very good armchairs (!), and so while my mother chatted with her, I had one of those splendid sleeps there, lying in that armchair – a blissful kind of sleep. But if someone had watched this from outside, without knowing anything, he would have said, "Just look! They force this child to stay awake till 10 instead of letting her sleep." But I'd be resting wonderfully!

So it depends on the child. And if he really feels sleepy, what prevents him from sleeping? What's required is to give them a peaceful atmosphere, as much peace as possible.

> *But they are constantly trying to make general laws, when it's always an individual question.*

Absolutely.

> *And a question of experience – of speaking from one's experience. But they want a Law, a constant Law in all the details.*

It's easier! Yes, laws, laws, laws. They haven't understood yet.

I would have nothing to say against that poster if there had been several quotations, with mine among the others; but what I rose up against is that they used it as a circular which they sent to all the Departments! And it was a private letter.

If at least this quotation had been among several others ... but one should ALWAYS put in the complementary quotations – and they never do.

I remember, once, they held an exhibition on Germany at the Library. They put up a long quotation from Sri Aurobindo in which he said, Here is what the Germans THINK OF THEMSELVES ... and there followed a whole quotation – oh, what a quotation! Anyway, they are the race of the future, of geniuses, they will save the world and so on. But they put up the whole thing ... without the first sentence! So I arrive there (at the time, I could see clearly), and what do I see! I remembered what Sri Aurobindo had written,

Here is what the Germans THINK OF THEMSELVES, SO I told them, "But you forgot the most important thing, you must add this." You should have seen their faces, mon petit! ...

It's this dishonesty that's frightening – they cut out and remove all that bothers them and leave only what suits them.

I've said it many a time: when you put in a quotation from Sri Aurobindo, you should always put in the opposite quotation to show that he said everything and foresaw everything, and that he puts everything in its proper place.

But they don't like it!

There's also the story of that poor T. He gathered up from Sri Aurobindo's books all the passages in which he says that mind is indispensable to man *(Mother laughs),* that mind is the means of progress, that without mind life would be incomplete, etc. – there are many such passages, of course!... And he forgot all the others. So as I am full of *mischief,* I gathered up *(laughing)* all the other passages and bombarded him with them!

He took it as a personal offense!

And all those who come and tell me, "But you said this two years ago, and that three years ago, and this ..." I tell them, "Yes, and now I am saying the opposite! ... And I may very well say the same thing again in a few years!"

It's difficult to drive it into their heads.

Yes, their heads are like this *(padlocking gesture).*

That's the real evil at the School, and there is one: a tendency to turn everything into a system.

Yes. Dogmatism.

But that's what changed teachings into religions, everywhere – everywhere.

If you left, it would be terrible....

They had a meeting with people from England or Europe, in which they said, "Oh, the world needs a new religion, now is the time to give it a new religion...." And they wanted to take Sri Aurobindo's name and make a new religion out of it! So I answered them, "The time of religions is over." They didn't understand, mon petit, they were appalled! I wrote it to them without explanation, the way you fling something to shake things up: "The time of religions is over, this is the age of universal spirituality" ("universal in the sense of containing EVERYTHING and adapting to everything). So they answered me, "We don't understand, but anyway ... (laughing) since you tell us, we accept it." So I added an explanation in the *Bulletin* (the explanation isn't as strong, but I had to try and make myself understood), I said that religions are based on spiritual experiences brought down to a level where mankind can grasp them, and that the new phase must be that of spiritual experience in its purity, not brought down to a lower level.[84]

But this too is hard to understand.

Anyway ... it gives me colds!

Yes, that's true, that's what gives colds, it's dogmatism, which rigidifies, hardens, takes away life.

They are convinced that they are right and I am wrong, and it's out of a sort of "benevolent respect" for me *(Mother laughs)* and of politeness that they don't tell me, "Really, you're exaggerating, we were right."

Ah, let's work! ...

* * *

> *I have received a letter from my brother.... Among other things, he says this: "I am in effect too 'dead' to write.... My days are harassed ... they're a whirlwind of responses to be given instantly to those who cast on me their suffering, their glance or their question. I have to keep hold of the thread of my great peace through all this so as not to be torn apart."*

... These last few nights, an experience has been developing. There is a sort of objectification, like scenes unfolding in which I am one of the characters; but it isn't "me," it is some character or other that I play in order to have the double consciousness, the ordinary consciousness and the true consciousness at the same time. There was a whole series of experiences to show simultaneously the True Thing and the sort of half-death (it's his word that makes me think of this – "I am too dead ..."), the half-death of the mind. In those experiences, the state of ordinary mentality is something dry (not exactly hard because it's crumbly), lifeless, without vibration – dry, cold; and as a color, it's always grayish. And then, there is a maximum tension, an effort to understand and remember and know – know what you should do; when you go somewhere, know how you should go there; know what people are going to do, know ... Everything, you see, is a perpetual question of the mind (it's subconscious in the mind – some are conscious of it, but even in those who are apparently quiet, it's there constantly – that tension to know). And it's a sort of superficial thing, shallow, cold and dry, WITHOUT VIBRATION. At the same time, as if in gusts, the true consciousness comes, as a contrast. And it happens in almost cinematographic circumstances (there is always a story, to make it more living). For instance, last night (it's one story among many, many others), the "I" that was conscious then (which isn't me, you understand), the "I" that was playing had to go somewhere: it was with other people in a certain place and had to go through the town to another place. And she knew nothing, neither the way nor the name of the place she was going to, nor the person she had to see – she knew nothing. She knew nothing, but she knew she had to go. So then, that tension: how, how can you know? How can you know? And questioning people, asking questions, trying to explain, "You know, it's like this and like that ...," innumerable details (it lasts for hours). And now and then, a flood of light – a warm, golden, living, comfortable light – and the feeling that everything is prearranged, that all that will have to be known will be known, that the way has been prepared beforehand – that all you have to do is let yourself live! It comes like that, in gusts. But then, there is an intensity of contrast between that constant effort of the mind, which is an enormous effort of tension and concentrated will, and then ... and then that glory. That comfortable glory, you know, in which you let yourself go in trusting happiness: "But everything is ready, everything is luminous, everything is known! ... All you have to do is let yourself live." All you have to do is let yourself live.

It's as if a play were performed to make it more living, more real – one subject, another subject, this, that.... If you enter a certain state, then another time enter the other state, you can remember the difference and it's useful, but in this form of a play, with the double consciousness, the opposition becomes so real, so concrete that ... you come out of it wondering, "How can you go on living in this aberration when you have once TOUCHED – touched, experienced the True Thing?"

It's as if the body were being dealt with like a child who has to be educated. Because that mind I am talking about is the physical mind, the material mind (not the speculative mind: the vibration isn't the same at all), it's the mind OF THE EARTH, the mind of everyday life, the mind you carry along in your every movement and which tires the body so much! ... Such a tension, an anguish – living is an anguish. Yes, the feeling of a living death.

This morning, when I came out of it, I said to myself, "That's odd...." But the body is learning its lesson; that way, it's learning its lesson. And yet it goes on with that nasty habit of wanting rules, of wanting to know in advance what it should do, of wanting to know in advance how it should do it, of organizing its life within a straitjacket, instead of letting itself live.

Exactly the same story with the School.

It is building an iron cage for yourself and getting into it.

It was exactly that.

Trying to explain to someone, "You know, it's a place like this or like that, and the person there is like this – you know, that person who did such and such a thing...."

You try out a number of landmarks ... in order to build yourself a cage. And then, suddenly, a breath – a luminous, golden, warm, relaxed, comfortable breath: "Oh, but it's obvious, that's how it is! But I will be CARRIED quite naturally to the place – what's all this complication!?"

It is the body learning its lesson. It's learning its lesson.

It's also learning the lesson of "illness" – of the illusion of illness Oh, that's very, very amusing. Very amusing. The difference between the thing itself, as it is, the particular kind of disorder, whatever it is, and the old habit of feeling and receiving the thing, the ordinary habit, what people call an illness: "I am ill." That's very amusing. And ALWAYS, if you stay truly still (it's difficult to be really and truly still – in the vital and mind, it's very easy, but in the body's cells, to be perfectly still WITHOUT BEING TAMASIC is a little difficult, it has to be learned), but when you are able to be truly still, there is ALWAYS a little light – a warm little light, very bright and wonderfully still, behind; as if it were saying, "You only have to will." Then the body's cells panic: "Will, how? How can I? The illness is on me, I am overcome. How can I will? It's AN ILLNESS" – the whole drama (and that wasn't in sleep: I was completely awake, it was this morning), it's "an illness." Then something with a general wisdom says, "Calm down, calm down, *(laughing)* don't remain attached to your illness! Calm down. As if you wished to be ill! Calm down." So they consent – "consent," you know, like a child who has been scolded, "All right, very well, I'll try." They try – immediately, that

light comes again: "You only have to will." And once or twice, for one thing or another (because the Disorder is something general: you may suffer at any spot, have a disorder at any spot if you accept a certain vibration), on THIS POINT, you consent – the next minute, it's over. Not the next minute: a few seconds and it's over. Then the cells remember: "But how come? I had a pain here ..." – pop! It all comes back. And the whole drama unfolds like that, constantly.

So if they really learned the lesson ...

Things come from outside, you can't always stop them from coming; it's like what I told you, those little black darts (you don't keep guard, you don't spend all your time protecting yourself!). But if, at that moment, you had the true attitude ... It was curious enough, because it came to the throat, and it rather bothered me, I don't like it when it comes there; so I concentrated so it wouldn't be there, and it didn't come there ... (laughing) it turned into a cold!

Oh, they are learning their lesson all the time, all the time. Everything, all that happens is ALWAYS a lesson – always. Always, always: all the quarrels, all the difficulties, all the troubles, all the so-called illnesses, everything, all the disorders are to make you learn a lesson – as soon as you've learned the lesson, it's over! But then, you are so slow and heavy, you take so much time to realize that it's a lesson that it drags on and on and on.

And for everything, like that question of money this morning, it was a lesson to be learned. But it isn't an individual lesson, you understand; the trouble is that it doesn't depend on one individual: it depends on groups, or on a certain type of individual, or on a way of being of human life, or ... It's the WHOLE that has to learn the lesson.

Maybe ... maybe if there is a symbolic being (it's what I am beginning to ask myself), if there is a symbolic being who has the power (it takes a great deal of endurance!), the power to CONTAIN the representation of all those disorders and to work on that symbolic representation, it must help the whole. Because if an entire human way of being has to change for the Victory to be won, it's going to take millions of years! That may be why there are symbolic beings.

That's what I am now asking myself.

In the realm of ideas, there aren't any problems, everything was resolved long ago – the problem is in the fact, in the material fact of the body.... It is beginning to learn its lesson. It's beginning to learn. And then, instead of the selfish answer that consists in saying, "Ah, no! I don't want that, I don't want any of it! *(Laughing)* I am above that weakness and disorder," let it come, accept it and see what the solution is. In other words, instead of the old problem – rejection of life, rejection of the difficulty, rejection of the disorder and the flight into Nirvana – it's the acceptance of everything – and Victory.

This is really (as far as I know) the new thing Sri Aurobindo has brought. Not only the idea that it's possible, but that it's the true solution, and the idea that we can start now. I am not saying we'll reach the end now, I don't know, but the idea is that we can begin right now, the time has come when we can begin, and it's the only true solution, the other solution is no solution – well, it was a necessary

experiment in the universal march, but flight is no solution: the solution is Victory. And the time has come when we can try.

All ordinary common sense (which is still triumphant in this world) tells me, "What illusions you nurse, my child! You arrange things to your satisfaction, you're sugarcoating the pill for yourself," and so on, it comes like that, regularly, in waves. Well ... it's also part of the problem. But a time will come when certain truths will be acknowledged as true and no longer disputed; then the Work will be easier. But in order to get there, there has to be at least a beginning of experience, a beginning of realization that enables you to say, "But here is the proof."

This seems to me to be the process under way.

It is a rather obscure labor that's going on at the moment.... I remember the day when Sri Aurobindo told me (we were still in the other house), he told me, "Yes, you are doing an overmental work, a creation of the Overmind, you will work heaps of miracles and the whole world will admire you! ... But that is not the Truth we want." I told you the story. Well, this memory very often comes to my aid. I said, "That's right, we don't care for the fanfare of popular victory!"

It's without glory. But it doesn't need any glory at all! I said to him, "I don't need glory and I don't care a whit for public admiration! *(Laughing)* That has no place in my consciousness."

But I understand.... Oh, how there are deeper ways to understand things!

The body is learning its lesson.

(Satprem prepares to leave)

With this cold, I can't see anymore at all, not even to write.

But just imagine, I have some important "birthday cards" to write, and I was warned one month in advance! I was warned, I was told repeatedly, "Write these things down." So common sense says, "But there's time!" – "Write these things down." So I wrote them down. And now, if I had to write them, it would be quite a bother!

All the time, all the time, I receive indications, which seem so trite!... And for everything, the smallest thing: "Don't put this object like this: put it like that" *(Mother moves an object on her table),* and suddenly something happens and it breaks or falls.... It's really very interesting.

(Mother consults her timetable) Streams, dozens of people write to me, "I WANT to see you, I WANT to see you...." That's how it is: "I WANT to see you on my birthday, I WANT ..." Now I answer very bluntly, "Impossible, no time," without any explanation. But some days, I am free, so the list gets longer, there are fifteen, twenty, twenty-five people. If you think about it, it appears impossible; you go there, you put yourself in a certain state, you call the Lord and live in His Eternity – and then it's over before you even know it!

Life is on the verge of becoming wonderful – but we don't know how to live it. We still have to learn. When we truly learn, it will be something.

October 17, 1964

You?

Me, I am going through all the phases, but fortunately very quickly, in a few hours – two, three hours – with new phases.... Anyway, rather unpleasant things.

* * *

(Regarding the cards Mother sends the disciples on their birthdays. Those cards generally contain an indication of the effort or realization to be achieved during the new year.)

... What a work it is, you know!

You understand, with people from outside (about 200 people to whom I also send cards, maybe a little more), and all the Ashram people (except for very rare exceptions), it makes about 1,500 cards a year. There are only 365 days; so you can figure out how many cards have to be written every day.... D. comes every morning with my breakfast and a list of all the birthdays, and before seeing people or starting my work, I have to satisfy all those birthdays!

It keeps you busy!

But now, I have a new tactic: I have been given some of those alcohol [felt tip] pens that are like paintbrushes; I write with them – it takes up a lot of space! So I don't need to say much. And my hand has remained as it was when I used to paint, very self-assured, but my eyes are no longer guiding, so the pen is the guide!

* * *

Soon afterwards

The nights are becoming more and more incredible.

Every night, I meet scores of people whom physically I don't know at all, but with whom I have a relationship of ... a sort of intimacy of work, as with someone you meet daily. And it goes on, and every night it's different people. So it makes hundreds and hundreds of people with whom I work.

It's very concrete: concrete like physical life (it's in the subtle physical). Concrete in the sense that when you eat, you have the taste of it; when you touch, you have the feel of it; you have the smell. And what stories! Stories ... fantastic inventions! I don't note all that down because it would take hours and anyway I don't find it worthwhile, but what stories it would make!

Fantastic.

Last night ... I don't remember at all now, only the impression; and the

impression is so strong that after getting up it takes me at least half an hour to emerge from the atmosphere I was in!

All sorts of people. I don't know their names, I don't know their countries, I don't know their languages, yet we communicate very well.

And in the world, things are chaotic, it seems.

Yes, what is this "resignation" of Khrushchev going to do?[85]

It looks serious. It would seem to be a revolt, because his son, too, has been kicked out.[86]

Does it mean a setback?

Oh, a VIOLENT setback.

It's serious.

Things were on the mend between America and Russia (at China's expense! It was very funny).

This is going to demolish everything.

(silence)

You get an impression (it's precisely the impression I bring back from those activities of the night), the impression of a building cracking – all over. Exactly like just before the collapse: it cracks all over.

Besides, if you are completely outside your usual consciousness, your usual reactions, your immediate circle and your daily activity, if you get completely out of all that, and take a look and wonder, "What's going to happen?" – a black hole, you can't see anything.

And when I say, "What's going to happen?" I don't mean what's going to happen on earth, but through what combination of circumstances or sequence of events is the new creation going to take place?

There is an entire part of the earth's past history that, ultimately, is totally unknown to us. They have indeed made so-called discoveries, but ... all those stories, I don't know how much of them is true.

Have they really discovered? I don't know. Do you?

We probably know a little bit of history starting from a particular cataclysm. But how many cataclysms have there been?...

Yes, how many cataclysms have there been?

(silence)

Now, for great upheavals men want to do without Nature's help. It seems that five nations have atomic bombs, and the bombs of just one of those nations are enough to ... vrrf! destroy the earth. So if all this (because it's new, after all)

suddenly gets out of control ... They don't know how long these things can remain in waiting: if all at once they start exploding – can you see that! *(laughing)* In all the countries, all the bombs going off at the same time!

Poor earth.

It's worse than a Deluge. All in all, the ways of the Earth were more gentle, Nature was more reasonable.

(silence)

Ultimately, there is only one comfort, it's that nothing will ever happen except what has to happen, so ... This is the consciousness in which I live – I don't worry at all, not in the least. But I mean that in actual fact, in an objective manner, we know nothing.

Is it in the wake of cataclysms that the animal became man?... That doesn't seem to be very necessary.

No, the disruptive element is the Mind.

I am not aware of what people nowadays think they know, but, for example, when the animal reign dominated the earth, before it appeared and to make it appear, were there ever any catastrophes?... Of course, you can vaguely feel an earth that slowly grows colder and is first purely mineral, then plants appear little by little – you see that very well (I've even seen very interesting photographs), but is it the fact of growing colder that itself caused catastrophes? Earthquakes, submersions, floods?...

Yes, there was a period of great foldings.

There was a movement of the continents, and so, necessarily, the ice sheets melted and the earth was flooded. But this movement of the continents was probably a consequence of the cooling.

Now they say that they have instruments capable of measuring the fact that the continents are still moving. They even said, a few years ago, that many parts of Siberia, which used to be so cold that nothing could be done there, were beginning to be cultivated, and that, necessarily, the tropics aren't so warm anymore.

But these things must be coming about very gradually, so it's always possible to adapt, people can move to other places.

Yes, it happens over millions of years.

There's time to move, to change habits.

(silence)

The historical period is very short. Already, as it is, it's very uncertain, but very short.

Perhaps the conscious effort of the Vedas came after thousands and thousands of years of research, studies, civilizations that didn't leave any trace? Because they

have more or less calculated the time of the coming of man on the earth – a few million years, no? How much?

One million, I think.[87]

Out of that million, we know 5,000 years, you see that!
Poor little ball! How vain we are! We think we know everything.

(silence)

Maybe it's into the past that I wander? It may be into the past, it may be into the future, it may be in the present. I have noticed that the costumes aren't at all like today's or like anything we know. But when I am there, in the activity, it's perfectly natural, you don't notice it: it's like something you see every day, you don't notice it. Only when I come back and objectify a little do I say to myself, "Well, how odd!" (for myself and for others). And I am not at all as I am now, not at all. Moreover, I think I have been what is called "different persons" at different times. There was even a time when I looked to see if it wasn't that I was identifying with different persons, but there is no identification, I don't feel I am "entering someone," nothing like that. But in appearance, I am not always the same person: sometimes I am very tall, sometimes I am small, sometimes I am young, sometimes I am not old but *grownup*. Very, very different. But there is always the same central consciousness, there is always ... *(Mother collects herself)* the Witness who watches on behalf of the Lord and decides on behalf of the Lord. This is the attitude: the Witness who watches – that is to say, who sees everything, observes everything, and who decides, either for himself or for others (indifferently), always. That is the fixed point. On behalf of ... of the "something" that's eternal – eternal, eternally true, eternally powerful and eternally knowing. That is there, through everything. Otherwise, there are different things all the time, different circumstances, different surroundings; there are ways of life that are very, very different. And also, if I wake up at the beginning of the night, it's one particular type of thing; if I wake up in the middle of the night, it's another type of thing; if I wake up ... "wake up," let's be clear, it isn't coming out of sleep, it's returning to the present consciousness. And every time, it's different, like coming from different worlds, different times, different activities.

And it's clear that "one" doesn't expect me to remember – that doesn't matter at all. It is an ACTION. It's an action, it isn't a knowledge I am given – an action. I am working. Is it "I have worked"? Is it "I am going to work"? Is it "I am working"? I don't know. Probably all three.

And whether I remember or not doesn't matter at all.

(silence)

But there are some points one should nevertheless know ... and for which there is no certainty. For instance, to what extent does the presence of a physical body [Mother's body], in the world as it is now, act on the Work that is being done? To

what extent? ... Is it indispensable? Is it really indispensable? And if it is, what is the effect and the extent? In other words, are there things that one can do only in a physical body, or can the same things be done anyway (except we don't have the opportunity to chat about it, so! ...)?

Certainly, there are things one can do only in a body.

Chatting!

No, not chatting!... Otherwise, there would be no need for Avatars.

Yes ... so it seems.

(silence)

But if the stories as we are told them are more or less true, I mean if they have any truth, there isn't ONE Avatar who stayed – they all left. Or else they're hiding well, because ... No one has ever met any of them, you see. There are people who go looking for them, but no one has ever met them. And their deaths have even been much talked about and often seem to have played a rather important role.

How do you mean no one has ever met them?

Physically.

You see, it is said that Shiva lived on earth, that Krishna lived on earth. As for Buddha and Christ, we know they lived on earth – it raised enough rumpus! People even made more fuss about Christ's death than about his life. As for Buddha, he professed himself in favor of going away for good (although he didn't actually). But the others ...? They have of course told the story of Krishna's death – but they have told many stories.

It's too "old."

But it's not old, mon petit!

Old for our history.

It's not old. Obviously, there was no cinema and no newspapers! But newspapers and all paper things can't last very long. In America, they have made underground shelters for books – they take all the best, then they store it under certain conditions. But what if the earth and the continents move! ... And anyway, who will be able to read? Even the Assyrian inscriptions, which aren't old, are still a riddle. They don't really know: they imagine they know. The names we were taught when we were small and the names today's children are taught are totally different, because they hadn't found the phonetic notation.

Ultimately, if we look at things with the slightest care, even OUTWARDLY, we know nothing.

(Mother goes into a deep meditation)

October 21, 1964

On the 18th, I had an interesting experience. It was the doctor's birthday and I gave him a meditation, and after the meditation, he asked me to write for him what I had seen during the meditation. I had no intention of doing so, but an hour later, that is, at lunch time ...

To be clear, I should tell the whole story from the beginning.

Before the meditation, I told him, "You will let me know when you have finished – I don't want to let you know." So I finished what I had to do, then I took a look and said to myself, "Let's see now, let's try." And I simply made a formation and put it on him, saying, "Now, it's over." Then I didn't move, I stayed very quiet. It took about half a minute, even less; he opened his eyes, and then it was over. But when I saw him again at lunchtime, I asked him, "When you indicated to me it was over, what did you feel?" He told me, "I felt *(Mother laughs)* the Force was going, so I thought it was over..." Well, his answer showed me the exact difference.... He should hew felt. "Mother is calling me, Mother is telling me it's over," but he felt the Force was going.

Then, as he saw I was talking to him, he took the opportunity to ask me, "I would really like to have visions." I answered him all that had to be answered, and I told him that, in the last analysis, it's only the Lord who decides when we should have visions, when we shouldn't have them, when we are making progress, when we aren't, and so on. Then, in the most hypocritical tone *(laughing),* like someone who says something to be polite but doesn't believe a word of it, he said, "Oh, then we are indeed fortunate, because we have the Lord among us." I pretended to believe he was sincere, and I answered him, "No, no, no! You can't say that, it's not possible – I AM NOT the Lord!" And I explained a little the consciousness I have of the Lord, I said, "You shouldn't think I am the Lord ..." (in my thought, it was: "I am not the Lord as YOU imagine Him"), "because if I were the Lord *(Mother smiles, amused)*, you would have visions and you would be cured."

This took place around 11:30. In the afternoon, usually I take my bath and stretch out a little, a good while, over there. I said to the Lord, "And after all, why *(laughing)* can't I do something for people like this who are really nice? Why can't I work miracles?" I asked Him this half seriously, half in jest. Then all of a sudden, it became very serious. All of a sudden, the Presence was very intense and it was very serious. Then l felt something that said in an absolutely positive way (it was translated into words), "You MUST NOT have powers." And the total understanding.

You must not have powers.

And it was a world of ... Incidents of this kind bring about a world of parallels, of experiences and so on. So I began writing (it came, as always, through

successive "sedimentations"). The first sedimentation gave this:

> If you approach me in the hope of obtaining favours, you will be frustrated, because I have no powers at my disposal.

It came in French too:

> "Ceux qui s'approchent de moi avec l'intention d'obtenir des faveurs seront déçus, parce que je ne dispose pas de pouvoirs."

But the true version is this one (I replaced *s'approchent* with *viennent* and *dispose* with *détiens,* and I put the present tense), it's from the last sedimentation:

> "Ceux qui viennent a moi avec l'intention d'obtenir des faveurs sont déçus, parce que je ne détiens pas de pouvoirs."[88]

And what's almost fantastic is that a whole ARMY OF ADVERSE FORCES WERE REDUCED TO SILENCE – immediately. And the atmosphere was clarified, relieved.

Then, taking a good look, I understood that it is that mixture in people's thoughts, in people's feelings, in their approach to spiritual life, which is catastrophic – they always "want" something, they always "demand" something, they always "expect" something. In fact, it's a perpetual bargaining. It's not the need to give yourself, not the need to melt into the Divine, to disappear into the Divine – no: they try to take, to obtain what they want.

And for several hours (it lasted several hours, from that moment till night) the atmosphere was clear, light, luminous – and my body, my body was in such joy! As if it were floating in the air.

Afterwards, everything came back – not "everything": something didn't come back, which was definitely settled, but one part of the attacks was clarified.

It was so concrete! I have never felt it so concretely, something seemed to have been completely swept away.

> *But how is your renouncing or your having no powers sufficient to sweep the adverse forces away?*

No, it's the fact that I ANNOUNCED it.

> *That you announced it?*

No powers – I knew very well I had no powers! And I couldn't have cared less because I understood perfectly well that what is being attempted now isn't miraculous events at all, but the LOGICAL and normal and inevitable CONSEQUENCE of the supramental transformation – that is the whole point. That I know and knew, and that's why I didn't even bother about powers; anyway it hadn't even remotely occurred to me that I might work a miracle for the doctor or for this or that other person who approaches me – I didn't think about it, it didn't enter my consciousness. Only, on the 18th, through that occasion it entered my

consciousness, and so I asked the question to find out why I never thought about it: "Why?" And I was positively told: "You MUST NOT wield powers, because that's not the way things should be done."

I do understand, but...

But there was a whole mass of adverse forces (I saw all sorts of things, I don't want to go into details) that were trying to PREVENT me from declaring it. And I had to make an effort *(Mother makes a gesture of driving back an obstructing mass)* ... not an effort to fight, but an effort to overcome something, as when you are hemmed in, an effort to break a shell so as to be able to proclaim it. And the minute I did that, the minute I took my paper and started writing – pfft! it all went, as if swept away! ... That, yes, that I understand! That's the Lord's Power. No intermediate power can do that – it was a splendor, you know! As if all of a sudden the physical world had become a solar world, splendid and radiant, and so light, so harmonious! It was a marvel. For hours.

And it made me understand that one of the most considerable obstacles is that deviation of aspiration into a thirst for something. But who doesn't deviate?... You see, I always start by looking at myself and at all that I know of this being's conscious life (that's my first observation), and all the images come; well, the self-offering, the perfectly pure aspiration that doesn't expect any result – absolutely free from the slightest idea of result – the aspiration in its essential purity ... that's not frequent. It's not frequent.

Now the conditions are totally different, but I see the mass of aspirations, of approaches, and I always compare with my attitude towards Sri Aurobindo at that time, when it was he who, to me, represented the Intermediary; well, I understand ... I understand that the absolutely pure thing, that is, free of all mixture with the ego consciousness (it's the ego consciousness), free of all mixture with the ego consciousness, is ... it's still rare.

And it's this mixture with the ego consciousness (I am speaking here not from the personal, but from the general standpoint) that, when the words were written, was swept away by something as powerful as a hurricane, without the violence of a hurricane – scattered, dissolved, swept away! All those things that were pressing, against which I constantly had to strive in order to move on – swept away! And they didn't come back completely.

That state didn't remain (that state was a state of Victory). But things haven't come back as they were, and they will never come back as they were. Something has really been clarified. And it isn't a personal, individual question: it's something general.

(Mother starts making a fair copy of the last "sedimentation":)

You understand, the word "favor" is deliberate. It's quite deliberate, it really means a favor – to be helped in making the necessary progress is all very well, but what they want is the result WITHOUT HAVING TO WALK THE PATH, and

that's what is impossible, that's what must not be.

Basically, that's always what men ask of religions; the "God" of religion is a god who must do them favors: "I believe in You, therefore You must do this for me" (it isn't formulated so bluntly, but it is like that), It isn't the aspiration to be guided on the path in order to do exactly what should be done for the Transformation to take place. And that's what I was clearly told: "It MUST NOT be miraculous powers." The power of the Help is there, fully, of course, but the miraculous power that does things without their being the result of a progress achieved, that must not be.

(Mother goes on copying her note)

And I replaced the future tense with the present, deliberately too, because it isn't something new: it has always been that way; it isn't that I now announce they will be disappointed – they have always been disappointed. And asserting this fact is what had the power of dispelling a whole mass of formations: not only formations of beings of the vital or hostile beings, but the false mental formations of human beings.

And here, I wrote: *Je ne détiens pas de pouvoirs* ["I possess no powers"], which is better than *Je ne dispose pas de pouvoirs* ["I have no powers at my disposal"]. I had chosen the word *dispose* in French (chosen, I mean, not mentally), but the word *dispose* came along with the meaning that the power wasn't at my disposal – there is a nuance. I mean that if, by some aberration (it would really be an aberration), if by some aberration I had the desire to work a miracle, I wouldn't be able to – it would be contrary to the supreme Will. It isn't that I am deliberately making the choice, "No, I won't work miracles" – I can't, that's not the way, it MUST NOT be like that.

You'll have a lot of difficulty driving that into people's heads!

Oh, but there has been a dreadful revolt in the Ashram's atmosphere! Not in their conscious mind, but in the subconscient – a terrible revolt. In order to write down my declaration, in order to formulate it, I had to overcome a whole mass of things, it was extraordinary! There have even been individual reactions: "Then I am going away." I said, "Very well, here is the exact proof."

It was interesting.

The doctor himself received it as a blow – he was trembling inside.

> *No, what should be asked, since we're always asking for something, is for the substance to become conscious enough to receive the Force and itself work its own "miracle," get cured, or this or that, anyway do the work.*

Yes, it mustn't be a "favor." "Give me the Force to be what I should be," that, yes.

What triggered the whole experience (I forgot to tell you this), when I asked

the Lord, "Why? Why couldn't I do something for these people who are really nice?" is that that story of the past came back, when Sri Aurobindo told me, "You are doing a work of the Overmind, you will work miracles that will fill the world with admiration ..." and so on, I told you the story. It came back massively, exactly the same thing: "That is not the truth we want...." And that's also why I stopped all those pujas of the Mother in October-November, because they all used to come with the idea of getting something: miracles, miracles, miracles – never for the True Thing. And that's what they expect of God, of course, miracles or favors, illogical and unreasonable things, instead of wanting the Divine's progressive advance.

Obviously, that's more difficult.

October 24, 1964

Mother comments again on her declaration: "I possess no powers."

Oh, it has caused a general upheaval in the atmosphere! I have even received thoughts of this kind: "So then, Sri Aurobindo deceived us!" They're furious, furious.

> *They haven't understood.... But anyway, it's going on in the subconscient.*

No, no! They DELIBERATELY hadn't understood it before my declaration, because Sri Aurobindo never said we would work miracles! They deliberately hadn't understood. So, naturally, they're furious. But it may be better not to insist outwardly by publishing this.[89] It will come in its own time.

* * *

(As Satprem reads back to Mother the last conversation, she stops him at the following passage: "It was a splendor! As if all of a sudden the physical world had become a solar world, splendid and radiant, and so light, so harmonious! It was a marvel.")

And the experience has brought a stability that didn't exist before – a stability and a certainty, an Assurance that all will be well.

Because the body lived for months, almost years, in a sort of constant tension; it was forever waiting for the next minute, the next second, forever tensed forward in a sort of haste or uncertainty, as though the next moment would be better. There was a constant instability, which created a great obstacle for the Vibration to become established (I am talking about the body's cells, naturally). Well, on the

18th, with that experience, there was an assurance of Triumph.

And the body's state didn't revert to what it was before, far from it: there is a sort of peaceful tranquillity that no longer feels, no longer has the sense of a constant uncertainty – that's finished.

October 28, 1964

The nights are continuing to be extraordinary! Last night, it was fantastic, but ... I send it back, because it keeps me too busy; one part of the consciousness is busy with it, that's troublesome – I send it all back.

It's as if a fantastic amount of things were made known to me: people whom I don't know physically, things that I don't know physically. And with the clear vision of the true Consciousness behind it all: the workings of the Consciousness. It's interesting, but anyway ... It would be wonderful for a writer, he would have books and books to write! I even hear sentences; when things are written, I see them written – it's even more precise than in a film. And all the answers. And then the two consciousnesses side by side: the superficial consciousness, the way it works in people, and the true Consciousness that moves it all as it would puppets. It's interesting, obviously.

And for a long while after I wake up in the morning, I only have to stop for a second, stay still for a second, and it comes back, as though a part of the consciousness still remained there – it comes back. And it goes on. Then after a while, I say, "That's enough, I've got other things to do!"

And the earth's political atmosphere? Russia? Do you see something?

No, nothing in particular ... I rather had a very strong indication that it was a reaction in the wrong direction.

Did you see the photo of the man [Suslov] who is behind Khrushchev's downfall? Oh!...

I would like to see his photo.

I've never seen a more terrible face.

I have a strong feeling that it is – yes – a diabolic reaction.

It seems they want to put Khrushchev on trial?...

They're held back by all the other Communist parties, which greatly admired Khrushchev and are now protesting. So I think they can't do as they would like to.

(Mother goes into meditation)

October 30, 1964

I feel we are turning a corner.

It's very narrow. Do you know mountain roads?... All of a sudden, you come to a corner, a sharp turn, and you can't see the other side – below is a precipice, behind is the rock – and the path ... it would seem to have grown narrower in order to turn the corner, it's become quite narrow. I've encountered that in the mountains – often. And now, I feel we are turning the corner; but we are beginning to turn it, in the sense that we are beginning to see the other side, and the consciousness (always the body consciousness) is on the verge of a bedazzlement, like the first glimpses of something marvelous – not positively unexpected because that is what we wanted, but truly marvelous. And at the same time, there is that old habit of meeting difficulties at every step, of receiving blows at every step, the habit of a painful labor, which takes away the spontaneousness of an unalloyed joy; it gives a sort of ... not a doubt that things will be that way, but you wonder, "Has it already come? Have we reached the end?" and you don't dare think you have reached the end. That attitude, naturally, isn't favorable, it still belongs to the domain of the old reason; but it receives support from the usual recommendations: "You shouldn't give free rein to wild imaginings and hopes, you should be very level-headed, very patient, very slow to get carried away." So there is an alternation of a sort of crouching, timorously moving forward step by step in order not to slide down into the hole, and a glorious sense of wonder: "Oh, are things really that way?!"

This has been the body's feeling for three or four days.

But it keeps increasing, and that sort of "crouching" is greatly lessened by the knowledge and experience that if you are per-fect-ly calm, all goes well – always, even in the worst difficulties.... Very recently, the day before yesterday, there was (always on the physical level; it can't be called "health," but it's the body's functioning) a rather serious attack, which found expression in a rather unpleasant pain; it came with unusual brutality. Then, immediately, the body remembered and said, "Peace, peace ... Lord, Your Peace, Lord, Your Peace ..." and it relaxed in Peace. And in an objectively perceptible way, the pain went away.

It tried to come back and then went away, tried to come back and went away.... The process lasted the whole night.

But it was extraordinarily obvious! The physical conditions were absolutely the same, and one minute earlier, there was an almost intolerable pain, which went away like that, in the Lord's Peace.

It's already two days since it went away, and it hasn't come back. I don't know if it will come back.

But then, the body is learning one thing, and learning it not as an effort that

has to be made, but as a spontaneous condition: it's that ALL that happens is for progress. All that happens is for reaching the true state, the one that is expected of the cells so that the Realization may be accomplished – even the blows, even the pains, even apparent disorganizations, all that is on purpose. And it's only when the body takes it in the wrong way, like a fool, that it gets worse and insists; whereas if the body immediately says, "Very well, Lord, what do I have to learn?" and responds with calm, calm, the relaxation of calm, immediately the difficulty becomes tolerable, and after a moment, it gets better.

(silence)

If the work were limited to a single body, a single mass or quantity, a single aggregate of cells, it would be very easy by comparison, but the interchange, the union, the reciprocity is automatic and spontaneous, and constant. You feel that the effect going on here [in Mother's body] naturally, necessarily and spontaneously has its consequences very far and wide; only, it makes difficulties worse, and that's why it takes a lot of time. There is a correspondence, you see: something new occurs in the body, a new pain, a new disorganization, something unexpected, and after some time, I learn that this person or that person has the very same thing!

That, too, the body knows, and it doesn't protest – that goes without saying, it's the way things are. But it prolongs the work considerably.... Probably there will be a corresponding endurance. Because there is neither regret nor revolt nor fatigue; really, the body is ready to be very happy, all it wants is to be very happy – it dare not be yet, that's the only point. It's something it dare not be: "Are things ... are they really as good as that!" It dare not. But it's very happy: "I have no cause for complaint, everything is fine; there are difficulties, but without difficulties there is no progress."

Yes, what it still has is the fear of joy – not positively "fear," but ... a timidity in the face of joy. Sometimes waves of an intense Bliss come to it, waves of Ananda, in which all the cells begin to swell with a joyous golden light, and then ... it's as if one dared not – one dare not. That's the difficulty.

The people around me don't help. Those immediately around me have no faith.

So that doesn't help, because the mental atmosphere isn't favorable. Mentally, you look at it and smile; but the body feels it a little bit, it feels a little the pressure of defeatist formations around. But it knows why those around are like that – from the material point of view, those around are just what is needed, just what is needed; the body needs such an atmosphere so that material difficulties aren't made worse. So it's perfectly happy, only it dare not be joyous; it immediately says, "Oh, it's still too beautiful a thing for life as it is!"

I don't know how long it will last.

(silence)

Now and then, when I am perfectly at rest and perfectly quiet (when I know,

for instance, that I have half an hour of perfect quiet and no one will disturb me), at such time, the Lord becomes very close, very close, and often I feel Him saying (not with words), saying to my body, "Let yourself go, let yourself go; be joyous, be joyous, let yourself go, relax," and the immediate result is that it completely relaxes, and I go into a bliss – but I no longer have any contact with the outside! The body goes into a deep trance, I think, and it loses all contact; for instance, the clock strikes, but I don't hear it.

One should be able to keep that bliss while being quite active and hard at work. I am not referring to the inner joy, not at all, there's no question of that, it's out of the question, it's immutably established: I am referring to that Joy IN THE BODY ITSELF.

That sort of quiet satisfaction which it feels, now it feels it even when there are sharp pains, with the trusting feeling that it's all with a view to transformation and progress and the future Realization. It no longer worries – it no longer worries at all, it no longer frets at all, it no longer even has the sense of the effort to be made in order to endure: there's a smile.

But the glimpses of the True Thing, all of a sudden, are so wonderful that ... Only, the gap between the present state and THAT is still wide, and it seems that for THAT to settle in once and for all, It must become natural.

Voilà.

Now what about you? Has anything happened to you these last few days?

When?... Forty-one years ago!

That's just a way of keeping count!

Today?

What has happened to you since the last time I saw you?

Nothing?

But with regard to health, are you better? Or aren't you?

I'm all right.... But I have a very strong feeling of being surrounded by threats.

Threats? All the time?

Yes, like that.

You told me this once.

It's superficial, because as soon as I stand back, nothing matters anymore – it goes to Muttialpeth [the cremation ground] and it doesn't matter. But when I am in this body, I don't have a sense of quietness at all. I don't know why.

You told me this already, and I looked a great deal.... It strikes me as a formation (which may go back a rather long time), which you must have accepted

at a particular moment, I don't know why, and which has remained around you. But it doesn't seem to me to correspond to a truth. I looked at it a good deal, often, and I never saw that it was the expression of a truth. I saw that it's what we could call an "adverse formation," not necessarily hostile, but adverse in the sense that it isn't beneficial. But it isn't the expression of something true. And that might well be the point: if you could experience its unreality, that is, its false character, that would help a great deal.

> *But it's something that's all the way down, that doesn't depend on a reasonable consciousness. Because, otherwise, it doesn't bother me, I am above all that. It's only there, on the material level.*

Don't you know how long it has been there?

> *I think I lived for years in drama, tragedy, accidents, so there's an old habit: "It's going to come back again." The feeling that things can't happen without a drama, a tragedy, without something terrible.*

Yes, it must be that.

> *For instance, I very strongly feel the need ... Yes, something MUST happen – something must happen, change, open up; well, at the same time, I immediately have the feeling that there has to be a tragedy for it to open up, that nothing can happen without...*

That's not true. That's precisely what this body also feels, as if it couldn't progress without suffering.

> *That's it.*

But that's not true, it's not true!

Yes, it's the taste for drama, which is justified by the fact that one took part in the drama. But now I am beginning to see clearly: that participation is the result of a tacit consent, and that tacit consent is what gives that inner conviction, and then all that creates the atmosphere in which the drama takes place.

But you know, for hours, sometimes for hours something becomes fixed, really concentrated (in the true sense of the word) on the relationship between Eternity and the Unfolding. More and more, what comes is a vision, a certainty that it's only ONE way of seeing, adapted to our humanized consciousness, and there is a kind of unmoving perception (which has more to do with sensation than with thought), a perception that what is – what truly is – is something else altogether: neither the Unfolding as we conceive of it and perceive it, nor Eternity (coexistent Eternity, one might say) as we can understand it. And it's because of our incapacity to truly grasp the Thing that we are like this, having difficulty combining these two things properly.

I am putting it into words very poorly, but it isn't a vision, in the sense that it isn't an objective perception: it is a vibration, a way of being that you BECOME

for a few seconds, and then you understand, but you can't put it into words.

It's odd; from the point of view of Truth, this is the problem that's being worked out. And when the concentration becomes very acute and very intense, something seems to burst inside the consciousness, and then spreads – spreads out – in the intensity of a Love. And then it is like an answer, not to a question because it isn't formulated, but to the will to be.

(long silence)

Love is the single, supreme means of manifestation.

And Manifestation automatically implies unfolding. And this conception (because ail this is the way in which the human consciousness is able to approach things), this conception of an eternal simultaneousness – an eternal, coexistent simultaneousness – is a very clumsy and human translation of the state of nonmanifestation. Because Manifestation automatically implies unfolding: without unfolding there is no Manifestation. But human thought, even speculative thought, is so clumsy and childish; it always confuses the two notions: the notion of unfolding and the notion of the unforeseen or unexpected; the notion of unfolding and the notion of the "new" creation, of something that is created and was not – all this is so ... *(Mother knocks her papers across the table).* You see *(laughing),* my things are protesting!

It's in this "problem" that I have been living these past few days. And mark you, it isn't at all the speculation of a higher being or a being who belongs to other worlds: it's the substance of physical life that wants to know its own inner, deeper law.

(silence)

It's amusing: all the mental constructions men have tried to live and realize on earth come to me, like this, from every side, to be ordered, clarified, put in their own place, arranged, organized, synthesized. So all those supposedly "great" problems come to me, and immediately there is an indulgent smile, as at a child's fumblings; but not at all with a sense of superiority, nothing like that, there's only the feeling that an instrument is used that cannot solve the problem. And a kind of certainty, deep down in Matter, that the solution lies THERE – this is very strong, very strong. Oh, what fuss, what fuss, how vainly you have tried! – go deep enough within, stay quiet enough, and then THAT will be. And you cannot understand it: it only has to BE.

You cannot understand it, because you are using instruments that cannot understand. But it cannot be understood: it has to BE.

When you are that, then you will be it, that's all, there won't be any more problem.

And all this is down there, at ground level.

But all the great Schools, the great Ideas, the great Realizations, the great ... and then the religions – that's still lower down; all of it, oh, what childishness!

And that wisdom! ... It's an almost cellular wisdom (it's odd). For instance, I was looking at the relationship I had with all those great beings of the Overmind and higher, the perfectly objective and very familiar relationship I had with all those beings and the inner perception of being the eternal Mother – all that is very well, but for me it's almost ancient history! The me that exists now is HERE, it's at ground level, in the body; it's the body, it's Matter; it's at ground level; and to tell the truth, it doesn't care much about the intervention of all those beings ... who ultimately know nothing at all! They don't know the true problem: they live in a place where there are no problems. They don't know the true problem – the true problem is here.

It's an amused way of looking at religions and all the gods the way you would look at ... they are like theater performances. They're pastimes; but that's not what can teach you to know yourself, not at all, not at all! You must go right down to the bottom.

And it is this, this descent to the very bottom, in search of ... but it isn't an unknown, it isn't an unknown – a bursting (it really is like a bursting), that marvelous bursting of the Vibration of Love; that is ... it is the memory. And the effort is to turn it into an active reality.

(silence)

Maybe that feeling of threat is the expression of the resistance and ill will of all that doesn't want to change – it's possible. It's possible. There is everything that doesn't want to change, all that exists only through and for the Falsehood, and doesn't want things to change. It's like those sudden pains in the body, if you look at them, you always see something black, a sort of black thread or black dot – it's something that is unwilling: "I don't want any of it! I don't want things to change, I am ATTACHED to my Falsehood." So the threat may be from everything that doesn't want to change.

Ultimately, we just have to smile. And one day, it will have to change anyway – we'll have given it enough time, we have given it enough rein, no?

Voilà, mon petit, so have a happy year!

We shouldn't take them seriously: they may shout, they may protest, they may grumble, they may threaten, they may play all sorts of nasty tricks on us – they last only a time, and when their time is up, it'll be over, that's all. We only have to last longer than they do, that's all. And it's very easy to last if we hold on tight to that which is Eternal: it doesn't even require an effort. And it allows us to look at everything with a smile.

November

November 4, 1964

(Mother points to a pile of papers on her table:) You see, it's all like that, it's a snowball. All my life it's been like that with everything I touch, everything I do: it snowballs. So when it comes to material things, you're absolutely deluged! And now my time is spent like that. Every day, ten, twenty people ask to see me – it's impossible. And yet, as far as I can, I do it.... Those *birthday* cards ... here alone there are 1,200 or 1,300 (in a year, that makes quite a few every day), but that's nothing, there are all the people from outside, entire families! So every day I write twenty, twenty-five cards....

But one can't say anything, it's good. It's good in the sense that there is a great change in people, they are all much more interested in Yoga, much more, and in an unexpected way. But then difficulties are increasing in proportion, and expenses also are increasing in proportion – that too snowballs!

I have noticed it since I was quite small, that's how it works.... For instance, if I eat something (people are really very nice, they make me taste things, they send me all kinds of preparations – they think it interests me very much! – but they're very nice), and if by mischance I happen to say, "Oh, it's good," instead of one, I get fifty!

It doesn't matter, obviously, there is an outflow: all that I give is things I've received; all the money I have is money I've been given. That's how it is, I act as an intermediary.

We should find the way to make time a little more elastic – oh, it can be done, it can be done. Obviously, the trouble is that we are still based on the mind's mechanical organization, but if we had the suppleness to do a thing just when it needs to be done ...

The difficulty is that one lives with others – I understand very well that those who wanted to follow the inner law, the Impulse from above every second, were obliged to withdraw, because then they depend only on themselves (they depend on themselves, on Nature, that is to say, on the rising and setting of the sun, and then on plants and animals – but those make no demands). But in a human life, you need set times to get up, to go to bed, to eat; especially for food: there are those who do the cooking.... It has its advantages: there were periods in my life when I lived all alone (not long ones, not for a long time, but I had some), well, during those periods, more often than not I would forget to eat and forget to sleep. That's a drawback.

But there is a great advantage....

* * *

(Mother goes into a deep meditation that will last forty-five minutes, then she speaks.)

Time passes like a second!

There is a solidity in the atmosphere, no? Do you feel it? Like the solidity of a presence.

Like a second.

(silence)

For the first time yesterday, I had in a flash – it lasted just a flash – for the first time in my life, I had the PHYSICAL experience of the Supreme's presence in a personal form.

It wasn't a defined form, but it was a personal form. And it came in the wake of a series of experiences in which I saw the different attitudes of different categories of people or thinkers, according to their conviction. And it came as if that form were saying to my body (it was a PHYSICAL presence), as if it were saying, really with words (it was a translation; the words are always a translation – I don't know what language the Supreme speaks (!), but it is translated, it must be translated in everyone's brain according to his own language), as if He were telling me, "Through you" (that is, through this, the body) "I am charging ..." (it was like a conquest, a battle), "I am charging to conquer the physical world." That's how it was. And the sensation was really of an all-powerful Being whose proportions were like ours, but who was everywhere at once, and really of a physical "charge" to chase away all the dark little demons of Ignorance, and those little demons were like black vibrations. But He had something like a form, a color ... and above all, there was a contact – a contact, a sensation. That's the first time.

I have never tried to see a personal form, and it always seemed to me an impossibility, as if it were childishness and a diminishing; but this came quite unexpectedly, spontaneously, stunningly: a flash. I was so astonished.... The astonishment made it go away.

The first time in my life.

It was a physical presence, with a form, but a form ... It was odd, it was a form ... As soon as you try to describe it, it seems difficult. But I still have the memory of having seen a sort of form with a quite special – but MATERIAL – light and quality, and which ... Yes, maybe it is *(Mother looks silently)* ... maybe that is the form of the supramental being?... It was very young, but with such power! A power, almost a muscular power (but there were no "muscles"), and there was a charge: he literally charged down on people and things, and everything was immediately scattered and upset. And he laughed! He laughed, there was such joy! A joy, a laughter, and, yes, he said, "Through you ..." (it was through my physical presence), "I am charging ... ," I am charging down on Darkness or Falsehood, or whatever – words come afterwards and spoil everything – but the idea was ... (no,

it wasn't an idea, it was something that was said). It lasted just long enough for me to notice it – a flash. Then I said, "Ah!..." I had, you know, that reaction of astonishment.

The first time – completely unexpected.

And now, during the whole meditation, the presence was there, that presence was there, but so concrete! So concrete, so powerful. Maybe it is ... maybe there is a will to make me see the supramental form? It's possible. It was PHYSICAL – it was physical. And there was that CONTACT, the physical contact. But the contact, I have it all the time – as soon as I stop, there is a massive contact, and weightless at the same time.

Didn't you feel anything particular?

Yes, I feel this massive thing present.

A presence.

Yes, very strong.

That's right. Oh! ...

Yes, it's like what you can see in a flash. It was a form – a form derived from the human form; it wasn't something that contrasted sharply with the human form, but it had something the human form doesn't have: a suppleness and power in the movement. And it was radiant, a little radiant, as though it emanated a little light; but not something that gives you the feeling of the supernatural: not like apparitions in paintings, not that – it was material, it was ...

It's the first time. I was sitting like this, as I was just now, the same thing, nothing particular. And it filled me with something inexpressible, a sense of fullness, of joy – of triumph, you know.

It was so brief that I didn't intend to talk about it, because words ... You're always afraid of adding to the experience. But this presence was so concrete just now, during the meditation, and time passed so extraordinarily quickly, like a flash. And I had the same feeling, oh, such a fullness! ...

He said (it was translated into words: I heard them, in what language I don't know, but I understood very well), I heard the words and he said to me: "Through you, I am charging...." I am charging, as if he were launching into a battle against the world's Falsehood. "Through you, I am charging ...," that's perfectly clear, and it was against ... I saw little aggregates of black dots being scattered.

But at that moment, I felt something like the representation of certain states of mind, certain intellectual conditions, a whole series of things that represented doubts, negations, ignorant attitudes, revolts ... and all at once, this came.

And I still see the form I saw: like that, as if he were launching into battle – but only what you can see in a flash.

November 7, 1964

Mother looks very pale.

For the past three days there has been a constant phenomenon: something ... I don't know what it is ... as if the whole head were being emptied *(Mother shows the blood going downward).* Physically, that's what you feel before fainting, as if all the blood were leaving the head: the head empties, and then you faint.

The first time it came was the day before yesterday; I was resting (after lunch I rest for half an hour), and at the end of my rest, suddenly I see myself – I see myself standing near my bed, very tall, with a magnificent dress, and with someone dressed in white beside me. And I saw this just when I seemed about to faint: I was at once the person standing and the person on the bed who was watching, and at the same time I felt that thing flowing downward, flowing downward from the head – the head empties completely. And the person standing smiled, while the person in the bed wondered, "What! I am fainting – but I am in my bed!" There. And as it was time for me to "wake up" (that is, to return to the outer consciousness), I came back.

And I was left with this problem: who was standing there?... Very tall, with a splendid dress, and then a person (who was a human person, but much shorter), a white person beside me, all white. And just when I become conscious of this, when I see this, the head empties completely of something, and the face of the person standing (who was me) smiles. And then, the other part of me that was lying down in my bed said, "What! It's odd, I am fainting; how is it that I am fainting? – I am in my bed!"

I got up and didn't feel anything physically, it didn't correspond to anything.

I haven't had any explanation. I don't have any clue. What does it mean? I don't know.

Obviously, it's something!

But since then it has been like that, and particularly last night when it was terribly cold [monsoon + windstorm], I was completely still in my bed, with an almost constant feeling of that "something" flowing downward – of the head emptying.

It continued this morning, a very bizarre impression. Yet, physically, I feel fine, I took my food, I ...

But you look very pale.

Very pale?

Yes, it struck me. You're very pale, as if you didn't have much blood.

But in the beginning when you arrived and I sat down, it came very strongly – very strongly, as if everything ... vrrt! were going away.

So I'm pale, am I?

Yes, you were more so ten minutes ago.

Because I have concentrated.

It's always the same thing, you know: I strongly feel that the explanation, or even the physical phenomenon, is the translation of something going on elsewhere. But I don't know what it is.... It is a new process.

But once, you had a similar experience with all the symptoms of fainting: when the center of your physical consciousness left you.

Yes, but that's not ...

(long silence)

I feel it as something linked to the circulatory system, but ...

(Mother goes into a meditation, looking for the real cause)

I don't understand. And those things keep recurring until you have understood ... So that's troublesome.

* * *

At the end of the conversation, Mother consults her appointment book:

There's a crush of people.... I ought to have some peace.

When I have some peace, I am perfectly well. But ...

There's obviously something going on, but I don't know what it is.... It seems to be going quickly now, a little more quickly.

But the mind (if we can call that "mind"), the physical stupidity cannot understand the process: what's happening, what's going on, it doesn't understand. The body only has, as soon as it is at peace, the feeling of bathing in the Lord. That's all. But in the body (not in its attributes, I mean when neither force nor energy nor power or any of that is there), in it there is, not something powerful, but a very gentle tranquillity. But not even the feeling of a certainty, nothing. It's negative, rather: the sensation of an absence of limits, something very vast, very vast, very tranquil, very tranquil – very vast, very tranquil. A sort of – yes, like a gentle trust, but not the certainty of transformation, for instance, nothing of that kind.

It's strange, it isn't a passivity; it isn't passive, but it's so tranquil, so tranquil, with a sort of – yes – gentleness.

I don't know. We'll see, maybe by the next time I will have found out?

November 12, 1964

Is there anything new?

> *It's you who had something to find. You said you would look for the cause of those sorts of faintings.*

There is something interesting (not the faintings!). You know that Z has started a yoga in the body (I didn't ask her to do anything, she did it spontaneously); she wrote to me her first experiences, and there were observations quite similar to those I had made and with an accuracy that interested me – I have encouraged her. She is going on. I don't have the time to read her letters: they're piling up there. But what I found very interesting is that yesterday I was read a letter from an English writer (a lady): she has a little group there, they meditate together, and they had a sort of Indian guru (I don't know who) who was teaching them meditation. Then they came across Sri Aurobindo's writings, and they began to study and follow his indications and try to understand. As it happened (about a year ago now), during their meditation, instead of their making an effort of ascent to awaken the Kundalini and rise towards the heights, all of a sudden the Force – the Power, the Shakti – began to descend from above downward. They informed their guru, who told them, "Very bad! Very dangerous, stop it, terrible things are going to happen to you!" That was about a year ago. They weren't quite sure that the gentleman was right and they went on, with very good results. Then, yesterday, that lady wrote, giving a detailed notation of their experiences – almost the SAME WORDS as Z! Now that's beginning to be interesting. Because it represents an impersonalization of the Action, in other words it doesn't express itself subjectively according to each individual: it has a WAY of acting.

I was very happy, I wrote her a note to congratulate her.

And I notice – from letters I receive, from remarks made to me – that the Action is becoming truly general all over the earth, and with SIMILAR effects (a slight coloration according to each individual, but that's nothing), similar effects. And it's a whole discipline, a sadhana of the body – not a mental one: of the body. So it is concrete.

(silence)

There is this phenomenon: as soon as the physical organism, with its crystallization and habits, is put in the presence of a new experience without being carefully forewarned ("Now be careful, this is a new experience!"), it is afraid. It's afraid, it panics, it worries. It depends on the person, but at the very least, in the most courageous, in the most trusting, it creates an uneasiness – it begins with a slight pain or a slight uneasiness. Some are afraid immediately; then it's all over: the experience stops, it has to be started all over again; others (like those English people I was talking about, or like Z) hold on and observe, wait, and then the "unpleasant" effects, one may say, slowly die down, stop and turn into something

else, and the experience begins to take on its own value or color.

With those faintings of sorts I told you about the other day, I observed (it went on the whole day), and I saw (saw with the inner vision): it is like the travel – at times as quick as a flash, at other times slow and very measured – of a force that starts from one point to reach another one. That force travels along a precise route, which isn't always the same and seems to include certain cells on its way: the starting point and the arrival point *(Mother draws a curve in the air).* If you aren't on your guard, if you are taken by surprise, during the passage of the force (whether long or short) you feel the same sensation ("you," meaning the body), the same sensation as before fainting: it's the phenomenon that precedes fainting. But if you are attentive, if you stay still and look, you see that it starts from one point, reaches another point, and then it's over – what that force had to do has been done, and there is no APPARENT consequence in the rest of the body.

I mentioned (not with so many details) the fact to the doctor, not in the hope that he would know, but because (it's amusing) when I speak to him, he tries to understand, of course, and then there is the mirror of his mental knowledge, and in that mirror, sometimes I find the key! *(Laughing)* You understand, the scientific key of what's going on.

As a matter of fact, it was after I spoke to him (I mentioned it to him as a sort of dizzy spell) that I was able to perceive precisely those "routes." I wondered if it wasn't the projection on a magnifying screen of phenomena taking place between different brain cells? Because those sorts of dizzy spells always follow (today there hasn't been anything at all), they always follow a moment or a day of intense aspiration for the transformation of the brain. It may be that.... You know, all those brain cells in there are hitched together, and if those "hitchings" are disturbed, generally people become deranged; and it gave me the impression of a magnifying projection enabling me to follow the connections established between certain brain cells, so that the functioning may not be the automatic, semiconscious functioning of the old state anymore and the brain may truly become the instrument of the higher Force. Because the formula of my aspiration is always, "Lord, take possession of this brain," and it's always after this intense aspiration that those kinds of phenomena occur. So it is to prepare the brain to be the direct expression of the higher Force.

This is what I have learned these last few days.

I also noted something down, an experience I had this morning. It lasted half an hour, and during that half-hour ... *(Mother looks for her notes among a series of little scraps of paper)* ... You know that with people who have a revelation, their state of consciousness changes all at once, and at that moment they have the feeling that everything is changed; then, the next moment, or after a certain time, they realize that all the work ... (how should I put it?) of working out the experience remains to be done; that it was only like a flash lasting a certain length of time and that they have to *work it out* through a process of transformation. This is the usual idea.

And all of a sudden, I saw – that's not it at all! When they have the experience,

at the time of the experience, it is the thing ITSELF, the perfection ITSELF that has been reached, and they are in a state of perfection; and it is because they COME OUT of it that they feel they have to slowly prepare themselves for the result.... I don't know if I am expressing myself clearly, but my notation was like this: perfection is there, always, coexisting with imperfection – perfection and imperfection are coexistent, always, and not only simultaneous, but in the SAME PLACE *(Mother presses her two hands together)*, I don't know how to put it – coexistent. Which means that at any second and in any conditions, you can attain perfection: it isn't something that has to be gained little by little, through successive progress; perfection is THERE, and YOU change states, from the state of imperfection to the state of perfection; and it is the capacity to remain in that state of perfection that grows for some reason or other and gives you the feeling that you must "prepare" yourself or "transform" yourself.

That was very real and very concrete.

(Mother gives the text of her note:)

> The perfection is there coexistent with the imperfection and attainable at each and any moment.

Yes, it isn't something that becomes: perfection is an absolute state that can be attained at any moment.

And then, the conclusion is very interesting *(Mother looks for another scrap of paper)....* You remember, I told you that for the body consciousness, the problem that remains hard to solve is that notion (to me, it has become just a notion, it isn't a truth), of the preexistence of all things: of the state in which each thing IS, even in its unfolding.... You understand, it would be as if all the POINTS of the unfolding were preexistent.

I was on the threshold of an understanding (an "understanding": I am not talking about a mental understanding, I am talking about the experience of the fact). The experience of the fact is the experience of the coexistence of the static state and the state of development – of the eternal static state and the state of eternal unfolding (indefinite, rather, not to use the same word). Then, at that point, there was this vision *(Mother holds out a note):*

> "When the truth manifests, the false vibration disappears ...

Disappears, it is CANCELED ("CANCELED" is the word).

> "... as if it had never existed, before the vibration of truth that replaces it. This is the real basis of the theory of Illusion."

Yes, all of a sudden I understood what they really meant when they said that the physical world as it is is illusory.

You can say it is illusory only if it has no lasting existence, of course. And this experience – which I saw, felt, lived – is that the vibration of truth literally

CANCELS the vibration of falsehood, which doesn't exist – it existed only as an illusion for the false consciousness we have.

I don't know if I am making myself understood, but it's very interesting.

It isn't the world that's illusory, it's the perception ...

It's the perception of the world that's illusory – the perception of the world, the perception we have of it, is illusory. The world has a concrete, real existence in what we could call the Eternal's Consciousness. But we, the human consciousness has an illusory perception of this world.

And when the Vibration of Truth triumphs, you see and have the sense of the true reality of the world; and as I said, that illusory perception disappears immediately. it is canceled.

Which means that their way of saying or thinking or understanding that "all that is has existed from all eternity" isn't ... it isn't "all that is" as they see it and conceive of it, it isn't even the principle of all that is, it is ... it is the ONE Truth that's eternal, and the unfolding ... It's difficult to say.... The unfolding follows a law and a process that are quite different from what we conceive or from what we perceive.

It's the same thing again: Truth is there, Falsehood is there *(Mother presses her two hands together);* perfection is there, imperfection is there *(same gesture);* they're perfectly coexistent, in the same place – the minute you perceive perfection, imperfection disappears, the Illusion disappears.

Only, I am not speaking here of a mental conception of some vague and general state: I am referring to that state of infinitesimal vibration (which they discovered when they tried to find the makeup of Matter: that's what they are trying to reduce Matter to), it is that state of vibration, it is THERE, it's in that state of vibration that, for the concrete world, imperfection must be replaced by perfection. Do you understand what I am saying? Or does it make no sense?

I don't see. You mean it's at that stage, at that level that ...

Yes, it's at that level that the change must take place. At the mental or even vital level, it's a psychological question, it's nothing, it's not really THE THING (it's the thing expressed in a HUMAN consciousness). Because the other day ... the other day, suddenly I went out of humanity. My consciousness went right out of the human consciousness. And then I said to myself, "But ... all that they say, all that they know, all that they have attempted, all that so-called knowledge which has been accumulated on earth, it's nothing! It's something that belongs only to MAN – eliminate man ... and everything exists! And all the explanations man has given about things are like zero." That's it: everything exists.

I had the experience of the universe outside the human perception of that experience; and then the vanity of that human experience was so obvious, you know, that at that point a door began to open onto something else.

All this is perhaps the Lord taking possession of the brain?

It's hard to explain, but as an experience it was extraordinary. You see, we live INSIDE a formation,[90] which was the human – human – formation, all human knowledge.... Because I was beginning to try to find what we know of human life and life on earth: it's almost nothing at all, a very small thing (Sri Aurobindo wrote somewhere that there were billions of years BEFORE[91]). So what we know is practically nil. All right. So, to get out of that. And it led me quite naturally to go out of humanity – out of the earth, of the universe; of the earth that has been the product of all that we know (at any rate we are explaining what happened, what was there). And then suddenly, yes, the futility, the vanity of that knowledge appeared very clearly, and there was a sort of flash of something else.

(Mother goes into that flash and remains in contemplation)

November 14, 1964

... I was read a letter from a young Italian boy, fourteen or fifteen years old, who had remarkable experiences on silence, how he obtains silence and what goes on inside him – truly remarkable. I told you also that I had received a letter from England and the analogy with Z's experiences, with merely the nuance that spontaneous sincerity gives. Then, there are here a few people who hadn't budged for years: suddenly they are on the move, they're beginning to have experiences. But what's really interesting is that those who have experiences are for the most part Westerners, particularly Europeans, as though their past of negation had intensified the aspiration and prepared something in their receptivity – it struck me. Not the Americans ... the Americans are still as frivolous as children *(Mother laughs).* But the Indians ... obviously they are ahead, but they aren't where they ought to be: it's as if humanity had followed a curve and those who are (or were, rather) at the summit go down again, and then they have to climb up again – the Indians are climbing up again. The others, the Westerners, seem to have a past that was squeezed, that was as if compressed, and which has burst all of a sudden.

* * *

Soon afterwards

> *I met V., he had a vision two or three days ago. He saw a peacock coming down, and on the peacock someone was sitting, erect, who wasn't Kali but like Kali (the naked Kali) and was holding in her hand the severed head of a man.*

Did he see whose head it was?

No, I asked him if it was a Western head, or a Chinese one, anyway what it was. He told me it rather looked like an Asiatic head.

Asiatic, that's vague.

He told me, "I felt it was the sign of a catastrophe or a war."

It may be the sign of a victory.

Yes, he said, "Afterwards, there was peace."

V. is a very good clairvoyant.
When you spoke to me, I saw the twisted face of a Chinese.
But it could be a previous formation.

(silence)

The Khrushchev affair has been a bad thing. But generally things in the outer world move in a zigzag; instead of going straight, they go like this *(zigzag gesture):* action, reaction, action, reaction.... That's what Théon always said: in the outer world, a victory for one side always means a sort of RIGHT to victory for the other side; and then he added, "Those who know must be ever vigilant and on the alert, so that when the enemies win a little victory (which may be a perfectly superficial and insignificant victory), they immediately win a big victory!" *(Laughing)* He said that with great humor. And I noticed that on the individual level, it's true. On the level of countries ... unfortunately, the people who determine the destiny of countries (the outer destiny) are incompetent and stupid, and they miss the opportunity. But that Khrushchev affair gave a right to a victory, you understand. It gave the other side a right to a victory.

I told you I would show you the photo of the man [Suslov] who's behind Khrushchev's downfall.

(Mother looks at the photo) He is only an instrument. I mean he isn't an Asuric incarnation. But a strong will. He isn't a being who acts consciously for the Adversary: he thinks he is doing the right thing.

He's a "theoretician."

Yes.

Oh, he may have violent passions and reactions, and ambitions too, but he isn't one of those beings who know they are instruments of the great Asura – he's not that. He is less dangerous than that. Not like Hitler – who knew, of course.

Hitler asserted that Falsehood should govern the world and that it was governing it. And he was very conscious of being the instrument of the Asura who had himself called "the Lord of Nations," who is precisely the present, current representation of the Asura of Falsehood (the one who was born "the Lord of Truth" – a lovely story ...).

That's why Sri Aurobindo clearly and openly took the side of the Allies – it wasn't out of love for the British!

(long silence)

What was Kali sitting on?

On the peacock. It wasn't Kali, but like Kali, and naked.

It is clearly a victory through the disappearance of a man or a country.

I don't know why, while you were speaking to me, I saw the twisted face of a Chinese.

There is another thing. Recently, one day, I suddenly ... I am extremely sensitive to the composition of the air, from my earliest childhood: "airs," if I may say so, they each had their own taste, their own color and quality, and I would recognize them to such a point that sometimes I would say, "Oh, the air of ..." (I was a child, of course), "the air of this country or the air of that place has come here." It was like that. I was extremely sensitive to the quality of pure air, that is, without the elements that come from the decomposition of life and especially from the places where people are crowded together. It was like that to an extremely sharp degree: for instance, if I was moved from one place to another, I could be suddenly cured of an illness from the change of air. When I met Théon, it became conscious, an object of study, and ... it still goes on. Perhaps a few days ago (I can't say, time has no meaning), but not very long ago, I said, "There's something new in the air." And something very unpleasant, extremely pernicious; I felt that that something (I didn't say anything to anyone, naturally) had a peculiar, extremely subtle odor, not a physical one, and had the power to separate vital vibrations from physical vibrations – that is to say, an extremely noxious element.

Immediately I set to work (it lasted for hours), and the night was spent counteracting it: I tried to find which higher vibration could counteract it, until I succeeded in clarifying the atmosphere. But the memory remained very precise. And very recently (maybe a day or two ago), they told me that the Chinese had chosen an Indian territory, in the North, to test a certain kind of atomic bomb, and that they had exploded a certain bomb there. When they told me this, the memory of my odor abruptly came back.[92]

Which means that those vibrations travel very far – the physical vibrations stop at a certain distance (although they go much farther than is believed), but the vital vibrations that are behind (the "nervous" vibrations, if one can say so) must extend TREMENDOUSLY far.

You know, when there was that volcanic eruption in Martinique (it's something much more material), the volcanic dust was picked up after some time in Marseilles – which is far away. Exactly the same dust, carried by the wind. So a bomb of that kind must have considerable effects.

But the vibrations you're speaking of aren't emanated by human beings – by a bomb, you mean?

By the bomb.

Can a bomb have a nonphysical action, a vital or subtle action?

It acts only because it has a subtle action – nothing would move, everything would be inert if it didn't have a subtle action.

It's the vital contained in Matter – it's like the phenomenon of radiation. It's a violent liberation of something contained in Matter. Like radiation. And it spreads out. They have indeed noticed it, but they don't want to know: when they exploded the bomb in Japan, the consequences went much, much farther than they expected, they were infinitely more serious and long-lasting than expected, because the sudden liberation of those forces ... They only perceive a certain quantity, but there is all that is behind, which spreads out and has its action. You see, they observe, for instance, that cows are poisoned and their milk isn't drinkable for a certain time (it happened in England), but that's the most crude and outer phenomenon – there is another, deeper one, which is FAR more serious.

So when I said that ["the twisted face of a Chinese"], it seems to be beside the point, but that's because when those two things coincided,[93] Kali suddenly became furious – I saw Kali furious, as when she decides that it will be "paid for." So V.'s vision adds a few landmarks.

Oh, you know, when she goes into a fit of power ... you really feel that the earth is shaking.

(silence)

Very well, we will see.

I always say, "We will see," because ... in reality, I am not worried, not worried at all, I am very sure – very sure. I have such an absolute certitude that the Wisdom that acts in the world is infinitely superior to all that we can imagine. We are like ignorant and stupid children in front of "something" that acts with a CERTITUDE, and so luminous, so luminous. With a superharmony that turns into harmony the things that seem to us the most discordant.

So when I see the anxious human thoughts trying to know *(Mother smiles)* – "Don't worry, we will see." And when I say, "We will see," I have the joy of a certitude that what we will see will be a thousand times more beautiful than anything we can imagine.

> *I read a line in "Savitri" that struck me very much, because I saw a connection with what you said the other day about the coexistence of Falsehood and Truth: "And earth shall grow unexpectedly divine."*[94]

That's right! That's right ... *unexpectedly divine.*

And even the most skeptical will be compelled to see that something is changing, that it's not the same thing anymore.

Sri Aurobindo said (he said it to me personally and he wrote it), *The time has come.* Because he went away, people thought he was wrong; that was the general

effect, they said to themselves, "He thought the time had come, but he went away because he saw he was wrong." – That's rubbish.

(Smiling) Besides, he didn't go so far away! I spend my nights with him, and with the most complete variety of work – it's a multiple, innumerable "Him" ... and so wonderfully adapted to all necessities: terrestrial necessities and individual necessities.

And for him, it's only one small part of himself; because it's with him (I told you the story the other day) that I had that experience of going out of humanity, going out of the material world: it was with him, in his "company," if I may say so!

I like it when it's with him because it gives me a sort of certainty that it isn't an experience of my subjectivity – it's impersonal, entirely impersonal. Even if my subjectivity is worldwide, I don't want my experience to be subjective: I want every consciousness, whatever it may be, human or nonhuman, every consciousness awakening in that field, to have an identical experience, if it is truly objective. So when it's with him, I am quite sure.

(silence)

He continues to be happy with your book and its effects – besides, it's his book *(laughing)* as much as yours!

Oh, yes, I have no sensation of being an "author"!

He is happy.

November 21, 1964

Mother looks weary. She is holding her palms on her eyes.

... They stupefy me with material, mechanical things to be done, and as they're all in a hurry and disorganized, they come at the last minute and the thing has to be done "immediately." All this to explain to you that I am completely stupefied.

If you like, we can do some translation, because then it's you
who's working, not me!

But do you have anything to say? ... If you do, tell me.

Oh, there are always things to be said, but...

Ah! Tell me, then.

They're personal things.

Yes, fine, tell me.

I don't quite understand my position now. I have the feeling that my existence has grown thin, thin, thinner and thinner – it has thinned down to almost nothing.

Oh, very good!

Except for mechanisms, there's nothing.

It's good, it's a very good sign, it means you are becoming free from your ego.

But if at least, in this nullity, there were experiences...

Listen, yesterday or the day before (anyway after I saw you last time), for a whole day I had exactly the sensation you've just told me. I suddenly remembered sensations or impressions or experiences I had when I was here or there, in France, in Japan, and I had that impression ... yes, of a thinning down, a shrinking to the point of nonexistence.

Yes, exactly.

Absolutely nonexistence. And I wondered, "But where is that person I used to call 'me'?... Where is she, what is she doing?" – It had evaporated *(Mother blows air between her fingers),* absolutely evaporated. Oh, how I laughed, mon petit, how delighted I was! For half an hour I laughed within. I said to myself, "Well, it's a success!" Then I looked at that poor body and thought, "If this too could be changed into something else, it would be magnificent!"

(Looking at Satprem out of the corner of her eyes) It's very good – it's very good, it's a sure sign that one has emerged from one's ego.

Yes, but in that nonexistence, only things without any interest remain: the body, the mechanisms.

Because that's what remains. But what to do? ... I tell you, the impression was that there only remained what directly concerns this.

Well, yes!

In other words, nothing; it's almost nil.

So the problem arose: "How can THIS change?"

Of course, I had the answer.... I have a calendar with quotations from Sri Aurobindo, and I had the answer in the evening. I don't remember the exact words, but he said, "The Spirit will change this human body too into a divine reality." That was the answer; he said, THE SPIRIT. I said to myself, "Obviously, but how can THIS be transformed?..."

That's the problem.

And the answer is always the same: it CANNOT depend on our effort. Naturally, it goes without saying that we must make ourselves as plastic and well-disposed as possible (I am speaking of the body), but the change CANNOT

depend on it, it doesn't have the knowledge and it doesn't have the power; therefore, the change can only depend on the divine Will.

That's exactly it. This has been the experience of the past few days.

> *But you get a feeling that even aspiration ... I can't say it disappears in that nonexistence, but there's nothing, there's almost nothing left.*

Mon petit, that's because what you call "aspiration" is a movement of your psychic consciousness, mentally formulated and supported by the vital – but it ISN'T YOUR BODY. And it's only if you are very attentive to the vibration of the cells, if you are accustomed to observing them and feeling them that you can see. Well, I don't know, but I can't complain about my body's cells.... You know, it isn't a perception, it isn't a sensation, it is ... a LIVED FAITH in the existence of the Supreme alone – you know, a faith that it's the only Reality and the only Existence. Just that, and everything seems to

swell up, as if all these cells were swelling up with such joy! ... Only, it doesn't take the form of a feeling, not even of a sensation, even less of a thought; so if you aren't very attentive, you don't notice it. But, for instance, when I repeat the mantra, it's repeated by that famous physical mind, which is so stupid (the mantra is the only thing that can keep a rein on it), and now it has become so identified that the mantra is its whole life, it is like a pulsation of its being; but then when I come to the invocation (there is a series of invocations: each one has its own effect on the body), when I come to "Manifest Your Love," I see a sort of twinkling of a golden light, which represents an intense joy in all the cells.

It isn't easy to observe, you must be very, very, very detached from the movement of thought, otherwise you don't notice it. But if you see it, you see that even those cells are there waiting for the Thing.

I don't think that much more can be expected of them, except, perhaps, to get rid little by little of wrong habits and false vibrations (which, naturally, are the cause of what we call "illnesses").

But we can say, looking at it from an external standpoint, that ours is a rather thankless task! ... The glory will come afterwards, but will these bodies see it? I don't know. There is such a huge, tremendous difference between what must be and what is. These are poor things, you know, there's no getting away from it, they are poor things.

One may say, along with popular imagination, the taste for the marvelous and all the legends, one may say, "Yes, a sudden transformation," but, but, but ... it's just words.

(silence)

I remember having written somewhere, some ten years ago, that I would take it as a sign if my back became straight again.[95] At the time, it wasn't much, but it disgusted me deeply, and I did it as a *challenge.* Naturally, now it's very far away from my consciousness and my thought, I find it childish, but I remembered it a

few days ago also, and I said to myself that now I didn't care a bit about that, because to me it's nothing! All the rest ... rail the rest is equally inadequate, incomplete and miserable, you know – miserable. If you think about a divine life, it's miserable.

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

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

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

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

Yes, it's a failure.

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

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

There must be another one.

Yes, certainly.

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

(silence)

What I had noted was indeed this: "If my back straightens up, I will understand that there is something stronger than material habit."

Now there are quite a few other things besides my back to be straightened out! Life, seen from the external, superficial – very superficial – standpoint, from the standpoint of appearances, the life of this body is very, very precarious, in the sense that the activities are very limited – very limited – and in spite of this, I often feel that the natural need (it is a natural need) for silence and contemplative immobility (the cells have that: the need for a contemplative immobility), that that need is denied by circumstances. So, seen from outside, it's an infirmity; in other words, ordinary human beings with the ordinary thinking would say, "She gets tired easily, she can't do anything anymore, she ..." – it isn't true, it's an appearance. But what is true is that the Harmony isn't established, there is still a difference between the body's sensation and that sort of ... *exhilaration* ... it's like an inner glory.

(silence)

It is still a condition in which things haven't adapted, there is a lack of adaptation, and also what may seem to be an incapacity for manifestation (?). Yet the body doesn't have the feeling or sensation of being unable to do what it wants to do – it never has; the power to act remains, but the will to act isn't there. And what still gives that sort of ill-being (a physically painful ill-being) is the friction between the body's spontaneous movement and what comes from outside: the imposition of outside wills.

This ill-being is growing in acuteness. It is true that one second of isolation (not a physical one), of a break in the contact [with others], is enough to restore the Harmony; but otherwise, if you don't take care to isolate yourself within, it creates a kind of disorganization.

And the body no longer finds pleasure in any of those things that are usually pleasant to a body: it's perfectly indifferent to them. But slowly, something, or someone, is teaching it to have, not pleasure or anything that looks (even remotely) like excitement, but a comfortable vibration in certain things of the senses. But that's very, very different from what it was before.

It is clear that in order to follow its own rhythm, the body should reduce its activities to the minimum; not exactly "reduce," but have the freedom of choice of its movements: nothing should be imposed on it from outside – which is quite far from reality. And yet, if one looks at the whole, there is an absolute conviction, even in the body, that nothing happens that isn't the effect of the supreme Will. Therefore, the conditions in which it finds itself are the conditions that He has wanted and wants – that He wants – at every second. So the conclusion is that there must be in the body a resistance or an incapacity to follow the Movement.

When the problem reaches that point, there is always a similar answer: "Don't concern yourself with that!" I think this is wisdom. There you are.

We must learn to let ourselves live, that's the important thing: "Don't be constantly reacting against this, trying that ... – let yourself live."

In reality, the will to progress is still quite impregnated with desire: there isn't the smile of Eternity behind it.

The answer is always the same, which can be translated like this (but there aren't any words): "Don't concern yourself with that."

It is still a remnant of the old tension.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

There is, at any rate, a sort of sensation or perception that you are, for the moment, the only one here who really understands what's happening to me. That's something. I am very *grateful,* as they say, that at least, from the external standpoint, what's going on will not be entirely useless. Because as I said, the signs of the Power being at work are increasing day by day, day by day; only, if this is crystallized around an experience made perceptible to others, I think it becomes clearer, doesn't it, instead of being something quite diffuse. Therefore, even from this external standpoint of the external realization, you can be satisfied. In the great universal work, your existence has its place and its usefulness.

From the personal standpoint ... my own feeling is that you are BOUND to have experiences after some time; they have to come, because that field is the one open. Changing this body is something new; but having experiences already exists, so it has to happen to you, it's bound to happen to you. But I believe your experiences will be of a very particular character, in the sense that they will be very positive.

You have categorically refused the experiences that consist in going out of the present existence in search of another – you haven't come for that and you don't want that. What you want is something very concrete – it's a little bit more difficult to have. But it will come.

I am not telling you this to comfort you, but because I SEE it this way: it will come. And what's interesting is that there is an identity in the movement[97]: what has happened to you lately, that thinning down, is yet another example; that's precisely what I've been preoccupied with these last few days – that means something.

Perhaps some day we'll be given a little goody!

November 25, 1964

(The following conversation is about the collective meditation of the day before, November 24, a darshan day.)

So, what about you? What's new? Nothing new? – and what's old?! *(laughter)*

(silence)

Yesterday, during the meditation, I don't know what happened, but when they rang the gong for the end, I absolutely had the feeling it had just started!

As soon as the meditation started, something descended: a stillness, but a very comfortable stillness, extraordinarily comfortable, and then ... finished, nothing, blank – completely *blank.* I was like that all the time at the table,[98] when suddenly *(the gong rang)* bong! bong! it was over.

Time passed outside time.

It's the first time, because even when I have an experience, even the first time, I remember, when we began collective meditations and Sri Aurobindo came down and literally sat on the [Ashram] compound, it was very interesting, of course, and very compelling,[99] but I was conscious of time. And this time ... There have been ups and downs, good experiences and bad ones, all kinds of things, but I have always been conscious of time, while yesterday ... I myself was astounded. I heard the gong and I had the feeling it had just started. There was even something in the body that was jubilant like a child: "It's going to last half an hour, it's going to be like this for half an hour" (it was funny, you know) ... "ah, the true life at last!" That was the body's feeling, and it was going to last half an hour.... Bong! bong! ... As if it had been robbed of its joy!

It's curious.

It started in a strange way: I have a beeswax candle, which smells of honey when it burns, a big candle I was sent from Switzerland. I have already burned half of it: I light it for the meditations. But there was a defect in the wick, it was carbonized, and yesterday it refused to burn. We lighted it – lighted it twice just before – and it went out just at the start of the meditation when they rang the gong. So the body consciousness said, "O Lord, we are so impure that we cannot even burn in front of You!" It was full of spontaneous simplicity: "O Lord, we are so impure ..." And immediately, the answer *(gesture of massive descent):* everything stopped.

Perhaps it was that very childlike, but very spontaneous and very simple movement of the body, conscious of Matter's imperfection, "We are so impure that we cannot even burn in front of You!" – perhaps that's what provoked that answer.

It was a wonder – a brief wonder!

Do you meditate at home?

No, in Sri Aurobindo's room – in his corridor.

It's nice there....

(silence)

Afterwards, for the rest of the day, it was as if the body were asking, or were encouraged to ask (usually, it doesn't ask, it doesn't even ask for health or anything), and for the first time yesterday in the afternoon, it seemed to be saying, with a sort of aspiration almost not formulated in words, but with the feeling and

impression: "Am I not going to be ready for You to live in these cells? For these cells to be You?..." Words spoil it because they give a somewhat brutal and hard precision, but it was as if the cells were saying, "Never will we have that marvelous Peace...." It was a peace, but a peace full of creative power, and so rich, containing an infinite power, rich with joy; and it gave the body the courage to say, "We will be THAT only if You are here, and You alone."

Sri Aurobindo wrote, "Every event (like every moment of life) will be a marvel when it is the marvelous Whole that lives" – that lives in the body. This was really like the expression of what the body felt. And it is its ONLY raison d'être – there is no other, all the rest ... It went through every disgust, every disdain, every indifference, to the point where it asked, "But how can we live? What for? Why, why do we exist, why were we created? Why?... All that is nothing!" And strangely, there was a sort of memory of the eons of time during which people lived in this ignorance of the why and in a sort of bewilderment.... That so much time could have been spent to find the only thing ... the only thing that exists! And why all that, why? All that, centuries of absurd sensations.... It was curious: like a slow memory of a futile and useless life – absurd – and so painful! "Why all that in order to find THAT?"

It is curious.

I don't know if it is an answer to this question, but there came today a sort of film show: a long procession of all the stories telling how men destroy what's higher than they, cannot tolerate what's higher than they: the martyrs, the killings, the tragic ends of all those who represented a power or truth higher than mankind. As though that were the explanation – the symbolic explanation – of the reason for the almost infinite time it took for Matter to awaken – awaken to the imperious need for the Truth.

It was as if I were told, "You see, there was a time when they burned you at the stake, tortured you ...," memories from past lives. And those memories were associated with the recent story of a Protestant missionary who said, though not in so many words, "We worship Christ only because he DIED for men, because he was crucified for men."

All this seems to have been necessary to knead Matter.

November 28, 1964

I am continuing to relive forgotten aspects of this life, rejected from the nature, that come back in the form of relived memories, as though someone were, you know, trying to "pick holes" (!) in all the possible movements that have occurred in this body, not only to sweep things clean, but also to purify, correct, and illuminate – all the body's memories (I'm not speaking of the mind or the vital) ...

extraordinary!

And at the same time the understanding comes of all the people I met in my life and with whom I lived for a certain time: for what reasons, with what aim, for what purpose they were there and what action they had and how they did the Lord's work (unknowingly, God knows!) to lead this body to prepare itself and be ready for the transformation.... It's astonishingly perfect in its conception! It's wonderful! And so "inhuman"! Opposed to all moral and mental notions of human wisdom – all the things that appeared the most insane, the most absurd, the most irrational, the most unreasonable and the most "hostile," all that combined, oh, so WONDERFULLY... to compel this body to transform itself.

And with such a clear vision of the why – why it isn't transformed yet. Oh, there's work to be done....

But it's not a purely individual question.

Indeed, no! Oh, no, it's interdependent with so many things.

Well, yes!

This body is REPRESENTATIVE: as an individual, it is representative of terrestrial modes of being.

And I saw very clearly: some time ago (a year, or maybe more), I believed that the thought and attitude and convictions of certain people [around Mother] were partially the cause of certain difficulties (with regard to age, especially), but that's not true! What people think and what they feel is exactly what's needed to act on this! All that is USED to teach the body what it must know: where its lack of receptivity is, where its inertia is, where ... Oh, the slavery to the habit of vibration is a terrible thing, terrible!

From the standpoint of health, it's terrible. And "health" doesn't exist, it means nothing; it no longer means anything. "Disease" no longer means anything, it really doesn't: it's distortions of vibrations and shiftings of vibrations, and ... (what can I call it?) encrustations – from the point of view of movement, it's like bottlenecks, and from the point of view of the cell, it's like encrustations: it's what remains of the old Inertia out of which we came.

But it's double: there is Inertia on one hand, and on the other vital perversion – the NERVOUS perversion of the vital world, of the vital influence. There isn't just Inertia: there is a sort of perverted ill will. You can easily (relatively easily) drive it out and eliminate it entirely from conscious mental and vital life; that work, which in the past was considered as, oh, a tremendously difficult thing – changing an individual's nature – is relatively easy; all in the nature that depends on the vital or the mind is relatively easy to change, very easy. I am not saying very easy for the ordinary man, but very easy in comparison with the work in Matter, in the cells of the body. Because, as I told you last time, their goodwill is undeniable and their thrust towards the Divine has become absolutely spontaneous: all that is conscious is luminous – but the trouble is all that isn't yet conscious! It's the mass of all that

isn't yet conscious and is, then, tossed between two influences, one as odious as the other: the influence of Inertia *(gesture of dazed sluggishness),* of the MASS that stops you from moving forward, and the influence of vital perversion and ill will – it's this influence that makes everything *crooked,* that distorts everything.

And it has become very subtle, very hidden, difficult to ferret out. When almost everything was like that, it was visible, it was conspicuous; but that state changed very fast: the difficulty is what's hidden underneath and isn't "voluminous" enough to draw attention to itself. And, oh, those habits, those habits.... For instance (magnifying it to make it more easily visible), the habit of foreseeing catastrophes....

And anything that disturbs the Inertia is, for Inertia, a catastrophe. In the world, the earthly world (it's the only one I can speak of with competence; of the others, I have only overall visions), in the earthly world, for Inertia (which is the basis of the creation and is necessary to fix, to concretize things), anything that disturbs it is a catastrophe. That is to say, the advent of Life was a monstrous catastrophe, and the advent of intelligence in Life another monstrous catastrophe, and now the advent of Supermind is the final catastrophe! That's how it is. And for the unenlightened mind, it really is a catastrophe! I know cases, for instance, of people who are sick: if they follow the routine of the doctor and medicines and treatment and disease, they get well; if by some mischance (!) they call on the Force and I apply it, the more I apply, the more terrified they are! They feel absolutely unexpected phenomena and they are terrified: "What's happening to me! What's happening to me!" As if it were absolutely catastrophic. The minute the Force comes and they feel just a bit of it, like one drop, they tense up, they resist, they panic, they become absolutely *restless.* That's right: they become so restless, so absolutely restless! That is, the whole system spends its time rejecting and rejecting all that comes.

It's very interesting.

And I noted it, too, it was that way with the body in the beginning: any unexpected vibration, more powerful, deeper, stronger, TRUER than the individual vibration, and instantly there is a panic in the cells: "Oh, what's going to happen to me! ..." Now, thank God, that period is past, but there was a time when it was like that.

So you understand how long the way is.... All that goes on in the mind is child's play in comparison; all their mental difficulties are ... to me it's theater – a drama, you know, a drama to interest the public.

Well, I don't know, but there is a long, long way to go – a long way – to change this into a substance plastic enough, receptive enough, strong enough to express the supreme Power. There is a lot to be done, a whole lot.

(silence)

And the popular mind is simplistic, it sees the final result as a natural and almost spontaneous expression; so you aren't so sure, you say to yourself, "After all ..." But this also *(Mother smiles)* is the Supreme's way of doing things – I can

see that very clearly.

* * *

(A little later, regarding the music composed by Sunil on the theme of "The Hour of God":)

It begins with something he calls "aspiration" – oh, it's beautiful! ... I have rarely heard something with so pure and so beautiful an inspiration. All of a sudden, a "sound" comes, which is exactly the sound you hear up above. And it isn't too mixed (the fault I find with all classical music is all the accompaniment which is there to give more "substance," but which spoils the purity of the inspiration: to me, it's padding), well, with Sunil, the padding isn't there. He doesn't claim to be making music, of course, and the padding isn't there, so it's truly beautiful.

I have decided not to play this year for January 1st. Even last year, I very much hesitated to play because I was absolutely conscious of the inadequacy – the poorness and inadequacy – of the physical instrument; but there was a sort of reasonable wisdom which knew how a refusal to play would be interpreted [by the disciples], so I played – without satisfaction, and it wasn't worth much. But the music I heard yesterday was so much THAT, SO much what I would like to play, that I said to myself, "Well, now it would be unreasonable to want to keep in a personal manifestation something that has a much better means of expression [Sunil]." So I have decided to say "No" for January 1st. But I will see if Sunil couldn't prepare something on the theme of next year's message, something that would be recorded and played for everyone, in an anonymous way – no need to say, "It's by this or that person," it's music, that's all.

You know that they are printing two calendars, one here and one in Calcutta. In the Calcutta calendar, I look happy and I greet with folded hands; so I wrote underneath, *Salut à Toi, Vérité* [Salute to you, O Truth]. In English (they're a bit slow, you know!), they wanted something more "explicit," so I wrote, *Salute to the advent of the Truth.* I am going to give the subject to Sunil: "Make some music on this."

But still, it's a pity for you to give up music.

Mon petit, I would have to play with two or three people present who had an aspiration – a conscious and trusting aspiration – towards the Sound. For instance, when I played for you and Sujata, it was much better. If I were all alone, it could be good ... although if I am all alone, there's a risk that I might go off elsewhere (which easily happens to me)! But if I am with someone who finds it tedious or has no trust, or who is bored stiff (assuming boredom makes you go stiff!), or who wonders when it will be over, or else who begins to criticize, "What does that

music mean? It makes no sense," then ...

Yes, it isn't favorable.

The atmosphere isn't favorable, and nothing comes. That's all.

Or else, I'll start thinking, "How long have I been playing? Maybe I should stop now?..."

How can anything come in such conditions?

But it would be a pity if you gave it up altogether.

I have no opportunity to play. Now and then, it would be fun, but I can't. I would like, yes, I would like now and then to be able to be there and let my hands go ... led by something other than the ordinary consciousness. But for that, I would need some time. I would need time. And then not to be caught in the cogwheels of a regulated life.

But that's obvious, music to order is hardly the right thing!

But NOTHING to order, mon petit!

It's like those messages people ask me every other minute: "Send me a message." That's it: you drop two coins into the box, and out it must come! "I have nothing for the first page of my magazine, send me a message," or else, "My daughter is getting married, send me a message," or else, "It's the anniversary of the opening of my school, send me a message." It's at the rate of three or four a day.... This made me suddenly write a note the other day; I saw the image of those music boxes, you know, you dropped two coins into them and then the music would come out. So I said, "For ordinary men, the sage is like a music box of Wisdom: you only have to insert two coins' worth of question and automatically the answer comes out." Because, really, it has become ridiculous: "We're moving into a new house, send us a message...."

But why do you let yourself get snowed under? You shouldn't send any messages!

But I answer only when it comes. When it doesn't, I say no.

Anyway, this is the spirit nowadays.

And I am obliged to keep regular hours because the entire life of others depends on it. That was why people wanted to withdraw into solitude – there is an advantage and a drawback; the advantage is that I try to make things very automatic, that is, quite outside a conscious will: they should work by themselves. On the mental level, it's very easy, you can detach yourself completely and nothing matters; but for the body, it's difficult, because its rhythm ... The whole rhythm of ordinary life is a mentalized one; even people who live in vital freedom are at odds with the whole social organization – it's a mentalized life: there are clocks that strike the hour and it is agreed that things must be that way.... Mentally, you can be perfectly free: you leave your body in the cogwheels and

stop bothering about it; but when it's this poor body itself that has to find its own rhythm, how difficult it is! ... How difficult. Sometimes, all of a sudden, it feels a discomfort; then I look and I see that there is something that could be an experience, but that would necessitate certain conditions of isolation, of quietness and independence, and it isn't possible. Then, very well ... as far as I can, I go within and do the minimum (the maximum of what can be done, which is a minimum compared to what could be done).

But of course, Sri Aurobindo always said: "For the Work to be complete, it must be general" – one cannot give up. An individual attempt is only a very partial attempt. But the fact that the Work is general delays the results considerably – well, we have to put up with it. That's how it is, so that's how it is.

(silence)

If the action were individual, it would necessarily be extremely poor and limited; even if the individual is very vast and his consciousness is as vast as the earth, the experience is limited. It's still one aggregate of cells, which can only have a limited sum of experiences (maybe not in the course of time, but undeniably in space). But the minute the identification with the rest takes place, the consequences take place, too: the difficulties of the rest come and have to be absorbed, they have to be transformed. So it amounts to the same thing. It's exactly what's going on now: I don't go out, I have limited my activities as much as possible (I see plenty of people, but still infinitely less than before – before, I used to see them by the thousand), but this reduction is largely made up for by the widening of the physical, material consciousness, to such a point that I constantly, constantly have sensations that seem like individual sensations, but immediately I can see that they are other individuals' sensations, which come because the consciousness is spread out and receives all that in its movement: a movement as if one gathered everything together, then gave it to the Lord.

(silence)

Ten past eleven! Oh, you see *(laughing),* the clock is calling us!

And you?... I am asking you, but I know – it isn't that I don't know, but I would like you to tell me.

> *Physically?... The troubles are starting up again. The body isn't very bright either.*

Those new dentists will soon have set themselves up, then you can go and see them. Naturally, it still belongs to the old methods, but we shouldn't brag, you know! We shouldn't think we have arrived before we've reached the end. To the people who write to me, "Oh, I rely on your Force alone, I don't want any medicine," I reply, "You are wrong." Because I, too, take medicine – and I don't believe in it! Yet I take it just the same, because there is all the old suggestion and all the old habit, and I want to give my body the best possible conditions.... But it's

quite amusing: as long as it's given the medicine, it stays very quiet, and if it isn't given the medicine, it starts saying, "Why? What's the matter?" Yet when the medicine is there, it has no effect, it doesn't intervene; it's merely ... merely a habit.

Not to speak of the cases when it makes things worse. For instance, for those very tooth troubles, the doctor wanted to give me those penicillin pills that you let melt in your mouth to prevent an inflammation; when I take one of those pills *(laughing),* there's a furious rage in all my teeth! As if all the elements attacked were furious: "Why are you disturbing us? We were nice and quiet, we weren't troubling you!" And everything starts swelling furiously.

It's amusing to follow it consciously, very amusing! And you see: diseases, medicines, all that is part of the old drama.

But we must keep on playing, because there are people who take it seriously! They WANT (it's the habit), they want us to keep on playing: "Keep on playing, don't brag, you still don't know – you still don't know how to cure us or transform us." It's true, I don't deny it, I don't yet know how to transform them, so ... One shouldn't be proud, that's very bad.

We'll see.

December 2, 1964

... Letters are piling up in fantastic numbers, and I haven't answered. People should learn to receive: I answer very forcefully, very clearly, even with words, a precise sentence. If they learned to receive mentally, it would be good. I always answer. And when it's something important and I have some peace, when I have no external action, I even repeat my answer by making a very precise mental formation – they should receive it.

(Mother picks up at random a letter from a Western disciple who asks to change her work or stop her external work, because, she says, it doesn't correspond to her nature. She also complains about her relationship with others and their "hostility." She feels the need for a new way of being and acting.)

She is struggling much more with her old personality than with others. She had a certain kind of extremely personal and superficial relationship with others, and slowly, slowly she is emerging from it, but with the impression that it's others who are hostile to her, while she is truly trying to do her best.

It's a phase.

But I have noticed, especially for those who have had a Western education, that they shouldn't change their external occupations abruptly. Most people tend to want to change their environment, to want to change their occupation, to want to change their surroundings, to want to change their habit, thinking that will help them to change inwardly – it's not true. You are much more vigilant and alert to resist the old movement, the old relationships, the vibrations you no longer want when you remain in a context that, in fact, is habitual enough to be automatic. You shouldn't be "interested" in a new external organization, because you always tend to enter it with your old way of being.

It's very interesting even, I made a very deep study of people who think that if they travel things are going to be different.... When you change your external surroundings, on the contrary, you always tend to keep your internal organization in order to keep your individuality; whereas if you are held by force in the same context, the same occupations, the same routine of life, then the ways of being you no longer want become more and more evident and you can fight them much more precisely.

Basically, in the being, it's the vital that has difficulty; it is the most impulsive part and has the greatest difficulty in changing its way of being. And it's always the vital that feels "free," encouraged and more alive during travels, because it has an opportunity to manifest freely in a new environment in which everything has to be learned: reactions, adaptations, etc. On the contrary, in the routine of a life that

has nothing particularly exciting, it strongly feels (I mean, if it has goodwill and an aspiration for progress), it strongly feels its inadequacies and desires, its reactions, repulsions, attractions, etc. When one doesn't have that intense will to progress, it feels imprisoned, disgusted, crushed – the whole habitual refrain of revolt.

(silence)

When she came here, she was living exclusively in the vital – exclusively and violently. So there's a long way to go.

And that vital – which was used to being at the helm, to governing everything, to deciding everything, anyway it was the master of the house – the vital must first begin with detachment, which generally, when it isn't very refined, turns into disgust. A general detachment. Then all at once (sometimes "all at once," sometimes slowly), it feels that the impulse, the inspiration must come from within, that nothing must come from outside anymore and excite it. And then, if it has goodwill, it turns within and begins to ask for the Inspiration, the Command and the Direction; and after that, it can start doing work again.

For some people, it takes years; for others, it's done very quickly – it depends on the quality of the vital. If it's a refined vital, of a higher quality, it goes quickly; if it is something very brutish, which goes like a bulldog or a buffalo, it takes a little more time.

Anyhow, there's a long way to go for a vital that had the habit of governing everything and thought it was in possession of the truth – that what it felt was the truth, what it wanted was the truth and that truth had to dominate and govern others and life – well ... when one was born with that illusion, it takes a long time. What saves is if the vital is somehow SEIZED inwardly, if it feels inwardly that there is something greater than it; then it goes much faster.

For those who run away from the necessary change, it may mean several more lives. Those who have learned to bear up (who generally have enough higher intelligence to govern), those who have endurance, who have learned to bear up and not to worry about the vital's lack of collaboration, for them, it can be done relatively quickly.

That's what generally takes the greatest time.

* * *

A little later

Have you seen the latest *Illustrated Weekly? You* know that the Pope is here, in Bombay, for the "Eucharistic Congress" – but what's the Eucharist, mon petit?

It's the Communion.

Ah, that's just what I thought!... There is in the *Illustrated Weekly* the history of those Eucharistic Congresses, and it seems a French lady was behind the origin of the first Congress (not so long ago, in the last century, I believe). And then *(Mother smiles),* there's a magnificent portrait of the Pope with a message he wrote specially for the *Weekly's* readers, in which he took great care not to use Christian words. He wishes them ... I don't know what, and (it's written in English) a *celestial grace.* Then I saw (he tried to be as impersonal as possible), I saw that in spite of everything, the Christians' greatest difficulty is that their happiness and fulfillment are in heaven.

Instead of *a celestial grace,* they read to me, or I heard, *a terrestrial grace!* When I heard that, something in me started vibrating: "What! But this man has been converted!" Then I had it repeated and heard it wasn't that but really a *celestial grace.*

This is the whole point.

Exactly.

They believe in a divine realization, but the divine realization isn't terrestrial, it's somewhere else, in a celestial world, that is, immaterial. And that is their great obstacle.

Of course, in matters of faith (I don't mean for a very precise and very clear scientific mind), but in matters of faith, there is so far no clear proof that the Lord wants to realize Himself here; except, perhaps, for two or three visionaries who had the experience.... Someone asked me if there had been a supramental realization previously, that is, before historical times (because historical times are extremely limited, of course). Naturally, the question always corresponds to one of the things that are shown to me in moments of concentration. So I answered very spontaneously that there hadn't been a collective realization, but that there might have been one or several individual realizations, as examples of what would be and as a promise – a promise and examples: "This is what will be."

I've had some very precise memories – lived memories – of a human life on earth, quite primitive (I mean outside any mental civilization), a human life on earth that wasn't an evolutionary life, but the manifestation of beings from another world. I lived in that way for a time – a lived memory. I still see it, I still have the image of it in my memory. It had nothing to do with civilization and mental development: it was a blossoming of force, of beauty, in a NATURAL, spontaneous life, like animal life, but with a perfection of consciousness and power that far surpasses the one we have now; and indeed with a power over all surrounding Nature, animal nature and vegetable nature and mineral nature, a DIRECT handling of Matter, which men do not have – they need intermediaries, material instruments, whereas this was direct. And there were no thoughts or reasoning: it was spontaneous *(gesture indicating the direct radiating action of will on Matter).* I have the lived memory of this. It must have existed on earth because it wasn't premonitory: it wasn't a vision of the future, it was a past memory. So there must have been a moment ... It was limited to two beings: I

don't have the feeling there were many. And there was no childbirth or anything animal, absolutely not; it was a life, yes, a truly higher life in a natural setting, but with an extraordinary beauty and harmony! And I don't have the feeling it was (how can I explain?) something known; the relationships with vegetable life and animal life were spontaneous ones, absolutely harmonious, and with the sensation of an undisputed power (you didn't even feel it was possible for it not to be), undisputed, but without any idea that there were other beings on earth and that it was necessary to look after them or make a "demonstration" – nothing of the sort, absolutely nothing of mental life, nothing. A life just like that, like a beautiful plant or a beautiful animal, but with an inner knowledge of things, perfectly spontaneous and effortless – an effortless life, perfectly spontaneous. I don't even have the feeling that there was any question of food, not that I remember; but there was the joy of Life, the joy of Beauty: there were flowers, there was water, there were trees, there were animals, and all that was friendly, but spontaneously so. And there were no problems! No problems to be solved, nothing at all – one just lived!

An uncomplicated life, definitely.

But it's far, very far into the past. Because there wasn't at all the feeling of having grown up from below: it was like having landed there, just like that, for fun.

It must have been before the first man born of Nature – not after: before.

They were human forms, but I can't say I remember: if, for instance, I were asked whether they had nails on their fingers, that I wouldn't know! It was very supple and luminous. But anyway, they were like humans.

(silence)

The Pope announced he was going to publish a message for non-Christians; I have asked to see it. Because in my mental conversations with him, two things have remained very precise.... He has a sort of political attachment. He is a very political man, in the sense that he does things for a reason, with a precise goal calculated according to his own understanding so as to make him most effective towards that goal – a political man.

He has a political attachment to the dogma. For instance, after one of my conversations (I had a good number of conversations with him, three or four, on the mental level, and perfectly objective because his reactions were unexpected; to me they were very spontaneous, in the sense that I received answers that weren't at all those I might have expected – which proves it was genuine), but for example, before his election, I met him once (there is a part of his mental being, a higher intelligence, that's very well formed, conscious, individualized), and I had a spontaneous conversation that I hadn't sought and which was very interesting. But at one point, I replied to something he said, and I told him with the force I have there [on that higher plane], "The Lord is everywhere – even in hell the Lord is there." And then it caused such a violent reaction in him that, pfft! he vanished. I found it very striking.... I don't know the dogma, but it seems that in hell,

according to the Catholics, what's worse than suffering, the fire and all that, is the absence of the Lord. It seems it's a dogma that the Lord is absent from hell; and me, I was speaking of universal Oneness and I told him that.

There is another thing I remember very clearly, which struck me. It was after his election (but long before his trip to India was decided upon): he had come to India and he came to Pondicherry to meet me (not to meet me: he had come to Pondicherry, then he came and met me). Once in Pondicherry, he came and I saw him there, in the room where I receive people. We had a long conversation, a very long and interesting conversation, and suddenly (it was towards the end, it was time for him to go), when he rose, he was preoccupied by something. He told me, "When you speak to your children about me, what will you tell them?"... You understand, the ego showing itself. So I looked at him *(Mother smiles)* and said, "I will only tell them that we have been in communion in our love for the Supreme." Then he relaxed and left. It struck me. These things are very objective.

But these are the little turns of the nature. Otherwise, his dream is to be the potentate of human spiritual unity.

December 7, 1964

(This conversation took place in the music room. Mother had asked Sunil, the musician disciple, and Sujata to come.)

Can anybody play the harmonica? *(laughter)* I've just been given a harmonica! It comes from Germany. *(To Sunil:)* Don't you know how to play it?... No?

> *(Sujata:) Satprem would very much like to learn to play some instrument, Mother, you know.*
>
> *(Satprem:) But not the harmonica!*

(To Sunil:) Did they tell you why I called you? No? Don't you know French anymore, tell me? – He doesn't dare speak.

Here is the thing: I like your music, and as for me, I no longer play! – I don't have the time. I never have an opportunity, I haven't played for the last twelve months; except when Sujata comes, then I run a finger over the keys. So it's quite impossible for me to play on January 1st, but I thought we could perhaps arrange something.... Today, I'll read you the message for the 1st (it isn't a "message"), I'll read it to you and then we'll try to do something with it.

Do you know this instrument *(the organ)*? Can you play it?...

There are pedals, mon petit, enough to make your head swim! I can't play that! *(laughter)* So Sujata will play the pedals, and I'll play the keys!

If something comes, you can use it and do me some music for the 1st. And then, instead of recording here, we'll record your affair for everybody!

(Sunil:) What you are going to play now I'll keep.

No! I'm not playing – I'll just pretend to! With that you will do something. You understand?

Maybe nothing at all will come! I can't say. This morning ... This morning, I don't know, did you think of your visit here? Yes?... I heard magnificent music – magnificent! But it was music ... it took at least four hands to play it, or several instruments. If that came ...

Wait.... The message (it isn't a "message"!) ... There is a photo of me in which I have my hands folded and I look happy (!), so I wrote underneath, *Salut à Toi, Vérité.* Then I was asked to put it into English – I said, *Salute to the advent of the Truth.*

So this is the theme.

We'll see now if we find something. This morning, it was magnificent.... But even if that were there, I wouldn't be able to play it: it would take almost an entire orchestra! And moreover, it's no longer there. It lasted ten or fifteen minutes ... I don't even remember what it was – it's gone.

We'll try, we'll see.

(music)

There, enough!

But what I heard wasn't that – it wasn't that at all! But it's absolutely gone....

(Mother starts playing the organ again)

It's really a pity I don't remember at all. That was really fine. It was "the hymn to the Truth." It resembled a certain symphony of Beethoven's (oh, I am going to say something dreadful) ... without the padding!

All human music always has padding. They have an inspiration, and in between there's a gap, so they fill it up with their "musical knowledge." But this morning, it came straight from above and there was no padding. It was very fine.

Only, I didn't even make an effort to remember; I thought, "It will come," but it didn't!

(To Sunil:) Didn't you hear some music this morning?

(Sunil:) What you have just played was very lovely.

It's nothing! Anyway, you'll do something with it.

What this morning's music expressed was a sort of ascent of aspiration, like a conquest, and then it suddenly climaxed in a dazzling flash of light – an explosion. An explosion of light. And the explosion of light CASCADED over the world. It

was very fine (!)

I still see it, but I can no longer hear it.

But that's how it will be: first the salute, "Salute to You, O Light." You understand, the Light is there, like this: it announces itself. And we salute it. Then the whole aspiration rises in conquest of this Light through successive ascents; that is, one sound rises, climbs, and establishes itself; then another climbs and establishes itself. And then, when we have come before the Light, it makes a sort of explosion, like a bomb exploding, an explosion of light. And afterwards, it falls back onto the world – with sparkles.

And then, I would like at the end the great calm of the Truth.

That will need something very vast and very calm – very vast. Very simple. A few very simple great notes.

Voilà.

Organ notes would be fine.

The organ is fine for aspiration.

The explosion of light?... I don't know which instrument.

And for aspiration, a few human voices, too.

But don't try to imitate what I've just played: it's worthless! You will do something as I said: first the salute – we're happy to see You, you understand: Salute to You, O Light! Salute to You, O Truth! ...

You play the ascent in stages, accompanied by and finishing off with a gust of aspiration: a soaring, a great soaring. Then, we touch the Light, it makes an explosion. We touch the Truth, we touch the Light.... That will have to be very beautiful. Then that Light falls back onto the world in a rain, and it's joyous, light, very graceful *(gesture like a waterfall).* And then the world becomes blissful under the Truth – very calm and blissful.

What time is it?

Seven to eleven.

I've played as long as that! I've been chattering away.

You came late.

Ah, Nolini should be scolded for that – not me! *(laughter)*

(To Satprem:) I'll see you Saturday – Saturday is Mademoiselle's birthday. How old will you be?

(Sujata:) Thirty-nine.

And he?

(Satprem:) Forty-one.

Already ... Well, au revoir, my children.[100]

December 10, 1964

(From Sujata to Mother, following a visit to Pondicherry's hospital)

Little Mother, Satprem says he loves you dearly and he asked me how you are.
Your child,

Signed: Sujata

(Mother's answer)

Sujata, tell Satprem that I love him very much and that I am with him all the time. If he follows Sri Aurobindo's advice, *Live inside,* he is sure to feel this.
Tenderness

Signed: Mother

December 23, 1964

(From Mother to Satprem)

Satprem, mon cher petit,
Here is your book, just arrived from America.
I am sending it to you with all my love so that it may be the sign of the arrival of perfect balance and total health.
Blessings

Signed: Mother

End of December, 1964

(From Mother to Satprem. The letter Mother answers here unfortunately disappeared along with the others.)

What you are feeling is entirely in accord with what I saw.
I take it as the definitive turning point in your life.
We will talk about it on January 2nd when you come and see me all alone.
In the meantime, I am with you and my love envelops you.

Signed: Mother;

[1]Ganapati, or Ganesh: the son of the supreme Mother, god of material knowledge and wealth. He is represented with an elephant's head.

[2]Italics indicate words or sentences spoken by Mother in English.

[3]There are four aspects or "sides" of the universal Mother: *Maheshwari* (the supreme Mother), *Mahakali* (the warrior aspect and the aspect of love), *Mahalakshmi* (the aspect of harmony and beauty), and *Mahasaraswati* (perfection in the arts and in work).

[4]We give the complete passage in Addendum.

[5]Cent. Ed., XXV.26 ff.

[6]*Asura, Rakshasa:* demons of the mental and vital planes; *Pisacha:* depraved beings.

[7]In the music room, on December 31, 1963.

[8] "A tract he reached unbuilt and owned by none...." II.VI1.206 (See conversation of December 31, 1963.)

[9]Mother is not referring to an intellectual and human negation, but to a material fact that one finds at the very roots of life, in the most material consciousness, and which shows itself as an abyss of black and stifling basalt. It is intimately linked with death. It is the very secret of death.

[10]On February 29, 1964, second anniversary of the Supramental Manifestation upon earth.

[11]Kennedy was assassinated on November 22, 1963.

[12]Khrushchev will be dismissed nine months later, on October 15.

[13]See Addendum.

[14]Nehru will die four months later, on May 27.

[15]It may be recalled that Mother had an English governess.

[16]Mother receives certain disciples on their birthdays.

[17]See *Agenda IV,* September 7, 1963.

[18]It may be recalled that at the time a continuous flood of Hindu refugees from East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) was pouring into Bengal, sparking off numerous reprisals against the Muslim communities there.

[19]*Kali:* the warrior aspect of the supreme Mother.

[20]Sujata added: "The stars started falling into the sea, but there wasn't any more water! It was a solid surface, it was ice, a sea of ice like at the poles. And that ice was not dazzling white, but rather gray-white, somewhat like frosted glass, not transparent but translucent. And the passengers wore a kind of blue belt."

[21]Secondhand booksellers; on the banks of the Seine in Paris, their stalls consist of big wooden boxes.

[22]See the end of this story in *Agenda* IX, May 22, 1968.

[23]Mother went to Tlemcen twice, in 1906 and 1907.

[24] Actually, Mother was twenty-five in 1903.

[25]A few days later, Mother had a very bloodshot eye.

[26]And came back quivering with a nameless Force
Drunk with a wine of lightning in their cells. (IV.IV 383)

[27]Mother is referring to a passage from the *Agenda* (September 7. 1963), which has just been published in the *Bulletin* under the title "Dialogue with a Materialist."

[28]Three thousand visitors came for February 21 and 29.

[29]This is reminiscent of the "rain of white stars" seen by Sujata (see conversation of January 29).

[30]On the evening of the 29th, Mother appeared at the balcony.

[31]For the third anniversary of the Supramental Manifestation.

[32]There may be a parallel here with the "something that would have created havoc" Mother spoke of.

[33]It consists in inserting a "needle" into a very specific area of the brain in order to destroy a group of contagious cells.

[34]A few days later, on March 11, Mother added: "Since that time, it has been there every night – not with the same intensity, as if somewhat in the background, but as soon as I pay attention, I notice it's there. So it's going on."

[35]On March 11, Mother again stressed: "The feeling has remained constant, and not only at night but in daytime: as soon as I step back a little, I feel it's there – the thing is there, it hasn't budged."

[36]Agni.

[37]It may be pertinent to stress again that Mother's experiences are not individual experiences, but experiences of the earth-consciousness.

[38]The experience of the Ananda of progress in life (conversation of March 7).

[39]We cannot help thinking of what was going to happen in France in 1968.

[40]Let us recall the conversation of November 4, 1963: "... It's nothing but vibrations."

[41]Mother made a gesture as of a flash of lightning joining the supreme height with the depths.

[42]Mother added this parenthesis later. (The father was furious above all because his daughter did not feel like going to the circus ... which he adored!)

[43]It is the transcription, by W. Landowska, of a "popular Polish song."

[44]It was electronic music.

[45]A little earlier, Satprem had complained about some physical disorganization, which Mother had attributed to the work of transformation.

[46]A publisher for *Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.*

[47]Sri Aurobindo standing, looking towards the future (from the portrait by the Dutch painter).

[48]Anniversary of Mother's second coming to Pondicherry, after her stay in Japan.

[49]Not Satprem's, but the expression of a general skepticism.

[50]A hemoptysis, of which Satprem took no notice.

[51]A charming Buddhist and a disciple of Mother, a specialist in Pali and member of the French School of the Far East: Suzanne Karpelès.

[52]We publish below the letter in full.

[53]He is the person who suddenly appeared before Mother during a meditation with Satprem (see *Agenda 1,* October 30, 1960, p. 459).

[54]See conversations of January 29 and March 4, 1964.

[55]See *Agenda IV,* September 25, p. 319.

[56]It was in fact Mother herself who had this thought: see *Agenda IV.* August 24, 1963, p. 283-284.

[57]Mother later repeated: "It is the Lord perceiving Himself through human limitations."

[58]More than 300 cases of fever.

[59]The mysterious part of it is that the recording of this fragment of conversation survived, while all the rest disappeared.... Was the machine flattered?

[60]*Hermes* magazine, Spring 1963.

[61]A woman disciple of Polish origin, who was a painter.

[62]To mark August 15, several groups connected to the Ashram have been meeting in Pondicherry.

[63]Indira Gandhi will come to power in early 1966, after the death of the present Prime Minister, Lal Bahadur Shastri.

[64]On the occasion of August 15, various groups of disciples met in Pondicherry.

[65] About 400 cases of fever in the Ashram.

[66]*Reader's Digest,* August 1964: "Inner Space of Living Cells," by Rutherford Platt.

[67]The transcription of this first sentence is quite uncertain.

[68]The transcription of this last sentence is uncertain.

[69]When the center of the body consciousness moved.

[70]Narada was a demigod, immortal like the gods, who had the power to appear on earth whenever he wished. Janaka, Mithila's king at the time of the Upanishads was famed for his spiritual knowledge and divine realization, even though he led a worldly life. This is how Sri Aurobindo refers to him: 106 – "Sannyasa [renunciation of worldly life] has a formal garb and outer tokens; therefore men think they can easily recognise it; but the freedom of a Janaka does not proclaim itself and it wears the garb of the world; to its presence even Narada was blinded."

[71]*Sannyasa:* renunciation of works and worldly life.

[72]King of Mithila at the time of the Upanishads, famed for his spiritual knowledge

and divine realization, even though he led a worldly life.

[73]*Sannyasin:* a wandering monk who has renounced works and worldly life.

[74]See Aphorisms 88 to 92.

[75]In fact, Satprem wrote *By the Body of the Earth or the Sannyasin* two years later, in 1966. The first *Sannyasin* he conceived was like a Greek tragedy – quite implacable and, naturally, tragic.

[76]One lakh = 100,000.

[77]*Tamas:* inertia.

[78]Mother often said that she was in search throughout the world of people with a perfect basis of material knowledge (industrialists, financiers, writers ...), but who would agree to do their work in another way, opening themselves up to another force – this is the field of experiment of tomorrow's world. Through their consent and call, if they tune in, Mother could bring into play another operating process.

[79]Mother is led to carry out all kinds of experiments in her body for the work of Transformation. One of them consists in receiving or taking upon oneself every possible disorder for several hours, several days or several minutes, in one's body, in order to act on them, and, consequently, to act on disorders of the same nature in the world – or on THE Disorder. Mother is thus constantly led to work on the meeting point between the subtle forces behind and the bodily or material mechanisms. In her body it is an uncommon chemistry that takes place, the subtle elements of which she knows better than the gross ones.

[80]Aphorism 418: "If you cannot make God love you, make Him fight you. If He will not give you the embrace of the lover, compel Him to give you the embrace of the wrestler."

[81]Mother may be alluding in particular to the follies of American youth.

[82]Mother is alluding to the concentration camps.

[83]Where films are shown.

[84]Here is Mother's exact text, as it was published in the August issue of the Ashram's *Bulletin:* "Why do men cling to a religion? Religions are based on creeds which are spiritual experiences brought down to a level where they become more easy to grasp, but at the cost of their integral purity and truth. The time of religions is over. We have entered the age of universal spirituality, of spiritual experience in its initial purity."

[85]The next day, October 16, the Chinese exploded their first atomic bomb.

[86]His son-in-law, Alexis Adzhubel, editor of *Izvestia.*

[87]Some say two or three million years. The first vertebrates appeared 400 million years ago, and the first mammals, it seems, sixty million years ago.

[88]A literal translation into English of these two French versions gives:

"Those who approach me with the intention of obtaining favors will be disappointed, because I have no powers at my disposal."

"Those who come to me with the intention of obtaining favors are disappointed, because I possess no powers."

[89]Satprem had suggested that some extracts from the last conversation be published in the *Bulletin.*

[90]"Formation" in the sense of the "fishbowl," the "milieu" in which we live.

[91]Mother is perhaps referring to the following passage of *The Hour of God*: "The experiment of human life on an earth is not now for the first time enacted. It has been conducted a million times before and the long drama will again a million times be repeated. In all that we do now, our dreams, our discoveries, our swift or difficult attainments we profit subconsciously by the experience of innumerable precursors and our labour will be fecund in planets unknown to us and in worlds yet uncreated...." (XVII.149)

[92]The Chinese exploded their bomb on October 16, the day after Khrushchev's dismissal.

[93]Mother is probably referring to the Chinese explosion and Khrushchev's dismissal (?).

[94]"When darkness deepens strangling the earth's breast
And man's corporeal mind is the only lamp,
As a thief's in the night shall be the covert tread
Of one who steps unseen into his house.
A Voice ill-heard shall speak, the soul obey,
A power into mind's inner chamber steal,
A charm and sweetness open life's closed doors
And beauty conquer the resisting world
The truth-light capture Nature by surprise,
A stealth of God compel the heart to bliss
And earth shall grow unexpectedly divine."
(Savitri, I.IV.55)

[95]See *Agenda 1,* March 19 and 20,1956.

[96]In the vital with Théon, when Mother was looking for the mantra of life and Théon, in a fit of anger, cut the "thread." Way up above, with Sri Aurobindo.

[97]Mother's movement and Satprem's.

[98]Mother remains seated in front of her table during the meditations.

[99]See *Agenda III,* August 18, 1962.

[100]Mother's Agenda had to be interrupted for more than a month, following a serious operation undergone by Satprem the day after this conversation.

Mother's Agenda
Vol. 6

Institut de Recherches Evolutives
142 blvd du Montparnasse
F-75014 Paris

January 6, 1965

(About the music composed by Sunil for January 1, 1965:)

It's odd, all that music of the past, European music, which I knew very well and admired, it seems to me almost void of substance, while here, there is a contact right up above: you plunge into it instantly.

Yes, that's right. When I heard his music for the first time, something suddenly opened up and I was right in the middle of the place I know, from which true Harmony comes – suddenly.

* * *

(A little later, regarding the serious operation Satprem has just undergone:)

... Don't let people eat you up.

And I would like to be what you want me to be.

Yes, mon petit. I want you to be peaceful, happy, luminous, and ... *(Mother draws great waves in the air)* living in the eternal Becoming – the sense of eternity, always. That's what I want. Because ... the opening up above is there, you have it – it is there and there is a descent; it's the bustle outside that is tiring.

Take some rest, and by that I mean letting oneself flow into the eternal Movement without tensing up, without thinking, "I've got this to do, that to do, and this and that...."

Don't let people pester you. I have told Sujata....

January 9, 1965

... You must get better, mon petit.

All I can say is that there is a fierceness in the resistance to the descent of the Truth. This descent is totally concrete and evident, of course, and everything averse to it is resisting with terrible fierceness – it can't last. But we must bear up, that's the difficulty.

For me, there is a struggle every minute with all that is most negative in life, in the terrestrial consciousness, with what REFUSES to admit the possibility of divinity. In other words, the materialistic concept in its most stubbornly dark aspect.

However ... in the consciousness up above, even in the mental consciousness, there are no consequences (I mean that the fierceness of the struggle doesn't change anything, the phenomenon is simply witnessed), but it's this poor body that receives the blows.

The main thing is for it to last.

And for that, we must do just what we are obliged to do to keep our balance: total inertia wouldn't help, but an effort of action is bad. So don't worry too much, and above all don't see people.

January 12, 1965

(Regarding an old "Playground Talk" of March 8, 1951, in which Mother spoke of the being that possessed and "guided" Hitler: "Hitler was in contact with a being whom he considered to be the Supreme: that being would come and give him advice and tell him all that he had to do. Hitler would withdraw into solitude and wait long enough to come into contact with his 'guide' and receive inspirations from him which he would afterwards carry out very faithfully. That being whom Hitler took for the Supreme was quite simply an Asura, the one called in occultism 'the Lord of Falsehood,' and he proclaimed himself to be 'the Lord of Nations.' He had a resplendent appearance and could pull the wool over anyone's eyes, except one who truly had occult knowledge and could thus see what was there, behind the appearance. He could have deluded anyone, he was so splendid. He

generally appeared to Hitler wearing a breast-plate and a silver helmet (with a sort of flame coming out of his head), and there was around him an atmosphere of dazzling light, so dazzling that Hitler could hardly look at him. He would tell him all that he had to do – he would play with him as with a monkey or a mouse. He had set his mind on making Hitler do all possible kinds of folly ... until the day when he would come a cropper, which is what happened. But there are many cases like that one, on a smaller scale, naturally. Hitler was a very good medium, he had great mediumistic capacities, but he lacked intelligence and discernment. That being could tell him anything and he would swallow it all. That's what prodded him on little by little. And that being would do that as a pastime, he didn't take life seriously. For those beings, people are very small things with which they play as a cat plays with a mouse, until the day when they eat them up.")

I knew that being very well (for other reasons ... the story would be too long to tell), and once, I knew he was going to visit Hitler – I went before he did: I took his appearance, it was very easy. Then I said to Hitler, "Go and attack Russia." I don't exactly remember the words or the details, but the fact was that I told him, "Go ... In order to have the supreme victory, go and attack Russia." That was the end of Hitler. He believed it and did it – two days later, we got the news of the attack.[1] And then, the next day, that is, when I came back from Hitler, I met that being and told him, "I've done your job!" Naturally enough, he was furious!

But all the same, in that consciousness, there is with that being (the Lord of Falsehood, one of the first four Emanations), there is despite everything a very deep relationship, of course. He said to me, "I know, I know I will be defeated eventually, but before my end comes I will wreak as much destruction on earth as I can."

Then, as I told you, the next day, the news of the attack came, and that was really the end of Hitler.

As for Sri Aurobindo ... (you know that there is a place in Russia where they were defeated[2]), Sri Aurobindo had foreseen the defeat and had worked the night before, and that's how it happened – we knew ALL THE DETAILS.

We never told this, of course, but it was perfectly precise.

But I knew that being, I had already seen him in Japan – he called himself "the Lord of Nations." And he really was a form of the Asura of Falsehood, that is, of Truth which became Falsehood: the first Emanation of Truth, who became Falsehood.

And he hasn't been destroyed yet.

* * *

Then Mother prepares the aphorism for the next Bulletin:

> 108 – When he watched the actions of Janaka,[3] even Narada the divine sage[4] thought him a luxurious worldling and libertine. Unless thou canst see the soul, how shalt thou say that a man is free or bound?

This raises all sorts of questions. For instance, how is it that Narada was unable to see the soul?

To me, it's very simple. Narada was a demigod, as we know, and he belonged to the overmental world and was able to materialize – those beings don't have a psychic being. The gods don't have in themselves the divine spark which is the heart of the psychic being, since only ON THE EARTH (I am not even referring to the material universe), only on the earth was there the Descent of divine Love that was the origin of the divine Presence in the heart of Matter. And naturally, as they don't have a psychic being, they don't know, they have no knowledge of the psychic being. Some of those beings even decided to take on a physical body in order to experience the psychic being – not many.

They generally did it only partially, through an "emanation," not through a complete descent. It is said, for instance, that Vivekananda was an incarnation (a *vibhuti)* of Shiva's; but Shiva himself ... I have had a very close relationship with him and he clearly expressed the will to come down on earth only with the supramental world. When the earth is ready for supramental life, he will come. And almost all those beings will manifest – they are waiting for that moment, they do not want the present struggle and darkness.

And, certainly, Narada was among those who used to come here.... After all, it was fun! He would play a lot with circumstances. But he didn't have the knowledge of the psychic being and that must have prevented him from recognizing the psychic being when he found himself in its presence.

But all those things cannot be explained: they are personal experiences. This knowledge isn't objective enough to be taught. It comes from my relationship with all those beings, from exchanges with them – I knew them even before I knew the Hindu tradition. But you can't say anything about a phenomenon that depends on a personal experience and has value only for the one who had the experience. Because everyone has the right to say, "Well, yes, YOU think that way, YOUR experience is that way, but it has value only for you." And it's perfectly true.

What Sri Aurobindo says was based on his erudition of India's tradition, and he says what was in agreement with his own experience, but he based himself on an erudition and knowledge that I don't have.

I can only repeat what he said.

> *All that can be asked is how do you see the soul? To see the soul, you must yourself know your own soul.*

Yes, to be in contact with the soul, that is to say, with the psychic being, you must carry in yourself a psychic being, and only men – the men of evolution, those issued from the terrestrial creation – possess a psychic being.

All those gods are without a psychic being, it's only by coming down, by uniting with the psychic being of a man that they can have one, but they themselves don't have one.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, about Satprem's illness. It may be noted that since his operation – for a complicated peritonitis – Satprem has been a victim of violent bouts of fever with fainting spells, as if the heart were giving way. Yet he walks about and goes on with his work. This Agenda will again be interrupted for more than a month, Satprem having to be taken to the Vellore hospital, 120 miles from Pondicherry.)

... You must emerge from this *(Mother touches her forehead)* completely, but emerge, you know, into Freedom *(gesture of a bursting above),* because I have some things I'd like to tell you, beautiful things, but I can tell them only when you feel that ... you are on top of the situation.

It will come.

Not that I am unaware that your condition isn't very pleasant,[5] I am under no illusion, but it's in order to progress by leaps and bounds.

There you are.

The main thing is to bear up. And in order to bear up, I have found only one way: that calm – the inner calm – a calm that must grow all the more ... (how can I put it?) complete the more material the struggle is.

There has been lately (especially since January 1st) a sort of bombardment by the adverse forces – a rage, you know. So we have to keep like this *(Mother becomes still like a statue),* that's all. And when one has been shaken physically, one shouldn't ask too much of the body, one should give it a lot of peace and quiet, a lot of rest.

My difficulty is that I'm very absorbed by this body. It absorbs me, it absorbs a lot of my consciousness. The physical mind, for instance, invades me completely.

Yes, I know very well! But that's always the difficulty, it's everyone's difficulty. That's why in the past you were told, "Get away from it all! Let it puddle about peacefully – get away from it all." But we don't have the right to do that, it's contrary to our work. And ... you know, I had reached an almost absolute freedom with regard to my body, to such a point that I was able not to feel anything at all; but now I am not even allowed to exteriorize, can you imagine!

Even when I am in some pain or when things are rather difficult, or even when I have some quiet (at night, that is) and I say to myself, "Oh, to go into my beatitudes ... ," I am not allowed to. I am tied like this *(Mother touches her body)*. It's HERE, here, right here that we must realize.

That's why.

It's only now and then, for a precise action (sometimes it comes like a flash, sometimes just for a few minutes), that the great Power of the past (which I used to feel constantly) comes, brrm! does its work, then goes away. But NEVER FOR THIS BODY. Never. It doesn't do anything for this body – it isn't a higher intervention that will change it, it's ... from within.

And because, first, of what you know, because of what you have seen, because of your contact with Sri Aurobindo, because of your contact with me, the same thing is happening to you, and that's what makes the difficulty. That's why I am telling you, "It doesn't matter, don't worry if you are preoccupied with your body: simply try to take ADVANTAGE of this – advantage of this preoccupation – to bring the Peace, the Peace into your body...." I am constantly enveloping you, as it were, in a cocoon of peace. And then if in this mind, too, which vibrates and vibrates, fidgets all the time (really like a monkey), if you can bring into it ... it's a Peace that doesn't come through the higher mind: it's a Peace that acts DIRECTLY in this material vibration – a Peace in which everything relaxes.

Don't think – don't think you have to transform this physical mind or oblige it to fall silent or abolish it: all that is still activity. Simply let it run, but ... bring the Peace, feel the Peace, live the Peace, know the Peace – the Peace, the Peace, the Peace.

That brings fever down instantly – almost instantly.

It's the only way.

And naturally, people who come, letters, all the things that come from outside bring along that same bustle – that should be kept to a minimum.

Sujata is very peaceful, contact with her is good.

January 16, 1965

(From Mother to Satprem)

Saturday evening

Satprem, mon cher petit,

Today at noon, I spoke to the doctor about you, and he explained your case to

me and told me what has to be done.

He has convinced me, and I think it is the swiftest way of being radically cured. Thus you will take that week[6] as an exercise in "inner contact."

Naturally, I will be with you in light and love.

Signed: Mother

January 24, 1965

(From Mother to Satprem)

(All of Satprem's letters from Vellore, like the others, unfortunately disappeared. Satprem had written to Mother asking for a mantra, especially since he had given up the Tantric discipline.)

January 24, '65

Satprem,

Here is Ganesh who dances so you may be cured SOON.

Tenderness

Signed: Mother

P.S. I heard your request, and I have sent you a mantra that begins with OM. I would like you to hear it within. Try. With my love.

Signed: Mother

January 31, 1965

(From Mother to Sujata)

Sujata, my dear child,

I am with you always and with Satprem too. You must both be calm and trusting, all will be well.

With all my tenderness

Signed: Mother

Learn, Satprem and you, to feel CONCRETELY my presence in your hearts. This is a wonderful opportunity to make this progress.

February 4, 1965

(From Mother to Satprem in hospital)

February 4, '65

Satprem, mon cher petit,

Your mind is still too critical, too anxious for traditional or classical accuracy. That is why you haven't received the mantra.

But do not worry, I will give it to you orally when you are back. In the meantime, rest peacefully in the Eternal. With you, in love and deep joy.

Signed: Mother

February 19, 1965

(Regarding the mantra Satprem asked for when he was in hospital but did not receive.)

The mantra ... Did you get my note?... Several times while walking for my japa, I sent you the mantra insistently.

The truth is that I intend to give you a beautiful present. Only, for it to be truly a beautiful present, it is necessary that the mind shouldn't interfere in any way; otherwise I won't be able to pass the Power on to you along with the words.

It's a Power that has been growing from year to year.

Up to now, I have kept it exclusively for myself, but when you asked me, I looked to see if there was something that suited you, and I so to say received the intimation to give you mine. But for that, you know ... it must be received in perfect silence in order for that growth in force, in power, not to be stopped.

You must know the words because we had the opportunity to talk about them; but they're not what matters. I told you ... *(Mother turns to Sujata:)* Sujata, you will hear, but you will keep it in your silent heart, won't you? Nothing must come out.[7]

(To Satprem:) Bring your chair nearer, stay very near, be quite at peace.... I explained the mantra to you several times, and finally, one day, I wrote the explanation, because it was coming back again and again, and so I thought it was to make me note it down *(Mother looks for a paper)*. I wrote this:

The first word represents ...

I put "represents" because the word is always a symbolic form of something infinitely greater than it. It's one of the things one should feel: it is like a means of contact. A means of contact that you make more and more effective, first through the sincerity of the concentration, of the aspiration, then through habit, through use, while taking care when you use the mantra always to remain in contact with That which is beyond it. And it makes a kind of concentration, as if the word were being charged with force, increasingly charged like a battery, but a battery that can take an indefinite charge. So I wrote (it seemed more exact to me), "The first word 'represents' ..." It represents:

the supreme invocation ...

In other words, the Highest you can attain in your aspiration and in your invocation – the purest, the highest. "The purest," I mean, to be exclusively under the influence of the Supreme. So I wrote:
the supreme invocation

the invocation to the Supreme.

With the first word, you invoke the Supreme in all that you can attain and all that you will attain, indefinitely. The word has to be progressive.
The second word represents:

total self-giving ...

You invoke, then give yourself totally ...

perfect surrender.

Perfect surrender in all the states of being. That comes progressively, it comes through years of repetition, but that's what the word must represent when it is said: total self-giving to ... this Supreme, who naturally is beyond all conception. Perfect surrender, that is, spontaneous surrender, which requires neither effort nor anything – a surrender that must be perfectly spontaneous. This, too, is something that is attained little by little; that's why I said that the mantra is progressive, in the sense that it grows more and more perfect.
The third word represents:

the aspiration ...

It's not exactly what one asks for, it is ... The only word, really, is aspiration. It's infinitely more than hope: there is the certainty that things will be that way, but one never forgets that THAT is what one wants. And I add:

what the manifestation ...

It's really the physical, terrestrial manifestation; that's what we are concerned with for the moment, but it's the beginning of something else. So, for the moment:
what the manifestation

must become ...

This terrestrial manifestation must become:

Divine.

"Divine," one puts into the word the reflection of all that one has put into the word "Supreme."

But as I told you in the beginning, the slightest mental activity lessens the power; there must be a thrust of the whole being, with as little thought as possible.

I can give you this *(Mother gives her note to Satprem)*. You can keep it.

You know the three words....

The first word represents: the supreme invocation the invocation to the Supreme.

The second word represents: total self-giving; perfect surrender.

The third word represents: the aspiration, what the manifestation

must become – Divine.

(long concentration)

OM.....

* * *

(A little later, the conversation turns to the events of February 11, when during Satprem's absence the Ashram was attacked by rioters and several buildings were looted and set on fire.)

Do you have anything to ask or to say?

Many things have happened in the last month or two....

On the evening of the attack, on the 11th, a little after seven in the evening, I had for the first time, in a concrete, total way, the physical – physical – earth consciousness. It was a STATE of consciousness that was given to me, the state of consciousness of the earth. The physical, bodily consciousness no longer existed: it was the PHYSICAL earth consciousness. And that physical earth consciousness was concentrated, its attention was concentrated on this little point of Pondicherry. Tiny little point of Pondicherry. And then, it was all seen as if from ... not exactly from very high up, but as if it were a tiny little thing *(microscopic gesture),* yet with an accuracy for details, for the smallest element. And that physical earth consciousness was the consciousness of the PHYSICAL TRUTH of the earth – the physical Truth-Consciousness of the earth; to be precise, the quality of the vibration of Truth in the physical earth consciousness.

And the vision, the perception (it was like a perception, you know) wasn't exactly from very far because it had the accuracy of a microscope, but all was ... an object of observation. At that moment, all the fires were starting, then hundreds of brickbats (not stones: brickbats) were bombarding all the windows and doors (all our windows, all the doors have been smashed in), which means infernal din: a pack of several hundred people, all drunk, bellowing, and shouts all over the place. So that bombardment of stones and those flames leaping up to the sky – the whole sky was red – it was all seen ... I was simply seated at my table; when the attack started, I was having my dinner, and a little before it started, that experience came, that consciousness: I wasn't this body anymore, I was the earth – the physical truth-consciousness of the earth, to be exact – with a PEACE, a STILLNESS unknown to the physical.... And it all seemed like an absolute Falsehood, without any element of truth behind it. Yet at the same time, I had a microscopic perception (but absolutely precise and exact) of all the points of falsehood IN THE ASHRAM'S ATMOSPHERE that established the contact.

So if that consciousness that was there had been collective, if it had been possible to receive it collectively, NOTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN TOUCHED: the stones would have been thrown, but wouldn't have hit anyone. That's how it would have been. For instance, a stone (a brickbat) was flung and hit my window; it fell on the roof there (even causing a water leak that had to be plugged), and I saw ... that very minute, I saw in the consciousness of the people present the exact vibration of Falsehood that had allowed the stone to hit there. And AT THE SAME TIME, simultaneously (it can't be said, but it was simultaneous), everywhere, all over the town and especially over the Ashram here, I saw all the points, the exact vibration of Falsehood in everyone or everything that made the contact possible.

The experience began a little after 7, 7:10, and it lasted till 1 in the morning.

At I in the morning, I had to do another work, because one of our boys, T. (that boy has the makings of a hero), almost single-handedly saved the clinic, but it cost him a fractured skull. At the time, they thought he was done for. They brought me the news, and when the news came I saw, I felt all of a sudden the other experience recede, and then that I was becoming the universal Mother with all the power of the universal Mother. And then, that T. became quite small, like this *(gesture of something tiny in the hollow of the hand),* and I held him in my hands – but he was all luminous, all luminous – I rocked him in my hands, telling him, "My child, my little child, my dear child ...," like this, and for several hours.

That's what saved him, I think. Because his skull was fractured, it had caved in; it had stopped just short of damaging the brain – the caved-in piece was inside, they had to operate, cut open, and remove it. It had stopped just short of the brain. So he will pull through. And I know that that's what saved him.

But the other experience had lasted from 7 to 1 in the morning, till this work had to be done. And NOT A SINGLE THOUGHT in the head, not a single thought – nothing, complete Silence. It went on like that till the morning.

Afterwards, my ordinary consciousness as you know it came back, but with a perception of movements that had become very clear – perception of movements in the atmosphere, of formations of thought, of vital possibilities.... All that has become very clear.

And with the consciousness absolutely certain, because there have been other details.... Three days earlier, Kali was in a fury because things weren't as they ought to be on the earth, and especially among the people whose mission it is to prepare the new world. She was ... she really was in a fury. She saw all the blunders everywhere, and it made such a powerful vibration in the atmosphere, as though she wanted to begin her Dance; as for me, I kept telling her, "Calm down, calm down...." On the morning of the 11th, she was here and she kept going on about this, that, about the blunders in the government, in the town, in the Ashram, in this and that – she saw everything. I tried to calm her down, but really without success. Finally, when I saw there was no way, I said to the Lord, "Look after her and do what needs to be done, I beg You" – I handed over the responsibility to Him. And then, the same evening the attack started, and I saw it was her dancing.

So I thought, "We really had something to learn!" And I saw, I had that experience and I KNOW now (I know it in a certain, absolute and unforgettable way) which is the vibration of Truth in the Physical, in which state the Physical must be so as to respond to the Truth – so as to BE the Truth. Now I know. So that I, too, have learned my lesson. But everyone has learned something, and I hope it won't be forgotten.

And this morning (this is rather interesting), I received a letter from R. telling me, "That evening I had an extraordinary experience, but now it's beginning to appear like an impossibility, like something unreal...." The exact moment when the experience came over me (of course, when he received the news of the attack, his first reaction was that of human fear, with the hands becoming cold and so on, but he sat down, he braced himself, he called me), and then he felt a Peace come down from above, something he had never felt before, which swept through his whole being, took hold of him entirely and lasted for ... I don't know, I think he said till eleven at night – it lasted a long time. He had experienced a little bit of it from time to time, but it had never been like that: it came down into him, it seized hold of him entirely. And he says, "I could move about: it was THERE, it didn't budge, it was inside me." So I thought, "At last someone who felt! There has been at least one who felt."

But at the time, I saw so clearly in which people the vibration responded to the vibrations of Falsehood: that sort of movement which is like a tremor in Matter. So I know the people. But I must say there is around me someone, one person who had the true physical vibration (I had known it for a long time, but now I've had concrete proof: it's P.), and no one can understand, no one can know it, but I knew it: physically, not a single response, like this *(immutable gesture)*. So I told him to look after the defense and organize everything.

No one can know it, the mind cannot understand those things (while I had known it for so many years), because people see only outer things, the outer form, outer movements and reactions, but they don't see the inner possibility. Well, anyway, I immediately told him to look after the defense (besides, he hadn't asked me, he had started looking after it), and I told everybody, "Do what he tells you to do." He organized everything. You know, it's something which is like this *(gesture with closed fists, unshakable),* which PHYSICALLY DOES NOT BUDGE. Mentally, it's nothing, it's easy.

It is like a physical magnet for the true physical vibrations. It doesn't go through the mind or through intelligence or even through the vital: it's physically a sort of magnet that attracts physical Truth.

* * *

As Satprem is about to leave, regarding his illness:

You know, the true Vibration would have cured everything. But as things are ...

Well, the only way to react against all that is just to attract that Peace. Now I have caught hold of it. If you tune in ...

Give me your hand....

February 24, 1965

Mother reverts to the events of February 11

Just a few days before the event, I wrote something *(Mother looks for a note:)*

> The human race tolerates and accepts superior beings only on condition that they are at its service.[8]

It was such a strong experience at the time of saying it (in English), and then a day or two later, the attack took place.

* * *

(Regarding the experience of the Vibration of Truth in the physical world on the evening of February 11:)

... I could see the whole difference between this Vibration that had no contact with the formation of Falsehood and violence, and then the inner tremor, which naturally made contact automatically and allowed that manifestation of Falsehood to have an action.

It was Kali's force that came. But that's all right, that's what she wanted; she found we were nodding off!

* * *

Soon afterwards

Oh, if you want to be amused, I have received a letter from Alexandra David-Neel.... You know that we had been corresponding and that she was the "great protector" of Tibetan lames (one of them was her "son" and he died there, so she was feeling quite lonely). I told her that we had been put in contact with all those Tibetans[9] and I suggested she might take another one with her (because she had written to me about this). And I added that they would certainly be very glad to serve her in gratitude for the great intellectual progress they would be making with her – she never forgave me! Never forgave me. Because I wrote "intellectual" instead of "spiritual" (I consider she is quite incapable of making anyone progress spiritually, while intellectually, she is first-rate). And since that time, no more letters, nothing. The other day, I got a letter in which she writes *(Mother imitates the supercilious tone of the letter),* "Dear friend of the past, I have heard about the attack on the Ashram" (you should have read the letter, it was marvelous!), "and I hope that nothing untoward has happened to you. But now that the Ashram's invulnerability has been destroyed, attacks may recur, so I presume you will leave Pondicherry...."[10] *(Mother laughs)* I simply answered her, "Dear friend of always *(laughing),* do not worry, all is well. Above the forces of destruction, there is the divine Grace, which protects and mends," and I simply put, "Yours very affectionately." And I enclosed in the letter the message[11] of the 21st.

That woman is eating herself away. Every time I had the opportunity, I spoke to her about Buddha's love; I told her, "But Buddha was full of love!" And that makes her blood boil!

Well.

* * *

Later

Have you read my answer in the last *Bulletin? (Mother hands the text to Satprem)*

Those who wish to help the Light of Truth to prevail over the forces of darkness and falsehood, can do so by carefully observing the initiating impulses of their movements and actions, and discriminating between those that come from the Truth and those that come from the falsehood, in order to obey the first and to refuse or reject the others.

> This power of discrimination is one of the first effects of the Advent of the Truth's Light in the earth's atmosphere....

I was asked the question and I answered (in English).

But there is something interesting here. I have noticed this: if you try EVERY SECOND to discern the impulse of your action, how difficult it is! To discern

whether it comes from the ego, whether it comes from darkness, whether it comes from the Light.... And when you want to express as purely as possible what exclusively comes from the Supreme, you have to work at it every second and it is ... there was a time (not so long ago) when I used to consider it was materially practically impossible – not in the main lines or in the great movements that come from the higher parts of the being, but in all that is purely material, absolutely material. And all of a sudden, at the beginning of this year, with this *Salute to the advent of the Truth*[12] there came a sort of very sharp inner sense, very sharp, very precise, and so QUIET, So quiet, which gave the power to clearly see the origin of a material impulse or a material reaction, EVEN IN VERY SMALL THINGS. It was very interesting. So I studied carefully, and it has become almost automatic.

Previously it took an inner discomfort, a feeling of some friction to make me aware that it wasn't the true thing; but now it isn't like that: it is seen BEFOREHAND in the space of half a second.

That's what I have tried to say here. If people could receive THAT, those who have goodwill would quite naturally follow the indication every minute.

And it was like a preparation for what happened that night [of February 11], in which from that terrestrial physical consciousness I could see down below (as clearly as material objects) the vibration that made contact with that formation of Falsehood, and THE Vibration, that sort of state in which nothing made contact, nothing could touch.

Since then, several people have told me their experience, and it's like a proof. For instance, on the night of the 11th, C. went out (he was safe indoors), he wanted to telephone the police and had to go across the yard. (It was literally a shower of brickbats; they had demolished the wall of the volleyball ground and were using the stones: they brought them in rickshaws to bombard us with them.) But C. himself told me that when he went out, everyone shouted to him, "Come back in, come back in! You are mad!" But he went across (stones were raining everywhere): not one hit him. And he felt it was impossible for them to hit him; that my protection was around him and the stones couldn't hit him. And indeed, they didn't hit him – they just fell away.

I've had several instances like that.

It was like a demonstration of the discernment between the vibration that responds to Falsehood, and the vibration in which there is no response, which means that no contact is possible – they are different worlds. It's a world of Truth and the other one is a world of Falsehood. And this world of Truth is PHYSICAL, it is material: it's not up above, it is material. And that's what must come to the fore and take the place of the other.

The "true physical" Sri Aurobindo spoke of?

The true physical, yes.

(Sujata:) That evening, N.S., too, ran barefoot on glass splinters, and nothing happened to him.

Yes, that's how it is.

And the brickbat that fell on the window here, I know why it hit its mark, I SAW (I saw everything from up above in exact detail), but there was all the same that sort of Peace which was there in that consciousness; that brickbat they kindly threw at my window (because we had left all the lights on here), hit the mosquito netting (which isn't even a wire netting: it's a plastic netting), bounced on it when it should have come through, fell on the roof above and made a crack (we didn't know, we only heard the noise, but the following night there was heavy rain and it came through, so we found out). Well, normally, that stone that had enough force to break the roof's concrete should have come in – it couldn't. And it was unthinkable – unthinkable that anything could happen, absolutely unthinkable, the idea simply didn't occur.

February 27, 1965

(Regarding the Playground Talk of March 10, 1951: "In the physical form there is the 'spirit of the form,' and that spirit of the form persists for a time, even when outwardly the person is said to be dead. And as long as the spirit of the form persists, the body isn't destroyed. In ancient Egypt they had that knowledge; they knew that if they prepared the body in a certain way, the spirit of the form wouldn't go away and the body wouldn't be dissolved. In certain cases, they succeeded wonderfully. And if you go and violate the sleep of those beings who for thousands of years have remained like that, I can understand that they aren't too pleased, especially when their sleep is violated out of an unhealthy curiosity legitimized by scientific ideas. At the Guimet Museum in Paris, there are two mummies. Nothing remains in one; but in the other, the spirit of the form has remained very conscious, conscious to such a point that you can have a contact of consciousness with it. It's obvious that when a bunch of idiots come and stare at you with round eyes devoid of any understanding, saying, 'Oh, he is like this, he is like that,' it's not likely to please you. You know, in the first place they do something odious: those mummies are enclosed in a box with a special shape to fit the person, with everything needed to preserve them; so they open the box with more or less violence, they remove some wrapping here and there to see better.... And as ordinary people were never mummified, they were beings who had achieved a considerable inner power, or else members of the royal family, people of some initiation....")

Those things about mummies, I knew them when I was nine or ten, they are memories from that time. I would find again some objects I had used in the past (that's how I was later able to rediscover the track). I had at least – at least – three incarnations in Egypt (three that have been found).

But my first contact took place when I was quite small, nine or ten, and it was with that mummy at the Guimet Museum: I was speaking about that experience.

* * *

(Then the conversation turns to a person in the West who would like to make an offering of money to Mother:)

People's inspirations shouldn't be contradicted, I feel them as very living, and so the Force acts *(gesture far away in space).*

And when they give, it opens them inwardly: it creates in themselves a possibility of receiving.

* * *

(Later, Mother adds a comment to the "Declaration" she made on the occasion of the events of February 11: "We do not fight against any creed, any religion. We do not fight against any form of government. We do not fight against any caste, any social class. We do not fight against any nation or civilisation. We are fighting division, unconsciousness, ignorance, inertia and falsehood. We are endeavouring to establish upon earth union, knowledge, consciousness, truth; and we fight whatever opposes the advent of this new creation of Light, Peace, Truth and Love."[13] February 16, 1965.)

That makes our outer position clear. Many people think we are trying to establish a "new religion" or that we are against this or that religion; there are many ideas like that everywhere. But that doesn't interest us at all! Those are all the human activities in every form – they are approximations.

All human hopes are approximations, all human realizations are approximations: it's something that tries, that tries to express what isn't expressible yet – we don't have the means to express it.

And it's precisely in order to create those means that we are endeavoring to enlighten consciousnesses.

The possibility is inside, very deep inside, but it's still asleep.

March 3, 1965

Have you brought something?

There's a beautiful aphorism.

(Satprem reads:)

> 109 – All things seem hard to man that are above his attained level and they are hard to his unaided effort; but they become at once easy and simple when God in man takes up the contract.

It's perfect. There is nothing to say.

Just two or three days ago I wrote something in reply to a question, and I said something like this: Sri Aurobindo is the Lord, but only a part of the Lord, not the Lord in His totality because the Lord is All – all that is manifested and all that is not manifested. Then I wrote: There is nothing that isn't the Lord, nothing – there *is nothing* that isn't the Lord, but those who are CONSCIOUS of the Lord are very rare. And this unconsciousness of the creation is what constitutes its Falsehood.

It was so obvious suddenly: "This is it! This is it! ..." How did Falsehood come about? – Just like this: it is the creation's unconsciousness that constitutes the Falsehood of the creation. And as soon as the creation becomes conscious again of BEING the Lord, Falsehood will cease.

And that's how it is indeed: everything is difficult, everything is laborious, everything is hard going, everything is painful, because everything is done outside the Lord's consciousness. But when He takes possession of His domain again (or rather when we let Him take possession of His domain again) and things are done in His consciousness, with His consciousness, everything will become not only easy but marvelous, glorious – and inexpressibly joyful.

It came as something obvious. People ask, "What is it that is called Falsehood? Why is the creation made of Falsehood?" – It isn't an illusion in the sense of being nonexistent: it's quite existent, but ... it's not conscious of what it is! Not only unconscious of its origin but unconscious of its essence, of its truth. It isn't conscious of its truth. And that's why it lives in Falsehood.

This aphorism is magnificent. There is nothing to say, of course, it says everything.

March 6, 1965

(Mother looks at a letter not yet opened) I wrote something to K. and he must have replied ... very indignantly, no doubt!

What did you tell him?

(Mother looks for a note) "We have faith in Sri Aurobindo, he represents for us something that we formulate for ourselves with the words we find the most adequate to express our experience. For us those words are obviously the best to formulate our experience. But if in our enthusiasm we were convinced that they are the only ones suitable to express correctly what Sri Aurobindo is and the experience he gave us, we would become dogmatic and would be on the verge of founding a religion."

Oh, yes, indeed!

I had written to him (he had read something in *White Roses)* and he had answered me (he was indignant), "How can you say that Sri Aurobindo doesn't express the WHOLE Lord, that Sri Aurobindo is only a part of the Lord!" I didn't answer directly, I told him, "Take care not to become dogmatic...." And he has never understood anything.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I have found some quotations from Sri Aurobindo ... marvelous! Yesterday, I wrote something to someone else (it was in English). There was first a quotation from Sri Aurobindo: "The Power that governs the world is at least as wise as you ..." *([Mother laughs]* don't you know this quotation from Sri Aurobindo? It's marvelous), "and you need not be consulted for its organization, God looks to it." Something like that. Then, below, I put my message of February 21: *Above all the complications of the so-called human wisdom stands the luminous simplicity of the Divine's Grace, ready to act if we allow It to do so.* And on the other page I wrote this in English *(Mother looks for a note):*

> "In conscious communion with the Supreme Lord, I declare that I do what the Lord wants me to do so as to serve on earth His Truth and His Love."[14]

He had deplored *(laughing)* some accusations of mine against people, especially against the Catholic religion (although he isn't a Catholic at all – he is a

staunch Hindu), he thought it wasn't wise from a legal standpoint and that I risked running into trouble (!) So I told him privately, "You know, the whole world's opinion of me, everyone's opinion is like zero, I couldn't care less." Then he gaped in horror! And I told him, "Here, now you will meditate on this in all humility," and I gave him what you've just read.

But I don't want it to get around. It came strongly on that occasion, like a necessity, I had to say that, but the time hasn't come yet to declare it publicly.

* * *

(Then Satprem asks Mother if he should "officially" inform his Tantric instructor that he has given up that discipline and now prefers to the Tantric attitude of personal effort that of abandon to the Force above.)

It's better not to say anything, because he can't understand.

You know, he is still in that state in which leaving one's path is still regarded as leaving spirituality.... Why disturb him?

Maybe some day he will understand within.... But I have looked at the problem a lot and I think he has reached the summit of his present evolution – only in another life will he go farther. It would take a sort of inner catastrophe for it to be otherwise – I don't wish a catastrophe on him. So it's better to leave him alone.

March 10, 1965

(Mother first reads a note relating to the events of February 11:)

> Behind all the destructions – the big destructions of Nature – earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, cyclones, floods, etc., or the human destructions – wars, revolutions, riots – there is always Kali's power and upon earth Kali works for the hastening of the terrestrial progress.
>
> Whatever is Divine not only in its essence but also in its realisation is above these destructions and cannot be touched by them.
>
> In all cases the extent of the damage gives the measure of the imperfection and must be taken as a lesson for indispensable progress.

Yes, it's the sequel to what you said the other day: those vibrations

that enter only insofar as they meet a response.

Yes, exactly.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding an old Playground Talk of March 12, 1951, in which Mother said that man's two chief occupations are forgetting and keeping himself amused.)

Now I would say many things....

For instance, when the Lord draws nearest to men to establish a conscious relationship with them, it is then that, in their folly, men do the most foolish things.

It's true, absolutely true. It is when everything falls silent in order for man to become conscious of his Origin that, in his folly, to keep himself amused, man conceives or carries out the most stupid things.

To keep himself amused, because he can't bear the strength of the Light.

Yes.

The pressure is too strong.

Yes, some are afraid, they panic. They can't bear it, so they do anything to get out of that state.

* * *

A little later

While you were in hospital, I had a sort of ... I can't say it was a "vision" because it was very ... it was lived. It was lived in the subtle physical world, which is symbolic of Reality (the forms are symbolic of Reality, they express Reality, and at the same time they are self-existent). Almost every night I spend some time with Sri Aurobindo in that world, and things are always happening that are indications.[15] But that night, it was quite particular.

Sri Aurobindo and I were in an extremely comfortable car, and we were both resting in an eternity of peace and bliss – quietly, next to each other. The car was driven by ... the eternal Driver. It was supreme Bliss, you know. Until suddenly, outside the car (I don't know how), two papers were thrown on the road, and one of the papers was a letter (it was an envelope that had come by mail, there were

stamps on it), and the other was something written; and with a lightness (the car was still moving), quite a divine lightness, Sri Aurobindo leaps out of the car onto the road to pick up the letters. I said to myself, "Ah, the Bliss is over ... *(laughing)* now we'll have to get back to work!" And I also got out of the car (which disappeared).

Sri Aurobindo picked up those letters (at that moment I knew exactly what they meant, but it's secondary), then he took me by the hand (that is, his right hand took my left hand: I was on his right), and we started walking on the road. And while we were walking on the road, after a time (there were many details and things I am not telling because they are incidental, they had their meaning at the time but they don't matter), while we were walking on the road, he suddenly leaned over towards me and showed me that I was walking on flint. (You know, when the road is made of chips of stones and slightly cambered to make water flow away? On the side some earth has been washed away and sometimes the stones are bared.) And I was walking on those stones – no, he was walking on them and he showed them to me, so I had him walk in the middle of the road and I started walking on the stones so he wouldn't walk on them (but I didn't feel the stones at all). And then I noticed (I looked at him at that moment), I noticed Sri Aurobindo's head ... a *glorified* head, truly a supramental head, a marvel! And his whole body, EVERY PART OF HIS BODY was someone in whom he was manifesting for a particular work or reason, or a particular action in relation to me; and as for me, I wasn't a person, I was only a Force (I noticed that I didn't have a body). And I saw all those who were participating (not their physical appearance, but I knew who they were): for this one, such and such a thing; for that one, such and such a thing; the hand, such and such a thing; the arm, such and such a thing ... and so on. And I saw his feet: they were my feet with "getas" on; they were my feet, my feet with getas on. And it was my feet with getas on that didn't want to let him walk on the stones, on the side of the road, and that was why he left it....

It was wonderfully clear and meaningful! And I saw, I knew exactly someone's place in the Work; and in that Work, in that relationship with me, he was supported, directed by Sri Aurobindo.... The whole thing in detail.

It was a revelation with an absolutely wonderful exactness. And that concern he had.... First, the feeling that I WAS his feet (but his white feet with getas on, as mine are) and that he didn't want me to walk on the edge, on the rugged stones of the road, and that's why he left ...

It has left me with an absolutely unforgettable impression because it was a revelation of the play of forces – of what things TRULY are in spite of their appearances, which are deceptive.

(silence)

His head was a splendor. And it dominated everything, that was what did the directing – it was the splendor of his supramental conception that directed everything. And everyone had his place.

I had lots and lots of visions while you weren't here; but they weren't visions,

of course: it was intense life, and a life that's TRUE – intense and intensely true.

And then, that sort of thing he was holding with his hand [Mother], which was watching all that, was simply the consciousness, the consciousness that works, the true consciousness; and the feet were my physical presence on the earth.

It was truly very interesting.

And I learned the exact place, the relationship of those who work. But I cannot reveal it. But what I always told you about your place and your work was perfectly true – I saw it at that moment. Perfectly true. Some things were revelations about other people – not many people; not many, but those who have a true relationship with me for the work. And very different relationships, in different worlds, on different levels and for different activities. But they aren't very numerous, and it was very precise. And then I saw that what I had seen for you was perfectly correct, and that he is HERE, you understand: to do the work, he is with you. When I told you he was in your book, it's an absolute fact.

That was one of the things I had decided to tell you one day, because ...

It's a world in which things are true. True, and of a reality other than the humanly conceived reality: everything becomes just an appearance; often a false appearance, false in its division, anyway.

(silence)

I can't tell you to what extent this body was not only happy but full of a sort of blissful glory at being His feet. When I saw that, it was a marvel. And at the same time, there was the sensation, the clear perception of all the relationships for the Work, with the feeling and sensation, the exact perception of the relationship I have with those people – not very many, but I know them.

March 20, 1965

It seems to be a time of *testing* (as they say in English, in the sense of a "touchstone"), a test of equanimity – not an equanimity of the soul: a test of integral equanimity, even in the cells of the body. As if someone were saying, "Ha, you want the earth to change; ha, you want Matter to become divine; oh, you want all Falsehood to disappear – very well, let's see if you bear up." There.

Because if we rely on what Sri Aurobindo said, time is clearly very short; if the supramental forces have to effectively dominate (maybe not outwardly, but effectively) life on earth in 1967, that doesn't leave much time....

And probably, the nearer we draw to the appointed hour, the tighter

it's going to become.

There are odd phenomena. You didn't meet this B. when he was here?... He introduced me to certain things I was unaware of: it seems there are in various corners of the world people who have received messages, and in particular a being who calls himself *Truth* and who speaks in my name. He says, "The Mother says ... the Mother says ..." and also, "The Mother will make declarations, and you will have to take them very seriously." All sorts of things like that (people whom I don't know). Then there is someone, among those same people who receive messages and revelations, a spirit (I don't know if he is that same "Truth" or someone else, I don't remember in detail), who said, who "announced 1967" – this is interesting. And I don't know those people at all. And it doesn't seem possible to me that they could have had in their hands books by Sri Aurobindo or me, I don't think. He announced that in '67 (I repeat roughly), we would have reached the point of the *pushbutton* that triggers the destruction (because in those countries, they boast of being able to trigger a terrible destruction by pushing a button), and just when the catastrophe is about to take place, the supreme Power, as he says in a picturesque way, will push its own button and everything will be transformed – just when people expect complete destruction, the complete transformation will come.

That's the domain in which their imagination works. They receive messages of that sort. Which means that people seem to be feeling very strongly that just before the change there will be an extremely critical moment. Only, of course, they tell you that in a quiet tone, "The transformation will come and everything will be saved" – that's all very well, but ...

The work has to be done.

Ah, we shouldn't sit back and say, "Oh, then everything is fine!" *(Mother laughs)*

Because it doesn't seem possible to me (though I don't know), it doesn't seem possible to me that the state of the earth is adequate to justify an integral transformation. As for Sri Aurobindo, he used to say that it would come in stages, that there would first be a sort of small formation, or a small creation that will receive the Light and be transformed, and that's what will work as a leaven for the general transformation.

There are all the Christian, Buddhist theories, Shankara, all those who declare that the world is an "unreal Falsehood" and that it must disappear and give place to a "heaven" (a "new world" and a "heaven"). And this is among the most "aspiring" elements of mankind, those who aren't content with the world as it is, who don't say, "Oh, as long as I am here and alive, things are fine; afterwards, I don't care" – enjoy the short life. "Afterwards, well, it's over, and that's that; let me make the most of the moment I've been given." What a queer conception! ... That's the other extreme.

But in fact, if we go back to the source, there was an Evangelist (I think it was St. John) who announced "a new heaven and a new EARTH."

Yes, a new earth.

Both are there.

It's St. John.

They haven't understood anything.

No.

And naturally, the ancient Vedas and all the old traditions announced a new earth, that's well known.

But even the Christians.

Even the Christians, yes. St. John said that there would be a new earth – that there would be, in fact, a new Christ, who corresponds to that of the Hindus.

Kalki?

Yes, Kalki. The description is very similar.

And the Maitreya Buddha, too.

Yes, but it seems we should be more cautious about him. According to Alexandra David-Neel, it's not a truly authentic text, it came afterwards, after Buddha's descendants: it isn't what Buddha himself is said to have preached. There is a controversy here. Of course, Alexandra belonged to the Buddhism of the South, which is very rigid and absolutely rejects all the fancies of the Buddhism of the North with its innumerable bodhisattvas and all the stories (they've got so many stories! pulp novels). And she rejected all that, saying it wasn't part of Buddha's authentic teaching.

Buddha said that the world, this terrestrial world (maybe the universe, I don't know, the point isn't very clear), in any case the terrestrial world is the result of Desire (but I know someone who used to say *[laughing],* "Yes, it's God's desire to manifest!"), and that when "Desire" disappears, the world will disappear and there will be Nirvana. In other words, once the desire to manifest has disappeared, there is no Manifestation anymore.

I don't think Buddha was ignorant; I think he knew very well the existence of invisible beings, of immortal beings (what men call gods) and probably the existence of a supreme God, too – he very likely knew it. But he didn't want people to think about it because it appeared to contradict his opinion that the world was the result of Desire and that, once Desire was withdrawn, the world withdrew – if there is an immortal world, things cannot happen that way.

Basically, the further one goes, the more one realizes that all human teachings

are opportunistic: they are told with an aim "in view"; one thing is told, and the other (not that it's not known) is deliberately ignored. It seems hard to me to find a different explanation, because as soon as you have passed beyond the Mind (and those people appear to have done so), all knowledge is ... (what's the word?) *available,* obtainable.

(silence)

It's something that can be seen constantly: when you don't give people a pre-digested food, in the sense of selecting what has to be retained and rejecting the rest, they don't absorb it ... or else they do their own digesting of it, which is the worst of all.

> *But minds are increasingly opening to other possibilities that had until now remained hidden by religions. Minds are ready to understand the "esoteric" revelations of religions.*
>
> *(Mother nods her head without conviction)*
>
> *That's the present progress.*

The first result is the creation of a general malaise – they feel as if the earth they're standing on isn't steady anymore: it quakes. They find it uncomfortable.

(long silence)

For me, the problem is completely different.... Up there in the Mind and above, everything is fine – everything is fine; but the big difficulty is to change the physical, to change Matter.... You get a feeling that you have touched – touched a secret, found a key – and the next minute, pfft! it no longer works, it's inadequate.

I was telling Pavitra a few days ago: all those physical disorders of the body, those disorders in the functioning or even organic disorders, suddenly (naturally, the constant state is one of aspiration: an intense, continuous, conscious aspiration) and suddenly – suddenly – an almost stupefying Response: all disorder disappears, not only inside but around (around, sometimes over a rather vast extent), and everything becomes automatically organized, harmonized, without the least effort, and it starts ... *(Mother draws the great waves of the eternal Movement)* moving within an extraordinary progressive harmony; then, with no apparent reason, without anything having changed in the consciousness and any outer circumstances making a difference, pfft! it reverts to what it was before: disorder, conflict, chaos, things that grate. And then, as you aren't conscious of the why, you don't have the key!

I told him, that's why people who very much tried to find, but in vain, spoke of "God's Will"; but that ... *(Mother shakes her head)* that seems to be irreconcilable with, as I said, the knowledge you have when you have passed beyond the Mind. The Mind can say that to itself in order to give itself peace, but it's thoroughly,

thoroughly unsatisfying, because it postulates an unacceptable arbitrariness, which is felt as contrary to the Truth. But then, how do you explain those kinds of reversals?... Naturally, others, like Buddha, spoke about Ignorance; they said, "You are ignorant; you think you know, but you are ignorant." But the key he gave isn't satisfying, either.... Because when you have taken care to establish down to the cells of the body an apparently unshakable equanimity, how can you accept the ignorance factor?

Which means that the further you go, the nearer you draw to the Goal, the more ... inexplicable it appears to be.

So for me (I mean for this body), the only recourse is a blissful *surrender (gesture of immobile offering Upward),* and not a heavy, not an inert surrender: intense, intense! And in a joy, oh, extraordinary. That's the only thing.

I don't know, maybe for others it [the ecstasy] is allowed to last, but for this body ... After a while, all the problems from outside come back, that is to say, all the vibratory difficulties of the world are allowed to reach it again in order to be taken up and transformed in the Light of the Lord. And the whole problem crops up again.

You know, problems of illness, problems of possession (vital and mental possession), problems of egos that refuse to yield (and this results in circumstances which, humanly, are described in the ordinary way: such and such a thing has happened to so-and-so – but that's not how it comes into the consciousness), well, if you look at things in a sufficiently general way, those problems REMAIN problems. There is indeed something, but a "something" that is still elusive (elusive in its essence): it has to do with feeling, with sensation, with perception, also with aspiration – it has to do with all that, and it is ... what we habitually call divine Love (that is, essential Love, that which is expressed by Love and seems to be beyond the Manifestation and Nonmanifestation, which, naturally, becomes Love in the Manifestation). And That would be the ALL-POWERFUL expression. In other words, That is what would have the power to transform into divine consciousness and substance all the chaos we now call "world."

There was the experience of That [the experience of the great pulsations], but it was an experience ... (how can I put it?) of a drop that would be an infinite, or of a second that would be an eternity. While the experience is there, there is absolute certitude; but outwardly, everything starts up again as it was one minute before – That *(gesture of pulsation for a second),* puff! everything is changed; then everything starts up again, with perhaps a slight change that's perceptible only to a consciousness (perceptible to the consciousness, but not concretely perceptible), and with, generally, violent reactions in the Disorder: something that revolts.

So, to our logic (which is obviously stupid, but anyway), it means that the goal is still very far away, that the world isn't ready.

You see, all of a sudden, through the intensity of the aspiration, of that sort of thirst for "the Thing," contact is made – contact is made; it isn't even a contact between two different things, it is ... That which is all. But it is in Time that the

Thing is expressed, and then it doesn't last, so much so that even the resulting effect doesn't seem to be able to last. Although there is something there that contradicts: the effect is lasting, but imperceptible as long as it isn't general; so immediately it's a translation into the world of Time, Space, and so on.

Whereas "That" is beyond Time and Space. When you have gone from the Creation to Noncreation (which do not follow each other, they are concomitant), if you go beyond, you encounter this "something" which, I don't know why, I call Love.... Probably because the vibration of true Love (what I call divine Love, which is at work in the world) bears the closest resemblance to That. It is something absolutely inexpressible, which belongs neither to "receiving" nor to "giving," neither to uniting nor to absorbing, nothing like all that.... It's something very particular.

(long silence)

I remember, that night I spoke of, I WAS that Pulsation, and each burst of pulsation created. Well, it was the first expression of That in the Manifestation; and it was already in action, it was already in movement. But the Vibration BEHIND that is ... I might say the potentiality of everything – of everything that becomes perceptible to us through the Manifestation; because it is everything that in our consciousness gets divided into various possibilities, like truth, love, life, power, etc. (but all that is nothing, of course, it's dust in comparison). And it's everything together; not the union of different things: it's EVERYTHING – everything, and it is absolutely ONE, but everything is there. And That is what one finds beyond the Manifestation and the Nonmanifestation – the Manifestation almost looks like child's play in comparison. That Pulsation was the origin of the Manifestation.

And Nonmanifestation is blissful Immobility – it's more than that, but it's essentially that: blissful Immobility. It's the supreme and supremely divine essence of rest. And both [Manifestation and Nonmanifestation] are together, and they come from That.

I have a very strong feeling that it's only That, only with That that things can change, all the rest is inadequate.

And if I remember right, Sri Aurobindo said that this manifestation (which he too calls Love) would take place AFTER the supramental manifestation, didn't he?

First Truth, then Love.

Then Love.

Yes, he said there were different "levels" in the Supramental – but that *(smiling)* is the sauce that makes things more easily digestible (!) Everyone says things in the way he finds the easiest to assimilate.

But the experience – the experience – is always beyond words, always.

(silence)

And it's rather strange: all these cells have in their aspiration an Ananda of Light, of Truth, but that doesn't satisfy them completely, that is, they still have a sensation of helplessness.... Of course, it's all the Darkness, all the Falsehood, all the Disorder, all the Disharmony of the world that you constantly absorb every time you breathe (not to speak of all that you absorb with food, and all the rest – the worst of all – that you absorb mentally through contact with others, mentally and vitally). And all that has to be changed, transformed, constantly. Well, the cells feel their helplessness to face the work if That, that Vibration, isn't there. They find that Vibration irresistible, they find it's the only irresistible one.

Naturally, there is a progress (a work that can be noted, discerned) in the consciousness of the cells, in their receptivity and their resistance to Disorder; but it's just a progress, meaning that the possibility, and even the recurrence of disorder, decomposition, disharmony, wrong functioning, none of that is conquered at all, not at all.... There is a growing feeling of being the docile instrument of the supreme Will, to such a point that the cells feel that whatever they may be asked to do they can do, but there is at the same time the very clear perception that the field of what is asked of them is still very limited – very limited – and that they would be unable to do better or more. And that's what gives weight to the notion of wear and tear, of aging – not that they feel like that, but in material fact, what is asked of them is very limited.

(silence)

On the 19th I had a very clear experience: I was with A., who was in a dreadful – dreadful – state of agitation, revolt, confusion ... everything one can imagine. And for certainly nearly three quarters of an hour, he kept throwing it all on me violently. I was there – I didn't notice it! I was laughing, speaking, acting, moving around, and the body felt per-fect-ly fine. I came back to my room here, P. and V. were here and they had heard (he was shouting like a madman), they had heard the whole thing; they were full of a sort of horrified pity because of what that boy had inflicted on me – and INSTANTLY the cells felt the fatigue, the terrible tension ... which they had NOT FELT all the while, not for a minute! When I got up to leave A., everything was charming, it was fun; and instantly when I entered this room, there was a fatigue and tension COMING FROM THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS! So then, I looked carefully (as an experience it was interesting, naturally), and I said to myself, "Strange how it can influence the cells TO THIS EXTENT. Of course, I started drawing the consciousness within, and it went away. But it went away because I worked for it to, while before I hadn't worked not to be tired: it was spontaneous.

It gave me an interesting measure of the interdependence.

The body follows the action very well and does all that it has to do, but when around it there are consciousnesses that feel or think otherwise, that still has a considerable action; although the consciousness isn't affected: it's perfectly lucid, it sees the whole play all the time, and it is conscious of the forces that come and of the whole play. So how is it that, the consciousness being conscious of the

forces that come, those forces still have the power to act on the cells directly?... That's a problem.

It means a cellular interdependence that makes the program very, very, VERY difficult.

It interested me. Absolutely no fatigue and that sort of feeling of living in the universal, eternal Rhythm, like that *(great gesture in waves),* and amused all the time, I am all the time amused; and instantly: tension, fatigue, a need to rest, to concentrate.

And visibly – visibly for the consciousness – the vibrations came from the others [P., V.].

So an all-powerful vibration is needed to go vrrm! *(gesture of flattening all around),* and then to annul everything in its action.

But as Sri Aurobindo wrote, if that came *(Mother laughs),* maybe it would destroy too many things!

Because those were vibrations of goodwill, there was no hostility, nothing, absolutely nothing – the hostility was before, with A.! The revolt and so on. And it had no effect WHATSOEVER.

After that, I said to myself, "How little we know! How limited all our understanding is in comparison with what IS: the mechanism."

Well.

March 24, 1965

Anything new?

> *Sujata had rather a bad dream: she came into a house which some people were supposed to keep a watch on, to protect, but no one had kept watch and so enemies had got inside. Sujata entered the house and found a room in which Sri Aurobindo was, and Sri Aurobindo's foot had been injured – he was groaning. He had been hurt by the adversaries that had been allowed to enter the house. Seeing Sri Aurobindo injured, she ran off to fetch you.*

Maybe it's quite simply the image of what happened on
February 11?
The foot means something physical.
I think that's what it is, just the symbolic image of what happened.

> *It's not something that will go on?*

A premonition? No.

It's the symbolic form of what occurred.

I told you my dream in which I was different parts of Sri Aurobindo's body.... The foot is his physical action through certain people or through the Ashram or through me.

I don't think it is serious. It's the image of what occurred, recorded somewhere.

(silence)

There is a rather curious development. For some time now, but more and more precisely, when I hear something, when someone reads something to me or I listen to some music or am told of some event, immediately something vibrates: the origin of the activity or the level on which it's taking place or the origin of the inspiration is automatically translated as a vibration in one of the centers. And then, depending on the quality of the vibration, it's something constructive or negative; and when at some point it makes contact, however slightly, with a domain of Truth, there is ... (how can I explain?) like the spark of a vibration of Ananda. And the thought is absolutely silent, still, nothing – nothing *(Mother opens her hands Upward in a gesture of complete offering).* But this perception is growing increasingly precise. And that's how I know: I know the source of the inspiration, where the action is located and the quality of the thing.

What precision! Oh, an infinitesimal precision, in the details.

For instance, the first time I felt this in a clear way was when I heard Sunil's music on *The Hour of God;* that was the first time, and at the time I didn't know it was something completely organized, a sort of organization of experience. But now, after all these months, it has become classified, and it gives me an absolutely certain indication, which doesn't correspond to any active thought or any active will – I am simply an infinitely sensitive instrument for receiving vibrations. That's how I know where things come from. There is no thought. That's how the vibration of Sujata's dream came to me *(Mother gestures down, below her feet):* it was in the realm of the subconscient. So I knew it was a recording.

And the other day, when Nolini read me his article, it was neutral *(vague gesture to a medium height),* neutral all the time, and then, suddenly, a spark of Ananda; that's what made me appreciate it. And when you read me just now that text by Y., when she expressed her experience of the sunrise, there was a little beam of light *(gesture to the throat level)*, so I knew. A pleasant beam of light – not Ananda, but a pleasant light here *(same gesture)*, so I knew there was something there, that she had touched something.

And there are degrees in quality, you know, it's almost infinite.

It's the means given me to appreciate the position of things.

And completely, completely outside thought. The thought comes AFTER. For instance, for this dream, when you asked me the question, I said, "Logically, since the vibration is here *(indicates below the feet),* it must be a memory." And with a kind of certainty because ... because the perception is perfectly impersonal.

It's an extraordinarily sensitive mechanism, and with an almost infinite field of

receptivity *(gesture of gradation).*

My means of knowing people now is also like that. But for a long time now, when I see a photograph, for instance, it hasn't been going through thought at all; there are neither deductions nor intuitions: the photograph causes a vibration somewhere. And funny things happen, too; the other day, they gave me the photograph of a person, so I have a very clear perception: from the place that is touched, from the vibration that responds, I know that this man is used to handling ideas and that he has the self-assurance of someone who teaches. I ask (just to see), "What does this man do?" They tell me, "He is a businessman." I said, "Well, he isn't made to be a businessman, he doesn't know the first thing about business!" And three minutes after, they tell me, "Oh, excuse me, I am sorry, I made a mistake, he is a teacher"! *(Mother laughs)* That's how it is.

And it's constant, constant.

It is the appreciation of the world, of the vibrations of the world.

That's why I asked you just now to give me your hands – why? Precisely to see the vibration. Well, I felt what in English they call *a sort of dullness,* and I said to myself: something is wrong.

And no thought, nothing: simply vibrations.

So, what's wrong?! ... *(Mother laughs while looking at Satprem)* Yes, that's it, it's a sort of "dullness."

Yes, I am quite submerged in matter.

That's right.

It's no joke.

No, but don't you want to get out of it?

Oh, I am assailed! And then, my body also doesn't help me much.

Oh, no, the body never helps. Now I am convinced of it. You can, to some extent, help your body (not to a great extent, but up to a point, anyway), you can help your body, but the body doesn't help you. Its vibration is at ground level, always.

Yes, it's heavy.

Without exception. Without exception, it brings you down, and above all it's something that makes you dull, so dull – something that doesn't vibrate.

It's heavy.

But with this sadhana I am doing, there are some threads that lead you along, and I have some sentences by Sri Aurobindo.... For the other sadhanas, I was used to it: all that he said was clear, it showed the way, you didn't have to look for it. But here, he didn't do it; he only said or made certain remarks now and then, and those remarks are helpful to me. (There is also my meeting him at night, but I don't

want to count too much on that, because ... you grow too anxious for the contact, and that spoils everything.) There are in that way several remarks that have remained with me and are, yes, like leading threads. For instance, "Endure ... endure."

Let us assume you have a pain somewhere; the instinct (the instinct of the body, of the cells) is to tense up and try to reject – which is the worst thing to do: it invariably increases the pain. So the first thing that must be taught to the body is to stay still – not to have any reactions. Above all no tensing up, and not even a movement of rejection – a perfect stillness. That's corporeal equanimity.

A perfect stillness.

After perfect stillness, there is the movement of inner aspiration (I am always referring to the aspiration of the cells – I am using words to describe something wordless, but there is no other way to express oneself), the *surrender,* that is to say, the SPONTANEOUS AND TOTAL acceptance of the supreme Will (which is unknown to us). Does the total Will want things to go this way or that way, that is, towards the disintegration of certain elements or towards ...? And then again, there are endless nuances: there is the passage from one height to another (I am speaking of cellular realizations, of course, don't forget that), I mean that you have a certain inner equilibrium, an equilibrium of movement, of life, and it's understood that in order to go from one movement to a higher movement, there is almost always a descent, then a new ascent – there is a transition. So does the shock received impel you to go down in order to climb up again, or does it impel you do go down in order to abandon old movements? Because there are cellular ways of being that have to disappear in order to give way to others; there are others that climb down in order to climb up again with a higher harmony and organization. This is the second point. And you should wait and see WITHOUT POSTULATING IN ADVANCE what has to be. There is especially, of course, the desire: the desire to be comfortable, the desire to be in peace and all that – that must cease absolutely and disappear. You must be absolutely without any reaction, like this *(gesture of immobile offering Upward, palms open).* And then, when you are like that ("you," meaning the cells), after a while the perception comes of the category the movement belongs to, and you just have to follow the perception, whether it is that something must disappear and be replaced by something else (which one doesn't know yet), or whether it is that something must be transformed.

And so forth. And it's like that all the time.

Let me give you an example to make it a little clearer: I constantly have what's conventionally called a "toothache" (it doesn't correspond to anything in reality, but anyway people call it "having a toothache"). I had difficulty eating, a congestion, and so on. The attitude: you endure – you endure to the point when you don't even notice that things are going wrong. You endure, but you are aware (and besides, the external signs are there: a swelling of the gums, etc.). There was a period (it's been in that state for a long time, but anyway), a period that began with a first swelling, in December – control, work, etc., all the necessary inner precautions. Then one observes the movement; "one" wants to know where it

leads, what it is (it's a long story, quite uninteresting – interesting only because it is instructive). And two nights ago, the situation was apparently the same as usual, the same thing, when suddenly there was a will to stay awake, not to sleep, and then I had the clear perception of a congestion and that it was becoming necessary to take out those things (bits of tooth that were moving – they were moving now more, now less, but it began in December), to take them out in order to let the congestion out. Previously, too, bits of tooth had moved, and one day they had come out by themselves, without difficulty – when the time had come for them to go, they had gone; so I remembered that: why not wait for that moment? That was the attitude for a long time. And then the cells were curiously shrinking back from a very close contact with something [a dentist] that wasn't in complete harmony with the directing force of the body. This is how, in common language, it was translated: T. (who is very nice, no question of that) doesn't know either the habits or the reactions or the type of vibration or what's necessary – she doesn't know anything. So how to make contact? Two nights ago, this came to me clearly: this is what you must tell her (and the exact words of the letter to be written), and you MUST send for her tomorrow morning. Then everything fell quiet, it was over, I went on with my night as usual, as every night. The next morning, I wrote what had been decided and she came; and, well, when she came she knew what she had to know and she did exactly what had to be done. She even said, "I will do only what you tell me to do."

And I will add a detail (not a very pleasant one, but it gives the measure of the truth): there were two bits of tooth she had to extract; first she extracted one, and it was just about normal, then she pulled the second one out, and there was a sort of hemorrhage: a huge quantity of blood had accumulated, thick and black – the blood of a dangerous congestion. But I had felt it (there was a pain in the brain, a pain in the ear, a pain ...), and I thought, "That's not good, I should take care." The body was conscious that something was amiss. And quite an unusual hemorrhage. I even remarked to T., "It's good it came out." She said, "Oh, yes!"

All this to tell you that the thought is absolutely still, everything takes place directly: questions of vibrations. Well, that's the only way to know what has to be done. If it goes through the mind – especially through that physical thought, which is absolutely idiotic, absolutely – you can't know; as long as that works, you are always driven to do what you shouldn't do, particularly to have the wrong reaction: the reaction that helps the forces of disorder and darkness instead of contradicting them. And I am not talking about anxiety because it's a long, a very long time since my body stopped having any anxiety – a long time, years – but anxiety is like swallowing a cup of poison.

This is what is called physical yoga.

To get over all that. And the only way to do it is for all, every one of the cells, every second, to be *(gesture of immobile offering Upward)* in an adoration, an aspiration – an adoration, an aspiration, an adoration, an aspiration.... And nothing else. Then, after a time, there is joy, too, and then it ends with blissful trust. When that trust is established, everything will be fine. But ... it's much easier said than

done. Only, for the moment, I am convinced that it is the only way, there is no other. There. Give your hands....

March 27, 1965

> *I find that all those meats they have given me to "build me up" make me heavy, especially with the hot days starting again. Couldn't I go back to vegetarian food?*

It doesn't really have an action on the consciousness, I am absolutely certain of that. Meat can give the body a feeling of great solidity, but in my opinion, solidity is most important, most important – I don't believe in a spirituality that "etherealizes," that's the old falsehood of the past.

No, the body's heaviness ... You must not only conceive but understand and accept that the purpose of this heaviness is to repair the body's internal damage, and the body must in fact change this heaviness into a sort of constant tranquillity so that order is restored everywhere.

I don't believe that the impression of being "light" is a good impression. Because both the so-called lightness and the so-called heaviness have ABSOLUTELY nothing to do with the yoga and the Transformation. All those are human sensations. The truth is quite different from and quite independent of those things. The truth, of course, is the cells' conscious aspiration to the Supreme; it is the only thing that can actually transform the body; and it is very, very independent of the domain of sensations.

On the contrary, it's good for the nerves to calm down, and I think that when the nerves strengthen, their first movement is to calm down, and that gives the impression of a heaviness, almost the impression of a tamas, but it's a sort of quiet stability, which is necessary. There. That's how I see it.

Basically, in order to cure the misdeeds of that physical mind, it's not bad to become ... we could say in jest, vegetarian in the sense of becoming a plant – the peaceful life of a plant, like that *(gesture, stretched out in the sun)*.

Yes, there is a kind of vegetative immobility which is excellent for overcoming the agitation – the frantic agitation – of that physical mind.... Oh, look, it's the sensation of a waterlily floating on water: those large leaves spreading out like that – a very quiet, still water, and a waterlily.

The waterlily is the white flower opening up to the light, above those large, floating leaves.... Oh, how good it is to be carried.

When the nerves have really calmed down because one has eaten well, one can go into a blissful contemplation – don't be occupied with anything, above all don't

try to think: like this *(gesture of floating, offered),* invoking the Lord and his Harmony – a luminous harmony – and then lying like that at least half an hour, three quarters of an hour after the meal. It's very good, it's excellent. Don't fall asleep: blissful – nothing, being nothing. Nothing but a blissful tranquillity. That's the best remedy.

I think that's easier after eating well!

Try to be a waterlily.... A waterlily, that's pretty!

Even watching animals is very pretty – they know far better than men how to rest.

We could make a slogan: if you want to keep well, be a waterlily! *(Mother laughs)* ... I see the picture of a pond in the sun.

In reality, I deserve some credit for asking people to eat well.... You know that I had difficulties: for two days, it was nearly impossible for me to eat – and I am so glad! But I always scold myself: it's a weakness – a moral weakness. I am in a very good position to say so, because I have the same difficulty as you with those questions of food, and that's very bad. It's not out of personal taste for food that I am preaching (!), but in order to react against the other tendency. Every time something comes and prevents me from eating, immediately, spontaneously, the body says, "Oh, thank you, Lord, I don't have to eat!" I catch myself and give myself a slap.

April 7, 1965

Are you sleeping well?

Not too well, and my sleep isn't conscious: I don't see you.

Oh, mon petit *(laughing),* sometimes I say to myself, "What a fine thing it must be not to be conscious!"

Constantly, you know, the whole night, without stop, it streams past – there are, of course, moments when I go into a blissful state, but I am not granted that for long. I'd really like to spend at least four or five hours like that, but I am not granted it. Constantly, constantly ... and what carryings-on!

I can't say.... It's neither superconscious nor subconscious ... I might say it is intraconscious – it's just the underside of things. And then ... *(Mother shakes her head)*

(silence)

From a semihistorical point of view, it would be very interesting to tell everything that goes on day by day; because it isn't limited to a particular place or a certain number of people: it's a very terrestrial activity. It would be very interesting, of course. But it would take at least an hour or two in the morning to note down the whole night! And I would have to be quite undisturbed, otherwise it all goes away. But it would make tremendous documents.

If I am given some prediction, it's in a very symbolic form, or in a curious form: a form I could call "analogous," meaning that I am shown analogous facts that occurred in the history of the earth (sometimes the history of the earth that isn't historical, that's prehistorical), and with a special coloration, a little more internal than the plain stark fact; there is along with it a vibration which is at the same time a mixture of thought, feeling and especially force – a force of action. It comes like that with a sort of power of projection into the future *(Mother draws a trajectory going from the past event into the future),* and in between the two, there is the curve resulting from the terrestrial progress. So, basically, it would be rather interesting ... provided there is nothing else to be done!

But it's clearly visible: for instance, a word or a sentence or a gesture or a thought or an impulse that has its vibratory point specifically somewhere [in the past], and then its whole line of consequences *(same gesture of trajectory),* its whole curve of consequences. The whole thing, seen at a glance *(Mother depicts a screen on which a picture is suddenly frozen).* The curve: such and such a thing goes ... brrt! over there. But the outcome (which would give a spectacular and high-sounding value producing a considerable effect) is never given to me. No,

what would make a reputation of great prophet is never given to me (that's not what I am after, but it's never given). Simply *(same gesture of trajectory),* such and such a thing will go this way, brrt! and then all this is going to happen, here, here *(Mother marks various points along the trajectory);* but as for the outcome – silence.

But anyway, you can only note that down if you don't have any work to do! And in fact, it has never been of any use. Do you think prophets have helped men?... I don't think so. What was to happen always happened, and prophets foreseeing it didn't stop it from happening.

April 10, 1965

I have been asked a question *(Mother looks for a note):*

> *How can I love the Lord? I have never seen Him and never He speaks to me.*

This is my answer:

> *It is not what one sees or hears that one loves, it is love that one loves through the forms and sounds, and of all love the most perfect love, the most loving love is the Lord's love.*

When I wrote it, it was an extraordinarily intense experience: one cannot love anything but love, and it is love that one loves behind all things – it is love that one loves. It is Love that loves itself everywhere.

And form and sound are excuses.

(silence)

Do you find it hard to understand?

!?

No, because I gave it to N. to read – he *just blinked*; I gave it to U. to read – he *just blinked....* So do you ... *blink,* too?

> *No! I find it ...*

Oh, good! Then it's all right! If at least one person understands, that's enough.

> *That's the truth, it IS love.... Others will understand.*

I like that. It has a sort of childlike simplicity: "... and the most perfect love, the most loving love is the Lord's love."

April 17, 1965

You said there had been a step forward. Is there something new?

I had always said that there were two points on which the future hadn't been revealed to me. First, what the first form of supramental life on earth would be exactly, that is to say, the stage that will follow man as he is – just as there was a stage that followed the animal (and which, in fact, disappeared), what is the stage that will follow man, and will perhaps be destined to disappear, too? Then the other point, which was more personal: could the transformation of this body go far enough to allow an indefinite prolongation, or would the work on the cells be somehow partly wasted?

I can't say I have answers, but in both directions there has been some opening, as it were. The feeling that I was in front of a wall and it's opening up, I am allowed to proceed. Well, the conclusions aren't there yet, but in both directions we have actually taken a step forward because it's open – there isn't a wall any longer, it's open.

Especially that feeling of being stuck has gone away.

The first discoveries aren't worth telling because they aren't precise or concrete or definitive enough. There is just this sense of relief: instead of standing in front of something that blocks your way, phew! you can breathe and walk on.

The consequences will be for later.

(long silence)

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

So the transition: a conscious and willed utilization by a supramentalized consciousness of a body prepared in that way. This body must be brought to the peak of its development and of the utilization of the cells in order to be ... yes,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That would be the procedure.

The conditions for the almost indefinite prolongation of the life of the body are known, or almost known (they are more than sensed – they are known), and they are learned through the work that must be done to counteract the EXTREME FRAGILITY of the physical balance of the body undergoing the transformation. It's a study every minute, as it were, almost every second. This is the extremely difficult part. It is difficult because of all the reasons I have already explained,

because of the intrusion of forces that are in a state of imbalance and have to be, as they come along, brought back to the new state of balance.[16] That's where you find the sign of the unknown.

Voilà. It's there.

But it's not blocked anymore. The path is open, one can see – one can see.

It will come.

But the transition which is really hard to perceive is the transition from the animal creation (which is perpetuated, of course) to the supramental formation; that transition hasn't taken place yet. The passage from that creation to the supramental creation of a body – that's what we don't know. It is the passage from one to the other: how? It still is a somewhat more difficult problem than the passage from animal to man, you understand, because the process of human creation is refined, but it is the same ... Oh!

(The conversation is cut short by the doctor's entry)

... While here, it is a new form of creation.

April 21, 1965

About the last conversation, a quotation from Sri Aurobindo came to mind.

Which quotation?

You were speaking of the first form of supramental life.

On the earth.

Yes, in an "improved physical body." I wondered about that ... especially when you speak of "switching to a new body."

What were you wondering?

This, in particular: The difference between the present human body and the supramental creation is so considerable, the substance must be so different...

Of course.

... that I am wondering to what extent even an improved physical body could be of use? Because the thing is going to be so different. Whether

this body is old and bent or young and very supple, does it really make any difference, since ...

That's not what I meant by "improved." Whether the body is young or old doesn't make any difference, because the advantages are balanced by drawbacks. I have also looked at the problem – it doesn't make any difference.

Switching to a new body may become a necessity, that's all, but it's secondary.

What I meant by an "improved physical body" is that sort of mastery over the body that's being gained nowadays through physical training. I have seen lately magazines showing how it had started: the results in the beginning and today's results; and from the standpoint of the harmony of forms (I am not talking about excesses – there are excesses everywhere – I am talking about what can be done in the best possible conditions), from the standpoint of the harmony of forms, of strength and a certain sense of beauty, of the development of certain capacities of endurance and skill, of precision in the execution combined with strength, it's quite remarkable if you think of how recent physical training is. And it's spreading very quickly nowadays, which means that the proportion of the human population that is interested in it and practices it is snowballing. So when I saw all those photos (for me, it's especially through pictures that I see), it occurred to me that through those qualities, the cells, the cellular aggregates acquire a plasticity, a receptivity, a force that make the substance more supple for the permeation of the supramental forces.

Let's take the sense of form, for example (I am giving one example among many others). Evolution is openly moving towards diminishing the difference between the female and the male forms: the ideal that's being created makes female forms more masculine and gives male forms a certain grace and suppleness, with the result that they increasingly resemble what I had seen all the way up, beyond the worlds of the creation, on the "threshold," if I can call it that, of the world of form. At the beginning of the century, I had seen, before even knowing of Sri Aurobindo's existence and without having ever heard the word "supramental" or the idea of it or anything, I had seen there, all the way up, on the threshold of the Formless, at the extreme limit, an ideal form that resembled the human form, which was an idealized human form: neither man nor woman. A luminous form, a form of golden light. When I read what Sri Aurobindo wrote, I said, "But what I saw was the supramental form!" Without having the faintest idea that it might exist. Well, the ideal of form we are now moving towards resembles what I saw. That's why I said: since there is an evolutionary concentration on this point, on the physical, bodily form, it must mean that Nature is preparing something for that Descent and that embodiment – it seems logical to me. That's what I meant by an improved physical form.

The other point is quite secondary, it's incidental, it isn't in the line of evolution. I am only saying that it's a method that CAN be used, and it has been used in the past.

Switching to a new body?

Switching to a new body. The method may be used again, IF IT IS FELT TO BE NECESSARY. It wasn't the central idea, it was perfectly incidental – it may happen. And all I said was that the consciousness of these cells having lost the sense of ego (I think they have lost it, though this body was formed without the sense of ego – at any rate, if it was necessary at a given time, it no longer is), having lost the sense of ego, it finds no difficulty in manifesting in another body. And this is a perfectly practical and material experience, I mean I have had multiple experiences of this consciousness using that body, this body, that other body ... for certain things; of course it was momentary, not in a permanent way, but at will and anyway lasting long enough to make me experience it concretely.

But this is a personal affair, it has nothing to do with the public or collectivity, while the other point is interesting: I have a feeling it is Nature's collaboration, pushing humanity in that direction in order to prepare a matter more receptive to the ideal that wants to manifest.

> *When I thought about the last conversation again, it seemed to me that the gap between the two creations, the animal and the supramental, is so huge that it doesn't make much difference whether the body is more supple and so on.*

The gap isn't so huge. The gap is huge in the MODE OF CREATION, that's where there is a huge gap. That's where it is difficult to conceive how we will switch from one to the other and how there can be intermediaries.

> *Exactly, I suddenly remembered in this connection a quotation from Sri Aurobindo that seemed to me interesting. It's in "The Human Cycle," at the end of "The Human Cycle." Here's what he says: "It may well be that, once started, it [the supramental endeavour] may not advance rapidly even to its first decisive stage; it may be that it will take long centuries of effort to come into some kind of permanent birth. But that is not altogether inevitable, for the principle of such changes in Nature seems to be a long obscure preparation followed by a swift gathering up and precipitation of the elements into the new birth, a rapid conversion, a transformation that in its luminous moment figures like a miracle."*[17]

This is very interesting.... Yes *(laughing),* he said this to me a few days ago!

It is true.

Basically, once there is a body formed, precisely, by an ideal and an increasing development, a body with sufficient stuff and capacities, sufficient potential, there may very well be a rapid Descent of a supramental form, just as there was one with the human form. Because I know that (I know it from having lived it), I know that when the transition – a very obscure transition – from the animal to man (of which they have found fairly convincing traces) was sufficient, when the result was plastic enough, there was a Descent – there was a mental descent of the

human creation. And they were beings (there was a double descent; it was in fact particular in that it was double, male and female: it wasn't the descent of a single being, it was the descent of two beings), they were beings who lived in Nature an animal life, but with a mental consciousness; but there was no conflict with the general harmony. All the memories are absolutely clear of a spontaneous, animal life, perfectly natural, in Nature. A marvelously beautiful Nature that strangely resembles the nature in Ceylon and tropical countries: water, trees, fruits, flowers.... And a life in harmony with animals: there was no sense of fear or difference. It was a very luminous, very harmonious, and very NATURAL life, in Nature.

And strangely, the story of Paradise would seem to be a mental distortion of what really happened. Of course, it all became ridiculous, and also with a tendency ... it gives you the feeling that a hostile will or an Asuric being tried to use that to make it the basis for a religion and to keep man under his thumb. But that's another matter.

But that spontaneous, natural, harmonious life – very harmonious, extremely beautiful and luminous and easy!... A harmonious rhythm in Nature. A luminous animality, in fact.

That's how we began, and it began that way because there was a descent of the higher human mental consciousness into the form that existed. The phenomenon may recur in the same way, with the difference that it can be more conscious and willed – there may be the intervention of a conscious will. It would, or it could happen through an occult process – well, I don't know, there are all sorts of possibilities, one of which could be the conscious passage of a being who has used the old human body for his development and his yoga, and who would leave that form once it became unnecessary in order to enter a form capable of adapting to the new growth.

Here, the two possibilities meet.

But for the time being, there is no question of that because although the development of physical training is extremely rapid, it's still clear that it may take hundreds of years.

There is a quotation from Sri Aurobindo in which he says that the first point to be acquired is prolongation of life at will – it isn't directly immortality: it is prolongation of life at will. He wrote it in the articles on *The Supramental Manifestation.*

April 23, 1965

Every night now, almost without exception, I spend a part of the night in someone else, who seems to be me – it's "me," but the circumstances are completely different, the relationships are completely different. And last night, I don't know how (oh, it was a long story), I saw myself: I was wearing a sari and my hair was loose, and it was white! It was white with some black streaks that had remained black; and suddenly I saw my face in a mirror, and that's how I knew it was someone else.

And it seems to be quite a daily occupation, a very regular occupation, with people totally different from one another, totally different, but all of them in contact with Sri Aurobindo's thought or Sri Aurobindo's Work. Some I know very well, with people around them whom I know very well; some others I don't know so well.

The previous night, it was difficult because I was ("I was" – who was I? I don't know) harassed and attacked by someone who didn't want to leave me alone and whom I found totally repugnant, who was to me an embodiment of falsehood and hypocrisy. It was a symbolic being (the whole thing was symbolic) and he represented something, almost like one of the human vices, something symbolic and very widespread, and what a nuisance it was, oh! ... I called on everything to get rid of it. But I didn't find out who I was – it was "me," but outwardly I don't know.

But last night, as it happened, in the course of all the circumstances, I was with someone whom I know very well (not materially) and I had white hair, and that person told me, "Oh, it's very fine, just go ahead like that...." Then I saw my face.... I had a pale face, but not white, and white hair falling onto the neck, very white (the white of black hair), with a few black tresses in it – white hair. And I said, "But no! When one has white hair ..." (I don't know what language I was speaking because one doesn't hear any sounds, one understands inwardly) ... "white hair like this isn't pretty." So *(laughing)* when I came back to my usual state, I thought, "Oh, but what a strange face I had!"

It's a little tiring. Every time there's a new difficulty to be overcome, a problem to be solved, something to be set in order....

April 28, 1965

Mother looks absorbed

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

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

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

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

That's why I was a little absorbed.

(silence)

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

And if I look at it in a certain way (explanations, of course, are meaningless),

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

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

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

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

(silence)

What is it?

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

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

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

It's enough to leave you completely dazed!

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

We will talk about it again.

April 30, 1965

I spent part of the night in your rooms – didn't you know?... How did you sleep?... As usual.

I don't know.

How can I explain?... *(Smiling)* It was like a round of inspection of the "spiritual sanitary" conditions of the different lodgings (1). I am putting it like this, but it was rather curious; it was like a force, yes, or a sort of consciousness that came to inspect the different premises from the standpoint of spiritual health – it was rather curious, interesting. It had started with a visit to my own rooms here; then I asked for the explanation of the principle, if I may say so, on which that inspection was based, and when the explanation was given, I said, "Well, let's go and see Satprem's home, then." And I even had a sort of feeling that you didn't know (mind you, in fact I knew nothing about it, it's just what I saw last night) that the mosquito netting they put at your place is mine, the one that was here before.

Yes.

Oh, you knew it.

And then that force (it was a force, it was a being, it was an action, it was ... – not a human being) said when I spoke of going to your home, "Oh, but he is in exceptional conditions!" "Ah, why?" I asked "Oh, he has that netting, and all the air that comes in – the subtle air – becomes impregnated with your atmosphere as it enters." *(Mother laughs)* I said, "Good."

It was early this morning, between two and three, you were sleeping.

May 5, 1965

You look pale.

I am not feeling very well.

(silence)

I feel as if I am not here, and this has been going on since ...

My body is far away from me.

Last time, in the afternoon of the day you came, the 30th, I was rather in a poor condition [Mother had "heart" troubles]. And since then I have felt as if ... I am rather far away from my body.... I am in a very, very diluted consciousness *(widespread gesture),* very diluted.

(Mother goes into meditation)

I have a feeling that only one thing exists: making contact – putting the divine Vibration in contact with Matter. And this is the only thing which is REAL. Things seem to have clarified these past few days, since the 30th; and this morning when I got up, it was so strong that it was really the only thing existing. To such a point that there was a spontaneous perception that whatever thought clothes this thing in, or whatever the organization of life, it's totally unimportant – it's only men who attach importance to that, but from the standpoint of the Work, only this matters: being in this state I am in (which is a very particular state), in which the vibration, the vibration of Matter is put in contact, united – united – with the divine Vibration.

All the rest ... unreal.[19]

(long silence)

I feel as if the circulation isn't working, I don't know how to explain it.

(Mother goes into concentration)

It's like this *(vast, expansive gesture),* im-mo-bile.... But with a great intensity of vibration – the vibration that doesn't move.[20]

Do you have any news from your mother? I am asking you because yesterday I was in contact with her and with your brother....

(long meditation)

It can go on like that indefinitely.

So what are we going to do? If it goes on, it'll be a long time before we've finished our work!

We have time.

Indeed we have – when one thinks one has time, it takes years! Anyway, I am not doing it deliberately – it's thrust upon me, and then there's nothing that can be done.

But are things better for you?

Yes, Mother.

(silence)

There is a growing sense of a Power that's beginning to be limitless. But that state is in fact linked with those difficulties [heart or circulatory troubles]. And, you know, I don't make any decisions, I don't do anything [to attain that state]: I am like this *(immobile gesture, palms open to the Heights),* in "something" that feels as if it could be eternally like that. But within it, I perceive waves, movements (and sometimes concentrations, when it has to do with world events) that have a stupendous power.

We just have to keep still and, well, we'll see what will happen anyway.

But as for you, you must get physically stronger and stronger.

I am all right.

That's very, very important, because we will have a lot of work to do together; I know that.

May 8, 1965

(Every time Mother receives Satprem, she translates one line from "Savitri" that has been copied for her in large characters. Today's line is from the debate between Death and Savitri's heart:)

And never lose the white spiritual touch

(Mother repeats)

And never lose the white spiritual touch[21]

Sans jamais perdre le blanc contact de l'Esprit

(silence)

Yesterday, I read with H. Savitri's series of experiences when she begins with self-annulment: *Annul thyself so that God alone exist (I* no longer remember, but that's the idea).[22] It begins with self-annulment, then she has the experience of BEING the All, that is, of being the Supreme (the Supreme in herself) and the entire Manifestation and all things. There are three passages. It's absolutely ... an absolutely wonderful description. It's extraordinarily beautiful.[23]

It's a chapter that doesn't have a title.

(Mother vainly looks for the passage in "Savitri")

First she meets her soul: a house of flames. She enters the house of flames and unites with her soul ["The Finding of the Soul," VII.V]. It's after that. After, there is Nirvana ["Nirvana and the Discovery of the All-Negating Absolute," VII.VI]. She goes into Nirvana – and becomes just a violet line in Nothingness.[24] Then finds herself back in her body – that's where it begins. A chapter without a title [VII.VII].

I'll find it some other time.

(Mother puts aside the book)

It has been a revolution in the atmosphere, that's why I am telling you about it. Because all the experiences described [in *Savitri]* are precisely the experiences I have. So then, suddenly, in the body .. I was over there in the music room, and H. was reading to me; then when she had finished reading, all of a sudden the body sat up straight in an aspiration and a prayer of such intensity! It was a dreadful anguish, you know: "See, the whole experience is here [in Mother], complete, total, perfect, and because this thing [the body] has lived too long, it no longer has the power of expression." And it said, "But why, Lord? Why, why do You take away from me the power of expression because this has lived too long?" It was a sort of revolution in the body's consciousness.

Things have been much better since, much better. There has been a decisive change.

You see, it was the exact description of the body's present state, yet it constantly feels fragile, in a precarious balance. And then, with all its aspiration, it said, "But WHY? Why?... See, the experience is all there – why isn't it expressed?"

As always *(laughing)*, I had the feeling that the Lord was laughing and saying to me, "But since such is your will, it will be that way!" Meaning simply: it's you who CHOSE to be like that.

And it's perfectly true. All our incapacities, all our limitations, all our

impossibilities, it's this idiotic Matter that chooses them all – not with intelligence, but with a sort of feeling that "that's how things must be," that they are "naturally" like that. An adherence – an idiotic adherence – to the mode of the lower nature.

Then there was laughter, tears, a whole revolution, and afterwards all was fine.

But nobody on earth will be able to convince me it isn't because this material nature chooses to be that way that it is that way.

And the Lord looks on, smiles, waits ... *(laughing)* for the body to be cured of its idiocy.

He does all that is needed, but ... we don't take any notice.

It's the trigger of FAITH that's not there, that famous faith Sri Aurobindo always mentions.

When people write me long letters (what letters I receive! laments all the time: my health is going wrong, my work is going wrong, my relationships are going wrong – laments all the time), and I always see, behind, that Consciousness, luminous, magnificent, marvelous – sun-filled, you know – exactly as if to say, "Whenever will you be cured of that mania!" The mania of the tragic and the lower.

Somewhere in the reason, one understands – it isn't that reason doesn't understand, but the reason has no power to make this matter obey.

And every minute, I have now the feeling of a choice between victory and defeat, sun and shadow, harmony and disorder, the easy solution ... truly, the comfortable or pleasant and the unpleasant; and the feeling that if you don't intervene with authority, there's a sort of ... oh, it's a combination of cowardice and spinelessness: it's something limp – limp, you know, slack.

When I speak like this, it's very simple and it seems very easy, but EVERY MINUTE you are hanging between three possibilities (generally three) for the body: the fainting or the acute suffering, the indifferent, mechanical movement, or the glorious Mastery. And I am talking about washing your eyes, rinsing your mouth, doing any of those absolutely indifferent little things (in big things it always goes well because nature is in the habit of thinking that one should bear oneself "properly" to rise to the occasion – all that is ridiculous), but in little things, that's how it is. So the head whirls, and hup! ... And you can see – you can see with extreme precision – the three possibilities, and if you aren't constantly attentive *(gesture of a closed fist, of authority and control),* the physical nature, with such repulsive spinelessness, you know, absolutely disgusting, lets itself go.

This repeats itself hundreds upon hundreds of times a day.... So if this isn't called "sadhana," I don't know what a sadhana is! You see, eating is a sadhana, sleeping is a sadhana, washing is a sadhana, everything is a sadhana. What's a sadhana least of all is, for instance, receiving someone, because the body immediately keeps quite still – it calls the Lord and says, "Now be here," and then everything is fine (because it keeps still). The visitor comes, the body smiles, everything is fine – the Lord is there, so of course everything goes very smoothly. But when we're dealing with what we call "material" things, the things of daily life, it's hell, because of that idiot.

The other day, after you left, I couldn't eat anything! I couldn't eat because the body felt it was being diluted in the world like that *(expansive gesture)*; so it was being diluted (which is quite all right, the experience is proceeding well), but it had a feeling that it couldn't eat – why? I don't know. And it was impossible. The doctor, who was there as always during my meals, said, "What's wrong?..." (Because the day before, there had been an attack, a sort of malice: I started vomiting; it happens to me once in six or seven years; an affair recurring at long intervals; and it was serious, but it didn't last long.) But the other day it was something else: the body felt it was being diluted (you remember, you said I was white), and when it came to eating, the body said *(in a moaning tone),* "Look how I am, I can't eat." If I had had a little time *(laughing)*, I would have given it a good smack and told it not to make such a fuss! But I didn't have time, it was time for me to sit down and eat – and I couldn't eat. So I had difficulty the whole day, because naturally those little pranks make life difficult.

But what to people is unconscious, what they don't understand or call "illness," is to me as clear as daylight; and it's always a CHOICE, there is always a choice every minute (for the material nature), and if the will isn't unshakable, if you aren't holding on to the higher Will with desperate and unrelenting eagerness, you let yourself go; and then the body becomes stupid: it faints, it has pains.... That same day when I couldn't eat (after lunch I always rest for some time to ... well, those are the hours when I put the body in direct reception of the Force – it doesn't last very long, I don't have much time), but as soon as I lay down on the chaise longue, such pains! Howling pains that take hold of you ... *(gesture to the waist)* at those spots that are open to the adverse attacks. I was lying down, but I was fully conscious then and I said to myself, "Oh, very well! You want to make a big scene.... All right, I will bear everything and I won't make a sound – and I won't budge, and you're going to keep still." Then I started repeating my mantra quietly, as though the body weren't in any pain. And after a while, the pain went away. The body saw it was no use, so it went away!

And I KNOW it's the same for everything, for all "illnesses," without exception. I see, I know the "origin" of illnesses, of the various disorders, all that is now crystal clear (it's a story that it could take hours and days to tell), and that's how it is. So when, in a more or less dogmatic or literary way, the sages say, "Disorder occurs because the nature has decided to be in disorder," it's not so silly.

It's ... oh, a spinelessness which is one of the things most contrary to the divine Glory. The spinelessness that accepts illness, you know. And I am saying this to my body, not to anyone else – others, that's not my business, it's their work, not mine; I mean, I am present [in them] only as the divine Consciousness, and then it's very easy, a very easy work; but the work here, the sadhana in here ...

But sick people ... when I tell them, "Be sincere," I know what I mean: if they REALLY want the Divine, all that must stop. That's all.

I've made myself late again!

You know what's called *self-pity? (Mother caresses her cheek)* "Poor little thing, how you suffer! How you are to be pitied!" Well, the material nature is like

that, it says, "I want to be like You, Lord; but then why do You leave me in this condition?" – a good slap and march!

May 11, 1965

After having translated "the" line from "Savitri":

One a day, that would be 365, and the way we are going, how many would it be?

104 a year.

It doesn't matter, we're living in eternity.

Previously, I used to translate three or four lines every day; sometimes less, sometimes more, and it used to go very fast. But now, mon petit, *(laughing)* I have no time left for anything! It's traditional or agreed upon that I "must" take something in the afternoon to make a break between morning and evening – I never have the time! Those who are supposed to leave at 4 o'clock leave at 4:45.

You would need a police force near you ...

Yes.

... someone with authority, pitiless, who would say, "Time is up, out you go!"

Yes, a police force.

And above all I shouldn't be asked, because if they come and tell me, "Oh, so-and-so wants to see you; oh, so-and-so has sent a letter ... ," I can't very well answer, "Ah, no! Now I am resting"! It's a bit ... It's not a pleasant feeling and the rest wouldn't be very restful. But it has reached the point (there are four secretaries, as you know) where one chap said, *I'll shoot* him – one of the four secretaries, because he didn't pass on the letters. So you understand *(laughing),* your police force would be in danger!

We can only smile, it's the best remedy – laugh and smile. We must learn to laugh, more and more.

May 15, 1965

We are still in the thick of a period of battle.

There are moments when everything seems to be going wrong, seriously wrong, and then the next minute, everything goes triumphantly well, then it starts going wrong again – it isn't *steady.*

At times, there is a sort of harmony in the functioning so perfect that it leaves you dumbfounded, then the next moment, everything appears to be disorganized. So I don't know if it's to make us more supple. It must be to make us plastic.

External circumstances, too: at times everything works out – everything works out with such benevolence and, really, extraordinary timeliness; then the next minute, people become increasingly stupid, malicious and unwilling to understand ... (laughing) and sometimes the same people! And there are some who have extraordinary, remarkable experiences that point to an advance at full tilt, then they suddenly fall back into an unspeakable stupidity.

It's the hot and cold shower, to make us more supple.

Very well.

And you, how are you?

The same thing, too: ups and downs.

May 19, 1965

In connection with an old Playground Talk (of March 14, 1951)

I feel like asking you a very simple question. You say here, "If we always had the feeling that what happens under any circumstances is the best, we wouldn't be afraid...." Is it truly the best that happens under any circumstances?

It's the best in the given state of the world – it's not an absolute best.

There are two things: in a total and absolute way, at every instant, it's the best possible with regard to the divine Goal for the whole; and for someone who is consciously attuned to the divine Will, what happens is the most favorable to his own divine realization.

I think this is the correct explanation.

For the whole, it's always, every instant, the most favorable to the divine evolution. And for the elements consciously attuned to the Divine, it's the best for the perfection of their union.

But it shouldn't be forgotten that it's constantly changing, it isn't a static best; it's a best that, if retained, wouldn't be the best of the next moment. And it's because the human consciousness always tends to want to retain statically what it finds or considers to be good that it finds this best always eludes it. That effort to retain is what warps things.

(silence)

I looked at the problem when I tried to understand the position of Buddha, who reproached the Manifestation for its impermanence; to him, perfection and permanence were one and the same thing. In his contact with the manifested universe, he had observed a perpetual change, and so his conclusion was that the manifested world was imperfect and had to disappear. And the change (the impermanence) does not exist in the Nonmanifest, therefore the Nonmanifest is the true Divine. When I looked and concentrated on this point, I saw that his observation was indeed correct: the Manifestation is absolutely impermanent, it's a perpetual transformation.

But in the Manifestation, perfection is to have a movement of transformation or unfolding identical to the divine Movement, the essential Movement. Whereas all that belongs to the unconscious or tamasic[25] creation tries to keep its existence unchanged, instead of lasting by constant transformation.

That's why certain minds have postulated that the creation was the result of an error. But we find all the possible conceptions: the perfect creation, then a "fault" that introduced the error; the creation itself as a lower movement, which must end since it began; then the conception of the Vedas according to what Sri Aurobindo told us about it, which was a progressive and infinite unfolding or discovery – indefinite and infinite – of the All by Himself.... Naturally, all these are human translations. For the moment, as long as we express ourselves humanly, it's a human translation; but depending on the initial stand of the human translator (that is, a stand that accepts the primordial "error," or the "accident" in the creation, or the conscious supreme Will since the beginning, in a progressive unfolding), the conclusions or the "descents" in the yogic attitude are different.... There are the nihilists, the "Nirvanists" and the illusionists, there are all the religions (like Christianity) that accept the devil's intervention in one form or another; and then pure Vedism, which is the Supreme's eternal unfolding in a progressive objectification. And depending on your taste, you are here or there or here, and there are nuances. But according to what Sri Aurobindo felt to be the most total truth, according to that conception of a progressive universe, you are led to say that, every minute, what takes place is the best possible for the unfolding of the whole. The logic of it is absolute. And I think that all the contradictions can only stem from a more or less pronounced tendency for this or that position, that other position; all the minds that accept the intrusion of a "fault" or an "error" and the

resulting conflict between forces pulling backward and forces pulling forward, can naturally dispute the possibility. But you are forced to say that for someone who is spiritually attuned to the supreme Will or the supreme Truth, what happens is necessarily, every instant, the best for his personal realization – this is true in all cases. The unconditioned best can only be accepted by one who sees the universe as an unfolding, the Supreme growing more and more conscious of Himself.

(silence)

To tell the truth, all those things are without any importance (!) because in any case what IS exceeds entirely and absolutely all that the human consciousness may think of it. It is only when you stop being human that you know; but as soon as you express yourself, you become human again, and then you stop knowing.

This is undeniable.

And because of this incapacity, there is a sort of futility in wanting absolutely to reduce the problem to what human comprehension can understand of it. In that case, it's very wise to say, as Théon used to, "We are here, we have a work to do, and what's necessary is to do it as best we can, without worrying about the why and the how." Why is the world as it is?... When we are able to understand why, we'll understand.

From a practical standpoint, that's obvious.

But everyone takes his stand.... I have all the examples here, I have a little selection of samples of all the attitudes, and I see the reactions very clearly. I see the same Force – the same single Force – acting in this selection of samples and, of course, producing different effects; but those "different" effects are, to the deep vision, very superficial: it's just "they like to think that way, so then they like to think that way." But to tell the truth, the inner advance, the inner development, and the essential vibration aren't affected – not in the least. One aspires with all his heart to Nirvana, the other aspires with all his will to the supramental manifestation, and in both cases the vibratory result is about the same. And it's a whole mass of vibrations which prepares itself more and more to ... to receive what must be.

There is a state – an essentially pragmatic state, spiritually pragmatic – in which of all human futilities, the most futile is metaphysics.

* * *

A little later, Sujata asks for Mother's permission to consult an eye specialist:

Is it just to change your lenses?

To have my eyes tested, too.

To have them tested? Mon petit, you can see ten people, those ten people will

tell you ten different things! The instability of the diagnosis is for me something absolutely certain. Because there aren't two identical cases – there are analogies, there can even be families of cases, but there aren't two identical cases; so in everyone there are variations. And unless the gentleman is very intuitive, he will start reasoning and then he is sure to make a mistake, or else to tell you some "vaguenesses" like "you are nearsighted" or "you are farsighted" (!) So much so that there aren't two identical cases of cataract – there are symptoms that repeat themselves and are very similar, with a very close analogy, but there aren't two identical cases. And those who are truly sincere will tell you so, but there isn't one in a thousand! And they will make great speeches – they will authoritatively announce something that they don't know.

(To Satprem:) Your brother wouldn't be happy if he heard me!

Yes, he would!

He would be happy, wouldn't he. Your brother is a sincere man. I have known one or two sincere doctors, and they admitted to me quite clearly that it was like that. I told them, "From the spiritual standpoint, there cannot be two identical cases. Nature never repeats itself – there are families, there are analogies, there are similarities, but there aren't two identical cases; therefore you know very well that you don't know. When you study it on its own level, the immense complexity of the possibilities of physical reality is such that unless you have a direct and intimate perception, you cannot know what will happen."

Now that the body knows a little, when something is wrong or goes awry for some reason or other (it may be because of transformation, it may be because of attacks – there are innumerable reasons), my cells are beginning to say, "Oh, no doctor, no doctor, no doctor! ..." They feel the doctor will crystallize the disorder, harden it and take away the plasticity necessary to respond to the deeper forces; and then the disorder will follow an outward, material course ... which takes ages – I don't have the time to wait.

I never say this to people who ask me, never; I always tell them, "Go and see the doctor and do as he tells you." Because unless the body itself (some people have that, but not many, very few), if the body itself says, "No, no, no! I don't want," then it's ready; but if the body keeps telling you, "Maybe the doctor will help me out, maybe he will find ..." – go ahead, go ahead! Do as he says.

The cells must begin to feel that it means a danger of halting the progress, of putting you back in contact with the old-never-ending-story: "If that story amuses you, we'll go through it again." Well, they are no longer amused, they don't feel like going through it again.

(To Sujata:) But this is another matter: if you have a nice goodwilled doctor, very patient, very experienced in lenses and with a magnificent collection of them (!), if you go and see him and he takes some trouble, he will be able to help you. But a gentleman who, with all his so-called science, looks down on you and tells you, "You have this and that and such-and-such a deformation ..."

(Sujata:) I don't think there's any deformation, nothing, it's inside rather, as if the canals weren't very clean, so the sight cannot get through.

(Mother laughs) What you're saying isn't very scientific!

(Satprem:) Her sinuses are in poor condition.

So then, the surgeon gentleman will tell you, "We'll operate," *(laughing)* and the gentleman who isn't a surgeon will want to give injections.... No, to make it easier for you to read or work, you can get the right lenses; and then my own remedy is to sit very still – very still – with your elbows on a table and your eyes in your palms and then if you can have in your heart an aspiration and tell the Lord, "Lord, take possession of Your domain, enter Your kingdom here, do a little cleaning," like that ... even formulating the thing in a very childlike manner (the Lord isn't a pontiff, he doesn't like ceremonies: he likes sincerity), here, like this *(gesture to the heart),* something that says, "Oh ... oh ...," that really wants – that's all. Tell him like that, "Come here, come, enter my eyes, come, do come, look through these eyes." It's much stronger than all the rest.

Only, it's very good to get lenses to make your work easier in the meantime. But, for that, you don't need a pontiff; you need a man with goodwill who knows how to choose lenses....

May 29, 1965

(Regarding X's visit)

... He has become more sober, he doesn't speak so much anymore. You know he had made a prediction about Ml's wife? What was her name?... (Names ... it's something rather odd: when people have left their body, their name goes away, I can no longer remember it – it's cut off, there is a break; I have to stop and let a sort of material memory come back, but in my consciousness it's cut off, there isn't any name anymore: the name has gone away along with the body – which is quite as it should be, of course.) He had told her, "Oh, you will live another ten years." – The next month, she left. So I think it threw some cold water on him, because obviously people attach a great importance to those things. At any rate, he shouldn't have told her, because it interrupted all my work – all my work was to make her unite with her soul before she went, so that all that could be taken along in the spiritual life would be taken along. And I was working at it, but then when

the other one told her she was going to live ten years, naturally she wasn't in a hurry anymore! I lost at least ten days because of that. And she left the day after the contact was made – she found her soul, she became quiet, very quiet ... and the next day she was gone.

I haven't lost hope that X might be progressive. If he is progressive, all will be well. Maybe in two or three years he will be a new man with a new consciousness? The stuff is good.

I saw the other day – it was very interesting, the very day he was on his way here (I wasn't thinking of him – I never "think" of people), suddenly I saw all that the knowledge of the pundits and those who profess to follow a spiritual life (the whole class of sannyasins, pundits, purohits,[26] etc.), all that that represents. (I am not referring to religions in other countries: it's specific to India.) And they are people who have a knowledge, a mental knowledge, of course, but very precise and very exact, of the movements in relation to the Overmind: all the gods and godheads and their ways of being and the relationships between men and gods; and they have tried to organize and formulate the relationships men have with gods so that, as was said in the past, men would not be "the cattle of the gods" – they have tried to change the human position with regard to deities. It's interesting, it's a whole interesting field ... which to me does not represent the true thing. They on their part think that is spiritual life – it's not spiritual life, but it is a higher mental region which borders on the Overmind, which even enters into the Overmind, and which is completely organized; it's a sort of "legislation" of the relationships between men and gods. From that point of view, it's interesting.

I saw that very clearly: the place it has in the universal organization. And if it's in its place, then it's quite all right – when a thing is in its place it becomes very good.

And when X came, they took him to Auroville,[27] and there is there a small Ganesh temple that was bought along with the land, on condition that the small temple be respected and people be allowed to come and offer prayers if they want to. They showed him the temple, he was very glad, then they asked him what should be done for the rites – "Oh, Ganesh will look after that, don't worry!" *(Mother laughs)* He said that very nicely.

* * *

(Soon afterwards. The context in which Mother made the following remark has been forgotten.)

It seems Ramakrishna told Vivekananda, "You can see the Lord just as you see me and hear His voice just as you hear my voice." Some people took this as a declaration that the Lord was on earth in the flesh (!) I said, "No, that's not it! What he meant is that if you enter the true consciousness, you can hear Him – I say, much more clearly than you hear physically and see Him much more clearly

than you see physically." – "Oh, that ..." Immediately their eyes open wide, it becomes something unreal!

* * *

Then Mother prepares the next aphorism:

> 110 – To see the composition of the sun or the lines of Mars is doubtless a great achievement; but when thou hast the instrument that can show thee a man's soul as thou seest a picture, then thou wilt smile at the wonders of physical Science as the playthings of babies.

It's the continuation of what we were saying about those who want to "see."

Do the wonders of physical science make you smile?

The wonders are all very well, it's their business (!) But it's their overweening self-assurance that makes me smile. They think they know. They think they have the key, that's what makes one smile. It makes one smile. They think that with all that they have learned they are the masters of Nature – it's childish. There will always be something that eludes them as long as they aren't in contact with the creative Force and the creative Will.

It's an experiment that can be done very easily: a scientist may explain all the phenomena before our eyes, he may even use physical forces and make them do whatever he likes (they have obtained amazing results from the material point of view), but if you just ask them this question, this simple question, "What is death?", in reality, they have no idea. They will describe the phenomenon as it occurs materially, but ... if they are sincere, they are compelled to say that it doesn't explain anything.

There always comes a point when it no longer explains anything. Because to know ... to know is to have power.

(silence)

Ultimately, what materialistic thought finds easiest to admit is the fact that they cannot foresee. They foresee many things, but the course of world events is beyond their predictions. I think this is the only thing they can admit: there is a gray area, an area of the unpredictable that eludes all their calculations.

I have never spoken to the typical scientist having the most modern science, so I am not entirely sure, I don't know to what extent they admit the unpredictable or the incalculable.

What Sri Aurobindo means, I think, is that when you are in communion with the soul and have the soul's knowledge, that knowledge is so much more

wonderful than material knowledge that you almost smile with disdain. I don't think he means that the knowledge of the soul makes you know things of material life that science can't teach you.

The only point (I don't know if science has solved it) is the unpredictability of the future. But maybe they say that's because they haven't yet reached the perfection of their instruments and methods! For instance, maybe they think that just when man appeared on the earth, if there had been the instruments they now have, they would have been able to foresee the transformation from animal to man, or the appearance of man as a result of "something" in the animal – I am not aware *(Mother smiles)* of their most modern pretensions. In that case, they should be able to measure or perceive the difference in the atmosphere now, with the intrusion of "something" that wasn't there – because that still belongs to the material field.[28] But I don't think that's what Sri Aurobindo meant; I think he meant that the world of the soul and the inner realities are so much more wonderful than the physical realities that all the physical "wonders" make you smile – it's rather that.

> *But the key you speak of, that key they don't have, is it not precisely the soul? A power of the soul over Matter, a power to change Matter – to work physical wonders, too. Does the soul have that power?*

It has that power and it uses it CONSTANTLY, but the human consciousness is unaware of it! And the great difference is that the human consciousness becomes aware, but it becomes aware of something that's ALWAYS there! And which the others deny because they aren't aware of it.

For instance, I've had the opportunity of studying this: For me, circumstances, characters, all events and all beings move about according to certain "laws," if I may say so, which aren't rigid, but which I perceive and because of which I can see: "This will lead to that, and that will lead there, and this person being like that, such-and-such a thing is going to happen to him, and ..." It's growing increasingly precise. I could, if it were necessary, make predictions based on that. But the relation of cause and effect in that domain is, for me, absolutely obvious and corroborated by facts. While for them, who do not have that vision and that consciousness of the soul, as Sri Aurobindo says, circumstances unfold according to other, superficial laws, which they consider to be the natural consequences of things; quite superficial laws that do not stand up to a deeper analysis, but they don't have the inner capacity, so that doesn't bother them, they find it obvious.

I mean that this inner knowledge doesn't have the power to convince them, that's an experience I have almost every day. So that when, concerning some event or other, I see, "Oh, but it's perfectly, perfectly obvious (for me): I saw the Lord's Force act there, I saw such-and-such a thing happen, and so, quite naturally, this is what must take place," for me, it's as obvious as could be, but I don't tell what I know, because it doesn't correspond to anything in their experience, so to them it's raving or pretension. Which means that when you haven't had the experience yourself, another's experience isn't convincing, it cannot convince you.

The power isn't so much of acting on Matter – that's something happening CONSTANTLY – but ... unless hypnotic means are used (and they are worthless, they don't lead anywhere), the difficulty is to open the understanding *(gesture of breaking free at the top of the head),* that's what is so difficult.... The thing which you haven't experienced is nonexistent.

Even if in front of them a kind of miracle takes place, they will find a material explanation for it; to them, it won't be a miracle in the sense of the intervention of a force and power different from material forces and powers. They will find their own material explanation for it, it won't be convincing.

You can understand only if you have yourself touched that domain in your experience.

And you see very clearly – very clearly: it's insofar as something is awakened that there is the possibility of an understanding. This is the solid ground, it's the base.

> *All in all, the question may not be so much a "transformation of Matter" as of becoming conscious of the true unfolding.*

That's precisely what I mean. The transformation can take place up to a point without your even being conscious of it!

You see, it is said that there is now a great difference, that when man came, the animal didn't have the means of taking notice; well, I say it's exactly the same thing: in spite of all that man has realized, man doesn't have the means; certain things may happen, but he will know they did only much later, when "something" in him is sufficiently developed to enable him to take notice.

Even with scientific development taken to its utmost, to the point where one really feels there is almost no difference left, when, for instance, they reach the oneness of substance and there seems to remain just an almost insensible or imperceptible passage from one condition to the other [the material to the spiritual], well, no, it's not like that! In order to perceive that sort of identity, you must carry already in yourself the experience of the OTHER THING; otherwise you cannot.

And precisely because they have acquired the capacity to "explain," they explain for themselves the inner phenomena, so that they remain in their negation of inner phenomena: they say they are like extensions of what they have studied.

Only, owing to man's very constitution (because there is so to speak no human being who doesn't have at least a reflection or a hint or a beginning of relationship with his subtle, inner being, his "soul"), owing to that, there is always a flaw in their negation; but they consider it a weakness – and it's their only strength!

(silence)

It is really when you have the experience – the experience and knowledge and identity with the higher forces – that you see the relativity of external knowledge; but before that, no, you cannot see, you deny the other realities.

I think this is what Sri Aurobindo meant; it's only once the other consciousness is developed that the scientist will smile; he will say, "Yes, this is all very nice, but ..."

Basically, one cannot lead to the other. Except through a phenomenon of grace; if there is inwardly an absolute sincerity enabling the scientist to see, to have the foreknowledge, the perception of the point at which things elude him, then that may lead him to the other state of consciousness, but NOT THROUGH HIS METHODS. There must be ... something must give in – something must give in and accept the new methods, the new perceptions, the new vibrations, the new state of soul.

Then it's an individual question. It isn't a question of class or category: it's the scientist who becomes ready to be ... something else.

(silence)

We can only state an assertion: all that you know, however beautiful it may be, is nothing in comparison to what you can know if you are able to use the other methods.

There.

(silence)

That has been the object of my work all these last few days: how to get at that refusal to know? ... It has been there for a long time. And it's the sequel to what Sri Aurobindo said in one of his letters: he says that India, with its methods, has done much more for spiritual life than Europe with all her doubts and questions.[29] That's exactly the point. It's a kind of refusal – a refusal to accept a certain method of knowing that isn't the purely material method, and a negation of the experience, of the reality of the experience – how can they be convinced of it?... And then, there is Kali's method, which is to give a sound thrashing. But ... it's a lot of damage for little result, if you ask me.

No, it is still a big problem.

It seems that the only method capable of overcoming all resistances is the method of Love; but in fact, the adverse forces have perverted it in such a way that a large quantity of sincere people, of sincere seekers, seem to be armor-plated against this method, because of its distortion. That's the difficulty. That's why it takes time. Anyway ...

June 2, 1965

Mother tries to read a paper with a magnifying glass:

It's quite peculiar, it doesn't help me anymore.... Is it clean? *(Mother holds out the magnifying glass to Satprem)* There seems to be a haze.

Yes, it's clean.

It's rather strange, this eyesight. There always seems to be a veil between me and things, constantly; I am so used to it; I see everything very well, but as if there were a slight veil. Then all of a sudden, without any apparent reason (an outwardly logical reason, I mean), a thing becomes clear, precise, sharp *(gesture: leaping to the eyes)* – the next minute, it's over. Sometimes it's a word in a letter or written somewhere, sometimes it's an object. And it is a different quality of vision, a vision ... (how can I explain it?) as if light were shining from within things instead of shining on them: it isn't a reflected light. It isn't luminous, it isn't like a candle, for instance, or a lamp, not that, but instead of being lit by a projected light, things have their own light, which doesn't radiate.

It's becoming more and more frequent, but with perfect illogic. Which means that I don't understand the logic of it at all; I don't know why this thing ["lights up"] rather than that thing, or that rather than this: suddenly something leaps to the eyes – "Ah!" – and it's gone in a flash. And the vision is so precise! Extraordinary, with the full understanding of the thing seen while you are seeing it. Otherwise, everything is as if behind ... is it a veil? I don't know.

Sometimes (often), the same thing happens to me with speech. I feel as if I am speaking from very far away or from behind a woolly substance that blunts the precision of vibrations. In its extreme form, it's because of this that I sometimes don't hear – nothing: when some people speak to me, I hear absolutely nothing. With others, I hear the drone of a sound devoid of meaning. And with other people, I hear EVERYTHING they say. But it's a different way of hearing: what I hear is the vibration of their thought and that's what makes it very clear.

I have the same thing with hearing, the same thing with sight. It begins with taste, but that doesn't interest me much, so I don't take notice, I don't pay attention. But a few days ago I had the experience that the quality of tastes had changed: certain things had an artificial taste (the usual taste is an artificial taste) while others carried in themselves a TRUE taste; so this is very clear – very clear and very precise. But it's not so interesting a subject, so I am not occupied with it so much.

What struck me the most is sight. Hearing ... for a very, very long time – years – I've had the feeling that when people don't think very clearly, I can't hear. But that's not quite the point: it's when their consciousness isn't ALIVE in what they're saying – it's not so much a question of "thought," it's their consciousness that isn't ALIVE in what they're saying; it's a mental machine; then I don't understand anything at all – nothing. When their consciousness is alive, it reaches me. And I have noticed, for instance, that people whom I don't hear think it's because I am deaf in the ordinary way, so they start shouting – which is even worse! Then it's as if they were throwing stones in my face.[30]

There must be an action on the organs.

But it's my eyes that I find the most interesting. For instance, I noticed this while washing early in the morning: I go into the bathroom before turning the light on, because I turn it on from inside; but I see just as clearly as when the light is on! It makes no difference. And then everything was as if behind a kind of veil. Then I turned my attention (or rather my attention was drawn) and I said to myself, "But all this is becoming so lackluster, it's completely uninteresting!" And I started thinking (not thinking, but becoming aware of one thing or another), and suddenly, I saw that phenomenon of a bottle in the cupboard becoming so clear, so ... with an inner life *(gesture as if the bottle lit up from inside)*. "Oh!" I said – the next minute, it was over.

But I seemed to be told, "Yes, you can. You no longer see this way, but you can see that way; you no longer see the ordinary way, but you can see ..." *(inward gesture)*. I have been left with enough vision to be able to move around freely, but this is clearly the preparation for a vision through the inner light rather than projected light. And it is ... oh, it's warm, living, intense – and of such precision! You see everything at the same time, not only the color and shape, but the character of the vibration: in a liquid, the character of its vibration – it's marvelous. Only, it lasts a moment, it's like promises that come and tell you (like when you make a promise to someone to comfort him and give him heart), "It will be like this." Very well. *(Mother laughs)* In how many centuries, I don't know!

But when I used to use this magnifying glass, I could read very well (I stopped because of those hemorrhages, though my eyes seem to be well again), but now it's absolutely no use! *(Mother looks at a file with the magnifying glass)* It doesn't grow any clearer, there is always the same cloudiness. It's bigger, that's all. *(Mother looks again)* Strange, it's bigger but it's the same thing, there is the same veil ... of unreality.

As for the sense of smell, the nature of my sense of smell changed long, long ago. To begin with, I practiced this (a long time ago, years, many years ago): being able to smell only when I wanted to and only what I wanted to. And it was perfectly mastered. It already prepared the instrument a great deal. I can see it was already a preparation. I can smell things ... I can smell the vibratory quality of things rather than simply their odor. There is a whole classification of odors: there are odors that lighten you, as if they opened up horizons to you – they lighten you, make you lighter, more joyful; there are odors that excite you (those belong to the

category of odors I learnt not to smell); as for all the odors that disgust you, I smell them only when I want to – when I want to know, I smell them, but when I don't want to know, I don't. Now it's automatic. But my sense of smell was very much cultivated even when I was just a child, very long ago: at that time I cultivated the eyes and the sense of smell, both. But my eyes have been used for everything, for all the visions, so it's something much more complex, while the sense of smell has remained as it was: I can smell people's psychological state when I come near them; I can smell it, it has an odor – there are very special odors ... a whole gamut. I've had that for a very, very long time, it's something that's quite dominated, mastered. I am able not to smell anything at all: when, for instance, there are bad odors that upset the body's system, I can cut off the connection completely.

But I don't notice a great change in this domain because it had already been cultivated very much, while my eyes are much more ... (how can I put it?) ahead, in the sense that there is already a much greater difference between the old habit of seeing and the present one. I seem to be behind a veil – that's really the feeling: a veil; and then, suddenly, something lives with the true vibration. But that's rare, it's still rare.... Probably *(laughing)* there aren't many things worth seeing!

Oh, listen, it was Y.'s birthday the other day. I told her to come. She came: her face was exactly like her monkey's! She sat down in front of me, we exchanged a few words, then I concentrated and closed my eyes, and then I opened my eyes – she had the face of the ideal madonna! So beautiful! And as I had seen the monkey (the monkey wasn't ugly, but it was a monkey, of course), and then that, "Ah!" it struck me, I thought, "What wonderful plasticity." A face ... oh, a truly beautiful face, perfectly harmonious and pure, with such a lovely aspiration – oh, a beautiful face! Then I looked a few times: it was no longer one or the other, it was ... it was something (what she usually is, I mean), and it was behind the veil. But those two visions were without the veil.

And for me that's how it is, I don't see people, I no longer see (but that has been going on for a long time), I no longer see the way people do, the way they are used to seeing. At times someone tells me, "Have you noticed, so-and-so is like this or like that?" I answer, "No, I haven't seen anything." And at other times I see things no one else sees! It's a much more complete development than simply switching from one vision to the other.

But my senses of smell and vision were developed a lot between the ages of twenty and twenty-four. It was a conscious, willed, methodical education, which had interesting results. And which did a great deal to prepare the instrument for now.

(Mother looks at the time)

Oh, see there, I've chattered away again – he is the one who makes me chatter away!

June 5, 1965

Mother shows the text of a letter she has sent in answer to a disciple:

... She speaks like a child, and it has the charm of the child. She told me, "Oh, I beg you, ask the Lord to be quick and sort things out!" *(Mother laughs)* So I answered:

> We are always free *(laughing)* to make our proposals to the Lord,
> but after all it is only His will that is realized.

And the child's logical conclusion: "Oh, then I have to want what He wants" – that's the point. That's what I said some time ago: one must be in the "It pleases Him"; not only in what is objectified, but in That which objectifies.

It's put in a childlike way, but it's so true and so simple! The more you see things in detail, the more you notice that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, even more than that, if you are tense or hurt, or pained or bothered, it's simply because things aren't exactly as you had told yourself they should be – this is for intelligent people; for less "intelligent" people, it's a sort of desire: they want things to be "that way" (they feel it much more than they think it), and then when things happen in another way, oh, they get a shock. But if they had wanted it beforehand, it would have been a pleasure – exactly the same occurrence. The occurrence would be exactly the same. If they had wanted it beforehand, they would have said, "Ah, at last this has been realized," and just because they didn't think of it, because they didn't see it: "Oh, how horrible!" Almost everywhere and almost constantly that's how it is. I see it more and more in the small movement of every minute.

* * *

(Then Mother starts sorting old scattered notes on all manner of slips of paper. She holds out to Satprem a first slip:)

What is it?

It's about young I.

Oh! I.... – I. is Amenhotep.

That was very amusing (I didn't tell his mother), but I saw him a year or two

ago when he arrived from America with his parents. They came here to see me. I saw him, I wasn't thinking of anything, I was simply looking at him (meaning that I was taking him inside me). He wasn't quite like an ordinary child, he had rather princely manners. I noticed it, but nothing special apart from that. I saw him in the morning, then in the afternoon when I rested, I had a vision, that is to say, I relived a life in Egypt. It was ancient Egypt, I saw it from my costume, from the walls, from everything (I don't know if I have noted it there), anyway it wasn't modern. And I clearly was the Pharaoh's wife, or his sister (I don't remember now), and suddenly I said to myself, "This child is impossible! He keeps doing what he isn't supposed to do!" *(Mother laughs)* So I went out of my room, entered a great hall, and the little child was busy playing in a gutter! *(Laughing)* Which I found completely disgusting! So his tutor ran up to me immediately to tell me (I must have noted it): "Such is the will of Amenhotep."

That is how I knew his name.

What did I write?

> "I. in ancient Egypt. A temple or palace of ancient Egypt. Light- and fresh-colored paintings on the very high walls. Clear light. About the child, very bold, independent and playful, I hear the end of a sentence: 'Such is the will of ...tep.' The entire name is uttered very clearly, but when I got up (too abruptly), only the syllable 'tep' was retained by the memory of the waking consciousness. It was the tutor speaking to me about the child. I am the Pharaoh's wife or the high priestess of the temple, with full authority."

That was my first memory on waking up. But he is Amenhotep. What's written there?

> *It's a note on Amenhotep: "Amenhotep III is the builder of Thebes and Luxor.... His palace, south of Thebes, was built with sun-dried bricks covered with painted stucco. His wife, Taia, seems to have come from a modest family, but was showered with honours by him and their son. The son succeeded his father under the name of Amenhotep IV. He was a religious reformer who replaced the cult of Ammon with that of Aton (the Sun). He took the name of Akhenaton." [Encyclopedia Britannica]*

That's the one.

He's a tough little fellow, dear me! They have a hard time with him.

I didn't tell his mother.

When they are here, everything is fine. But as soon as they go to Bombay, where the husband's family is, he falls ill, he becomes absolutely unbearable, he is impossible – here, he is controlled. And strangely enough, they put in his bedroom friezes of simplified animals (I saw some photos, they look very much like Egyptian paintings), and he is very happy there, very calm.

It's amusing.

And I wasn't thinking of anything at all; I was looking at that child (who is obviously a conscious and very self-assured being), I looked at him and it amused me; then I put it out of my mind. And later on, I had that vision and I knew it was he – I saw him. "Such is the will of Amenhotep."

* * *

Mother goes on sorting her scattered slips of paper:

There are all kinds of things, because I shove everything in here indiscriminately – bits of notes, private letters, things I never sent....

And what's this?

You leave free hand to the bandits and ...

Oh, this is a message I sent mentally to the Government of India! They wanted to lend money to the "Lake estate"[31] and they asked for guarantees, all sorts of dreadful things, as if they really were dealing with a gang of bandits. I refused. I told them, "Keep your money, I don't want it at such a price." But I wrote this and for a long time kept it here, on my table (that's my method, I do that for my work). I was very angry and I wrote:

> You leave free hand to the bandits ... and you take all sorts of insulting measures against honest people.

It hasn't been published. Those papers are actions: occult actions. I write them, keep them, and then I "recharge" them.

You can classify this one in the "subjects for meditation" (!) ... on the Government's manners.

Sometimes, for someone or other, I'll write a sentence in that way, but I won't send it, I'll keep it; then, after a week or two weeks or a month, the person tells me he had an experience and that I told him such and such a thing – the very thing I had written. It's a very good method.

And also when you want to destroy something, you write it down, then you tear it up and burn it.

Yes, but the Government is deaf!

(Mother laughs) It had some effect, a lot of effect. We received apologies, almost. But it isn't over yet; they said they would give (not lend: give) without asking for any guarantee.

Very well, we'll see.

* * *

Mother sorts another paper:

You know, it's always the same thing: I don't "think" – I don't think, I don't try to answer, I don't have any questions; when I read something, a letter, I let it enter into the Silence, and that's all. Then, suddenly, at any moment, prrt! up comes the answer. It doesn't come from my head, which is perfectly still: it just comes. And it pesters me: it comes and repeats itself until I've written it down. So I have papers in every corner and pens in every corner! I take a paper and write, then it's over; and as soon as it's written down, I have peace. And when I have time to start "writing" a letter, I settle down, I choose a good piece of paper and I write it out again.

But the papers and pens depend on the place where I've written!

> *(Satprem looks at a slip of paper, page 3, in ink, with another slip, page 2, of a different size, in pencil, and no page 1.)*

I keep them in every corner of every room!

* * *

A little later, regarding another note:

> "In spiritual life, one is always a virgin every time ...

I never sent it. It was someone (a Frenchwoman) who had a rather curious experience and wrote to me she had suddenly felt that, in love, she was a virgin when she met me, and that it was with a virgin's love that she came to me. So I answered, because it's true:

> "... one is always a virgin every time one awakens to a new love, for in each case it is a new part of the being, a new state of being that awakens to divine Love."

I wrote it, but didn't send it.

* * *

Another note:

> "People, in their blindness, leave the light ...

(Mother takes over) which they are used to, in order to go to the darkness, which is new for them! ... That is for the children who have been brought up here and want to go and study in America or wherever. One of them went away to study "true education" ... in England! So that was a bit too much.

* * *

Another note:

If you want peace in the world or upon earth, first establish peace in your heart.

> If you want union in the world, first unify the different parts of your own being.

That went to "World-Union"![32]

* * *

A last note or reflection of Mother's on her present yoga:

> "When, through those around me, the outer world tries to impose its will on the rhythm of the inner life, it creates an imbalance which the body does not always have the time to overcome."

June 9, 1965

So, how is your mantra?

> *Fine, Mother, it's a beautiful Mantra.*

I had a rather interesting experience.
You know, there is always an impression that if you let someone else know the

Mantra, it will lose some of its force, but I said to myself, "Never mind, I will do it," and the minute the decision was made, naturally I stopped thinking about it – it was gone. And in the evening of the day when I told you the Mantra, towards the end of the day, suddenly the words came with a warmth and intensity, as if ... (how can I put it?) they were rounded out with force. Then, at the same time, I remembered I had told you the Mantra, so I looked, and I saw it was what your consciousness had added to it – I was very glad.

I told you there was a great power in it, but it has become (how can I explain?) warmer *(Mother laughs)*. I don't know how to put it ... yes, it's as if a warmth of richness had entered into it – like a potential power (not yet manifested, that is, but potential), a very warm power of joy that had come into it. So I was very happy.

(silence)

I have a whole mantra [besides the main Mantra], I told you, for years now, and it is extremely complete: it applies to all necessities and all occasions, it's a long series. But for some time it has become very spontaneous, too, and very self-living: when I want to see quite concretely where someone stands (someone meditating in front of me, for instance), I recite the mantra (within, of course) and I watch the reactions, because the mantra deals with the *surrender* of all the parts of the being and all the modes of life: it's very complete. So according to the reactions [in Mother's centers], I see very clearly. The other day, when X came, I did it (it was the first time I had done it with him), I did it, and when I came to a certain point ... *(Mother smiles)* he couldn't bear it! He sort of stiffened, bowed to me and got up. Before that, he had remained very silent, very quiet. But that ... *(Mother laughs)* You see, I invoke the Lord and ask Him to manifest His various ways of being or realizations (it's not taken in a mental sense, not at all), but when I said – I say many things, but up to that point he had been quiet, silent, still, and at one point (because it comes in a logical succession), I said, "Manifest Your Knowledge" – he felt uneasy, as if he felt he was being thrown out of himself! So I tried to calm that down, but he couldn't bear it – after five minutes, he got up and left. A real unease; because, as for me, I am inside people (I am everywhere, of course), I feel just as if it took place in my own body.

* * *

Soon afterwards, Mother asks Satprem to read a letter she has just written:

This is advice to childlike mentalities (childlike not in terms of age), the same thing as, You *say that you can't love the Lord because you have never seen Him....* It's the same kind of level. But I like it because at least they don't pretend to be intelligent. And yesterday a child announced to me that it was his birthday and that there were two questions he wanted to ask me, in English: *Where does God live?*

or *Where is the house of God?* (something of the sort) and *Can I ever see Him? So* I replied to him just as one replies to a child, with the child's simplicity:

> *God lives everywhere and in everything, and you will be able to see Him if you can find Him deep inside yourself.*

In fact, we should have a "children's section" with answers for children – I, for one, find it much more instructive than philosophical things. I find it much more direct than intellectual transcendences, in which there is always a bit of pretension; you know, they are "above all that childishness" – and it's just as childish.

June 12, 1965

Regarding a letter Mother wrote to a disciple:

... There are all kinds! Complications, lots of complications; there are all kinds of ill will, at least of people who go round in circles instead of going forward. And stupid inventions. The other night ... Because the head is always still, like this *(gesture to the forehead, palms open to the Light from above)*; I give thanks to the Lord for that, and it's always like that; so I don't decide what's to be done, I don't decide what's to be answered – nothing: when it comes, it comes. And some people had played a really nasty trick *([laughing] I* couldn't care less!) and I wasn't budging. And as it happens, in the middle of the night, a force comes, takes hold of me and tells me, "Here's the answer, here is what you must say." I say, "Very well" (I was lying in bed, of course) and I don't budge. *(Mother puts on a more imperative tone:)* "Here is what you must say." – "Oh, very well!" And I still don't budge. *(In a still more imperious tone:)* "Here is what you must say." *(Mother laughs)*

So I got up, went over there, and in the dark I wrote what I had to say!

And then it was over.

(Mother then takes up the translation of "Savitri": The Debate of Love and Death.)

(Mother reads the text) Aha! What a joker!

> ... Then will I give thee all thy soul desires

He's a joker.

> All the brief joys earth keeps for mortal hearts

But I don't want them! – He is a real joker.

And what happens to him?

... My will once wrought remains unchanged through Time

Oho, that's what you think!
And Satyavan can never again be thine.

X.III.636

Not true, old chap!

(Mother translates)

Alors je te donnerai tout ce que ton âme désire ...

[Then will I give thee all thy soul desires]

The soul doesn't desire anything! It's easy to say, "I will give thee all thy soul desires," the soul desires nothing. So he doesn't commit himself to much!

He's a joker – he made him quite a joker.

June 14, 1965

(Mother looks for a card to reply to a disciple on. One card is illustrated with a big fish.)

What's the fish a symbol of?

I don't know. The Buddhists use the symbol of two intertwined fish. I think it's Multitude?

> *I often have underwater dreams: the other day, for instance, I went under water (and without any difficulty) and there were hosts of fish – I was fishing under water. But those fish were dead, or had just died – hosts of fish that weren't decomposing, that were still good, but dead, because they didn't have any more air or water.*

Generally, fish in the sea mean Multitude.[33] But there must be many meanings; I have told you that Buddhism often uses the image of fish as a symbol.

Symbolisms, mon petit, there are hundreds and hundreds of them. And people always oppose them, but ultimately they are just different ways of seeing one and the same thing. According to my experience, everyone has his own symbolism.

For snakes, for instance, it's quite remarkable. Some, when they dream of

snakes, have the feeling they're going to meet with catastrophes; I myself have had all sorts of dreams with snakes: I had to go through gardens full of snakes everywhere – on the ground, in the trees, everywhere – and not kindly snakes! But I knew very well what it meant; during the dream itself I knew it: it depended on certain mental conditions around me and ill will – mental ill will.[34] But if you have mental control and power, you can go through, they cannot touch you. And other people, when they see a snake, think it is the universal consciousness. So we can't say. Théon used to say that the serpent is the symbol of evolution, and those who were with him always saw rainbow-colored serpents, with all the colors, and it was the symbol of universal evolution Basically, to tell the truth, everyone has his own symbolism And for myself, I have seen that it depended on the periods in my life, on the activities, on the degree of development. There are things I see again now in which I see another meaning, which was behind the meaning I had seen.

It's very interesting, but it belongs entirely to the domain of relativity.

It's very mental.

I remember, for instance, there was a time when I used to see people in the form of animals! ... It was the indication of the type of nature they belonged to. And I remember, when I was still in France, having one day seen (I was sitting in a large room) hosts of small animals coming, especially rabbits, cats, dogs, all kinds of animals, birds; they kept coming and coming, all of them onto my knees! And there were hosts and hosts of them.... And there suddenly entered the room a big tiger, which rushed at them all and vrff! sent them scurrying off in all directions! *(Mother laughs)* But the animals were people ... and the tiger, too, was someone.

It's amusing.

But now I see that there are superimposed depths: you have one symbolism, then deeper, there's another symbolism. And ultimately, all form is a symbol. All forms: our form is a symbol – not a very brilliant one, I admit!

Oh, if I had nothing to do and spent my time just writing down my activities of the night, what I see and hear and do in the night with everybody ... oh, all kinds of people, in all kinds of countries. And things, hosts of things, so many, many things I never saw physically and never thought of – totally unexpected things.

It's more interesting than novels, and how! It just requires a lot of time.

* * *

(Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri," from The Debate of Love and Death. Then she stops in the middle of a line:)

I can't hear anything just now, I am in ... Well, the feeling is absolutely of being inside a blanket of fog ... *(Mother "looks")* a very pale pearl-gray fog. And a fog for both sound and sight.

As if things were far, far away, far away from me: things, people, noises, images, everything, far, far away ... *(Mother takes up "Savitri" again):*

My will once wrought remains unchanged through Time
And Satyavan can never again be shine.

He made him a bit stupid, because even if Satyavan doesn't come back in this body, what prevents him from taking another!

He's bragging!

And Savitri (or "the Voice") afterwards tells him, you remember, "Ah, we'll keep you all the same, we still need you for a while." When he has been beaten hollow, when he is finished, she tells him, "We'll still keep you because we still need you,"[35] don't you remember?

A nice gift.... Oh, it is true that in many cases it's indispensable. I remember having read a story, at the time when I used to receive ... I think it was *Le Matin,* the newspaper *Le Matin.* There were novels in it and I used to read the novels to see the state of mind of people. And there was an extraordinary novel in which the main character was a woman who was immortal (she had been condemned to immortality by God knows which deity), and she tried her best to die, without success! It was stupid, the whole thing was stupid, but the standpoint was reversed: she was compelled to be immortal and ... she said, "Oh! When will I be allowed to die?", with the ordinary idea that death is the end, that everything is over and one rests. And she had been told, "You will be able to die only when you meet true love...." Everything was topsy-turvy. But when I read that, it set me thinking a lot – sometimes it's the most stupid things that set you thinking the most. And to complete the story ... you see, she had been someone, then someone else, a priestess in Egypt, anyway all kinds of things, and finally (I don't remember), it was in modern times: she met a young married couple; the husband was a remarkable man, intelligent (I think he was an inventor); his wife, whom he loved passionately, was a stupid and wicked fool who spoilt all his work, who ruined his whole life ... and he went on loving her. And that's what *(laughing)* they gave as example of perfect love!

I read that maybe more than fifty years ago, and I still remember it! Because it set me thinking for a long time. I read that and I said to myself, "Here's how people understand things!"

It was, oh, certainly more than fifty years ago, because I had already come upon the "Cosmic," Theon's teaching and the inner divine Presence, and I knew that the new creation would be a creation of immortality – I immediately felt it was true (that it was a way of expressing something true). So then, when I read that, I thought, "Here's how people make everything topsy-turvy! Head and feet upside down." And I pondered for a long, long time over the problem: "How to bring this to the true position?" And I set to work.... Already at the time, I used to practice adopting that standpoint, looking at things from that standpoint, understanding how that standpoint could exist. And those two things made me ponder: the will to die, and what that man considered to be "perfect love" – two

idiotic things.

But I discovered what was true in it; that's what was interesting: I tried and tried to find, and suddenly I felt that aspiration towards the immutable, immutable peace. Well, it was upside down: only immutable peace can give you eternal existence. There, it was all upside down, the idea was to cease existence in order to find immutable peace. But it's immutable peace one is after and that's what compels the cessation of existence, in order to allow the transformation to take place.

And love, which is unconditioned: it doesn't depend on whether you are loved or not, whether you are intelligent or not, whether you are wicked or not – that goes without saying. But it was put in a ridiculous way. But it goes without saying, love is unconditioned, otherwise it isn't love, it's what I call bargaining: "I give you my affection so you give me yours; I am nice to you so you are nice to me"! That's how people understand it, but it's stupid, it's meaningless. That's something I understood when I was quite small, I used to say, "No! You may wish others to be nice to you if you are nice to them, but that has nothing to do with love, no, nothing, absolutely nothing." The very essence of love is unconditioned.

* * *

Soon afterwards

We are putting together ... (what can I call it?) a set of rules (oh, that's an ugly word) for admission to the Ashram.... Yes! ... Not that if you accept the rules you're admitted, it's not that, but when someone is admitted, we tell him, "But, you know, here is ..." (when he is potentially admitted), "here is what you are committing yourself to by becoming a member of the Ashram." Because requests for admission are pouring in like locusts, and at least ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it's from people who want to come here to be comfortable and rest and do nothing – one in a hundred comes because he has a spiritual aspiration (oh, and even then ... it's mixed). So they shouldn't tell us afterwards (because we've had such experiences), "Oh, but I didn't know it was that way," with the excuse that they hadn't been told. For instance, "I didn't know we weren't allowed to ..." *(Mother questions herself for a moment)* What isn't allowed?... *(Then, laughing, she points to Satprem:)* Smoking isn't allowed. And drinking alcohol isn't allowed, being married isn't allowed, except nominally, and so on. And then you have to work, and all your desires aren't automatically satisfied. So they send me letters, "But you told me that ..." (oh, things I never said, naturally), "at such-and-such a date" (you understand, sufficiently far back for me not to remember!), "you told me that ..." And from what they write I see very clearly what I said and how they turned it upside down. So now we'll prepare a paper that we'll give them to read, and we'll ask them, "Have you clearly understood?" And when they have said

they've clearly understood and have signed, at least we'll keep the paper, and when they start being a nuisance, we can show it to them and tell them, "Beg your pardon, we told you this wasn't a ..." (what's the word?) "an Eden where you can stay without doing anything and where your bread is buttered on both sides!"

So I put as first condition (I wrote it in English): the sole aim of life is to dedicate oneself to the divine realization (I didn't put it in these terms, but that's the idea). You must first (you may deceive yourself, but that doesn't make any difference), first be convinced that this is what you want and you want this alone – primo. Then Nolini told me that the second condition should be that my absolute authority had to be recognized. I said, "Not like that! ", we should put that "Sri Aurobindo's absolute authority is recognized" (we can add *[laughing!, "represented* by me," because he cannot speak, of course, except to me – to me he speaks very clearly, but others don't hear!). Then there are many other things, I don't remember, and finally a last paragraph that goes like this *(Mother looks for a note)....* Previously, I remember, Sri Aurobindo had also put together a little paper to give people, but it's outdated (it was about not quarreling with the police! And what else, I don't remember – it's outdated). But I didn't want to put prohibitions in, because prohibitions ... first of all, it's an encouragement to revolt, always, and then there is a good proportion of characters who, when they are forbidden to do something, immediately feel an urge to do it – they might not even have thought of it otherwise, but they just have to be told about it to ... "Ah, but I do as I like." All right.

(Mother starts reading) To those ... I am making a distinction: there are people who come here and want to dedicate themselves to divine life, but they come to do work and they will work (they won't do an intensive yoga because not one in fifty is capable of doing it, but they are capable of dedicating their life and of working and doing good work disinterestedly, as a service to the Divine – that's very good), but in particular, *To those who want to practice the integral yoga, it is strongly advised to abstain from three things....* So, the *three things ([laughing] you* put your fingers in your ears): *sexual intercourse* (it comes third) *and drinking alcohol and ... [whispering] smoking.*

I must tell you that I was born in a family in which nobody smoked: my father had never smoked and neither had his brothers – anyway, no one smoked. So since my early childhood, I hadn't been used to others smoking. Later, when I lived with artists ... Artists smoke, of course (it seems it gives them "inspiration"!), but I detested the smell. I didn't say anything because I didn't want to be unpleasant, but I detested it. Then I came here – Sri Aurobindo smoked. He smoked deliberately, he smoked in order to say: one can do the yoga while smoking, I say one can smoke and do the yoga, and I smoke. And he smoked. And naturally all the disciples smoked, since Sri Aurobindo smoked. For some time, I even gave them pocket money so they could buy cigars (they smoked cigars – it was ghastly!). Then I came to live in Sri Aurobindo's house, we spoke freely, and one day I told him, "How awful the smell of smoke is! *(laughing)* It's disgusting!" So he said to me, "Oh, you don't like the smell?" "Oh, no!" I said, "Not only that, but I had to

make a yogic effort to stop it from making me feel sick!" The next day, he had stopped. It was over, he never smoked again.... That was kind. It wasn't on principle, it was because he didn't want to impose the smell on me. But I had never said anything: it was simply because he asked me just like that, while talking, so I told him. And when he stopped smoking, everyone had to stop too – smoking wasn't allowed anymore, since he didn't smoke anymore.

No, for those who don't smoke *(laughing),* others' smoke is very ...

But it was the same thing for food, meat and so on. For a long time we ate meat; it was even very funny. Pavitra was a strict vegetarian when he came, and at the time, not only were we not vegetarian but the chickens were killed in the courtyard (!) and ... *(laughing)* Pavitra had the room right next to the kitchen – the chickens used to be killed under his nose! Oh, poor Pavitra! Then it stopped for a very simple reason (not at all on principle): feeding people with meat is far costlier than being vegetarian! It meant complications. I was personally vegetarian out of taste – everything is out of taste, not on principle. I became vegetarian at the beginning of the century, oh, a long time ago ... (yes, it must have been more than sixty years ago), because in my childhood I was forced to eat meat, and it disgusted me (not the idea: it was the taste I didn't like, it disgusted me!) and the doctor said I should be given *pickles* and all sorts of things to mask the taste. So as soon as I was independent and free, I said, "Finished! *(laughing)* Ah, no! I won't eat meat anymore" – not as a rule, since now and then I still take foie gras (that's not vegetarian!) and for a long time I went on eating crayfish or lobster, things like that – no rules, oh, for heaven's sake no rules, but taste. But as you said earlier,[36] it's "complications," that's exactly how I felt. And when I moved to this room (you know that they stuck me in bed for I don't know how long – I can't manage to find out how long, no one wants to tell me), and when I started eating again, the doctor made me take chicken bouillon; but for that chicken bouillon they had to assassinate one chicken a day – they assassinated one chicken every day for me to have my chicken bouillon. Then, when the hot season came, they told me that the chickens were sick (the heat make them sick) and that, after all, maybe it wasn't so good to eat sick-chicken soup! So I said, "Stop it, do stop it!" And once I had stopped, ah, my heart was glad: "Now *(laughing)* we don't assassinate chickens anymore!" So I said, "Finished, we won't do it again." But as it happens, it's precisely during that time that I put on two kilos (at the time the doctor used to take my weight), and he said, "See, you have put on weight!" I told him, "But I am not keen to put on weight!"

You see *(to Sujata),* in front of him I speak frankly! *(laughing)* You should do as I say and not do as I do!

Not on principle – no principles: out of taste.

There, mon petit.

June 18, 1965

You remember what I had said? That it would be an *improved* physical body that would make the transition between the human body and the supramental body?...[37] Last night Sri Aurobindo told me in his own way that it was correct, that it was true. It was very interesting.

Very interesting.

Last night, for a long time, we went to all sorts of places unknown to me: towns, countrysides, forests, etc. It lasted a very long time. And once, we were there, near a forest (near a road that crossed the forest) and we were busy and "talking" when all of a sudden, he leaped to his feet.... You know, he never wears any clothes, so to speak; when I saw him the first time in his house (his supramental house), in the subtle physical, he was without clothes; but it's a kind of vibrant matter: it's very material, very concrete, and it has a sort of color that isn't a color, which is a bit golden and radiant – it doesn't send out rays, but it vibrates with a radiant light. And at least nine times out of ten he is that way; generally, when we are together for some work, he is that way. Last night he was that way. So then I was busy (we had arranged something and I was busy) when, suddenly, I see him leap to his feet and run a hundred-meter sprint. At first I was shocked, I said to myself, "What's this?!" And with great ease, you know: he darted off, then stopped a few minutes, and then ran back. Then he stopped again, and went off a third time on a sprint: like the 100-meter race they run. But the third time, he had grown tall, with a slim body. Grown tall as if to demonstrate to me: this is the way the body will be transformed. He had grown very tall, very strong.

It was very interesting and absolutely unexpected.

The second time, he was stronger than the first; and the third time, he was magnificent: a tall, superb being with that vibrant, radiant substance. And what a sprint! What leaps! It was fantastic. The last time, it was fantastic, as if he skimmed over the ground.

We "speak" very, very rarely. Sometimes he tells me something, but it's with a special import and a special aim – we understand each other without words. There he didn't say anything, but I understood.

It was part of a very long activity, but that thing struck me very much because it was like the answer [to what I said some time ago]. He said, "Yes, it's true, you are right, it is like that." And that change in his body over the three times: the first time he was as I knew him, but younger and more agile; the second time, he was already stronger; and the third time, he was magnificent.

I wanted to tell you this.

That's all.

Now, what do YOU have to tell me?

(silence)

Very well, I am not saying anything more!

> *There still remains the question I asked you on the same subject: I find it hard to see how the supramental body, which is made of a very material but nevertheless different matter...*[38]

Ah, I had another experience about that a few days ago.... You know that they are speaking of a substance "denser" than physical substance.... What do they call it?... *(Mother cannot remember)* Théon had already spoken about it, but I thought it was his imagination. But I have been told that it has been scientifically discovered and that the amount of that "denser matter" seems to be INCREASING.

What do they call it? There is a name. I don't remember now, but some time ago, a month or two, someone who came from France told me that in scientific circles they now seem to be saying that matter denser than physical matter appears to be increasing in amount on earth – this would be extremely interesting.[39]

As for Théon, he used to say that the glorified body would be made of a matter denser than physical matter, but with qualities that physical matter doesn't have. And this substance does have qualities, they say, that Matter doesn't have, like for instance elasticity. Well, a few nights ago (I don't remember when), I was in a place in which a sort of pale gray substance had been collected, which looked like diluted clay (a paste, that is). And elastic, *(laughing)* glutinous! It was like diluted cement, but very pale, a really lovely pearl gray, and sticky: it could be stretched like chewing gum!

And then there were a number of people who had gathered there to bathe in that substance. Some were crawling in it with delight! They were smearing themselves all over with it, and it was sticky! And I myself ... Once you were there, you were inevitably plunged in it to some extent: it seemed to be there even in the air; you couldn't avoid it. But there was a lady who took great care of me so it wouldn't be too inconvenient: I remember that I had a sort of luminous dress, white and red (white with red decorations) in which I wrapped myself so that substance wouldn't stick to me. But I watched the whole thing, and I saw, for instance, our Purani[40] wallowing in it, sliding with delight, dripping with that mud all over! And everybody was in that mud. Only, it was a mud of a very lovely pearl gray, but was it sticky! And in the morning when I woke up, I said to myself it must be the new substance in preparation – it's not yet fully ready but it's in preparation.

There were some highly amusing details: it was arranged like the establishments, you know, in those big stylish spas. It was like that. And people came there to take baths in that substance.

What do they call it?... Pavitra would know the name. I used to know it: Théon

had given it the name they give it today. But I don't remember. A matter denser than physical Matter. But elastic.

And probably a matter that will undergo some transformations, I don't know. That cloak I put on was perhaps the symbol of ... It was white with golden threads and red embroidery designs (it was very beautiful), and I wrapped myself in it so that the mud wasn't bothersome.

What was it the symbol of?

Of the force that will transform that into an acceptable substance.

(silence)

The consciousness that will learn to use that substance (just as there was a consciousness that learned to use the body's substance) will probably know how to turn it into something that can be used. Because we have grown accustomed to it, but obviously it's a sort of superchemistry that made this corporeal substance. We find it perfectly natural, but it hasn't always been this way – there is a long way from the jellyfish, for example, to this body.

I had the impression of a substance that has to undergo a work of adaptation, transformation, utilization, and that would serve as an outer form for the supramental being.

My impression is that Sri Aurobindo already has his subtle supramental form. For instance, when he has to move, he doesn't give the impression of being subject to the same laws as we are; but as it's subtle, it doesn't appear surprising. And also a sort of ubiquity: he is in several places at the same time. And a plasticity, an adaptability according to the work he wants to do, the people he meets. In those activities I am quite aware that I see him in a certain way, but I think others don't see him the same way – they see him differently, probably wearing clothes. When he ran in the forest, we were all alone, and it was a large forest without anyone there; then a few minutes later, we were somewhere else and there were people, other people to whom he spoke, and I didn't at all feel that the others were seeing him without clothes: they were certainly seeing him wearing clothes.

I saw him once, rather long ago: I told you the story of his boat, made also of clay.

Of pink clay.[41]

Yes, it was a sort of clay, it was pink clay. Well, at the time he seemed to be wearing clothes. You see, it doesn't have the fixity of our matter.

It was like that vision of the "supramental ship,"[42] in which everyone was dressed by his own will.

But in my night activities, it's perfectly natural, I don't give it a thought – I don't stand there, observing with the petty idiotic understanding of habit: it's all perfectly natural.

There, we've chatted long enough!

(Sujata:) You, too, are tall at night.

I can't hear, mon petit, I am in a cloud!

(Sujata repeats:) At night, when one sees you, you look tall.

Of course! Oh, but I know that! All the people look small to me, and that's the only thing that makes me notice – I am not aware of being tall, but they look small to me.

I am tall.

(Sujata:) You are at least this tall [Sujata points to the ceiling, about fifteen feet high].

Yes, I have noticed: I often look at people like this *(Mother leans over her armchair).* But it's perfectly natural, I don't have a feeling of being tall.

(silence)

Last night, at one point we prepared a certain number of things that were at the same time like food, medicine, and a way to transform Matter. It had different colors, it was in test tubes, and he explained it all to me. But that wasn't the first time: it has happened very often. But then, the best part of it is that when I wake up, all the precise details are immediately swept away! I seem to feel a hand that comes and takes it all away – on purpose.

But I remember, I still have the image in which he is demonstrating things with his test tubes. There was a man ... who looked like a scientist (a man about forty years old, between forty and fifty, young but not very young) and very thoughtful-looking. He was sitting. I don't know what his nationality was, I don't remember, but he was modern; he was modern, with modern clothes, and Sri Aurobindo showed him his test tubes with things in them and the effect on a totality of matter. I was there, looking on (I was looking with great interest), and I understood everything then. And I still see the image, but the mental knowledge, the mental translation that would have enabled me to say, "Now I know," prrt! taken away. It's the same thing every time.

Which means it must be given to people other than me for them to use it, because they have a brain better prepared than mine, and better conditions of research.

It's clear that the work is getting done.

(silence)

Another thing, yesterday ... Something being prepared.... In the past, when Sri Aurobindo was there and I lived in that house which is now the "dormitory annex," there was a large verandah, and I used to walk up and down on the verandah (Sri Aurobindo was in his room, working), and I would walk alone; but I was never alone: Krishna was always there – Krishna, the god Krishna as he is

known, but taller, more beautiful, and not with that ridiculous blue, you know, that slate blue! Not like that. And always, we always walked up and down together – we would walk together. He was just a little behind *(gesture behind, almost against the nape of the neck and the shoulders)*; I was a little in front, as if my head was on his shoulder, and he would walk (I didn't have the feeling of my head resting on his shoulder, but that's how it was), and we would walk, we would communicate. That lasted more than a year, you know, every day. Then it ended. Afterwards I saw him from time to time (when we moved to the new house I saw him); sometimes at night when I was very tired, he would come and I would sleep on his shoulder. But I knew very well that it was a way Sri Aurobindo had of showing himself. Then when I came here [to Mother's present room], Sri Aurobindo had left, and I began walking up and down while reciting my mantra. Sri Aurobindo came, and he was at exactly the same place as Krishna was *(same gesture, just behind the head)*; I would walk, and he was there, and we would walk together day after day, day after day. And it was becoming so concrete, so marvelous that I started thinking, "Why look after people and things, I want to remain like this for ever!" He caught my thought, and he said, "I am not coming anymore." And he stopped. I said, "Very well," and I started my mantra to the supreme Lord, and I tried a lot to have Him come and walk with me, but in no other form but Himself. And the Force, the Presence, everything was there, and I would feel Him more and more clearly, staying like that, just behind me, impersonal. For a few days, I've had a sort of feeling that I was close to something; and yesterday, for half an hour: THE Presence – a Presence ... An absolutely concrete presence. And it is He who told me, "First Krishna, then Sri Aurobindo, then I."

Only *(laughing),* He doesn't want the effect to be the same and me to say, "Now I am fed up with people!"

* * *

(The important digression that follows was set off by a banal question: Mother asks Sujata if her new typewriter is working well.)

> *(Sujata:) They have adjusted the keyboard in such a way that it's very hard to use the typewriter.*

But it's international, isn't it?

> *Yes, but they have tried to "improve" on it.*

Ah! ... It was the same thing when I was in Japan, all that they were taught they would "improve" on – it would become absolutely unworkable! After the American occupation, they understood.

(silence)

"One" is wondering if, really, it won't be necessary to have an American occupation here, which would have the double effect of converting the Americans and making the Indians make some progress.... Practical progress is what they would make, as the Japanese did. And the Americans are now the disciples of the Japanese: from the point of view of Beauty they have made wonderful and absolutely unexpected progress. If the Americans came here, they would be converted, they would become ... oh, they would understand spiritual life. Only, of course, it wouldn't be too pleasant (!) But it's the surest method – it's always the dominator that learns the lesson from the dominated. The Americans might become the most militant spiritualists in the world if they occupied India. Only, the Indians would have a bad time.... But they would become very practical, they would learn to put order in what they do – which they quite lack (just see, I didn't make you say that for that typewriter).

It's troublesome. It's something in suspense [the American occupation]. In my active consciousness, I don't want it. First, it would take a long time – it always takes a long time. A lot of time wasted, a lot of suffering, a lot of humiliation. But it's a very radical method.

At any rate, if a new domination is indispensable, it would be INFINITELY better for it to be by the Americans than by the Russians because what would be learned from the Russians is an UNNECESSARY lesson: it's community, the truth of community – the Indians knew it before the Russians (the Sannyasins were the ideal community); they knew it before the Russians, so they have nothing to learn there, it would be perfectly unnecessary. And to tell the truth, I am completely indifferent as to whether or not the Russians become spiritualists, because the Russians, in their soul, are mystics – they are AT LEAST (at least) as mystical as the Indians. So all their community and Communism is pretentiousness. It would be no use – no use at all.

An American occupation is a *drastic* method, but ... Oh, when I see here the extent to which they can be imbued with the English spirit, oh, it's hideous – I don't like the English. And the English ... the English have learned the maximum from the Indians, but for them the maximum is nothing much. The Americans want to learn. They are young and they want to learn; the English are old, stale, hardened and ... oh, so conceited – they know everything better than everyone else. So they learned very little. They benefited the maximum, but that's very little; their maximum is very little. The English ... *(gesture of sinking)* they are destined to sink underwater.[43]

Oh, I hope you're not recording this!

> *It seems more likely that the Chinese would be the ones to come here, not the others.*

Oh, but the Chinese ... The Chinese come from the moon, what are they doing on earth! The origin of the Chinese isn't earthly: it is lunar.

Yes, but still, it seems they would be the ones to come here rather than the Americans or Russians?

Than the Americans ...

Circumstances seem rather...

No, the Americans can come here to "save" India from China.

(silence)

To be under Chinese domination ... it's better to die first. They are ... from the point of view of sensitivity, they are monsters.

They are monsters.

They are lunar – lunar, that is, cold, icy.

No, there's no wavering between the two. The Chinese, the Chinese domination over the earth is ... it means the earth hardening, the earth growing cold like the moon. Oh, that would be dreadful.

Ah, good-bye, my children.

We don't want catastrophes.

June 23, 1965

Have you heard of Auroville?...

For a long time, I had had a plan of the "ideal city," but that was during Sri Aurobindo's lifetime, with Sri Aurobindo living at its center. Afterwards ... I was no longer interested. Then, we took up the idea of Auroville again (I was the one who called it "Auroville"), but from the other end: instead of the formation having to find the place, it was the place (near the Lake) that caused the formation to be born; and up to now I took a very secondary interest in it because I hadn't received anything direct. Then that little H. took it into her head to have a house there, near the Lake, and have a house for me next to hers to offer me. And she wrote to me all her dreams; one or two sentences suddenly awakened an old, old memory of something that had tried to manifest – a creation – when I was very small (I don't remember what age), and that had again tried to manifest at the very beginning of the century when I was with Théon. Then I had forgotten all about it. And it came back with that letter: suddenly I had my plan of Auroville. Now I have my general plan; I am waiting for R. to make the detailed plans because since the beginning I have said, "R. will be the architect," and I have written to R.

When he came here last year he went to see Chandigarh, the city built by Le Corbusier up there in Punjab, and he wasn't very happy (it seems to me rather

mediocre – I don't know, I haven't seen it; I only saw photographs that were dreadful). And when he spoke to me, I saw that he was feeling, "Oh, if I had a city to build! ..." So I wrote to him, "If you want, I have a city to build." He is so very glad, he is coming. And when he comes, I'll show him my plan, then he will build the city.[44]

My plan is very simple.

It will be up there, off the Madras road, on top of the hill. *(Mother takes a piece of paper and starts drawing)* Here we have (naturally in Nature it's not like this: we'll have to adapt – it's like this up there, in the ideal), here, a central point. This central point is a park I had seen when I was a little girl (perhaps the most beautiful thing in the world with regard to physical, material Nature), a park with water and trees like all parks, and flowers, but not too many (flowers in the form of creepers), palm trees and ferns (all species of palm trees), water (if possible, running water) and, if possible, a small waterfall. From a practical point of view, it would be very good: at the edge, outside the park, we could build reservoirs that would provide water to the residents.

So in that park I had seen the "Pavilion of Love" (but I don't like to use that word because men have turned it into something ludicrous); I am referring to the principle of divine Love. But it has been changed: it will be the "Pavilion of the Mother"; but not this *(Mother points to herself):* the Mother, the true Mother, the principle of the Mother. (I say "Mother" because Sri Aurobindo used the word, otherwise I would have put something else – I would have put "creative principle" or "realizing principle" or ... something of that sort.) And it will be a small building, not a big one, with just a meditation room downstairs, with columns and probably a circular shape (I say "probably" because I am leaving it for R. to decide). Upstairs, the top floor will be a room, and the roof will be a covered terrace. Do you know the old Indian Mogul miniatures with palaces in which there are terraces and small roofs supported by columns? Do you know those old miniatures? I've had hundreds of them in my hands.... But this pavilion is very, very lovely: a small pavilion like this, with a roof over a terrace, and low walls against which there will be divans where people can sit and meditate in the open air in the evening or at night. And downstairs, at the very bottom, on the ground floor, simply a meditation room – a place with nothing in it. There would probably be, at the far end, something that would be a living light (perhaps the symbol[45] made of living light), a constant light. Otherwise, a very calm, very silent place.

Adjoining it would be a small dwelling (well, a dwelling that would still have three floors), but not of large dimensions, and it would be the house of H., who would act as keeper – she would be the keeper of the pavilion (she wrote me a very nice letter, but she didn't understand all this, of course).

This is the center.

All around, there is a circular road that separates the park from the rest of the city. There would probably be an entrance gate (there has to be one) into the park. An entrance gate with a keeper of the gate. The keeper of the gate is a new girl who has come from Africa and has written me a letter saying she wanted to be the

"keeper of Auroville" to let in only the "servants of the Truth".... *(laughing)* It's a very nice plan (!) So I will probably put her as keeper of the park, with a little house on the road, at the entrance.

But the interesting thing is that around this central point, there are four large sections, like four large petals *(Mother draws),* but the corners of the petals are rounded and there are small intermediate zones: four large sections and four zones.... Of course, this is only in the air: on the ground it will be an approximation.

We have four large sections: the cultural section in the north, that is, in the direction of Madras; in the east, the industrial section; in the south, the international section; and in the west, that is, towards the Lake, the residential section.

I will explain myself: the residential section, where there will be the houses of people who will have already subscribed, and all the others who come in their numbers to have *a plot in Auroville.* That will be towards the Lake.

The international section ... We have already approached a number of ambassadors and countries so each country would have its pavilion there: a pavilion for every country (that was my old idea); some have already accepted, anyhow it's under way. Each pavilion has its own garden with, as far as possible, a selection of the plants and produce of the country represented. If they have enough money and space, they can also have a sort of small museum or permanent exhibition of the achievements of the country. And the pavilion should be built according to the architecture of the country represented: it should be like a document of information. Then depending on the amount of money they want to put in, they can also have quarters for students, conference rooms, etc., the country's cuisine, a restaurant of the country – they can have all sorts of developments.

Then the industrial section ... Already many people, including the Madras government (the Madras government is lending money) want to set up industries, which will be on a special basis. This industrial section is in the east, and it's very large: there is plenty of space; and it must slope down to the sea. North of Pondicherry, there is indeed a rather large expanse which is totally uninhabited and uncultivated; it's by the sea, going northward along the coast. So this industrial section would slope down to the sea, and, if possible, there would be a sort of wharf (not exactly a harbor, but a place where boats can berth), and all those industries with the necessary internal means of transport would have a direct possibility of export. And here, there would be a big hotel, the plan of which R. has already done (we wanted to build the hotel here, in the place of the "Shipping Company," but the owner, after saying yes, said no – that's very good, it will be better there), a big hotel to receive visitors from outside. Quite a few industries have already signed up for this section; I don't know if there will be enough space, but we'll manage.

Then in the north (that's where there is the most space, naturally), in the direction of Madras: the cultural zone. There, an auditorium (the auditorium I have

dreamed of doing for a long time: plans had already been made), an auditorium with a concert hall and grand organ, the best you find now (it seems they make wonderful things). I want a grand organ. There will also be a theater stage with wings (a revolving stage and so on, the very best you can find). So, here, a magnificent auditorium. There will be a library, there will be a museum, exhibition rooms (not in the auditorium: in addition to it), there will be a cinema studio, a cinema school; there will be a *gliding club:* already we almost have the government's authorization and promise – anyway it's already at a very advanced stage. Then, towards Madras, where there is plenty of space, a stadium. And a stadium that we want to be the most modern and the most perfect possible, with the idea (an idea I've had for a long time) that twelve years (the Olympic games take place every four years), twelve years after 1968 (in 1968, the Olympiad will be held in Mexico), twelve years after, we would have the Olympic games in India, here. So we need space.

In between these sections, there are intermediary zones, four intermediary zones: one for public services (the post, etc.), a zone for transportation (railway station and, if possible, an airfield), a zone for food supplies (that one would be towards the Lake and would include dairies, poultry farms, orchards, cultivation, etc. – it would spread to incorporate the *Lake estate*[46]*:* what they wanted to do separately will be done as a part of Auroville); then a fourth zone (I've said public services, transportation, food supplies), and the fourth zone: shops. We don't need many shops, but a few are necessary to get what we don't produce. These zones are like quarters, you see.

And you will be there, in the center?

H. hopes so! *(Mother laughs)* I didn't say either yes or no to her, I told her, "The Lord will decide." It depends on my "health." Moving from here – no: I am here because of the Samadhi, I remain here, that's quite certain; but I can go there on a visit (it's not so far away, it takes five minutes by car). Only, H. wants to be in peace, silence, far from the world, and it's quite possible in her park with a road around it and someone to stop people from entering – one can be really in peace – but if I am there, that's an end to it! There will be collective meditations and so on. So if I have signs (physical signs, first), then the inner command to go out, I will go there in a car and spend an hour in the afternoon – I can do it from time to time.... We still have time, because it will take years before everything is ready.

You mean the disciples will remain here.

Ah, the Ashram remains here – the Ashram stays here, I stay here, that's quite clear: Auroville is ...

A satellite.

Yes, it's the contact with the outside world. The center in my drawing is a symbolic center.

But that's H.'s hope: she wants a house where she would be all alone, and next to it a house where I would be all alone – the second part is a dream because for me to be "all alone" ... you just have to see what goes on! It's a fact, isn't it, so it doesn't go well with the "all alone." Solitude must be found within, it's the only way. But on the level of life, I will certainly not go and live there, because the Samadhi is here; but I can go there on a visit. For instance, I can go for an opening or certain ceremonies – we'll have to see, it won't be for years. It's going to take years to be realized.

So, Auroville is meant more for the outside.

Oh, yes! It's a town, so it is the whole contact with the outside. And an attempt to achieve on earth a slightly more ideal life.

In the old formation I had made, there had to be a hill and a river. A hill was necessary because Sri Aurobindo's house was on top of the hill. But Sri Aurobindo was there, in the center. It was arranged according to the plan of my symbol, that is to say, a central point with Sri Aurobindo and all that concerns Sri Aurobindo's life, then four large petals (which weren't the same as in this drawing, they were something different), then twelve petals around (the city proper), then around that, there were the disciples' residential quarters (you know my symbol: instead of [partition] lines, there are strips; well, the last circular strip formed the residential place of the disciples), and everyone had his house and his garden: a little house and a garden for everyone. And there were means of communication; I wasn't sure if it was individual transportation or collective transportation (like those small open trams in the mountains, you know) that crossed the city in all directions to bring the disciples back to the center of the city. And around all that, there was a wall with entrance gates and guards at each gate, so people entered only with permission. And there was no money: within the walls, no money; at the various entrance gates, people found banks and counters where they deposited their money and received in exchange tickets with which they could have lodging, food, this and that. But no money. And inside, absolutely nothing, no one had any money – the tickets were only for visitors, who entered only with a permit. It was a fantastic organization.... No money, I didn't want money!

Oh, I've forgotten one thing in my plan: I wanted to build a workers' housing estate. But it should be part of the industrial section (perhaps an extension on the edge of the industrial section).

Outside the walls, in my first formation there was on one side the industrial estate, and on the other the fields, farms, etc., that were to supply the city. But that really meant a country – not a large one, but a country. Now it's much more limited; it's not my symbol anymore, there are only four zones, and no walls. And there will be money. The other formation, you know, was really an ideal attempt.... But I reckoned it would take many years before we began: at the time, I expected to begin only after twenty-four years. But now, it's much more modest, it's a transitional experiment, and it's much more realizable – the other plan was ... I nearly had the land: it was at the time of Sir Akbar (you remember?) of

Hyderabad. They sent me photographs of Hyderabad State, and there, among those photos, I found my ideal place: an isolated hill (a rather large hill), below which a big river flowed. I told him, "I would like to have this place," and he arranged the whole thing (it was all arranged, they had sent me the plans, and the papers and everything declaring it to be donated to the Ashram). But they set a condition (the area was a virgin forest and uncultivated lands): they would give the place on condition, naturally, that we would cultivate it, but the products had to be used on the spot; for instance the crops, the timber had to be used *on the spot,* not transported away, we weren't allowed to take anything out of Hyderabad State. There was even N. who was a sailor and who said he would obtain a sailing boat from England to sail up the river, collect all the products and bring them back to us here – everything was very well seen to! Then they set that condition. I asked if it was possible to remove it, then Sir Akbar died and it was over, the whole thing fell through. Afterwards I was glad it hadn't worked out because, with Sri Aurobindo gone, I could no longer leave Pondicherry – I could leave Pondicherry only with him (provided he agreed to go and live in his ideal city). At the time I told Antonin Raymond, who built "Golconde," about the project, and he was enthusiastic, he told me, "As soon as you start building, call me and I will come." I showed him my plan (it was on the model of my symbol, enlarged), and he was quite enthusiastic, he found it magnificent.

It fell through. But the other project, which is just a small intermediate attempt, we can try.

I am under no illusion that it will retain its purity, but ... we will try something.

> *Much will depend on those you will entrust with the financial organization of the project.*

The financial organization, for the moment, is looked after by N., because he is the one who receives the money through that "Sri Aurobindo Society" and who has bought the lands – there is already a good amount of land bought. That's going well. Naturally the difficulty is to find enough money, but for example, for the pavilions, it's each country that will meet the expenses for its pavilion; for the industries, it's each industry that puts its money into the business; for the residents, each will give the money necessary for his land. And the government (Madras has already promised it to us) gives between 60% and 80% (partly a *grant,* which means it's given, and partly a *loan,* free of interest and repayable over ten years, twenty years, forty years – a long-term repayment). N. knows his way about,[47] he has already got results. But depending on whether money comes in fast or only little by little, it will go faster or slower.

As regards the construction, it will depend on R.'s plasticity....

I am not concerned about the details at all, there is only that pavilion that I would like to be very pretty – I see it. Because I saw it, I had a vision of it, so I'll try to make him understand what I saw. The park, too, I saw – those are old visions I had repeatedly. But that's not difficult.

The biggest difficulty is water, because there is no nearby river up there; but

they are already trying to harness rivers. There is even a project to divert water from the Himalayas and bring it across the whole of India (L. had made a plan and discussed it in Delhi; of course, they objected that it would be a little costly!). But anyway, without going into such grandiose things, something has to be done to bring water; that will be the biggest difficulty, that's what will take the longest time. As for the rest – light, power – it will be made on the spot in the industrial section – but you can't manufacture water! The Americans have given serious thought to a way of using sea water, because the earth no longer has enough drinking water for people (the water they call "fresh"[48] ... it's ironical); the amount of water is insufficient for people's use, so they have already started chemical experiments on a big scale to transform sea water and make it usable – obviously that would be the solution to the problem.

But it already exists.

It exists, but not in a sufficient proportion.

Yes, in Israel.

They do it in Israel? They use sea water? Obviously, that would be the solution – the sea is there.

It has to be studied.

Then the water would have to be sent uphill.

A yacht club wouldn't be bad, tool [laughter]

Ah, certainly: with the industrial section.

Near your harbor, here.

It won't be a "harbor," but anyway. Yes, the hotel for visitors with a yacht club next to it, that's an idea. I'll add it *(Mother makes a note).*

It would surely be a great success (!)

Oh, you know, there's a flood of letters, mon petit! From everywhere, every country, people write to me, "At last the project I have been waiting for!" and so on. It's a flood.

There is also a *gliding club.* We have already been promised an instructor and a glider – that's promised. It will be in the cultural section, on top of the hill. Naturally the yacht club will be by the sea, not on the lake; but I thought (because there is a lot of talk of deepening the lake, it has almost silted up), I thought of a seaplane station there.

There could also be sailing on the lake.

Not if there are seaplanes. It's not quite large enough for sailing. But it would be very nice for a seaplane station. But it will depend: if we have an airfield, it

won't be necessary; if we don't have an airfield ... But in the *Lake estate* project, there was already an airfield. S., who has become a *Squadron Leader,* also sent me a plan for an airfield, but for small planes, while we want an airfield that can provide a Madras service regularly: an airfield for passengers. There has already been a lot of talk about this, there have been talks between Air India and another company, but then they didn't agree – all sorts of silly little difficulties. But all that will fall off naturally with Auroville's growth – people will be only too glad to have an airfield.

No, there are two difficulties. The small sums of money, we have them (as I said, what the government can lend, what people give to have a *plot – all* that is coming), but the problem is the massive sums: because it takes billions to build a city! ...

The Americans are ruining themselves.... There is a queer phenomenon: money seems to have been swallowed up somewhere, to have vanished from circulation – in America the dollar's value is dropping, they are moaning. Here, people are ruined.... There's an industrialist who had a magnificent industry (it seems it was marvelous), and with that *income tax* the government has succeeded in ruining him – he closed down. Then he partially reopened and filled in new papers for his new company and new industries; now, he had a dog, he had given a name to his dog, and he signed the papers with the dog's name! And he put the dog's photograph.... *(Laughing)* So, naturally, he got letters asking him if he thought people were idiots. He answered, "No, only a dog would accept your conditions." Not bad, eh?

Yes, they think people are idiots.

They are ruining the country.

There was only one place where things were still easy: it was Africa – now it's finished; now the Africans *(laughing)* are worse than anyone! You know how many friends we had there, how many things we used to receive from there – it's completely finished. And they are ruined. So they come here and meet with all these difficulties.

Human beings really make everything complicated!

Yes, but of course!

You'd think they enjoyed it.

I wrote a few lines, you remember, about the government. Where did I put that? *(Mother looks for her note)* I've added something (it will be for later, it will be the beginning of my "political series"):

You leave free hands to the bandits and take insulting measures against the honest people.

> It will be like that so long as the country is not governed by the wisest people.

> The wisest people are those who can freely and correctly read the hearts and the minds of men.

It was in the form of a conversation. I tell those who govern:

> "You leave free hands to the bandits and take insulting measures against the honest people."

So the reply:

> "But how can we tell the bandits from the honest people until we see them at work?"

I said:

> "Yes, it will always be like that, you will always commit the same sort of blunder ... until the country is governed by the wisest people."
>
> "Ah, but how can one know if they are the wisest people?"
>
> "The wisest people are those who can freely and correctly read the hearts and the minds of men."

* * *

A few weeks later, on September 7, Mother was led to put the project of Auroville in perspective:

> Auroville wants to be a universal town ...

A universal town – not international: universal.

> ... where men and women of all countries will be able to live in peace and progressive harmony above all creed, all politics and all nationalities, straining to realize human unity.

June 26, 1965

(Sujata shows Mother a sort of cyst that has developed in her neck. This banal incident is the starting point for a capital discovery: the "cellular

spinning.")

It's a tumor. Probably a hair that coiled up and the body covered it in a layer of skin, and then, out of habit, went on building skin around it: one layer, then another layer, then ... It's an idiotic goodwill. And that's how it is for almost all illnesses.

* * *

Soon afterwards

> *I have a little problem I'd like to put to you. I would like you to give me an indication or ask Sri Aurobindo for an indication. It's about the translation into German of certain words: the word "mind" and the word "spirit."*

So?

> *All the German translators are quarreling with each other, not one agrees with the other.*

Yes, I know!

> *For a long time I have been in touch with C.S. about the German translation of the book [The Adventure of Consciousness]. He has thought about it a lot (so have I), and finally P. has made a suggestion. The word for "spirit" in German, "Geist," is used indifferently, and of course especially to denote the mind – as in French "esprit" is used very vaguely. So P. suggested we keep the word "Geist" for the mind and qualify it: thinking mind, illuminated mind, etc. But the word "spirit" would still have to be translated, and there is no word for it in German. There exist a few adjectives that derive from the Latin word "spiritus," but nothing for "spirit." P. suggested we use "der Spirit," derived from Latin. C.S. hesitates. So I wanted to ask you if you had some impression or other. Can we introduce "der Spirit" in German? That's the sort of thing that brings all the German translators into conflict.*

But there's no guarantee of their accepting a suggestion.

> *If the word goes into the translation of this book as a first step and the book is read widely enough, it will provide a basis for them to accept it. I don't know.*

What's the Sanskrit for "spirit"?

It's Purusha, in opposition to Prakriti, Nature.

But you say that C.S. doesn't want this "Spirit"?

He's reluctant. He objects that its a Latin word and not a German one.

What is the word they use? The same as for "mind"?

Yes: "Geist."

That won't do. "Geist" won't do at all. For the mind, it's all right.

Yes, that's what I felt, and also it would be very good to say "Übergeist" for the supermind.

(Mother nods her head) What language will future people speak! ... All this is very poor. All these languages are poor. In India alone, from one region to another they don't understand each other – without English they wouldn't understand each other at all.

Is there nothing better than this "Spirit"?... Purusha won't do at all, it's too long, three syllables.... Let's just say that to C.S. But if he doesn't like it, it's going to give him a lot of trouble.

It's a stopgap.

But in French, too, everything we say is an approximation! Which means that if you adopt your own language, it's quite all right, but you are the only one to understand it truly.

If we take a new word, it should be a word with force, that's the important point.

Words like *Tat, Sat, Chit* are strong, but Purusha ... Let's just propose "Spirit."

* * *

(Mother asks Satprem to read her a letter that has just come from the United States. The letter announces that someone who had been dying has miraculously regained the use of reason and speech:)

Now that's very interesting, my children! Because when I got the telegram announcing that he was dying ...

First I should say that when he had his cancer, E. asked me to intervene; I answered her, "I accept, but what will happen to him will be the best from the SPIRITUAL standpoint – not at all according to human conception." He refused the doctors' treatments, he went from bad to worse; then that telegram, which I still had here till the day before yesterday. And when I received that telegram

announcing it was the end, all of a sudden I said, "Very well, he is going to start being cured." And I didn't say anything to anyone. Afterwards, E. sent me a letter asking me what she should do with all the things that would pass to her by right. But persistently there was, "Now it's going to get better and better ...," and everyone was expecting the telegram announcing the end. And now this!

It's interesting.

It was a cancer OF THE BRAIN.

(silence)

He has started speaking, thinking again.... It's really interesting. But the idea (not "the idea" – oh, you see, it's impossible to speak, mon petit) ... what was seen was this: this man has never believed in a divine force or a reality higher than what is manifested in man or anything, and the "idea" was that he should feel an intervention (which he would call by any name he liked) higher than anything known on earth.

Did he recognize it?... What does she say?

> *No, no! "Does this patient give to You any credit for his marked and miraculous improvement? I have put the question to him specifically – 'No, I do not,' such is the reply. Nor does the doe, nor does anyone observing the case. So be it."*

So what do they think it is? That's strange.

(silence)

It's the precision with which I knew [he would improve] that's remarkable. Only, I didn't say anything – I never say anything, of course. I don't say anything for an occult reason: talking, uttering things disrupts the action a lot.

It was based on an action OF NATURE – of Nature answering a pressure from above. And it was visible, you know: it wasn't something thought out – it was visible.

Life is funny, you have no idea how funny! I find that interesting.

It was clearly a higher Command to the material Nature, and it has obeyed.

I don't know if he will be cured – that's not certain. But the important thing was that he should regain understanding and speech.

June 30, 1965

(About a cyst)

What should be done for Sujata?

What did the doctor say?

They are going to operate on her tomorrow.

Did he say it should be cut out?

Yes, but since she mentioned it to you, it has become much smaller!

(Mother laughs and examines Sujata's cyst:) Does it still hurt? ... It's better to remove it because if a small bit is left, it will start again. But it's true, it's smaller.

(Sujata:) And it keeps getting smaller.

Tell the doctor it's getting smaller, he will see – maybe he will say we should wait a few more days?... It's true *(laughing),* it's much smaller.[49]

(silence)

I saw the "eye doctor" the other day, because it was his birthday. He came (I didn't know he was a doctor: I was asked to see him for his birthday, I said yes), he came and someone must have told him I had eye troubles (!) or whatever, I don't know; so he had prepared eye drops! He came, sat down, and then I looked at him (as I look at everyone, to see). Then ... he looked very surprised *(Mother smiles)*, I don't know why, and he said very timidly, "I brought drops for you, but I don't think you need them." *(Mother laughs)* He looked quite surprised!

(silence)

Oh, something curious happened two nights ago. I was with Sri Aurobindo, it was in a room ... oh, what a room.... Well, it was magnificent, very high-ceilinged, very large, and without anything at all in it; but it was a very large room, and there were kinds of French windows opening out on a balcony or a terrace (it overlooked a town), and those windows, from top to bottom, were a single pane of glass: it gave a magnificent light. He was there. Then for some reason or other I felt he wanted a cup of tea. So I set out in search of his cup of tea, and went through rooms, halls, even construction sites (!), looking for a cup of tea for him; and they were all large rooms – all the rooms were large – but contrary to the one in which he was, which was so clear, the others were dark. And there was a large hall which was like a dining hall, with a table and everything needed to serve meals, but dark – and also there wasn't anything left. There were people (people I

know) who said, "Ah, *(in a sorry tone)* it's all finished" – they had finished everything, they had eaten up everything! *(Mother laughs)* They had swallowed up everything, there was nothing left. Finally, I found someone in a sort of kitchen down below (someone whom I won't name, I know her), who told me, "Yes, yes, I'll bring you that right now, right now!" And she brought me a pot, saying, "Here." I went off with my pot, then I felt somewhat suspicious, and once outside, I lifted the lid ... and the first thing I see is earth! Red earth. I scratched off the red earth with my fingers, and underneath *(laughing),* there was a slice of bread!

Anyway, there was a lot like that, I had all sorts of adventures. Then I looked to see if Sri Aurobindo really needed his cup of tea ... because it seemed so difficult! I saw him, there was that wonderful French window, so clear, and then as if recessed into the wall (I don't know) a sort of platform couch, a place to sit, but it was very pretty, and he was seated or half-reclining on it, and very comfortable. And there was a boy (or a boy had come to ask him something), and there were kinds of stairs leading up to the couch; the boy was reclining on the stairs, asking questions, and Sri Aurobindo was explaining something. I recognized the boy.... I thought, "Ah, *(laughing)* he's no longer thinking of his cup of tea, fortunately!" Then I woke up. But I thought, "If this is how he sees us ..." having gobbled up everything, you understand.

> *But a few years ago you told me an almost identical vision in which you were also in search of food for Sri Aurobindo, and you couldn't find anything: the people who were supposed to prepare it hadn't prepared it or didn't know how to....*[50]

That's it, it was the same thing.

But it was very concrete, very material, and there was a feeling that there HAD BEEN a plenitude – everything was sumptuous – but nothing was left. Everything had been eaten up. I met someone (I am not naming them, but I know them) who told me, "Oh, yes, it was a fine feast, but we have eaten everything up; there's nothing left, we have eaten everything up."

> *What does it mean?*

I woke up – not "woke up," anyway when I came out of the vision and pondered over it in the morning, I said to myself, "Oh, if he really sees us like that, having eaten everything up! ..." And I brought him a little earth in a pot!

It left me pensive for several hours.

(silence)

But he seemed to be enveloped in a very supple fabric (you know, those things peculiar to the vital, it's a special fabric that isn't woven), and it was a beautiful violet – the violet of a great power.

But the room in which he was ... I still remember that sense of light, such a clear, clear light, so PURE, through the window – you could see nothing but light.

(silence)

So we've gobbled up everything.

I didn't even know there had been feasts; I knew it only when I came into the halls. Besides I wasn't hungry and didn't want anything; I didn't feel I was lacking anything: I didn't need anything, I was happy as I was.

And it wasn't bad will at all, oh, there was a great desire to serve ... *(Mother laughs)* but, "There's nothing left."

What's swallowing everything up like that?

I don't know....

I spoke [in the vision] to two people (who are in the Ashram) and to a few people from outside (one or two), and they really had a complete goodwill, they wanted to serve, you see, but there was nothing left. And the one who gave me the pot didn't hesitate, she said, "Yes, yes! I'll give it to you," and she came back with that! Probably unconscious herself that what she was giving me as tea was only earth – bread and red earth.

My tea, as I pictured it, was very golden – clear and golden; and I wanted to give him something with it, I don't remember what.

All this is symbolic, probably.

But ... [51]

* * *

Before Satprem and Sujata leave, Mother again examines Sujata's cyst, concentrating:

You know, the trick (there is a trick) is to tell the cells that that's not at all what is expected of them; that, as I told you the other day, what is expected of them isn't at all to gather there into a bundle like that; that it isn't their duty to do that – you must convince them.

It's rather peculiar. It is the origin of habits, of course; they are under the impression that "This is what we have to do, this is what we have to do, this is ..." *(Mother turns a finger in a circle).*

It's the same thing with me, but I told them. Only, one should be conscious of the movement, and then, very quietly but very, very confidently, very confidently, you tell them as you would children, "No, it's not your duty to do this; this isn't your duty."

All chronic illnesses come from that. There may be an accident (something happens, an accident) and then there is a sort of submissive and unconscious goodwill that causes the effect of the accident to be repeated: "We must repeat, we must repeat, we must repeat that ..." *(gesture in a circle).* And it stops only if a

consciousness is in contact with the cells and can make them understand that "No, in this case, you mustn't go on repeating!" *(Mother laughs)*

There are cases in which this power of repetition is extremely useful. I even think that this is what gives stability to the form, otherwise we would change form or appearance, or we would liquefy.

That's what works for durability.

There is this habit of repetition, and then the sense of a fatality. For instance, if you receive a blow or something goes wrong, immediately there is that sense of fatality: "Ah, now it's like that, now it's like that ..." *(same circular gesture).* So here also (all this is going on in the consciousness of the cells), here also you must tell them: "No! It's not irremediable: if you do like this (for instance, something that has been accidentally twisted), if you have the movement in the opposite direction, it will be remediable."

It's not brilliant displays of will or powers at all, it's not that: it's a very, very quiet persuasive power – exerted very gently but very confidently and very persistently.

None of the vital things work – they have a momentary effect, then it's over.

Oh, it's very interesting.

But one has to be very modest to do this work, with no liking for brilliant displays – very modest. And very quiet.

July 3, 1965

After Satprem has read out the last "Comments on the Aphorisms"[52]*:*

It was so boring that I felt sick.

(Satprem protests)

Anyway, it doesn't matter.

For me it's very different: things always appear old to me, they seem to belong to a faraway past. Especially these last few days.... This cold, for instance *(Mother has a bad cold)*, I clearly saw why I caught it (outwardly the reason is very simple: the person who prepares my cards has a cold and I took the cold along with his cards), but why did I really catch it? Well, it corresponded to an arrowlike movement in the consciousness of the cells, and then, naturally, a lag: all that was refusing (refusing or unable – it rather gives a feeling of drowsy things that aren't too eager to make progress) is lagging behind, and naturally that manifests as a disorder.

Very well.

July 7, 1965

(About Mother's recent cold. After listening to the English translation of her last comments on the "Aphorisms" brought to her by Nolini, Mother starts speaking in English:)

I don't know for others but for a very long time in life when there is an illness (some illness of any kind) automatically the cells forget everything, all their sadhana and everything, and it is only slowly when you get out of the illness that the cells begin to remember. And then, my ambition was (I remember that, it was long ago, many years ago), my ambition was that the cells should remember when being ill – which is absurd because it would have been better to aspire to have no illness! But for a time it was like that. The first time that the cells remembered, oh,

I was very happy. But now, it is the opposite; that is, as soon as the disorder comes, the cells first ... first they got a little anxious: "Oh, we are so bad that we are still catching illnesses" – that was a period; and then, afterwards there was the impression: "Oh, You want to teach us a lesson, we have something to learn" – that was already much better: a kind of eagerness. And now there is an intense joy and a kind of power; a power that comes, a power of aspiration and a power of realization that comes with the sense: "We are winning a victory, we are winning a new victory...."

That has been my condition over the last few days.

I know how this cold came in, it comes only by negligence – not exactly ... *on ne fait pas attention* [people are careless].[53]

For instance, the doctor had a cold, I knew it instantly; instantly I did what had to be done, and I didn't catch anything; but someone else had a cold, I wasn't on my guard, and while handling the things he handled, I caught it: I noticed it when it came in – it was already too late. I said, "All right," then it followed its whole course. It was particularly violent, I think, because the cells were feeling, "Ah!" (the joy first), "Ah, now we're going to make some progress!" Then a sort of force, of power of transformation came like that, along with the illness, and that's why the illness developed to the full. At one point it was going to exceed a certain limit and it would have become very inconvenient for the work, so I said, "No, no! Take care, because I can't stop my work like that." As if to say, "Enough of these bad jokes, you don't want to be ill any longer." Then a force came, something ... like a boxer.

It was very, very interesting.

And the play of the will on the cells, the way in which the cells obey the will, is very interesting. Because, it goes without saying, now it isn't an individual will (it isn't a personal will, it's nothing that looks like the old business of before), but it is ... the Will for Harmony in the world: the Lord in his aspect of harmony. There is the Lord in his aspect of transformation and the Lord in his aspect of harmony. But the Lord in his aspect of harmony has a harmonizing will; so when that will for harmony comes, it acts in its turn, saying, "Not everything for the Will for Transformation! Things shouldn't go too fast because everything will be demolished! The will for harmony should be there and things should follow a rhythmic and harmonious movement," and then everything is sorted out.

To tell the truth (it has been a very intense study these last few days), I don't know what an illness is. They speak of viruses, they speak of microbes, they speak ... but we are entirely made up of those things! It's only their *interplay,* their way of adjusting and harmonizing among themselves that makes all the difference. There is nothing that isn't a "microbe" or a "virus" – they give ugly names to the things they don't want, but it's all the same thing! ... For the cells, that's not the problem – the problem is not that, but whether to follow the Will for Transformation (which sometimes is a bit brutal – brutal compared to the very small thing a body is), or whether to follow the Will for Harmony, which is always pleasant, and is always there, even when outwardly things are decomposing.

It's a truer explanation, it explains things better than all the notions of illness.

I don't believe much in illnesses.

There aren't two identical illnesses.

I am sure (I am not a scientist, but if I knew), I am sure that there aren't two identical microbes.

* * *

Then Mother takes up "Savitri": The Debate of Love and Death.

Is he going on? What does he offer Savitri?

"Daughters," "sons"!

Oh, he is base *(laughing),* base with vulgarity. *(Mother reads:)*

Daughters of thy own shape in heart and mind
Fair hero sons and sweetness undisturbed ... (X.III.637)

See that joy! Oh! ... How vulgar that being is! Can there really be people who are tempted by this?

I think Sri Aurobindo deliberately made this Death very vulgar to discourage all the illusionists and Nirvanists.

But even when I was quite small, five years old, it seemed to me *commonplace,* while if I had been told, "Let there be no more cruelty in the world," ah, there is something I would have found worthwhile. "Let there be no more injustice, let there be no more suffering because of people's wickedness," there is something one can dedicate oneself to. But producing daughters and sons ... I have never felt physically very maternal. There are millions and millions who do that, so do it again? – No, truly that's not what one is born for.

July 10, 1965

(About an "idiotic" tuberculosis:)

How are you?

Not too well.

Where aren't you well?

Here, there [gestures].

Oh, mon petit, all sensations are false! That's an experience I have dozens of times every day, in every detail. We feel we need this, we feel we need that, we feel pain here, pain there ... but it's all false. In reality, it means we have left the state of Harmony, that Harmony which is always there; but we have left it, so we need this, need that, have pain here, pain there. Something is lacking, and That is what is lacking.

There are three states, we could say: the state of Harmony – that is the one we reach towards all the time, and sometimes we catch it for a few seconds, then everything works out as if by miracle; then the usual state of Disorder, in which we are constantly on the verge of something unpleasant, in a precarious balance; and when the disorder grows more visible, there is what they call an "illness," but it isn't real. You see, we think the body is in good health, that it's balanced, and that "something is introduced from outside, which causes you to fall ill," but it's not like that! We are ALWAYS off balance, the body is always off balance (more or less), and it is something else, above, a Will or a Consciousness, that holds it up and makes it work. So if we can call on that Will – that Will for Harmony – and if we can have the Flame within, that Flame of aspiration, and make contact, we emerge from so-called illness, which is unreal, an unreal and false sensation and just one way of being of the general Disorder, and we enter into Harmony, and then everything is fine. Last night I experienced this again, and that's why I can assert with certainty: all sensations are false.

But when there are obvious external signs, bleeding, for instance [hemoptysis]?

Well, yes, it's a disorder. But disorder is everywhere! If it's any consolation to you, my body too is in disorder.... It isn't clearly a disorder but an almost total lack of harmony – it's the constant condition of life; it's the result of effort, of resistance, of enduring, and also of that tension of being in search of something you hope to reach, but which always eludes you – the something that eludes you is That, it's that Harmony (a Harmony which, in its perfection, is Ananda, that's obvious). And the constant state is like that. In fact, that's what causes fatigue, tension and so on. Last night, I spent the whole night looking at that, and I was wondering, "Why is that so?... We are constantly in that state, straining after something that eludes us." And then the senses, the whole realm of the senses seems to be in a constantly false state, and they use that state of tension to give you the feeling that this is going wrong, that is going wrong, and this and that.... And if by ill luck there is a vague hint of mental collaboration (from that famous physical mind), then things go awry, they become something really unpleasant.

But it's not inescapable. It's not inescapable and it's not real – what I call "real" is something that comes from the supreme Will directly. That is true; the rest isn't

true, it's the product of all the confusion *(zigzag gesture downward)* and of all the disorder of the human consciousness – illness isn't true. I don't think that one illness in a hundred (oh, maybe in a thousand) is true. Some are the expression of a Will for something wrong to be well shaken, demolished, so that, in that chaos, something truer may take form – but that's an exceptional state.

I have a very extensive field of experience. I receive a flood of letters from just about everyone, writing about their little disorder, their little illness, their little trouble, and naturally asking for all that to be set right. So that puts me in contact with the vibration (all the people here: that makes a lot), and, well, I can truly say that there isn't, oh, there isn't one case in a hundred that is the expression of the direct Will – it's something ... *(gesture of a zigzag fall)* which goes like this and which in the human consciousness gets into a tangle like a wire that's so twisted that you can't untangle it anymore. And because of that state, you are on the verge, yes, of a discomfort (that's almost constant), of an illness, a disorder. And it is the defeatist mental collaboration (because a special characteristic of this mind is to be defeatist), the collaboration of the defeatist mind and the false senses that make for us the life we live, which is no fun.

For two hours last night I saw that, with proof to back it up, examples. I looked, and I was almost horrified to see the extent to which senses distort – and they distort ... (I don't know, there may be people who distort for the better, *[laughing]* I'm not one of them! But they must be marvelous optimists), the senses distort all the vibrations and constantly turn them into disagreeable things, unpleasant ones at any rate, or even "indications of danger," "warnings of catastrophe." It was fairly repugnant. But I gave free rein to that whole movement in order to see clearly, and all the cellular and other organizations started moaning and groaning, as if saying, "But this life is in-tol-er-a-ble, it's intolerable." And I listened to that a little while to see; and here, there and everywhere, there was a general groan. And in the end *(gesture of descent of the Will),* in one second it all went away! ... It was a whole act those senses were putting on for themselves. We are ri-dic-u-lous beings, that's all *(Mother laughs).* That was my observation of last night.

Naturally, people aren't openly and constantly like that because another consciousness is there a little and controls things, but if you leave them on their own ... I did the experiment, you see, of leaving that field of cellular consciousness fully free, and then there was moaning and groaning. But there was behind, in the background, deep down in the cells, that sort of faith, of absolute need for the Ananda; so they were complaining: "We have been deceived; we are for That alone, why aren't we given it?" (I am adding words to it, but there were no words: there were sensations.)

Of course, we don't take notice, because in the stream of life that's not what governs – fortunately! We look at it from a certain height and don't want to see it – but IT IS THERE. And it is terribly defeatist.

You don't know ... Me too, if I had been told that some time ago, I would have said no!

Yes, but when day after day certain disorders repeat themselves, you say to yourself that there is something wrong.

But it isn't "something" that's wrong! Nothing is right – everything is going wrong.

You know the play by Jules Romains in which the doctor declares that a healthy man is a man who doesn't know he is sick? Well, that's the feeling it gives; the disorder is constant, and just because we live in another consciousness we don't see it, but if we observe we are sure to find it. You know, if I observe from that angle, there is absolutely nothing anywhere that is normal, that works harmoniously – nothing. Everything is like this *(same zigzag gesture)* and it's chaos, and it keeps on working simply because it isn't left to itself, because there is a higher Will that uses all that, making the best of a bad job. But it is a bad job.

I have looked at all the cases (because it interests me a lot), I have looked at your case, I have looked at her case, I have looked at every case, but there isn't one case in which one can say it is a true illness. The idea of illness is: a body (a physical being, anyway) that lives according to certain laws, till suddenly a disorder, something works its way into the body, establishes itself and upsets it; but it's not that! It's not that: it's something that isn't in order – the body isn't in order; only, something predominates in the consciousness, something which is in contact with the disorder, but isn't bothered by it and keeps going. And I have done the same study with supposedly healthy people: it's the same thing. So the conclusion is that the full power should be released, which means that all that sort of disorderly muddle must be made to be governed by a higher Will that imposes itself – it imposes itself. Then, if order isn't completely restored, at least it's kept within certain limits and the body can go on being used as an instrument for the Will that seeks to manifest.

I see this very clearly, not only for this body – for the others too; but for this body, it is seen in the minutes" details, because the observation is more constant: it would already have had at least a hundred reasons to die, and if it hasn't died, it's not to blame. It's not to blame, it's because there was something (which fortunately isn't a personal will) that said, "No, go on! Go on, carry on, don't pay attention to yourself." Otherwise, it's falling to pieces.

Now, all this isn't to tell you to do as I do; if you want to tackle the thing from the ordinary angle and to consider it as an "illness," go and show yourself to the doctor and take medicines; I am not opposed to it, but it's just one way of seeing things.

Now, tell me what your *grievances* are! Yes, what do you observe that's not working?

(Satprem gestures to his chest, here and there)

I can tell you that doctors' mental distortions are frightful: they stick in your brain, remain there, and return after ten years. I know it from personal experience, it comes back all the time: "The doctor said it was this, the doctor said it was that,

the doctor said ..." Not with words, but it comes.

But that doesn't matter, we can tackle the disorder from that angle and then see.

But I don't believe in their medicines! Their medicines have had no effect on me.

They have had no effect? They haven't on me either! But that makes no difference, I still take them!

I am following a course of treatment.

Oh, you're following a course of treatment.

Yes, tablets.

Oh, that's useless!

That's how I feel. Well, I don't know.

You don't know. Like poor Pavitra, who has tried all sorts of treatments, and then ...

So what's wrong? Do you have difficulty breathing?

It's a bit like that. And also hot, very hot.

Yes, *(laughing)* it's hot!

Yes, that also! In the evening especially, the body is something of a boiler. A little blood comes out, too.

Haven't you tried this? You must get hold of the contact with the body's cells and tell them it's not necessary that blood should come *out – (laughing)* it's not part of the game! You can make fun of them a little: "You don't need to do that!" Believe me, it's so ludicrous that the only way to deal with it is to laugh at it.

Yes, we shouldn't take any notice.

No, not that! If you don't take any notice, the cells will go on with their dance and will on the contrary think you approve of their way of being. You must pull the Will, you must get hold of the Will – the Will, I am putting it into you, mon petit! I am not asking you to use something illusory: I am putting it into you, a for-mi-da-ble Will. And peaceful, you know, something which doesn't use violence, which is like this *(gesture of massive, imperturbable descent).*

I can tell you at any rate that it's as effective as medicines! And it doesn't have the drawbacks of medicines, which cure you of one thing and give you another.

How long have you been taking medicines?

Since Vellore. The treatment takes two years.

They said two years? Then you should go on for two years! You should do as they say. They have, oh ... they have a hypnotic power over the material consciousness, which is a bit ... disturbing.

I could tell you all sorts of stories, but anyway, stories about doctors aren't amusing; there are always ridiculous details. And it comes back: you throw their suggestion out of the window, you don't bother about it, you think it's all over, and it's gone into the subconscient; and suddenly, one fine day, a tiny little incident, and it comes back, formidable: "The doctor said this ... such and such a doctor said this – the Doctor with a capital D said this," or "Medical Science said this," and the cells begin to panic – a frightful hypnotic power.

No, it's an interesting subject ... *(laughing)* I seem not to be taking your misfortune seriously (!), but it's a very interesting subject, I assure you. To me, it belongs entirely to the world of Disorder, it doesn't have any deep truth – it doesn't. So if one lets the power of Truth act, it must give way. I am not saying it gives way willingly, I am not saying it goes away as if by miracle, no, but it MUST give way.

Oh, I could keep talking for hours!

You should sit down [Mother has been standing all the time].

No. I am not particularly keen to sit down!

(silence)

What is that treatment?

It's the treatment prescribed in those cases.

Yes, yes, the classic thing ...

I can tell you (if it helps your physical mind) that in Japan I had a sort of measles (which had its own rather deep reasons) and that the Japanese doctor (who, besides, had studied in Germany, anyway he was a doctor through and through) told me very gravely that I should take care, that I was in the early stages of this wonderful disease, that above all I should never live in a cold climate, and this and that.... I was losing weight and so on. That was in Japan. Then I came here and I said that to Sri Aurobindo, who looked at me and smiled; and it was over, we didn't talk about it anymore. We didn't talk about it anymore and it wasn't there anymore! *(laughing)* It was all over. When I met Dr. S., years later, I asked him. "Nothing at all," he said, "everything is fine, there is absolutely nothing, not a trace." And I hadn't done anything, I hadn't taken any medicine or any precaution. Only, I had told Sri Aurobindo about it, who had looked at me and smiled.

Well, I am convinced that's how it is, that's all. But the physical mind doesn't believe in that. It believes that that's all very well in the higher realms, but when we are in Matter things follow a law of Matter and are material and mechanical, and there is a mechanism, and when the mechanism ... and so on and so forth (not with these words, but with this thought). And one has to keep forever working on

that, forever saying, "Oh, put a stop to all your difficulties, keep quiet!"

Only, the Flame must be there – the Flame within, the flame of aspiration and the flame of faith; and then the something that truly wants it to stop. You understand, whether things are this way or that, there is no need for me to present them to my thought and for my thought to accept them; because that's a very dangerous game: when you seek equanimity, you say to yourself, "Well, if this and that happens, what will my reaction be?" And you go on with the little game, till you say, "It's all the same to me." It is a very dangerous game. It's still a way of circling around the goal instead of heading straight for it.

There is only one thing: a sort of flame – a sort of flame that burns all this falsehood.

I have nothing to boast about, you know! I am preaching to this body as much as to others. I should be upright, strong, solid.... Why am I stooped like this? I know why, but it's not a compliment. I know why, it's because all this is still subject to all those suggestions from the world, all the medical thought and all that derives from it and all the suggestions from life. And habits. And all these people here ... So there's nothing to boast about. Only, I know (the advantage is that I know it), I know it should be otherwise. I know it and the cells also know it, and I told you, yesterday evening they were crying over it, there on my bed; they kept moaning and groaning: "I was not made for this life of darkness and disorder, I was made for Light, for Strength and Love." And the answer: "Ah! Take it, then!" And they were moaning, "Why am I compelled to be like this?..." And all of a sudden, instead of giving them free play: the full Presence – in one second it was all gone. But the collective suggestion, the collective atmosphere is so ... rotten, I may say, that it acts all the time.

But you *(speaking to Sujata)* are one of those who can say that when I come at night, I am tall and strong. And at night, I work, I am tall, I am strong. And it goes on moaning! It's idiotic. Not only idiotic, but there is still that sort of *self-pity (Mother strokes her cheek),* which of all things is the most repugnant: "Oh, poor little thing, how tired you are. Oh, poor little thing, how people tire you, how hard life is, how difficult things are...." And then moaning and groaning like an idiot. If it were just for me, I would give them a good thrashing! But I am asked not to do it, so I don't do it. But I do feel that before the eyes of this wonderful Grace – of this resplendent divine Love and this omnipotent Power – we are deeply ridiculous, that's all.

(silence)

There are also mischievous spirits. Mischievous spirits that comeand suggest all kinds of things. There is a zone there, very near the physical, very near – a zone infested with worms, mon petit! All the bad suggestions of all possible catastrophes, of all malicious ill wills, of all desires.... It's sickening. All that swarms as if you plunged your nose into a vase full of worms. That's troublesome. Well, yes! I will try to make a cocoon for you. Before you go to sleep, when you lie down, you must summon the white Light, my white light, and then I will be

listening. Wrapped like that: a cocoon, a nice little cocoon, all white. That way you can sleep peacefully.

Nights are horrible.

Yes, aren't they? That's why I am telling you to call my light. Yes, they are horrible. Do you have nightmares?

It's not even nightmares – it's disgusting. Three quarters of the things I remember are kinds of sewers, loathsome places. It's ... it's terrible.

Yes, that's right. If you knew what I am shown! ...

Two or three nights ago also, I had a symbolic dream. You know that it's your old mosquito netting that was installed in my room?

Yes.

Well, a little being had made a hole in it. A being intimate enough because I caught it as you would a child and told him, "But if you make a hole, all the mosquitoes will come in." Then I noticed there was a big tear.

Oh!

And I thought, "All the enemies will come in," or "all the mosquitoes will come in." A big tear.

Did you mend it?

No, I was very annoyed and so it woke me up.

(Mother sits concentrating, then asks:) Did your brother, the physician, tell you anything? Did he give you any advice?

Yes, indications on the number of tablets to be taken, that's all.

Does he believe in tablets?

He says, "If one is going to follow a course of treatment, it should be followed in the best possible way."

Ah, yes, I fully agree, and scrupulously, because it represents a formation. At least ninety percent of the doctors have goodwill, they want to cure you (some don't care one bit, but not many – ninety percent of them want to cure you), so their formation should be given full power. It shouldn't be contradicted because it loses all its effect and then it's no use.

(the hour strikes)

Have I talked for an hour? Isn't that disgraceful!

Wait, I had a flower I put aside for you, it's pretty.

The will for victory, mon petit, that's the whole thing! Not a will here or there or here *(gesture to various spots of the body),* not that, not the personal victory over disease: the victory over the world. After all, we are here for that; I don't know if it will be for this time, but at any rate that's what is expected of us. We are here for that – to fight. So we are made to fight, and as it is the most (how can I put it?) intimate way, it is the body that is affected.

(silence)

I think that's enough for today! Do you eat well?

Yes, yes!

Really well or do you just pretend to?

I eat well.

Is what you are given to eat good? I mean, is it nourishing?

Oh, yes, it's very nourishing.

You have digestive troubles, but do you assimilate?

I think so.

Then that'll do. Digestive troubles, mon petit, don't stop one from living eighty-six or eighty-seven years. They don't. Since André was born, it has been like that; that means (I was just twenty), that means sixty-seven years. Well *(laughing)*, I give you sixty-seven years to live!

And also, you know, as I have always said, with the enemies that want to scare you or want to sadden you or want to worry you, the only thing to do is laugh in their faces, that's all. You get angry? They're happy, they say, "He's angry" – no, no. You hit out? They escape, they're like jelly, it doesn't affect them. But when you laugh in their faces, they are really annoyed! That's the only thing: to make fun of them. Their stories may scare babies, but not us.

As for us, we live in eternity.

And I tell you (it's the normal, natural state of consciousness), it didn't take a minute last night: it took one second, brrf! finished. Then I entered a sort of peaceful joy, like that, which lasted three hours without a break. After that, the work was resumed.

But before you go to sleep, do this: you picture (picture it if you don't see it), you picture a white light. It isn't a crystalline light, mind you, it isn't transparent: it's white – absolutely white, a very bright white, a white light that looks solid. Picture it like that (and it is indeed like that, but you picture it): a white light. It is the light of the Creation, what is she called? ... Maheshwari? *(Laughing)* The supreme Lady up there.

Yes, Maheshwari.

Maheshwari's light. But it seems I always had it, because when Madame Théon saw me, it's the first thing she told me; she didn't speak of "Maheshwari," but she said, "You have the white light" that automatically dissolves all ill will. And I did experience it: I saw beings crumble into dust. So you take that, picture that, and you build a cocoon around yourself – you know, just as insects build their own cocoons – you build a cocoon before falling asleep. I will do it here, but your "picturing" is to help it be better adapted, better adjusted. You build a cocoon, and when you are quite wrapped in that white cocoon, when the enemies cannot get through it, you let yourself go into sleep. Then all that comes from outside with a manifest ill will cannot get in. That's certain. Naturally, there is what one carries in one's subconscient ... one must eliminate that by one's own will, little by little.

But this Light is all-powerful, mon petit! *(Speaking to Sujata:)* You too can do the same thing if you have enemies at night.

(Sujata:) I have seen it, you know, that white light.

Have you?

Yes, I have.

Well, that's very good. You are a good clairvoyant, so of course you have seen it. But I myself saw it, you know, as if it were someone else's light – it's my nature. I was using it even before meeting Théon: I knew nothing, of course, nothing, but I used to see it. And it was Madame Théon who told me, "It is your light." Madame Théon was the first to tell me what I was, what she saw: the crown of twelve pearls over the head. As for me, I had the experience of it, after which I could simply use it at will: I just had to summon it. And I would see it just as I see you, in a perfectly objective way.

But did I tell you the story of I. who was with Dilip? Before meeting Dilip, she had been with a guru, a sannyasin or whatever, and he was absolutely furious at her leaving him, so he cursed her. His curse gave her a sort of thrombosis (you know, when the blood stops flowing and coagulates), anyway it was here, in the neck, near the right arm, I think, and it was very painful – it was even dangerous. She told me about it. I in turn told Sri Aurobindo about it and Sri Aurobindo told me to protect her. I sent my light to the gentleman. That man, frightful things happened to him! He died of a horrible disease. I. went and saw him at that time, a little before he died, and the man (who was conscious) told her, "Here is what your Mother has done with me." He had been conscious. Then I saw that my affair was perfectly objective, because I had never said a word about it to anyone, nothing. And above all, that light had gone through Sri Aurobindo.... I quite simply did that, I put the light, and the gentleman left ... for the curse to stop. And as he wasn't too pure, it resulted in a horrible disease.

Now, my children, good-bye.

So if you want to sleep peacefully, you make a little cocoon before going to sleep. Au revoir, mon petit.

And to you I recommend: the unreality of human notions of disease.

July 14, 1965

Mother holds a series of slips of paper in her hand:

This morning I was in a sort of zone – a zone or a vein.... You know, the veins of gold inside the earth? It was like that. In the mental banality of the world, there was a sort of luminous vein going past and in which I found myself plunged – it felt pleasant, it felt very comfortable. And I started noting things down, when those people came with all the usual ineptitudes, each one asking something, each one shut in like this *(gesture with blinkers)*, so it went away.

I called it, "A few definitions."

The first one was about someone going away who wanted to take something [blessed by Mother] for his family. I told him, "Oh, they aren't receptive." So he asked, "What does being receptive mean?" (He didn't ask me, but when he left the room he was scratching his head and he asked his friend, "What does Mother mean? What does being receptive mean?") I answered in English and it took many, many forms, and today, it's one of the things that came in that "vein." And what's peculiar in this sort of experience is that when it comes, the words take on a very precise meaning; I am not at all sure if it's their usual meaning, but they have the vibration of their meaning, a sort of crystalline little vibration. And it comes without alteration. I put:

> "To be receptive is to feel the urge to give and the joy of giving to the Divine's Work all one has all one is all one does."[54]

It's the one that came first. After it, there came the old story of "being pure" – what does being pure mean? It doesn't mean all kinds of old moral ideas, no.

> "To be pure is to refuse ...

In other words, there was the sensation of something very active – very active: being passive wasn't enough, it was necessary to be very active.

> "... to refuse any influence other than that of the supreme Truth-Love."

"Truth-Love" as one word.

Then a third definition came:

> "To be sincere is to unify one's entire being around the supreme inner Will."

To unify one's entire being around the supreme inner Will. And this supreme Will was visible, like a flame that had the shape of a sword; and only what is governed by That is allowed to act.

Then the last one (the last because they brought me my breakfast and I had to stop):

> "To be integral is to make a harmonious synthesis of all one's possibilities."

It came along with the vibration it contained. And it could have gone on, it was there, but then I was interrupted. It's more amusing than to listen to their stories, at any rate.

The inspiration of it all was that vein of gold?

Yes. It was light, not gold. It was a light like a strip *(gesture).* Then one is bathed in that and one is very happy.

And it brought me (what I have just said is nothing, it was the end) a clear vision of what's necessary for the world, the necessary transformations in the mental atmosphere of the earth to put an end to wars, for instance. The "end to wars" was one of the consequences. And each thing was in its place in relation to the other *(Mother draws a sort of chessboard),* and there was such a clear, clear vision of all the relationships, of all the positions, of all that.

It's great fun.

I mean it's a pleasant distraction. It gives you the feeling of seeing very clearly all that must take place in the realm of ... not exactly of ideas, but of psychological reactions.

And it doesn't depend on me, I don't make an effort: it just comes. It's something that comes, then I seem to be plunged in a bath and I only have to look. It comes ready-made, effortlessly. It's a STATE in which I find myself, with, for example, the vision of the terrestrial mental progress, of the way in which the human mentality is organized *(same gesture as if indicating a chessboard);* and it's very interesting because living conditions are conditioned by thought-states, and so I see how the thought-state must be changed in order for life to be changed *(Mother draws currents of force on the chessboard).* And I sit there, as if in a theater, and I watch, and it works.

If I had some peace I would write it down (because it comes all formulated) and it could be interesting. It must belong to the realm of revelation. It's like a luminous strip passing by, but it is all organized. But one needs peace (I scribbled the last note here while they were preparing my breakfast, and after that ...). But

anyway, it's not of transcendent interest; it's only because it's very clear, very precise, and it obviously doesn't have the character of ordinary human thought: it's ready-made, it comes ready-made.

In that state, for instance, all the cells, the whole body keeps still – you no longer have a body, you no longer have cells, you no longer have all those disorders, all that friction: all that goes away. It disappears and another consciousness dominates. You understand why someone who could remain in it would be able to live indefinitely. But it's probably conditioned, in the sense that the others must have their field of activity too, otherwise the progress wouldn't be general. But anyway, it's nothing really transcendent, it's just interesting.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Satprem proposes to Mother the publication of a few brief extracts from the previous and very interesting conversation on illnesses in "Notes on the Way," a new series started in the Ashram's Bulletin on Satprem's insistence. In fact, Satprem wanted the Ashram to benefit a little from the treasure of Mother's experience – at least a few drops of it. It was those "Notes on the Way" that were, after Mother's departure, cooly and fraudulently renamed "Mother's Agenda" by the heads of the Ashram in the hope of stealing the title, throwing people into confusion, and preventing at any cost the integral publication of the real Agenda, which they dared to declare "not genuine," so afraid were they of Mother's clear perception of the people around her and of the Ashram in general. Satprem remembers how much he had to insist with Mother to be allowed to publish those "Notes on the Way." Her reluctance is now easier to understand.)

I wondered if we couldn't use the last conversation for the next "Notes on the Way"?

It's unpublishable. It goes in the Agenda.

Why? Would it create a revolution among doctors?

Yes. Oh, it would make a row!

It's really too bad we can't publish it.

It's too belligerent. And also far too personal. Oh, it would be the origin of endless stories, of the spread of numberless legends; and in America, in Africa, in England and elsewhere, all sorts of stories will be told about all sorts of illnesses I have – it will make endless tales. It's impossible.

I can't tell anything about myself, except perhaps one sentence – even when one sentence appears in the *Bulletin,* what a to-do it makes! It always makes an

interminable to-do for me.

I understand, but it's a pity!

Later, later. Not now.

Because those questions of illness are so much part of this yoga.

Oh, I know that very well, I know, but not now: later.

People make too many personal stories out of what I say; you know, "the anecdote about the guru," as you read them in books.

They're silly!

Yes, but *(laughing)* what can you do? They're silly, that's not so easy to cure!

I agree, it's perfectly stupid, but ... Ah, let's take up *Savitri.*

July 17, 1965

(Regarding the last conversation, in which Satprem complained about his bad nights.)

But I just can't understand why it's always that side that I remember, always the sewers, the filth.... Because all the same there must be another side, mustn't there?

(Mother laughs) The reason is simple: that side is very, very close to the ordinary consciousness, so you remember; the other ... there isn't a sufficient "connection," so when you wake up, you forget.

That's the discouraging thing, besides, because one always remembers the bad side, not the rest!

Maybe it's to see if we don't lose heart. Just this morning ...[55]

(silence)

That must be why: it's to see if we bear up – not even that: to see if our FAITH bears up.

(silence)

If we look at the question from a sufficient height, in order to manifest, this Truth-Power needs a response, you follow, and It doesn't want to have any preference: it matters little whether this point or that point, this or that will manifest It; It goes like this *(gesture of a massive, general pressure),* It imposes itself on the earth-atmosphere, and what's capable of responding responds. And then, on the point that responds, the Force manifests.

It isn't the Force that selects the point (I don't know if I am making myself understood): it is a global action, and what's capable of responding responds.

As for us, we want It, we aspire for It, we even know, and naturally, because we know, we have a sort of conviction that we are cut out to respond.... But it's not a question of conviction: it has to be a fact.

And for that ... well, we must bear up.

(silence)

On the contrary, I have the feeling that those who know more can do more, and more is asked of them – it isn't that they are asked less: they are asked more.

And this body still belongs almost entirely to the old creation. And its own tendency is to say, "Oh, that's not nice! We have goodwill, and the more goodwill we have, the more is demanded from us." But these are very human notions, very human.... The more goodwill we have, the more is asked of us – not because of some decision or other: spontaneously, quite naturally.

We speak of transformation, even of transfiguration, but there is the passage from the old movement to the new movement, from the old status to the new status, which is a break in equilibrium; and always, for what still belongs to the old creation, a dangerous break in equilibrium is what gives you the feeling that everything eludes you, that you have lost your foothold. And that's when you need unwavering faith. But a faith that isn't like mental faith, which is self-supporting: it is a faith in the sensation. And that *(Mother shakes her head)* is very difficult.

(silence)

It's always the same thing: the old system of solitude is relatively very easy: you lie down, cut off all connections, remain in deep contemplation, and wait for the crisis to be over. It lasts for a time, you don't know how long. But when you are like this, surrounded with people, work, responsibilities (not moral ones: material ones), with things that materially depend on you, then ... you must find the way to go on, but without having anymore the support of the usual equilibrium.

It's a bit hard.

But it is clear that if we say, "I am here because of You and for
You and at Your service," well, it has to be true, that's all.

* * *

(Satprem returns to the attack and asks Mother for her permission to publish some of these conversations in the "Notes on the Way":)

No.

I would have made cuts in them, at least.

Oh, but it's more than cuts!

We have to cut the whole lot? All right!

No, but you can take selected passages – if they are impersonal.

Yes, but if we take "selected passages" (it can be done), then it takes on a dogmatic character. It's like declarations. If we remove the occasion on which it was said, it becomes a dogmatic statement.

Yes, but I don't want to give it. That's categorical.

I quite understand. Only, the danger of those extracts is that it looks like a teaching: Mother decides "it's like this and like that" – whereas it's not "like that"!

Yes, yes! *(Mother does not want to hear any more.)*

* * *

(A little later, Satprem proposes he could ask E. to buy magnetic tapes to record these conversations:)

Poor E.! Her husband has ruined her.

She nursed her husband, she even almost brought him back to life, and when he recovered speech and consciousness, the first thing he did was to cut off her means of subsistence and discredit her! To thank her, he spread the word that he was no longer responsible for her. Anyway, that's life for you.[56]

Would you like to read her letter?

(extract from E.'s letter, in the original English:)

"... I shall always remember, very vividly, the moment when Your Force took hold and created the rally that even the doctor couldn't understand, the rally that lasted so many weeks. May I tell You the little story?

The patient had been in convulsion, the whole right side of the body twitching horribly, speech impossible. There came an easing of it all,

and I remember thinking, Why is that brain signaling that body to twitch so – why? And I took hold of Monty's right hand, seated there, on the edge of his bed. And the two right arms became like a big telephone switchboard hook-up – you know, the long cords. So, through the hook-up I called. I called to the Divine Mother, to You specifically, if I may say so, as is my wont. And this time, the You appeared, not above my head, as is usual, but above the patient's head. And to that You I called three times, 'Mother,' as you once taught me to do. That was all. Nothing more complicated than that. You were there, strategically positioned and I pronounced your Name three times. But there was a great current of Force that went through that telephone hook-up, so to speak, a great Power that came down the great long distance from the You through the little man's ailing brain and on down through his then quieting right arm and up through my long right arm to my think machine. And in that there was a deep peace and knowing. Miss Carter was seated on the other side of the bed, it so happened, at that moment, but she did not know that anything took place, even though I quietly closed my eyes for a bit. Odd, isn't it? It seems even odder as I write it. It was so normal as it took place. And it was so normal when, next morning, all trace of the tremor had vanished and all power of speech had returned to the delighted patient. And greater delight of all observers...."

(11 July 1965)

What do you say about that?

It's interesting.

For my part, I was conscious here.

Our letters crossed in the mail.... The day it happened there, I had the experience here and I perceived the Will act: "Now he is going to get better and recover the use of speech and consciousness." It lasted two days, and hup! *(gesture of an abrupt cut)* it stopped.

It was exactly when she had over there the experience you have just read. Then, a few days later, I received her first letter in which she said that he had recovered and that his first act had been to vilify her with all those who were giving her credit. So I wrote to her: this is my experience; and she answered me what you have read.

And it stopped dead, with the feeling: now the proof has been made, it's enough. He has lapsed into his coma again[57] – I don't think he will now live long.... Just long enough to prove human ingratitude.

* * *

Satprem rises to leave:

We must bear up. Besides, that's the only thing we can do – what else can we do?... (Laughing) Keep still.

July 21, 1965

There is a slight hope that this material mind, the mind of the cells, will be transformed.

This is good news!

Isn't it! I am quite astonished. I noticed it yesterday or the day before. I wasn't well, anyway things weren't pleasant, and all of a sudden, here was all this mind saying a prayer. A prayer ... you know how I used to say prayers before, in *Prayers and Meditations:* it was the Mind saying prayers; it would have experiences and say prayers; well, here we are, now it's the experience of all the cells: an intense aspiration, and suddenly all this starts expressing it in words.

I noted it.

And then, interestingly enough ...

It was dinner time; there had been (there always is) a fatigue, a tension, the need for more harmony in the atmosphere ... it's becoming a little heavy going; and there I was, sitting, when all of a sudden, all this straightened up like a flame, oh, in a great intensity, and then it was as if this body-mind, on behalf of the body (it was the body beginning to be mentalized), were saying a prayer ... *(Mother looks for a note)* And it very much has the sense of the oneness of Matter (this has been very strong for a long, long time, but it's becoming very conscious: a sort of identity); so there was the sense of the totality of Matter – terrestrial, human Matter, human Matter – and it said:

> "I am tired of our unworthiness. But it is not to rest that this body aspires ...

And this was felt in all the cells.

> "... it is not to rest that this body aspires, it is to the glory of Your Consciousness, the glory of Your Light, the glory of Your Power, and above all ...

Here, it became still much more intense:

> "... to the glory of Your all-powerful and eternal Love."

And all these words had such concrete meaning!

I wrote this very fast, then I left it there. But here's this mind showing itself to be like the other ... *(Mother looks for a second note),* it has a sort of concern for perfection in the expression; and in the afternoon of the next day (it generally happens after my bath; there is a sort of special activity at that time), after my bath it was in that state and I had to write this (it had become quite like a prayer):

"OM, supreme Lord,
God of kindness and mercy,
OM, supreme Lord,
God of love and beatitude ...

When it came to "beatitude" ... all the cells seemed to be swollen.

> "... I am tired of our infirmity. But it is not to rest that this body aspires, it aspires to the plenitude of Your Consciousness, it aspires to the splendor of Your Light, it aspires to the magnificence of Your Power; above all, it aspires to the glory of Your all-powerful and eternal Love."

There is a sort of concrete content in the words, which has nothing to do with the mind. It is something lived – not just felt: lived.

And then, in the afternoon, it was no longer a prayer, but the observation of a fact *(Mother looks for a third note)*.... I found it was becoming interesting. It said:

> "The other states of being ...

If you knew with what sort of disdain it spoke, such a superior air!

> "The other states of being, the vital, the mind, may enjoy the intermediate contacts ...

In other words, all the intermediate states of being, also the gods, the entities and all those things. And it spoke with a power and a sort of dignity – yes, it was dignity, almost pride, but not an arrogant pride, nothing of the sort. It was the sense of a nobility.

> "... The supreme Lord alone can satisfy me."

And then, there was suddenly such a clear vision that the supremely perfect alone can give this body plenitude *(gesture of junction between the High and the Low)*.

I found that interesting.

It's the beginning of something.

(silence)

It started with disgust – a disgust ... a sickening disgust – at all this misery, all this weakness, all this fatigue, all this discomfort, all this friction and grating, oof! ... And it was very interesting because there was that disgust, and along with it

came a sort of suggestion of Annihilation, of Nothingness: of eternal Peace, you understand. And it swept all that away, as if the whole body straightened up: "Hey, but that's not it! That's not what I want. I want ..." (and then there was a dazzling burst of light – a dazzling golden light) ... "I want the splendor of Your Consciousness."

That was an experience.

(silence)

There is still a bit of friction, but anyway it's better. Just before you came ... You know, there are two, three of them hurling at me everyone's demands, the work to be done, the answers to be given, the checks to be signed; it's quite a task ... you are harassed, mauled as though by claws. And there is this fatigue I feel every day, always, and because of which I need to be left absolutely undisturbed (you seem to be clawed); and I saw it was because all the work this body is made to do doesn't come from That to which it aspires – it doesn't come from up above: it comes from here, from all around, and that's why it grates, as if something were being ground. Then, very consciously, this mind called on that aspiration and on equanimity, on cellular equality: "Well, this is the time to be in equality," and instantly a sort of quiet immobility was established, and things were better, I was able to go to the end.

I feel as if the tail of the solution had been caught.[58] Now, naturally, we must *work it out.*

Anyway, there is some hope.

I had always been under the impression of what Sri Aurobindo said: "This instrument [the physical mind] is useless, it can only be got rid of...."[59] It was very difficult to get rid of it because it was so intimately linked to the aggregate of the physical body and its present form ... it was difficult; and when I tried and a deeper consciousness tried to manifest, it used to cause fainting. I mean that the union, the fusion, the identification with the Supreme Presence without that, without this physical mind, by annulling it, caused fainting. I didn't know what to do. Now that it's collaborating, and collaborating consciously (and with a great power in the sensation, it seems), maybe things are going to change.

Everything that was mental ... I remember very clearly the state I was in when I wrote those *Prayers and Meditations,* especially when I wrote them here (all those I wrote here in 1914): it seems to me cold and dry ... yes, dry, lifeless. It's luminous, it's lovely, pleasant, but it's cold, lifeless. Whereas this aspiration here [in the cellular mind], oh, it has a power – a power of realization – quite an extraordinary power. If this becomes organized, it will be possible to do something. There is an accumulated power there.

(silence)

And the last two nights, the activities of the morning, those that take place in the subtle physical with Sri Aurobindo and all the people here, have suddenly

become concerned with food! But in a very different form. It's always to give me indications about people, about things. The night before last, there was an amusing incident. You know that Mridu, the fat woman who used to cook for Sri Aurobindo, is in the subtle physical. When she died, Sri Aurobindo (I didn't even know she had died), Sri Aurobindo went to fetch her in her house, then brought her to me and put her at my feet here: that's how I knew she had died (I was told the next morning). But I didn't understand what had happened; I saw Sri Aurobindo go into Mridu's house, then come back *(laughing)* with a small bundle like this, and put it at my feet! I was flabbergasted, I saw it was Mridu, and I ran after Sri Aurobindo to ask him, "What on earth does this mean?!" Then everything vanished. The next day, I was told she was dead. And she lives like that, in the subtle physical, and I see her very, very often, very often (she is a little better than she was physically, but not much more intelligent!). But the other night, she brought me big prunes (they were this big), and I ate a few, and found them very good; then Pavitra came along, looked at those poor prunes and told me, "Oh, you shouldn't eat this, there's mold on it!" I remembered it because it amused me. And I looked, saying *(laughing), "I* don't see any mold, and anyway they are very good!" And last night, there was a man (whom I know very well, but I can't remember his name) who told me I absolutely must drink milk! (For years and years I haven't drunk a drop of milk.) And he showed me the milk saying, "You see, you should mix the milk in soup, in this, in that." I wondered, "That's odd, why all of a sudden...?" I never, ever used to have dreams of food! (They aren't dreams, by the way: I am not asleep, I am perfectly conscious.) It began two nights ago: first I ate prunes – big prunes like this – then last night, I was told to take milk! But it was so insistent that for a moment this morning I wondered if I should start drinking milk!

This is also new.

The series had begun with that vision (always in the same domain) in which I went to fetch tea for Sri Aurobindo and was given earth with a slice of plain bread!

It's a whole world that's beginning to open up. We'll see. There. So have you brought something?

> *But it's true, for a day or two I've had the feeling of a more pleasant atmosphere.*

Ah!

> *I don't know if it has to do with me personally, but a more ... yes, a more happy atmosphere ...*

Yes, that's right.

> *... that grates less.*

Yes, that's how it must be. We'll see.... If what I perceive is correct, things

must move in that direction.

Generally when you are "unwell," I am in a terribly bad mood.

Yes ... Oh, but I say it's the other way around, mon petit!

(Laughing) I didn't tell you because I didn't want to be unkind, but I felt like telling you, "Good heavens! What a bad mood you're in, it makes me ill!" *(Laughter)*

It's true, it's neither in this direction nor in that one *(gesture from Mother to Satprem and from Satprem to Mother):* it's all one. That's why I didn't say anything. Because our habit is to see like this *(gesture from one to the other),* but it's not true, it's not like that: it is a whole, which in everyone takes its own expression.

All right.

* * *

A little later, about "Savitri" and the Debate of Love and Death:

He said he wanted to redo all this passage, but he never did it. And when he was asked (I don't know if it was Nirod or Purani who asked him), he said, "No, later."

And he knew very well that there was no "later." At the time he already knew it.

"No, later."

I don't know....

* * *

Satprem rises to leave:

So, you mustn't be in a bad mood. *(Laughing)* You'll tell me I mustn't be ill! ... Very well, very well.

July 24, 1965

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

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

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

I will tell you.

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

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

I saw that very clearly, it was part of the sadhana of this material mind. Then I offered it all to the Lord and stopped thinking about it. And when I received your letter, I thought, "It's the same thing!" The same thing, it's a sort of unhealthy need this physical mind has to seek the violent shock of emotions and catastrophes to

awaken its tamas. Only, in the case of A. breaking his head, I waited two days, thinking, "Let us see if it happens to be true." But nothing happened, he didn't break his head! In your case, too, I thought, "I am not budging till we get news," because it may be true (one case in a million), so I keep silent. But this morning I looked again and saw it was exactly the same thing: it's the process of development to make us conscious of the wonderful working of this mind.

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

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

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

> *Yes, it's terrible.*

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

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

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

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

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

And you can catch yourself ten times a day.

Yes, yes, that state is almost constant.

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

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

It will have to change.

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

Anyway ...

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

And what gave me an indication of the falsity of that consciousness and its activities was when I made that effort – a tremendous effort – to recall that my

brother had died years earlier; from that I saw the distance between my true consciousness and the consciousness I was in for that dream. I saw the distance of falsity of that consciousness. It gave me a very clear indication. Instead of that quiet and peaceful consciousness which is like an undulation – an undulation of light that always goes like this *(gesture of great wings beating in the Infinite),* a very vast, very peaceful movement of the consciousness, yet which follows the universal movement very quietly – instead of that, there was something strained *(gesture to the temples),* it was as hard as wood or iron and strained, tense, oh! ... Then I knew how false it was. It gave me the exact measure.

(long silence)

These last few days I have had a very strong impression that ... I don't know if you remember (were you even born?) when Emile Zola said, "Truth is on the march." You weren't born. He told the court-martial a few home truths and it caused quite a row, and he was advised to leave France because he would have been put in jail. And once he reached England, he said, "It doesn't matter, Truth is on the march." It caused a resounding stir. And I still remember the impression – I was young, but still I was twenty.... There is more than twenty years' distance between us – how old are you? Forty?

Forty-one.

Yes, the difference is forty years – more than that: forty-five years.... I was twenty, and it impressed me very much. That affair had a great repercussion. And it came back to me these last few days precisely with the whole perception of that catastrophic and defeatist habit. I had known it for a long time but it appeared to be quite beyond my control; while now it's under control. Not only that, it's disapproved of and deliberately rejected[60]! It's as I said: "I am tired of our unworthiness."

So, conclusion: Truth is on the march.

(silence)

There is a lot to do, a whole lot. But it may go relatively fast. When you observe, you realize that what takes the most time is becoming conscious of what must be changed, having a conscious contact that enables it to change. That's what takes the most time. The change itself ... There are recurrences, but it's growing much less intense. It all depends on the amount of unconsciousness and tamas in the being; as it grows less, the experience grows stronger.

* * *

Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri," the Debate of Love and Death:

... And from the universal standpoint, it is this inertia, this unconsciousness that made the existence of death necessary – the "existence" of death!!

July 28, 1965

(Satprem suggests the publication, among the quotations in the Ashram "Bulletin," of the text of an answer from Mother to a child. Mother shows as little interest as possible:)

Those things are very powerful when they come, they have a transforming power – they exert a pressure on Matter. And then when they have finished their work, it's over – it's sorted, it goes to some corner. It no longer matters.

They are actions.

They aren't thoughts: they are actions. And once the action is finished, it's finished. I am not going to start talking about what I have done, am I!

* * *

Later

Apart from that, how are you? Not too well?

Yes, physically I am all right.

Yes, that's right.... It's perfectly obvious that "one" wants us to be like this gentleman who faces everything without ever tiring.[61] It's obvious. Because as soon as something begins to moan, I see the Lord smile, I see his smile (I don't see his face, for me he doesn't have a face!), but I see his smile, and he smiles as if saying, "Still there! ... Haven't you got past that yet!"

We always give ourselves excuses, but that's stupid.

(silence)

A calm and persistent will, absolutely unaffected by what happens – that's ultimately what is expected of us....

"Oh, what are those childish reactions! Life is like that. It is like that and will be like that until it changes."

"Oh, I am fed up!"

"You are fed up? Then it means you aren't good for much."

Then you pocket your moaning.

And examples come, so precise, to show you: "See, when you are like this, outer things are like this *(gesture in the wrong direction);* and when you are like that *(gesture in the good direction),* outer things are like that." Then you can only tweak your ears and say, "There, again the same old stupidity."

I don't know if I am understood, but I understand myself! *(Mother laughs)*

July 31, 1965

There is a problem I'd like to put to you.

What problem?

A practical problem, not a yogic one! It's about Italy, N. and the publication of the book on Sri Aurobindo ["The Adventure of Consciousness"]. N. translated it and gave it to his friend S. to look after the publication in Italy. S. saw a publisher, who asked to read the book in French and found it interesting. And then, I don't know whether on the publisher's suggestion or S.'s, they are asking if it wouldn't be better to publish first a book by Sri Aurobindo like, for instance, "The Guide to Yoga."

That doesn't exist!

Yes, you know, fragments of letters were used to make "The Bases of Yoga" and so on, and they gathered it all under the title "The Guide to Yoga."

It's a compilation made by M. for beginners.

That's right.

It's not too good.

No.

It's not too good. *(Laughing)* It's like *English without tears!*

I find it rather limited.

That little book is all the way down *(gesture at ground level).*
It's difficult to make a book that gives an idea of Sri Aurobindo.

Because it's always one minor aspect that will be chosen.

And above all the selection will be done with the idea of being "easy to understand." I had an example yesterday when I spoke to a Dutch woman: I explained to her the difference between the old spirituality that denied Matter and tried to escape from it completely, and the new spirituality, tomorrow's spirituality, which accepts Matter, dominates it and transforms it. For me, it's simple, of course – she didn't understand a thing!

So if one adopts the frame of mind of saying to people things they can understand, one distorts everything.

For Italy, it's a sort of tactical question. As nothing by Sri Aurobindo has been published yet, is it better from a tactical standpoint to start by publishing a work by Sri Aurobindo, some small work, and then this book?

But that's not a work! This "Guide to Yoga" is not a work! Sri Aurobindo never says things like that. That's exactly why doing so distorts him immediately.

One good thing would be to have a book by him ready, because people will ask to read Sri Aurobindo after they read your book – that, yes, I agree, we should have something ready, but this "Guide" ...

But their idea is to publish something before the publication of my book.

No, it's the other way around! It's the other way around! I don't know, but that's putting the cart before the horse. Unless the Italians walk on their hands! ... That's possible.

No, if we wanted to show something to the public before the publication of your book, it would have to be a sort of biographical and bibliographical note: Sri Aurobindo was born at such and such a place, and so forth, and the list of his works, the totality of the written volumes. That, yes, it would be a good introduction. A bibliographical note – not a small book that distorts everything. A rather complete bibliographical note, something massive! *(Mother laughs)*

So you can tell N. on my behalf that this is how I see the thing: a quite complete biographical and bibliographical note should be prepared to tell them, "Here is the gentleman Satprem is writing about." It could be published along with the book, or published in newspapers to announce the book (that's a practical question, it depends on what suits their taste better). It can be published in some newspapers or reviews or magazines before the release of the book, to announce it.

Of the book ... which book?

Your book, as an introduction to your book. And afterwards – after they have read the book – if people ask, "Ah, we would very much like to read what Sri Aurobindo wrote," then we'll have to start translating.

But I think N. is translating *The Synthesis?*

He told me he had asked you.

But that's agreed. I thought he had already started work.

For serious people, it's *The Synthesis* and *The Life Divine* that should be chosen.

So tell him this: a biographical and bibliographical note in "dictionary style" that bludgeons you on the head – that's the best thing (!)

Announcing my book.

Announcing your book. Yes, as an introduction to the book.

And afterwards, translations.

Afterwards, we should see according to the spirit of people's inquiries. He can start *The Synthesis* right away – *The Synthesis* and *The Life Divine* are the two most important things.

Yes, not the small distorting books.

Oh, no! Quotations distort.

When we wanted a "small book," we used to translated *The Mother,* but that touches mostly India, because they worship the Mother; but elsewhere, it doesn't have the same importance. Although a man like T., it was *The Mother* that touched him the most – an American, fully American. He said the book gave him the revelation, that there were all kinds of things he didn't understand and that with the book, he understood.

Now, the Italians worship the Virgin a lot, it's a lot in their makeup, and through that they would understand (those who are intelligent and see the symbol behind the story). There was a Pope (not the present one or the previous one, but the one before[62]) who did remarkable things because he was in touch with the Virgin; he was a worshipper of the Virgin and that really put him on the right path. So I think that if they want a small book (it is a small book, you can even put it in your pocket – people are afraid of big books, they don't have time), there are lots of things in that small book, *The Mother,* lots of things. But the part on the "four aspects of the Mother" can really be felt only by Indians; those who have a Christian education *(laughing)* must find it very frightening (!) But we could omit that chapter. You see, the book was made from letters, so each piece is a whole; it wasn't at all composed as one piece: we arranged it as it is following the instructions Sri Aurobindo gave. But that last chapter (the biggest, besides) is

mostly for India. It can be omitted.

So you can say this to N.: a biographical note in dictionary style to announce the publication of your book.

August 4, 1965

(While sorting old notes of Mother's, Satprem comes across the following passage:)

"Always listen to what the Lord of Truth has to tell you and let your action be guided by Him."

That's good.

I often wonder.... We are indeed told that we should leave our action to the Lord, but shouldn't we help him a bit?!

(Mother laughs) He certainly must need help!

No, it sounds like a joke, but the truth is that He WANTS US to help Him, He doesn't at all want us to be passive and inert.

He wants us to help Him.

Because when one is immobile up there, I feel it as a blank, but a blank in which nothing happens.

No! It's admirable. But it's admirable provided you don't live in the world, provided you live secluded in the cave or the forest. Because in worldly life, there are all the wills, impulses, desires from all those around, which keep coming constantly; so then, if you are passive, you also receive that. And it's to protect yourself from that that you should remain active – help the Lord.

But this note was intended for someone who needed to hear this. They aren't – they are NEVER universal things applicable to one and all.

What I find very difficult is to find the demarcation line ...

Yes, yes!

... between personal intervention, the will that wants to do something, and then what I think ought to come in absolute silence.

I have now reached the state in which ... I don't hear Him, butI perceive Him very concretely: "Do, do this, do that, do that...." So ...

That's what one would need.

Till then, you are forever wondering if you are doing the right thing. But it has become like that: "Do this." And when there is nothing, I do nothing. But I have noticed that when necessary, it comes, and constantly, even at night! Even when I

"sleep," it becomes like that: "Do this, do that ..." – not with words, but it's very clear, you can't make a mistake.

It took a long, long time for it to come like that. But that state you are referring to, I knew it for years: you sit there, wondering ... Because, as I said, in order to be absolutely blank and immobile, you must be withdrawn from the world, seeing no one, doing nothing; then you can perceive clearly; but otherwise, when you are in the world and all those suggestions keep coming all the time, you must allow what is called the "personal" will to express itself when you don't receive a very precise Command.

But the aspiration always was to receive the true thing. And it comes, you reach a point when it comes clearly – clearly, very clearly – for everything, even for the very small things of everyday life: "Do this, do that...."

Yes, that's what is needed.

But I must say it is the result of years of effort – not effort: vigilance. Vigilance: not to forget that THAT is what one wants, and that the other way is simply a stopgap in the meantime.

At any rate, it is quite certain (Sri Aurobindo wrote it somewhere, I read it again just two or three days ago), quite certain that the Lord doesn't want automatons that He has to push along. That's not what He wants: He wants a conscious collaboration. Only, a point comes when the sense of the person truly disappears; you go on saying "I," because how do you express yourself? But when you say "I," you have the feeling (not the thought – for the thought, it takes a long time), a sort of feeling of the higher Will manifesting here, in this spot, with these means.

It comes after years.

* * *

Soon afterwards, regarding another note:

> "But It may have manifested partially and momentarily in an individual, as a promise and an example."

This was an answer to someone who asked me whether the supramental Force had manifested on earth previously.

* * *

(Before leaving, Satprem informs Mother that he has received a letter from

the Vellore hospital asking him when he would come for new tests:)

So are you going to reply?

... Oh, no! I'll never go back there. All that I remember from there is a nightmare.

I understand!

It was worse than the Pondicherry hospital.

Oh, here it was disgusting.

Yes, it was disgusting, but here I didn't have that sense of being ill. While there I had the sense of being ill.[63]

But the minute you step into their hospitals, you are ill! That's right, it's as I say: it's the medical atmosphere. Jules Romains said it: "A healthy man is a man who doesn't know he is sick." So a priori you are sick – it goes without saying that you are sick. And if they don't immediately find what's wrong with you, it's because you have the knack of hiding it!

But, oh, how many little experiences I've had about this, and so interesting! Something is wrong here or there in the body, a small thing; as long as you don't pay attention to it – as long, above all, as you don't mention it to anyone – and you give it up to the Lord (if it happens to hurt, you give it up to the Lord), it's all right – it's fine, you aren't sick: it's "a disorder somewhere." If you are unfortunate enough to utter a word about it to anyone, and especially to the doctor, whoever he is, it instantly becomes an illness. And I know why, it's because the cells that are in disorder feel all of a sudden they are very important and very interesting persons! So then, as they are very interesting, they must make themselves still more interesting. If they have a movement that isn't harmonious, they exaggerate it – it becomes even less harmonious in order to assert itself more.

It sounds like a joke, but it's true! That's how it is, I know it. I have observed it carefully in my cells. So when they are told *(Mother slaps her armrest),* "You fools! That's not your duty at all, you are ridiculous," they keep quiet.

As a drama, it's wonderful.

That's what happened with my eye.[64] It happened with other things too (small things, very small things, a disorder somewhere, something that went askew for some reason or other); as long as you don't pay attention to it, it carries on in its own sweet way; as soon as somebody notices it or you show it to the doctor (oh, especially when you show it to the doctor), it becomes an illness: it swells up and swells up! "Oh, I am an important person, I am receiving attention." That's how it is. So they intensify the movement. And you are lucky if it doesn't actually become serious.

You see, they must immediately be told, "No, no, No! You are taking the wrong road, you are making yourself much more ridiculous – be quiet." Then

things get better.

It's very interesting.

The doctor crystallizes the illness, makes it concrete, hard. Afterwards, he takes credit for curing it ... when he can!

* * *

(As he is about to leave, Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees and receives a mass of force. He probably appears stunned by the "avalanche," and Mother remarks:)

It comes like this *(Mother bangs her fist down as if into Matter).*

But it's rather interesting because it comes straight from above and when it reaches the earth atmosphere, it gathers there all the energies of the earth, and then it enters *(same gesture).* Now it has become like that. A rather strong golden light, which comes massively, then touches the earth atmosphere and ATTRACTS and gathers the vital energies of the earth, and then it goes like this *(same gesture banging down).* I see it – I see the thing – and it goes through my arms, my hands.... *(With an ironic smile:)* Do you feel something or not?

Oh, yes, I feel the Force!

(Mother laughs at Satprem's tone) Good; then it's all right!

But it is very interesting. It's growing stronger and stronger ... day after day, month after month.

(the hour strikes)

Very well, so we won't bother about doctors. Au revoir, mon petit!

August 7, 1965

I had a long conversation with you this morning. I told you many things. Did you hear?

No, nothing.

This morning, for, oh, at least a good hour, an experience came: the true attitude and true role of the material mind – lived, not thought. Lived. It was interesting. A sort of tranquil beatitude.... It was about the relationship between the

constant state and the action that keeps coming from outside and interrupts (or has the habit of interrupting when it shouldn't), interrupts this constant state. There were examples, and the first that came was you, the relationship with you, and the way out of the "state of illness," I might say, and also the complete blossoming of the consciousness, the harmony of the whole being – what this new realization can do to change all that.

It lasted a good hour. You must have been still sleeping: it was between 4:30 and 5 this morning – you were sleeping.... *(Mother laughs mischievously)* So much the better, it will have more effect that way!

> *But nothing ever comes through to the other side! It's a pity. I'm not conscious.*

You are more conscious than you think. It's going well.

But it was truly interesting! I understood; I said to myself, "If life becomes constantly like this, then, then ... we will no longer complain about anything."

And all the disorders were not only erased in their unpleasant, disagreeable effects (that is to say, the pain had disappeared, to speak their ordinary language), but were consciously TAKING PART in the progress of the being. Then it becomes splendid!

But I "told" you (see how it is!) that I wouldn't talk about it, because when I talk it stops the experience and I have to wait for some time before it recurs – it never recurs in the same way. Which means that the experience I had today, now it's finished. I have talked about it, it's finished. I have to move ahead towards something better. If you don't talk, you can keep the experience for a time, till the effect is extinguished. When you talk, it's finished; it belongs to the past and you have to move ahead towards something new.

Something is always, always, always pushing me towards the new – one more step. That's good.

> *But what was it about? An action of the material mind?*

An attitude.

> *An attitude of the material mind?*

An attitude, but ... oh, not willed or concerted, nothing like that: simply it had understood.

It had learned to keep silent and act.

To keep silent and act.

Oh, it was lovely!

(silence)

Every time I express it, it recedes farther into the past.

Ah, I think we should take up *Savitri.... (Mother looks at Satprem:)* You have a question? Ask.

No, I didn't have any question, I was immersed in what you were saying.

It followed a long curve.... It began with a deep disgust for its [the material mind's] habitual activity; I started catching (not now: it's been going on for weeks), catching all its routine and almost automatic activities – I have said it several times: this material mind is defeatist, always pessimistic, meddlesome, grumbling, disgruntled, lacking in faith, lacking in trust.... Even when it tends to be joyful and content, something comes and says, "Ah, stop it, because you'll get another knock." That sort of thing. It went on for weeks, and a continuous, constant work.... It always ended in the offering. There was a beginning of progress when ... No, first I should tell all that happened before. To begin with, the japa, the mantra, for instance, was taken as a discipline; then from the state of discipline it changed into a state of satisfaction (but still with the sense of a duty to be done); then from that it changed into a sort of state of constant satisfaction, with the desire (not "desire," but a will or an aspiration) for it to be more frequent, more constant, more exclusive. Then there was a sort of repugnance to and rejection of all that comes and disturbs, mixed with a sense of duty towards work, people and so on, and all that made a muddle and a great confusion. And it always ended in the transfer to the Supreme along with the aspiration for things to change. A long process of development.

Recently there was a sort of will for equality towards activities that had been tolerated or accepted only as an effect of the consecration and in obedience to the supreme Will. And then, all of a sudden they became something very positive, with a sense of freedom and a spontaneity of state, and a beginning of understanding of the attitude with which the action must be done. All this came very, very progressively. And then this morning, there was the experience.

(silence)

I may express it in this way: the capacity to fall silent and to intervene only on the Impulse from above.

To intervene only when set in motion by the supreme Wisdom, for every action to be done.

And it gave the exact meaning of the purpose of this material mind; because there was always, in the background of the consciousness, that sentence of Sri Aurobindo's which said it was an impossible instrument and would probably have to be got rid of. It had remained. And I saw there was something wrong: in spite of all the criticism, all the offering, all the disgust, even all the rejection, this material mind was preserved. Only, it has been transformed slowly, slowly, and now the first step has been made, a step on the road to transformation, with the experience of the cessation of its automatic activity.

That was the experience of this morning.

I am not saying it is final, far from it, but it's much more under control. The cessation lasted perhaps an hour or two, I don't remember, but its activity isn't so

mechanical anymore. You know that sort of mental silence in which everything falls flat *(immobile, horizontal gesture);* well, it can now be done with this material mind – it falls flat, turned upward.

But it is a beginning, just the beginning.

Only, there is a certainty. Even if it had occurred for just a few minutes, one could be sure that it would be – it occurred for much longer than that. Consequently this material mind will be part of what will be transformed.

And it gives a tremendous power! When it stops, the Vibration of Love can manifest in its plenitude.

It came this morning, in a glory.

It's for later.

* * *

(Towards the end of the conversation, Satprem, who has been approached a second time about an article for a magazine, asks for Mother's advice.)

Do you know that they've asked me to write an article?

Yes. Are you doing it?

It's for you to tell me. I don't know.

The first time, I blocked it; I didn't even let their suggestion reach you. Then this letter came from M. and they read it to me; and instead of thinking of you, I thought of the people and I said to myself that it would obviously be very good for them. So I let it pass.

Yes, I felt you had let it pass because it began going round my head – but still it's quite a nuisance!

They ask for "personal reminiscences."

"How and why I was seized by Sri Aurobindo."

Do you know it?

Yes, but I have never tried to explain it to myself mentally.

No, no, I am asking you if you KNOW it.
And they ask for pages....

Twelve!

Twelve pages.... I would say it in one sentence, and it would be over.

What's your sentence?

"Because that was the truth of my being."

Or the law – we could say "the truth" or "the law."

Those questions are stupid, aren't they? They only ask you what your mind believed or imagined – it's meaningless.

We could also say (but they would take it as an impertinence), "Because it was to be." But the true answer is, "Because such was the law of my being." I came on earth to meet him or to meet what he represents, and naturally, since I came for that, it took hold of me – I took hold of it, it took hold of me, and that's that. We can make lots of sentences!

But they understand only when it becomes mental chatter.

So, if you like, I propose one thing (they won't be happy, but it'll do them good!), that's to tell them, "Here is what I can say in answer to your question, and that's all." And it will be one sentence, two sentences, half a page, that's all. You won't have told them no, and at the same time you won't have yielded to their ignorant insistence.

I didn't intend to tell you all this, but anyway that is how I see the problem. To start writing pages on that is pure chatter (of course, their whole affair will be nothing but pure chatter,[65] but that's no reason to do as they do). And at the same time, it's a good lesson: we are showing goodwill – "Well, I am giving you the truth here; if that's not what you were expecting, too bad for you." It's a very good lesson.

If they have some intelligence, they will publish it. If they publish it, it will be good for everyone.... I haven't told you this little story which resembles yours: some two years ago, *The Illustrated Weekly* asked questions on where India stood, and in their questionnaire they had asked for the answers to be put in as few words as possible. Very well. As for me, I answered with one word, two words, three words, because things can be put in very few words.[66] They published it in a box in the middle of people's answers, which were columns long! Mon petit, it seems it had more effect than all the rest. They said to themselves, "It has forced us to think." It will be the same thing for you if you have the courage to put just what has to be put, in as few words as possible: the thing as exact as possible.

If they have the courage to publish it, it will do a lot of good, a lot.[67]

And it isn't a question of condensing, it's not that: it's a question of saying just the essential – of catching the essential behind all that and of saying it.

Do that, it'll be fun!

Sri Aurobindo is happy.

* * *

Addendum

THE STATE OF THE NATION

The Mother answers

(A questionnaire from The Illustrated Weekly of India, Republic Day issue of 1964 – original English)

1. If you were asked to sum up, just in one sentence, your vision of India, what would be your answer?

India's true destiny is to be the Guru of the world.

2. Similarly, if you were asked to comment on the reality as you see it, how would you do it in one sentence?

The present reality is a big falsehood – hiding an eternal truth.

3. What, according to you, are the three main barriers that stand between the vision and the reality?

i) Ignorance ii) Fear iii) Falsehood.

4. Are you satisfied with the overall progress India has made since Independence? (Yes or No)

No.

5. What is our most outstanding achievement in recent times? Why do you consider it so important?

Waking up of the yearning for Truth – because without Truth there is no real liberty.

6. Likewise, can you name the saddest failure? On what ground do you regard it as so tragic?

Insincerity. Because insincerity leads to ruin.

(November 12, 1963)

* * *

Why Sri Aurobindo?

(an article by Satprem)

On a December morning, almost twenty years ago, on the platforms of the Gare du Nord, a youth was preparing to set off for ... anywhere, as long as it was as far and adventurous as possible – for the time being, it was South America. And beneath the enormous clock which weighed several tons and seemed to him as weighty as Western time, this youth was repeating a curious mantra in his heart: Sri Aurobindo-Mauthausen. Only these two words remained to live and walk with. Behind, there was a world collapsed once for all under the Austrian watchtowers. Although the watchtowers might as well have been Boulevard Montparnasse – it was the same thing; another searchlight would have pierced the scenery perfectly well. And there was in that word all the force of a man who had emerged from the dead. Then this name, which did not have a very precise meaning, Sri Aurobindo, but it goes without saying that open sesames have never spoken to the head – they open the door. And there was in it all the force of a man who needs one true little thing to live.

Because we can entertain our minds as long as we like – our libraries are full; we can amass all the possible explanations of the world, but we will not have achieved anything or walked a single step if we haven't touched the secret spring behind the mind's flourishes. For the Truth is not what makes us think, but what makes us walk on.

Where to? We all know our final destination. It is no bigger than seven feet by four, after we have produced some offspring, who will do what we were doing and before us our fathers' fathers, with a few technical improvements and even a lot of televisions – but without the one vision that changes everything. For we have changed nothing in the world as long as we haven't changed inside.

Which is why the mystics send us back to heaven, and the realists to the ever-receding perfect society and automatic leisure.

Sri Aurobindo opens a door in this world stifled by its material or heavenly excesses. He tells us, first, that there is something to be discovered and that we are rich, richer than we may ever think with our heads – we are like beggars sitting on a gold mine. But we must get down into the mine. And he tells us that we have the power, if only we are pure enough to seize it. The power over Death and over Life and over Matter, for the Spirit is in us and it is here below that It wants to conquer:

> Heaven's touch fulfills but cancels not our earth.[68]

And he tells us that just because we have invented a few rockets and cultivated

a few cerebral pyramids, that does not mean we have done with being men. A still greater adventure awaits us, divine and superhuman, if only we have the courage to get under way.

And he gives us the means to do so.

For "what Sri Aurobindo represents in the world's history is not a teaching, not even a revelation: it is an action."[69] Sri Aurobindo is not a thinker or a sage, not a mystic or a dreamer. He is a force of the future that takes hold of the present and leads us towards,

> The miracle for which our life was made.[70]

OM

Satprem
Pondicherry,
August 11, 1965

P.S. There may be a certain vanity in saying, "Why Sri Aurobindo? – Because this and that"; that is still our mind trying to catch hold of things in order to put its explanations on them, as if nothing could be without its "clarifications." Yet, the most potent events in our lives are those we do not explain, because their force goes on working in us without being frozen by ONE explanation – there are many other levels of explanation, and there is a mute explanation that remains quietly in the depths, like an ever-calm water, as clear as a child's gaze. And there is still more vanity in saying that Sri Aurobindo is this but not that – he is this and that, and many other things, too; he is with the yes and the no, the for and the against, and with all that seeks without knowing, because everything seeks after Joy, through the yes and the no, through the darkness or the light, slowly and over the tottering centuries or all at once in an all-seizing light. From age to age, that Light comes down on the earth to help it become sooner what it always was and seeks after in its troubled heart; and that Light is clothed in one word or another, it takes on a sweet or a terrible face, or a vast and powerful one like an all-embracing sea, but it is the same Light always, and the soul that opens itself in that ray secretly recognizes a Face it has loved many a time. From century to century it uncovers itself – the same child with folded hands, gazing at the world with love.

August 12, 1965

August 14, 1965

About the Ashram's secretaries:

... I scold him everyday and tell him he is wasting my time. And he looks surprised!

Yesterday again, a matter had been fully put in order: I had answered in two words (you see, for me it takes a second to decide; I told him, "This and that must be done – that's all," and it was all), and he goes on reading me all the arguments from everyone's letters! I told him, "But why are you wasting all my time!" So he looked quite bewildered, as if I had told him something that had never occurred to him.

With him, anything simple becomes complicated.

I thought that was my own particular experience reserved for me! ... I thought he had scruples and wanted me to know everything people write – but that's absurd!

When someone reads me a letter, you understand, I make contact, I catch a few words, and then it's all settled. And the decision comes or doesn't come from here – it comes. And once I have announced the decision, it's settled. But they all go on reading the letter! I say, "Good Lord! What's the use? It's all words and sentences."

For him, things have to follow their full course, point by point, and he adds to it!

But the world will never be changed!

For years now, every time I go near him and I am put in contact with things of this sort, I get dreadfully tired.

He tires me dreadfully, but I thought that was particular to me.

No, no!

When I had my eyes, I had no secretaries, I didn't let anyone touch my things, but the work was done in a minute. With a letter, for example, I would look just there *(Mother shows little flashes of light at different spots in the letter),* and I knew I had to read there, I had to read here, I had to read there. That way it's fine. I would read the whole letter only if it was someone with a concise and clear mind and who really had something to say. But otherwise, when you see it's chatter, what's the use?

For me the work has become perhaps a hundred times more difficult since I stopped seeing by myself. And, of course, what they read to me goes through the thought of the one who reads – which generally shrouds it in fog and prevents me

from seeing it. When someone reads Sri Aurobindo to me, even someone who understands him, there is always a cloud. So sometimes I lose patience, I take a magnifying glass and read, and as soon as I read, I see *(gesture of something leaping to the eyes):* "Ah, here it is!" I see the thing immediately, and it's luminous, it's clear.

It must have been a great punishment – I don't know who punished me! *(Laughing)* Probably myself, because I have put too much strain on my eyes. But the work takes me at least ten times longer.

(silence)

... It's a bit stupefying.

No, I have noticed, the only thing that tires is time. Which means that if one could work while keeping one's eternal rhythm, that would be perfect – whether one does one thing or another (one always does something) doesn't matter at all; but the horrible thing is to be hurried all the time – people hurry you, time hurries you; so you are forced to do more things than you should in a given time, and that's very tiring. I don't know.... It's difficult.

August 15, 1965

(Message for Sri Aurobindo's birthday:)

Some day surely
The world too shall be saved from death by love.
Sri Aurobindo

August 18, 1965

(Two Americans have brought Mother photos of a former disciple who left for the United States:)

Do you remember C.? He has become a great guru there, with a group, and it seems he hypnotizes people.... And two Americans have come here (very nice people, one is a painter, the other is a sculptor); one was in C.'s clutches and it's the other who saved him by keeping him, almost brutally, materially far from C. for three days – the third day, he was free (which does seem to prove that he has a hypnotic influence) – and by telling him, "We're leaving for Pondicherry, you don't need an intermediary between the Mother and you." Because C. plays the great "intermediary" between Sri Aurobindo and the poor public.

(Mother looks at the photos)

Well, well, that's just it! Oh, just look at this....

(Then she reads the letter that accompanies the photos)

> *"... Z and I met with him a few times. Since I saw in him a devilish evil, we have broken contact. I leave this now in your hands."*

Z lives in the forest with his friend S., in a house built with logs. I saw the photos some time ago. The forest is a marvel.

But as for me, of course, I knew....

He asked for a visa as "preacher" (!) and it seems that in that case you are allowed to stay indefinitely; he no longer has to leave – that's very good, I am very glad he is there! Because when people are caught, it was their destiny and they needed to be caught. And you can even reach the Goal through a devil as well as through an angel – better, sometimes! *(Mother laughs)*

But it was visible when he was here: a fantastic pride and ambition that were to end up like this. He has a nasty face, very nasty.

> *But still, the fact that he declares himself to be the Ashram's "envoy" is troublesome.*

Ah, but I immediately wrote to Dr. Sanyal, who passed on my answer to all the people he knew.

But this S. [an American], C.'s friend, is quite in a beatific adoration – that's very good, it had to happen to him.

> *The Americans have so little discernment. They rush headlong at anything.*

Absolutely no discernment.

He [C.] must have something, but I don't feel anything! *(Mother makes a gesture as thin as cigarette paper.)* It's something without force. But K., too, when she was in America, was quite under his thumb. And she said she had marvelous meditations with him! ... But I wrote to K., because he gave her advice on her life and on what she should and should not do; so she wrote to ask me, "How much am I to believe?" I answered, "Nothing! "... He had forbidden her to come to the

Ashram; he had told her that it wasn't the place for her, that she was much too grown-up to come here! The Ashram is good for those who have nothing in them, who need to be kept well in hand, while someone with a capacity must live independently.

That's how he catches them.

No, it's very good! It's comical.

If one has ambition, it is relatively quite easy to draw a [subtle] being to oneself, who naturally comes under very deceptive disguises, and then to believe oneself to be the incarnation of a great personality.

But when people are sincere, it can't last very long.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Yesterday I signed over 200 photos....

That's not reasonable!

Ah, the world isn't reasonable. It has never claimed to be, I think! ... Not to mention all those who want me to sort out all their affairs and wash all their family's dirty linen! Who ask for my advice on everything, everything they do, from their business to their daughter's marriage. I don't answer anymore, I say: "It's not my business." "Oh! How can that be?" "Consult the inner Guide." *(Mother laughs)*

* * *

Satprem prepares to leave:

Is your health all right? The nights are better, aren't they?

Yes, since you started making that cocoon, I haven't been troubled anymore. But if you gave me a little consciousness, I would be glad!

No, if I saw you every night, I would tell you. But why don't you come? I see you very rarely.

Yes, why? Why is that so?

I think for the last few nights I have been drawing closer to the place where you go. Because the last two nights, looking after things of that sort, I have had a strong feeling that I would find you soon. Very interesting things, but very

intellectual, that's the trouble!

I am myself more interested in action than in thought.

There are places (and, I must say, rather interesting ones, I am not saying they are without interest) where the exact expression of the ideas that must govern the world is being worked out. It's in that direction, it's there. The past two or three nights, I have been going to that place. I find it rather gray and dull, but anyway ... it's not without a certain savor. And several people have seen you somewhere there. There are kinds of large halls with immense corridors, and it's very clear – the atmosphere is very clear. But it's a painstaking work, oh, as if thousands of scribes were writing very quietly. And immense, immense – it is as vast as the earth.

If I go there, I will find you.

But am I NOTHING but that?

Oh, no! But it's your active consciousness, mon petit, not your physical one: the consciousness which is conscious in your dreams.... Well, it's much better than your excursions in the vital world, you know, much better. Because there, I had to intervene.

When I go and wander there, probably its aspect will change all of a sudden; there will be a hurricane of force and light *(sweeping gesture),* and then it will become interesting.

But it doesn't particularly interest me!

I don't know.

But it was imperative to get you out of the vital at all costs, because you were receiving blows there, it wasn't good. It's much better here. It's luminous, very peaceful; it's very vast, very vast, as if there were no partitions, no walls.

A glass prison.

That's right.

(Ironically) But a large prison, not a small one!

It's coming. Don't be worried, it is coming.

Something more interesting: there are in the mantra the very precise vibrations of your consciousness. I have noticed that, it's very good. Very precise and intense vibrations. So we will succeed. That is something.

We must be patient. I, for one, have been very patient. We must be patient.

It's part of the necessary calm.

Because calm and peace are INDISPENSABLE for anything to be achieved. And patience is part of the necessary calm. The nerves are a bit impatient, and that's very bad for them, very bad.

August 21, 1965

(Regarding a Playground Talk of March 17, 1951, published in the latest "Bulletin," in which Mother says that when she returned from Japan in 1920, she felt Sri Aurobindo's atmosphere two nautical miles away from Pondicherry:)

It appears that in 1958 we said one thing and that this time we said another, so they ask me which is correct. It's about Sri Aurobindo's atmosphere which I felt at sea. So in 1958 (I probably remembered more precisely then) I said ten nautical miles (I remember having asked on the ship, just so I would know), and it appears that this time I said two miles. So they tell me ...

What does it matter!

That's how they are, they are stupid.

Yes.

It's enough to crush you. So I answered ...

You answered it was nine point eight hundred and seventy-five miles?!

(Mother laughs) Exactly! I didn't tell them that, I simply said (because that I remember) that the shore couldn't be seen. But now, it's like a previous life for me....

But what does it matter?!

Absolutely! They're stupid.

That's how they read what I write. They take a magnifying glass and notice an error here, an error there....

(Mother gives Satprem a flower: a rose)

It's beautiful. Far lovelier than human beings.

Oh, yes, that's for sure!

(Mother holds out another flower called "Prayer") Here, a prayer that they may change.

No, we should never give details, that way they wouldn't be able to fling them back at us.

But I find it so stupid!

Yes, but they ARE stupid – that's not their fault.

And if we told them it didn't matter, they'd say, "Ah, that's to cover up her error"....

* * *

Mother looks tired. She goes into a long contemplation, then starts speaking:

On the 15th, at the balcony, Sri Aurobindo was there. He had come and he went out on the balcony with me. I didn't say anything to anybody, not to anybody at all. And there is a little girl, about fifteen years old now, who is considered here as a bad pupil, erratic, *fanciful* (they had even talked of sending her away), but once I asked her to come for her birthday, and as for me, I found her a fine girl (!) And she wrote to me two or three days ago that on the 15th, at the Darshan, she saw Sri Aurobindo on my right. And she asked *(laughing), "Is* it true?"

It quite amused me. I said to myself, "So much for their moral judgments on the pupils here! That's how it is."

But nowadays I don't see the children anymore; formerly I used to see them every day, or at any rate once a month regularly I would see them. When I went to the Playground, I saw them every day. But now I no longer do, except a few on their birthdays.

But I found this interesting. Maybe some others saw him too, but didn't tell me. But she wrote to me, "Well, I saw Sri Aurobindo standing beside you, is it true?"

(silence)

Since the 15th, there has been a whole work of preparation for the transformation .... What could I call it? ... A transfer of power.

The cells, the whole material consciousness, used to obey the inner individual consciousness – the psychic consciousness most of the time, or the mental (but the mind had been silent for a long time). But now this material mind is organizing itself like the other one, or the other ones, rather, like the mind of all the states of being – do you know, it is educating itself. It is learning things and organizing the ordinary science of the material world. When I write, for instance, I have noticed that it takes great care not to make spelling errors; and it doesn't know, so it inquires, it learns, it looks up in the dictionary or it asks. That's very interesting. It wants to know. You see, all the memory that came from mental knowledge went away a long, long time ago, and I used to receive indications only like this *(gesture from above).* But now it's a sort of memory being built from below, and with the care of a little child who educates himself but who wants to know, who doesn't want to make errors – who is perfectly conscious of his ignorance, and who wants to know. And the truly interesting thing is that it knows this knowledge to be quite ... more than relative, simply conventional, but it is like an instrument

that would like to be free of defects, like a machine that would like to be perfect.

It is a rather recent awakening. There has been a sort of reversal of consciousness.

And at night it corresponds to thoroughly strange activities: a completely new way of seeing, feeling and observing people and things. Last night, for example, for over two hours there was a clear vision – an active vision (through action, that is) – of the way in which human consciousnesses make the most simple things complicated and difficult. It was fantastic – fantastic. And then, this consciousness was spontaneously impelled by the divine Presence, but it followed the others' human movements with the clear perception of the simple thing and of the way in which it becomes complicated. It was symbolic, with images; an activity in images in the sense that it wasn't purely material, physical as we know it here, but in a symbolic, imaged physical (in which the material world is seen as clay). It was very interesting.

Only, there was a very great intensity of transformation, and (how can I explain?) ... It's like a shift in the directing will. And then, there was materially, physically, a sort of surprise, and a need to identify with the new direction – it's a little difficult. It's difficult to explain, too.... It's no longer the same thing that makes you act – "act" or anything, of course: move, walk, anything. It isn't the same center any longer. And then if, by habit, you try to reconnect with the old center, oh, that creates a great disorder, and you must be very careful not to let habit, the old habit, express itself and manifest.

It's hard to express it. It is still too much just an action.

* * *

(Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri." Once or twice when Satprem speaks to her, she remarks that she cannot hear a thing.)

... It's a very bizarre phenomenon. At certain times I see with a far greater precision than ordinary precision, as I have never seen; at other times I have the feeling of a blanket of fog between me and the world. I can see (I KNOW things rather than see them), but it's a vision through a veil.

For hearing, it's the same thing. At times the slightest, faintest sound is distinct; but the sound isn't here anymore *(in the ear),* it is ... somewhere *(gesture around or above the head).* At other times I can't hear a thing anymore. For a long time it was a question of people, of hours, of places – with you, for instance, I heard you very clearly. But now it's no longer like that, it's ... I woke up with, yes, like a blanket of fog between me and the world when I got up this morning, when I emerged from all that – oh, two hours of frightful, frightful activity (and so interesting at the same time, there were lots of people and fantastic things).

The night before, I had spent more than two hours with Sri Aurobindo.... We were sitting without being seated (it's a strange thing, but so concrete), and

correcting sentences (!), that is, making expressions more precise.[71] He even had (I had asked him a question), he held his pencil or pen between his lips, like a child, almost with a child's face, and after a while he told me, *No, you put it like that....* Afterwards, I wondered, "By the way, how were we seated?" There were no seats and we weren't standing, yet we were very comfortable!

Thought, here in this brain, has difficulty adapting.

Because for two days (I mean two days without stop), there was a constant aspiration: "How will this new world be when it becomes material here? How will this new world be?..." And that put me so deep "inside" that I was ... I wasn't far away, but there was that blanket of fog between me and the world as it is.

It was still here today.

(silence)

This morning, for example, several times for a certain length of time (I don't know how long, but not a very short time: a quarter of an hour, half an hour, I don't know), the body's cells, that is, the body's form had the experience that staying together or dissolving depends on a certain attitude – an attitude or a will; something that has to do with will and attitude. And with the perception (sometimes simultaneously an almost double perception, one being more a memory and the other a lived thing) of what makes you move, act, know; the old way like a memory, and the new way in which, obviously, there is no reason at all to dissolve, except if you choose to do so – it's meaningless, it's something meaningless: why dissolve?

That was there yesterday a little, and very much there this morning.

And if, when you fall back ... That's not exactly the point: when the old consciousness comes back to the surface, if you aren't very attentive, naturally it results in fainting.

For ... oh, a long time, for the whole time between 5 o'clock and quarter to six, that's how it was.

It gives, AT THE SAME TIME, a sense of the unreality of life and of a reality that we could call eternal[72]: the meaning of death does not exist, it's meaningless. It is only a choice. And dislocation has no meaning, no raison d'être: it's an extravagance.

And then the entire old way of seeing, feeling, perceiving, is behind a sort of blanket – a blanket of fog – which makes the contact . woolly, imprecise.

Now, of course, I have recovered the ordinary consciousness, so I can express that; otherwise it was hard to express. And the contrast or the opposition is difficult, painful; both ways of being are complaining: the other way feels as if it is fainting, and the new one as if it isn't left in peace. When you are in one or in the other, it's all right, but when both are there together ... it's not very pleasant. And there is a sort of sense of uncertainty: you don't very well know where you are, whether you are here or whether you are there; you don't very well know.

Well.

And then, the stupidity of people and things becomes cruel, because even in

the ordinary consciousness, for me all those things are meaningless; but then with that need to keep two almost contradictory states together (a transitional period, of course), if you add to it a truckload of nonsense, it's not pleasant.

It's like this "gentleman" [Death in *Savitri],* all the rubbish he says!

August 25, 1965

(Mother reads a passage from "Essays on the Gita," which she wants to publish in the next Bulletin:)

> "No real peace can be till the heart of man deserves peace; the law of Vishnu cannot prevail till the debt to Rudra is paid. To turn aside then and preach to a still unevolved mankind the law of love and oneness? Teachers of the law of love and oneness there must be, for by that way must come the ultimate salvation. But not till the Time-Spirit in man is ready, can the inner and ultimate prevail over the outer and immediate reality. Christ and Buddha have come and gone, but it is Rudra who still holds the world in the hollow of his hand. And meanwhile the fierce forward labour of mankind tormented and oppressed by the powers that are profiteers of egoistic force and their servants cries for the sword of the Hero of the struggle and the word of its prophet."

(*Essays on the Gita*, XIII.372)

It is the exact portrait of the situation.

Last time I said how close the thing was, and then ... *(gesture like a ground swell)* immediately the exact opposite rises: everyone goes awry, some are sick, others are nasty, yet others are furious ... oh! And everything grates and cries and ... Every time that something draws near, "Ah, here it is, we have caught the thing," immediately, vrrrm!

Very well.

We haven't paid our debt yet, as Sri Aurobindo says.

What can we do? ... Go on. Be more enduring than the opposition. More enduring. Sri Aurobindo said, "Victory belongs to the most enduring." That's obvious.

We only have to last.

August 28, 1965

(Regarding the conversation of August 21 and the experience of the "transfer of power" to the cellular consciousness:)

I said the other day that this aggregate of cells had changed its initiating[73] power. It struck me as a unique experience, as something that had never occurred before. Unfortunately, it didn't last long. But the experience has left a kind of certitude in the body: it is less uncertain about the future. As if the experience came to tell the body, "This is how things will be."

If it stays on, it clearly means immortality.

I remember, when I told that experience, it was no longer something personal at all: if you can catch that....

August 31, 1965

(Regarding the conversations of August 21 and 28 on the "transfer of power":)

> *How do you define this physical mind, the one that underwent the transfer of power?*

That isn't the physical mind. The physical mind, it's a long time since ... It is the material mind – not even the material mind: the mind OF MATTER[74]! It is the mental substance that belongs to Matter itself, to the cells. That's what was formerly called "the spirit of the form," when it was said that mummies kept their bodies intact as long as the spirit of the form persisted.[75] That's the mind I mean, that completely material mind. The other one, the physical mind, has been organized for a long time.

> *So what is the difference between this material mind and the physical mind? How would you define the physical mind in contrast with this*

material mind?

The physical mind is the mind of the physical personality formed by the body. It grows with the body, but it isn't the mind of Matter: it is the mind of the physical being. For instance, it is the mind that makes one's character: the bodily, physical character, which is in large part formed by atavism and education. What is called "physical mind" is all that. Yes, it's the result of atavism, of education and of the formation of the body; that's what makes the physical character. For example, some people are patient, some are strong and so on – physically, I mean, not for vital or mental reasons, but purely physically everyone has a character. That's the physical mind. And it is part of any integral yoga: you discipline this physical mind. I have done it for more than sixty years.

> *But then, that mind, for instance, which is spontaneously defeatist, which has all sorts of fears and worries, which sees the worst, repeats the same things forever, is that the physical mind or the material mind?*

It is the most unconscious part of the physical mind, and that's what connects the physical mind with this material substance. But that's already an organized mind, you understand? It is the most material part, the one that borders on the mind ... (what can we call this mind?), we can't even call it "corporeal mind": it is the mind of the cells, a cellular mind.

This cellular mind exists in animals, and there is even a faint beginning (but very faint, like a promise) in plants: they respond to a mental action. They respond. As soon as Life manifests, there is already the beginning, like a promise of mind, of mental movement. And in animals, it's very clear. Whereas that physical mind really began to exist only in man. That's what a very small child already has: it already has a physical mind; so that no two very small children are alike, with identical reactions: there is already a difference. And it is especially what is given you with the special FORM of your body, by atavism, and then fully developed by education.

No, the physical mind, as soon as you do an integral yoga, you are obliged to deal with it, while this material, cellular mind, I can assure you that it's absolutely new! Absolutely new.

It is the mind that was like an uncoordinated substance, with a constant, unorganized activity *(Mother gestures to show a constant tremor).* This is the mind which is being organized. That's what is important, because Sri Aurobindo said it was unorganizable and the only thing to do was to reject it from existence. And I was under that impression, too. But when the transforming action on the cells is constant, this material mind begins to become organized, that's the wonderful thing! It begins to become organized. And then, as it becomes organized, it learns to FALL SILENT – that's the beautiful thing! It learns to keep calm, silent, and to let the supreme Force act without interfering.

The most difficult part is in the nerves, because they are so habituated to that

ordinary conscious will that when it stops and you want the direct Action from the highest height, they seem to become mad. Yesterday morning I had that experience, which lasted for more than an hour, and it was difficult; but it taught me many things – many things. And all this is what we may call the "transfer of power": it is the old power that withdraws. But then, until the body adapts to the new power, there is a period which is, well, critical. As all the cells are in a state of conscious aspiration, it's going relatively fast, but still ... the minutes are long.

But there is increasingly a sort of certitude in the cells that everything that happens is with a view to this transformation and this transfer of the directing power. And at the very moment when things are materially painful (not even physically: materially painful), the cells keep that certitude. And so they withstand, they endure the suffering without being depressed or affected in the least, with that certitude that it is to prepare for the transformation, that it is even the process of transformation and of the transfer of the directing power. As I said, it's in the nerves that the experience is the most painful (naturally, since they are the most sensitive cells, those with the sharpest sensation). But they have a very great receptivity, and very spontaneous, a spontaneously strong receptivity – and effortless – to the harmonious physical vibration (which is very rare, but still it exists in some individuals), and that physical vibration ... what we could call a physical FORCE, a harmonious physical vibration (spontaneously harmonious, of course, without the need for mental intervention – like the vibrations of a flower, for instance; there are physical vibrations that are like that, that carry in themselves a harmonious force), and the nerves are extremely sensitive and receptive to that vibration, which immediately puts them right again.

It's very interesting, it explains many, many things. A day will come when all this will be explained and put in its proper place. Now isn't the time to reveal it yet, but it's very interesting.

I really have the feeling that it's beginning to be organized, that the work is beginning to be organized.

Naturally, care must be taken to avoid letting a mental organization intervene, which is why I am not trying to explain things too much. The mind comes, and then that's not it anymore.

September 4, 1965

(About a second operation that Satprem should – supposedly – undergo. Mother refuses and advises some exercises:)

I was in fact asking for you to cure me without any operations!

No, the body must be helped! It goes without saying that in the exercises and in the material aids and in everything I will put the Consciousness, but one must help – one must help the body. It's a necessary modesty.

It's the same thing with food. We are obliged to eat, of course, and that's not interesting, it's not for pleasure, but ... *(Mother speaks to her body:) "Look* here, be modest, indispensably modest: it's necessary to eat and you must eat." And in addition, we must eat what we SHOULD eat, what helps the body the most.... It's a story I have been telling myself for years, but it's absolutely true. And when you start getting proud, you get a good *smack* on the face, that is to say, a pain or an accident: "That's what you get! Now be modest, you understand?" Then it says, "Yes, yes, I've understood!"

September 8, 1965

(Mother reads a few lines from "Savitri" which she prepares to translate into French. It is Savitri's heart that speaks:)

The great stars burn with my unceasing fire
And life and death are both its fuel made.
Life only was my blind attempt to love:
Earth saw my struggle, heaven my victory.

(X. III . 638)

She says, *Life and death are the fuel,* then, *In my blind attempt LIFE ONLY was my attempt to love.*[76] Because my attempt to love was blind, I limited it to life – but I won the victory in death.

It's very interesting. *(Mother repeats:)*

Earth saw my struggle, heaven my victory.

Yet, earth should see the victory? The victory should be on earth, shouldn't it?

Yes, but she couldn't win the victory on earth because she lacked heaven – she couldn't win the victory in life because she lacked death and she had to conquer death in order to conquer life.

That's the idea. Unless we conquer Death, the victory isn't won. Death must be vanquished, there must be no more death.

That's very clear.

(silence)

According to what he says here, it is the principle of Love that is transformed into flame and finally into light. It isn't the principle of Light that is transformed into flame when it materializes: it's the flame that is transformed into light.

The great stars give light because they burn; they burn because they are under the effect of Love.

Love would be the original Principle?

That seems to be what he is saying.

I didn't remember this passage. But I told you, my experience[77] is that the last thing as one rises – the last thing beyond light, beyond consciousness, beyond ... – the last thing one reaches is love. "One," this "one" is ... it's the "I" – I don't know. According to the experience, it's the last thing to manifest now in its purity, and it is the one that has the transforming power.

That's what he appears to be saying here: the victory of Love seems to be the final victory.

(silence)

He said, *Savitri, a Legend and a Symbol;* it's he who made it a symbol. It's the story of the encounter of Savitri, the principle of Love, with Death; and it's over Death that she won the victory, not in life. She could not win the victory in life without winning the victory over Death.

I didn't know it was put so clearly here. I had read it, but only once.

It's very interesting.

How many times, how many times have I seen that he had written down my experiences.... Because for years and years I didn't read Sri Aurobindo's books; it was only before coming here that I had read *The Life Divine, The Synthesis of Yoga,* and another one, too. For instance, *Essays on the Gita I* had never read, *Savitri I* had never read, I read it very recently (that is to say, some ten years ago, in 1954 or '55). The book *Sri Aurobindo on Himself and on the Mother I* had never read, and when I read it, I realized what he wrote to people about me – I had no idea, he had never told me anything about it! ... You see, there are lots of things

that I had said while speaking to people – that I had said just like that, because they came *(gesture from above)* and I would say them – and I realized he had written them. So, naturally, I appeared to be simply repeating what he had written – but I had never read it! And now, it's the same thing: I had read this passage from *Savitri,* but hadn't noticed it – because I hadn't had the experience. But now that I have had the experience, I see that he tells it.

It's quite interesting.

Maybe we'll have to reread *Savitri?...*

In fact, if we wanted to be really good, we would try to translate the whole of *Savitri,* wouldn't we? What we are doing now with the end [Book X], we would do with all the rest. There is a part I tried to translate all alone, but it would be fun to do it together. We could try. Not for publication! Because there is immediately a debasing: everything that is published is debased, otherwise people don't understand. We would do it for ourselves.

But it's very interesting.

Just the other day I noted something down on the subject *(Mother looks for a note, then reads it):*

> "Very rare and exceptional are the human beings who can understand and feel divine Love, because divine Love is free of attachment and of the need to please the object loved."

That was a discovery.

That's why people don't understand; for them, love is so much like this *(Mother intertwines the fingers of her two hands)* that they cannot even feel or believe that they love if there isn't an attachment like this *(same gesture).* And necessarily, the consequence of attachment is the will, the desire, the need to please the object of one's love.

If you take away the attachment and the need to please, people scratch their heads and wonder if they love. And it's only when you take away those two things that divine Love begins!

This, mon petit, we'll talk about again, it's a revelation.

That's why they don't understand and that's why they can't feel it.

September 11, 1965

(On September 6, after months of clashes in the Kutch desert, Indian troops penetrated into Pakistan. Karachi calls for help from the "Western allies." New Delhi orders a general mobilization. On September 16, China will declare its support of Pakistan. On September 19, the Security Council enjoins India and Pakistan to cease fire and the U.S.S.R. proposes a meeting

at Tashkent. On September 22, India and Pakistan order a cease-fire. On September 25, China reiterates its claim to 35,000 square miles of Indian territory. This is the second Indo-Pakistani conflict since Independence. There will be a third in 1971 over Bangladesh.)

We are threatened with a blackout.

It has started.

Yes, but so far they have only cut off all the street lights – to help thieves go about their business. But they haven't said anything yet about lights indoors.

They want to cut those off, too?

Yes. Then we'll only have to go to bed at 7 in the evening (even earlier), till 6 in the morning. We won't be able to do anything anymore. It's stupid. All the more so since if there is a bright moon shining, they don't need any other light to bomb.

How do you expect planes to come here from Pakistan? They wouldn't have enough fuel to go back.

Not that. They have sent aircraft carriers.

Pakistan?

Yes, they have already bombed several places.

Are you going to let the Indians go right to the end this time?[78]

I myself have nothing to do with that.

Nothing to do with it?... You let things take their course?

No, really ... I have been told many things, but among those many things, I have been told that the intention was to reach a conclusion.

It's ridiculous, isn't it?[79]

Oh, yes!

We'll see.

Will they [the Indians] have the courage to hold out against the pressure from the Americans, the British, etc.? That's the most difficult. The most difficult part isn't the military part, it's politically to hold out against the pressures from all those people who say, "You must make peace."

But they aren't sincere.

That's the trouble, not one of these nations is sincere. They pretend, they strike a pose, but it's not true.

They say (they say lots of things, but there is always the distortion of something true), they say that America outwardly preaches peace, but clandestinely offers money to people who declare war on certain governments. I don't know if it's true.... There must be something true. The new president of I don't remember which country (Vietnam, I think) made a public declaration that America had offered him fantastic sums so he would take their side – is it true, is it untrue? We can't say. Everybody tells lies, but behind all those lies there is something.

I don't know.

It would be good to be done with it.

There is one thing, it's that Pakistan is entirely dependent on the help they are given – they make nothing themselves. They have no factories, no industries, nothing. So of course, they are in an inferior situation.

But anyway, all that ...

Some people see, and rightly so, an analogy between this war and the war of the Gita in which Arjuna had to fight the members of his own family. They say it's the members of the same family that are now fighting, and perhaps in fact in order to ...

What I felt strongly was that something had to erupt: it was too absurdly tense and devoid of truth.

I don't know if I told you that the day before it was known that it had really become a sort of war, the night before that, I had an experience that has occurred to me only two or three times in my life, always in similar circumstances. This time, I wasn't expecting anything, and in the night, there was in the TERRESTRIAL atmosphere, with a concentration on India, a sort of ... something I might call a "pressure of the Supreme." It's as if the Supreme's Consciousness were exerting a pressure, and it produces a certain type of stillness with a solidity and a consistency not found anywhere else. You know, it's even more solid and substantial than the most inert inertia. And it's the pressure of the Supreme Power. It's almost intolerable or unbearable for Matter, for material substance. And it goes like this *(gesture of massive descent),* absolutely impossible to budge, and at the same time you feel it's the Supreme Power. Well, it lasted for hours that night, and I was extremely attentive in order to know what it meant. And the next day, I was told things had all of a sudden broken out like a war: all that friction that had been there for ... years had suddenly taken that form.

So it is clearly a very exceptional intervention that has brought this about.

But while I was having the experience, there was absolutely no awareness of the goal, the motive, the purpose, nothing: it was like this *(same massive gesture taking hold of everything),* a sort of absolute, without explanation.

I've had this two or three times in my life, in the most serious terrestrial circumstances.

That's why; the next day, they told me what was going on and asked me what I felt; I simply answered, "It's serious."

It can only be serious.

Now ... "serious," what we could call serious is when it becomes global.

It seems that so far Pakistan has already called for help from three or four countries, which have refused. But the news ... I attach no importance to it because it is always falsified. For instance, when a country like Britain can decide to give her support, officially she will say, "We have nothing to do with your war." So it doesn't mean anything.

There.

I still hope we will be allowed to work a little in the evening, otherwise we'll have to rest.... "To rest" (!) ... as soon as I am lying there, on what is called my "bed," I start working.

Well.

September 15, 1965

I spent my night in a ... not a hurricane, not a cyclone, but ... worse than any cyclone. I was in a dark room, with glass panes on all sides (that's symbolic), and through the glass panes, I saw ... Everywhere I looked, there was wind blowing in all directions and carrying everything away: houses, trees, everything, but everything. Without letup.

And an infernal noise. It was clear that it should also have carried away the place where I was, but that didn't move.

And an indication. The place where I was was very large (larger than a house), and I went about: I tried to rest somewhere, but the noise and din was so dreadful that it was impossible, so I got up. There were three people, two of whom have a body and the third doesn't have a body (I know them), and they weren't at the same place. The first person was with me, where I wanted to rest, but I said, "It's impossible," so I left that place and went to the other end, and there I found the person who doesn't have a body, watching intensely through those glass walls, like that, quite tense (which would tend to prove that it is also taking place in the subtle physical, or even in the most material vital). Oh, no one can ever imagine that.... There, I watched for a while, then I left to go back to the place where I was resting (with a slight inner work, saying to myself, "It's all right, I will still find the way to get some rest"). And on my way, I saw someone (N., not to name him) who was standing in a sort of corridor (but not narrow: a wide corridor), also watching intensely.

The hurricane didn't quite have the same color (how can I explain this?) in the large place where the person without a body was, and there, in that corridor; in the first place, it was very red, as if all the leaves were red, the trees were red (there

were other colors, but red was the dominant color), while in the corridor, the color was muddier. But it was so strong! So strong that it was hard to get out of it.

And when I got out of it (it was 3 in the morning), I said to myself, "All right, let me look after something else now," and I made a special concentration to get out of it. And I found myself in a place I know very well, which is like a replica – a mental replica – of what I might call certain "Ashram rooms" (it's not exactly that, but it corresponds). And there was a gentleman there I knew very well, a Frenchman, who had come to see me. He had a big desk, he was sitting at the desk, waiting for you: you were expected (that's why I am telling you the story). But I myself wanted to see him before he saw you. There was something I wanted to tell him. Then, instead of going through the usual door, I went by another way and arrived before you. I saw him (we didn't speak to each other – I never speak to people), but he was very warm, very enthusiastic, very friendly and full of a sort of rather pleasant fervor – ignorant, but pleasant. A rather tall man, I think, dressed in an ordinary European suit. I can't describe him very well; if I saw him, I could say, "Yes, that's him." And he said two words to me that were like ... that didn't mean anything at all, but that were like the expression of his feeling. I don't exactly recall the word, but it was nothing, it was "Oh! ..." something. So I put my message into his head and left, and as I was leaving *(Mother laughs)*, I almost bumped into you – you were rushing in! And I told you, "Don't worry, don't worry, everything is fine!" And I left.

Maybe it's one of the publishers, or maybe the man to whom you sent your article.[80]

But I went there simply to get out of that hurricane: I didn't really intend to concern myself with all that, but I did; I told you, "Everything is fine, everything is fine, don't worry!"... I rarely see you so concretely: we almost bumped into each other! That was around 3:30 in the morning. You were fast asleep, no?

But it was your physical likeness: it means it is rather material. And it concerned your work, something you had written. It's not that I was preoccupied or specially occupied with it, no, I did it as a distraction.

But what's this hurricane? Is it going to come down on us?

(Silence) ... It wasn't localized.... It could be a general war.

I have "received" many things.... I am beginning to attach importance to them because I have noticed that those "things" (which I always considered to be currents of thought going past that you catch as they go past) generally correspond to something that's going to happen, and they're like a way of letting me know in advance. So now I pay some attention to them. Well, I have received many things: for instance, the Chinese idea of taking advantage of the opportunity to become active; then this Indonesia business[81] that would also be used as an opportunity to make a move. And it appears, so I was told (I had seen it – lots of things come), it's a rumor (a rumor that spread up to the Government of India): the Prime Minister[82] said we were threatened with a joining of China and Indonesia with Pakistan to give volume to the attack. He said it didn't matter.... But anyway, it's

his duty to be optimistic.

It impressed me as ... as something global. It was awesome. Awesome – so much so that my body was shivering in my bed. It was awesome. I had to do a little sadhana to restore order.

(silence)

They say that the Americans have asked the Indians permission to evacuate their people (they have a lot of people in Lahore, there is a large American colony), they have asked for India's permission to send a fleet of planes to take all those people out, and India has authorized it.

Wait, I'll show you ... *(Mother gets up and goes to get a photo of General Chaudhuri.)* A little over a month ago (I don't remember, it was about one week before S.M. came[83]) ... I was looking for a man, I felt the need of a man in India, and then they proposed sending me the photo of the army chief. I said yes (he happens to be a cousin of K. here). The photo isn't good, but I see what I wanted to see; I saw it perhaps a month or a month and a half ago, and I have kept it under the accumulation of Forces, here *(the photo is placed on a small table not far from Mother)*. He is the one who is now leading the armies.

The photo isn't good, but the man is good!

And long before there was anything active, he was with me. So I "charge" him with force.

(silence)

It seems, according to astrologers, that the combination of stars for the month of September is very bad for the earth. Naturally, this is always something to be cautious about, because it depends on people's intuition, on their capacity to interpret, whether their vision is broad enough and so on, but it seems that all the signs are undeniable and indicate that things are "bad" (that's vague, of course), "catastrophic." I was told this before, they said it in July. Only, I never attach too much importance to their conclusions, because they are always ... And also, they say some very vague things that contradict each other. Personally, I don't know the first thing about all that, I am not trying to see – in fact I NEVER try to see (what came last night came very spontaneously, without my trying to see). The work, of course, is devoid of thought, of verbal expression, and constant; but it has been constant for a long time: the first time was at the beginning of the year, I think, at least six months ago. The second time, I told you I had one night an experience [the "pressure" of the Supreme] before anything really serious had taken place. Well, the first experience I had, of the consciousness hurling a fantastic power on the earth, which was necessarily going to shake things up, was at least six months before that second experience. And for those six months, it was constant: as soon as I came into contact with the earth consciousness, it was there, and constant, constant. Then came that indication: the pressure of the supreme Lord. And the third step was yesterday evening.

We'll see.

I am intentionally refusing to conjecture.

* * *

(Then Mother gathers the texts that will make up the next "Bulletin," among which is Sri Aurobindo's quotation from "Essays on the Gita": "... It is Rudra who still holds the world in the hollow of his hand...." See conversation of August 25.)

You see, I told you! You asked me, "Do you see anything?" *(Laughing)* I told you, "We'll see." Whatever happens, we must publish this text.

September 15, 1965

(Letter to Mother from Sujata)

September 15, 1965

Little Mother,

After what you said this morning, I am wondering if we, the young, do not as citizens of India have the duty of offering our service to the country. Or at least to prepare ourselves for this possibility?

Your child who loves you,

Signed: Sujata

(Mother's answer)

For those who are capable of it, the service to the divine Work is infinitely more important than the service to the country.

I do not think I have said anything this morning that could contradict this undeniable fact.

Signed: Mother

September 18, 1965

(Regarding the Indo-Pakistani conflict:)

I have all kinds of things to show you ... because I have been made to say some things – I am always made to say things!

(Mother gives Satprem a hibiscus flower called "Grace")

It's the season for graces.
Do you know this text from Sri Aurobindo? *(Mother holds out a note)*

> "... The fight in which we are engaged is not like the wars of old in which when the King or leader fell, the army fled. The King whom we follow to the war today is our own Motherland, the sacred and imperishable; the leader of our onward march is the Almighty Himself...."

May 11, 1907

Then I wrote this:

> "It is for the sake and the triumph of Truth that India is fighting and must fight[84] until India and Pakistan have once more become ONE because that is the truth of their being."

September 16, 1965

A member of UNESCO has asked a stupid question, something to this effect: "There was a time when India represented the spiritual consciousness" (or "taught the spiritual consciousness," I don't remember now), "but now that she is engaged in such a war, who will play this role?"...[85] So instead of replying to the question, because I might have told him a thing or two, I answered what you've just read.

> *Of course! All those Europeans ... for fifty years they have been told about Gandhi, so now they don't understand!*

That's right. Let your throat be cut without saying a word.
And here is another text of mine that someone has brought back to life:

> "The world situation is critical today. India's fate too is hanging in the balance. There was a time when India was absolutely secure, there was no danger whatever of her being a victim to Asuric aggression. But things have changed. People and forces in India

> have acted in such a way as to invite Asuric influences upon her; these have worked insidiously and undermined the security that was there...."

May 25, 1941

It dates back to long ago. I was here.

> *(Sujata:) Long ago, you said, "If there is another war, it will be over India."*[86]

Yes, that was long ago.

But when the division between India and Pakistan took place, Sri Aurobindo wrote very strongly: this division MUST go somehow or other, "by whatever means," he said.[87] And to me he said, "If they can't agree on doing it, they will fight."

> *And yet, if we give credence to official declarations from Delhi, they don't at all intend to go right to the end. They only intend to "adjust" the border a little.*

There was a letter from S.M. this morning, saying that the question would never be resolved unless they ... *(gesture sweeping Pakistan away).*

> *Yes, but that's not what the Prime Minister says.*

The Prime Minister ... They are all afraid.[88] Afraid of world opinion.

> *Yes, exactly.*

At any rate, P. is leaving today for Delhi, and he is taking with him all my "literature" (they hayed asked, "What does Mother say?").

We still have a "Talk" to see for the next *Bulletin,* don't we? It would be better to finish it.

It will be better to finish preparing the issue early, because ... things may become more difficult.

> *Is it going to disorganize your work?*

Possibly. I told you about the "hurricane" the other day. So China has sent her ultimatum.[89]

> *I don't understand why they give advance warning by the way. If I were them, I wouldn't.*

No, they don't intend to do anything.

> *They don't intend to do anything?*

They want to intimidate without doing anything, and they want to know how the world will react. And America reacted immediately.[90]

(silence)

In Pakistan, there was a firing system of the latest American model, in which they take aim with, I don't know, electrical systems, and they can fire several thousand shots in ... anyway, it's frightening; and shots that reach exactly where they want. It's quite an organization. They've become very efficient. It was given to Pakistan by the Americans. And it had to be destroyed. So one of the Indian pilots went and crashed his plane into it. Naturally, the plane crushed everything – he too was crushed. But the installation was demolished.... People here are capable of such things. If they feel what Sri Aurobindo says in this letter I have just given you, that *the leader of our march is the Almighty,* if they feel that way ... That's what made the strength of the Japanese in the past. That's what makes the strength of people here, once they are convinced. That's how the Japanese took Port Arthur; there was a sort of ditch around the fortress, as there are in fortified places, and because of that they couldn't get in; well, they let themselves be killed till they were able to walk across on the bodies: the bodies made a bridge by filling up the ditch, and then they walked across.

People who are conscious that death isn't the end, that death is the beginning of something else, it gives them a strength that these Europeans cannot have.

(just before Satprem leaves)

Clearly, circumstances are arranged to help us move on.

September 22, 1965

What's the next aphorism?

It's on silence.

Silence ... Oh, it's better to practice that than talk about it.

That's an experience I had here long ago: the difference between wanting immediately to spread and use what one has learnt, and, by contrast, the contact with higher knowledge in which one remains as still as possible so it may have a transforming effect.

We'll talk about it again another time.

The scientific mind is sure of its knowledge only if it is applied, put into practice, and if it yields useful results. That's what they call "knowledge" (!)

* * *

Have you read the report of the United Nations session?

Yes, about the cease-fire?[91]

I haven't read it: I have been told about it. But through certain things, I have been put in contact,[92] and they seem to be a united expression of universal falsehood.

Their common ground is petty schemes and petty biases, preconceived and MICROSCOPIC ideas on the usefulness of divisions among countries so that no one country may dominate the others – nothing but absolutely superficial things, and completely false, moreover. And no sincerity, no mental honesty, no sincere goodwill – nothing. They decided in advance that Pakistan was right and India was wrong.

> *Unfortunately, those phantoms seem to strike terror into the people in Delhi.*

Not quite. I have direct news from Delhi *(Mother holds out a telegram): "I am deeply grateful says Shastri*." That was following my message.

And in a Parliament session (I don't know if it was a Parliament session or a cabinet meeting), they were told that the true goal of India is to re-create the country's unity, and that the second goal is to give Tibet autonomy and independence. And that these are the two things India wants. And that, somehow or other, they will have to be.

Now, what are they going to do? I don't know.

> *That doesn't go very well with their "cease-fire" – they accept the cease-fire.*

On condition that ... there is a condition. They accept on condition that Pakistan makes very serious pledges – which Pakistan refuses to make.

> *Yes, luckily!*[93]

Pledges of concord, of unity.

In any event, the voice [Mother's message] has been heard – heard and accepted in Delhi. Now, of course, there is the question of strength: will they be strong enough to ... But the point is established.

> *(Satprem, in disbelief) It has entered their heads?*

Not all of them. It's enough if they are two or three – there are more of them than that.

September 25, 1965

(Following the Security Council's ultimatum, India accepted the cease-fire as of September 22.)

So you were right, in the end!

I was right ... on what?... Ah, your message to Delhi: "India must fight."

Yes.

Oh, they don't understand anything. It's a disgusting sight.

And as false as can be: they keep on fighting, only they are pretending not to.

They are all so pleased with what they've done, they are chortling with glee.

No, they're not pleased.

You think not?

Yes, I know!

It reminds me of 1939, Chamberlain coming back from Munich: "Peace in our time"!

Yes, exactly.

But at the U.N., they are chortling with glee, they're very proud of themselves [for the cease-fire]. But here, they aren't glad.

They are especially furious at Britain.[94]

Oh, those British ...

Yes, and they are going to leave the Commonwealth.

That would be a good thing.

(Laughing) Yes, and about time!

The Russians have called on Shastri and the Pakistan man [Ayub Khan] to meet in Russia [in Tashkent], and it seems they have agreed with the Americans (the Russians with the Americans) on permanently separating Britain from Pakistan and China from India. They want to take steps to permanently prevent China and Britain from intervening in affairs here. They have means of coercing them, it appears.

Naturally, if Russia and America join together ... So they have called Shastri and Ayub, and they are going – they are going there. So perhaps we are going to see something interesting.

The rapprochement between Russia and America is something I have been working on for years. I thought I had succeeded, when Kennedy was assassinated; and at the time, Khrushchev was well- disposed – both gone! One is assassinated, the other dismissed.

Now we'll see.

If nothing comes in the way, there may be something interesting.

But one doesn't see any solution other than military. The problem must be solved, mustn't it?

There could be the solution of Pakistan becoming a part of India again.

Yes, but that's not possible unless they are swallowed up.

They may come to it without being forced. This fellow [Ayub Khan] is impossible.

Oh, yes, he is impossible.

Yes, but he isn't immortal.

The mentality there will be hard to change. The Indians have missed the opportunity.

Yes. Ah, yes, this was the opportunity.

But it's not their fault: it's the fault of the United Nations; and the United Nations has acted from a single motive, because they were dreadfully scared of a general war – of course, this blocks the vision.

We'll see.

But I believe in Kali, Mother. My only hope now is really in Kali: Kali's force striking. I can't imagine any other possibility.

(Silence) This man who is heading Pakistan doesn't represent the whole of Pakistan. There is a whole part of Pakistan that favors union with India.

Really?

A large part.

And there's nothing to say that if they feel protected, helped and supported, in fact by Russia and America, they won't push for reunion. With masses, you know, it's only a question of a current of thought: it's not reflection, not reasoning, just a current of thought.

I don't know, we shall see.

(Mother holds out a hibiscus to Satprem) Here is a monumental "Grace," there are almost two together.

(silence)

Before the fighting broke out, Nolini had a dream which he has told me now. There was a certain number of people together, and they saw Sri Aurobindo coming to them. And Sri Aurobindo was bent over as if making an extraordinary effort; he was completely covered in a coat and nothing could be seen, but he was bent over as if making a great effort. When he reached them, he opened his coat,

and in his arms was fruit *(gesture indicating a meagre bundle),* fruit and other symbolic things. Then he held it out to them, saying, "This is all I have been able to do." And he left. As if that was all he could do: "All the feast I have been able to give you," something of the sort. So they tried to make a feast with that, since he had given it, but then it created confusion and wasn't pleasant.... When Nolini had this dream, he didn't understand a thing – now he understands. Sri Aurobindo made such an effort to bring that: "This is all I can do." It seems there was a sense of tremendous effort *(laughing):* "This is all I have managed to do."

The world isn't ready. That's the worst part.

The world isn't ready.

So then, if it is Kali, it means everything back to the melting pot, and with the means at their disposal, that may mean having to start the whole civilization from scratch again – how many centuries wasted?

What has come down to us from the civilizations that disappeared?... Nothing. Nothing, not even one exact bit of information.

All that, all this Matter all the time going ... *(gesture of rising and being swallowed back),* making effort, producing forms, producing an element that can manifest consciousness, and then, brff! *(gesture of being swallowed back)* And again *(gesture of rising),* and back it goes again – what a terrible waste! A great waste.

(silence)

The whole night (not last night, the night before) was very, very critical, and with such a clear perception of the futility of the present procedure ... and of this slavery that comes from a habit several thousand years old and more.[95]

There was in fact in the body a struggle between the two tendencies: one that was by habit subject to the old movement, and one that was trying to drop that habit, with the perception of the new way. It was ... it was extremely painful, difficult and absolutely grotesque all at once. And then, this body found itself to be a sort of battlefield, and that wasn't pleasant.

And the body consciousness (which is now taking form more and more clearly), even the one that is subject to the old habit, is conscious of the divine existence, I might say (the existence of the Divine and almost the divine existence), but it still has a sense of helplessness, and also, within that helplessness, of a complete surrender to the divine Will: "If we aren't ready, it will be like that" [= the dissolution]. And there is a part that feels ready, that understands and knows how things must be and wants them that way, and the two clash. It's not that one is for the Divine and the other against, nothing of all that old business is there any longer: there is the complete acceptance of the Divine, but the sensation of not being ready – the sensation that the world isn't ready (it wasn't at all an individual affair, not at all, it was a terrestrial consciousness).

And you clearly feel in this struggle (which lasted the whole night and the whole morning – yesterday, I wasn't in too brilliant a state), you clearly see, it's visible that it's not a question of a forceful will or ... it's not that: the SUBSTANCE

must be ready. If the substance isn't ready, a forceful, powerful action visibly causes a dissolution. And then all that has been built has to be rebuilt. This idiotic death, you see, reduces it all to nothing, and the whole work is wasted – what goes out is what came in ... with a little more experience, that's all. That's nothing.

(silence)

If even one very small aggregate of cells could succeed in having the complete experience of transformation right to the end, that would be more effective than great upheavals – much, much more effective.

But it's more difficult. Much more difficult. And it doesn't cause big dazzling "events" that make a great to-do.

Yes, it's linked to the general state of the world.

Absolutely.

And there really doesn't seem to be any progress. The feeling, on the contrary, is that men, heads of state, human consciousnesses are getting tinier and tinier.

Yes, perfectly correct.

Pygmies. It strikes me how in twenty years all that has been growing more and more dwarfish.

That's perfectly correct. But I mean that according to my vision (which I don't think is mine, it's not a personal vision), nights and days like yesterday (which aren't pleasant) obviously give you a knowledge, and upheaval [Kali] still belongs to the old method – it's accepting that the world hasn't changed. While this sort of apparent shrinking is in fact perhaps the proof that the earth consciousness has changed and is putting pressure on what resists, which gets smaller and smaller, but harder and harder.

Harder and harder, that's right.

As if all that's conscious and living were being extracted, and what remains becomes more and more stony.

(silence)

The conscious perception of the two elements (the body is becoming a representative object; not just symbolic: representative), the perception of the state of consciousness of those elements that belong to the past, to the past evolutionary movement, and of those that are open to the new method, if I may say so, is clearer and clearer; it's perceptible as clearly as, more clearly than external physical things, than the external form (this distinction is physical, but it belongs to the inner construction). Outwardly, it results in fever. It's a battle. And not a battle of

ill wills, it's not that: it's a sort of incapacity. And it's not with violence that we will succeed. You know, the only thing that can triumph is this supreme Vibration of Love, but there is an incapacity to receive, and then (it's a strange phenomenon), this incapacity to receive causes a sort of sifting, and it's only elements that are as if watered down that can pass through – the Thing in itself in its true essence cannot.... If you look at it from below, you feel as if That refuses to give itself, but it's not true, because when you ARE That *(laughing),* there is no sense of being watered down: That manifests in its plenitude. And see what happens [the sifting]!

And it's clear (you can see it in very small details) that if there were direct contact, something would be as if shattered – it would cause something to be shattered. Yes, too abrupt, too sudden a change, like something that's shattered.

There have been microscopic experiences, sorts of microscopic demonstrations; well, if those microscopic demonstrations, along with their result, occurred in sufficient quantity or sufficient number, yes, that would necessarily cause what, for us, would be a dissolution.

And that was an experience lived every second, for about six hours nonstop. Six hours nonstop and in stillness (not stillness, but the possibility of physical immobility on the bed), then the continuation for more than an hour after getting up, with the activities (limited, but ordinary activities), but then it became terrible! And I say: all, all the elements, whatever they are, whether they belong to the old movement or to the other one, all the elements had the same sense of adoration. Therefore it isn't a moral attitude: the same sense of adoration. Only, some, in their adoration, accepted annulment, while others wanted the Victory, the transformation – it's not that they "wanted": they FELT the victory: and the others accepted the dissolution. And both together ... Very likely, if I had expressed that (I wasn't in a fit state to do so!), if I had expressed it at the time, I would have been accused of acute delirium – I was perfectly conscious. And there, I mean, THERE, above the body, the most wonderful Peace one can imagine, a smiling Peace and ...

And the fever is going on. Which is to say that I am very, very conscious that this is the maximum of what can be done to advance swiftly towards transformation.

This fever that everybody has [several hundred cases in the Ashram for the past few months] is the same thing, except that it's diluted in an unconsciousness. But it's the same thing: it's a "cellular" affair (I've had the experience of this because I have been able to stop it abruptly in a few through a process of isolation from the general movement).

(silence)

Ah! What have you brought? Is the *Bulletin* finished?

Except for the aphorism.

What is it?

> 111 – Knowledge is a child with its achievements; for when it has found out something, it runs about the streets whooping and shouting; Wisdom conceals hers for a long time in a thoughtful and mighty silence.

This is an experience I had some two years ago. What he says here, I had the living experience of it – half a day of living experience; at the time I could have told you very interesting things, but now I find it old, old, so old, far behind.

> *I'd like to ask you a question, and it's linked to what you said just now, when you had that fever while lying on your bed, and above, you said, there was a wonderful, immutable Peace – what's the power of that Peace? What's the power of that Silence? When one rises above, one enters a sort of vast silence, frozen, all-pervading, but what's the power of that silence? Does it do anything?*

That's what people in the past used to seek when they wanted to get out of life: they would go into a trance, leave their bodies still, and then they would enter that, and they would be perfectly happy. And for the Sannyasins who got themselves buried alive, it was the same thing; they said, "Now my work is over" (they would make beautiful sentences), "it is over, and I am going into samadhi." And they would have themselves buried alive; they would enter a room or whatever, then it would be closed, and it was all over. And that's what happened: they would go into a trance, and naturally after a time their bodies would dissolve, while they were in Peace.

> *But Sri Aurobindo says this Silence is "mighty."*

Mighty, yes.

> *Well, I'd like in fact to know in what way it is mighty? Because you have a feeling that you could stay in it for an eternity ...*

Not for an eternity – for Eternity.

> *... without its changing anything.*

Yes, because it isn't manifested, it's outside the manifestation. But what Sri Aurobindo wants is for us to bring it down here. That's just the difficulty. That's it. And one must accept infirmity and the very appearance of stupidity and everything, and there isn't one being in fifty million (Sri Aurobindo told me I was the only one! ... *[laughing]* It may be so!) who has the courage for that.

Just yesterday I was looking at this body, and there were no ... the reactions that might be called "personal" were truly reduced to an imperceptible minimum, which means there was a sense ... I can't say a "universal" sense because it's not certain that Matter in other universes follows the same law, I don't know (I don't know – I once knew: there was a time when I was in contact with this and that and

I could have said, but now I don't want to concern myself with it: I am concerned only with the earth). Because this is always there, too: the possibility of escaping by going elsewhere. Lots of people did that in fact: they went off elsewhere, into another, more or less subtle world. Of course, there are millions of ways to escape – there is only one way to stay, and that's to truly have courage and endurance, to accept all the appearance of infirmity, the appearance of powerlessness, the appearance of incomprehension, the appearance, yes, of a negation of the Truth. But if one doesn't accept all that, nothing will ever be changed! Those who want to remain great, luminous, strong, powerful and what have you, well, let them stay up there, they can do nothing for the earth.

And it's a very small thing (a very small thing because the consciousness is sufficient not to be affected in the least), but the incomprehension is so general and total! In other words, you receive abuse, expressions of contempt and all the rest, precisely because of what you do, because according to them (all the "great intelligences" of the earth), you have renounced your divinity. They don't say it like that, they say, "What? You claim to have a divine consciousness, and then ..." And this manifests in everyone and every circumstance. Now and then, someone for a moment has a flash, but that's quite exceptional, while "Well, show your power!", that's everywhere.

For them, the Divine on earth must be all-powerful, obviously.

That's right: "Show your power, change the world. And to begin with, do as I want; because the first, most important thing is to do what I want – show your power"!

(long silence)

Ah, but this won't do for an aphorism, it's not an answer to what Sri Aurobindo says! No, I told you, I had the experience long ago. I remember, it was so lovely, so clear, so luminous, and I expressed it so well to myself (!), it would have made a very nice little article! But now it's there, behind *(gesture over the shoulder),* far, far behind. So I don't know what to do.

I think unless you have a question to ask (but you see the condition!), we'll take up our *Savitri.*

(silence)

It's a vicious circle. The impression is that the transformation cannot come about without a development or a general receptivity on the earth, a greater preparation on the earth, and at the same time, that greater preparation on the earth isn't possible without an acceleration of your transforming force.

Yes, but it acts, only it's an infinitesimal action. That's why millions of years are nothing. This stagnation, for instance, exists only for our consciousness; it's

because the human consciousness, after all, measures everything on its own scale. For it, the history of the earth is an infinite – it isn't so in universal history, but for the human being, the impression is of an infinite (he knows very well that it isn't so, but that's theoretical knowledge), so then, on this scale, nothing changes – but that's not true.

Yes, but it should be done in the space of one lifetime.

Oh, that ...

That will only be the last life – the last life before the transformation. That will be the life of the transformation. Which means that all that has been prepared for millions and millions of years will be realized one fine day, and when it is realized, the one (the one or the ones, whatever) for whom it is realized will say, "Here, we've done it!" *(Mother laughs)* Forgetting that it took millions of years to prepare for that minute!

It would be good for that minute to come soon.

Ah, that's exactly the refrain I keep hearing all the time: "You say that the Truth is manifesting, well, we really hope it will win the Victory soon"!

I don't know.

Sri Aurobindo, when I saw him the first time, told me, "The others came to prepare and left, but this time, it's to ACHIEVE." He, too, left.

He left. True, he told me, "You are the one who will achieve," but he never gave me ... He is the only one who told me that, and he said it "just like that," as he used to say things, you know. It wasn't something that gave you an absolute certitude.... He had that power: I would tell him something, and when he said, "Yes, it is that way," it WAS that way (something I WANTED to happen, not something that was), and when he said, "Yes, it is that way," then it BECAME that way! The first time it happened, it dazzled me. But that was generally about details. But when he told me, "You are the one who will achieve," it wasn't in that manner: it might have been also his will to go right to the end of ... of what was possible.

And I can't say I am asking the question because that's not true, I am not asking it, but the two possibilities are there *(gesture in suspense).* Well, there is no answer either to one or to the other. At times I have the vision that it's going to be the end (a very practical vision of what I want to do), that comes, but against a backdrop of complete uncertainty; and the next minute, there is the possibility of going right to the end of the transformation, with the clear vision of what must be done, but a backdrop ... there isn't a backdrop of the Assurance that it will BE that way – neither in one case nor in the other. And I know this is deliberate, because it's necessary for the work of the cells. If, for instance, I received from the Supreme the Order (sometimes I receive it clearly, as clearly as ...), if I received from Him the certitude that whatever the difficulties, whatever the appearances of the path, this body will go right to the end of the transformation, well, there would

be a slackening somewhere, which would be very bad. I know that myself, I know it perfectly well. So, that's how it is: I walk on, without knowing what will happen tomorrow. Yesterday, I could have said, "Yes, maybe this is the end" (as it seems X[96] kindly said to people who had gone to see him: he said I had six months to live, that in six months I would *go – [laughing]* that's typical of his usual "predictions"), well, with yesterday's experience, I said, "It's quite possible." And with that same total indifference, you know: "It's quite possible." With a quotation from Sri Aurobindo saying, "Nothing can alter the splendor of the Consciousness of Eternity." That's it. And then when this state has gone and the other one comes, you say, "Whatever does dying mean! What does it mean? How can you say that?" And it's not that the two "states" alternate with ... (how can I explain?) oppositions – it's not that at all, it's almost simultaneous *(Mother intertwines the fingers of her two hands),* but now you see this, now you see that. And it's one and the same totality of ... something ... which is the Truth, but which is still a bit cloudy – it isn't fully grasped like this *(gesture).*

This is the normal state, but it's obviously being worked out, being built, taking shape.

And it's very wise. The supreme Wisdom is infinitely greater than ours! In our enthusiasm, we sometimes think, "Oh, if things were like that!" *(Mother gives herself a slap)* – Be quiet, that's all.

We are very clumsy.

Yes, we find it hard to understand that Wisdom is CONSTANTLY wise.

We find it very hard to understand that the Supreme constantly does everything.

There.

And that we are just clumsy fools *(laughing)* who want things to be otherwise because we don't understand the first thing about anything!

It's beginning to be a little wiser here, a little bit. I told you, after nights like yesterday, you are a little wiser. And mornings ... you are a little wiser. And a sort of very, very material sensation that it's He ... Because we think, "Oh, if it were for us" (we don't say it like that, but ...), "everything would instantly be just fine," no? And that "just fine," God knows what it would be!

Yesterday or the day before, I don't know (I think it was two days ago), it hurt all over and it was a constant effort – an effort to maintain an acceptable balance; and then, at one point, I lay down and the body said, "Oh, *(laughing)* won't it end? Will it always be like this?" Then it suddenly had the perception, "Oh, what a coward I am!" It was ashamed of itself. And it felt *(Mother presses her hands against her face),* like this, inside here, everywhere, the presence of the Lord – everywhere like this, a Presence! ... A Presence of luminous power, but a luminous power that can be destructive, you understand! *(Mother laughs)* It can melt you completely – "Well, aren't you content, do you want something other than this?!" Oh! ...

It doesn't ask for anything.

That's what I call sincerity: if one can catch oneself every minute belonging to the old Stupidity.

And it's precisely to make you see. I am translating mentally, but He seems to be saying, "You see, things are like that because if they weren't like that, you wouldn't have understood." And it's so true that there is nothing to say.

"You [the body] need this to understand."

September 29, 1965

It's going well, isn't it?

I think so....

You're surprised that I tell you "it's going well"? *(Mother laughs)* It's going well: they are displaying their hypocrisy, everyone is forced to see it.[97] I am receiving good indications. They keep on fighting over there. Look, another new paper *(Mother holds out an extract from a letter of Sri Aurobindo).* It's very interesting:

> "For instance, India is free and her freedom was necessary if the divine work was to be done. The difficulties that surround her now and may increase for a time, especially with regard to the Pakistan imbroglio, were also things that had to come and to be cleared out.... Here too there is sure to be a full clearance, though unfortunately, a considerable amount of human suffering in the process is inevitable. Afterwards the work for the Divine will become more possible and it may well be that the dream, if it is a dream, of leading the world towards the spiritual light, may even become a reality. So I am not disposed even now, in these dark conditions to consider my will to help the world as condemned to failure."
>
> Sri Aurobindo
> April 4, 1950

It's good, isn't it?

Yes, one has the feeling that this Pakistan problem is symbolic, and that until it is sorted out, India will not play her role in the world.

That's right.

And it's through this symbol that the hypocrisy of Gandhi's India and all her errors must at the same time be swept away.

Absolutely.

You said you had received indications?

Material ones: letters, people, things ... I can't talk about that. A political movement.

The message ["India is ONE"] has gone about everywhere, and has been accepted.

It's better not to talk about that.

Well be really glad when it's sorted out ... because it's a lovable country, this!

It's predestined.

There aren't two like this one; it is true that there aren't two countries alike, but the others are all sorts of different things on the same plane, while this is found only here.

It's something you breathe in with the country's atmosphere.

I had this experience very, very strongly. When I left here [in 1915], as I got farther away, I felt as if emptied of something, and once in the Mediterranean, I wasn't able to bear it any longer: I fell ill. And even in Japan, which outwardly is a marvelous country – marvelously beautiful and harmonious (it WAS, I don't know what it is nowadays), and outwardly it was a joy every minute, a breathtaking joy, so strong was the expression of beauty – yet I felt empty, empty, empty, I absolutely lacked ... *(Mother opens her mouth as though suffocating)* ... I lacked the important Thing. And I found it again only when I came back here.

October 10, 1965

And your nights?

(Satprem looks deeply disgusted)

Oh, there's a whole work going on at night. Oh! ... The whole petty subconscious working of habits, with all the gradations of the importance it assumes in the general consciousness, and, very interestingly, according to the proportion of the importance, it gives the scale. There was the whole scale, from the little manias people have, which of course are very superficial and mere habits, to the known maniacs or half-mad – the whole scale, along with the whole working. And then, the perception that it's just a question of dosage: we all belong to the same substance! It was seen so concretely that it was quite interesting. And in conclusion, one saw how to put that under the direct Influence of the supreme Force and Consciousness so as to break the inescapable chain of habits. It was very interesting.

Those are all the things that are considered "unimportant," and it's all that, the whole mass of all that, which prevents the physical transformation.

And because they are very small things (that is, APPARENTLY very small things, without any importance from the viewpoint of thought, for instance, and considered negligible), they are the worst obstacles.

Naturally, if the consciousness is warped, it must first be set right, but I am talking about enlightened consciousnesses that live in the Truth, that have aspiration and that wonder why this intensity of aspiration produces such poor results – now I know. The poor result is because they don't attach enough importance to those very small things that belong to the subconscious mechanism and because of which in thought you are free, in sentiment you are free, even in impulse you are free, and physically you are a slave.

One must undo all that, undo it, undo it.

And when the cells are goodwilled ... By "goodwilled," I mean that as soon as their attention is turned to the supreme Force (or supreme Presence or supreme Existence or supreme Reality – whatever, words are nothing but words), as soon as their attention is turned to That, a burst of joy: "That's it! That's it!" In the cells that are truly not only goodwilled but thirsting for the Truth: a burst of joy. And then ... the old habits start up again. And the cells say (it recurs periodically, that is, very often, thousands of times a day), "But we only have to will!" or "We only have to aspire" or "We only have to think of That" (it's not "think" as we understand it), "We only have to turn our attention" – "Oh, but it's true!" Like that. "Oh, such joy!" And then, brrf! all the old habits come back again. It's fantastic ...

fantastic.

The fear of the unknown is gone (doubt went away a very long time ago), the fear of the unknown, of the new, the unexpected, is gone; there only remains the mechanism of habit. But it holds on, it clings, oh! ...

It will go.

And now and then (now and then: quite rarely), a spark, so to say, of the true Consciousness making an attempt, descending, but it still causes ... *(gesture of upheaval and turmoil).* It isn't yet received and manifested in the supreme Peace, so it goes away.

If previously (before the work on the cells), if the body was able to remain calm when the Force descended, without being overwhelmed, it was because of the tremendous amount of tamas that was inside it! That's right l A tamas that didn't respond, so it was calm. But now, it responds.

And you realize that if all this Power, this tremendous Force manifested – the force that is conscious, which is there, conscious – if it manifested, oh, *(Mother laughs)* you feel as if everything were about to start dancing and jumping!

We must be patient, that's what I keep saying to myself a hundred and fifty, a thousand times a day: we must be patient.

(Laughing) As for you, you're not happy.

No!

I can see that! *(Mother laughs)* You're not happy at all. What to do?...

October 13, 1965

There is sand in the gears, everywhere. It grates.

(silence)

It seems there is a new disease in Pondicherry, which doctors from various parts of India are coming to investigate here, and it's a sort of paratyphoid – everyone is ill. You haven't caught it, have you? You did well! *(To Sujata:)* Neither have you? Good.

It is one way of grating. There are other ways of grating, but they are very usual: one's ego scraping against another's – it always produces grating.

The result: very busy nights, and not pleasantly busy.

(silence)

But the Lord is smiling, so I don't think it's serious.

He is smiling.... He has taken the opportunity to make a practical and very effective demonstration: a demonstration of the same totality of vibrations (resulting in outer and inner circumstances) with and without the consciousness of His Presence – conscious of His Presence and oblivious of His Presence. And then, it's tremendous, incredible! Exactly the same thing – starting with thoughts, feelings, sensations, circumstances and the general state, the totality of vibrations – conscious of this Presence and oblivious of it; not that it is sent far away, nothing like that: simply forgotten (that's the usual state of the world, of course), forgotten. It's incredible, incredible!

It lasted long enough *(gesture showing a very swift alternation from one state to the other: conscious of His Presence and oblivious of His Presence),* like a demonstration. And with this Smile ... You know, when I say, "The Lord is smiling," it means something; it's not that I see a face smiling, but it's a ... a sunny vibration ... You know, the sun is dull and drab and cold and almost black in comparison. And then with "that" gone ... *(same alternating gesture)* with that here, with that gone. Which means that those who will come and manifest, who will exist when everything is changed, they will lack the sense of wonder at the opposition.

You know, you can only be filled with wonder! (How can I put it?...) A sort of laughter – of sunny laughter – which is full of an intensity of love and ... Yes, this must be the Ananda, the true Ananda.

(Same alternating gesture) Like this, like that, like this, like that ...

So I told you just now that "everything grates": that's the state the world is in WITHOUT the consciousness of this Presence. Even when people find that things are fine and they are happy, that anyway circumstances are supposedly favorable, and that everything is fine and they are in good health and, humanly, everything sorts itself out – it grates dreadfully in comparison with the other state.

Then you can only smile. Instead of being affected because this one is in a bad mood and that one got angry and things go wrong and people fight each other and the elements cause hurricanes, instead of being saddened, you can only smile. You can only smile, because everything, but everything is the same – the good and the bad, the luminous and the dark – everything is the same and everything grates in comparison with "that." And you see, the experience you have when you climb up there to find Him isn't the same thing, because you feel, "Yes, up there everything is like that, it's very fine," but when you come down here, it's horrible. But that's not what I am referring to: it's the experience RIGHT HERE – right here – in other words, what the world MUST be. What it must be, what obviously it will be ... when men permit it.

They are very attached to their grating, very attached, they cling to it. They don't feel alive when it doesn't grate.

But they don't know.

Sometimes, in the individual or collective evolution, there are phases when you have emerged from the grating, that is to say, you no longer believe in it, no

longer believe in the truth and importance, the reality of those things, but you don't have the other thing yet, so in between the two ... it's austere, dull and cold. You no longer have the excitement of one thing, and not yet the joy of the other; you are in between the two and it's a little arid. But only a small, limited number of individuals have reached that stage. They are the people who say, "I don't want this world." And then they go away.

But as for the other thing ...

One does realize that if the other thing were constant, established, oh! ...

And it can be felt only when you are not turned in on yourself, that is, when you DON'T FEEL YOURSELF FEELING IT. And that is the great difficulty, because as soon as it comes, something wants to feel it, and then instantly you fall back into the grating. And it cannot be felt: if you feel yourself feeling it, it's already no longer the thing.

Oh, it's already spoilt.

(silence)

There is a line in *Savitri* which freely translated is:

> Annule-toi pour que seul le Divin soit.[98]

A very free translation, but the idea is there. And that's the state in which "that" can exist. And it is evident that the body doesn't dissolve *(Mother touches her own body),* it's here, isn't it? You can see it!

(silence)

And it is the only – the only – infallible way to establish harmony in the body [this Smile of the Presence]. All the rest, all the precautions, all the remedies, all that seems so futile, so futile ... and so inadequate. The only way – for everything, everything.

I do not yet have proof of the reconstruction of something that had disappeared (that had been amputated or broken), I can't say, but logically it's the same thing.

We'll talk about it again when we have the proof.

October 16, 1965

I have just thrown a fit of indignation! Because almost without exception, all the people around me, who profess to want nothing but what I want, are apparently completely obedient, but their instinct is just the opposite. When I see someone, for instance, I see how he is, what he is capable of, etc., and when I see

it's a man we can't count on, THEIR instinct is: "Oh, what a wonderful man!" And it's their INSTINCT, in other words, the spontaneous movement of their being is in constant contradiction with my knowledge.

So that means ... I can't say it's hypocrisy, but it's a purely mental attitude that doesn't correspond to the consciousness of the being. Because for me there is a very sure indication: when I don't say anything to someone (that is, I don't use the intermediary of the mind) but see that his sensation, his feeling, his state of consciousness are in harmony with mine, I know it's going well. And when that person tells me, "Yes, I want what you want," it's true. But when it's simply a purely mental, superficial attitude and when because I say, "It's like that," outwardly they repeat, "It's like that," but inwardly everything seethes because they feel differently ...

For instance, for precise problems, a decision to be made, the problem is put to me; I don't answer materially right away, I send the answer like this *(gesture of inner communication),* then I wait. Well, it has happened (rather rarely, but anyway it has happened) that the person wrote to me, "I have received the answer, it's this and that." Then I say, "That's good." But when I write words and because I write words, they say the same thing, it doesn't prove anything. It's an artificial obedience.

And I am not talking about those who immediately feel, "Oh, Mother is wrong," I am not even talking about those; I am talking about those who truly have goodwill, but who are up to here *(gesture to the mouth),* even up to here *(gesture to the forehead)* fully in Ignorance and Falsehood, and who cover that with the cloak of a knowledge they have learned but don't even feel....

How will the world change? It's not possible.

No, I am not speaking of the enormous mass of those who imagine I am wrong all the time, but still who say, "Oh, the poor old lady, we shouldn't cross her," I am not even speaking of those. I am speaking of those who mentally have goodwill – they have put on a mask of goodwill. But the inner vibrations still belong to the world of Falsehood.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, about a new disciple in France who asks for a photograph of Sri Aurobindo.)

We are going to send him a good photo of Sri Aurobindo. Which photo of Sri Aurobindo? If he was brought up in a Christian way, it's the photo where he is young which is good, they instantly see in it the face of Christ I ... All of them.... The day before yesterday again, an American painter, who is here and has read Sri Aurobindo's books, wanted to do a portrait of Sri Aurobindo (he never saw him) from photos – it's just as it was with the bust in Sri Aurobindo's room![99] They all make a mystic Sri Aurobindo with narrow temples, like that *(gesture tapering*

upward), a long mystic face, because they can't get out of their Christianity! For them, of course, the Power, anything that expresses the Power, oh! ... *(gesture of repulsion)*

I wanted to say that to this American.... For them, spiritual life is sacrifice, it's the God who sacrifices himself: he renounces the joys of the earth and sacrifices his existence to save mankind. And they can't get out of it!

So to those, it's the photo of the young Sri Aurobindo that should be sent, like the one in the reception room. Because he had just come out of his ascetic period here, and he still had a long face.

The photo in the armchair ... it's a bit too late; he was already beginning to feel that ... the world wasn't ready to go to the end. There is already the expression of suffering on his face.

But the other photo is good. That's how I knew Sri Aurobindo: he had just come out of the photo in profile, in which he is very thin. As for Cartier-Bresson's photos, they were taken in 1950.

It's a pity nothing was taken before.

Oh, he would never have let himself be photographed!

But when I saw the photo [of Cartier-Bresson, taken in 1950], when I saw he had that expression ... Because, with me, he never had it; he never showed it. But I wasn't in the room when the photo was taken, and suddenly he ... (he was sitting there, of course), he slackened. When I saw the photo (because they came long after, we had to write and ask them to send them), I was dumbfounded.... He had that expression.

I always saw him with a perfectly peaceful and smiling face, and above all, the dominant expression was compassion. That was what predominated in his appearance. An expression of compassion so ... so peaceful, so tranquil, oh, magnificent.

October 20, 1965

(Satprem had sent Mother a letter complaining about his lack of experiences, in particular the fact that he never saw Sri Aurobindo, except once eleven years earlier, and that in addition Mother told him she saw him only rarely. In the end Satprem wrote, "I wonder what I am doing here?")

I am not going to eat you, don't be afraid!

(Satprem's denial)

Tell me, have you anything new to add? Has anything happened since you wrote?... Nothing. You are in the same state?

Calmer.

Oh, good.

But it's the same state, because it has been there for a long time. For a long time I have been saying to myself, "What does all this mean?" I don't very well understand. There is a sort of frustration or...

It's the egoistic distortion of aspiration.

That is to say, a petty self engrossment that wants satisfactions. I am telling you bluntly because it's no use making sentences.

(silence)

When you were in hospital, for several days I was in constant concentration at night so that ... My own way is a way that intelligent people regard as very childish, but which I find the best: I turn to the Lord and pray to Him with all the ardor of my consciousness; and I asked Him to save your life, which was in danger, with the knowledge of the cause and of what should cure you. And I didn't cease till a sort of certitude came that things would turn out all right. Not so long ago, maybe a few weeks, I did see something that was wrong, but still I insisted and hoped it was just a memory that had come up again from the subconscient....

This must no longer be, mon petit! You have gone beyond that stage. It's a darkness you really no longer belong to. And it's NOT your nature: it's something that has been imposed on your nature – by lots and lots of things. Lots of things. X says it was brought into your life from a previous life, but those stories ... I see things very clearly, but it doesn't really matter. When one is in the true Light, it's relatively easy to clean all that up.

You must shake that up, mon petit! You must. In your being you have been and still are somewhere in full Light. I told you it was a sort of close collaboration between the Light which is in Sri Aurobindo and your capacity of expression. One has no right to forget that.

I don't forget that.

And then, there is in fact all that I have told you lately about this phase in the development because of which, outwardly ... Yes, that's what I hear from everyone: "Why don't you change that? Why don't you free me from this? Why don't you eliminate that? ..." So far, the power to do things instantly hasn't been given to me personally. I don't know why. But every time it is necessary to intervene, I pass everything on to the Lord and tell Him, "Do it."

(silence)

I see clearly, you know. It's a distortion of aspiration. In your consciousness – your most material consciousness – there is a feeling that it is an aspiration, and, as you say, a frustrated aspiration, and you haven't understood that it's because it's

a distorted aspiration that you don't feel the response, but the response is there – not only the response, but an action.

> *I am speaking of an experience that would ... an experience that is like a warmth in the heart – if I saw him, if at least I had the experience, yes, of seeing him ...*

Seeing him? With which part of your being? You can't see him physically.

> *I never see him. I tell you, I saw him once eleven years ago.*

Well, yes, some people have never seen him since he left physically. But there is no need to see him in order to feel him.

> *Yes, but "to feel him" is an impersonal force, it isn't living. What I ask – what I asked – is the warmth of something that is living and is there: not a "force" that descends. Yes, of course, I know there is "The Force." But something to which one can turn, which one can remember because it's something living, human, close, something one sees.*

It's not a question of seeing, it's a question of feeling.

> *But yes, it is!... "Feeling," one can imagine and feel anything.*

But no, there's no question of imagining. You are still terribly attached to the body.

> *One lives in a body, doesn't one?*

Ah! So do I.

> *Something one loves is something that's very close.*

(long silence)

Basically, what you are complaining about is that you cannot love.

> *Yes, but of course!*

It's that you don't know how to love. That you aren't open to Love. But that doesn't depend on anything outside you. It depends only on you.

> *When I speak of "seeing," that's what I mean.*

Seeing ... Seeing, it's not "seeing"! It's not a question of seeing. One may see and not love. That's not the point. It's not a question of seeing. It's a door that's still closed.

You are trying to see because you are still trying to love here *(gesture to the forehead)*. You don't know about that, but I do. You are trying to love here, and so

you speak of seeing. But that's not where one loves. And there's no need to see someone in order to love him. That's not true.

If I am asked, "Have you seen the Lord?" I can't say humanly that I have seen the Lord. But He is here, oh, yes! He is here and He is perfect love. He is here and He is fantastic power.

And He is here, and He is in fact the very essence of true Love, and without this Vibration, one doesn't know what to love is, one cannot know. And unless one rejects all one's personal egoistic limitations, one cannot love Him.

October 27, 1965

I have something interesting to tell you.... Sri Aurobindo has come out of meditation and has started "playing."

I arrived where I always go to find him, in the subtle physical, last night around 2: 30, and what a crowd there was! Thousands of people. When I arrived there, before going in I met someone, who must have been one of the former politicians, from the time of the revolution, when Sri Aurobindo was involved in politics; he is dead, naturally, but he was there and he told me (he was quite jubilant), he told me (in English), "Sri Aurobindo has come out of meditation, he has started playing!" And there was indeed a feeling that everyone was playing, playing.... I crossed the courtyard (I even crossed a room where some people were still in meditation, and they looked surprised to see me come in like that, I told them, "Don't worry, I don't want to disturb you!"), then I found Sri Aurobindo, who was playing – very young and strong and amused and joyful, and he was playing. He was playing with something that cannot be described, and he was playing and playing.... And then, the same gentleman whom I had seen at the entrance came and told me in my ear, "He has played with that a lot ... *it is worn-out,"* it's a bit damaged, a bit worn-out. So I drew near, and Sri Aurobindo, who had heard, told me, *"Yes, it is worn-out, take it and bring me another."* And he handed it to me – I can't describe it, it didn't look like anything, it was ... "something" – there was something black moving inside something – and it did look a little broken down. So I left, I went back downstairs; and the symbol of the physical body was a pair of shoes – I put my shoes on again and left.

There were lots of details; it began after two-thirty, and it lasted till about four-thirty.

And then, later in the morning, I was completely in the atmosphere and I understood that it was the form of the government – it was ... *(laughing)* the old democracy which has become useless.

And he starts playing, meaning that something is going to happen?

(Laughing) Certainly, certainly!

It wouldn't be too soon.

And a whole jubilant crowd, you know: "At last, it's moving!"

October 30, 1965

(Mother improvises on her organ for Satprem's birthday. The organ, long unused, gives a few creaks.)

There.

I hear at the same time. I don't hear what I play: I hear something else. So when suddenly something creaks, it no longer works! It's probably because it hasn't been played for a long time. I haven't played for nine months – the last time was ...

In December.

Ten months. After ten months, I play much better, because when I play often I remember what I have played before, so that's no longer it. It's not at all a question of practicing: it's a question of the hands not being afraid. That's all. As soon as the hands become conscious, it no longer works.

And then, what I hear has a purity that's not there. It's very interesting. And curiously, when I told you I would play, I thought I wouldn't be able to, and the next day there came, oh, a cascade of music, for a long, long time.... I said to myself, "Very well, since it comes, I will see."

* * *

Soon afterwards

Something amusing has happened. You know that there is a new comet?...[100] This morning around four, I saw the comet, and suddenly I found myself in a state above the earth, and I saw a being who seemed to be associated with this comet. He had red hair (but not an aggressive red), a white body, but not pure white: a

golden white, as if he were naked, but he didn't give an impression of being naked, or of wearing any clothes either (I have noticed this several times already), sexless – neither man nor woman. And it was a young being, charming, full of a sort of joy, like the joy that came a little in the music just now, and he was spreading in the earth atmosphere a sort of substance that was heavier than Matter – not heavier, but denser – and jelly-like. It was as though he had taken advantage of the comet passing near the earth to spread that substance. And at the same time, I was told it was "to help for the transformation of the earth." And he showed me how to make that substance circulate in the atmosphere.

It was charming: a young being, full of joy, as if dancing, and spreading that substance everywhere.

It lasted a long time. For several hours I remained in it.

November 3, 1965

(Before going into the music room where Mother will play the organ for the birthday of Sunil, a disciple who is a musician.)

The other day I told you about that comet, and something amusing has happened. Just for fun I said to myself, "Oh, it would be quite interesting to see this comet as it can be seen through the most powerful telescope ever invented." And barely had the thought come (it was last night) when I heard, "Look." So I opened my eyes, and I saw the comet, big like this, very big, as it could be seen with the most powerful telescope, quite bright, with its tail! And the interesting thing was that just beside it (not like the comet's tail, but just next to it), there was a star, a sort of star, but quite small, and very bright, which seemed to me of a very peculiar interest.

And the effect is going on. That substance I told you about is still acting in the earth atmosphere. Don't you feel it? You don't have the sensation of being more comfortable, no?

* * *

A little later, after the music:

Living is a little complicated! *(Mother laughs)* You will agree with that!

Yes. But you look tired.

No, I am not tired – I am not tired.

There is an inner, perfectly harmonious rhythm, and when I can live according to that rhythm everything is quite fine, marvelously fine, even, like the story of my comet; that is, you feel you just have to say, "Oh, I would like that," and instantly things are like that; and at the same time, you live in a totality of things that have their usefulness, their necessity, and that don't even clash with the deep Principle, but that outwardly impose their rhythm on this Rhythm. So at times it's difficult.

Today, for instance, my intention was to have finished by ten o'clock and to see you quietly, then to go to the music room; I even expressed my intention, but nothing doing! It's not bad will, it's a sort of coalition of circumstances.

They leave later and later each time.[101]

So it seems to me. And there's no reason for it not to get later still. See, I have all this *(Mother shows a stack of letters),* which is work yet to be done, and it was supposed to be done this morning. Every day it's like that. Now it's a mountain of letters, and some letters haven't even been opened. So some write to me (but that frees me), "I have already sent you two letters and you haven't answered, I am unlucky" – too bad for them. But there are those who are very patient, who ask for things that are important to them, and whom I don't have time to answer. When I hear the letter (there are some letters I haven't even opened, I don't know what they have written), but when I hear, I answer inwardly; if they had the mental perception they would receive my answer; unfortunately they don't have it. Some letters are important, from people who ask for something reasonable, and a word or a gesture would greatly help them to move on – it's not possible. And it keeps increasing and increasing. Previously, I used to rest ("rest," that is to say, "concentrate") regularly, at a fixed time, but now that's finished, I can't do it anymore. It cuts into the rest, too, and that's bad.

It's the world in a rush. It's not just from a small number of individuals, it's from everywhere: from the United Nations, the Government of India, from people here, there and everywhere who ask for a directive, an indication. They ought to be able to receive mentally; that way I could do all the work, because it doesn't take any time, it's immediate, but they aren't there yet, they can't. You know, requests for "messages," for something to start an action – there are dozens of them every day. And it's a good sign, I can't complain. It's a good sign, it means the world is growing receptive. But ...

November 6, 1965

Are you better?

Not really.

Oh! ... *(Laughing)* What's to be done!?

At night, the last two or three nights, but especially last night (in the middle of the night, after midnight), and for at least two hours, I am carried away in a movement, but a frightfully swift movement! I am lying on something which is a sort of silvery light – a silvery light. And I am lying on it, enveloped in it, and carried away in such a dizzying movement that ... you feel as if your head is going to break.

And there are people with me – you are one of them.

Really?

Yes!

Last night it lasted two hours. And you feel like holding on to something, because it's so dizzying.... I don't know, last night, in the middle of the experience

I became a little conscious, and it was ... *(gesture expressing a fantastic movement)*. But the Command came: "Quiet, quiet, don't move, quiet," so I didn't move. And it lasted almost two hours. And the movement is head first (not feet first), head first, it's the head that's pulled.

All I know is that it has to do with the transformation of the body. But how does one know that it's fast? There is nothing but the movement and the body's sense of being carried away dizzyingly.

And I noticed a few people – you were there. Prrtt! at full speed, like that. I said to myself *(laughing),* "It must be to cure him!" But a movement ... I tell you, the consciousness just woke up, I wanted to start observing, and immediately the Command came, "Quiet, quiet, don't move, quiet, nothing must move."

It must be at the time of the night when you really sleep. It's after midnight and before two in the morning.

But there is nothing to remember: one seems to be whisked along, like that – maybe it's the speed of comets! I told myself it was a *drastic* treatment, as they say in English.

But the other night (it had come two or three times already), it wasn't so strong. Last night, it was so strong and it lasted such a long time ... I thought, "Maybe tomorrow morning he'll have a smile...." But it didn't work! *(Mother laughs)*

What I see is rather unpleasant.

At night? What do you see?

I have seen all sorts of things.

No, these last few days?

Attacked. It comes up from the waters.

Of the vital. From the sea?

No, black waters.

Oh, the dark human vital.

Very aggressive snakes. And mentally, too, I receive very violent things.

What do you mean?

I am assailed. If I listened to what comes, it would mean insanity. If I let go ... You understand, it comes again and again and charges down. It's very unpleasant. And a suffering deep down – a suffering.

Give me an example of the suggestions you receive.

Generally it's about you or about the Ashram.

About me?

Yes, generally. Or about what I do, what I am (or am not).

Don't you know where it comes from?

No. But some time ago, a phenomenon occurred, which might be related to that. I saw Patrick, you remember?[102]

Oh!

He was trying to drive some sort of splinter into my head, and I felt it was extremely dangerous. Then I said OM, and everything vanished – l was lucky to remember! But anyway, there are things attacking me very strongly.

But you should use that every time.

Well, yes, if one can! One isn't always lucky enough to remember.

(Mother laughs) You are teachable, no? And what are you told about me? Just to know the quality.

They are details, rather....

I mean, they accuse me, or tell you I don't take care of you or...?

Not that. It's rather about my relationship with you, or the impossibility of certain contacts, or ... I find peace only when I go above; I say, "Well, yes, let us look at THE Mother," up above.

Yes, that's right.

Then everything falls quiet.

It's to make you realize the infirmity of the outside world! *(Laughing)* But you know me, don't you!

Anyway, it's not pleasant.... Or else, it falls upon me all of a sudden and it's really like a suffering – without words or explanation – a suffering deep down, a flame of suffering.

(Long silence) It will pass.

* * *

(Then Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri" and stops abruptly, as if she were following something with her eyes:)

... As big as this, a sun, a sun scintillating with Sri Aurobindo's light, when I write, between me and the notebook, and it moves about with the pen! It's this big *(a big orange),* it's Sri Aurobindo's light, blue, that special blue, silver blue, scintillating, and it moves about every time I write in this notebook! *(Laughing)* That's why I have difficulty seeing: it moves about with the pen!

* * *

Soon afterwards, Dr. Sanyal enters, signaling lunch time.

Ah, here's the doctor, that means we're late!

A day will come when I will be on time.... Maybe by moving dizzyingly I'll end up ...

You've been in a car at more than sixty miles an hour, haven't you?... It feels motionless in comparison to that Speed. It wasn't physical since my bed wasn't moving, but it was so swift, so swift that you could feel the friction of speed. And head first: it went head first. It didn't go feet first because I was lying and I didn't go feet first: I went head first, brrf I as if sucked along by something. And my eyes were open. But naturally, the body wasn't moving – visibly, at least, it wasn't moving! ... Oh, I remember, yes, the night before, it was the house that was moving; I was in a room that was moving with that same swiftness, and I was watching everything hurtling and hurtling past, it was fantastic! And yesterday, it wasn't the house, it was only ... a sort of column ... how can I explain? It wasn't a column – a strip. I was there on that strip, but I was very tall, I took up a lot of room; there were lots of people, and they were small *(Mother draws small figures),* a lot, brrf!

Yes, yes, I remember, the previous night, it was the room that was moving: a square room; and there weren't any walls, there were just windows, and it was rushing and rushing, what a race it was! ... Then everything stopped abruptly, finished – not finished, not stopped: the consciousness changes, there is a reversal of consciousness, so it's over.

Yes, I remember now. First a room without anything – anything – an absolute empty space; there was nothing except that strip.

Oh, do you remember those moving walkways? Something like that, but instead of a walkway, it was a strip of silvery light, and it was the strip that was moving. A strip of silvery light with little sparkles. I was lying on it (quite a few people were lying on it, too), and it was zooming! ...

November 10, 1965

(Mother hands Satprem a brochure, "Spiritual Unity of India," in which quotations from Sri Aurobindo and Mother on the partition of India have been gathered, in particular Mother's declaration: "India must fight until India and Pakistan have once more become ONE.")

It has gone around India.

Thousands of copies have been distributed in India. There are even lots of newspapers that have written about it. It has made a lot of noise in the country.

But they don't seem – the leaders at least – to have understood at all.

The Prime Minister has fully approved. But he is a weak man. They are afraid of the United Nations.

Oh, they're afraid of everything.

But to the United Nations I have sent a lot of messages: lots of people there have talked about it. They are quarreling. There at the United Nations, it has kicked up a din. Only, the Americans are quite unrivaled in their stupidity! All the more so as they are puffed up with conceit – they are convinced that they are the leading nation of the world, so that puts the final touch to stupidity. But anyway, they are not alone at the United Nations and it has made a lot of noise, it has shaken people up a bit.

But unless outward circumstances COMPEL India to reunite with Pakistan, they won't budge.

But it's being prepared. It's being prepared. It's going to break out all at once.

The impression is that if India isn't pushed from the outside, isn't forced to re-create this unity, they won't budge.

The army is completely with us. Besides, it seems (I have been receiving a great many letters, I've again received some these last few days), it seems they had truly miraculous instances of forces intervening, of people suddenly turning into extraordinary heroes.... There were marvelous things.

If, at that point,[103] they hadn't stopped, it would have been easy.

Oh, absolutely! It's really sad.

That's just what those fools were fearing!

It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter, mon petit, because we always see just one side of things; even being in contact up above, one doesn't have the vision of the whole every minute. So, as for me, whatever happens I say, "It's all right – He

knows better than I do."

He knows better than I do.

No, it's necessarily the best ... in the given conditions – the earth isn't in a marvelous condition, far from it – but in the given conditions, it's the best. It prepares something far more complete, far deeper, far more integral than all that we can imagine. This is indisputable, there's no discussing it.

Later, about the health of Sujata, who is eating next to nothing:

... When I was six or eight, I used to eat with my brother, and to get ourselves to eat we were obliged to tell each other a story I We were given meat, you see, pieces of beefsteak, it was a nightmare! So my trick was to tell my brother, "I am an ogre ... and before me is half an ox," and with each slash of my knife I would carve my ox! – I would tell a story to myself and end up swallowing my beefsteak!

(Sujata:) But he doesn't tell any stories. How many times I have asked him!

He doesn't tell any stories?

(Satprem:) She would like me to write tales – fairy tales.

Do you know any fairy tales?

(Satprem:) I'll make some up.

Of course! I used to make up lots and lots of them!... Real fairy tales in which everything is so lovely, everything works out so nicely – not a single misery. Nothing but lovely things....

November 13, 1965

Sweet Mother, for two or three weeks, some blood has been coming again.

They gave you a treatment, are you following it?

Yes, very scrupulously.

That's troublesome.

I don't have faith in their treatments.

Doctors would not exist without diseases, you understand. I am not saying that they consciously encourage them, but they are on quite ... friendly terms.

It's very subtle, but absolutely true.

I see a given vibratory phenomenon of the cells with the Consciousness (let's call it universal Consciousness), and then the very same thing seen in a medical consciousness – if you knew how changed it is! It takes on a very concrete character, to begin with (which it otherwise doesn't have), and then very ... it's between "fatal" and "inescapable," I don't know how to explain. It's like a sort of rigid Fate. When they say, "Oh, it's an illness" – finished. And it's not true, there is no such thing as "an illness," there aren't two identical cases.

So their atmosphere is a problem.

Unless one is in harmony with them, like this poor M., for instance. You know, when she went to the Vellore hospital, she felt as if she were entering a heaven. So, for her it will do a lot of good, it's harmonious (!)

But how can it be harmonious!

Mon petit, people who have vice are in harmony with vice; malicious people are in harmony with malice.

Yes, but she isn't like that.

She is a nurse – she is in harmony with doctors. And it has given her fresh heart. Because they have told her she had come in time – just in time – and that they would save her, so now she is full of trust. I got a letter, she has written in a letter, "I have taken fresh heart in life, I am at peace and certain that I will be cured, the fever has dropped, etc."

Everything is relative in this world, there aren't two identical cases, there aren't two identical "diseases" – there isn't an absolute good and there isn't an absolute bad.

Hospitals stifle me. I got more and more ill in them.

Yes. It's in the hospital here that what you had (a slight inner disorder, in fact) became a disease. It's here. And in Vellore it worsened.

Yes, that's true.

That's how it is. I feel it clearly, you know: I have in me the possibility of five or six fatal diseases (I know it from the vibrations); if I had the misfortune, not to go to a hospital (!), but just to confide in a doctor, I would have incurable diseases.

And this isn't against any doctor in particular (they themselves suffer from the atmosphere without knowing it): it's the medical atmosphere.

Disease is their raison d'être: without diseases there would be no doctors. There would be no need for them, they would be something else: they could become something else, but not doctors; something else very useful, I don't know – scientists of the human constitution, scientists of food utilization, scientists of all

sorts of things it's good to know, but not "doctors" – a doctor is for curing diseases, so there have to be diseases in order to have doctors.

And I am not quite sure that before doctors existed there were diseases – there were disorders, there were accidents, there were all sorts of things because all that exists, but there wasn't the LABEL "disease." And the more learned doctors become (that is, the better they know their trade), the more *(Mother clenches her fist)* solid and fixed diseases become. So the doctors' usefulness is to cure them – without diseases, they wouldn't be useful.

They should be scientists of life.... The Chinese had that idea to some extent. I don't know how it is nowadays, but in the past each family had a doctor (a doctor could have a lot of families under his care), and the doctor was paid only when everyone was in good health – if someone was ill, they stopped paying him! *(Laughter)* Voilà.

* * *

Soon afterwards, Satprem sorts "old" Agenda conversations.

What is it? Old ones?

It's from 1964 [last year].

It must be ancient history. Doesn't it seem dated?

No, not at all!

(Mother laughs)

Not at all, at all. No, no!

I feel as if it's from a distant past.

Not at all.

You know, all the problems the human mind has debated and solved, anyway everything that is at the basis of religions, philosophies, yogas, and so on, the great ideas on the why and the how – ideas that are universal – all of which had been settled for a very long time ... now it comes back here *(Mother points to her body).* It comes back with the intensity, the acuteness of something absolutely new and absolutely unknown: Why life? Why this creation? What's the meaning of it all? And with an intimate and painful knowledge of all the miseries of Matter, of all the stupidities of Matter, all the darknesses, all that – why all that? Why? And then, dissatisfied: what's the use of it all?

It's marvelous.

And the answer comes, but then with extraordinary solidity and certainty – quite extraordinary. Why the creation?... Why the creation? And the answer isn't at all sentences as in philosophies (thank God! There is nothing of all that): it's just vibrations.

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

It happened this morning.

It began yesterday and has been developing.

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

And I have an impression, a very strong impression (I don't have any proof yet) that its contagion is absolute, you understand. So having to explain, having to struggle, having to ... oof! it's all over – it's contagious.

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

That [vibration] has nothing, but nothing to do with that whole path, that long, long, long path one has walked to prepare oneself, and with such blows, oh! ... THAT *(gesture like a burst of light),* and all the rest no longer matters.

But it isn't mental. For the time being, it has nothing to do with thought.

November 15, 1965

(For some time Mother has been giving Sujata packets of ready-made soups from Germany, Sweden, etc.)

... You'll become cosmopolitan, my child – cosmopolitan in taste.

(Sujata makes a face)

You don't want to? Is there something in your nature that doesn't want?

(Sujata:) Food, ever since childhood I haven't liked eating.

But mon petit, I have never been interested in food! I have never liked eating. When I was small, they had to think up all sorts of tricks to make me eat, to me it was the most absurd and least interesting thing. Well, I know the food of every country and have done a comparative study (!) of all cuisines, and I can be anywhere without it disturbing my body in the least.

It's not out of taste for food, it's out of taste for ... (how can I put it?) the expansion of consciousness, the elimination of limits, and above all to prevent the slavery of habits – that's a horrible thing. To be the slave of one's habits is disgusting. Even when I was very small, that's how it was: no slavery. I was told, "But you must do this, because that's the habit," and I used to answer in a very little polite way, "Rubbish!"... To do things that way because the habit is to do them that way is no argument to me – free, free, free! The taste for freedom.

You mustn't be a little slave just because you were born from certain parents in such and such a place – it's by chance, not fate!

(Sujata:) No, Mother, it's mostly the sense of smell. There are certain smells I find very hard to bear.

But you must learn to bear them. Just do this: when you get a shock, stay very quiet and call – call the Lord or call me, it doesn't matter *(laughing),* it has the same effect! (Don't go about repeating this!) And then say, "Give me a widened consciousness," that's all. And then remain quiet. And then the next time the smell comes, you'll notice that, oh, it's not so unpleasant, and the third or fourth time, you will feel the Ananda behind it.

I know this from experience.

It's quite simply a narrowness in the taste because from your childhood you have been given a certain number of things. You are used to them: "Then it's good"; you aren't used to them: "Oh, how horrible!" ... You must learn to see why it's there, why it's in the world – everything in the world is for the delight of being, so the delight must be there since it's everywhere!

You only have to find it.

(Sujata:) But it could be someone else's delight!

(Mother laughs)

* * *

Towards the end

You must sleep well. Yes, I have noticed that it's important to sleep a long time. As soon as you feel tired, let yourself drift into sleep, don't resist. That's important. I am saying this from personal experience, because all of a sudden ... When there is a length of time (it lasts an hour, two hours, it depends) during which the atmosphere is all vibrant with this light-force-joy I spoke of the other day, and you are as if ... it's absolutely full, absolutely full; and then all of a sudden *(gesture of inward plunge),* and after a time you ask yourself, "Well, well, where have I been?..." There are times like that when you go into a sort of sleep. The first few times, I thought I had lapsed into unconsciousness (although that has rarely happened to me!), but anyway, I wondered what it meant. Then I took a good look and I saw it was a necessary period of assimilation. It's very necessary. It's in a sort of stillness of the cells' consciousness that they assimilate the new force. So when it comes, don't resist. Generally, it doesn't last very long: fifteen minutes, twenty minutes. A period of assimilation. You know, the atmosphere is charged, charged, increasingly charged. So if suddenly you feel something pulling, don't resist, let yourself go – it's better not to be standing up!

November 20, 1965

(On Mother's table lies an issue of "The Illustrated Weekly" showing a large photo of President Kennedy with folded hands. This is the second anniversary of his death, November 22, 1963.)

Was he a religious man?

He was Catholic, I think.

Oh, Catholic! ...
Ah, that's why he died.... You know he was truly in favor of freedom, and not

only freedom but union. And he was receptive. You know how he worked for the Blacks there (moreover, that's the external cause of his death). But he was the one I counted on, not without reason, as he had shown signs of assent to a union with Russia to establish peace on earth. Talks had already started and they had seized the opportunity of China's aggression against India. Naturally, that wasn't quite to the extremists' liking, and in the atmosphere, the force which for centuries has acted behind the Catholic religion wasn't at all in favor of that plan; so things "worked out" well and they killed him. The other one in Russia who had responded, Khrushchev, didn't die because he left in time!

But I didn't know, I thought Kennedy was Protestant.

* * *

(Later, about a disciple who is very talkative but full of ironic wit – Bharatidi.)

... She kept me almost an hour! She told me, "The next time, I won't chatter." So this time it was only half an hour! But she has a very pleasant way of saying things. And there is a strange phenomenon, which took place some two or three years ago, I don't remember now.... It was after the consciousness had entirely spread all over the world (all over the earth, in reality), but as if progressively, in the sense that it's more intense close at hand and less intense farther away. But then, with Bharatidi, it's not just a physical closeness: it's a sort of closeness of vibration in a certain domain; and in her, the closeness lay in a certain ... ironically benevolent observation. And while talking with someone, I don't know how many times I have caught myself having Bharatidi's voice and using her words! And in my ingenuousness, I told her, "Do you know, we have such an intimate relationship that at times – very often – when I speak I have your intonation and use your words." Ah, mon petit, since then ... But she isn't a bore! You can spend an hour with her without getting bored, which is remarkable.

November 23, 1965

Regarding the message Mother will give for the November 24 darshan:

"It is certainly a mistake to bring down the light by force – to pull it down. The Supramental cannot be taken by storm. When the time is ready it will open of itself – but first there is a great deal to be done and that must be done patiently and without haste."

Sri Aurobindo

That's good for sensible people. They will say, "There, he doesn't promise any miracles."

Why? Are there lots of people who tend to "pull"?

People are in a hurry, they want to see results right away.

So then, they think they are pulling the Supramental down – and they pull some little vital entity that leads them on and afterwards plays nasty tricks on them. That's what happens most often, ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

A little individuality, a vital entity that puts on a big show and creates dramatic effects, lighting effects; so the poor devil who has pulled is bedazzled, he says, "Here's the Supramental!" and he falls into a hole.

It's only when you have touched, seen somehow or other, and had a contact with the true Light that you can discern the Vital, and you realize that it's absolutely like lighting effects on a theater stage: theatrical effects, an artificial light. But otherwise people are bedazzled – it's dazzling, it's "magnificent," and so they are misled. It's only when you have SEEN and had a contact with the Truth ... "Ah!" then it makes you smile.

It's showing off, but you have to know the truth in order to discern the showing off.

Basically, it's the same for everything. The Vital is a sort of super-theater giving performances – very alluring, dazzling, deceptive performances – and it's only when you know the True Thing that immediately, instinctively, without reasoning, you discern and say, "No, I don't want that."

And for everything, you know. The one point in human life where it has assumed cardinal importance is love. Vital passions and attractions have almost in every case taken the place of the true feeling, which is tranquil, while that makes you bubble with excitement, it gives you the feeling of something "living".... It's very deceptive. And you can know this, feel it, perceive it clearly only when you know the True Thing; if you have touched true love through the psychic and through divine union, then it [vital love] appears hollow, thin, empty: an appearance and a drama – more often a tragedy than a comedy.

All that you can say about it, all that you can explain about it is perfectly useless, because the one who has been caught will instantly say, "Oh, it's not like with others" – what happens to you is never like what happens to others (!) What's needed is the "Thing," the true experience ... then the whole Vital is seen as a masquerade – not an alluring one.

And when people pull down, oh, it's much more than ninety-nine times out of a hundred – it's one case in a million in which the True Thing happens to be pulled down; which proves the person was ready. Otherwise, what's pulled down is always the Vital: the appearance, the dramatic representation of the Thing, not the Thing itself.

Pulling down is always an egoistic movement. It's a distortion of aspiration. True aspiration involves a giving – a self-giving – while pulling down is wanting for oneself. Even if you have in your thought a vaster aspiration – the earth, the

universe – it makes no difference, those are mental activities.

(long silence)

When things are put mentally, all those who have tried to explain things mentally have made an opposition, and so people imagine that one is the very opposite of the other [the True Thing and its distortion]; in that case it would be so easy to discern. But that's not at all how it is! ... I am now studying the way in which Matter, the body, can be in constant harmony with the divine Presence. And it's so interesting: it's not at all an opposition, it's a tiny little microscopic distortion. For instance, there is this frequent experience (and generally people don't know why it is so – now I know): on some days or at certain times all the gestures you make are harmonious, all the things you touch seem to respond harmoniously to the will that touches them, everything works out (I am talking about the very small things of life – of everyday life), each thing seems to be in its place or to find its place naturally: if you fold a paper, it folds itself as though spontaneously, as it should; if you look for something, you seem to spontaneously find the thing you need; you never knock against anything, never upset anything – everything seems harmonious. And then, without any appreciable difference in the overall state of consciousness, at other times, it's the exact opposite: if you want to fold a paper, you fold it the wrong way; if you want to touch some object, you drop it – everything seems disharmonized or off balance or bad-willed. You are yourself more or less in the same state. But now, with the present keen and fine observation, I see that in one case, there is a sort of inner silence in the cells, a PROFOUND quietude, which doesn't prevent movement, even rapid movement, but the movement seems to be founded on an eternal vibration; and in the other case, there is that inner precipitation *(gesture of tremor),* that inner vibration, that inner restlessness, that haste to go from one moment to the next, that constant hurry (why? There's no knowing why), always, always hurrying and scurrying; and everything you do is wrong. And in the other case, with that inner serenity and peace, everything is done harmoniously, and MUCH FASTER in material time: there is no time lost.

And that's why it's so difficult to know how one should be. Because in thought you can be in the same constant state, even in aspiration you can be in the same constant state, in the general goodwill, even in surrender to the Divine, it all can be the same thing, in the same state – it's in here *(Mother touches her body),* and this makes the whole difference. I can very well conceive that there may be people in whom this opposition persists in the mind and the vital, but there it's so obvious.... But I am talking of something absolutely material. Some people say and think, "How come? I have such goodwill, such a desire to do the right thing, and then nothing works, everything jars – why? I am so good (!) and yet things don't respond." Or those who say, "Oh, I have made my surrender, I have such goodwill, I have an aspiration, I want nothing but the Truth and the Good, and yet I am ill all the time – why am I ill?" And naturally, one small step more, and you begin to doubt the Justice that rules the world, and so on. Then you fall into a

hole.... But that's not it, that's not what I mean. It's much simpler and much more difficult at the same time, because it isn't blatant, it isn't evident, it's not an opposition from which you can choose, it's ... truly, totally and integrally leaving the entire responsibility to the Lord.

Of all things, this is the most difficult for man – it's far easier for the plant and even for the animal, far easier. But for man it's very difficult. Because there was a whole period in the evolution when in order to progress he had to take on the responsibility for himself. So the habit has formed, it has taken root in the being.

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

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

I have had hundreds upon hundreds of experiences like that.

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

It's very interesting.

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

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

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

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

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

Probably when it's there, permanently established.

When it must be, it will be, no?

November 27, 1965

Did you feel anything special on the darshan day [November 24]? No?

Sri Aurobindo was there from morning to evening.

THERE, you know.

For, oh, for more than an hour, he made me live the concrete and living vision, as it were, of the condition of humanity and the various layers of humanity in relation to the new or supramental creation. And it was marvelously clear and concrete and living.

There was the whole humanity that isn't quite animal anymore, that has benefited from mental development and created a certain harmony in its life – a vital, artistic, literary harmony – and the vast majority of which live satisfied with life. They have caught a sort of harmony and live in it a life as it exists in a civilized milieu, that is to say, somewhat cultured, with refinement in taste, refinement in habits. And this whole life has a sort of harmony in which they find themselves at ease, and unless something catastrophic happens to them, they live happy and content, satisfied with life. Those may be attracted (because they have taste, they are intellectually developed), they may be attracted to the new forces, the new things, the future life; for instance, they may mentally, intellectually become disciples of Sri Aurobindo. But they don't at all feel the need to change materially, and if they were to be forced to, it would be first of all premature and unjust, and it would quite simply create a great disorder and would upset their lives quite unnecessarily.

It was very clear.

Then there were the few – the rare individuals – who are ready to make the necessary effort to prepare themselves for the transformation and to attract the new

forces, try to adapt Matter, seek the means of expression and so forth. Those are ready for Sri Aurobindo's yoga. They are very few. There are even those who have the sense of sacrifice and are ready to have a hard and difficult life, as long as it leads them or helps them towards this future transformation. But they should not, they should in no way try to influence others and make them share their own effort: that would be quite unjust – not only unjust, but extremely clumsy because it would alter the universal – or at least terrestrial – rhythm and movement, and instead of helping, it would cause conflicts and result in chaos.

But it was so living, so real, that my whole attitude (how can I explain?... A passive attitude, which isn't the result of an active will), the whole position taken in the work has changed. And this has brought a peace – an absolutely decisive peace and tranquillity and trust. A decisive change. And even, all that in the previous position seemed to be obstinacy, clumsiness, unconsciousness, all sorts of deplorable things, all that has disappeared. It was like a vision of a great universal Rhythm in which each thing takes its own place and ... everything is just fine. And the effort of transformation limited to a small number becomes something FAR MORE precious and FAR MORE powerful for the realization. It's as if a choice had been made of those who will be the pioneers of the new creation. And all those ideas of "spreading" [the ideal], of "preparing" or churning Matter – childishness. It's human agitation.

The vision had such majestic and calm and smiling beauty, oh! ... It was full, really full of divine Love. And not a divine Love that "forgives" – that's not at all the point, not at all! – each thing in its own place, realizing its inner rhythm as perfectly as it can. That's all.

That was a very beautiful gift.

Of course, all those things are known somewhere, intellectually, vaguely, in their principle – all that is known, but it's quite useless. In everyday practice, you live according to something else, a truer understanding. And there, you seemed to be touching things – you saw them, touched them – in their higher ordinance.

It came after a vision of plants and the spontaneous beauty of plants (which is something so wonderful!), then of the animal with such a harmonious life (when men don't interfere), and all that was quite in its own place. Then true humanity seen as such, that is to say, the summit of what a balanced mind can produce in beauty, in harmony, in charm, in elegance in life, in taste for life – taste to live in beauty – while eliminating, naturally, all that is ugly and low and vulgar. That was a lovely humanity. Humanity at its highest, but lovely. And perfectly satisfied as such, because it lives harmoniously. And it may also be like a promise of what almost the totality of humanity will become under the influence of the new creation: as I saw it, it was what the supramental consciousness can do with humanity. There was even a comparison with what humanity has done with animal kind (something extremely mixed, of course, but there have been improvements, betterments, more complete utilizations). Animality under the mental influence has become something else, which naturally has been mixed because the mind is incomplete; similarly there are examples of a harmonious humanity among the

well-balanced people, and it appeared to be what humanity could become under the supramental influence.

Only, it's very far ahead; we shouldn't expect it to come about immediately – it's very far ahead.

There is clearly, even now, a transitional period, which may last a rather long time and is rather painful. But the sometimes painful effort (often painful) is made up for by a clear vision of the goal to be reached, of the goal that WILL be reached – an assurance, you know, a certitude. But it[104] would be something that had the power to eliminate all the errors, all the distortions and ugliness of mental life, and then a very happy humanity, quite satisfied with being human, feeling no need whatsoever to be anything but human, but with a human beauty, a human harmony.

It was very charming, it was as though I were living in it. Contradictions had disappeared. As though I lived in that perfection. And it was almost like the ideal conceived by the supramental consciousness of a humanity that had become as perfect as it can be. It was very good.

And it brings a great sense of rest. Tension, friction, all that disappears – impatience, too. All that had completely disappeared.

> *In other words, you're concentrating the work instead of diffusing it everywhere?*

No, it may be materially diffused because the individuals aren't necessarily gathered together. But there aren't many of them.

That idea of an urgent need to "prepare" humanity for the new creation, that impatience has disappeared.

> *The realization must first take place in a few.*

Exactly.

Take for instance a book like yours[105] (but I've known this from the beginning), a book of that sort will have fulfilled its full purpose if it touches just a dozen people. It doesn't need to sell by the thousands. If it touches a dozen people, it will have fulfilled its purpose to the full. That's how it is.

I saw that, I have seen that so concretely.[106] Besides those who are capable of preparing for the supramental transformation and the realization, whose number is necessarily very limited, there should be increasingly developed, in the midst of the ordinary human mass, a higher humanity that had towards the future or promised supramental being the same attitude as animality, for instance, has towards man. What is needed, besides those who work for the transformation and are ready for it, is a higher or intermediate humanity that would have found in itself or in life this harmony with life – this HUMAN harmony – and that would have the same sense of worship, of devotion, of faithful dedication to "something" that seems to it so superior that it doesn't even attempt to realize it, but which it worships and whose influence and protection it feels the need of – and the need to

live in that influence and to have the joy of being under that protection.... It was so clear. But not that anguish and agony of wanting something that eludes you because – because it isn't yet your destiny to have it, and because the amount of necessary transformation is premature for your existence, and so it creates a disorder and a suffering.

But I clearly see that when the work is done as I am "made" to do it, it becomes that way very spontaneously. For instance, one of the very concrete things, which shows the problem clearly: humanity has the sex impulse quite naturally, spontaneously and, I may say, legitimately. This impulse will naturally and spontaneously disappear along with animality (a lot of other things will disappear, such as for instance the need to eat, perhaps also the need to sleep the way we do), but the most conscious impulse in a higher humanity, and which has remained as a source of ... bliss is a big word, but of joy, of delight, is certainly the sexual activity, which will have absolutely no more reason to exist in the functions of nature when the need to create in that way no longer exists. Therefore the capacity to come into contact with the joy in life will go up one rung or will orient itself differently. But what the spiritual aspirants of old had attempted on principle – sexual negation – is an absurd thing, because it must exist only in those who have gone beyond that stage and no longer have any animality in them. And it must fall off naturally, effortlessly, without struggle, just like that. Making it a focus of conflict, struggle and effort is ridiculous. To be sure, my experience with the Ashram has absolutely proved that to me, because I have seen all the stages and that all the ideas and prohibitions are absolutely useless, that it's only when the consciousness stops being human that it falls off quite naturally. There is a transition there that may be somewhat difficult because transitional beings are always in a precarious balance, but inside oneself there is a sort of flame or need thanks to which the transition isn't painful – it's not a painful effort, it's something that can be done with a smile. But to want to impose that on those who aren't ready for that transition is absurd. I have been much reproached for encouraging certain people to marry; there are lots of these children to whom I say, "Get married, get married!" I am told, "What! You encourage them?" – it's common sense.

It's common sense. They are human, but let them not pretend they aren't.

It's only when the impulse spontaneously becomes impossible for you, when you feel it as something painful and contrary to your deeper need, then it becomes easy; at that time, well, outwardly you cut the links, then it's over.

This is one of the most convincing examples.

It's the same thing with food – it will be the same thing. And there will probably be a transition in which our food will be less and less purely material. That's what they are after nowadays: all their vitamins and tablets are an instinctive research for a less down-to-earth food, which certainly will serve as a transition.

There are lots of things like that. Since the 24th [the darshan day] I have been living in this new consciousness and have seen the picture of a lot of things. There

are even experiences I had gone through which I've understood now. Like for instance when I fasted for ten days (completely, without even a drop of water), without a thought for food (I didn't have time to eat), and it wasn't a struggle: it was a decision. And at that time there was a faculty in me which developed little by little, and when for example I breathed in flowers, it was nourishing. I saw it: you get nourished in a subtler way.

Only, the body isn't ready. The body isn't ready and it deteriorates, which means that it eats itself up. So that shows that the time hadn't come and it was just an experiment – an experiment which teaches you something, which teaches you that there mustn't be a blunt refusal to come in contact with the corresponding matter, there mustn't be isolation (you can't isolate yourself, that's impossible), but a communion on a higher or deeper level.

(silence)

The message we distributed on the 24th,[107] it was Sri Aurobindo who had told me to keep it for the 24th, that was very clear and very categorical, but I didn't know why. But now he has clearly shown me why and I've well understood. Because this Power is becoming more and more obvious – this Truth-Power – and naturally human thought, which is childish (it has the same attitude towards supramental thought as what we may call animal thought or sentiment has towards human thought or sentiment), has almost a need for superstition ("superstition" is an ugly word for something that's not ugly: it's an ignorant, ingenuous and very trusting faith), and, well, as soon as you feel the influence of a Power, that faith makes you believe in the miracle, it makes you believe that the Supramental is going to manifest now, that you are going to become supramental, and that ... And quite amusingly, I usually have to send out two to three hundred of these "messages" every darshan (everyone asks me for some for his correspondents); and this time, I haven't even given a hundred of them! *(Laughing)* Not even a hundred. Ah, it's not so comfortable, of course, it comes and tells you, "No, no, be sensible."

It's very amusing. I still have my whole stack here.

It's like telling a dog, "Don't think, don't believe at all I am as you imagine, all-powerful and all-knowing." If the dog were told the truth of how we humans are, the poor thing would be quite disappointed! It believes you are the all-powerful being, knowing everything and capable of doing everything. Well, that's the same thing, you don't tell a dog, "You're superstitious."

(silence)

Those who have touched the higher regions of intelligence but haven't mastered in themselves the mental faculties have an ingenuous need for everyone to think as they do and to be able to understand as they understand, and when they realize that others cannot, don't understand, their first reflex is to be horribly shocked; they say, "What a fool!" But "fool" isn't the point at all – they are

different, they live in another region. You don't go and tell an animal, "You're a fool," you say, "It's an animal." Well, you say, "It's a man." It's a man. Only, there are those who aren't men anymore and aren't gods yet, and those are in a very ... in English they say, a very *awkward* position.

But it was so soothing, so sweet, so marvelous, that vision – each thing expressing its own kind, quite naturally.

And then, the Flame ... When the Flame lights up, everything becomes different. But this Flame is something totally different; it's totally different from religious feeling, religious aspiration, religious worship (all that is very fine, it's the summit of what man can do and it's very fine, it's excellent for humanity), but this Flame, the Flame of transformation, is something else. Oh, I remember now that Sri Aurobindo reminded me of something I had written in Japan (which is printed in *Prayers and Meditations),* and I had never understood what I had written. I always tried to understand and asked myself, "What the devil did I mean? I have no idea." It had come like that and I had written it directly. It was about a "child" and it read, "Do not come too near him because you will get burnt." (I don't remember the words at all.) And I always wondered, "What's this child I am referring to?... And why should one take care not to come too near him??"[108] And suddenly, only yesterday or the day before, I understood; suddenly he showed me, he told me, "It's this: the 'child' is the beginning of the new creation, it is still in its infancy," so don't touch it if you don't want to be burnt – because it burns.

(silence)

And it's quite clear that with the breadth and totality of the vision something comes which is a compassion that understands – not that pity of the superior for the inferior: the true divine Compassion, which is the total understanding that everyone is what he must be.

There remain only distortions. There was also the explanation of distortions. It was a decisive vision that puts everything in its place. A true revelation.

All those things have been told a thousand times, they have been written I don't know how many times, they have been thought and expressed – all that is very fine, up there. But this is seen on the [material] plane itself, felt, lived, breathed, absorbed; it's something else altogether. It's an understanding that has nothing to do with intellectual understanding.

(after a long silence)

Sri Aurobindo continues to tell me things.... It's truly very interesting.

There is a sort of instinct which wants everything to be in agreement with the experience one has. But that is a tendency to uniformity, the Supreme's uniform oneness, which is the nonmanifest Supreme, eternally unchanging, in opposition to the innumerable multiplicity of all the expressions of that Oneness; and instinctively there is always a recoil *(gesture)* towards the Nonmanifest, instead of

(Mother opens her two hands) an acceptance of the manifestation in its totality. It's very interesting.

And it's the first effect of the return to the Origin.

The first effect of the return to the origin is simplification, identity, the One – the identical One. And then there is the movement of the manifestation *(gesture of expansion):* the multiple Immensity.

It's instinctive.

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

November 30, 1965

Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri":

> Imagining meanings in life's heavy drift,
> They trusted in the uncertain environment
> And waited for death to change their spirit's scene.
>
> (X.IV.641)

Yes, those are the people who are hoping to go to a beatific heaven.

The entire West is convinced, of course, that the earth has to be taken as it is and that it's a preparation for a life in another world, which according to your "faults" or "qualities" will be a heaven or a hell. But anyway, doing away with hell, all those who have goodwill will go to a beatific heaven.

It's a weird invention, isn't it!

Anyway ...

But there is an accumulation, an extraordinary compactness of knowledge in this whole *Savitri,* at every turn. There is nothing that's void of knowledge. It's truly interesting.

December

December 1, 1965

(Note from Mother to Satprem)

Satprem,

In the "Notes on the Way," there is a lot of pruning to be done.[109]

The passage concerning sanctioned marriages must be cut, and so must the entire reference to the Ashram's composition. All that is too "private" to be published.

And along that line you may find here and there other sentences that are better omitted.

I would like us to go over that again carefully next Saturday.

Tenderness

Signed: Mother

December 4, 1965

(Mother was quite unwell the day before, and still looks very tired.)

Yesterday was a very difficult day. And I am not quite all right yet.

I can't hear, can't see, I am in an awful state.

(Satprem persuades Mother not to work – long meditation)

I can remain like this indefinitely.

Once I am in it, it's fine, it's comfortable. But anyway, we can do our translation.... The difficulty is that I can't see and can't hear – I am not there!

Because as for me, I have no reason to get out of it [the meditation]. This way I feel the world is fine at last! When I get out of it, the grating starts. When I am there, the world and everything is quite fine!

(Mother takes up her first lines of "Savitri")

> A savage din of labour and a tramp
> Of armoured life and the monotonous hum
> Of thoughts and acts that ever were the same
>
> (X.IV.641)

There you are! That's it.

* * *

Towards the end

This is my great remedy. Yesterday I stayed like that [in meditation] for most of the day. Everybody thought I was asleep (!) and they took great care not to wake me up (so much the better, that was kind). This way, it's all right, everything is fine. And the body too is better, it's the only cure; for me, it's the only cure: bringing down that Peace, that Light – a vast, vast light, and calm, calm – then the cells get used to being a little more harmonious.

Otherwise, everything goes wrong.

I don't believe in doctors. Try as I might, in spite of all my goodwill, I don't believe in treatments and I don't believe in doctors. When I am in that state the doctor gives me medicines – I observe the medicines: they cause as much disorder as they do good. They do good to one thing and harm to another. So afterwards that has to be set right. You never get out of it. And what's more, they do me the favor of giving me children's doses! If I were given adults' doses, I think ... It's interesting, very interesting (!)

Basically, in order to feel at home in the world as it is today, one must belong to the category I spoke of the other day, of those who have established a harmony with all the human faculties, who are satisfied, and also who are egocentric enough not even to notice that things aren't that way for others. Then it's fine; otherwise ... Sri Aurobindo very much belonged (in his outward being) to the category of those who want things to change, who push for progress, who want to move on, who want to reject the past ... very much so. He had to make a great effort to be satisfied with things and people; it was his compassion that made him accept people around him as they were. Otherwise he used to suffer a lot.

And that's what wears out and tires and disorganizes.

I am made to learn that all the time.... You see, it's a long time since that blissful contentment stopped existing (I never had it much, if it did exist at a given time, it's a very long time since it stopped holding on), but I am taught to pass on to a higher stage in which one is sufficiently free from all external vibrations to be able to live in the true, harmonious Vibration. But for the body it's difficult, because every time you eat, you absorb disorder; every time you breathe, you absorb disorder – you live in disorder. So it's a work of clarification, organization, harmonization, and everything becomes very still, absolutely still: there *(gesture to the forehead),* absolute silence and light – the light of an unmoving light; and then, to make that come down here *(the body).* Very still ... Yet the blood is constantly moving along, isn't it? But I think it must be moving at a slower pace. Then it's fine.

I think external science says it's in sleep that toxins are burnt; well, that's the point: it's the stillness that illuminates dark vibrations.

(Laughing) So I have given you two a dose!

December 7, 1965

Regarding Mother's recent "illness"

It was what people call "black magic" – I don't call it black magic, but it was an adverse formation, which I saw in all its details exactly on December 5. On the 5th itself I saw it, and afterwards I understood. It was extremely interesting, but it's impossible to repeat. On the 5th, at the meditation, I knew what it was (the day after you came). Extremely interesting. Maybe one day I will tell it, but it's very, very private.

On the afternoon of the 5th, after I had understood clearly and seen everything and done everything, suddenly ... (you know how Sri Aurobindo used to take away illnesses: it was like a hand that came and took away the disease), it went away just like that, it was taken away, literally taken away like that, and the body was INSTANTLY fine. Oh, you know, I am still flabbergasted.

Just as if you had a hood over your head, and something comes and removes it: pfft! all the symptoms, all gone. It's wonderful.

When this Power works, we will see something.

> *But for four or five years, every year around December 5 you have been attacked.*

Ah, yes. It's all part of the same thing. It's the same thing.

It's more than four or five years, more than that. Only ... Anyway, when I explain it, it will be clear.

But I saw it not in human thought, not at all, not as one understands it: I saw it as it is, and what permits these attacks – what not only permits them, not only makes them possible, but what makes those things NECESSARY for the body's transformation.

To put it simply, the whole thing is to bear up, that's all. That's all – to endure and bear up.

But just when it left, just half a second before that, there came ... How can I explain? It's so simple and natural and unsophisticated, oh, so simple that it seems childish. It was as though I were told by a voice that would be like Sri Aurobindo's voice, *"You are the stronger and you can send the ball away,"* something of that sort. But the words are nothing; it was the feeling of a sort of ... *buoyancy,* as they

say in English, that feeling one has when one is young, full of boldness and enthusiasm – the feeling of absolutely scoffing at them and at their "formidable" formation, as a lion would scoff at a rat. Absolutely that sort of relationship. And that kind of enthusiasm lasted just a flash, and at the same time, just at the same time *(gesture of a hood being removed),* pfft! like night and day.

Oh, it has taught me a lot, a whole lot of things, a world of things.

It was hard. It lasted a long time – the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and the whole 5th till about 6:30 in the evening: three days.

And each day brings something. It seems to be going at a gallop, it's going fast. Yesterday too, I learned something: for the work, the reason for confusions. It was very interesting, a very interesting demonstration. And so forth, every day there is something like that, in the minute details of the material working. Very interesting. Now, let's get on with the work.

* * *

(There follows a long and habitual discussion on the problem of the publication of Mother's words. As usual, Mother wants to cut everything out – "I don't want any I" – and as usual Satprem literally has to fight to salvage a few fragments here and there. The present instance concerns the "Notes on the Way.")

But I can see, lots of people read the *Bulletin,* and we have to be careful of what we print. So we'll have to go over this carefully.

Have there been recriminations again?

No, there have been enthusiasts – so enthusiastic that we have to take care.

There have been protests, but I don't care a bit about them, I am not interested. It's with the enthusiasts, those on whom it had a lot of effect, that we have to take care.

The enthusiasts are often more dangerous.... Recriminations mean people who don't understand anything, that doesn't matter – if they don't understand, too bad for them. But for those who understand, we have to see that it doesn't have too much effect on them. We must be careful.

Yes, but if we cut out all that's personal, there remains a sort of "declaration" that has no concrete impact. It remains vague and general.

We can keep the complete text for those who are ready to see the whole.

(Satprem protests)

But mon petit, read the whole thing again for yourself, and tell yourself that all

those who are ready to read the whole thing will read it one day, that's all, it's enough!

I should never read your texts back to you, because you're impossible!

(Mother laughs)

(The discussion goes on and Mother again wants to cut out the whole end of the conversation of November 27 which Satprem wanted to publish in "Notes on the Way." It was about the double movement of Oneness and Multiplicity.)

Don't lose heart.

But it all hangs together!

Yes, all those who have your development will understand, but others won't.

No, it's a beginning of experience which isn't yet in its final form. I will say it better another time. A day will come when I will say it well. *(Poking fun at Satprem)* You'll have an opportunity to write it out well!

Leave it all, it's enough, all that is private, it's good for the *Agenda.* One day I'll draw a picture – a living picture because it will be perfectly lived – of the supreme Consciousness, which is both Nothingness and Totality at the same time. And then, the day when I am able to put that experience into words, it will be something with weight. But wait a little, we must wait a little more.

These are the first stammerings of a novice.

I do understand, but ... but even those stammerings are full of meaning! Even your hesitations, even your unfinished sentences. It's full of meaning.

Yes, it's good for ... (as the old phrase says) it's good for the faithful, but the "faithless" mustn't see the stammerings, it doesn't help them.

She [Sujata] will have less typing to do!

(Satprem makes a face)

December 10, 1965

What do you have to say?... Tell me.

I am a bit troubled because I've got the news that my friend has committed suicide.

Tell me about it. Which friend?

A Gold Washer.

But you've had many friends in life, haven't you?

No.

Had you kept in touch with him?

He was the person closest to me.

Did you see him last time when you went back to France?

No.

Where was he?

Oh, around the world, in Africa lately, here and there.

And where does he write you from?

From Paris.

How old is he?

A bit younger than me.

What does he write? Do you have his letter? Give it to me.

He was a rebel.

Yes.

He didn't find.

But he is a rebel in tamas, mon petit. Suicide and tamas go together – unconsciousness or stupidity. *(Mother looks at the letter)* He doesn't sign his name, he writes, "Your brother, the gold washer."

Yes.

Is he an intellectual?

No, not much. He is a man of action.

(Mother again "looks" at the letter) Are you sure he has committed suicide? ... I am not. Do you have his address? Can you find out?

Yes, I can.

(Silence) You are still very sensitive to others' formations.

He's a man whom I understand well, I lived with him. He wasn't at all an ordinary man who accepted life like most people who are comfortable in life.

No, but he was a "dramatizer."

Not at all. He is a man of action and an ore prospector.

That's the appearance.

He is a very simple and rough type. He never used to exhibit anything, never used to say anything, and when he was sensitive to something, outwardly he would grow harder and harder. A very rough man, without aesthetic refinement. Just a man of action, who translated what he felt into acts.

No, he is intuitive. You didn't know it, but he was an intuitive type.

Yes, there was something in him.

When I said "dramatizer," I didn't mean physically; you contradicted me, but I didn't mean physically, I meant vitally, and I know what I am talking about.

Vitally a dramatizer ... Possibly.

(silence)

He had a taste for freedom. That's rather rare.

Do you have the envelope? Is there a date-stamp?

Yes, December 6, from Paris.

What was he like? Short, tall? Fat, thin, dark?

Rather short, strong, stocky, with a crew cut.

The eyes?

Rather dark, I think.

His hair too?

Yes. A turned-up nose.

(silence)

I blame myself for not having helped him.

Didn't you ever write to him?

Once in two or three years.

It would have made no difference. Only what must happen happens – that's an absolute rule.

Only what must happen happens. And it's unthinkable it might be otherwise. Therefore telling oneself, "I should have done this" ... It would have been for your own satisfaction, but it would not have changed circumstances in any way.

And he isn't dead – he may have lost his body, that's possible, I don't know (for me that's a secondary question), but he isn't dead.[110]

But it's a pity when someone commits suicide.

Yes, it's a pity.

It's stupid.

But he didn't know, it's just that. Those are people who don't know.

Yes, they don't know. But he is intuitive.

Of course! But the terrible thing is that there are people like that who DON'T KNOW. He was exactly like me, without, for instance, the knowledge of what's here. If I hadn't known you and India, I would have done like him, I would have committed suicide just like him.... But those people, it's not their fault!

But there's no "fault"! It's never anybody's "fault"! *(Mother laughs)* It's not the Lord's fault! The Lord has no faults!

Anyway, it's a pity that there wasn't...

For me, he isn't dead. I don't know; he may be physically alive, I don't know, but for me he isn't dead.

You mean he is sufficiently formed and exists on another plane?

Yes, he is conscious enough.

I asked you these details because since the 5th up till now I have been seeing in the Vital a number of people who had just left their bodies, and I wanted to know if he was one of them. I saw two in particular who were as you say, squat, a bit stout, with black hair and dark eyes. If I had a photograph, I would tell you if it's he or not: just like this I can't say. I have seen lots of them – but for me those people aren't dead!

They have remained conscious, and when one is conscious one isn't dead.

And if it's as I think, it's someone who came straight here – he came straight to you, so naturally I saw him.

So what! ...

No, I'm not saddened by his "death," that's not it ...

You are saddened by not having done what you think you should have done.

No ... And also, there's the suffering it involves – the unnecessary suffering.

You're adding your own unnecessary suffering to all the others! – I don't see your logic.

That's the EXTRAORDINARY lesson Sri Aurobindo gave us, and that's how I took it. When he left, the first thing I said was, "Now everyone may die, it doesn't matter in the slightest." And it was absolutely true, and since that day it has been absolutely true.

It absolutely does not matter.

And I now have with Sri Aurobindo an intimacy I didn't have when he lived in a physical body: he was busy on his side, I was busy on mine, we never used to speak to each other. We were very close, as close as can be, as one as can be, ON THE SAME PLANE AS WE ARE NOW. And now when I want to know something, when I want an answer to a question, I just have to do this *(gesture of immobile silence)* and I have the answer. Before, I might have been busy in one room and he in another, and I didn't even have the time or the possibility to ask him for the information.

Not that I approve of death! I fight it as much as I can, for me it's a falsehood – death and falsehood go together. But ... it's an appearance.

When you accept the falsehood [of death], it makes you suffer. When you no longer accept, you smile. You smile, there is nothing else to do but smile.

It's not at all his death that affects me, but ...

Well, mon petit, sit down a minute, stay still, call your friend and tell him, "Here. Here is what I wanted to tell you, here is what I should have taught you, here. Now learn it from me" (I mean, from you), "from my consciousness. Now I am putting you in the Light; now I am putting you in the Knowledge; now learn all that you are capable of learning," and that's all. You will have done the best you could do.

It's because there is still in your external consciousness a doubt about the invisible reality; it's nothing but that, and when "that" which we can see and touch goes away, it's painful.

No, that's not the point....

But I am telling you: what has affected you is that there was in this letter a very strong vital formation (which was influencing him too), a sort of ... (excuse my saying so, I don't want to harm your friendship or your memory), but it's a sort of drama he was putting on for himself – besides, all those who commit suicide are like that, WITHOUT ONE EXCEPTION. It's a drama that he was putting on for himself and living very powerfully in the vital, and the formation came on you

along with the letter and that's what has troubled you. I know this, because my first reaction while reading the letter was a smile – the smile I wear in the face of the dramas of the vital. I am absolutely sure of it, you could swear to me that it's not so, it would make no difference. I am absolutely sure. He was the first ... I might say "victim," if you like, the first victim of the drama, but then it came on you, it pounced on you along with the letter. A drama in the vital. And it's a drama in the vital, all these things are dramas in the vital.... Listen, just these last few days – the days between the 5th and the 9th – I always relive the minutes I lived in 1950, and I always see them in the light of the knowledge I have acquired, and I SAW, I saw to what extent pain, sorrow, regret ... especially that regret of not having done what one should have done, which is another absurdity because one NECESSARILY did what one had to do – one wasn't what one should have been and one must change, that's why one must change, but one did what one had to do because you cannot do anything but what the Lord makes you do, and He makes you do the thing which is at the same time the best possible for the whole and the best possible for your own progress. There. So all the regrets of "I should have ... I shouldn't have ..." are rubbish.

You understand, I am saying this with all the power of the knowledge lived in all the details. I KNOW this. And this is precisely the time of the year when I know it best, in the most living and concrete way, and the most powerful.

It's all right, he is a fine boy, he has substance, he'll be all right. If he did actually leave his body, we'll give him another one. There.

Yes, he was a fine boy.

Yes, he is a fine boy. Oh, I know him well, now. Now I know him. A fine boy. It's quite all right.

But he is here, vitally.

It's all right.

You just have to give him all the affection you had for him, exactly as if he were physically by your side. You give him your affection and do for him, like that, in the inner silence, what you would like to do if he were here physically – and it makes no difference, that's all. That's the point on which I insist, that illusion – that sticky illusion – which clings to our consciousness and says that this is the reality *(Mother pinches the skin of her hands) – but* this is the falsehood, this is the illusion, because it's not the correct expression of reality.

And rebels (they don't know, they're ignorant) revolt because things aren't as they should be, and instead of saying to themselves (because they don't have the knowledge), instead of saying to themselves, "Now I'll work for things to become as they want to be, as they should be," they go off. They say, "No, I don't accept the world as it is." That's very good. It's very good, you needn't accept it, nobody is asking you to accept it as it is, but if you have goodwill, help it to change.

Now he will understand.

Yes, that's the important point.

He will understand.

No, as long as the world isn't changed, death doesn't matter in the least, and when the world is changed, there will be no more death, that's all. Or else it will be death for plants, death for animals, death for man (man as man), and for them, it will be a quite natural state, there won't be anything to feel sorry about.

Death as it is understood, on the inner level, means the loss of consciousness.... That would be the most ... the most dreadful and horrible thing, if it were possible. But it's not possible. If you have consciousness, it cannot be lost. Some things don't have consciousness yet, so little by little, little by little, they learn to have it; but the consciousness you have cannot be lost, that's not possible. All the deaths in the world cannot take it away from you, and that's why I smile – try, mon petit!

It's impossible.

Consciousness is something eternal. Consciousness is divine, consciousness is eternal, and NOTHING can destroy it.

Appearances are another matter.

And it's only unconsciousness that's destroyed (meaning that there is an appearance of destruction), but not consciousness.

So then, all the drama – all the tragedy, all the horror, all the dread, all of it – is vital fabrication. Well, those who are God's warriors don't allow themselves to be affected by that. One smiles, "Yes, yes, you may put on a big show, we don't care; go ahead with the big show if you enjoy it." As for us, we know it's only a show – an ugly show, if you like, it's not pretty, but it's just a show.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, about Dr. Sanyal, who has gone to Madras for a brain operation after an unsuccessful operation in America.)

The doctor is in Madras....

When are they going to operate?

I don't know. They'll telephone.

First they will see if it can be done. Because the American surgeon had said it would be fatal, so this one is taking his precautions, I suppose.

But the doctor says, "I'd rather try and die ..." He didn't have sufficient faith to be cured without outward means, that's the pity – but who has sufficient faith?... I don't know. There are some .... there are some who have that marvelous grace. He didn't have it: the reason, the intelligence were infinitely too active for him to have it.

Yesterday evening, I gave him a little over twenty minutes of concentration. He was sitting and I was standing, holding his hands.... "Never pull down on yourself," it is said, but you can pull down on someone else – I pulled the Force all

out. It was so powerful that his hand kept trembling[111] while mine was still! Afterwards, once it was over, I wondered how it could be, I didn't understand: my hand, which was holding his, stayed still, but his was shaking; I felt his tremor in my hand. Then I stopped, when, all of a sudden, everything came to a halt: he stopped moving. And relaxation came, a relaxation. I was concentrating there, on his head – relaxation. Then I stopped. Time was up, anyway. Therefore IT CAN BE DONE. But this lack of faith based on the higher intelligence, the higher reason, prevents it from staying: it brings back the difficulty instantly. But I saw – I saw it: it did stop. For me that was an obvious proof.

And I did it deliberately. It's true that it is dangerous to "pull down" because if the resistance is too great, something gets demolished, but there was nothing to risk anymore since he himself was ready to go to Madras to be sent to another world. I did it.

Truly, even materially and even in the present state of the world, nothing is impossible. All that is needed is the Lord's Sanction *(sanction* in the English sense of the word). And it was He who wanted it, it was He who willed it. I, who can't remain standing for more than ten minutes without my head whirling, stayed there half an hour MOTIONLESS: I didn't feel anything, I was quite beyond all "karmas"! It took half an hour for everything to come to a stop, and it was clearly a momentary effect, meaning that it could have lasted one hour, two hours, I don't know, but with the inner vibrations of his being (lack of faith and so on) it could only be momentary.

But it happened. And it wasn't through an imposition: it was through a relaxation, with the Force descending like a mass, brrf! Tremendous, mon petit! ... Two or three times there was a loosening [in the doctor], then it resumed: it was as if driven out of the brain, and it came back into the brain; I drove it out and back it came. And the last time, there was a relaxation. Then I said, "Thank You, Lord, I thank You."

Now I am sure.

We shall see. Maybe the operation will convince him that it can be done (if the Madras doctor too is convinced it can be done). It can obviously be done – everything is possible.

But those things are very interesting.... Because when he was in America, suddenly I saw he was going to get killed (after the first operation), and I said right away, "I don't want him to die there, it's stupid, it's a silly business, a defeat, I don't want it." I sent him a talisman I had myself prepared (so that his human intelligence might have a little faith), then I worked on the other doctor, the American surgeon. And when Sanyal went and saw the surgeon for his operation, the surgeon told him, "No, between your first operation and this one, I've had a series of catastrophes, of fatal experiences with people who died; I don't want to do it because I feel I am going to cause you to die and I refuse." Then Sanyal said, "I am willing to die," and the other answered, "But I am not willing to kill you!" And Sanyal came back here. And when he came back, I told him, "Please excuse me, but that's my doing!"

Now we shall see. If the other doctor has trust and he too has trust, it's quite possible. But it's neither this doctor nor any other that will have done it: it's the Lord. Only He can do things. I told Sanyal when he came back from America, *"It's only the Lord that can cure you, nobody."* Then he told me, "Oh, yes, but there are means of intervening." I answered him, "Any means you like, it's all the same to me!"

* * *

Then Mother returns to the Gold Washer's suicide:

Petit, it's to help you take a step forward.

It's very good.

You know, the big difficulty is that importance and above all that sense of absolute reality we attach to physical life.

It's not physical life that's important: it's Life; it's not physical consciousness that's important: it's Consciousness. So when you are free, you can use ... well, all the materiality you want. One should be able to pick and choose and leave the rest out ... and make use of it as one wants; one should be the master of Matter, not Matter sitting on top of you and coercing you – what's that!

And that's the point, it's because one has in one's inner being the memory of a Freedom that one revolts against the slavery here (a disgusting slavery); only, one lacks the knowledge that consciousness alone can change everything. Throwing everything out of the window isn't the way to change things, that's all.

But it's over for your friend, I have taken him with me. It's all right.

December 15, 1965

The day before, Mother was visited by the King of Nepal.

I have no roses left *(Mother looks for a flower for Satprem),* they took everything!

But this king[112] is a remarkable man. He has a remarkable history, but it would be too long to tell.... I was in contact with him before *(gesture of mental communication),* and I had said, "I won't speak" – and I didn't speak. When he came he looked at me, then suddenly (he was standing), he remained standing in

meditation, he closed his eyes and remained motionless. And then he asked me his questions mentally – I received them. And the answer came from up above, magnificent. An answer with a golden, superb force, and a power telling him that he had a great role to play and had to be strong and so on.

A very, very intelligent man.

And India's ambassador to Nepal (whom I had already seen once, he has a very remarkable wife, who was here too, she is very sweet) had me asked (because they're going to have a conference in Nepal about the Chinese claims), he asked me what solution I saw. I sent him my answer.

It's really very interesting, the way I saw the thing.[113] And it seems, so they told me – "Oh, that's exactly what the Chinese want!" I said, "Very well, that's very good, but instead of it being with the Chinese, it will be with the Indians": a federation of all these states.

All that is very good. It means there is really a Force on the march.

But my roses are all gone!

* * *

Soon afterwards

Sanyal's operation was yesterday.

At 3:45 P.M., V. telephoned from Madras that the operation had succeeded, that the tremor had stopped in the right hand and right leg and there would be no paralysis.

Today a letter from V. came which tells the whole thing. But after that there was a telegram saying that he spent a very restless night and had a temperature. That's the latest news.

(Mother hands V.'s letter[114] to Satprem)

"The operation is successful. Tremor of the right hand and leg have stopped. There is no paralysis. Dr. is feeling well. This morning Dr. had his coffee early in the morning. At 7:30 A.M. a barber shaved his head. Dr. then looked like a Buddhist monk *(Mother laughs).* At 9 A.M. he was removed near the operation theater N° 2. At that time he had a sterile dressing on his head. At 10 A.M. he was taken inside the operation theater. They brought him out at 3 P.M. and put him in the post-operative ward. On seeing all of us surrounding his bed, he started weeping. We all moved away from his bed. He then lifted his right hand and leg. There was absolutely no tremor. His head is covered with a big bandage. We all pray for Dr.'s recovery."[115]

December 18, 1965

(Sujata:) Why is Pavitra in such poor condition?

The doctor predicted he wouldn't be able to move anymore at all, and he climbs the stairs, goes here and there. Only, it's quite an effort. But the doctor said, "He won't be able to move anymore, he will be bed-ridden." So it's already *a big achievement.* It's an ankylosis of all the muscles.[116]

(Sujata:) When I see him in the morning, it's terrible. It takes him a long time before he's able to move, and he is in a lot of pain.

Yes, it hurts.

Oh, he walks about through sheer willpower. I know that. I know, because as a rule you're finished, you can't move anymore.

(silence)

Ultimately, the whole difficulty comes from the amount of unconsciousness left in the Matter we are made of. That's ... that's terrible. And then, that's what it takes to pull this Matter out of its unconsciousness: all the suffering, all the disorder, all the pummeling.... That's what I see every day. And the degree of stupidity ... To us it's stupidity, we call it stupidity, but ... You know, the intermediary to which this unconsciousness responds is the mentality of the cell, the material mentality, but then, when this material mentality is seized with an idea, it is actually possessed by the idea and it's almost impossible (not impossible but extremely difficult) for it to free itself – it takes an intervention from another domain.

Diseases are just that. It's the same thing with the doctor's illness: this tremor is the possession by an idea, it's what in the conscious intelligence is expressed as the possession by an idea, a hypnosis – a sort of hypnosis accompanied by a fear in matter. The two things together: possession and fear, a sort of fearfulness. And a sense of helplessness in all that. The possession by an idea and a helplessness to reject it, and a fear, a helplessness to resist. And then a sort of fearfulness that is translated in us by, "Oh, it's going to be that way ... oh, it's going to be a disease...."

In the old Scriptures they used to compare that with a dog's twisted tail. And it is truly like that, it's a sort of TWIST that you try to straighten out and which goes back to its shape automatically, idiotically – you untwist it, it twists up again; you reject it, it comes again. It's extremely interesting, but it's miserable. Miserable. And all illnesses are like that, all, all of them, whatever their external form. The external form is only one way of being of the SAME THING – because things are arranged in every possible way (there aren't two identical things and everything is arranged differently), so then, some follow similar twists, and that's what doctors

call "such and such an illness." But if they are sincere, they will tell you, "There aren't two like illnesses."

But what toil it is! ... I am fighting with that at the moment, it's a fistfight.

How much time will it take? I don't know. What price will have to be paid? I don't know.... Yes, certainly, we can picture the end: when we have got the "hang," the deeper law or true power that governs those things, ah, then ... we'll have the power to do something.

Until then, we have to hold out. Do you know what holding out is? It's being like this *(immobile gesture in the Eternal)*. You are assailed by innumerable ideas, a general defeatism *(same gesture)* – be immobile in an ascending and progressive faith.

Oh, I remember, I said the other day that perfection is eternal and it's because of Matter's resistance that, on earth, perfection is progressive.

December 22, 1965

> *I have a lot of difficulties inwardly.... I don't know, I feel I am very inhuman, as if I were far, far, far away. And all human relationships tire me. I am far away.*

That doesn't matter. Do you think it's necessary to feel human?

> *I don't know.... It's bad, isn't it?*

It's not really necessary to feel human.

> *It's as if I were lending myself to a certain game, but it tires me more than anything. As if I were far away. So I am wondering if it's good or bad (!)*

I think all the experiences that are sent to us are sent because they are necessary. I am convinced of this. And fortunately, my body too is convinced of this, because ... If I looked at it from the ordinary point of view ... it's rather wretched.

Everyone around me is ill, and ... *(gesture falling back on Mother)*. Fever, this, that ...

It's difficult, very difficult. I told you, it's very difficult.

Well, I am convinced – my body is convinced (fortunately it is itself convinced) that it's because it has to learn some things. We must learn. There is a lot to learn....

Here *(Mother hands Satprem a flower called "Grace").* We must hold tight to it, like that, you know, with both hands, close our eyes when the going is very rough and wait till it's over.

But you don't see anything wrong in me? "Nothing wrong?"

No, no! *Nothing wrong! (Mother laughs)* Can you work or are you too tired?

No, no! I am tired inwardly.

Oh, one must never be tired inwardly.

I mean psychologically, towards others.

You don't feel like seeing them *(Mother laughs).* That's very good, an excellent state, quite favorable!

December 25, 1965

(About Satprem's mother, who has donated money to the Ashram:)

Is it your money?

No, she has given all her goods to her children and there is a part that was supposed to be for me, but it's hers, so it's just as well in your hands. She says she is "ventilating herself."

But it's true, you know. It's a very spontaneously true feeling in the being: you feel increased by what you give. As long as I felt people were giving to me, as a person, there was a shrinking, but now there's an absolutely concrete sensation *(Mother makes a circular motion going through her):* it circulates, circulates.... So now, there is the joy of the thing, because it circulates, nothing remains.

But she is sweet, your mother.... She is going to have the joy of her soul. You know, there is a joy in being more conscious of one's soul than of the material world – you may keep yourself busy, you may see clearly, you may understand, you may do what you have to do, all that remains, it's very fine, but, behind, there is ... a Light. A light, something warm, warm with a luminous, golden warmth. It's really the sense of immortality, of something that doesn't depend on a form or on circumstances. It's a consciousness in which one instantly has the feeling that there was no beginning, there is no end.... And a sort of very strong sweetness, very strong, behind everything. It takes you through life; even all the difficulties don't matter when you have caught hold of that. It's something very intimate, which expresses itself with difficulty, but which is like a support, something that holds you up always, in any circumstances.

That's what your mother will have.

She must be living it, maybe unknowingly; she must already have it a little, a beginning.

But when one has it consciously, then ... then, in reality, circumstances don't matter much.

And this money has arrived at a wonderfully appropriate time, as always!

* * *

(Then Mother takes up the "Comments on the Aphorisms" for the next Bulletin.)

> 113 – Hatred is the sign of a secret attraction that is eager to flee from itself and furious to deny its own existence. That too is God's play in His creature.

It corresponds to a sort of vibration – the vibration received from people who hate. It's a vibration which is, so to say, fundamentally the same as the vibration of love. At its very bottom, there is the same sensation. Although on the surface it's the opposite, it is supported by the same vibration. And we could say that we are just as much the slaves of what we hate as of what we love – maybe even more. It's something that keeps hold of you, that obsesses you and which you cherish; a sensation you cherish, because beneath its violence there is a warmth of attraction as great as that which you feel for what you love. And it seems it's only in the activity of the manifestation, that is to say, quite on the surface, that there is this distorted appearance.

You are obsessed by what you hate still more than by what you love. And the obsession stems from that inner vibration.

All these "feelings" (what can we call them?) have a vibratory mode, with something very essential at their core and kinds of layers covering it; so the most central vibration is identical, and it's as it "inflates" to express itself that it gets distorted. For love it's perfectly obvious; in the vast majority of cases it becomes outwardly something with a wholly different nature from the inner vibration, because it's something turning in on itself, shriveling up and trying to pull to itself in an egoistic movement of possession. You WANT to be loved. You say, "I love this person," but at the same time there is what you want, and the lived feeling is, "I want to be loved." And so that's almost as great a distortion as the distortion of hatred, which consists in wanting to destroy what you love in order not to be tied down. Because you cannot obtain what you want from the object of your love, you want to destroy it in order to be freed; and in the other case, you shrivel up almost in an inner fury because you cannot obtain, you cannot gobble up what you love. *(Laughing)* In actual fact, from the standpoint of the deeper truth, there isn't much

difference!

It's only when the central vibration remains pure and is expressed in its original purity, which is a spreading out (what can I call it?... It's something radiating out, a vibration spreading out in a glory, a vibration blossoming out, yes, a radiant blossoming out), then it remains true. And materially it's expressed by self-giving, self-forgetfulness, the generosity of the soul. And that's the only true movement. But what people are used to calling "love" is as removed from the central vibration of true Love as hatred; only, the one turns in on itself, shrivels up and hardens, while the other strikes – that's what makes the whole difference.

And this isn't seen with ideas: it's seen with vibrations. It's very interesting.

In fact, I've had to study this quite a bit lately (!) I've had the opportunity to see these vibrations: the outward results may be deplorable, from a practical viewpoint they may be detestable, meaning that this sort of vibration [of hatred] encourages the need to harm, to destroy; but from the standpoint of the deeper truth, it's not a much greater distortion than the other ["love"], it's just of a more aggressive nature – hardly even that.

But if you follow the experience farther and deeper, if you concentrate on this vibration, you realize it is the original Vibration of the creation and that this Vibration is what has been transformed, distorted in everything that is. So then, there is a sort of understanding warmth (we can't exactly call it "sweetness," but it's a sweetness that would be strong), an understanding warmth in which there is as much smile as sorrow – much more smile than sorrow.... It's not to legitimize the distortion, but it's mostly a reaction against the choice that human mentality (and especially human morality) has made between one particular type of distortion and another. There is a whole series of distortions that have been labeled "bad" and there is a whole series of distortions towards which people are full of leniency, almost compliments. And yet, from the essential standpoint, this distortion is hardly better than that distortion – it's a question of choice.

Ultimately, what's necessary would be first to perceive THE central Vibration, then to appreciate its UNIQUE and marvelous quality to such a point that you automatically and spontaneously move away from all distortions, whether virtuous distortions or evil distortions.

We always come back to the same thing, there is only one solution: to reach the truth of things and cling to it – that essential truth, the truth of essential Love, and cling to it.

* * *

Soon afterwards, Mother remarks

It's interesting: the field of experience in which I find myself is always related to the ideas that are part of the week's activity (like vibrations of hatred and this

aphorism, for instance). It's interesting (!)

December 28, 1965

(Mother shows a box of candy-pink writing paper she has just received.)

Pretty paper ... to write poetry on!

Will you write?

Me! I am no poet!

The first poetry I was able to appreciate in my life was *Savitri.* Previously, I was closed. To me it was always words: hollow, hollow, hollow, just words – words for words' sake. So as a sound it's pretty, but ... I prefer music. Music is better!

This translation of *Savitri* gives me a whole lot of fun, it's great fun for me.

Much more fun than having to "tell things" ... that are unnecessary.

* * *

Later

... My nightly work begins around nine, till four in the morning, and it's divided into three groups of activities (nightly activities). The last group is generally between two and four in the morning, and that's when I deal with all the people! ... That, mon petit! ... It's quite comical – it's not always too pleasant, but still it's comical, oh! ... I see people as they are *(Mother laughs);* not as they think they are or want to be seen: I see them as they are.

I get information like that, all the time.

Take Purani,[117] for instance: I used to see him almost every night, and then some fifteen days ago (ten to fifteen days ago, I think[118]), before he left his body here, like that, I saw him in a place ... It's a place which is entirely made of a sort of pinkish gray clay – it's *sticky,* gluey, and rather liquid *(Mother makes the gesture of stretching chewing gum).* There were lots of people. It was a place where lots of people were going to prepare themselves there for the supramental life – but not in their present bodies, which means they were preparing something in order to be ready for the supramental life in a future existence. And I had been

taken there; there was a good number of people who had taken me there so I would see (so I would have an action of control there). But as for me, great care was taken to prevent me from being touched by that substance (it was important that I shouldn't be touched), so they wrapped me in golden veils and all sorts of things, and I was walking along. And I saw him ... I was walking on a sort of verandah (but it all had a very peculiar character, all was made of a ... bizarre matter), and there was a sort of large courtyard which was entirely made of that semiliquid, semigluey matter which looked like very diluted but very sticky clay *(same elastic gesture like chewing gum).* And suddenly I saw Purani rushing into it. From the far end he comes to me covered all over in that and sweeping through it with such strokes! He had it all over his face, all over everywhere! You could see nothing but that. I told him *(laughing), "Oh, you like it!"* He told me, "Oh, it's very nice, very nice!"

Since that evening I haven't seen him again. And then, some twelve or fifteen days later, I don't remember, he left his body.

It was a preparation.

I see some very, very amusing things.

December 30, 1965

(Letter from Mother to Satprem, in answer to a letter from Satprem in which he said he was "half dissolved" and asked on which road he was or whether he was on any road at all, for he had "no sign" that he was moving forward or going anywhere.)

Thursday morning

Satprem, my dear little child,

We will talk about that tomorrow morning.

In any event, you are closer to me now than you have ever been.

With all my tenderness

Signed: Mother

December 31, 1965

(About Satprem's recent letter to Mother:)

Have you received my answer? *(Mother makes a gesture of mental communication)* No? I talked to you a great deal, a very great deal.

I have a feeling of having seen you several times these last two nights, but ... I was always trying to set up the tape recorder to record what you were telling me, but it wasn't working!

(Mother laughs, then after a silence) Don't you really feel where your difficulty is?... It's a lack of satisfaction, no? What's called in English *frustration,* something that's disappointed.

Yes, but that's just one way of putting it. Another way would be, "Something unaccomplished."

Yes, but "something unaccomplished" is a feeling one has and must have till the realization, till the transformation. It's not only natural but indispensable, because those who feel accomplished or satisfied, it's over for them, they will never move on again.

Yes, of course.

This sort of *longing,* this feeling of something lacking – something you want, which is lacking – the farther you go, the more it increases.

Yes, but that's not exactly the point.... I don't know where I stand, I don't know on which road I am. I don't know, I know nothing at all!

But that's wonderful, mon petit! It means you have emerged from mental formations.

It's mental formations that say, "You are on this road" or "You are at that point of the realization" or ... For me, that's deplorable! When one is in that, one is still buried in mentality.

Yes, but insofar as one is going somewhere ...

But do you know exactly where you are going?

No, of course not, but...

No one, mon petit! No one, not me either. And it's good not to know.

I understand very well, I'm not asking to know where I am going, but what I am asking, what I'd like to know, is that I AM going, that I am

making headway. There's no sign, you understand, not a single sign. It's like going somewhere in a train in which all the curtains had been pulled down – the train might be going along or might not, there's no telling, but there's no sign to show that you ARE going towards this somewhere, which I am not defining.... That's why I haven't the faintest idea of where I stand, of what I am doing.

You know (shall I be frank?), it's purely a vital dissatisfaction. And I know that, because it has been (how can I put it?) my great difficulty with you. It was a hundred, a thousand times more violent formerly; now it's beginning to calm down. It's a vital that's very intense in its desires (which may not be ordinary desires at all), but with a sort of almost aggressive intensity, and ... essentially dissatisfied. It was very, very strong before, years ago; now it has quieted down. But every time the vital comes into play (and one is obliged to let the vital play because of the physical health; one can't "calm" it down totally because that would make the physical body suffer), it's like that.... It gives me, if you like, the impression of a cat's vital! Cats have a wonderful vital *(laughing),* far, far more clever and intense than human beings have, but the cat claws, you know, and the feeling is: "I'm not happy, that's that. I'm not happy"! *(Mother laughs)*

No, but for instance, the first years when I was here, almost every night I had a sort of sign that I was moving along,[119] *making headway – trifling signs, nothing to speak of: a car taking me along, a walk in a mountain, mere nothings, but they were telling me, "Oh, good, I'm getting on. It's all right, I'm moving along." But for years now, not only have I had no sign, but all I see is negative things: I see pits, I see accidents, I see infernos, I see ... But I never see a sign telling me, "Oh, yes, I'm making headway. It's all right, I'm getting along" – not that, never. So am I making headway? I don't know. What I am asking for is an encouragement, just a little gesture telling me, "Yes, you're getting along, it's all right. You're getting along, don't fret."*

But what do you call a "gesture"?

A sign.

And what do you call a "sign"?... Well, I think you have some trust in me, and if I tell you that you're not only progressing but progressing very fast, does it have no effect on you? You'll tell me, "Prove it." – I can't prove it to you, it's something I see, it's what I know.

But I'd like to have some GLIMPSE of my progress. I am not asking for much, just something once in a while telling me, "Well, don't fret, you're moving along," whereas I always see the darker side, I always see pits, infernos, sewers. So why shouldn't there be from time to time a little light, a pretty landscape?

(Mother laughs) But are you sure you never see any?

Well, I have no trace of it, at any rate. I have traces of infernos all the time, yes, but never the other side, not a trace.

Do you mean night activities?

Yes, I'm talking about night activities. I'm not going so far as to ask for activities with open eyes, I am asking for at least a sign at night. In daytime, there's nothing, that's been understood for a long time.... And it's not dissatisfaction, it's ... yes, a need to know that one is making headway, that's all!

But I am telling you you're making headway and it's not enough for you! You are talking of a "need to know," but what you're asking me for is proof.

It's not proof. When you tell me, "You're making headway," my mind understands, but ...

Then it's your vital. That's what I am telling you. And I insist on this point: your vital has had to be kept under control, because ... well, because of its nature. And as for it, of course, it will say, "All that isn't what I want, I have no proof of any progress."

Haven't you any sign of a psychic presence in you?

[After a silence] For years I've had a feeling (it's a feeling, not a vision), the feeling of a great expanse of light, there, and that when I remain silent long enough, I am peaceful, tranquil, there, and it's for eternity. Well, all right, that's there, always.

But mon petit, that's wonderful!

But it's always been there, it's nothing new!

Yes, but there are people who have that for one minute in their life and consider it a wonderful realization.

And it's always there – I know very well it's always there! I know it, to me it's a palpable fact.

Yes.

No, I assure you, you can believe me *(Mother laughs)*, I have a little experience: it's done. To put it poetically, "Your head is in the Light." But your vital doesn't want this manifestation; your vital wanted a vital manifestation, as for instance when it was in the virgin forest, chopping trees down: it wanted to have the sense of the power of life. And that has been denied to it (for yogic AND material reasons, both extremes, because the body wasn't made for that, and because *[laughing!* the yoga has no time to waste with that), so Mister Vital is furious! It has been told, "Calm down, be at peace, quite at peace, it's all right, you

too will have your joy, but ... once you are transformed." And it may be less pugnacious or rebellious or aggressive than before, but it's dissatisfied, so it's what gives you the feeling, "But I have no sign that I'm making headway! I have no sign that I am progressing. Quite the contrary! Quite the contrary, it's more and more dull, more and more morose, more and more ordinary, that is to say, less and less consonant with my ideal, and my ideal ..."

> *That's not exactly the point.... Yes, when it's in one of its fits, it's like that, but...*

(Mother takes Satprem's hands) To me, you are still very small and very young, you know.

So tell me what you want to say.

> *To say?*

You started saying something, you said, "That's not quite the point ..." *(laughing)* naturally!

> *I don't know. It always revolves around this problem of vision. If I had a beautiful vision from time to time ... Once – look, once, in Ceylon (it was the only time in my life), I heard Music, it was ... marvelous, it was truly divine. Well, to me, that's a sign (it happened once in my life), I say to myself, "Oh, good, I'm not far, there's something." To me that's a sign. Or if I see a beautiful light or... Then I am encouraged, I think, "All right, it's going well." I can descend into hell after that. After that I may do all sorts of absurd things, but I tell myself, "At least I know I am moving towards that." Well, no! You see, it happens once in ten years. Of course, the vital seizes on it and turns it into dissatisfaction, but otherwise, in my normal reason, I simply say, "What's going on? I don't know." I am nowhere, I am waiting.*

But so am I, mon petit, I am waiting – I am millions of years old and I am waiting.

All these last days I have been precisely in the state you are describing, in which one says, "But where, where is the concrete proof that all this is going to change?" Things are really not pretty to look at – where is it, the concrete proof? And what comes to me is always this, the most severe test I could have been given: Sri Aurobindo's departure. Because Sri Aurobindo used to speak as if he wasn't going to go. And it's something that comes and says, "See, it's all dreams for thousands of years hence." And it comes back again and again and again *(hammering gesture)*; so then it's like a sword of Light, inviolable: a Certitude.

Then you no longer ask – you no longer say, no longer ask anything. You have the patience of faith: "When You want it, well, it will be." But as for me, I don't budge, I stay like this *(gesture turned to the heights):* the inviolable light.

Of course, all the outward events come and belie this. In spite of the inner

transformation (which is a sure fact, one has proof of it every second), yet the body keeps its habit of deterioration. And just when you think that things are improving (to give you, as you say, proof that you are making progress), something comes along as if to prove to you that it's all an illusion! And it's growing more and more acute, more and more acute. There is always a Voice (which I know very well, it's the voice of the adverse forces tempting you), which comes and tells you *(same hammering gesture),* "See, see how mistaken you are, see how you delude yourself, see what a mirage it all is, see ..." And then if you listen, you're done for. It's very simple: everything is done for.

You just have to put your fingers in your ears, shut your eyes and keep holding tight up above.

Well, since Sri Aurobindo left, that's what has been coming again and again *(same hammering gesture),* and, you know, more cruel than all human tortures and all the cruelty ever imagined. It's something frightfully cruel, and with all the viciousness of cruelty, and back it comes *(same gesture).* Every time the being opens out in a joy of certitude *(same gesture)* – "Calm down...."

That's where, of course, I say that this realization isn't meant for weak beings – it's meant for the stronger. And then, you are ashamed of what's weak in yourself, and you offer it, saying, "Free me from my weakness." One has to be terribly strong to do that – the strength of endurance untroubled by anything. It's like a perfection of malice which is there, forever saying *(same gesture),* "You are mistaken, it's not possible, you are mistaken, it's not possible...." And then, "Look, here is proof of the truth of what I am telling you: Sri Aurobindo, he who knew, left." And if you listen and believe in it, you're absolutely done for. You're quite simply done for. And that's what they want. Only ... they must not succeed, we must hold on. For how many years now *(hammering gesture)*?... Fifteen years, mon petit – for fifteen years *(same gesture).* Not a single day passes without attacks of that sort, not a single night passes without ... You say you see horrors – mon petit, your horrors must be something quite charming in comparison with the horrors I have seen! I don't think one human being can bear the sight of what I have seen. And it's shown to me as if to tell me that all my "ambitions," all of them, are mad. So then, I have only one answer, "Lord, You are everywhere, You are in everything, and it's for us to see You through everything."

Then ... it calms down.

I told you, and I told you neither to make you happy nor to comfort you, I told you because it's a fact I have myself observed with curiosity and interest: we are extremely close up above in the profound intellectual understanding and in the Great Light. And this is expressed by an identity of experience in the intellectual consciousness. I am aware of your difficulties, I know them, I've known them since the first day I saw you (and even before you came here); from that point of view there has been great progress, but it has shaken your physical health, because of that struggle. I know that you can be completely cured, but in order for you to be completely cured, your vital must be converted, and what I call "to be converted" isn't to surrender – to be converted is to understand. To be converted is

to adhere.

(Satprem lays his head on Mother's knees)

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[1]The lightning offensive of June 22, 1941.

[2]Stalingrad, on February 2, 1943.

[3]*Janaka:* Mithila's king at the time of the Upanishads, celebrated for his spiritual knowledge and divine realization, though he led the ordinary worldly life.

[4]*Narada:* a wandering sage who goes about playing the *vina.* Immortal like the gods, he appears on earth whenever he wishes. He is mentioned as far back as the Upanishads.

[5] It was in fact an attack of tuberculosis.

[6]That "week" in the Vellore hospital was to last more than a month. Mother's letter astounded Satprem, as he did not believe in medicine; he held quite a grudge against Mother, without understanding that She perhaps had other, "educational" intentions. But in reality, during that month in Vellore, Satprem kept fighting not against the so-called "illness," but against the frightful atmosphere of death and suggestion of death that filled that hospital as in a medical Auschwitz.

[7]Since Satprem's illness, Sujata has accompanied him to see Mother, for he has been unable to carry the tape recorder. From now on and till the end, Sujata will participate in all the conversations.

[8]Italics indicate words spoken or written by Mother in English.

[9]Mother has received several Tibetans since the invasion of Tibet.

[10]Satprem remembers that several years earlier, Madame A. David-Neel had in a letter already advised Mother to leave Pondicherry (it was Mother herself who told this to Satprem around or a little before 1960), because, she predicted, Mother would be "assassinated by her own disciples." That letter must still exist in the Ashram's archives.

[11]February 21: *Above all the complications of the so-called human wisdom stands the luminous simplicity of the Divine's Grace, ready to act if we allow It to do so.*

[12]Message of January 1, 1965.

[13]Original English.

[14]As Mother's original note in English could not be found, it is retranslated here from the French.

[15]Indications for Mother's work or of the general situation or that of the Ashram and the disciples.

[16]This is the whole problem of the selection of evolutionary samples that the Ashram represented.

[17]*The Human Cycle,* Cent. Ed. XV.252.

[18]See *Agenda III,* July 4, 1962.

[19]The rest of the conversation is interspersed with long, vanishing meditations, like great stretches of Alaska in the snow.

[20]The vibration that doesn't move is the supramental Vibration.

[21]It can drink up the sea of All-Delight
And never lose the white spiritual touch (X.III.655)

[22]Annul thyself that only God may be. (Vll.VI.538)

[23]The world of unreality ceased to be ...
She was a single being, yet all things
The world was her spirit's wide circumference (Vll.VII.554-556)

[24]Unutterably effaced, no one and null,
A vanishing vestige like a violet trace,
A faint record merely of a self now past,
She was a point in the unknowable. (Vll.VI.549)

[25]*Tamasic:* Belonging to inertia or obscurity *(tamas).*

[26]*Purohit:* priest.

[27]A first nucleus near the Great Lake.

[28]When Satprem asked Mother whether this "something" was indeed the supramental Force, Mother answered this: "I'd rather not name it, because they will make a dogma out of it. It [this "something"] is what happened when what we called 'the first supramental manifestation' took place in 1956. I tried my best to prevent it from being turned into a dogma. But if I say, 'On such-and-such date, such-and-such a thing took place,' it will be printed in big characters, and if someone says something else, he will be told, 'You are a heretic.' So I don't want that. But it's undeniable that the atmosphere has changed, there is something new in the atmosphere – we can call it 'the descent of the supramental Truth' because for us these words have a meaning, but I don't want to make a declaration about it, because I don't want it to be THE classic or 'true' way to describe the event. That's why I keep it vague, deliberately."

[29]"After all India with her mentality and method has done a hundred times more in the spiritual field than Europe with her intellectual doubts and questionings. Even when a European overcomes the doubt and questioning, he does not find it as easy to go as fast and far as an Indian with the same force of personality because the stir of mind is still greater. It is only when he can get beyond that that he arrives, but for him it is not so easy.

On the other hand however your statement is correct. It is 'natural considering the times' and the occidental mentality prevalent everywhere. It is also probably necessary that this should be faced and overcome before any supramental realisation is possible in the earth-consciousness – for it is the attitude of the physical mind to spiritual things and as it is in the physical that the resistance has to be overcome before the mind can be overpassed in the way required for this yoga, the strongest possible representation of its difficulties was indispensable." *(Bulletin,* August 1965)

[30]Not only did they think Mother deaf, but Satprem heard one of Mother's attendants tell him that the vagaries of her eyesight were due to cataract. Thus Mother was surrounded with people who thought her old and infirm or sick.

[31]An estate on the bank of the Lake, west of Pondicherry, where a model [arm and cultivation are planned.

[32]*World-Union:* a group for the union of the world, launched by a few disunited disciples.

[33]. In a personal context such as this dream, fish, according to Sri Aurobindo, symbolize the "vital mind" in constant movement, making all sorts of formations.

[34]This was in France with Richard, at the start of the war, after the return from Pondicherry.

[35]I have given thee thy awful shape of dread
And thy sharp sword of terror and grief and pain
To force the soul of man to struggle for light ...
Thou art his spur to greatness in his works,
The whip to his yearning for eternal bliss,
His poignant need of immortality.

Live, Death, awhile, be still my instrument. (X.IV.666)

[36]A little earlier, Satprem had returned to the attack and asked again for Mother's permission to stop his meat diet and return to simple vegetarian food. Mother had refused because of Satprem's state of health.

[37] See conversation of April 17, 1965.

[38]Satprem meant that he found it hard to see how the new substance, nevertheless very different from Matter, could be prepared through gymnastics for the physical body.

[39]Mother is perhaps referring to "ionized matter"?

[40] Purani passed away a few months later, on December 11, 1965.

[41]See conversation of June 29, 1963, *Agenda IV,* p. 194.

[42]See *Agenda I,* February 3, 1958, p. 137 ff.

[43]Mother had already told Satprem many years earlier that the island of Great Britain was destined to disappear underwater. It is indeed remarkable that English experts made the following observation, as reported in India's *Sunday Standard* of January 20, 1974: "London has become more vulnerable to floods owing to the fact that England is slowly tilting over: the southeast is gradually sinking while Scotland's north-west is rising."

[44]It was only three years later, in February, 1968, that Auroville would be founded.

[45]Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's symbol.

[46]Which has already been cultivated.

[47]He knows his way about very well indeed: he is the one who will become the "proprietor" of Auroville after Mother's departure, taking advantage of the money collected for Auroville. He will have the Aurovilians who will not consent to this fraud sent to jail and expelled from India, while Auroville will be reduced to a state of siege and funds meant for Auroville will be used to corrupt.

[48]1. "Fresh water" is *eau douce* in French, *douce* meaning "gentle" or "sweet."

[49]In fact the cyst has grown smaller almost by half since Sujata mentioned it to Mother four days ago. But "out of habit" it was still operated upon!

[50]See conversation of March 17, 1961, *Agenda* II, p. 129 ff.

[51]In the years 1972-73, an Ashram boy, V., an excellent clairvoyant whom Mother refers to several times in the *Agenda,* had the following vision, which may be related with Mother's: he saw the Ashram as if from above, and the whole Ashram ground was scraped clean, as it were, and riddled with innumerable holes and tunnels; rats were going and coming in and out, up and down in a constant hurry-scurry – there was nothing left, everything had been scraped clean by the rats.

[52]N° I 10 of May 29, 1965.

[53]Here Mother reverts to French.

[54]Mother's translation.

[55]Mother looks "tired."

[56]Mother had already spoken of this case in the conversation of 26 June 1965: the man who was cured of a cancer of the brain but still did not believe in the intervention of a higher force.

[57]The letter excerpted above also announced the patient's relapse.

[58]We cannot help thinking of Sri Aurobindo's "mathematical formula": "Now," he wrote on 16 August 1935, "I have got the hang of the whole hanged thing – like a very Einstein I have got the mathematical formula of the whole affair (unintelligible as in his case to anybody but myself) and am working it out figure by figure." Mother uses almost the same words.

[59]See in particular *Conversations with Pavitra* of 20 November 1926. Pavitra complained that "this mechanical part of the mind is carrying me along." And Sri Aurobindo replied, "It is simply an outer functioning and it will be rejected in the course of the procedure." That was in 1926. Sri Aurobindo changed his mind later, perhaps in fact when he discovered his "mathematical formula."

[60]By the body-mind itself.

[61]"In the Yoga as in life it is the man who persists unwearied to the last in the face of every defeat and disillusionment and of all confronting, hostile and contradicting events and powers who conquers in the end and finds his faith justified because to the soul and Shakti in man nothing is impossible." *(The Synthesis of* Yoga, XXI.745)

[62]Pius Xll.

[63]The Vellore hospital was much better "organized in illness," as it were, with American doctors.

[64]Mother repeatedly had bloodshot eyes.

[65]It is a special issue devoted to Sri Aurobindo.

[66]See in addendum the text of Mother's answer.

[67]Satprem's article is published in addendum.

[68]*Savitri,* XII.719.

[69]The Mother.

[70]*Savitri,* 11. Xll. 278.

[71]Let us recall the last conversation (of August 18) in which Mother spoke of those glass halls as vast as the earth. Strangely, for several weeks, Satprem on his part has been immersed in the correction of sentences with the revision of the French translation of *The Synthesis of Yoga.*

[72]Mother hesitated: she was going to use the word "immortal" and not "eternal" – an "immortal reality" (see later on, conversation of August 28).

[73]"Initiating" in the sense of impelling.

[74]Mother insisted on and specified this point later.

[75]In a former Playground Talk (of March 10, 1951), Mother said regarding the violation of tombs in Egypt: "In the physical form there is the 'spirit of the form,' and that spirit of the form persists for a time, even when outwardly the person is said to be dead. And as long as the spirit of the form persists, the body isn't destroyed. In ancient Egypt they had that knowledge; they knew that if they prepared the body in a

certain way, the spirit of the form wouldn't go away and the body wouldn't be dissolved." See conversation of February 27, 1965, p. 38.

[76]Mother later stressed again, "It's not *Life was* only, but *Life only."*

[77]The experience of the "great pulsations" of divine Love (in April, 1962).

[78]Right to the end = Karachi. Sri Aurobindo, it may be recalled, repeatedly said that until the partition of India is abolished, "India may be seriously weakened, even crippled: civil strife may always remain possible, possible even a new invasion and foreign conquest." It may also be recalled that Pakistan is an artificial creation by the British, in line with the policy of "divide and rule." The Americans and the Chinese have taken up the same policy again.

[79]Mother is referring to the continual border clashes.

[80]Satprem's article on Sri Aurobindo, which will eventually be published in the magazine *Syntheses.*

[81]Revolutionary unrest against the military caste. Confiscation of British and American assets.

[82]Lal Bahadur Shastri.

[83]S.M. (a confidant of the Government of India) came on July 16. It was therefore early July.

[84] Interestingly, Mother had at first written *shall fight,* then, in the afternoon, she changed *shall* into must.

[85]Here is the exact text of the question: "If India, who held (till recently) the hope for humanity in the light of her spiritual leaders, can get involved in such a war, who would lead the world?"

[86]See *Sri Aurobindo and Mother on India and Her Destiny,* p. 13.

[87]In his message of August 15, 1947, on the occasion of India's independence, Sri Aurobindo wrote: "... The old communal division into Hindus and Muslims seems now to have hardened into a permanent political division of the country. It is to be hoped that this settled fact will not be accepted as settled for ever or as anything more than a temporary expedient. For if it lasts, India may be seriously weakened, even crippled: civil strife may remain always possible, possible even a new invasion and foreign conquest. India's internal development and prosperity may be impeded, her position among the nations weakened, her destiny impaired or even frustrated. This must not be; the partition must go. Let us hope that that may come about naturally, by an increasing recognition of the necessity not only of peace and concord but of common action, by the practice of common action and the creation of means for that purpose. In this way unity may finally come about under whatever form – the exact form may have a pragmatic but not a fundamental importance. But by whatever means, in whatever way, the division must go; unity must and will be achieved, for it is necessary for the greatness of India's future." (Cent. Ed., 26.404-405)

[88]Four days later, on the 22nd, Lal Bahadur Shastri will announce a cease-fire.

[89]China has given India three days to dismantle its military posts at the borders of Sikkim.

[90]The United States declared that if China attacked, it would come to India's help.

[91]The Security Council has issued an ultimatum to India and Pakistan for a ceasefire.

[92]In inner contact with this organization.

[93]Satprem means: luckily. because if Pakistan behaved and didn't force India to fight, the partition might last a long time.

[94]The British government and press (the American press, too) have been outrageously anti-Indian.

[95]It may be noted that Mother had a fever the day before.

[96] X = the Tantric guru.

[97]Mother is probably alluding (in addition to the cease-fire violations by Pakistan) to a declaration from Delhi that India considered as obsolete the treaty signed in 1954 by Nehru recognizing China's sovereignty over Tibet. (That "declaration" did not hold for long.)

[98]"Annul thyself that only God may be." (Vll.VI.538)

[99]That bust was made by a German woman (Else Fraenkel) and installed in Sri Aurobindo's room in 1958 at the disciples' instance. (One wonders why a bust, with golden illumination, was needed in this room.)

[100]The comet "Ikeda-Seki."

[101]The secretaries.

[102]A disciple who was a friend of Satprem's; he had died insane seven or eight years earlier and Satprem had assisted him in a Japanese mental hospital.

[103]Before India accepted the cease-fire of September 22.

[104]"It" = the supramental influence.

[105]*The Adventure of Consciousness.*

[106]Mother asked Satprem to alter the following passage in which she was first referring to the Ashram. It is interesting to note what she saw for the Ashram, interesting too to note that she asked Satprem to cut and alter this passage, the original version of which we are giving here: "For a group such as the Ashram, for instance, in order for it to function really well, members of that higher humanity would have to be formed who had towards the future or promised supramental being the same attitude as animality (like the dog, for instance) has towards man. For the Ashram to function well, there should be people who had found in themselves or in their life this harmony with life – this human harmony – and who had the same sense of worship, of devotion [as have animals] towards 'something' that seems to them so superior that they don't even attempt to realize it, but which they worship, and whose influence and protection they feel the need of – and the need to live in that influence and to have the joy of being under that protection."

[107]"It is certainly a mistake to bring down the light by force – to pull it down. The Supramental cannot be taken by storm. When the time is ready it will open of itself – but first there is a great deal to be done and that must be done patiently and without haste." (Sri Aurobindo)

[108]*Prayers and Meditations,* March 27, 1917: "... You see it in your own heart, this triumphant hearth; you alone can bear it without its being destructive. If others touched it, they would be consumed. Do not therefore let them come too near it. The child must know that he must not touch the bright flame that attracts him so much...."

[109]Mother is referring to the conversation of November 27 which Satprem wished to publish at least in part in the Ashram's *Bulletin.*

[110]He did die, as newspapers and a letter from his companion later confirmed.

[111]The doctor has Parkinson's disease.

[112]King Mahendra and Queen Ratna.

[113]As far as Satprem remembers. Mother envisaged a confederation of all the small Himalayan states (and even the Asian states) to guard against China. India was to be the leader of this confederation.

[114]Original English.

[115]The stoppage of the tremor was not going to last.

[116]In fact, a cancer.

[117]A charming old disciple who passed away recently (on December 11, 1965). He was the author of *Evening Talks.*

[118]For Mother, fifteen days = six months. It was on June 18, 1965 (see the conversation of that date).

[119]The "surprising fact" is that in the first years Satprem did have many experiences of all kinds, with quite conscious nights from the point of leaving his body. Then all those experiences suddenly stopped, as if he had been deliberately shut in his body, with no way out. It took him a long time to accept that this was a "yoga in the body."

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(Mother reads aloud a letter by Sri Aurobindo which she intends to publish in the February issue of the "Bulletin":)

> "The only creation for which there is any place here is the supramental, the bringing of the divine Truth down on the earth, not only into the mind and vital but into the body and into Matter. Our object is not to remove all 'limitations' on the expansion of the ego or to give a free field and make unlimited room for the fulfillment of the ideas of the human mind or the desires of the ego-centred life-force. None of us are here to 'do as we like', or to create a world in which we shall at last be able to do as we like; we are here to do what the Divine wills and to create a world in which the Divine Will can manifest its truth no longer deformed by human ignorance or perverted and mistranslated by vital desire. The work which the sadhak of the supramental yoga has to do is not his own work for which he can lay down his own conditions, but the work of the Divine which he has to do according to the conditions laid down by the Divine. Our yoga is not for our own sake but for the sake of the Divine. It is not our personal manifestation that we are to seek, the manifestation of the individual ego freed from all bounds and from all bonds, but the manifestation of the Divine. Of that manifestation our own spiritual liberation, perfection, fullness is to be a result and a part, but not in any egoistic sense or for any ego-centred or self-seeking purpose. This liberation, perfection, fullness too must not be pursued for our own sake, but for the sake of the Divine."
>
> Sri Aurobindo

I find this admirable! And it should be repeated over and over and over again – to oneself and to others, every minute.

It's the perfect answer to the present condition.

That's the point, isn't it: it touches on the very crux of the difficulty *(Mother pinches something tiny and very hard between her fingers).* Despite everything, even though you may give everything, surrender everything, there is something *(same gesture),* and that something always remains there, behind.

Yesterday evening I was so glad to read this. I said, "There! This is what we need."

We must publish it and repeat it to each and every one.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Satprem, seeing the heap of papers on Mother's table, proposes to take some with him to reduce the pile.)

No, my difficulty isn't that, my difficulty is that there are too many people handling my papers. Curiously enough, it's almost material: I'll put something away, and if nobody touches it, I'll find it again; I don't have to search for it: I'll find the thing immediately. But even if someone takes it without disturbing it, the atmosphere is gone and I no longer know how I arranged it. And here, there are four, five, six people handling my papers – seven. So *(Mother points to the stacks in every corner):* chaos.

January 14, 1966

(Following a "tourist" trip Satprem had to make in India for certain reasons.)

Did you feel any difference?

What difference?

Between being here and being in Bangalore?

Oh, to me it was all infernal. All that is hell.

Oh, that's the effect it had on you?

Oh, yes!

Then it's all right.

Tourism and all that is hell. I did my job – not very well, but I did it.

Then it's all right.

To tell you the whole truth, that's what you said to me,[1] but I wanted to know

if you had felt it outwardly. I knew it almost right away. And then there was between us a different contact from the one we have here, and it expressed ... what shall I call it? *(laughing)* A lack of adaptation.

Is it a weakness?

It was very pronounced, very pronounced. And there was in you an intensity *(gesture of clenched fists),* a need for things to change.

Ah, yes! It's pure hell. It's Falsehood in every detail.

Yes, that's right.

It's false.

False, false.

(silence)

There was this sudden death of Shastri.[2] To me it was obvious. Strangely enough, I was told (long ago) that they were to meet in Russia, and when I was told that, I spontaneously answered, "If he goes there, he will die." (I never knew why, but that's how it was.) Then it went out of my mind, and this time, I was told that the conference would take place, but I didn't hear or they didn't tell me (I don't know which of the two) that it would be in Russia, and so ... In between, someone met Shastri about my message[3] and he answered that for him it was the expression of the truth, but ... *"What can I do about that? I am a small man."*[4] That's what he said. After that I kept quiet, and when I was told about the conference, I thought, "We should at least get the 'best' out of it" – I "charged" him to the full. But I "charged" him as if he were a powerful man.... That's dangerous![5]

But I knew the time at which they were in conference, and all of a sudden, in the middle of the night, I was woken up with a start by someone calling for help – it was him.

The next day, early morning, I was told he was dead. It didn't strike me as "news"! I said, "But of course! It goes without saying, that's how it is." And it seems (I heard all the details afterwards – long afterwards, in the course of the day), it seems the going was very tough and when the talks ended in what he considered to be a success (it was obviously the "best" (!) that could happen there), he was exultant and quite happy[6]; then he went into his room and after a few minutes, opened the door and called for a doctor, and in no time it was over. That's probably when he called. But it was decided a very long time ago.

There was nothing to be "exultant" about! They lost what little advantage they had gained during the war.

Yes *(Mother shakes her head).* It seems that was the best they could conceive.

I find it sad.

No, it's the continuation of the same story.[7]

> *Yes, the continuation of the same story.... You know the impression I had when I heard of Shastri's death?... I had the impression it was a symbol, and that it was the death of the Gnome.[8] The death of the Dwarfs. That it was the bottom of the pit and the end of the Age of Gnomes. And that maybe we were now going to climb up again.*

Let's hope so.... For the moment, everything is in suspense.

But it [Shastri's death] was necessary. If something was to change, it was necessary.

Certainly.

Because he wasn't a wicked man, of course.

Oh, no!

He was very small.

But none of those people are wicked – they are nothing.

Oh, some are perverted. But they are very small.

Yes, nothing.

Did this business make any difference to your trip?

Oh, small details, all the shops were closed.... But don't you think it's really the sign of a change of direction?

How can I put it?... One hopes so.[9]

Yes, one hopes so.

The resistance of the forces of Falsehood has reached a climax, they are in a state of acute violence – acute.

Yes, it's glaring.

February and March are very critical months. In April *(Mother makes a gesture of reversal),* maybe things will take the true direction.

There. Well, I am glad that you were conscious of what you told me (!)

Oh, I was conscious of that hell every minute.

It's good, very good. You were much closer than usual. Much closer, like something physically close.

The closeness was always up above *(gesture above the head),* in the broad

lines, but here, it was a physical closeness and the sense that ... well, that a certain type of resistance was going to end, was going to fall away. So I said to myself, "That's very good, very necessary." If the "touring" hasn't tired you too much, it's all right; that was the only drawback ... (how can I put it?) that I can't say I "feared," because I don't fear anything, but that I saw as being possible.

No, no! In a day or two, I'll be fine.

That's exactly what I wanted.

January 19, 1966

(Mother copies out in her thick white notebook a few lines from her translation of "Savitri.")

... Near my pen, there is a small disk of Sri Aurobindo's light, which sparkles and sparkles.... I see it more than my handwriting. It's no bigger than this *(two inches)* and it shines, it shines brightly – blue light, of the silvery blue that was Sri Aurobindo's blue. It shines and shines, and it moves along with my fingers.[10]

And when I speak, when I say things that "come," there are two disks (I don't know why). Not one, but two, and they are bigger *(about four inches),* one above the other. When I tell of an experience, for instance, or answer a question, there are two of them, slightly bigger.

And when I concentrate on someone while calling the Lord, then, generally, near the shoulder *(gesture between the person's head and shoulder),* there is a great golden light, like that, which sparkles and sparkles, shines and shines, very brightly, all the while. And when the light goes, the concentration goes.

But just now, it was amusing, it was quite small like this, moving along with my pen. Now it's finished, gone! *(Mother laughs)*

January 22, 1966

I saw Purani last night. It's the first time I have seen him since he went out of

his body.[11] There were other people too. I saw him in a subtle physical world and he was all light blue and pink, and everything around him was pink and luminous *(Mother makes a dancing gesture).* He was pleased, oh, so pleased, he said, "Now I am happy!"

(silence)

Lots of preoccupations?

No! This morning I lived for two hours in a sort of blissful state in which there was, oh, such a clear awareness that all forms of life, in all the worlds and at all times, are the expression of a choice: you choose to be that way.

It's very hard to put it into words.... The sort of compulsion in which we think we have to live and to which we think we are subjected had com-plete-ly vanished, and there was a perfectly spontaneous and natural perception that life on earth, life in the other worlds, and all the types of life on earth, and all the types of life in the other worlds, are simply a question of choice: you chose to be that way, and you constantly choose to be this way or that, or choose that this or that is going to happen; and you also choose to think you are subjected to a Fate or a Necessity or a Law that compels you – everything is a question of choice. And there was a sense of lightness, of freedom *(same dancing gesture),* and then one of those smiles at everything. And at the same time, it gives you a tremendous power. All sense of compulsion, of necessity (and even more of fate) had com-plete-ly vanished. All the illnesses, all the events, all the dramas, all of it – vanished. And this concrete and so stark a reality of physical life – completely gone.

The interesting point is that the experience arose from my encounter with Purani last night. I met Purani in a certain world and he was in a certain state, like the one I have just described, but then the difference between Purani as he was here and Purani as he is now ... suddenly, it was like a key. I spoke to him, he spoke to me, saying, "Oh, now I am so happy, so happy!" And it was in that state that I lived this morning for more than an hour and a half. Afterwards, I am obliged to come back ... to a state I find artificial, but which can't be helped because of others, the contact with others and things and the innumerable amount of things to be done. But still, the experience remains in the background. And you are left with a sort of amused smile at all the complications of life – the state in which people are is the result of a choice, and individually the freedom of choice is there, but they have FORGOTTEN it. That's what is so interesting!

At the same time, I saw the whole picture of human knowledge (because when those states are present, all human realizations, all human knowledge come like a panorama in front of the new state and are put back in their proper place – when an experience comes, it's always, always as though retrospective), and I saw all the theories, all the beliefs, all the philosophical ideas, how they were connected to the new state.... Oh, it was such fun!

And it doesn't require rest; these experiences are so concrete and spontaneous

and real (they aren't the result of a will, still less of an effort) that they don't require rest: I was busy washing. I took my whole breakfast in that state, it was charming. It was only when those people came (and I even did the "egg distribution" – I don't know if you are aware of it, but I am the one who puts your egg in your box every day – I did my egg distribution in that state, I gave the flowers in that state), it was only afterwards, when letters came that I had to listen to and answer and all manner of things *(gesture of a truckload being dumped)* – then it fades away, it gets erased. It still leaves me in a half-dream, but the experience is gone: it's no longer that.

But those who got hold of this experience for some reason or other without having all the philosophical and mental preparation I had (the "saints," or at any rate all the people who led a spiritual life) had instead a very acute impression of the unreality of life and the illusion of life. But that's only a narrow way of looking at it. That's not it – that's not it, EVERYTHING is a choice! Everything, everything. The Lord's choice, but IN US; not there *(gesture above):* here. And we are unaware of it, it's deep down in ourselves. But when we are aware of it, we can choose – we can choose our choice, that's wonderful!

For instance, when that state was there, I told my body, "But see, you clumsy fool, why do you choose to be dramatic? To have pain, to be this and that?..." And that sort of fate and bond and hardness of existence – all that had vanished. All vanished. It was light blue, light pink, all luminous and clear and ... *(same dancing gesture)* ... buoyant.

I very well imagine that it's not something absolute; it was only ONE way of being, but a charming way of being! ... Usually, when those who don't have a sufficient intellectual preparation have an experience like this one, they think they have caught the "only" truth. And then, from it, they dogmatize. But I clearly saw it wasn't that: it's ONE way of being, but a wonderful way of being, of course! Infinitely superior to the one we have here. And we CAN have it here: I had it. I had it quite concretely. And there is always something going wrong (a pain here or a pain there, or this or that, and then circumstances going wrong too, always difficulties) ... the color of it all changes. And it becomes buoyant, you know, light – light, supple. All the hardness and rigidity – gone.

And the feeling that if you choose to be that way, you can go on being that way. And it's true. It's all the bad habits – habits that have been on earth for thousands of years, obviously – it's all the bad habits that stop you; but there is no reason why it couldn't be a permanent state. Because it changes everything! Everything changes! ... You know, I was brushing my teeth, washing my eyes, doing the most material things: their nature changed! And there was a vibration, a conscious vibration in the eye that was being washed, in the toothbrush, in ... All that, all of it was different. And it is clear that if you become the master of that state, you can change all circumstances around you.

Recently (for some time), there was that same difficulty of the body, which isn't limited and shut inside a shell as is generally the case, and which freely receives ... not even with the feeling of "receiving" – which HAS the vibrations of

everything around it; and then, when everything around it is, mentally or morally, closed, unwilling to understand, it's a bit difficult, which means that the elements that come have to be transformed. It's a sort of totality – a very manifold and unsteady totality – representing your field of consciousness and action and on which you must work constantly to reestablish a harmony (a minimum of harmony), and when something around you "goes wrong" according to the ordinary idea, it makes the work a bit difficult. It's subtle, persistent, and obstinate at the same time. I remember, last night when I stretched out on my bed, there was in the body an aspiration for Harmony, for Light, for a sort of smiling peace; the body aspired above all for harmony because of all those things that grate and scrape. And the experience was probably the result of that aspiration: I went there and met a pink and light-blue Purani (!) – what a blue! The pretty, very pretty light blue of Sri Aurobindo.

Only, I have noticed that in this body's life, I've never had the same experience twice – I may have the same type of experience to a higher degree or to a much vaster degree, but never identically the same. And I don't retain the experience: I am constantly, constantly *(gesture forward),* constantly forging ahead; you know, the work of transformation of the consciousness is so rapid, it must be done so fast that you don't have time to enjoy or dwell upon an experience or draw long-lasting satisfaction from it, it's impossible. It comes powerfully, very powerfully, it changes everything, then something else comes. It's the same thing with the transformation of the cells: all kinds of little disorders come, but to the consciousness they are clearly disorders related to the transformation, so you see to that particular point, you want order to be restored; at the same time, something knows full well that the disorder came to make the transition from the ordinary automatic functioning to the conscious functioning under the direct Direction and the direct Influence of the Supreme. And the body itself knows this (still, it's no fun to have a pain here or a pain there, or this or that being disorganized, but it KNOWS). And when that point has reached a certain stage of transformation, you move on to another point, then on to another, and on to another again. So nothing is done, no work is definitively done until... everything is ready. So you have to do the same work again, but on a higher or a vaster level, or with more intensity or in greater detail (it depends on the case), until EVERYTHING has been brought to a homogeneous point and is ready in the same way.

According to what I see, it's going as fast as it can go. But it takes a great deal of time. And everything is a question of changing the habit. The whole automatic habit of millennia must be changed into a conscious action, directly guided by the supreme Consciousness.

The tendency is to say that it takes much more time and is more difficult because you are surrounded with people and you act in the world, but if you weren't in those conditions, a lot of things would be overlooked, a lot. A lot of things would remain undone. There are all kinds of vibrations that aren't in affinity with this aggregate [Mother's cellular aggregate] and that would never

have had an opportunity to touch the transforming Force if I weren't in contact with all the people.

It is perfectly obvious – perfectly obvious – that one is put in the best conditions and with the maximum of possibilities for action ... when one wants it sincerely.

* * *

Then Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri":

> Each in its hour eternal claimed went by
> Ideals, systems, sciences, poems, crafts
> Tireless there perished and again recurred,
> Sought restlessly by some creative Power.
> But all were dreams crossing an empty vast.
>
> (X.IV.642)

All this is the same thing! It's amusing.

He certainly had similar experiences [to Mother's] when he wrote those lines.

January 26, 1966

(Regarding the previous conversation: the blue and pink Purani)

(Ironically) It's a pity we can't make pictures of those things, because Purani had lots of admirers and disciples, plenty in America, and so if I could send them a picture of Purani as I saw him, blue and pink *(laughing),* that would be charming!

(long silence)

There is at the moment a systematic demolition of all preconceived ideas, prejudices, habits, all the viewpoints – the social, moral, hygienic, health viewpoints – "it" takes hold of everything, one thing after the other, and it demolishes it with such irony!

Last night it was about "hygienic" measures concerning food, and there was such a comical demonstration of how ignorant the precautions we take are and of all sorts of prejudices we have ... with scenes and pictures that would make priceless comedies on the stage, oh! ...

It was about shrimps to be eaten (!) and it called to my mind how people are in Europe; they aren't at all like here, hounded by the thought of the possible contamination of the food they eat: in Europe, if you see a fruit, you take it and eat it. Shrimps, I remember having bought some on display in a big grocery, but it was on the pavement, outside, anyway – you never gave it a thought. And nothing happens to you! ... It was very early this morning, and so comical! Like the funniest farce – whoever wrote those farces? *(Mother vainly tries to recall the name)* I don't remember now.... You know, names come on a tangent, and then all the similar sounds come on the other side. I tried to recall the name, something came by on a tangent, and on the other side, there came like a joke, "cartilage"! *(Mother laughs)* Whatever is the name of that "modern" who wrote farces, but wrote them very well?

Courteline.

(Mother laughs) Cartilage!

It was about those big shrimps that are called "jumbo prawns" here: they are as big as crayfish. Someone (a disciple here), who died rather a long time ago, came and brought me prawns; that is to say, I met him in the rooms downstairs ... There are rooms that are reproduced somewhere, in a sort of subconscient, in fact the subconscient that has to be transformed, organized and so on, and there exists a sort of reproduction of the rooms downstairs [below Mother's room], but not exactly the same (yet with the same layout), and a certain category of activities takes place there. That's where we were together once, I told you: you were trying to clarify people's ideas (!) It's the same place. It's not physical here, it's in the subconscient. So then, there was that tall fellow who watched over the Samadhi for a long time, Haradhan; he was there. And when he saw me arrive, he told me, "I have brought something for you." And in a sort of dark-blue cloth, he had wrapped two big prawns, which he gave me! There were already cooked, ready to be eaten. The cloth wasn't very much to my liking! So I thought, "How can I make them a little cleaner before eating them?" *(Laughing)* You know, it's a farce – a farce to make you understand ... your stupidity. I began by removing the ... (what is it called?), it's not "skin" ... Oh, here too the word hasn't come, but on a tangent came "cuirass"! *(Laughing)* Cuirass and cartilage! ... Anyway ... I removed that, and as soon as I had removed it, I said to myself, "You fool! Now it's even more exposed than before!" I looked for a way, and I ran to a corner (in the place of Pavitra's laboratory), found a water tap and put my prawn under the tap. Immediately someone told me (not "someone," the inner voice told me *[laughing]),* "Your water is even dirtier than the cloth!" So the consciousness came along with the light, and I was shown with such a clear vision the relativity of the measures we take, which are all preconceived ideas, based on no true knowledge. And finally he told me, "Come on, eat, that's the best you can do!" So I ate my prawn, and it was very good!

You know, we could write a farce. And scenes of such buffoonery! ...

There are lots of them. And each with an intention ... (laughing) an

"educational" intention, to show the childishness in which we live.

* * *

Then Mother takes up her translation of "Savitri":

> Ascetic voices called of lonely seers
> On mountain summits or on river banks
> Or from the desolate heart of forest glades
> Seeking heaven's rest or the spirit's worldless peace,
> Or in bodies motionless like statues, fixed
> In tranced cessations of their sleepless thought
> Sat sleeping souls, and this too was a dream.
>
> (X.IV.642)

(Laughing) He's terrible! He has a knack for demolishing everything.

But it's wonderfully true. It immediately puts you in the atmosphere of the relativity of all those human conceptions.

The trouble is that the outer being finds it hard to forget its habit of regarding material things as true, real, concrete: "This is concrete, you touch it, see it, feel it...."

It's beginning to come.

I tell you, every night it's like that, something is demolished through the comical or the ridiculous. It's very interesting. Oh, when it comes to morality, there are some marvelous things, marvelous! But ... *(Mother puts a finger on her lips)* that's for later.

January 31, 1966

(Satprem's letters to Mother having disappeared, he does not remember what caused the "sadness" Mother refers to here, probably certain ways of being in life that he found hard to accept, or perhaps his own incapacity to tolerate life in the world as is it and his tendency to dart off to the heights – unless it was the abyss. Satprem then asked Mother if he should not start writing a new book, "The Sannyasin," in which he would attempt to exorcize a certain refusal of life as it is.)

Tell me, why do you feel sad?

Because ... if you have realized that there is a progress to be made, there's no need to feel sad anymore. It's when one has a progress to make and doesn't realize it that one should feel sad!

I took a good look, and it is indeed possible that by writing this book you will get rid of something that's lingering on – it's possible. My hope was that it could go away simply through the inner movement; but when I received your note yesterday, I took a good look and thought, "Yes, it's probably necessary."

It has a drawback, but it will have that advantage.... I am not referring to external drawbacks, that can't be helped, we'll have to manage.[12] I mean for yourself: it concentrates you in an almost hypnotic way on that part of your being which is ... almost imprisoned in the form, in the form of expression, that is to say, the "author," the "writer." Yet I know, and it's very clear, that your external being was formed in large part for that, but from a higher standpoint: more as a means than as an end.

You see, your book on Sri Aurobindo is exceptional in all respects and it was a sort of summit in expression. There was also the fact that Sri Aurobindo was always there while you were writing it. When it came, I had the sense of a summit that cannot be exceeded.... That's why I no longer thought about other books: my consciousness used this book on Sri Aurobindo as a starting point towards something else, something more complete. But when I read your letter yesterday, I thought, "Maybe, after all, there is indeed something that has to be expressed; maybe it will be the right way to get rid of a past that's lingering on."

That's what I wanted to tell you.

If you must do it, it's better to do it, and to do it with this idea, with this aspiration for a whole state of consciousness to be expressed in order to go away into the past, not to keep clinging to your present consciousness.

> *Can't it be also a means to make a truth descend, a truth-force, as the book on Sri Aurobindo was, but in another way?*

That's possible. It's possible, but ... (laughing) I'll tell you afterwards!

Just two days ago, I wrote to someone (someone who is a bit under the influence of ascetic ideas), and I told that person, "Those thoughts – those thoughts and that type of action – belong, from the spiritual standpoint, to the ascetic belief, but it-is-no-longer-true." And I said it with terrible force: IT-IS-NO-LONGER-TRUE. And I saw that at one point in the history of the earth it was necessary to obtain a certain result, but now IT'S NO LONGER TRUE. Voilà. It has given way to a higher and more complete truth. From that point of view, your book can obviously be the expression of this new force.

It's possible, it's by no means impossible.

> *It's a whole world of spiritual thought and existence to which I'd like to give its most perfect expression, while demolishing it at the same time – not "demolishing" but showing that it's only one side, one part.*

Yes, that's right.

(silence)

I also felt that something else had to be written, going over your whole Agenda as I did for Sri Aurobindo (that has come to me several times very clearly), going over your whole Agenda from the beginning, and then ... You know that before I wrote the book on Sri Aurobindo, I took all his works to read them again, and while I read them I seemed to be told, "This passage ... that passage ... this passage ..."1 noted down all kinds of passages. And when afterwards I wrote the book, all those selected passages automatically came to mingle with what was coming to me. And I've had the same impression with all these Agenda conversations: one day I should read them all again in that same consciousness and pick out a number of passages, which, afterwards, would crystallize into a book.

Yes, but not yet – not yet.[13]

Not yet, no, I clearly feel it's not for now.

It's not for now. Not for now, it's for later.
No, to me, if you write this book, we'll see, because it depends if ... If that Truth descends, well, it will descend and then you will automatically express it. Of course, we can aspire for it to be that way. But we can't tell before it is so.
At any rate, what's quite certain is that this book can serve you as a rung to rise above the past and overcome certain difficulties in your nature. And then of course, from that point of view I immediately approve.
So there's no problem left at all, it only has to get done.

There seems to remain a doubt in your consciousness?

Even with this doubt, there was no hesitation; I wanted to tell you, "Do it."

The question is more of a subtle order: it's to know whether the "thing" is really there, in the inner or higher worlds, and I have to do it, or whether it's a decision of my "writer's ego" that wants to write.

The thing is there ... (how can I explain?).

The thing is there in its old form.[14] That you have things to say is beyond doubt, and that you will say them is beyond doubt; but it has remained in that form because of ... precisely because of a certain difficulty you complained about in your letter, and which persists. So it's to get rid at the same time of a certain state of consciousness and, yes, of a certain difficulty. Your true consciousness, you know, the consciousness of your true being, is in a very rapid ascent; something in

you isn't aware of that and lags behind, and that's what causes an unease in you. So it's clear that writing is a good means (probably the best means) of getting rid of it: you throw it outside yourself by expressing it, and then it's finished, you've got rid of it. It's the FORM, you understand, only the form; it's always the same thing: the essence and spirit, and on the other hand the form. You are rising like an arrow, and you don't know it because something remains like that, hard, tight, and it's only a form. Well, it's better to get rid of it; it's the most natural way for you to exteriorize the form, the state of consciousness and the difficulty, all of it together, at the same time as you write the book.

I am sure of it because I spent a large part of the night looking at it.

Yes, it's fine, do it. It will certainly be a very interesting and excellent book, which will be helpful to many people, but anyway it's not ... From our point of view, it's secondary.

And now, of course, you are labeled, at least in France, in Germany, in the U.S.A. and here, as "the author of the book on Sri Aurobindo": it will be a new book by "the author of the book on Sri Aurobindo." So you will have a readership. All those things are secondary to me, but they are nonetheless true.

> *But what I am interested in ... The only thing I have to say in defense of the writer's job is that, to me, writing is like a mantra: it's embodying a vibration of truth.*

Yes.

> *That's the true purpose.*

Yes, yes.

> *If "that" isn't there, I'm not interested.*

That's certainly right.

But there is one thing ... Even as a writer (you in your present form and as a writer) you can, AS A WRITER, give many different expressions to that thing which you want to attract upon earth and express: you can express it in many different forms. We are now concerned with one particular form that you had conceived; well, what makes this form useful is that, to me (what I am going to tell you may be a bit commonplace), it can be used as a pickaxe, you understand, to root out the things you want to reject from your consciousness: a certain way of being of your consciousness that's receding into the past. And then, afterwards, you will rise to expressions of a higher order.

And, mind you, if we look at the problem from the terrestrial and human standpoint, it's fully part of the things that can be very useful to mankind; if you were "humanitarian," I would tell you: Without a shadow of doubt, it can be very useful.

So, I tell you, I saw that carefully last night, and I have reached this conclusion: it must be done. There, that's all.

But without sadness – without sadness.

To discover the obstacles, the failings, the resistances in one's own being, in one's own consciousness, isn't a defeat, it's a great victory. And one shouldn't lament, one should rejoice.

But it's full of failings!

Yes! *(Mother laughs)* Yes, I know that quite well, we are all full of failings.

I don't even know how to live!

That's true indeed! *(Mother laughs)* That's just why your difficulty is persisting, otherwise it should have been gone long ago. It should have been gone. It will go, but ... it has got a certain right to linger, a right given by ... yes, a certain attitude of your consciousness towards life. That's in fact one of the things I saw.

Ah, let a whole past be dissolved, rejected outside – expressed and rejected: "It's over, now it's over, I no longer have anything to do with you: I have given you birth."

Mind you, it's very good, very useful to lots of people who lack that consciousness.[15] Nothing in the world is useless, but things must be in their place. When one lingers on in a consciousness that must be exceeded, it becomes a failing – one just has not to linger! One just has to reject it and use it as a springboard to jump higher, that's all. That's how I see it. That's how I see all the incapacities, all the failings, all the *failures,* I see them like that: "All right, it's a springboard – hop! let's jump, now let's go beyond

When one does the work I am doing and is in contact with all the petty reactions of the physical body, of the most material consciousness ... mon petit, it would be absolutely disheartening and sickening to anyone having an ideal. But that ... that's how it is, so that's how it is: it must change – we are here so that it will become different. And as long as we aren't conscious of it, it will never change. Therefore one must rejoice when one is conscious, that's all.

All discoveries are always graces – wonderful graces. When you discover that you can't do anything, when you discover that you are a fool, when you discover that you have no capacity, when you discover that you are so petty and mean and stupid, well ... "Oh, Lord, I thank You so much, how good You are to show me all this!" And then, it's over. Because the minute you discover it, you say, "Now this is up to You. You will do what has to be done for all this to change." And the best part of it is that it does change! It does change. When you do like this *(gesture of offering to the Heights),* sincerely: "Oh, take it, take it, take it, rid me of it, let me be ... only You" ...

It's wonderful.

There.

February 11, 1966

(Mother carries on with her translation of "Savitri": the vision of the plane where all the formations of the human mind are found.)

All things the past has made and slain were there[16]

Quite interestingly, I am following all these experiences of *Savitri.* The experience of those different joys, I was surprised to have it a few days ago; I said to myself, "Strange, why am I made to see the joy in all those things: the joy of destroying, the joy of creating, the joy of laboring and conquering, and all of it?" I was very surprised, and then ...

Just last night, I must have been going about for some time among all human constructions, but those of a higher quality, not the ordinary constructions (those Sri Aurobindo refers to here: the philosophical, religious, spiritual constructions ...). And they were symbolized by huge buildings – huge – that were so high ... as if men were as tall as the edge of this stool, quite tiny, in comparison with those huge things – huge, huge. I was going about, and each person came (I saw now one come, now another), each person came saying, "Mine is the true path." So I would go with him to an open door through which an immense landscape could be seen, and just when we came to the door, it would close!

It was really very interesting. With all sorts of diverse details, each one with his own habits. I have forgotten the details now, but when I came out of that place last night, in the middle of the night, I was quite amused, I said to myself, "It's quite amusing!" You know, when they spoke you could see through a door vast expanses before you, in full light, it was superb; then I would go with that person towards the door and ... the door was closed. It was really interesting.

And so large, so large, so high – we were very small.

There was no end to them.... And there were people, always new people: now men, now women, now young people, now old people, and from every possible country. It lasted a very long time.

I remember that I said to one of them, "Yes, all this is very fine, but it isn't true food, it leaves you famished." Then there was one who was ... I don't know which country he was from: he wore a dark robe, he had black hair, a somewhat round face (he may have been a Chinese, I can't say, I don't remember). He said to me, "Oh, not with me! Taste this and see." And he gave me something to eat – it was absolutely first-rate, oh, it was excellent! So I looked at him, and I said, "Oh, you are clever ... show me, show me your path." He told me, "I have no path."

Anyway, details ... If I noted all that down in the middle of the night, it would

be very amusing. It was really amusing. And it corresponds to what we've just read in *Savitri.*

Yes, he was comfortably seated in front of a pillar (a pillar whose end couldn't be seen; it rose so high that its end couldn't be seen), and he said to me, "Oh, I have no path." *(Mother laughs)* But what he gave to eat was very good! I remember I crunched it, I bit into it, and it had a marvelous taste.

Who could it be?... I don't know. They must have been known people.

And it was rather strange: I was always a bit taller than all of them, and when I moved about, I did so with much greater speed than they, and I would reach the doors, just about to go through ... when they would come along and the door would close!

Very amusing. I could write volumes with all that!

But last night I didn't understand, I wondered, "Why do I go strolling in such places?" Now I understand!

February 16, 1966

About Satprem's mother:

... It's not a miracle that you are your mother's son: it's natural (!) It means many things.... It means a good atavism. It means that the journey here did not multiply difficulties, on the contrary. As for me, I chose my parents *([laughing]* don't go about repeating what I am saying!), I chose my parents in order to have a solid physical base, because I knew that the work I had to do was "very very difficult" and a solid base was needed. From that point of view I succeeded. But then, there were difficulties ... It doesn't matter, because from the physical point of view, it was good. But with you, it's not just that: it's psychically, you understand – she is your mother psychically, too. So it's very good.

February 19, 1966

(Regarding a Playground Talk of April 9, 1951, in which Mother spoke of the

degeneration of taste, of the war and what a new war would mean:)

> "Now, to tell you the truth, we are on the upward curve again. I think we have really reached the bottom of incoherence, absurdity and ugliness – the taste for the ugly and the unsightly, the dirty, the offensive. We have, I think, reached rock bottom.... If it's taken in the right way (and I think there are people who have taken it in the right way), it can lead you straight to the Yoga, straight. That is, you feel a sort of very deep detachment from all the things of this world, a very intense need to find something else, an imperious need to find something truly beautiful, truly fresh, truly good ... so, quite naturally, it leads you to a spiritual aspiration. And those horrors seem to have divided people: a minority who were ready have risen very high; a majority who weren't ready have gone down very low. Those are now wallowing in mud, and that's why we can't get out of it for the moment; and if it goes on, we will be moving towards a new war, and this time it will really be the end of this civilization – I am not saying the end of the world, because nothing can be the end of the world, but the end of this civilization, which means we will have to build another. You may tell me that it will be very good, for this civilization is on the decline, it's rotting away; but still, there were in it some beautiful things that deserved to be preserved, and it would be a great pity if all that disappeared. But if there is a new war, I can tell you that it will all disappear. For men are very clever creatures, and they have found the way to destroy everything. And they will use it, because what's the use of spending billions to make certain bombs if they aren't to be used? What's the use of discovering that a city can be destroyed in a few minutes if not to destroy it! One wants to see the fruit of one's efforts! If there is a war, that's what will happen."

... Quite appropriate. We'll publish it in the next *Bulletin.*

* * *

(Then Mother goes on to "Savitri," the beginning of the new dialogue between Savitri and Death:)

> Once more arose the great destroying Voice:
> Across the fruitless labour of the worlds
> His huge denial's all-defeating might
> Pursued the ignorant march of dolorous Time.

(X.IV.643)

The ignorant march of dolorous Time.... That's quite it, we're poor devils.

That's exactly the state of mind I have been in for two days, but more particularly this morning.... Oh, as an experience it's very interesting.

The spontaneous activity of Matter is defeatist ["the all-defeating might"]. It has to *surrender,* it has to annul itself so that a creative power – truly creative and victorious – can manifest. That's quite interesting.

Théon used to say that this defeatist state (the result of which is death), this destructive power, was born with the Vital's infusion into Matter. The rock, the stone, that is, the most exclusively material, isn't defeatist. The beginning of destruction came with the beginning of the entry of the vital force: with water – water, air, all that moves. All that begins to move brings along the power of destruction.

And in human matter, this destructive power is associated with movement.

(silence)

In other words, on earth (let's limit ourselves to the earth), it's only with Life that Death came in.

(silence)

And certainly, the first manifestations of Life were water and air, the wind, weren't they?

Fire ... But fire, there's no fire without air – fire is the symbol of the supreme Power.

(long silence
Mother scribbles a few words)

Here's the answer:

> Truth does not depend on any external form and shall manifest in spite of all bad will or opposition.

I've written this in answer to this gentleman [Death]. It came with a power: "Ah, you shall see."

But I'd like to know what Savitri says. What does Savitri say?...

There's no time left, we'll see that next time.

What does she say to him? I think she always says the same thing: the omnipotence of Love.

There you feel the Force. Otherwise it wouldn't be worth living – it really isn't worth it, it's no fun.

February 23, 1966

(Regarding the Talk of April 14, 1951, in which Mother tells the story of two young men who met with accidents and used a cat as a vital support to inform Mother of their death.)

Charles de F.! That's it, I remember, he was the son of an ambassador of France (to Austria, I think). He was sublieutenant.

With his company he went out to attack a trench, and they all died. It was a massacre.

But there is a sequel to the story.... He came afterwards. Once he was formed again, he came; he stayed near me and told me, "I have come because it was my desire and intention to go to India with you, and I want to accomplish it." And he came with me; when I left for India (the second time), he came with me. And long after my return – long after, when Pavitra came here – one night, I suddenly saw F. and Pavitra embracing each other! Just like that. Then F. entered him. And the interesting thing is that Pavitra had no liking for poetry and very little interest in art, and after that boy united with him, he began having a very special understanding of poetry and showing interest in art! He really felt a change in him (I hadn't told him what had happened).

I have seen several such cases, but that one was so clear! So clear, so precise. And without the collaboration of active thought – I wasn't thinking about it at all: one night I saw them like that, Pavitra having come out of his body, and the other leaving ... (he was always in repose in my aura), he left my aura, they embraced, and then one entered the other.[17]

He was quite young, he was twenty-one. It was the first war, the war of the trenches.

The other[18] also was a poet, but he was the son of some very good folks (I think they were from the lower middle class, or maybe even peasants, people from the country), very good folks who had made considerable effort to send their son for studies in Paris. He was a very good student. A boy of the same age: about twenty or twenty-one. A fairly good poet, intelligent, and he was especially interested in occultism. But as for him, he wasn't inwardly formed; it was only his vital consciousness that took over the cat.

But strangely, the look of the cat's eyes changed completely.

February 26, 1966

(After the translation of "Savitri" – the dialogue with Death)

Behold the figures of this symbol realm....
Here thou canst trace the outcome Nature gives
To the sin of being and the error in things
And the desire that compels to live
And man's incurable malady of hope.

(X.IV.64 3)

But she will answer you!... I'd like to know what she will answer him.

(silence)

If we follow to its end the idea with which Sri Aurobindo wrote this, Death would be the principle that created Falsehood in the world.... It's obviously either Falsehood that created Death, or Death that created Falsehood.

It's rather Falsehood that created Death!

Logically, yes.

According to the story (if it can be called a story) that Théon told, it was Falsehood that created Death. But according to what we've just read, Death would be what created Falsehood.... Obviously it must be neither this way nor that! It must be something else, which we should find.

(silence)

Theon's idea (which also fits with the teaching here in India in which they say it was the sense of separation that created the whole Disorder – Death, Falsehood and all the rest), Theon's idea was that those first four Emanations, that is, Consciousness, Love, Life, and Truth (Love was the last, I think, but I no longer remember what he said), those four individual emanated Beings, according to him, in full consciousness of their power and existence, cut themselves off from their Origin. In other words, they wanted to depend only on themselves, they didn't even feel the need to keep the connection with their Origin (I am putting it very materially). So then, that cut is what instantly caused Consciousness to become Unconsciousness, Love to become Suffering (it wasn't Love – it was actually Ananda which became Suffering), Life to become Death and Truth to become Falsehood. And they hurled themselves into the creation like that. Then, there was a second creation, which was the creation of the gods, to mend the mischief caused by those four (the story is told in almost a childlike way in order not to be abstract, in order to become concrete). The gods are the second emanation and they came to mend. In India and everywhere, they were given various names and functions, and

they are found in the Overmind region, that is to say, above the physical quaternary, the material quaternary. And the function of those gods is to mend the damage wrought by the others. And the region in which the others (the first Emanations) concentrated is the vital region.

All this can be translated philosophically, intellectually and so on. It is told as a story so that the most physical intellectuality may understand. But in principle, it's the separation from the Origin that created the whole Disorder. And, as far as I know, in India too the Upanishads say the same thing; Sri Aurobindo, at any rate, says that Disorder came with the sense of Separation. So those are different ways of saying the same thing. In one case, seen in a certain way, it's a willed separation; in the other case, it's an inevitable consequence – inevitable consequence of ... of what? I don't know.

Because, according to theogonies, the gods have remained in contact with their Origin and they feel themselves to be the representation of the Origin, as in the Indian theogony in which they say that Shiva is the representative of the Supreme – Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, Shiva, the transformer – and all three are conscious representatives of the Supreme, but partial ones.

It's perfectly obvious that those are only manners of speaking. There are indeed entities, they do exist, but ... it's only a way of telling the story; in one way or another, it's the same thing. Metaphysics is also one way of telling the story. And one isn't truer than the other.

(silence)

But to me, the problem is to find ... You know, I am after the process that will lead to the power to undo what was done.

When people asked Théon, "How did things come to happen that way?" (he used to say that the first Emanation and the next three separated themselves), "Why did they separate themselves?", he would reply very simply *(laughing),* "Why is the world as it is, in this state of disorder? Why is it like that?... That's not the interesting point: the interesting point is to make it what it must be." But after all those years, there is something in me that would like to have the power or the key: the process. And is it not necessary to feel or live or see (but "see," I mean, see actively) how it went this way *(Mother bends her wrist in one direction)* in order to be able to go that way *(she bends it in the opposite direction)?* That's the question.

(silence)

What's interesting is that now that this mind of the cells has been organized, it appears to be going with dizzying speed through the process of human mental development all over again, in order to reach ... the key, precisely. There is of course the sense that the state we are in is a false unreality, but there is a sort of need or aspiration to find, not a mental or moral "why," nothing of the sort, but a HOW – how it got twisted this way *(Mother bends her wrist in one direction),* in

order to straighten it out *(gesture in the opposite direction).*

The pure sensation has the experience of the two vibrations [the false and the true, the twisted and the straight vibrations], but the transition from one to the other is still a mystery. It's a mystery, because it cannot be explained: neither when it goes this way *(gesture to the false direction)* nor when it goes that way *(gesture to the true direction).*

So there is something that says like Théon, "Learn to BE that way [on the true side] and stay that way." But there is an impression that the "stay that way" must depend on knowing why one is that way or how one is that way?

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

March 2, 1966

... Things are getting tighter and tighter. I work till 9:30 at night to prepare the birthday cards for the next day.

> *I saw an "amusing" little occurrence last night.... I wanted to see you (or was trying to see you) and you were in a room just next door – there was infernal noise! A noise of people talking and talking. Ashram people. It's strange, it's the first time that noise has disturbed me in a dream – what a din they were making in there! I felt like telling them, "Do shut up!"*

That's how it is, exactly how it is. But I saw you last night, so you did come. That's how it is.

(Then Mother stops abruptly, goes and leans on her elbows at the window)

Wait, I am not seeing clearly anymore ... *(Mother takes her head in her hands and stays motionless for a moment)* ... You know, in a very precise, material and detailed way I am developing the power to heal. I don't do it deliberately, that's just how it is. And then *(laughing),* I am given opportunities to test, to experiment on my own body – there's always something the matter. Suddenly something goes wrong and I apply my hand, or simply do a concentration, some movement or other, and everything disappears – but materially: the power to heal. You know, I apply my hand and then the Force goes through. It's very interesting. Only *(laughing),* I am the laboratory! That's not so funny.

* * *

(Regarding an incident of little importance, but significant nevertheless. Mother shows Satprem an envelope containing money and asks him whether she already gave him one.[19] Mother did in fact give Satprem a blue envelope eight days ago.)

I am in such a hurry when I do things.... For instance, when I have finished my morning work, everyday before lunch I see to the money – the doctor comes, P. comes, it's past lunch time, everybody stands waiting, the cashier too stands waiting there for his money. Everyone clinging. So then, instead of being able to do the work with my consciousness, the consciousness is taken up by all those people who ... "It's time, it's time ... it's late, it's late ..." So I do things

automatically, and I don't remember what I do – I never remember anything I do automatically. And with you, I didn't remember whether I had given you the envelope or not, because I did it in that condition. But suddenly, just when I was preparing this new envelope (this time I did it consciously), I saw my gesture of giving you a small blue envelope, this big, and I remembered the smile with which you took it. Those two things were very clear in my consciousness. So I thought, "I must have given it!"

That's how it is, I remember my hand holding out the envelope, and then your smile.

* * *

(Satprem then reads Mother an old Talk of April 17, 1951, and comes to a passage concerning the perfection of the physical instrument: "Physical perfection in no way and by no means proves that a single step has been made towards spirituality. Physical perfection means that the instrument that will be used by the force – any force – will be sufficiently perfect to be remarkably expressive. But the important point, the essential point, is the force that will use the instrument, and that's where a choice will have to be made...." Mother remarks:)

I remember the exact moment when I said that – the place, the time, the sound, everything – because at that moment, I suddenly felt a divine Will manifest. I remember having thought at that moment, "Ah, it should be like this every time." And now it has come back. What was the date?

April 17, 1951.

* * *

Towards the end, Mother remains long in contemplation, then takes Satprem's hands.

... Everything, Sri Aurobindo's blue light. He is so close, so close, so very close, he fills you completely. So vast ... so still, and at the same time extraordinarily vibrant – such a powerful vibration, and perfect stillness.

March 4, 1966

(Mother resumes her comments on Sri Aurobindo's aphorisms.)

> 115 – The world is a long recurring decimal with Brahman for its integer. The period seems to begin and end, but the fraction is eternal; it will never have an end and never had any real beginning.
>
> 116 – The beginning and end of things is a conventional term of our experience; in their true existence these terms have no reality, there is no end and no beginning.

This past week again, there has been a whole development of that experience.

Ultimately, with worlds it's the same as with individuals, and with universes the same as with worlds. It's only the duration that differs: an individual is very small, a world is a little bigger, and a universe still bigger! But what begins ends.

> *Yet Sri Aurobindo says there is "no beginning and no end," that creation and destruction are simply an illusion of the external consciousness?*

We are forced to use words, but the thing eludes us. What for us is translated as the "eternal Principle," the "Supreme," "God," has neither beginning nor end: we are forced to say, "It is," but it's not like that, because it's beyond the Nonmanifestation and the Manifestation; it is something that we, in the Manifestation, are incapable of understanding and perceiving – and That is what has neither beginning nor end. But constantly and eternally, That manifests as something that begins and ends. Only, there are two ways to "end," one that is seen as a destruction, an annihilation, and the other that is a transformation; and it would seem that as the Manifestation grows more perfect, the necessity of destruction decreases, to the point when it will disappear and will be replaced by the process of progressive transformation.

But that's quite a human and external way of putting it.

I am absolutely conscious of the inadequacy of words, but through the words, we must catch hold of the Thing.... The difficulty for human thought, and still more for expression, is that words always have a sense of beginning.

(silence)

I had the perception of this manifestation – a "pulsatory" manifestation, I might say – which opens out, shrivels up, opens out, shrivels up again ... and there comes a point when the opening out is such, the fluidity, the plasticity, the capacity for change are such that there is no need anymore to reabsorb in order to

shape anew, and there will be a progressive transformation. Théon used to say (I think I've already told you about it) that this is the seventh universal creation, that there have been six *pralayas*[20] before and this is the seventh creation, but that it will be possible for this one to be transformed without being reabsorbed – which obviously is perfectly unimportant because, the moment you have the eternal consciousness, whether things go this way or that way doesn't matter in the least. It's for the limited human consciousness that there is a sort of ambition or need for something that doesn't end, because, within, there is what we might call "the memory of eternity" and that memory of eternity aspires for the manifestation to partake of that eternity. But if the sense of eternity is active and present, you don't lament – you don't lament if you discard a worn-out garment, do you? (You may be attached, but anyway you don't lament.) It's the same thing: if a universe disappears, it means it has wholly fulfilled its function, it has reached the limit of its possibilities, and another must replace it.

I followed the curve. When you are very small in your consciousness and development, you feel a great need for the earth not to disappear, for it to be perpetuated (while being transformed as much as one likes, but always with the earth being perpetuated).

A little further on, when you are a little more ... mature, you attach much less importance to it. And when you are in constant communion with the sense of eternity, it becomes a mere question of choice; it's not a need anymore, because it's something that doesn't affect the active consciousness. A few days ago (I don't remember when, but quite lately), for a whole morning I lived in that Consciousness and I saw that, in the curve of the being's development, that sort of need, a seemingly intimate need, for the prolongation of the earth's life – the indefinite prolongation of the earth's life – I saw that that need is objectified, so to say, it's not so intimate anymore; it's like watching a performance and judging whether it should be like this or like that. It's interesting as a change of standpoint.

It's like an artist, but an artist shaping himself, and who makes one attempt, two attempts, three attempts, as many attempts as necessary, then ends up with something complete enough in itself and receptive enough to be able to adapt to new manifestations, to the needs of new manifestations, so that it wouldn't be necessary to draw everything back in order to mix it all together again and put it all out again. But now it's now more than that, and, as I said, a question of choice. In other words, the manifestation was made for the delight of objectification (the delight or interest, or ... anyway), and once what has been shaped has become plastic enough, receptive enough, supple enough and vast enough to be constantly molded by the new forces that manifest, there's no longer any need to undo everything in order to redo everything.

The curve showed itself along with an adage: "What begins must end...." That seems to be one of those human mental constructions that aren't necessarily true.

But the interesting point subjectively is that the problem loses its acuteness as you look at it from a higher and higher standpoint (or a more central point, to tell the truth).

The principle – not "principle," it's not a principle – the law seems to be the same for the individual, worlds, and universes.

(long silence)

The minute you try to express *(Mother makes a gesture of reversal),* everything is warped.... I was looking at that experience of the relationship between the Consciousness and the Whole: the relationship of the human being with the Whole, of the earth (the earth consciousness) with the Whole, of the consciousness of the manifested universe with the Whole, and of the consciousness ruling over the universe – all universes – with the Whole; and this inexplicable phenomenon that each point of consciousness (a point that doesn't take up any space), each point of consciousness is capable of having ALL experiences.... It's very hard to express.

We could say it's only limits that make differences: differences of time, differences of space, differences of scale, differences of power. They are only limits. And the minute the consciousness emerges from limits, on any point of the manifestation and whatever the size of that manifestation (yes, the size of that manifestation is absolutely irrelevant), on any point of the manifestation, if you emerge from limits, there is THE Consciousness.

Looking at it from that angle, we could say that the acceptance of limits is what permitted the manifestation. The possibility of the manifestation came with the acceptance of the sense of limit.... It's impossible to express. As soon as you start speaking, you always get a sense of something that goes like this *(same gesture of reversal),* a sort of tipping over, and then it's finished, the essence is gone. Then metaphysical sense comes along and says, "We might put it this way, we might put it that way...." To make sentences: each point contains the Consciousness of the Infinite and of Eternity (these are words, nothing but words). But the possibility of the experience is there. It's a sort of stepping back outside space.... We could say for fun that even the stone, even ... – oh, certainly water, certainly fire – has the power of Consciousness: the original (all the words that come are idiotic!), essential, primordial (all this is meaningless), eternal, infinite Consciousness.... It's meaningless, to me it's like dust thrown on a pane of glass to prevent it from being transparent! ... Anyway, conclusion: after having lived that experience (I had it repeatedly over the last few days, it remained there sovereignly despite everything – work, activities – and it ruled over everything), all attachment to any formula whatever, even those that have stirred peoples for ages, seems childishness to me. And then it becomes just a choice: you choose things to be like this or like that or like this; you say this or that or this – enjoy yourselves, my children ... if you find it enjoyable.

But it is certain (this is an observation for common use), it is certain that the human mind, in order to have an impulse to act, needs to build a dwelling for itself – a more or less vast one, more or less complete, more or less supple, but it needs a dwelling. *(Laughing)* But that's not it! That warps everything!

And the strange thing – the strange thing – is that outwardly you go on living

automatically according to certain ways of life, which no longer even have the virtue of appearing necessary, which no longer even have the force of being that habits have, but which are accepted and lived almost automatically with the sense (a kind of feeling, of sensation, but it's neither feeling nor sensation, it's a sort of very subtle perception) that Something, so immense that it's undefinable, wants it so. I say "wants it so" or I say "chooses it so," but it's "wants it so"; it's a Will that doesn't function like the human will, but that wants it so – wants it or sees it or decides it so. And in each thing, there is that luminous, golden, imperative Vibration ... which is necessarily all-powerful. And it results in a background of perfect well-being of Certitude, which, a little lower down in the consciousness, is expressed as a benevolent and amused smile.

> *I feel like asking you a question. A little further on, Sri Aurobindo speaks of the worlds having neither beginning nor end, and he says that their creation and destruction is "a play of hide and seek with our outward consciousness...."*[21]

That's certainly a very elegant way of saying the same thing as I've just said!

> *What I wanted to ask was whether, seen from the other side, the material world is still perceived clearly, or whether it all evaporates ... as much as, seen from this side, the other world seems to evaporate?*

(silence)

> *The play is interesting if one is conscious on both sides.*

That's another experience of the last few days. It came to me in a certain and absolute way (although it's very hard to express) that this so-called "error" of the material world as it is, was indispensable for what you've just said; that is, the material mode or the material way of perceiving, of becoming conscious of things, that mode was gained through the "error" of this creation and would not have existed without it, and it's not something that will vanish into nonexistence when we have the true consciousness – it's something that's an ADDITION in a special way (and it was perceived and lived at that time in the essential Consciousness).

It was like a justification of the creation, which made possible a certain mode of perception (which we could describe with the words "precision," "exactness" in the objectification), which couldn't have existed without that. Because when that Consciousness – the perfect Consciousness, the true Consciousness, THE Consciousness – was there, present and lived to the exclusion of any other, there was a "something," like a vibratory mode, if I may say so, a vibratory mode of objective precision and exactness, which couldn't have existed without this material form of creation.... You know, there was always that great "Why?" – the great "Why like this?", "Why all this?" which resulted in what is expressed in the human consciousness by suffering and misery and helplessness and all, all the

horrors of the ordinary consciousness – why? Why this? And then, the answer was like this: In the true Consciousness, there is a vibratory mode of precision, exactness, clearness in the objectification, which couldn't have existed without that, which wouldn't have had an opportunity to manifest. That's certain. It is the answer – the all-powerful answer to the "Why?"

It is clear – very clear – that what for us is translated as progress, as progressive manifestation, is not only a law of the material manifestation as we know it, but is the very principle of the eternal Manifestation. If we want to climb down again to the level of terrestrial thought, we may say that there is no manifestation without progress. But what WE call progress, what's "progress" to our consciousness, up above, is ... it may be anything: a necessity, anything we like. There is a sort of absolute that we don't understand, an absolute of being: that's how it is because that's how it is, that's all. But to our consciousness, it's "more and more," "better and better" (and these words are stupid), more and more perfect, better and better perceived. It's the very principle of the manifestation.

And there is an experience, which came very fleetingly but precisely enough to be able to say (very clumsily) that – I was about to say, the "flavor" of the Nonmanifested – that the Nonmanifested has a special flavor because of the manifested.

All this is just words, but that's all we have. One day, perhaps, we will have words and a language capable of saying these things properly; that's possible, but it will still be a translation.

There is here a level *(gesture at breast level)* where something plays with words, images, sentences, like that *(shimmering, undulating gesture):* it makes pretty images; and it has a power to put you in contact with "the thing," maybe a greater power (at least as great, but maybe greater) than here *(gesture at the top of the forehead),* than the metaphysical expression ("metaphysical" is a way of putting it). Images. That is, poetry. There is in it an almost more direct access to that inexpressible Vibration. I see Sri Aurobindo's expression in its poetic form, it has a charm and a simplicity – a simplicity and a softness and a penetrating charm – that puts you in direct contact much more intimately than all those things of the head.

There. So in fact, we haven't done a thing *(laughing),* we've wasted our time!

(silence)

The way all those experiences occur is truly interesting. I was wondering a few days ago, "Why do they come like this? What's the law that governs the order in which these experiences come?" (They come abruptly – I can see that they come from outside: they don't come from within, they come like a wave.) And there is always that golden, smiling Force behind everything. Even when the experience is expressed by something not very pleasant physically, It always smiles, and It says, "Come on, don't make a fuss." But it's contagious, and you smile.... You know, for the body, as soon as something comes, a vibration it isn't used to, the first contact is discomfort, and it has to be told, "Stay still, don't be afraid, all will be

well...." Strange, we are very small things – very small poor things. But we must laugh.

There, mon petit. And you are very closely associated with those experiences, even in your physical body, and several times these last few days, I have had the opportunity to tell you, "See, don't worry."[22] Those things are really appearances, which human thought crystallizes and hardens, but if they are seen with the fluidity of the true consciousness, they come and go and pass – and they may not leave any trace, if we are supple enough to adapt ourselves. That's how it is. We must be supple and plastic enough to adapt to all those vibrations that come in and disrupt the so-called "natural" functioning. When something changes, that thought (a habitual, subconscious thought[23]) is so stupid that it spoils everything.

March 9, 1966

> *There's a question I'd like to ask you. It's in fact the question I wanted to ask you last time.... When one is in that eternal Consciousness, to be with or without a body makes little difference, but when one is "dead," as it is called, I'd like to know if the perception of the material world remains clear and precise, or if it becomes as vague and imprecise as might be the consciousness one has of the other worlds when one is on this side, in this world? Sri Aurobindo speaks of a play of hide and seek, but the play of hide and seek is interesting if one state of being doesn't deprive of the consciousness of the other states?*

Yesterday or the day before, the whole day from morning to evening, something was saying, "I am ... I am or have the consciousness of a dead person on earth." I am putting it into words, but it seemed to say, "This is how the consciousness of a dead person is in relation to the earth and physical things.... I am a dead person living on earth." According to the stand of the consciousness (because the consciousness changes its stand constantly), according to the stand of the consciousness, it was, "This is how the dead are in relation to the earth," then, "I am absolutely like a dead person in relation to the earth," then, "I am the way a dead person lives without any consciousness of the earth," then, "I am quite like a dead person living on earth ..." and so on. And I went on speaking, acting, doing as usual.

But it has been like that for a long time.

For a very long time, more than two years, I saw the world like this *(ascending gesture, from one level to a higher level),* and now I see it like this *(descending gesture).* I don't know how to explain it because there's nothing mentalized about

it, and non-mentalized sensations have a certain haziness that's hard to define. But words and thought were a certain distance away *(gesture around the head),* like something that watches and appreciates, in other words, that tells what it sees – something around. And today, it has been extremely strong two or three times (I mean that that state dominated the whole consciousness): a sort of impression (or sensation or perception, but it's nothing like all that) of, "I am a dead person living on earth."

How can I explain that?

And then, with vision, for instance, the objective precision is missing *(Mother makes a gesture of not seeing through her eyes).* I see through and with the consciousness. With hearing, I hear in a totally different way; there is a sort of "discrimination" (it isn't "discernment"), something that chooses in the perception, something that decides (that decides, but not arbitrarily – automatically) what is heard and what isn't heard, what is perceived and what isn't perceived. It's already there in vision, but it's still stronger with hearing: with certain things, all that's heard is a continuous drone; others are heard very clearly, as clear as crystal; still others are blurred, half heard. With sight, it's the same thing: everything is behind a sort of luminous fog (very luminous, but it's a fog, which means there is no precision), then all at once, a particular thing will be absolutely precise and clear, seen with a most precise vision of detail. The vision is generally the expression of the consciousness in things. That is, everything seems to become more and more subjective, less and less objective.... And they aren't visions that impose themselves on the sight, or noises that impose themselves on the hearing: it's a sort of movement of consciousness that makes certain things perceptible and keeps others as if in a very imprecise background.

The consciousness chooses what it wants to see.

There's nothing personal – nothing personal. There is obviously the sense of a choice and a decision, but there is no sense of a personal choice and decision – moreover, the "personal" is reduced to the necessity of making this *(Mother pinches the skin of her hand)* intervene. With eating, for example, it's very odd – very odd.... It's like someone who is watching over a body (which isn't even a very precise and defined thing, but a sort of conglomerate holding

together), a spectator of ... something happening! No, it's really an odd state. Today, since I got up and till now, it has been very strong, dominating the whole consciousness. And there are even times when you feel that a mere nothing could make you lose contact *(gesture of disconnection, as if the link with the body were severed),* and that only if you remain very still and very indifferent – indifferent – can it continue.

In the consciousness of the people, the whole morning, it was translated by (all this is perceived very clearly), by the thought, "Oh, Mother is VERY tired." But there is that sort of state of indifference, unreceptive to the vibration around, which enables you to go on, otherwise you feel that ... *(same gesture of disconnection)* something would be seriously disrupted. Once or twice I had to

draw within and become still. And it's going on. And in fact, while it was like that something came and told me (but all this wordlessly), "When Satprem is here, you will understand." Then there was tranquillity, because the moment was ... (what shall I say?) very uncertain. And there was a sort of relaxing: "You will understand when he is here, you will have the explanation."

Those experiences are always preceded by the Supreme Presence drawing near in a very intimate and inner way, with a sort of suggestion, "Are you ready for anything?" (that was two nights ago). Naturally I answered, "Anything." And the Presence takes on such a wonderful intensity that there is a sort of thirst in the whole being for it to be constantly like that. Nothing but That exists anymore, nothing but That has a raison d'être anymore. And in the middle of it comes this suggestion: "Are you ready for anything?"

I am talking about the body. It's not the inner beings, it's the body.

And the body always says yes, it does like this *(gesture of surrender)*. No choice, no preference, no aspiration, even: a total, complete surrender. So then, things of that sort come to me; yesterday, all day long, it was: "A dead person living on earth." With the perception (not a very pronounced perception yet, but clear enough) of a vast difference between the way of life [of this body] and that of other people, of all the others, the people who talk to me, the people with whom I live. It isn't clear-cut yet, or sharp or very precise, but it's very clear – very clear, very perceptible. It's another way of life.

> *One would tend to say that it's not a gain from the standpoint of consciousness, since things become blurred. I don't know, is that way of being a gain?*

It can only be a transition. It's a transitory mode.

From the standpoint of consciousness, it's a tremendous gain! Because all slavery, all bonds with external things, all that is finished, it has completely fallen off – completely fallen off: there's absolute freedom. In other words, That alone remains, the Supreme Master is the master. From that point of view, it can only be a gain. It's such a radical realization.... It seems to be an absolute of freedom, something that's considered impossible to realize while living the ordinary life on earth.

It corresponds to the experience of absolute freedom one has in the higher parts of the being when one has become completely independent of the body. But the remarkable point (I lay great stress on this) is that it's the consciousness OF THE BODY that has those experiences ... and it's a body that's still visibly here (!)

Of course, there is nothing left of what gives human beings "trust of life." There doesn't seem to be any support from the outward world left; there is only ... the supreme Will. To put it into ordinary words, well, the body feels it lives only because the supreme Lord wants it to live, otherwise it wouldn't be able to live.

> *Yes, but it seems to me that a state of perfection should embrace*

everything, so that one can be in the supreme state without its abolishing the material state.

But it doesn't abolish it.

No, but still you say it's "far away," "behind a veil," that it no longer has its exactness and precision.

That's a purely human and superficial perception. I don't at all feel that I have lost anything, on the contrary! I have the sense of a state much superior to the one I had.

Even from the material standpoint?

What the Lord wants is done – that's all; it begins there and ends there.

If He told me ... Whatever He wants the body to do, it can do; it no longer depends on physical laws.

What He wants to see it can see; what He wants to hear it can hear.

Undeniably.

And when He wants to see or wants to hear materially, it sees perfectly and hears perfectly.

Oh, perfectly! At times the sight is more precise than it ever was. But it's fleeting: it comes and goes; probably because it's only as an assurance of what will be. But, for instance, the perception of people's inner reality (not what they think they are or what they pretend to be or what they appear to be – all that disappears), the perception of their inner reality is infinitely more precise than formerly. If I see a photograph, for example, there's no question anymore of seeing "through" something: I almost exclusively see what the person IS. The "through" decreases to such a point that at times it no longer exists at all.

Naturally, if a human will wanted to exert itself on this body, if a human will said, "Mother must do this" or "Mother must do that," or "she must be able to do this, she must be able to do that ... ," it would be totally disappointed, it would say, "She has become useless," because this body wouldn't obey it anymore. And human beings constantly exert their will on each other, or they themselves receive suggestions and manifest them as their own will, without realizing that it's all the external Falsehood.

(silence)

There is a sort of certitude in the body that if, for the space of just a few seconds, I lost contact ("I," meaning the body), if the body lost contact with the Supreme, it would die that very moment. It's only the Supreme that keeps it alive. That's how it is. So naturally, to the ignorant and stupid consciousness of human beings, that's a pitiable condition – and to me, it's the true condition! Because for

them, instinctively, spontaneously and in a so to say absolute way, the sign of perfection is the power of life, of ordinary life.... Well, that no longer exists at all – it's completely gone.

Yes, quite a few times, several times, the body did ask the question, "Why don't I feel Your Power and Your Force in me?" And the answer was always a smiling answer (I am putting it into words, but it's wordless), the answer is always: "Patience, patience, you must be READY for that to be."

March 19, 1966

We spent part of the night together.

There was something I thought yesterday I should tell you, but now I don't remember.... In fact, I think we did it last night!

What happened last night?

Oh, all sorts of things always happen.

It's always on a plane of intellectual organization.... "Intellectual," meaning that it doesn't go lower than the intellectual: it's something coming from above which we spread and organize in the terrestrial mind – that's where we always meet. "Meet" isn't exactly the word: it's a habit of work. I must be going there very regularly, but when the night is full of lots and lots of things, I don't always remember. But last night, it so happens that I became conscious at that moment; it seems to be a very habitual activity.

It's a place (I have already told you about it[24]), a place which is very, very vast, very open and luminous, and VERY PEACEFUL. And very pleasant, it's a place where one works very well. And there is nothing, no limits – it's not a sky, not an earth at all; I can't say there are buildings, there are no buildings, yet one feels one is protected; and yet there are no walls. Now and then one sees a sort of very small shining steel bar *(Mother draws a sort of frame that seems to delimit the place),* like silver, now and then; and now and then, one feels there are kinds of cupboards that one opens, shelves, but transparent, it's all transparent. There are tables, but transparent; they're solid since one can write on them, but they're transparent. No object is in the way. But everything is organized for the work. And you are there, you often write; you often come in and we talk, we organize. There are people, too, and we tell them to do this or that.

But I meet you there very regularly. Only, I must say that before going to bed I thought I would see you today and I wondered if I would have something to tell you, an experience or something else, and then, in the middle of the night

(between half past midnight and one), I woke up, if I may say so, I awoke there, materially, and I remembered everything. I thought, "Well, well!"

What we tell each other, what we talk about with words, I don't know. I don't have a sense of uttering words, but we communicate very well: we each know what the other thinks; we speak, answer one another; and then we organize. And there were people from different countries – we were arranging things. It seems to be the place of intellectual directives for the work in different countries.

You must probably lack what Théon called the "substance" of certain planes in the consciousness of your being, so when you wake up you don't remember, it doesn't come through. But maybe you are left with an impression, no?

Yes ... It's very insubstantial.

But it isn't "substantial." It's VERY conscious, but not substantial. It's very conscious, far more conscious than the consciousness here. It's a clear, precise, powerful consciousness *(sovereign gesture),* with the sense of a great mastery over things. But it isn't substantial. It's probably my translation – translation in the physical consciousness – that gives the impression of ... of what?... They are like huge, huge "halls," and so high! There's no ceiling, you don't see any ceiling; you don't see any floor, yet you walk – you walk, but without the feeling of walking: you move about. And then, if you want something somewhere, you seem to open a drawer or a cupboard and you find it, but there are no keys, no knobs, you don't even see any objects.

It's very conscious, but not at all material.

But it's a state of being in which, in thought, you very often are. It's the intelligence that stands above circumstances, events, and which ... there, one doesn't even feel the need to "foresee" – there's nothing for one to try to know, of course! The knowledge is there, it's a PLACE of knowledge. One has the knowledge of things as they are and a clear will for what they must be. But absolutely no sense of struggle or effort, nothing of all that.

It's not at all an "emotive" place. It's clear, precise, luminous, very vast, without struggle – a remarkable infallibility.

But it is certain that some part of me is there all the time: I don't feel I have to change places in order to go there, it's ... (how can I explain?) as if my center of observation shifted: I observe my activity here or there, or there, or here. It's not "me," there isn't a "me-center" changing places, not at all. I must be there permanently, working there permanently.

And there are kinds of messengers that are sent into the earth atmosphere to convey orders or inspiration or a particular knowledge.

For some time now, whenever I think of terrestrial or Indian circumstances, I have a sort of repeated impression of the calm before the storm.

(Silence) But that place is above the storm – the storm is all the way down.

I feel something is being prepared.

All over the world, things aren't going too well.

It's not the world that bothers me, it's India.

Yes, I mean it's in India that things don't look good.

That's where the nerve center is. It's very sad, it's not pretty.

It doesn't look good.

And that poor woman [Indira Gandhi] truly does the best she can with goodwill, a goodwill that tries to understand all sides at the same time.[25] She really does the best she can. Inwardly I support her as much as I can, because ...

The astrologers have predicted that the next few months, March and April, and perhaps May, are going to be months of horrible confusion, battle, rebellion; and so, in their mind (a sort of subconscious mind), people feel the need to be in agreement with the astrologers! That's how it is, it's as silly as that. A spirit of imitation: "Oh, the astrologers said so, therefore it has to be so." There you are.

And it's ugly everywhere.

It is true that up till now, the government has multiplied blunders of such stupidity!... It seems a child with common sense wouldn't have committed such blunders. And naturally, even in those who have no bad will or vengeful feelings, it creates an unpleasant tension: you can't do anything anymore, you're bound on all sides! Whatever you do, there are oppositions and prohibitions everywhere. So people no longer know what to do, nobody can do anything anymore.

They have ruined the country, starved it.

But then, even on that (I don't know who is responsible for it), they have launched a campaign abroad, a campaign for "the poor devil starving and crying famine," in such a mean, oh, such a mean way! ... We get letters from everywhere, from every country (lots of letters from France), and especially from schools, centers of education, people who write, "We hear that you are starving, we are so appalled, what can we do to help?" We are obliged to answer them, "No, we're not starving at all!"

It's pitiable.

(silence)

But up above, "one" really isn't in favor of havoc.

One isn't in favor of havoc?

(Mother makes a gesture of vigorous denial) It's a waste of time. All the more so as men have perfected such means of destruction that it could mean centuries lost, not just a few years. Entire civilizations to rebuild.

No, "one" isn't in favor of that.

It's a seething of something very dark, very dark.

It reminds me of the words of the "Lord of Nations," the great Asura, when he told me, "I know that my power is drawing to its close, but you may be sure that before disappearing I will destroy everything I can."

That's it, that's exactly it.

And unfortunately, people give him the opportunity to do so: it's stupidity, ignorance, a sort of blindness.

What's lamentable above all is the way men confuse power with violence. That sort of ignorant feeling that thinks power must manifest as violence.[26] Violence is an asuric deformation. True power acts in peace – a peace like this *(gesture of massive descent),* which nothing can disturb.

March 26, 1966

(Mother first reads out a message for the opening of the Ashram's sport season:)

"It may be good to remind you that we are here for a special work, a work not done anywhere else: we want to come into contact with the supreme consciousness, the universal consciousness, we want to receive it and manifest it. For that, we need a very solid base, and our base is our physical being, our body. We therefore need to prepare a solid, healthy, enduring body, skillful, agile and strong, so it may be ready for anything. There is no better way to prepare the body than physical exercises: sports, athletics, gymnastics and all other games are the best means to develop and strengthen the body.

> "Therefore I invite you to participate in the competitions beginning today wholeheartedly, with all your energy and will."

* * *

Some curious things are happening.... For instance, I take a paper like the one I have just read [the message], and I see very clearly; then comes the old habit (or the idea or memory) that I need a magnifying glass to see – and I can't see anymore! Then I forget about seeing or not seeing, and I can do my work very well, I don't notice that I see or don't see! And it's like that with everything.

With everything, everything. Sometimes for an hour I follow what goes on: there is a minute work of subtle observation of what goes on here [in Mother] and of what goes on in the thought or consciousness of one or two other persons, with

a whole detailed observation showing the difference between the fact as it should normally be (which is simply something direct, a movement taking place), and the complication brought in by thought – not higher thought: the physical thought, that is, the observation and all sorts of deductions, along with the memories of similar events and things heard or seen and all sorts of instances of similar occurrences, of possible hazards – a mishmash, mon petit! Something frightening ... which spoils everything and complicates everything: the slightest thing becomes complicated.

These last few days I have had examples of all the possible complications of the physical world, including practices of hypnotism and so-called black magic and all the phenomena that take place in the invisible realm, but just adjoining the physical – like certain materializations, certain disappearances (incidents I saw and was obliged to note; I was obliged to note that they weren't imaginings but things that really took place), but then, with the secret revealed: how they can take place. It's very, very interesting. How it can happen, how the contact with certain distorting vibrations makes certain things possible.

Yesterday evening, after I had written that message (I wrote it in the evening, not in comfort but that was the only time I had; the light wasn't good, but anyway I did it), after I had written, I felt a strong pain here, in my temples. "Ah," I said, "now I know!" Now and then, after having listened to lots of people and especially after having written lots of birthday cards, answers to letters there is a sort of strange heaviness in my temples (and I've never had headaches in my life, that's not like me!), and I say to myself, "What's this new decrepitude?!" Then I noticed it wasn't that: it's my eyes. It's because I haven't yet found the secret of how to use my eyes. As I said just before, at times I see with extraordinary precision: things seem to come towards me to show themselves it's so clear that the minutes" detail is perceived. That's one extreme. The other extreme is what I have already told several times: a sort of veil. I know things, they are in my consciousness, but I see just clearly enough not to bump against them or knock them over; everything, everything seems to be behind a veil; only I know where things are, so I find them, or I don't bump against them or break them, but that's not because I see – I see a picture behind a veil, as it were. That's the other extreme. In between the two, there are all sorts of gradations. And I am convinced it's to show me that my eyes are still capable of seeing accurately – the instrument is still very good, but I don't know how to use it. I don't know how to use it, because previously I used it as everyone uses his eyes, his hands, his feet, out of a sort of habit, more or less consciously – I was very proud of my consciousness! *([Laughing]* We are always very proud!) Very proud to have such conscious hands; in the past, for instance, I would sometimes say, "I want twelve sheets of paper," then I would stop bothering about it – my hand would go and take, and there were twelve of them. That had been happening for a long, a very long time, but it would happen AT CERTAIN TIMES: when I was in the required state, that is, when there wasn't the intrusion of an arbitrary will. So all this is a field of experiment and study in very small details, absolutely insignificant in themselves, but very instructive. And it goes on

all the time, twenty-four hours a day, night and day (at night it's on other planes), but all this takes place in the physical, a more or less subtle physical.

This morning, there was a very amusing story. I was rinsing my eyes and mouth; I do it before daybreak, that is, with electric light. And in my bathroom there is an emergency light. It's one of the latest inventions: it's connected to the power and as long as there is power, the light remains off and a battery inside gets charged; as soon as the power fails, the light turns on and the battery is discharged to keep the light on. It's very well made, they invented it for hospitals and other places where any power failure must be avoided: as soon as the power goes, the light turns on instantaneously, and when the power returns, it goes off and gets recharged for the next time. They installed it for me in the bathroom. And this morning while I was washing my teeth, poff! the light went off. I continued, naturally, since I had that emergency light. But then, I did a study. The lights in C.'s room (and everywhere) were on, it was only here, in this group of rooms. That was an odd phenomenon to begin with. Then I "looked," and while I looked I noticed something I hadn't taken note of all these last few days: a will to disorganize all my personal life. And causing power failures is one of the known occult methods (I don't know how it's done, in fact, but that man who wrote books and came here a very long time ago, Brunton, said it was one of the tricks known to those who practice occultism: a sudden failure of the lights). There are lots of other such tricks designed to disorganize people's lives with the idea of frightening them or announcing catastrophes to them (I have always found this very childish). But then, I saw that there was (I think I know where, here, it comes from) a will for disorganization, and I saw the path it followed *(winding gesture as if Mother were going back to the source).* It had begun last night, in the middle of the night: when I got up around midnight, I saw a will wanting to preoccupy me with thoughts of money! And it was insisting: the thought that everything was going wrong, and so on. I saw that in the middle of the night. I was busy with other things, but I saw that will: formations; and naturally I dealt with them as they deserved. But I saw that it went on, trying to disturb people, to make them uncomprehending, and then to turn the power off, all sorts of silly things. It's not the first time it has happened – it's not always the same people because generally, when they have tried and got a good knock in return, they don't try a second time, they've had enough! But there are others who think they are very clever and want to prove to me ... *(laughing)* that they are right and I am wrong – because ultimately it always comes to that! So I spent half an hour this morning, before they restored the power and I resumed my usual activities, half an hour having huge fun following the thread *(same winding gesture going back to the source)* wherever there was *mischief,* and then I very kindly "answered."

In reality, people who live in the ordinary consciousness know very, very little of what goes on physically – very little. They think they know, but all they know is a very superficial appearance, just like ... like a sheet of paper wrapping a package; there is the whole package underneath with all that it contains, but all they see is an appearance *(gesture of something as thin as cigarette paper).* And

they are so used to it that they always give an explanation. I asked, "How is it that just this power connection here gave way?" (Lights were on everywhere, only the connection here, which supplies my room, was off.) I asked "to see." They told me, "Oh, we don't know, maybe the wire was old and it broke"! *(Mother laughs)* I said, "Very well."

That's how it is. And it's very funny. Why do people who are in the habit of being relatively punctual suddenly and at the same time meet with something unexpected and are terribly late? And there is constantly something that comes and prevents things from happening quietly, harmoniously, easily. Then you look inside yourself at the type of vibration present in all that, and you notice that little "quiver" ... because it is a quiver *(Mother gestures to show a microscopic tremor)* caused by the ordinary vibration of the ordinary consciousness. The ordinary consciousness lives in a constant quiver, when you notice it it's frightful! As long as you don't notice it, it's perfectly natural, but when you notice it, you wonder how people don't go insane, it's a grace. It's a sort of tiny tremor *(same microscopic and very rapid gesture),* oh, how horrible!

So, if for some reason or other there is a disorganization (but I think the reason is one of teaching), one must have the capacity to go like this *(Mother brings her two hands down in a gesture that immobilizes everything)* and to stop all that instantly. But the capacity has been there for a long time, a long time (it hasn't always been used, but it has been there): the Power. And it's the same with EVERYTHING: world events or natural or human upheavals, earthquakes and tidal waves, volcanic eruptions, floods, or else wars, revolutions, people killing each other without even knowing why – as they are doing at the moment: everywhere something pushes them on. Behind this "quiver," there is a will for disorder that tries to prevent Harmony from being established. It's there in the individual, in the collectivity, and in Nature. And then, it's such a painstaking, persistent teaching, which forgets nothing and is repeated every time something isn't totally understood, and is repeated in greater detail for you to better understand ... the working: the working in the hands, in the activity, in the Force going through [Mother] like this, in the use of vibrations – and which teaches the great Lesson: learning how to manifest the divine Force.

It's absolutely wonderful.

And if you look at it from the wrong side, it[27] is a tension, it's like something that doesn't leave you a second's respite. And it's true, it doesn't allow you to fall asleep one minute; because in the ordinary consciousness, in the general ordinary life, rest means *tamas.* Rest means falling back into Inertia. So then, instead of a rest that benefits you, it's a rest that stupefies you and then you have to make effort once more to recapture the consciousness you have lost. That's how the vast majority of people sleep. But now, the lesson is different: when I lie down to rest my body and work without moving (work with an activity that doesn't force the body to move), as soon as there is the slightest ... not exactly "fall," but the slightest descent towards the Inconscient, something in the body immediately gives a start – instantly. It has been like that for a long time, two years, but now

it's instantaneous, and it very rarely happens – there is true rest, which is an expansion and immensity of the being in full Light. It's magnificent.

But during the day, there are perpetual lessons, all the time, all the time, for everything, all the time. The lesson is least pronounced when I have to write something or see people; but there, too, the exact quality of people's vibration (not their permanent vibration but the vibration in them at that minute), the quality of their consciousness is immediately made known to me through certain reactions in my body *(gesture on different levels of the body)*. The nerves began only a few months ago their work of "transfer of power." (What I call "transfer of power" is that instead of the nerves being moved by and obeying complex and organized forces of Nature, of the character, of the material consciousness in the body, they attune themselves to and directly obey the divine Will.) It's the transfer from one to the other that's difficult: there is the entire old habit, and then the new habit to be formed. It was a rather difficult moment. But now there remain enough old vibrations to be able to gauge exactly (and this has nothing to do with thought, it isn't expressed in words or thoughts or anything like all that: just vibrations), to know exactly the state people near me are in. From that point of view the lesson is going on, it's very interesting. And what's wonderful is that more often than not the most receptive vibration, conforming the most to what it should be, is in children, but the very small ones, the tiny tots.... I see lots of people, but now I understand why: I learn enormously that way, through that contact (with people whom I don't know, sometimes whom I see for the first time, or whom I haven't seen for years). It's very interesting.

But when nobody is there or I am alone, or when I don't speak or I am not busy with other people, it's the inner lesson: the whole change in the vibration and how the world is organized. This morning, it was really extraordinarily amusing to see the mass of things that lie behind this appearance, an appearance that seems complicated enough as it is, but it's nothing! It's thin, flimsy, without complexity in comparison with the MASS of things behind, which ... *(drilling gesture)* which bore their way through to reach the surface. It's amusing. But certainly ninety-nine people in a hundred would be seized with panic if they knew, if they saw. I had always been told (I read it, Sri Aurobindo often said it to me, Théon too often said it to me, so did Madame Théon) that it's the Grace that keeps people from knowing. Because if they knew, they would be terrified! All, but all the things that are constantly there, moving behind – behind the appearances – all the complexities that are the true causes of or the instruments for all those small events, which to us are absolutely unimportant, but because of which one day you feel everything is harmonious, and another day you feel it takes a labor to do anything at all. And that's how it is. And naturally, when you know, you have the key. But if you know before you have the key, it's ... a little frightening. I think that when people take leave of their senses, it's because they are put in contact with the vibrations before having the knowledge, the sufficient knowledge, the sufficient state of consciousness.

There, we've wasted all our time!

But how is the transition made? The transition that materializes? What is the secret of the passage from that very subtle physical to the physical proper? How is the passage made from one side to the other?

Mon petit, I don't know what comparison I should use, but I am certain there are some things that are invisible this way *(Mother rotates her wrist in one direction),* and visible that way *(gesture in the other direction).* My impression is that what we see as a considerable difference between the tangible, the material, and the invisible or the fluid, is only a change of position. Perhaps an internal change of position because it isn't a physical, material change of position, but it is a change of position. Because I have experienced this I don't know how many times, hundreds of times: like this *(gesture in one direction),* everything is what we call "natural," as we are used to seeing it, then all of a sudden, like that *(gesture in the other direction),* the nature of things changes. And nothing has happened, except something within, something in the consciousness: a change of position. Do you remember that aphorism in which Sri Aurobindo says that everything depends on a change in the relation of the sun-consciousness and the earth-consciousness?[28] When I read it the first time, I didn't understand, I thought it was something in the very subtle realms; and then, very recently, in one of those experiences, I suddenly understood, I said, "But that's it!" It isn't a shift since nothing moves, yet it is a shift, it is a change of relation. A change of position. It's no more tangible than that, that's what is so wonderful! Oh, the other day, I found another sentence of Sri Aurobindo's: "Now everything is different, yet everything has remained the same." (It was on one of my birthday cards.) I read that and said to myself, "Oh, that's what it means!" It's true, now everything is different, yet everything has remained the same. We understand it psychologically, but it's not psychological: it's HERE *(Mother touches matter).* But until one has a solid base ... From the standpoint of concrete, physical, material things, I don't think there's anyone more materialistic than I was, with all the practical common sense and positivism; and now I understand why it was like that: it gave my body a marvelous base of equilibrium. It prevented me from having the very sort of madness we were talking about earlier.[29] The explanations I asked for were always material, I always sought the material explanation, and it seemed obvious to me there's no need of any mystery, nothing of the sort – you just explain things materially. Therefore I am certain this isn't a tendency to mystic dreaming in me, not at all, not at all, this body had nothing mystic! Nothing ... Thank God!

I saw that (not in my head, because for me there are no such limits), in this sort of conglomerate, here: the nearest explanation is a "shift" – a shift, the angle of perception becoming different. And it's not really that, words are incorrect, because it's far more subtle and at the same time far more complete than that. I have watched the change several times; well, this change gives you, to the outward consciousness, the sense of a shift. A motionless shift, meaning that you don't change places. And it's not, as we might be tempted to think, a drawing within and a drawing without, it's not that at all, not at all – it's an angle of perception that

changes. You are in a certain angle, then you are in another.... I have seen small objects of that sort for the amusement of children: when those objects are in a certain position, they look compact and hard and black, and when you turn them another way, they are clear, luminous, transparent. It's something like that, but it's not that, that's an approximation.

But if we know the way in which the change is effected, we can ...

Ah!

... we can stop the entry of bad vibrations?

As for me, I have only one method (but I can conceive that this is simply because that's the way my nature is), I have only one method, it's self-abolition, the idea (not an "idea") that the Supreme alone exists.

That's another interesting point, because I was an outright atheist: till the age of twenty, the very idea of God made me furious. Therefore I had the most solid base – no imaginings, no mystic atavism; my mother was very much an unbeliever and so was my father. So from the point of view of atavism it was very good: positivism, materialism. Only one thing: since I was very small, a will for perfection in any field whatever; a will for perfection and the sense of a limitless consciousness – no limits to one's progress or to one's power or to one's scope. And that, since I was very small. But mentally, an absolute refusal to believe in a "God": I believed only in what I could touch and see. And the whole faculty for experiences was already there (they didn't manifest because the time hadn't come). Only, the sense of a Light here *(gesture above the head),* which began when I was very small, I was five, along with a will for perfection. A will for perfection: oh, whatever I did always had to be the best I could do. And then, a limitless consciousness. These two things. And my return to the Divine came about through Theon's teaching, when I was told for the first time, "The Divine is within, there" *(Mother strikes her breast).* Then I felt at once, "Yes, this is it." Then I did all the work that's taught to find Him again; and through here *(gesture to the heart center)* I went there *(gesture of junction above with the Supreme).* But outwardly, mentally, no religion – a horror of religions.

And I see now that it was the most solid base possible for this experience: there was no danger of imaginings.

I have tried many things, a great many, I have looked a great deal, and I see only one that's absolute – only one that's absolute and can bring the absolute result, it's this *(gesture turned Upward):* the complete annulment of all that, leaving it all, "To You, Lord – You, You, to You." And it isn't a being with a form, that's not it; it isn't a formless force, it's ... It has nothing to do with thought, only with this: the contact. And the contact, an unmistakable contact, which nothing can imitate – nothing, nothing at all has the power to imitate it. And for every difficulty, every time, whatever it is, simply this: "Everything to You, Lord. Everything for You, to You. You alone can do it, You, You alone, You alone. You

alone are the Truth; You alone are the Power." And those words are nothing, they are only the very clumsy expression of something ... a stupendous Power.

It's only the incapacity, the clumsiness, the lack of faith we mix into it that takes away His power. The minute we are truly pure, that is, under His influence alone, there are no limits, no limits – nothing, nothing, there is nothing, no law of Nature that can resist, nothing, nothing.

Only, the whole thing is that the time must have come, there must be only That left – all the rest spoils, whatever it is, even the highest, purest, noblest, most beautiful and marvelous things: all that spoils. Only That.

(Mother opens "Savitri":)

There! Don't you think it's marvelous!

> But when the hour of the Divine draws near[30]

But when the hour of the Divine draws near ...

March 30, 1966

(The following conversation, in which Mother speaks entirely in English, took place while she listened to the English translation of the conversation of March 4, in which she said in particular: "It becomes just a choice: you choose things to be like this or like that....")

I had the same experience in the cell-consciousness. It lasted for one hour and there it was truly almost miraculous.

The same Consciousness as this consciousness I had in what we can call the "material mental" (that is, the collective consciousness of the cells), but this morning it was in the cells themselves, this Consciousness [the eternal Consciousness Mother speaks of in the conversation of March 4], the same Consciousness. And it was truly miraculous. With the impression that with THAT there [in the cells], there is nothing impossible.

It comes, it stays in spite of everything, whatever I do, even if I speak, and it goes. And when it's gone it's gone, I can make an effort, it doesn't come back. But so long as it is there, it is all-powerful, it dominates everything and ... yes, the whole world seems to change. And yet everything is the same. You remember this sentence of Sri Aurobindo: "All was changed and yet everything was the same"? That is exactly that.

"And then, it becomes just a choice: you choose things to be like this or like that ..."

Yes, this same thing, this same experience in the cell-consciousness. What the human beings call "life" and "death," the continuation of this present organization or its cessation, it was absolutely a question of choice (something like a choice – there are some who say "the Divine's Will" or "the Supreme's Will"; it is a way of saying, but it is ... it is something that chooses). And there was at the same time the exact ... it was more than a feeling, it was a lived knowledge of what is the individual and why the individual and in what way the Supreme becomes the individual and how He can continue to be the individual or stop to be the individual.... Now that the experience is gone, naturally what I say has no meaning, but at that time it was the exact perception: the individual is that *(gesture),* that position taken by the Supreme, and if He chooses to continue it continues.

It becomes quite material, you see, no more mental at all (it is very difficult to express because of that). It becomes a living experience of just what makes the individual and how this individual can remain individual although it is united perfectly, united in perfect consciousness with the Supreme.

It lasted about fifteen to twenty minutes in complete stability and I continued doing my normal activities (it was during the time of my toilet – I wash my mouth and gargle), purposely it comes at that time to show that it is absolutely independent from the activity. And it comes more often at that time than when I sit in meditation. When I sit in meditation generally begins a kind of all-around-the-earth activity or even universal activity, it becomes conscious of that, but this body's experiences are not there – to have the body experience you must live in your body! It is why the ancient sages or saints didn't know what to do with the body, because they went out of it and sat, and then the body is no more concerned. But when you remain active, then it's the body that has the experience.

That is the secret.

April

April 6, 1966

After having listened to the letters and reports read by the "secretaries":

What about keeping quiet a little [in meditation]?... It will do me good.

These people, I can't exactly say they tire me, but the cells feel a sort of pressure of confusion that hurts them. It's like being caught in a stranglehold of confusion, and it hurts. And every day it's the same thing. I tell them – they don't believe me. They think it's blackmail! So then ... I go through a very difficult little moment, very difficult. Afterwards, it gets better again.

(meditation)

* * *

(Later, Mother copies out a few lines from "Savitri" which she has just translated, and her hand scratches out a word.)

Constantly, the whole time, thoroughly amusing little things happen. It was a small hand – a tiny hand – that took my hand for fun and wrote. Just for fun! So I have to be on my guard all the time!... It was someone who was laughing and laughing and laughing! It's so living – so living, so teeming with things – and we don't see anything. But I see. Previously I didn't see, but now I see it all *(Mother laughs)*. Oh, there would be so many things to tell if we had time, very funny things.

April 9, 1966

(About the book Satprem is writing, "The Sannyasin")

I still see that vision I had.[31] Strangely, it was one of the most unexpected visions, in the sense that I had no mental preparation: all of a sudden I saw that

Sannyasin, with his back to a wall and a sort of hurricane approaching. It was a hurricane of noise, of clamor.... Nothing could be seen; nothing could be seen but the force of the vibrations coming up like a storm: he had his back to the wall, there was a sort of gale, and a chasm in front.

And that vision of mine struck such a deep chord that every time I hear "Sannyasin," I see it. It's strange.... With his back to a wall: here, the sky; here, a chasm; and here, the clamor and the wind and the storm – like whirlwinds gathered over the earth by a storm. That and the wind blowing the robe and ... he throws himself into the void.

His back to the wall, on top of a hill. Not a high mountain: a hill. On top of a hill: I can see the ground rising in a slope like that, and the wall of the monastery.

This vision is still living and clear, clear.... I could almost make an illustration for the cover of your book!

It's quite symbolic, besides: the storm of revolt, of course, the revolt OF THE EARTH against the principle of the Sannyasin. Quite symbolic. And it's a magnificent image in the sense that there is great majesty in the appearance.

April 13, 1966

(About Satprem's new book, "The Sannyasin.")

This morning again I got up more than half an hour late because of you!

Why is it so difficult?

(Laughing) That's what I don't understand! It shouldn't be. Don't you have an "idea" that it's going to be difficult? Didn't you start with the idea it was going to be difficult?

Yes.

There you are, then.

And also I have great difficulty getting rid of the old form.

Yes, yes.

It hampers me a lot.

Yes, all the old habits.

I am constantly doing and undoing, because I realize it's the old form of the book, what I had seen formerly.[32]

And also the old way of working, that's the difficulty.

I realize it immediately, because right away I feel it's "literature."

Yes, that's right.

But for this book, we meet in quite a new place, mon petit, quite new, and then so wonderful! It's a wonderful place that has nothing of the necessities and compulsions of this earth here. It is so luminous, so new, and so precise at the same time, so exact. Last night, it was in shades from a certain silver blue to pearl gray, and it had such precise forms, but at the same time with nothing of the hardness and commonplace quality of earthly things. And we were working so simply, effortlessly.... I get up every day at the same time, half past four; well, for the second time (I told you the other day), instead of half past four it was ten to five. And I came from exactly the same place. And since that is the time when you are sleeping, it seems to me it must necessarily be getting in, no? When one is awake, it may not touch, but here ... And then, there is a thoroughly conscious part of you there. So what prevents you from being influenced by that must be a whole layer of old things.

Yes, the whole old form of the book is there.

That's it.

It will get in – "get in," it has to get in since you are there, in that world, and when you wake up that part enters you; only, the ordinary activity prevents its influence from being felt. But it's slowly taking place; the difference is that instead of your having a revelation, it takes place slowly like a progressive influence.

It will act.

There is another thing, it's that in the transition between the two consciousnesses, there is a moment when you feel you are quite stupid – you feel you can't think anymore, you can't do anything anymore, you have become useless, you have no contact with things. There is always a difficult transition then. Even now for the body, each part, when it changes (what I used to call the "change of master"), there is a transition when it becomes absolutely useless, you feel it's finished. The first few times, you are worried; afterwards, you become used to it and keep still; then the light suddenly shines.

* * *

(Sujata gives Mother a recently named flower: "Material power of healing."[33]*)*

I would like that to be permanently established. When someone tells me, "I have a pain here," I pass my hand like that and it's over.

The hands feel, they feel it's possible. They are so conscious of the Vibration – they feel that anything is possible. The other day, E. fell down, I don't know how, and she injured her knee, she was covered with bruises and scratches. And she wore a dress that only reached down to here (!), so I saw. I said, "What happened?" She answered, "I fell down." Then this hand *(Mother's right hand)* quite spontaneously went and passed over her knee, like that, and I felt all the vibrations at my fingertips: it's like needles – needles of light – and it vibrates and vibrates and vibrates. So I put my hand like that, and suddenly she said, "Oh! ..." She was flabbergasted: all the pain had gone.

But there were marks, bruises – they should go, but it takes time. On me the effect is almost immediate, especially the right hand.

But I would like it to have a sort of absoluteness. Because the decision to intervene isn't mental at all: suddenly the hand is simply compelled to do it, so it does it. Well, in that case, it should be absolute.... There is still the influence of the others' thought and all that, what a useless jumble!

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother files an answer she has just sent to a disciple.)

She is a girl who has written to me several times (there are several like her), who has a well-built body, who should be quite solid and healthy, but she has an emotive and sentimental vital, and ... *(somewhat ironically)* they aren't "loved" as they would like to be loved. Result: one has a pain in her stomach, another has a pain elsewhere. Finally they write to ask me, "What's going on?" And the other day, I said to myself, "Why don't I tell them?" So I wrote:

> "You feel lonely because you want to be loved. Learn the joy of loving without demand, just for the JOY OF LOVING – the most wonderful joy in the world – and you will never more feel lonely."

That, mon petit, for me is the key. The key that solves all problems – for me. I am not saying it will eternally be like that; it isn't the supreme truth, but for my present experience of the present time, it's the key.

April 16, 1966

(Mother shows Satprem a note she has entitled "The rungs of Love")

The last "rung" is the absolutely pure Thing. And the power ... the creative and transforming power of that Vibration is unimaginable! While you are living it, nothing is impossible. It's unimaginable.

"At first one loves only when one is loved....

That's the usual state of human beings. Someone's vibration of love has to come to awaken love, otherwise they are inert.

"Next one loves spontaneously ...

That's already a slightly more evolved humanity. One feels love all of a sudden; one meets someone or something – ah! – and it comes. Only ...

"... but one wants to be loved in return.

One very much wants to be loved in return!

"Further on, one loves even if one is not loved ...

Those are generally people who have reached a fairly advanced yogic state.

"... but one still wants one's love to be accepted.

Yes, that's an experience I personally had. There is a time when one is *quite* capable of loving *without* response, one is above *the* need *to* be loved, *but* one *still has ... not* positively *a* need, *but, at least, a wish that* one's love *may be* felt *and be* effective.

Afterwards, *it makes* one smile.

"And finally one loves purely and simply without any other need or joy than that of loving."

That, to me, according to my personal experience, is really omnipotence.

It's a power than can achieve anything – anything at all. Nothing is impossible to it.

But I have also carefully observed that if "that" manifested indiscriminately, as it were, if it came as something that imposed itself in the earth atmosphere without control or discernment, it would be ... All that denies that Power (denies it wittingly or unwittingly) would be as though annulled. So the outward, apparent consequences would be ... too awesome. That's what Sri Aurobindo wrote; he said Knowledge must come first. Truth must reign before Love can manifest *massively – a wholesale manifestation.*

Now it's filtered, as it were. It is still filtered.

But the vibratory quality of "that" is truly something beyond all imagination. Diseases, difficulties ... none of it has any reality.

The body constantly used to ask (not a sign or an assurance or a proof: it's all of that together), it used to ask for a sort of sensation (sensation, if it can be called that) that "it is the Lord that rules" (I am putting it in childlike words because they are the truest), that it is the Lord that rules. It asked for "that" all the time, the way a child could ask: "that" in all the innumerable nothings one does all the time, which are the very fabric of the body's existence. It became so intense.... Anything perceived as separate from "that" becomes inert: ashes. Inert without even the power of inertia: the inertia of dust. I mean that a rock has a power in its existence, a power of cohesion, of duration – it's not even that: it's dust. So then, there was constantly, constantly that prayer in the body. And that's what led me to the experience.

When "that" is there, everything seems to swell with a golden, luminous, radiating Power: it's so intense as to have volume! ... If that isn't there, everything is dust.

So, naturally, there is constantly in all the cells the aspiration, the intense will for there to remain nothing but That.

And all that denies That or counters It, weakens It or dims It, becomes painful. Yes, painful – not painful with a moral or psychological or material suffering ... it's a strange thing, it's not a physical pain: it's a pain which is more material than physical, it is ... a sort of suffocation.

The body now really has an impression (it's an impression, not a knowledge – it's not a thought, not a knowledge: it's an impression, but a strong one) that this is what kills, this is what makes you die: this sort of refusal of the Vibration – not always even a willed refusal, because it's not even conscious the way will is (that happens, but then it means battle), but it's in Matter. One wonders if there isn't a residue – a residue of dust – that's incapable of any receptivity? I don't know.

I don't know.

But at any rate, there is a certain state, which seems to me to be the ordinary state human beings live in ... it's suffocating.

(silence)

So I wrote this note just like that, without any intention. Then, as soon as it was written, the Command came that it had to be published. I said to myself, "Very well, it will be for August." – "No, NOW." So I had a page added in the next *Bulletin.*

Why? I don't know. Maybe to prepare the atmosphere.

* * *

(Mother translates a line of "Savitri" without hesitation, then comments:)

You read here [in the physical book], then you keep still, open a door, and it comes.

It's amusing, I've just done that as if I had been made to do it. Usually it's always blank and still here *(gesture to the forehead),* and that's what it gets inscribed on; but just now it wasn't like that: I read, it came here, then I made a movement backwards: a door opened, and then it was clearly written!

April 20, 1966

Early this morning, that is, around four, I was called "somewhere," and for a long time they had been trying to establish very important communications to connect certain things, but they had never succeeded, it was always a confusion. So, last night, they called me. I arrived there and there were roads – it was so lovely! – roads *(Mother draws miniature strips)* with small borders of grass and plants all along, it was so lovely, so neat, there was nothing, no disorder anywhere. Three roads converged and went farther on. "Ah!" I said, "Here's some neat work." And they answered me, "Yes, but it was made easier by the government's consent."

I found the reflection charming.

All that is symbolic, naturally. And I woke up with the feeling, "At last! Something is going to move somewhat straight."

It was impeccable: a work done impeccably and with intelligence and understanding. I haven't seen such a thing in ages!

"Oh, it was made easier by the government's consent"! *(Mother laughs)*

That's a bit of a novelty!

Isn't it? But I don't think it has to do with the government of India, I don't think so. I think it was symbolic.

It has to do with the government of the world?

That's how I took it.

* * *

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

At what time?

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

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

I didn't say anything, but I knew.

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

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

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

Take her in you.

Oh, you needn't worry about that.

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

She wanted rest.

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

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

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

(silence)

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

She is there.

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

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

The waves from outside are difficult: they come with great agitation and turmoil. One must remember. There must be like a bath of rest near you.

April 23, 1966

Mother hands Satprem a brochure on Auroville

The photos are very pretty. One is quite like a nebula.

Practically, is it moving?

It seems to be going quite well. A very widespread collective response, and from the two opposite sides: the whole Communist side is moving, and the whole financial, American side is moving. There is an effervescence.

It's sure to work, I KNOW it exists – the city is already there (it has been for many, many years). Interestingly, my creation was with Sri Aurobindo in the center, then when Sri Aurobindo left, I let it all rest, I didn't budge anymore. Then it suddenly started coming again, as if to say, "Now is the time, it must be done." Very well. The Muslims would say, "It's fated." It's fated, it's sure to exist. I don't know how much time it will take, but it seems to be going fast.

The city already exists.

And the remarkable thing is that I simply told R. [the architect] the broad outlines, asking him if he was interested. Then he went back to France and he received my formation (my old formation, which I myself had left asleep); he received it there. I found that very interesting. He received it, he said to me, "It came all at once, I seemed to be possessed by something, and in one night the whole thing was done." And the interesting point is that an architect friend of his came and worked with him and participated in the creation; he is now quite enthusiastic, and he is a man who has very extensive contacts with all Communist

Europe, including Russia. And he is thrilled to pieces. So, on that side, it's working well. And in America, too, it seems to be working.

And that's precisely what I want – that these two countries clashing with each other should come here, and each of them have a pavilion of their culture and ideal, and that they should be here, face to face, and shake hands.

April 24, 1966

(Message given by Mother for April 24)

"I have already spoken about the bad conditions of the world; the usual idea of the occultists about it is that the worse they are the more is probable the coming of an intervention or a new revelation from above. The ordinary mind cannot know – it has either to believe or disbelieve or wait and see.

"As to whether the Divine seriously means something to happen, I believe it is intended. I know with absolute certitude that the Supramental is a truth and its advent is in the very nature of things inevitable. The question is as to the when and the how. That also is decided and predestined from somewhere above; but it is here being fought out amid a rather grim clash of conflicting forces. For in the terrestrial world the predetermined result is hidden and what we see is a whirl of possibilities and forces attempting to achieve some thing with the destiny of it all concealed from human eyes. This is, however, certain that a number of souls have been sent to see that it shall be now. That is the situation. My faith and will are for the now. I am speaking of course on the level of the human intelligence – mystically-rationally, as one might put it. To say more would be going beyond that line. You don't want me to start prophesying, I suppose? As a rationalist, you can't."

Sri Aurobindo
December 28, 1934

April 27, 1966

(About the "Sannyasin")

We have some time for *Savitri* ... unless you have something to ask?

I wonder why I don't see clearer in what I do?

Because there are two ideas in conflict. That's why. So there is hesitation between the two standpoints.

Two standpoints: the need for renunciation and the futility of fleeing. Those are the two ideas that cause the hesitation. But in the chronological order of things, it should first be the need for renunciation, then the discovery of the futility of fleeing, and then instead of a fleeing, there should be a return, free, without attachment. A return to life without attachment.

Apart from that, I understand: in order to write a book, one generally cannot describe more than one cycle, because there's a beginning, a development, and a culmination, a realization. Then another book, which starts from that realization and has the full experience of its futility. And then, the crowning realization: the return to life, free.

One may have the three together, but it makes a very compact book.

No, it has to be put together. But I don't know where to start. I started in one way and I realize that's not "it."

How did you start?

There's a poem, a very short one – not a poem, a sort of voice. Then in the first chapter, my character has to take the boat and go away (as usual). Then he comes upon a Sannyasin. He goes to take his boat, but a young woman or girl is there with him, and he leaves her.

Where does the boat go?

A little farther away, as always. He just has to go.

And where does he meet that Sannyasin? Before leaving or after?

He meets him a first time, then a second time just when he is about to leave, so he changes all his plans and goes with the Sannyasin.... But it's what comes before that departure, there is something hazy, I don't know what I should do. First I thought of making that young woman the symbol of beauty, wealth, love, anyway, of all that's truly beautiful and all the best life can bring – which he rejects, and he leaves for anywhere, and then he meets that Sannyasin. So I was in the description of that place, of that boy with that girl, of that very

beautiful place, and then I found it so futile to write all this that I couldn't go on.

(Mother laughs)

It was so futile, all that beauty and everything, to me it seemed like nothing at all.

It pulled you backward.

But I had a time like that in my life: I was in South America, on a wonderful island, very beautiful, with a woman who was also beautiful, wealth was offered to me, I had the possibility of having a lot of money; anyway, it was truly the best that could be found in terms of natural beauty and feminine beauty and everything – and then I ran away from it all. I left everything and went off.

And is that the story you tell in the book?

That's what I started telling.

But it's not bad!

But I find it so futile to evoke again all that so-called beauty that I just can't do it! I find it all hollow, my words are false.

But if you take that attitude, you can't write a book!

Once again, these past few days, the memory of things I had written came back to me – what I had imagined at some time and written ... at the beginning of the century (before you were born!), in Paris. I wondered, "Strange, why am I thinking of this?" And there was, in that thing I wrote, this: "The love of beauty had saved her." It was the story of a woman who had had a heartbreak of so-called love, as human beings conceive it, but who had felt a need to manifest love, a marvelously beautiful love; and with that force and that ideal she had overcome her personal sorrow. I wrote a little book like that – I don't know where it is, by the way, but that doesn't matter. But the memory of it suddenly came back and I wondered, "Strange, why am I remembering this?..." And then I remembered the whole curve of the consciousness. At that time, I clearly understood that personal things had to be overcome by the will to realize something more essential and universal. And I followed the curve of my own consciousness, how it began like that, and how from there I went on ... to other things. I was eighteen. That was my first attempt to emerge from the exclusively personal viewpoint and pass on to a broader viewpoint, and to show that the broader, more universal viewpoint makes you overcome the personal things. But I wondered, "Why am I remembering this?" Now I understand! It's there in what you have written, it's the same thing. Well, of course, now I wouldn't be able to write what I wrote, it would make me

laugh!

I can write, I can always ...

Well, write it.

But I find it so ...

Yes, hollow.

... without power. Really as if my pen were lying.

(Mother laughs)

So I wonder if that isn't because I should leave it all and enter straight into another world, a completely different world?

Begin where you are now?

That's right.

You may save time, in fact.

You can do an experiment: note what you would write now, and then you'll see.

But then, how should I situate it? I don't know.... There are two things....

Maybe it's going to come now!

From a personal point of view, you would save a lot of time if you started where you are now.

You will see....

You could begin your book with the end, and then you will see if a beginning is needed (!) or if, instead of a beginning, there is a sequel. That would be interesting!

Start with a bang: brrm! What you feel and see now. Situate it according to your broad outline, begin with that. Then, when it's written, you will see if it needs the support of what precedes it or if you can move on to what follows.

It's an interesting experiment.

* * *

(Then Mother reads two lines from "Savitri," the Debate of Love and Death.)

Ah, it's still this gentleman

I had this whole experience a few days ago. It was so amusing!

In vain his heart lifts up its yearning prayer,
Peopling with brilliant Gods the formless Void

(X.IV.644)

Why? Were you in the formless Void?

I saw that, it was so amusing! I saw it all. Oh, it was an extraordinary experience. All of a sudden I was outside and, I can't say "above" (but it was above), but outside the whole human creation, outside everything, everything man has created in all the worlds, even in the most ethereal worlds. And seen from there, it was ... I saw that play of all the possible conceptions men have had of God and of the way to approach God (what they call "God"), and also of the invisible worlds and the gods, all that: one thing came upon another, one upon another, it all went by (as it's written in *Savitri*), one thing upon another went by *(gesture as if on a screen),* one upon another ... with its artificiality, its inadequacy to express the Truth. And with such precision! A precision so accurate that you felt in anguish, because the impression was of being in a world of nothing but imagination, of imaginative creation, but in nothing real, there wasn't a feeling of ... of touching the Thing. To such a point that it became ... yes, a terrible anguish: "But then, what? What? What's truly TRUE and outside all that we can conceive?"

And it came. It was like this: *(gesture of self-abandon)* the total, complete self-annulment, annulment of that which can know, of that which tries to know – even *"surrender" isn't an* adequate word: a sort of annulment. And suddenly it ended with a slight movement as a child could have who doesn't know anything, doesn't try to know anything, doesn't understand anything, doesn't try to understand – but who abandons himself. A slight movement of such simplicity, such ingenuousness, such extraordinary sweetness (words can't express it): nothing, just this *(gesture of self-abandon),* and instantaneously, THE Certitude (not expressed, lived), the lived Certitude.

I wasn't able to keep it very long. But "it" is wonderful.

But the anguish had reached its peak: the sense of the futility of human efforts to understand – to embrace and understand – what isn't human, what's beyond. And I am talking about humanity in its supreme realizations, of course, when man feels himself to be a god.... That was still down below.

The experience lasted, oh, I don't know, perhaps a few minutes, but it was ... something.

Only, with a certainty that as soon as you come back, as soon as you just try to speak one word (or even if you don't speak), as soon as you try to formulate in one way or another: finished.

Yet there OBSTINATELY remains a certitude that the creation is NOT a transitory way to recapture the true Consciousness: it's something that has its own reality and that will have its own existence IN THE TRUTH.

That's the next step.

That's why that realization [the Void] isn't the goal, that's exactly why. A

conviction that it isn't the goal. It's an absolute necessity, but not the goal. The goal is something ... the capacity to keep That here.

When will that come? I don't know.

But when it comes, everything will be changed.

Until then, let's prepare ourselves.

There is only one thing I have noted (that I am forced to note): there is a power of action on others which infinitely exceeds what it was before. Oh, it makes waves everywhere, everywhere, even in those people who were the most settled in their lives and basically fairly satisfied, as much as one can be – even those are touched.

We'll see, we'll see.

Anyhow, things are moving along.

(Reverting to the "Sannyasin":) Try it my way, I think it will work!

April 30, 1966

(Regarding very generous disciples who send soup packets to Mother, who in turn gives them to Satprem:)

They are two old ladies, of German origin, but Jewish. In Germany, they still aren't kind at all; Hitler's influence has been disastrous, the Jews are still treated with contempt – it's disgusting, utterly disgusting. So these ladies went to Israel. They are very generous. But some people still have prejudices, you know!

In France, with Pétain, there was that grotesque affair of the "yellow star"; I think it has also left a very bad imprint.

There are people to whom I wouldn't give these packets, because they'd immediately think it's very bad!

No!

Men are still worse than children – worse. So small, so petty, with stupid biases.

Just this simple thing of being impartial, neutral and perfectly sincere, without bias towards experiences, towards life, towards things – just that they can't have! There is always a sort of petty bias, of preference in the background.

And all that is accumulated in the subconscient, and it comes back in the form of "dreams." And naturally (that's quite a common experience, which is known to all those who are even slightly familiar with the play of occult forces), when someone in your dream comes and gives you blows and attacks you, it's

absolutely sure that you've had bad thoughts for him – bad thoughts or bad feelings. That's what comes back to you in that form. But they will say on the contrary: "See, I was right to have bad thoughts for him: he comes and attacks me"!

Just like children, completely ignorant.

Anyway ...

* * *

Mother takes up "Savitri"

> Then disappointed to the Void he turns
> And in its happy nothingness asks release
>
> (X.IV.644)

That's the Nihilists: Shankaracharya and so on, the worshipers of Nothingness.

> *The worshipers of Nothingness ... I don't know, the farther I go, the more I have a sense of a ... very, very sweet, very full Nothingness, but still a Nothingness. It's absolutely void, yet it's full, and very sweet, but there's nothing.*

You are playing on words.

> *No, no!*

Ultimately, this taste for Nothingness is the most harmonious way to put an end to the ego. It's the ego coming to an end. It's, yes, the most harmonious way, the higher way to put an end to the ego. It's the ego coming to an end. It is tired of being. Instead of feeling killed and crushed *(Mother makes a gesture of self-abandon),* phew!... A "phew" of relief: "Enough, enough of this battle to exist." We could say: Falsehood, tired of being, gives up.

Instead of a disappearance through crushing and trampling *(same gesture of self-abandon):* cease to be.

It's the divine way to annul the ego.

The ego is no longer necessary, it has finished its job, the consciousness is ready; then ... *(same gesture)* phew! "I am tired of being, I no longer want to be."

May 7, 1966

(Regarding a flower which Mother has called "Power of material healing":)

Oh, how I would like it to be true: when I put my hands here, like this *(Mother lays her hands on Satprem's shoulders),* it would heal!

Because I feel such force in these hands! Such CONSCIOUS force – conscious, you understand: it's vibrant with consciousness, light and force. It should heal.

It heals me. If I have a pain or something wrong, I put my hand here or there, and it goes away in the space of a minute or two. So why shouldn't it heal others!

Maybe because nobody would be ill anymore! *(Mother laughs)*

In fact, that's right. We speak of the supramental world, but it's simply a world in which truth would be true. That's all, it's simple.

Quite so.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Satprem sorts old conversations:)

Are they old ones?

From 1964.

Centuries ago.

But it's very full and living.

Ah?

Yes, the day when we can link it all together, it will really mark out the whole path of the supramental yoga; it's very clear when one looks at it from a distance. And one understands. There are lots of things that I now understand better.... My idea is to go over it all again one day and to condense it or extract the essence in order to mark out your path.

It would be better to wait till we've reached the end, wouldn't it?

I'm not going to do that now, but it will have to be done.... No, no, it's

full of meaning, it's not "old"!

Some things are growing clearer and clearer, so when they are clear, we'll be able to ...

> *Yes, but many things you said, which were as if sketchy or stammering, as if shapeless, now that I see them from a distance and along with what you said afterwards, they suddenly take on a meaning, they are full of meaning.*

I know that.

That's why even when it's in an "incomplete" stage, it's good.

For instance, there are passages I wrote in those *Prayers and Meditations,* some of which have been published – passages I wrote in Japan, and when I wrote them, I didn't at all know what they meant. For a very long time I didn't know. And very recently, one of those things that had always remained mysterious cleared up, I said, "There! It's crystal clear, that's what it means."

In other words, a prophetic little spirit without knowing it!

Oh, it's better not to have any pretension, you know. There's nothing more silly than ... I see people who pontificate and prophesy, oh! No, no, no. It's better to BE the thing without knowing it than to pretend to be it.

That's why I heartily detest publicity.

Let's see *Savitri (Mother takes her notebook). Savitri* is full of wonders, oh, how true!

What is it about?

It's still Death speaking.

Oh, he's going on – "he" is going on: I don't want it to be a "she"! *(Mother laughs)* In French it's a mistake *(laughing):* it's a "he."[34]

May 14, 1966

I have queer eyes.... They have become peculiar.

This eye [the left] sees extremely clearly – extremely clearly – almost more clearly than before, but in the entire corner here, in the very corner, there is a sort of little fog, very, very small like a needle point – no, a pinhead. So that I can't read with it. With this one [the right] I can read, there's nothing, but it's dimmed: there isn't half the clarity of the other. But the left is fantastically clear! Very well.

So I am accustomed to reading with a magnifying glass [with the right eye], and it has become that way; but when I look at a photograph with a magnifying glass, the photo starts having three dimensions *(gesture as if the photo were surging forward),* so that I see the person not in colors but alive, the picture is alive. It has three dimensions and the person moves. So I look at the photo with my magnifying glass – and I see the person moving!

With the left eye, oh, it has extraordinary precision, but I can't read because ... (and still I could read, it's an idea, just an impression), there is a sort of very, very small cloud in the corner, here. There's nothing *(laughing),* I have no cataract! There was a time when it was fairly widespread in that corner, and I showed it (long ago, two years ago), I showed it to the doctor, who told me it was inside: it's not on the surface of the eye, it's inside. He told me, "It won't go." I told him, "Ah, won't it!" – in six months it was gone, completely gone. It came back just a little – it has come back, but it will go!

But these are queer things, as if someone were having fun doing experiments with my eyes.

I see in a strange way – very strange.

And the magnifying glass is beginning to be useless.

(silence)

But everything, absolutely everything is becoming strange. As if there were two, three, four realities *(superimposed gesture)* or appearances, I don't know (but they are rather realities), one behind another or one within another, like that, and in the space of a few minutes it changes *(gesture as if one reality were surging forward to overtake and replace another),* as though one world were just there, inside, and emerged all of a sudden. When I have peace and quiet, there is a slight ... not a movement, I don't know what it is: it might rather feel like pulsations, and depending on the case, there are different experiences. For instance, customary things take a usual amount of time when nothing abnormal happens, and then you have an exact sense of the time they take. So then, I am "given" the following experience, of the same thing done in the same way, accomplished a first time in its normal duration, and another time, when I am in another state, that is, when the consciousness seems to be placed elsewhere, the thing seems to be done in a second! – Exactly the same thing: habitual gestures, things you do absolutely every day, quite ordinary things. Then, another time (and it's not that I try to have it, I don't try at all: I am PUT in that state), another time I am put in another state (to me, it doesn't make much difference, they are like very small differences in the concentration), and in that state, the same thing, oh, takes a long, long time, an endless time to get done! Just to fold a towel, for instance (I am not the one who does it), someone folds a towel or someone puts a bottle away, wholly material and absolutely simple things devoid of any psychological value; someone folds a towel that's on the floor (I am giving that example): there is a normal time, which I perceive internally after a study; it's the normal time, when everything is normal, that is, usual; then, I am in a certain concentration and ... without my even having

the time to notice it, it's done! I am in another state of concentration, with absolutely minimal differences as far as the concentration is concerned, and it's endless! You feel it takes half an hour to get done.

If it occurred just once, you'd say, "Never mind," but it takes place with persistence and regularity, as when someone is trying to teach you something. A sort of insistence and regular repetition as if someone wanted to teach me something.

Also, I spend a part of my nights in a certain state of consciousness (generally, more often than not, almost every night it's with Sri Aurobindo). But it's not "just like that," it's not by chance or as if out of habit, that's not it: it's a teaching, and things are presented in one way or another as if to make me understand something.

But *(laughing)* I am extremely stupid! Because the mind doesn't work, so I don't understand anything – I just note the fact. I note and note and note, but I don't draw any conclusions, so I am shown the thing yet again. And it follows, yes, it follows a sort of curve of experience. In fact, I might say it's a repeated demonstration given to someone stupid like me to show me the difference in consciousness between being in this body and being without a body.

It seems to me to be that.

But then, down to the last details and with persistence – you know, like when you have to teach something to an animal or to a very small child (!), that's how it is, by repetition.

The other day, for example, the day before yesterday (not last night, but the night before), I was with Sri Aurobindo, and Sri Aurobindo had taken on the appearance of the photograph of him in which he is young, with long hair: that full-face photograph in which he has a fair complexion and very dark hair. He was like that – he WAS like that, it wasn't a picture: he WAS like that. And we were looking at certain things, talking about certain things (we don't talk much, but anyway), looking at some things – when I suddenly see his face all tormented like this *(gesture as if the face had shrunk)*. He usually always has a very calm and very smiling, quiet face; but all of a sudden, it was quite tormented, and then he abruptly sat back on that sort of seat, a sort of couch. So I looked at him, and he told me, *"Oh, how they are distorting things. Look at this fellow, how they are distorting things."* Almost immediately afterwards, it was time and I woke up, I got up. And I said to myself, "I thought one wasn't tormented in that state!" Then I heard today that A., who was here and left to be a political activist there [in Bengal], is speaking in Sri Aurobindo's name, mon petit! And he issues political declarations. That's what I had seen. It wasn't that Sri Aurobindo was annoyed: the image of his face was the image of what the others were doing![35] *(Mother laughs)* ... How can I explain it? It's very strange, you know. It was the image of what those people did with his teaching, it wasn't the expression of his own feeling. You know, what goes on here, what we describe, is so blunt, devoid of fineness, crude, like a rough-hewn statue: it's rough, crude, exaggerated; and it's distorted by the sense of separation given by the ego. While there, I don't know how to explain, there, all is one, there is one single thing taking on all sorts of

forms like that *(Mother turns her two hands together, one wrapped inside the other)* in order to express something, but not with one center that feels and another center that sees and another center that understands; it's not like that, it's ... *(same gesture),* it's all ONE substance with inexpressible suppleness, which adapts itself to all the movements of all that happens, which expresses all that happens, without separation. So then, it leaves me in a state that goes on for hours in the morning, in which I am in this world [here], yet without being in it. Because ... I don't feel things the way the world feels them. It's a very strange phenomenon.

Yesterday, I remained like that the whole morning, in a very strange state, and the state seemed to want me to remember, to have the memory, and it left me only when I said (I "said," I don't know, I didn't say it to anyone, I just said) that I would tell you about it today. Then I was allowed to resume contact with everyday life.

There is something like the influence of a mentor, someone who knows, or a consciousness that knows and teaches me things; yet I don't see anyone, I don't feel anyone, but that's how it is. It's very, very strange.

Ah, let's take up *Savitri.*

Do you want to tell me something? *(Laughing)* I seem to have put you in a complete daze!

No, you say you don't draw conclusions, but I try to!

Oh, conclusions, I don't know.

In short, it's the consciousness of Eternity learning to enter into Time, into Matter?

Yes, that's an idea, maybe that's it!

Surely we'll see one day, we'll understand.

* * *

(Mother reads a few lines in which Death derides all human beliefs, concepts, philosophies, inventions....)

And sciences omnipotent in vain
By which men learn of what the suns are made,
Transform all forms to serve their outward needs,
Ride through the sky and sail beneath the sea,
But learn not what they are or why they came....

(X.IV.644)

It's really charming!

I like this:

Ride through the sky and sail beneath the sea,

But learn not what they are or why they came

He's a monument of pessimism.

But it's true, that's the trouble, it's true! Only, something is missing: what she is going to say. Or does she say nothing?

Certainly, she is going to answer.

But she doesn't shut him up.... It's difficult.

But that's because it's "He"![36]

The other day I had an extraordinary experience, in which all the pessimistic arguments, all the negations and denials came from all sides, represented by everybody. And then, those who believed in the presence of a God or something – something more powerful than they and ruling the world – were in a fury, a dreadful revolt: "But I want none of him! But he spoils all our life, he ..." It was a dreadful revolt, from every side, a truckload of abuse for the Divine with such force of asuric reaction from every side. So I sat there *(as if Mother sat in the middle of the mêlée),* watching: "What can be done?..." You know, it was impossible to answer, impossible, there wasn't one argument, not one idea, not one theory, not one belief, nothing, nothing whatsoever that could answer it. For the space of a second, the impression was: it's hopeless. Then, all of a sudden ... all of a sudden ... It's indescribable *(gesture of absolute abandon).* There was that violence of revolt against things as they are, and, mixed with it, there was: "Let this world disappear, let nothing remain, let it not exist!" All that, which at bottom is a revolt, all that nihilist revolt: let nothing remain, let everything cease to exist. It reached a height of tension, and just at the height of tension, when you felt there was no solution, suddenly ... *surrender.* But something stronger than *surrender* – it wasn't abdication, it wasn't self-giving, it wasn't acceptance, it was ... something much more radical, and at the same time much sweeter. I can't say what it was. It had the joy and flavor of giving, but with such a sense of plenitude! ... Like a dazzling flash, you know, suddenly like that: the very essence of *surrender,* the True Thing.

It was ... it was so powerful and marvelous, such sublime joy that the body started quivering for a second. Afterwards it was gone.

And after that, after that experience, all of it, all the revolt, all the negation, all of it was as if swept away.

If one could keep that, that experience, keep it constantly – it's there, it's always there; it's there, of course, but I have to stop in order to feel it. I have to stop – stop speaking, moving, acting – in order to feel it in its plenitude. But if it were here, ACTIVE ... it would be All-Powerfulness. It means becoming "That" instantaneously.

There were two days recently (since I saw you last time), two days ... especially Thursday, the day the peacock[37] was there.... The peacock crowed victory the whole day (I saw it in the evening, it came and saw me on the terrace,

it was so sweet!).... Two very, very difficult days. After that, a sort of solidly established feeling that nothing is impossible – nothing is impossible *(Mother points to Matter).* What thought has long known, what the heart has long known, what the whole inner being has long known, now the body too knows: nothing, nothing whatever is impossible, everything is possible. Here inside, here inside, in this *(Mother strikes her body),* everything is possible.

All the impossibilities created by material life have disappeared.

One must have the strength – the strength to carry it in oneself always.

May 18, 1966

(After Satprem has read to Mother a first few fragments from the "Sannyasin")

I like your way of writing.

It's restful.

> *But when you write a novel, you must build it up; in other words, there are all those unnecessary things you have to put in to reach certain points, and that's what's troublesome! All those futile things you have to present just in order to demolish them.*

I find it very restful to enter the region of elegant form, harmonious form, it's very restful.

This material mind – which is organizing itself, which has learned to fall silent, learned to pray – has a sort of spontaneous need or spontaneous thirst for beauty, for a beautiful form. I see this at night, because its need expresses itself in a setting and with events – encounters and events – and the setting is always extremely vast and very beautiful, very harmonious. And the people who move about do so harmoniously, too. And in the morning when I come out of that, I see the progress, the direction of the development; well, it has a sort of spontaneous need for a beautiful form.

Just now, while listening to you, it relaxed all at once, it rested in a satisfaction: "Ah, at last...." And it isn't at all mental: it's ... (how can I explain?) the harmony of form.

Music does it an enormous lot of good – but not classical music, not a music that follows mental rules. Something that expresses an inner rhythm, the harmony of an inner rhythm.... One rarely comes across a music like that.

And it's the same thing with words. The sound of words is immediately restful.

Will you read it again for me? Read it again.

(Satprem shakes his head, he is ashamed)

* * *

Soon afterwards

Have you heard of the drugs?...[38] Have you seen pictures?... I saw pictures.... People are hurled utterly defenseless into the lowest vital, and, according to their nature, either it's horrifying or they find it marvelous. For instance, the fabric covering a cushion or a seat is suddenly filled with marvelous beauty. So it lasts for two hours, three hours like that. Naturally, they are quite mad while it lasts. And the trouble is that people call it "spiritual experiences," and there's nobody to tell them that it has nothing to do with spiritual experiences.

There is an Italian here, whom I saw the other day with his wife (his wife is nice; he has long hair and a mystic air ... "mystic" is a way of speaking: mysticism for a theater stage). I didn't find them very interesting, but they intend to stay here for three or four months. And today, he has written me a letter in French. And in that letter there are many things; first he says he had an experience here – and those people are terrible, mon petit, as soon as they have the slightest experience, they're scared! So naturally, everything stops. But that's beside the point. Then, in that connection, he says he took that drug and he describes the effect *(Mother shows Satprem a passage of the letter):*

"The second time, with a normal dose of LSD (lysergic acid), as I rose in that luminous situation, I had terrible visions, the walls of my room came alive with thousands of malignant and desperate faces that persecuted me till night...."

There.

And it goes on. Then he says he had an experience here, and he's scared.

But anyway, it has given me one more proof.... I saw pictures in *Life* (there were photos): you feel you've stepped into an insane asylum. But he had the experience, which proves that his vital ... Of course, it's the images recorded in the subconscient (images of thoughts, images of sensations, images of feelings recorded in the subconscient), which become objective: they rise to the surface and become objective. So it gives the exact picture of what's inside you!

If, for instance, you have a sensation or thought that someone is nasty or ridiculous or doesn't love you, anyway, opinions of that sort, it generally surfaces in dreams; but there [with drugs], you aren't asleep, yet you have the dream! They come and play the game of what you thought of them: what you thought of them comes upon you in their form. So it's an indication: for those who see smiling,

pleasant, beautiful things, it means that the inner, vital condition is good enough, but with those who see terrifying or malicious things, or things like that, it means the vital isn't pretty.

> *Yes, but isn't there an objective vital in which those visions have nothing to do with your own subconscient?*

Yes, there is, but it doesn't have the same character.

> *Not the same character?*

You can know it only if you go into the vital FULLY CONSCIOUS: conscious of your own vital and conscious in the vital world as you are conscious in the physical world. You go there consciously. Then it isn't a dream, it doesn't have the character of a dream: it has the character of an activity, an experience, and that's very different.

> *Because there are indeed those worlds of the vital where you are persecuted ... terrible worlds, worlds of torture and persecution, aren't there?*

Ninety percent subjective.

Ninety percent subjective. Regularly, for more than a year, every night at the same time and in the same way, I entered the vital to do a special work there. It wasn't the result of my own will: I was destined to do it. It was something I had to do. So then, the entry into the vital, for instance, is often described: there are passages where beings are stationed to stop you from entering (all those things are much talked about in all books of occultism). Well, I know from experience (not a passing one: an experience I learned repeatedly) that that opposition or ill will is ninety percent psychological, in the sense that if you don't anticipate it or don't fear it, or if there is nothing in you that's afraid of the unknown and none of those movements of apprehension and so on, it's like a shadow in a picture, or a projected image: it has no concrete reality.

I did have one or two real battles in the vital, yes, while going to rescue someone who had gone astray. And both times I got blows, and in the morning when I woke up, there was a mark *(Mother points to her right eye).* Well, I know that in both cases, there was in me, not a fear (I never had any fear there), but ... it was because I expected it. The idea that "it may well happen" and my expecting it caused the blow to come. I knew that in a definite way. And if I had been in what I might call my "normal state" of inner certitude, it couldn't have touched me, it couldn't. And I had that apprehension because Madame Théon had lost an eye in a battle in the vital and had told me so; so *(laughing)* it gave me the idea that it was possible, since it had happened to her! ... But when I am in my state (I can't even say that, it's not "personal": it's a way of being), when you have the true way of being, when you are a little conscious and have the true way of being, it CANNOT touch you.

It's like the experience of coming across an enemy and trying to hit him, and then none of the blows hit and whatever you do has no effect – it's always subjective. I've had all the proof, absolutely all the proof.

But what is objective, then?

There ARE worlds, there ARE beings, there ARE powers, they have their own existence, but what I mean is that the form their relationships with the human consciousness take depends on that human consciousness.

It's the same with the gods, mon petit, the same thing! The relationship with all those beings of the Overmind, with all those gods, the form those relationships take depends on the human consciousness. You can be ... The scriptures say, "Man is cattle for the gods" – but that's if man ACCEPTS the role of cattle. There is in the essence of human nature a sovereignty over all those things which is spontaneous and natural, when it's not warped by a certain number of ideas and a certain amount of so-called knowledge.

We could say that man is the all-powerful master of all the states of being of his nature, but that he has forgotten to be so.

His natural state is to be all-powerful – he has forgotten to be so.

In that state of oblivion, everything becomes "concrete," yes, in the sense that you may have a mark on the eye (it can be expressed by that), but that's because ... because you allowed it to happen.

It's the same thing with gods: they can rule your life and torment you quite a lot (they can also help you a lot), but their power IN RELATION TO YOU, in relation to the human being, is the power you give them.

That's something I have learned little by little for several years. But now, I am sure of it.

Naturally, in the evolutionary curve, it was necessary for man to forget his all-powerfulness, because it had quite simply puffed him up with conceit and vanity, and so it was completely distorted and he had to be given the sense that lots of things were stronger and more powerful than he. But essentially, it's not true. It's a necessity in the curve of progress, that's all.

Man is a potential god. He thought he was a realized god. He needed to learn that he was nothing but a puny little worm crawling on the earth, and so life planed and filed him down in every way till he ... "understood" isn't the word, but anyway, felt to some extent. But as soon as he assumes the true position, he knows he is a potential god. Only, he must become it, that is, he must overcome all that isn't it.

This relationship with the gods is extremely interesting. As long as man is dazzled, in admiration before the power, beauty, realizations of those divine beings, he is their slave. But when they are, to him, ways of being of the Supreme and nothing more, and when he himself is another way of being of the Supreme, which he must become, then the relationship is different and he is no longer their slave – he is NOT their slave.

Ultimately, the only objectivity is the Supreme.

There, you've said it, mon petit. That's the point. Exactly the point.

If we take the word "objectivity" in the sense of "real, independent existence" – real, independent self-existence – there is only the Supreme.

* * *

As Satprem prepares to leave:

So do I have to wait till the book is finished before I can hear it?...

(Satprem makes a face)

You know, when I listen to you, I seem to be lying down, stretched out on something that moves forward very gently and regularly, with the vision of a very luminous and harmonious atmosphere.

That's the immediate effect it has on me.

The education of the new mind. It would be fine if it became an instrument of beauty!

Yes, but inspiration is hard to pull down!

(Mother laughs)

May 22, 1966

(Satprem chances on notes of Mother's in a pile of files.)

(Laughing) They are everywhere! Here, there, everywhere.... Once, Sri Aurobindo (I think it was in 1920) said to me one day, "Oh, they have put my room in order, I can't find anything anymore!" For their part, they said he had his papers everywhere: on his bed, on the chairs, on the table, in the drawers, on the shelves; there were papers everywhere, notes and so on. But he knew exactly where everything was. Then they "put things in order," they "tidied up" – and he couldn't find anything anymore! It was very funny. I asked him, "Would you like me to do your room and clean it? I won't touch anything." – "Ah, if you don't

touch anything ..." *(Mother laughs)* So I left the papers on the bed, on the chair, on the table, on the shelves! I cleaned a shelf, then in a book I found some money. I told him (thinking it had been forgotten), I told him, "I found ... a hundred, two hundred rupees" (I don't remember now) "in a book." (One banknote was in one place, another note was in another place.) He replied, "Yes, I am forced to hide it, otherwise they take it from me!" *(Mother laughs)*

But I am no good at hiding places!

You see, I instinctively go and take the book, I open it and find the money. So I asked him, "Would you like to entrust your money to me? I will keep it for you." He replied, "That would make things simpler." But after a year, I had three thousand rupees of his money, coming from books, from here and there! I told him *(laughing),* "See, it has borne fruit!"

* * *

(Then Satprem reads to Mother a fairly long text, and ends up completely exhausted.)

Are you tired?

It's as if all the vital force were going away.

(long, refreshing concentration)

You must go rest.

Now I am fine! But I don't know why, the force goes away very quickly.

But do you get rest at night?

Oh, yes, I'm quite all right. But strangely, as soon as I exert myself in any way, I seem to ...

You can't do it.

I can't. But why?

Because we are in a very acute phase of transformation, very acute, mon petit. So when you have one foot on the ground and another foot in midair, it's not the time to ... There are phases like that. It doesn't last a very, very long time, but it may last a month or two, or three. Afterwards, it's finished. Then, after that, there comes another period like that. One should remain very calm in such cases.

But I've noticed that when I do material things – small things – there seems to be a tremendous vital force flowing into the work, and in the

end I find myself exhausted through having done nothing at all! How come all that vital energy goes away?

It's because all the vital force is used to keep the body's balance in the phase of transformation. That's what I have called "the change of government," it's the phase of transformation. And during that change, well, all the vital force is there just to keep your balance so you don't topple over. Because it's difficult.

One must remain very calm and do what is indispensable, nothing more.

In ordinary life, when one doesn't know, with people who don't know, there is a tremendous wastage of vital forces, for no reason. Well, we no longer have the right to do that because all that vital force is there, as I said, concentrated to keep the body's balance.

It's a very, very widespread state in all those who ... not who do the yoga, but for whom the yoga is done. And it's done ... (how can I put it?) almost without their knowledge – all that puts them in a fit state to do it is, first, aspiration, and then, trust. Those are the two things: the faith, the trust that the divine Consciousness is at work, and then the aspiration for transformation. That's all that's needed. And the work is done. But that work implies, in fact, not a loss of equilibrium but a change of equilibrium. A change of balance. And in order to go from one equilibrium to the other, well, one must stay very calm.

But the difficulty you are referring to is something I have every minute.

People who don't know (there are many of them, almost all of them don't know) feel they are ill. But it's not an illness: it's a change of balance, which takes on all kinds of forms depending on each one's character and nature. So when you don't pay attention and there is a loss of balance, something happens which results in what doctors call "an illness," but if I had the time to have fun and ask them questions, they would be forced to tell me that each case is different – each case: there aren't two identical cases. They say, "Yes, it looks like this or it looks like that or it looks like this." And it's nothing but the transition from the old millennial equilibrium to a new equilibrium which isn't yet established, and in the transition between the two, well ... one must be careful, that's all. And cling very, very firmly to the higher Harmony.

May 25, 1966

(Regarding the conversation of May 18 in which Mother said that ninety percent of the visions and dreams in the vital, or even on the other, higher

planes, are subjective.)

All the same, there is something disturbing about that almost total subjectivity.

Ah, why?

You wonder what's true, what you really encounter. Isn't it all a figment of your imagination?... It's a bit disquieting.

But when you have the positive experience of the sole and exclusive existence of the Supreme and that everything is just the play of the Supreme with Himself, instead of its being something disquieting or unpleasant or unsettling, it's on the contrary a sort of total security.

The only reality is the Supreme. And all this is a game He plays with Himself. I find this much more comforting than the other way around.

And to begin with, this is the only certitude that it can become something marvelous, otherwise ...

That, too, depends on the stand one takes. A complete identification with the play as play, as a self-existent and independent thing, is probably necessary, first in order to play the game as one should play it. But at one point one does in fact reach that detachment, such a complete disgust for the whole falsehood of existence that it becomes intolerable unless one sees it as the inner play of the Lord in Himself, for Himself.

And then, one feels that absolute and perfect freedom thanks to which the most marvelous possibilities become realizable, all the most sublime things that can be imagined are realizable.

(Mother goes into contemplation, then opens "Savitri":)

And earth [shall] grow unexpectedly divine (I.IV.55)

It's a consolation....

(silence)

You'll see, there comes a point when you can tolerate yourself and life only if you take the attitude that the Lord is everything. See, that Lord, how many things He possesses: He plays with all that – He plays, He plays at ... changing the positions. And then, when you see it, that whole, you feel the limitless marvel, and that whatever the object of the most marvelous aspiration, it's all quite possible and will even be surpassed. Then you are consoled. Otherwise, this existence ... is inconsolable. But that way, it becomes charming. One day, I will tell you.

When you have the sense of the unreality of life – the unreality of life – compared with a reality that's certainly found beyond, but at the same time WITHIN life, then ... ah, yes, THAT is true at last – THAT is true at last and

deserves to be true. That is the realization of all possible splendors, all possible marvels, all, yes, all possible felicities, all possible beauties – that, yes, otherwise ...

Do you understand?

That's the point I have reached.

So then, I feel as if I still have one foot here, one foot there, which isn't a very pleasant situation because ... because you would like there to remain nothing but That.

The present way of being is a past that really should no longer exist. While the other way, ah, at last! At last!... That's why there is a world.

And everything remains just as concrete and just as real – it doesn't become misty. It's just as concrete, just as real, but ... it becomes divine, because ... because it IS the Divine. It's the Divine playing.

There, mon petit.

May 28, 1966

(Mother takes her face in her hands and looks exhausted.)

Are you all right?

Are YOU tired?

No, it's worse than tired, it's worse....

A whole work of adjustment is going on, which has become very, very difficult, very difficult *(Mother makes a gesture of churning).*

I am practically unable to eat any longer, I force myself, otherwise all I would do is drink. And it's not caused by the stomach, it's not that, it's ... *(same gesture of churning).*

I don't feel tired, but I've had for a long time and increasingly (the last few days it has become very acute) the impression of walking forward, moving on *(gesture in a precarious balance),* and that the slightest false step would hurl me into the chasm. I seem to be on a ridge between two chasms.

And that's something going on in the body's cells. There's nothing moral to it, nothing even to do with sensation.

One is compelled to constant vigilance. The slightest slackening, you know, is ... catastrophic.

(long contemplation)

So I'll see you on Thursday? Well, I hope it'll be over and I'll be out of it!

The consolation is that the Supreme's action is growing increasingly clear and evident. You know, I am like a speck of ... *([Mother makes a gesture in the hollow of a Hand]* how can I explain it?...) of dust, but a dust that suffers, that's the trouble. Very sensitive. But the play of forces is growing increasingly clear and powerful, and over an increasingly extensive field. And directly HERE [in matter], with extraordinary precision and force. It's a consolation.

Let's just not bother about it.

June 2, 1966

Is the difficulty of the other day over?

Oh, I've had an experience, a new experience. I mean, it's the cells of the body that have had a new experience.

When I lie down on my bed at night, there is an offering of all the cells, which regularly *surrender* as completely as they can, with an aspiration not only for union but for fusion: let there remain nothing but the Divine. It's regular, every day, every single day. And for some time, these cells or this body consciousness (but it isn't organized as a consciousness: it's like a collective consciousness of the cells), it seemed to be complaining a little, to be saying, "But we don't feel much. We do feel" (they can't say they don't feel: they feel protected, supported), "but still ..." They are like children, they were complaining that it wasn't spectacular: "It HAS to be marvelous." *(Mother laughs)* Ah, very well, then! So two nights ago, they were in that state when I went to bed. I didn't move from the bed till about two in the morning. At two in the morning I got up, and I suddenly noticed that all the cells, the whole body (but it really is a cellular consciousness, not a body consciousness; it isn't the consciousness of this or that person: there's no person, it's the consciousness of a cellular aggregate), that consciousness felt bathed in and at the same time shot through by a MATERIAL power of a fan-tastic velocity bearing no relation to the velocity of light, none at all: the velocity of light is something slow and unhurried in comparison. Fantastic, fantastic! Something that must be like the movement of the centers out there ... *(Mother gestures towards faraway galactic space).* It was so awesome! I remained quite peaceful, still, I sat quite peaceful; but still, peaceful as I could be, it was so awesome, as when you are carried away by a movement and are going so fast that you can't breathe. A sort of discomfort. Not that I couldn't breathe, that wasn't the point, but the cells felt suffocated, it was so ... awesome. And at the same time with a sensation of power, a power that nothing, nothing whatsoever can resist in any way. So I had been pulled out of my bed (I noticed it) so that the BODY consciousness (mark the difference: it wasn't the cells' consciousness, it was the body's consciousness) would teach the cells how to *surrender* and tell them, "There is only one way: a total *surrender,* then you will no longer have that sensation of suffocation." And there was a slight concentration, like a little lesson. It was very interesting: a little lesson, how it should be done, what should be done, how to abandon oneself entirely. And when I saw it had been understood, I went back to bed. And then, from that time (it was two, two: twenty) till quarter to five, I was in that Movement without a single break! And the peculiar thing was that

when I got up, there was in that consciousness (which is both cellular and a bit corporeal) the sense of *Ananda* [divine joy] in everything the body did: getting up, walking, washing its eyes, brushing its teeth.... For the first time in my life I felt the Ananda (a quite impersonal Ananda), an Ananda in those movements. And with the feeling, "Ah, that's how the Lord enjoys Himself."

It's no longer in the foreground (it was in the foreground for an hour or two to make me understand), now it's a bit further in the background. But, you understand, previously the body used to feel that its whole existence was based on the Will, the surrender to the supreme Will, and endurance. If it was asked, "Do you find life pleasant?", it didn't dare to say no, because ... but it didn't find it pleasant. Life wasn't for its own pleasure and it didn't understand how it could give pleasure. There was a concentration of will in a surrender striving to be as perfect – painstakingly perfect – as possible, and a sense of endurance: holding on and holding out. That was the basis of its existence. Then, when there were transitional periods ... which are always difficult, like, for instance, switching from one habit to another, not in the sense of changing habits but of switching from one support to another, from one impulsion to another (what I call the "transfer of power"), it's always difficult, it occurs periodically (not regularly but periodically) and always when the body has gathered enough energy for its endurance to be more complete; then the new transition comes, and it's difficult. There was that will and that endurance, and also, "Let Your Will be done," and "Let me serve You as You want me to, as I should serve You, let me belong to You as You want me to," and also, "Let there remain nothing but You, let the sense of the person disappear" (it had indeed disappeared to a considerable extent). And there was this sudden revelation: instead of that base of endurance – holding on at any cost – instead of that, a sort of joy, a very peaceful but very smiling joy, very smiling, very sweet, very smiling, very charming – charming! So innocent, something so pure and so lovely: the joy which is in all things, in everything we do, everything, absolutely everything. I was shown last night: everything, but everything, there isn't one vibration that isn't a vibration of joy.

That's the first time.

So then, the result ... (laughing) *is* that the body is a little better! It no longer feels that tension so much. But it has been advised to be very peaceful, very peaceful, above all no excitement, no "joy" as one usually has it (the vital joy that is aware of itself and expresses itself), not that, nothing of all that: very peaceful, very peaceful. It's something so pure, oh! ... So translucent, transparent, light....

It's the first time I have felt this physically. Meaning it's the first time these cells have had this experience.

You see, previously, they always felt the Lord's support in the power and the force, they felt they existed because of Him, they existed through Him, they existed in Him; they used to feel all that. But to be capable of feeling it, they had to have endurance – absolute endurance – to endure everything. Now it's not that; it's not that, there is something that smiles, but smiles so sweetly, so sweetly, and is, oh, extraordinarily amused, behind it all, and it's light, light, so light – all the

weight of that tension has disappeared.

And it's the result of that awesome "flow": a flow that carried the cells along; it wasn't that the cells were immobile and it was flowing through them: they were IN the movement, they were moving with that same velocity – a fantastic velocity with a dazzling luminosity and unimaginable speed, felt materially, like that. It was beyond all possibility of ordinary sensation. It lasted for hours.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Have you heard of dolphins' speech?... Haven't you seen those articles?... They have discovered that dolphins speak an articulate speech, but with a much more extensive range than ours: it rises much higher and goes much lower. And it's far more varied. And they frequently talk (it seems it can be recorded), they talk but people don't understand what they say. And then, they were given our speech to listen to – they imitate it and make fun of it! They laugh! *(Mother looks very amused)*

I saw some photos, they look nice, but the photos aren't enough. They have, as porpoises do, rows of small teeth (it seems they aren't ferocious at all, they never fly into a fury). They talk and talk!

And they know how to listen. And then, they imitate and laugh, as if they found us extremely ridiculous.

It's amusing.

It seems they have made kinds of large swimming pools somewhere in North America in which they are kept, and that they appear quite happy. So they are doing studies on them: there's an American scientist looking after all that, and someone told him (I read this yesterday), "You say they may be as intelligent as we are, but if they were they would have tried to make themselves understood and to understand us." The other fellow replied *(Mother laughs)* that perhaps it was wisdom, because they would have discovered that we are very silly!

It's amusing.

I have also heard that other scientists have discovered "immediate transmission," which doesn't follow the slow curve of wave transmissions or even of more ethereal transmissions, through what they call (I think) a sort of "pendulum" or counterweight, so that what is done here is automatically reproduced there; if it goes down here, it goes up there, and if it goes down there, it goes up here, automatically. It's imitation (because they can't understand what it is), but it's intuitive communication, of course. It seems they have an instrument to measure it – it's fantastic!

They'll end up having everything except the key.

Yes, that's right! Yes, but it's good to have everything, because as soon as the key is there, the whole thing will be done.

Maybe it's the necessary preparation for the new creation. So only the key, as you said, will be missing. Then comes the key: pfft! now the whole thing is done.

But at any rate, it seems (I had already been told this), it seems it has somewhat deflated their mental arrogance ... *(laughing)* they no longer think they are the superior beings of the creation!

Ah, let's work on *Savitri* a little ... *(Mother reads the first line):*

> A few shall see what none yet understands (I.IV.55)

There, you see!

* * *

(A little later, Mother looks at her appointment notebook cluttered with endless lists.)

... But anyway, there is good reason to believe that the Lord is enjoying Himself. He must be enjoying Himself a lot, otherwise He wouldn't make me see all those people. He must find it greatly amusing – but I think everything amuses Him, even what we don't find amusing because we are too small.

Fatigue is a great sign of weakness; when something tires you or bores you, it's really a sign of weakness. It doesn't happen to me very often anymore; I don't even think it happens at all: there's just, somewhere in the mental consciousness (and it doesn't come from me, it comes from others, rather), a suggestion that "it's really a bit too much." Otherwise ...

What about your book? How is it going?

Last night again – very often, almost every night, I spend a while in the night in the state of consciousness of your book: the manner of seeing, feeling and saying *(Mother draws a strip in midair representing the book's "region"),* like that. So now and then, I make a suggestion, but not with words: I seem to introduce into it another way of seeing and feeling: "Why not this way?" It has happened several times. But when I wake up I don't remember the details because there are too many things. But it's a place where the book is taking shape, so I enter that place and seem to bring currents of air into it! *(Mother laughs)* I make proposals. It happens very often. I think it regularly happens every night, but I remember only when I think it necessary.

June 4, 1966

How are things? – They should be better.

Why?

Because I think ("I think" is a manner of speaking) ... I told you the other day about that awesome force; well, I think it's having some effect all the same.

It has changed something in the atmosphere, it's not so oppressive, is it? I told you the difference in the position; well, it's as if something had really been reversed. So it should have effect on everybody (?)

And I keep on writing endless pages! Yes, of your book. It's quite new. (Besides, once I am awake I no longer concern myself with it at all.) I spend part of my night like that, not writing with my own hand but dictating. While I do it I find it enjoyable, but not enjoyable enough for me to remember what I wrote. Stories! ... I appear to have much imagination. But when I read it, it gives me the impression of something I saw or lived.

June 8, 1966

(Regarding an old Talk of 19 April 1951 in which Mother said: "You seem to be on an inner hunt, you go hunting for the dark little corners.... You offer the difficulty, whether it is in yourself or in others, whatever the seat of its manifestation, to the Divine Consciousness, asking It to transform it.")

That's precisely what I have been doing for two days! For the last two days I have spent all my time seeing all that ... oh, an accumulation of heaps of sordid little things we constantly live in, sordid tiny little things. And then, there is only one way – only one way, always the same: to offer it.

This Supreme Consciousness almost seems to put you in contact with quite forgotten things that belong to the past – that are even, or that were or seemed, completely erased, with which you no longer had any contact: all kinds of little circumstances, but seen now in the new consciousness, in their true place, and because of which all life, all human life is such a pathetic, miserable, mean whole. And then, there's a luminous joy in offering all that for it to be transformed, transfigured.

Now it has become the movement of even the cellular consciousness. All the weaknesses, all the response to adverse suggestions (I mean the tiny little things of

every minute, in the cells), it sometimes comes in waves, to such a point that the body feels it's going to buckle under the onslaught, and then ... there's such a warm, deep, sweet light, so powerful, which restores order everywhere, puts everything in its place and opens the road towards transformation.

These phases are very difficult times for the body's life; you feel as if there only remains one thing that decides: the supreme Will. There's no support left – no support; from the support of habit to the support of knowledge and the support of will, all the supports have disappeared: there is only the Supreme.

(silence)

The aspiration in the cellular consciousness to the perfect sincerity of the consecration.

And the lived experience – intensely lived – that only that absolute sincerity of the consecration allows existence.

The slightest pretense is an alliance with the forces of dissolution and death.

So it's like a chant in the cells – but they mustn't even have the insincerity to watch themselves – the chant of the cells: "Your Will, Lord, Your Will ..."

And the immense habit of depending on the will of others, the consciousness of others, the reactions of others (of others and of all things), that sort of universal playacting everyone does for everyone and everything does for everything must be replaced by a spontaneous, absolute sincerity of consecration.

It is obvious that that perfection in sincerity is possible only in the most material part of the consciousness.

That's where you can be, exist, act without watching yourself be, without watching yourself exist, without watching yourself act, with perfect sincerity.

* * *

Soon afterwards

This Talk [of April 19, 1951] interests me immensely. It's exactly the same focus as the present effort.

This constant correlation between the inner and the outer work is very interesting, like the preparation of this *Bulletin,*[39] for instance.

I can clearly see that the initial cause always comes from outside ("outside" with regard to this body), in the sense that the focus of the effort depends on the state of health of the people around me, on a certain set of circumstances, and also on an intellectual work (like this *Bulletin*); those are the causes. Because here *(gesture to the forehead),* there's really a tranquil and silent stillness. So there's only what comes from outside.

And the body is increasingly conscious: it has a very acute perception of the vibrations coming from the old habits, from the old ways of being and from the

opposition, and of the presence of the True Vibration. So it's a question of dose and proportion, and when the amount, the sum total of the old vibrations, the old habits, the old responses, is too great, that creates a disorder which takes stillness and concentration in order to be overcome, and which gives such a clear and intense perception of how precarious the equilibrium and existence are. And then, behind: a Glory. The Glory of the divine Light, the divine Will, the divine Consciousness, the eternal Motive.

June 11, 1966

(The conversation begins with the book Satprem is writing, which Mother "dictates" at night, but which Satprem has difficulty receiving.)

Mon petit, I keep on writing! It's incredible! It has never happened to me. Fantastic things ... But is it coming along?

Not much, not fast at all.

Do you write in sequence or did you begin with the end?

No, no, I always write in sequence.... It's not coming easily, it's not coming smoothly at all. I wonder where the blockage is.

It's because when one starts writing, one enters the mental atmosphere, the human mental atmosphere. And the passage is almost imperceptible, there's such a habit of thinking, of expressing oneself, of feeling within a human mental atmosphere ... which is nevertheless, in comparison with the human individual, something very vast, very complex, very supple (and those who move about in it already have the sense of a higher intelligence, an exceptional understanding and so on), but from the standpoint of the Truth, it's so artificial and CONVENTIONAL! It's a very durable convention, which undergoes slight changes, alterations according to the times, the ages, but which has some sort of permanence. I feel it as ... *(Mother makes a circular gesture around her head)* a globe one is inside, luminous but so artificial!

This morning, I had, for instance, a whole series of experiences regarding the notion of selfishness. I remember that the first time someone said to Sri Aurobindo in my presence (many years ago) about someone else, "Oh, he is selfish," Sri Aurobindo smiled and answered, "Selfish? But the most selfish of all is the Divine, since everything belongs to Him and He sees everything in relation to Himself!" I found it rather daring! And this morning (strangely, just this morning;

it's not the first time, either), I suddenly felt how false that notion of selfishness is and that sort of reprobation of the selfish, with, at the same time, all the shades of leniency, understanding, how false all that is, that whole world, how rigid and outside the Truth. "Outside the Truth," not that its opposite would be true, no, that's not the point! It's that sort of "moral-mental" notion, which is such a self-evident affair that nobody questions it – how far, far away it is from the Truth.

But this morning's experience was luminous because I LIVED in the Truth. And I experienced both the true atmosphere and the conventional atmosphere. But a convention that's not local or of a particular period, of a time or a place, that's not it: they are kinds of conventions CREATED by the human consciousness, which take on nuances – they are quite supple – which take on nuances and transform themselves according to the need, but they really are conventions. It seemed to me like a balloon – immense, as large as the earth, much larger than the earth.

And at the same time I also had the experience (an experience I've had very, very often) that when you live in the Light, there is perfect comprehension, and it isn't something reflected or seen, that's not it, it is ... something that IS, that exists: a living Light. And as soon as you want to express it, it gets into the balloon, and then it becomes conventional (even without uttering words: just saying it to yourself). When you are like this *(immobile gesture turned Upward),* then it's The Thing. And as soon as you try to formulate it to yourself, and, even more so, to write it, it seems to get into the balloon and it becomes conventional. To such a point that these days it's very difficult for me, when I am active, to write anything, I find it so flat and dry and distorted.

But at night ... (laughing) as if by reaction, I dictate all kinds of things! But I don't remember what I write, it's absolutely elsewhere.

But I feel that artificiality constantly.

Yes.

Constantly. But I don't know, I am waiting for, hoping for something that will be pure or true. But I constantly feel that artificiality.

That's right.

We're probably on the verge of the solution. It's always like that. We'll see.

(silence)

The marvelous thing is that as soon as you get out of it, there's ... phew! You seem to burst into a limitless immensity of light, and of such living light! So living, so powerful, so active! It's marvelous. Then all the rest becomes so paltry, ugh!

Yes!

So ... *(laughing)* we're perhaps in search of the solution.

(Soon afterwards, the question comes up of the publication of the previous conversation, of June 8, 1966, in the appendix to the Playground Talk of April 19, 1951... fifteen years earlier. Satprem voices certain doubts, emphasizing the vast difference between the two texts.)

... We must put it in [the conversation of June 8], it's very important. Very useful. People must know it.

I felt there was such a gulf between the two....

That doesn't matter.

In fact it gives some little sense of the yoga – the yoga of Matter – of what it means.

You know, the ultimate outcome is something so wonderful that everything people have known, even those who have had the most unique, exceptional, marvelous experiences, all of it is insipid in comparison! It's like that.

And in fact the body is beginning to be aware of it, and because it's beginning to be aware of it, it also begins to feel that whatever the *ordeal* (as they call it in English), it's not too high a price to pay for that.

It's ready, it is ready to bear anything to have That ... which is beyond all comprehension. There is a fullness of experience that cannot be known anywhere but here [in the body]. It's something that comes *(massive gesture taking hold of the entire body).* As I said, an absoluteness of sincerity – you simply ARE, that's all.

Naturally, there is a long way to go, and the way ... I don't know, maybe some people are able to strew flowers on themselves on the road, but ... at any rate that doesn't seem to me to be the most direct road!

June 15, 1966

... He is mentally very limp.

But I too feel mentally in a limp state! I get the feeling of a complete numbness.

Then that's perfect.

Yes, but then I can't write!

Listen, Sri Aurobindo wrote the whole *Arya* for I don't know how much time, five years, I think, without a single thought in his head.

I don't think, but I do have the thoughts of the physical, material world, the material mind. Yes, that's there.

Oh, it keeps running?

Yes, it keeps running. But all the rest has stopped running. There's a sort of numbness. I wouldn't complain if I didn't have to write!

With me, it's the other way around; it's here [materially] that it has become numb – not numb, not at all a feeling of sleeping or ... it's being in what people call a dream, but it's not a dream. It's an inner perception, something, but without thought, like that, in the realm of ... of what? ... Of perception, yes, of consciousness, but a consciousness that's not intellectually formulated. And there's a sort of rhythm like this *(Mother gestures to show the very supple and harmonious motion of a pendulum),* materially. What was forever working and harping on things (it's unbearable), now, oh, it's very, very pleasant, very pleasant. But up there *(gesture above the head),* "That" is there; it's becoming awesome, you know, from the standpoint of action, of perception.

It's not exactly a numbness, but ...

You must have gone through the wrong door.

The wrong door?

Yes *(smiling)*, you have opened the wrong door.

Maybe what you want to write is very human? I mean, very much in the human consciousness: the human reactions, human perceptions. Because if that's the case ... I find it so useless, futile, uninteresting, absurd, and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, untrue, false. So then, maybe I am responsible! I find it sickening, you know, now that there is that sort of sweetness ... a sweetness ... It's not drowsy, it has nothing to do with inertia; it's a sort of ... *(same gesture of a pendulum),* it's like letting oneself flow along, but on a luminous stream. So, ever since this has been there, all human stories, all their stories in all fields, from politics to artistic creation and all that, oh, I find it terribly futile – and so ridiculously agitated.

My idea (if I have one), and what makes me persist in writing, is that all that I have said in an intellectual way, which appeals to people's intellectual consciousness, I'd like to say it in a deeper way, which is a rhythm (people call it "poetry," but as for me I don't understand a thing about poetry). What I'd like is to express an inner rhythm, to touch another layer of the being, deeper than those things of the intellect. "The Adventure of Consciousness" appeals to people's intellectual consciousness, it's to make them understand. But what I'd like is to touch something else. To say the same thing with an inner rhythm ... images.

Maybe that's why, maybe I am also responsible?

That's right: I'm not in it, I'm not there.

You're not there, no, but that's because you are with me! *(Mother laughs)*

June 18, 1966

Why have men created such fixed things as languages? ... It's so deliberately narrow and limited. And I think that's what abolished in man the possibility of intuition, because ...

He is forced to become so narrow in order to make himself understood. You feel you could be sitting in front of a genius and have no means to communicate, except like this *(gesture above the head of a communication on a higher plane).*

They are wondering how to communicate with other solar systems.... But our very way of thinking stems from our form, it's because we count one-two-three-four-five with our fingers, so we say one-two-three-four-five. Others use other words, but if five objects are put together they understand. But can dolphins count, for instance? They have no hands, no feet – (laughing) they only have one-two-three-four-five dolphins!

It would be interesting to know.

And nothing allows us to postulate that out there in those other systems, billions of light-years away from us, they will have the same form as we do or an analogous form. They may be balls, they may be all kinds of things!

There is only one thing, ONE vibration that seems to be really universal: the Vibration of Love. I am not saying its manifestation, no, nothing of the sort! But the something which is pure Love. That seems to me to be universal.

But as soon as you try to express it, it's over.

The vibrations of the beings out there must be rather identical to ours?

I don't know ... I don't know.

Why should the Lord repeat Himself?

The forms are different, of course, but the vibrations?

But I tell you, only that Vibration seems essential and primordial enough to be really universal.

That Vibration which is both the need and the joy to unite.

And deep within it, there is an identity of vibration – the RECOGNITION of an identity of vibration.

June 25, 1966

This morning towards five, you came and told me lots of things. *Oh, really!* Were you sleeping?

Yes, certainly.

I was awake, taking my walk – my japa-walk. You came and spoke to me, you even asked me *(laughing),* "Did you see Sri Aurobindo this night?" So I told you all kinds of things, but I also told you, "No, I won't have anything left to tell you this morning!" And here I am, telling you everything. Nothing sensational last night. It was a night of great rest. So that's what I can tell you, that's all. But it was amusing, and I said, "Oh, you are so conscious you come and talk to me!" But then you weren't conscious! Which means that this [Satprem's outer being] isn't conscious, but the other was: you came and talked to me.

I'm not conscious at all.

That's strange.

Sometimes, depending on the activities one has had, the kind of life one has lived, there are intermediary parts *(Mother draws a narrow strip)* that remain undeveloped, so they act as a sort of padding: the consciousness doesn't go through. I also had one like that; but as soon as I met Théon, he told me. He told me, "Your ... *(Mother tries to remember)* nervous subdegree" (I think), "between the vital and the physical, isn't developed." There's a padding, the consciousness doesn't go through. So for six or ten months I worked carefully to develop it – no result. Then I left (perhaps I've already told you the story), I left for the countryside. One day, I stretched out on the grass, and all of a sudden, prrt! it came from everywhere, the consciousness had awakened. And indeed the way was blocked: there were lots of things that I never received because of that. But it's a long work.

What could I do for that?

At that time I could have answered you in detail; now I don't exactly remember. But the best thing is, when you go to bed, a slight concentration with the will to remain conscious. Just that. A sort of aspiration to remain conscious.

Yet I never go to sleep just anyhow, I always go to sleep after a meditation.

Yes, that's why you come to me and I see you and all that. But then that is

missing: a small connection.

At that time, when I was deep in occultism, I could have told you in detail, now I don't remember. But I know (that's one thing I still know): an aspiration. An aspiration for the thing ... You know, when you want to wake up at a precise time and you say to yourself, "I want to wake up at such and such a time," it works very well; well, it's the same principle. Instead of asking for a precise time, you ask to remember, to remain conscious – to remember what has happened. It can act. And also, as I have always said, not to wake up abruptly, that is, not to leap from one's bed, to stay quite still for a while. It happens to me even now: if I wake up and get up abruptly, it's after a time, when I enter my concentration again, that the memory comes back.

These two things are enough, they should do.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding a European disciple who asks to help the Ashram's "cottage industry." This fragment of conversation, though rather prosaic, was preserved, as it is quite illustrative.)

> *This cottage industry produces things that aren't very pretty.... So she would like to know if you want her to go and work there or to do something on her own. I feel she has a capacity for handicraft that could be used.*

Pavitra read me her letter. I spontaneously answered him, "Oh, this woman is too perfect for me." You know, "I can do this, I can do that, I do this so well, I do that so perfectly...." There were pages of it, mon petit! So in the end I said, "She is too perfect for me."

She is probably skillful.

> *Yes, and this cottage industry has lots of resources that aren't put to full use....*

I have never got involved in it – it's been functioning for a long time and they've been producing their hideous things for a long time....

> *Yes.*

And I have never said anything because ... we don't speak the same language. But perhaps G. [the head of the cottage industry] would be glad to have her?

> *But that needs your approval. How should she go and see G.? She would need a note from you or...*

Oh, no! I can't say anything. G. must be the one to ask. She should express to

G. her wish to help, and he should spontaneously accept; otherwise it won't work, mon petit! I'll receive a polite letter for an answer.

That's strange!

No, no, that's how it is, humanity is like that.

If she goes there, if she shows interest and a great goodwill, then it may work. Naturally, if G. asks if I agree, I'll certainly tell him – but he must be the one to ask! *(Mother laughs)*

She could bring some fresh air there....

There was some repair work to be done in their house – she showed the workers how they should do it! – The workers preferred to go and work elsewhere.

They all have that, all of them: the arrogance of the European, oh! ... Because the European is indeed used to dealing with Matter, so he has a certain authority over Matter. That's true. For instance they are much more orderly (I am talking in a general way, there are exceptions everywhere), they have a certain mastery over Matter that doesn't exist here, and because of that they feel so superior that it's disgusting.

I find this in all those who come and I must admit I get ... I let them flounder about for some years, until they suddenly realize that with all their superiority they are inferior. Then – then we can start getting along with each other!

You understand?

That's true.

* * *

Then Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri"

It's always the sound that guides me....

Do you know that Sunil has done some music for *Savitri,* and he is going to play it for me in early July. I don't think he wants to have an audience, it's quite private, because it must be played only in 1968 – in February '68 – and he will show me just a small piece to see if it's all right. But I thought you would be interested. I'll leave my windows wide open.

I like what he does very much.

Oh, not just once but very often, while listening to his music, a door is immediately opened onto the region of universal harmony, where you hear the origin of sounds, and with an extraordinary emotion and intensity, something that pulls you out of yourself *(gesture of abrupt wrenching).* It's the first time I've had

this while listening to music – I myself have it when I am all alone. But I never had it while listening to music, it's always something much closer to the earth. Here, it's something very high, but very universal, and with a tremendous power: a creative power. Well, his music opens the door.

Now, some people have heard his music, and in Russia, France and the U.S.A. as well, they have asked for permission to copy it and spread it around. And the strange thing is that those people don't know one another, but they have all had the same impression: tomorrow's music. So to those who have asked I've answered, "Have some patience, in two years we'll give you a musical monument." It's much better to begin with a major work, because it immediately gives the position, otherwise you might think it's passing little inspirations – not that: something that strikes you on the head and makes you bow before it.

I read out the lines (in English, naturally), and with that he does the music. And the words are probably mixed in with the music, as he always does. But then, my reading is simply the clearest possible pronunciation, with the full understanding of what's being said, and WITHOUT A SINGLE INTONATION. I think I have succeeded, because at a week's interval (I don't read every day), the timbre of the voice is always the same.

But all the music I used to adore seems pallid to me.

Doesn't it! It sounds dull.

Yes, it seems shallow.

Superficial, very shallow. All those things I found admirable in the past, that's finished.

June 29, 1966

This morning I got a letter from a little girl who asks me, "What is consciousness? I asked my teachers, they answered me it was very hard to explain"! *(Mother laughs)* So she's asking me. And since she asked me, I've been looking at it. How can we express it? Do YOU know how it can be explained? Because the words we use are meaningless.

Spontaneously, I'd say it's the fire or the breath that carries the whole world. It's the fire that makes everything live – that makes the chest breathe, that makes the sea heave ...

That's not bad!

What would YOU say?

Here is what I found: it's the cause of existence – the cause and the effect at the same time. But that's not it.

Your explanation is more poetic, it's more literary, but still I am not sure that's it.

It's the substance of the world, what constitutes the world.

Yes. If we say, "Without consciousness there is no world," it's much truer, but it doesn't explain. That was my first answer: without consciousness, no world, no existence.

It's the breath or the force that carries the world – that makes it be.

That's not bad, let's note it down!

Oh no! You are the one who must find it.

I have to answer this child.

Because otherwise, we are lost in abstractions.

Yes, and with abstractions, you use words that mean something else, that's all.

But how do YOU perceive consciousness?

Without consciousness, you can't feel anything. Consciousness is indeed the basis of all things.

(Mother looks at the child's letter and hands it to Satprem)

"Sweet Mother, I'd like to know: What is consciousness? I asked a teacher, but they said, 'It's very hard to explain.' I want your blessing so I do my exams well. You take my *Pranams.*[40] Your little daughter."

Without consciousness, no existence, that's perfectly true, but it doesn't explain what consciousness is. But your explanation is poetic enough, at any rate! In Indian philosophy, they put Existence before Consciousness. They say Sat-Chit-Ananda.[41] So if we say, *Chit-Sat-Ananda...!* And it's not true.

It's not true, the Rishis always spoke of Fire, "Agni," which is the primordial substance.

But is "fire" consciousness?

Yes, it becomes consciousness – it is consciousness. It's consciousness-force. The Rishis said, "Even in the stone he is there, even in the waters he is there."

Yes, when I had that experience of the pulsations of Love creating the world,

the pulsation came first, and afterwards the consciousness – the consciousness of the pulsation.

So we could define it like this: when the ... the ... (I never know which name to use!) became conscious of Himself, that created the world.

In the Upanishads, they say "tapas"[42] *created the world.*

Yes, *tapas* is Power.

It's fire, too.

No, *tapas* is Power.

Chit-Tapas is heat.

They say, *Sat, Chit-Tapas, Ananda.* They put *Chit-Tapas* together. And it's *Chit* first, then *Tapas.* It's the creative power of consciousness.

But Sri Aurobindo always said "Consciousness-Force," indissolubly. We can't separate one from the other. There is no consciousness without force and no force without consciousness – it's Consciousness-Force. That's what the world is!

At any rate, it's not a very philosophical way to put it at all, it's very childlike, but it's much truer than metaphysical sentences: When the Lord became conscious of Himself, that created the world.

So, let's note down your definition for the child.

No, your definition first, that's the first stage! Then the second stage, the human.

(Mother laughs and writes:)

"When the Lord became conscious of Himself, that created the world."

Now your turn to say!

It's for you to say.

No, no! Let me hear it.

I don't know.... Consciousness is the breath or the fire that carries everything.

But if I say "fire," they'll immediately say, "Ah, consciousness is fire, then!"

The breath that carries everything, that makes everything breathe?

(Mother writes:)

"Consciousness is the breath that is the life of everything."

No ...

"that makes everything live."

You understand, it's going to go all around the School from one class to another! *(Laughing)* I know what's going to happen!

"Consciousness is the breath that makes everything live."

There. She is lucky, that little one. Children are amusing!

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother looks at a stack of English texts that have to be translated into French.)

It would be far easier if those things were written in large characters.... It's a pity about my eyes. I waste a lot of time, quite a lot. I am forced to ask, or else to take a magnifying glass. What I used to do in three minutes takes me half an hour. That's how it is. But to recover my sight (that would be possible, nothing is damaged, it's only worn), I would have to spend a lot of time on it; it would take me a lot of time in exercises, concentrations.... I don't have the time.

But the promptness of the consciousness when I used to see! ... I don't find it with other eyes. That was so convenient.

Anyway ...

We must have patience. It's no use groaning, I must either do something about it or not bother about it! And I don't have the time to do anything – I am waiting for my sight to be given back to me.

July 6, 1966

> 118 – The love of solitude is a sign of the disposition towards knowledge; but knowledge itself is only achieved when we have a settled perception of solitude in the crowd, in the battle and in the mart.
>
> 119 – If when thou art doing great actions and moving giant results, thou canst perceive that *thou* art doing nothing, then know that God has removed His seal from thy eyelids.
>
> 120 – If when thou sittest alone, still and voiceless on the mountain-top, thou canst perceive the revolutions thou art conducting, then hast thou the divine vision and art freed from appearances.
>
> 121 – The love of inaction is folly and the scorn of inaction is folly; there is no inaction. The stone lying inert upon the sands which is kicked away in an idle moment, has been producing its effect upon the hemispheres.

That's interesting! It's precisely the experience I've had these last few days, yesterday and the day before. The sense of an irresistible Power directing everything: the world, things, people, everything, but everything ... without one having to move materially. And the sense that that material overactivity is just like the foam formed by fast-running water – the foam on the surface – but underneath, the Force flows in an all-powerful stream.

There's nothing else to say.

We always come back to this: to know is all right; to say is good; to do is fine; but to be is the only thing that has power.

(silence)

That experience came in relation to Auroville. You know, people get restless because "things aren't moving fast"; then I had that vision of the divine formation, the divine creation taking place underneath, all-powerful, irresistible, regardless of that whole external hubbub.

July 9, 1966

V. asked me a question about the Americans and Vietnam, so I answered him *(Mother looks very amused and hands the text of her answer to Satprem):*

Question

Are the Americans' presence and intervention in Vietnam justifiable?

Mother's answer

From what point of view do you ask the question?
If it is from the political point of view – politics is in complete falsehood and I am not concerned with it.
If it is from the moral point of view – morality is the shield ordinary men brandish to protect themselves from the Truth.
If it is from the spiritual point of view – the Divine Will alone is justifiable and It is what men travesty and distort in all their actions.

* * *

A little later

There's a question I'd like to ask you in connection with the last aphorism.... You started saying that regardless of all the unnecessary overactivity of people, there was underneath that great current of irresistible Power DOING things despite everything, despite people....

So, what's your question?

But that great current of Power needs instruments in order to express itself, doesn't it?

A brain.

But not just a brain, precisely. That Power can express itself, as in the past, in a mental or overmental way; it can express itself vitally through force; it can express itself through muscles; but how can it express itself physically (because you often speak of a "material power"), purely, directly? What's the difference between the Action up above and true Action here?

Every time I have been conscious of the Power, the experience has been similar. The Will from above is expressed by a vibration, which certainly gets clothed in vital power but acts in a subtle physical. There is a perception of a certain quality of vibration, which is difficult to describe but gives a sense of something coagulated (not broken up), something that feels denser than air, extremely homogeneous, with a golden luminosity, an AWESOME power of propulsion, and which expresses a certain will – it doesn't have the nature of human will but more the nature of vision than that of thought: it's like a vision imposing itself in order to be realized, in a domain very close to material Matter, but invisible except to the inner vision. And That, that Vibration, exerts a pressure on people, on things, on circumstances, in order to fashion them according to its vision. And it's irresistible. Even people who think the opposite, who want the opposite, do what is willed without wanting it; even things that are opposed in their very nature are turned around.

For national events, relations between nations, terrestrial circumstances, that's how it acts, constantly, constantly, like an AWESOME Power. So then, if you are yourself in a state of union with the divine Will, without the thought and all the conceptions and ideas interfering, you follow, see, and know.

The resistance of inertia in consciousnesses and in Matter are the reason why that Action, instead of being direct and perfectly harmonious, becomes confused, full of contradictions, shocks and conflicts. Instead of everything working out "normally," I might say, smoothly (as it should), all that resisting, opposing inertia causes things to start clashing together in a tangled movement, with disorder and destruction, which are made necessary only by the resistance but were NOT indispensable: they might not have been – they should not have been, to tell the truth. Because that Will, that Power, is a Power of perfect harmony in which each thing is in its place, and It organizes everything wonderfully: It comes as an absolutely luminous and perfect organization, which you can see when you have the vision. But when It descends and presses down on Matter, everything starts seething and resisting.

So to want to ascribe to the divine Action and the divine Power the disorder and confusion and destruction is yet more human nonsense. It's inertia (not to speak of ill will), it's inertia that CAUSES the catastrophe. It isn't that the catastrophe is willed, or even that it's foreseen: it is CAUSED by the resistance.

Then, added to this is the vision of the action of the Grace that comes and mitigates the results wherever possible, that is to say, wherever it's accepted. And that's what explains that the aspiration, the faith, the complete trust of the human, terrestrial element, have a power of harmonization, because they allow the Grace to come and mend the consequences of blind resistance.

It's a clear, very clear vision, clear even in the details.

If one wanted to, one could prophesy by telling what one sees. But there is a sort of supercompassion preventing that prophecy, because the Word of Truth has a power of manifestation, and to express the result of resistance would make that state more concrete and would lessen the action of the Grace. That's why even

when one sees, one cannot speak, one MUST NOT speak.

But Sri Aurobindo certainly meant that this Power or this Force is what does everything – everything. When you see It or are one with It, at the same time you know, and you know that That is the only thing that really acts and creates; the rest is the result of the field or the world or the matter or the substance in which It acts – it's the result of resistance, but it's not the Action. And to unite with That means that you unite with the Action; to unite with what's below means that you unite with the resistance.

So then, because they fidget, stir, bustle, want to do this and that, think, make plans ... they imagine they're doing something (!) – they just resist.

Later, a little later, I'll be able to give examples for very small things, showing how the Force acts, and what interferes and mixes in, or what is driven by that Force but distorts its movement, and the result, that is to say, the physical appearance as we see it. Even an example for a very small thing without any world importance gives a clear notion of the way in which everything occurs and is distorted here.

For everything, everything, all the time, all the time, that's how it is. And when you do the yoga of the cells, you realize it's the same thing: there is the action of the Force acting, and then ... *(Mother laughs)* what the body does with that Action!

(silence)

There immediately comes the why and the how. But that belongs to the realm of mental curiosity, because the important fact is to put a stop to the resistance. That's the important thing, putting a stop to the resistance so the universe may become what it must be: the expression of a harmonious, luminous, marvelous power, incomparably beautiful. Afterwards, once the resistance has ceased, if out of curiosity we want to know why it occurred ... it will no longer matter. But right now, it's not by looking for the why that we will be able to bring about the remedy: it's by taking the true position. That's the only thing that matters.

Putting a stop to the resistance through complete surrender, complete self-giving, in all the cells if one can do it.

They are beginning to have that intense joy of being only through the Lord, for the Lord, in the Lord....

When that is established everywhere, it will be fine.

July 23, 1966

... We're still receiving a number of letters because of the article in *Planète,* or from people who have read your book. And there are lots of them who want to come here! That's more serious! ... But anyway, we send them literature. We tell most of them that they have to prepare themselves. And I direct a large number towards Auroville; maybe that's the essential raison d'être of Auroville....

July 27, 1966

Today is the birthday of Jyotin, the gardener. He brought me this, look! ... *(Mother gives a double pink lotus)* It's beautiful.

The day man will be like this ...

There, exactly! Exactly what I was thinking. When you see this, you feel your infirmity. *(Mother looks at the flower again)* It's wonderful, isn't it?

Man really isn't an *improvement!* ... He is full of miseries and ugly things, while this is so simple, so spontaneous.

Yes, a few days ago the consciousness was under attack. All that is petty, sordid, ugly, oh ... poor, helpless, all that – it was such an avalanche! ... This poor body, it cried over its incapacity to express anything superior. And then, the answer was very simple – it was very clear, very strong – and the experience came: the only *solution – the only way out* of *the* difficulty *is* to BECOME divine Love. And *the* experience was there at the same time for a few moments (it lasted long enough, maybe more than half an hour). Then you understand that everything you have to go through, all these ordeals, all this suffering, all these miseries, is nothing in comparison with the experience of what will be (and what is). But we are still incapable, meaning that the cells haven't the strength yet. They are beginning to have the capacity to be, but not the strength to keep That – "That" cannot stay yet.

And That has such an extraordinary power to transform what is! All our notions (and this had become visible), our notions of miracle, of marvelous change, all the stories of miracles that have been told, all of it becomes a child's prattle – it's nothing! Nothing. All that we try to have, all that we aspire to have, all that ... is childishness.

Only, it was clear that this isn't ready yet.

And it was so extraordinary that the cells felt they couldn't live on without ...

without That. That was the impression: That, or else dissolution. And when That had gone away ... It didn't go by accident but deliberately, and with the clear notion: "Now no fuss, you must prepare yourself for That to stay." And it was so categorical *(gesture like a Command from above),* that there was no arguing. When That had left, there was a sort of suffocation. Then the Command came, with the rigidity of a wall: "No fuss, you must prepare yourself."

Then you return to your senses, and it all seems so ... oh!

There is the certitude – the certitude based on experience – that when That is here, it will be ... Or rather, while That is here (since It was here for a while), all the splendors you experience by rising, going out, leaving the body, are nothing. It's nothing, it doesn't have that concrete reality. When you have the experiences up above, you live up above and everything appears lackluster and useless in comparison, but even that appears vague in comparison with HERE. This is truly why the world was created: it's to add to that essential Consciousness something so concrete and so solid, so real, and with such tremendous power!

Only, to the body consciousness it seems long. Up above, of course, there is a smile, but for the body ... And strangely enough, there isn't in the body that joy of the memory of the experience. You have the joy of the memory of the experiences up above, but here, it's not like that! It's not that. The body might say, "It's no use for me to remember: I want to have the thing." Because wherever the mind comes in, the memory is charming, but here, it's not like that. It's not like that: on the contrary, it intensifies the need to be, the aspiration, the need. And life looks like something so stupid, false, artificial, meaningless, without ... "What's all this nonsense we constantly live in!" And yet, when That was there, nothing was destroyed, everything remained, but it was something else altogether.

Later ... *(Mother seems about to say something, then stops her self)* ... later.

No, it has made me understand something, but it's something very (how can I put it?), very intimate.... When Sri Aurobindo left, I knew I had to cut the link with the psychic being, otherwise I would have gone with him; and as I had promised him I would stay on and do the work, I had to do that: I literally closed the door on the psychic and said, "For the moment this doesn't exist anymore." It remained like that for ten years. After ten years, it slowly, slowly began to open again – it was frightening. But I was ready. It began to open again. But then, that experience surprised me when I had it; I wondered why it had been like that, why I had received that command and had to do it. And when there was in the body that identification with divine Love [a few days ago], after that had left, the cells were ordered to undergo a similar phenomenon [to what happened after Sri Aurobindo's departure]. And I understood why the whole material world is closed: it's to allow it to exist WITHOUT the experience [of divine Love]. Naturally, I had understood why I was made to close off my psychic, because ... because it was truly impossible, I couldn't go on existing outwardly without Sri Aurobindo's presence. Well then, the cells have understood that they must go on existing and living their life without the presence of divine Love. And that's how it took place in the world: it was a necessary phenomenon for the formation and development

of the material world.

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

(silence)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, exactly! That's the point.

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

This is the only strength, there is no other.

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

And at that moment[43] (it was a rather difficult moment), there was even in the consciousness ... it was like a sword of white light that nothing can shake and which gave the cells the sensation, "What! But you should be in an ecstasy of joy, now that you know what will be" – what there IS, in principle.

But it has caused a sort of detachment from the gestures, the outside, as if life weren't quite real – yet real at the same time, but the Reality isn't there.... There is the sense of the Presence; that's constant. And that's a good thing to begin with, it strongly counterbalances the sense and perception of all the Distortion. There is even an insistence from this Presence for That alone to exist and to increasingly reduce the reality of the perception of what must not be. There will be a great strength in the being when the perception of what must not be is dimmed, erased as something far away and nonexistent.

That's what is being prepared.

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

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

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

* * *

A little later

We're still receiving heaps of letters. Lots of people want to come and are asking questions. There's going to be a crush of people – some are arranging planes! So yesterday I said, "We'll have a direct yearly flight: Paris-Auroville!" And they're going to prepare an airfield. We are already in negotiations with the government for the land: it's huge, we could make four or five airfields! There will be a landing field in Auroville: Paris-Auroville! *(Mother looks very amused.)*

It seems that in 1972, there will be a new plane that will fly from Paris to India (Paris-Auroville!) in four hours. Which means that if they leave Paris in the

evening, they'll reach here at daybreak (you know that some time is lost while coming here). And if they leave here at noon, they'll reach Paris at 10 in the morning – two hours before they left.

They'll end up going so fast that they'll reach the day before they left!

Four hours is fast.

A lot of use that'll be!... I am regressive, you know. What's the use of going so fast!

It's interesting.

Do you really think it's any use?

(Mother laughs ... silence) Some rather queer things are going on. But I'll talk about them when I have completed my observations.

Another year or two, and there will be something to say.

July 30, 1966

I think there is an attempt going on to teach me (that is, to make me learn) why one dies.

There are lots of ways of dying, depending on the various planes of consciousness, and there are lots of causes *(gesture in a gradation),* but in each domain there is, as it were, an essential cause that makes death at the same time necessary, indispensable and unavoidable. And then, physically, that is, materially in the body's cells, you seem to be ... *(Mother makes a gesture at a tangent)*, you are just on the borderline, on the verge of finding the secret of why there is cessation, why dissolution is made necessary by the incapacity to follow the movement of transformation.

It came in the wake of a sort of purely physical attack or fit extremely painful, during which I had almost the revelation of why the cells cease to be organized. It's fairly recent since it was yesterday, and it needs to sink in before it can be expressed. But I had a strong impression that I was on the verge of a supreme secret of physical dissolution.

When it becomes (I don't know how many experiences it will take to be quite clear), but when it becomes quite clear, then ...

I think I am being made to learn this.

It's a dangerous game!

Yes ... Only what must happen can happen, of course. It's for me to hold out, that's all!

And if I don't hold out, it means I am not able to do the work; if I am not able to do it, that puts an end to the whole affair.

Only what must happen happens, without a doubt.

No, no, the conviction becomes absolute that you can die only if you must die. One never dies by accident.

Never?

Never *(Mother takes on a categorical tone of voice),* NEVER.

No accident ever happens.

What man calls "accident," never. It may have the appearance of an accident, but it's only an appearance.

August

August 3, 1966

Is there anything new?

There was something that might interest you *(Mother looks for a piece of paper).*

What interests me is what you are doing.

What I ...?

What you are doing.

I am making discoveries, mon petit.

When the mind is active, or rather, as long as the mind is active, when you have dedicated your life and are fully convinced that it's your only raison d'être, you tend to imagine that if you work for the Divine, the whole being participates, and if you aspire to progress, the whole being participates. You are satisfied once all contradiction has disappeared either in the vital or in the mind, and once everything is in agreement and harmonious. You think you have won a victory. But then, now ... now that it's the cells of the body that want and aspire, they have been forced to note that suffering, difficulty, opposition, complication, all that is only to make them be wholly, completely, totally and CONSTANTLY in their aspiration.

It's extremely interesting, really very interesting.

I told you last time about those moments I had, which really were moments of realization [of divine Love]; then I clearly saw that it went away because "it" couldn't stay, and I immediately wanted to know why it couldn't stay. To just say, "Things aren't ready ... things aren't ready," is quite meaningless. Then the cells themselves observed a sort of ... it's something between torpor, drowsiness, numbness and indifference; and that state is mistaken for peace, quietude and acceptance, but it really is ... it really is a form of *tamas.*[44] And that's the reason why it may last for what, to our consciousness, is almost an eternity. And there was, as I told you, an experience [a painful attack]; it recurred in another form (it never recurs in the same form), in another form, and then the cells noticed that that sort of intensity, of ardor of will taking hold of them, that something concrete in the self-giving, in the *surrender,* does not exist when everything is fine (what people are in the habit of calling "everything is fine," which means that you don't feel your body, there is no difficulty and things are just getting along).

It was almost a disappointment for these cells, which thought they were very ardent (!) and have had to realize that that semi-drowsiness was entirely

responsible for all that's habitually called "illnesses" – but I don't believe in "illnesses" anymore. I believe in them less and less. Everything that comes is a particular form of disorder, resistance, incomprehension or incapacity – it all belongs to the domain of resistance. And there isn't really a deliberate resistance [in Mother's cells], I mean, what's conventionally called bad will (I hope this is true! If there is any, they haven't become aware of it yet), but those things come as keen indications of the different points [of work or resistance in Mother's body], so it results in what's called pains, or a sense of disorder, or a discomfort. (A discomfort, that is to say, a sense of disorder or disharmony, is much harder to bear than a sharp pain, much harder; it's like something that starts grating and gets stuck and can't get back into place.) All that, in the ordinary consciousness or the ordinary human view, is what people call "illnesses."

There only remains the phenomenon of contagion (contagion of viruses or germs), but there, experience shows that phenomena of psychological disorder – all psychological disorders – appear to be, according to experience, of the same nature as the contagion of a contagious disease and of all viruses and germs (such as the plague, cholera and so on). There are psychological contagions of psychological states: states of revolt or violence, of anger AND DEPRESSION, are contagious in the same manner, it's a similar phenomenon. Therefore, since it's a similar phenomenon, it can be mastered. It's simply a question of words: we call them "illnesses" (but these [psychological contagions] can also be called illnesses) or we can call them any name we like, it's a question of words, that's all. But it's similar, it's the same thing: it's an opening to disorder or an opening to revolt. We can call it what we like. Only, it's in a different field of vibrations. But the character is identical.

And then, what discoveries I make! Extraordinary discoveries: how every experience always has an obverse and a reverse. For instance, the calm of a vision that's vast enough not to be disturbed by tiny infinitesimal points and is (I was about to say "seems to be," but it doesn't seem to be: it IS) the result of a growth of consciousness and of an identification with the higher regions, and at the same time that apparent insensitiveness that looks like the negation of divine compassion; there comes a point when you see both as having become true and being able to exist not simultaneously but as ONE thing. As recently as the day before yesterday, I had the perfectly concrete experience of an extremely intense wave of divine Compassion [in the face of one of those "psychological contagions"], and I had the opportunity to observe how, if this Compassion is allowed to manifest on a certain plane, it becomes an emotion that may disturb or trouble the imperturbable calm; but if it manifests (they aren't the same "planes": there are imperceptible nuances), if it manifests in its essential truth, it retains all its power of action, of effective help, and it in no way changes the imperturbable calm of the eternal vision.

All those are experiences of nuances (or nuances of experiences, I don't know how to put it) that become necessary and concrete only in the physical consciousness. And then, it results in a perfection of realization – a perfection in

the minutes" detail – which none of those realizations have in the higher realms. I am learning what the physical realization contributes in terms of concreteness, accuracy and perfection in the Realization; and how all those experiences interpenetrate, combine with each other, complement each other – it's wonderful.

At the same time, I am little by little learning from demonstration the true use that must be made of mental activity. Its purpose is easy to understand: it has been used to educate, awaken and so on; but it's not something that after having done its duty and fulfilled its purpose will disappear. It will be used in its own manner, but in its true manner and true place. And it becomes wonderfully interesting.... For instance, the idea that you are what you think, that your knowledge is your power, well, it seems to be a necessity of the transition, of the passage from one state of consciousness to another, but it's not, as I said, something that will disappear when something else is reached: it will be used, but in its own place. Because when you experience union, the mind appears unnecessary: the direct contact, the direct action, do without it. But in its true place, acting in the true way, sticking to its place (a place not of necessity or even usefulness, but of refinement in action), it becomes quite interesting. When you see the Whole as a growing self-awareness, the mind enriches – it enriches the Whole. And when each thing is in its own place, it all becomes so harmonious and simple, but with such full and complete and perfect simplicity that everything is used.

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

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

That's how the present moment is: the will may be like this *(Mother raises a finger upward),* or it may be like that *(finger downward).* Like that, it means dissolution; like this, it means continuation and progress – continuation with the necessity of progress. There is something which is the consciousness of the cells (a consciousness that observes, and which, when it is awakened, is a wonderful witness), and that consciousness is the one which goes like this *(same gesture)* or like that. This is expressed by a will to endure or to last, or by a need for the

annihilation of rest. And then, when these cells are full of that light – that golden light, that splendor of divine Love – there is a sort of thirst, a need to participate in That, which takes away all that is or can be difficult in the endurance: that disappears, it becomes a glory. Then ...

That's what is being learned.

(silence)

But to be able to observe (this is something being worked out on a parallel line), to observe exactly what goes on in this cellular realm, one must be perfectly free from and independent of other human beings' influence. And this is extremely difficult because of that habit of mixture.... It's the sensitiveness of the cells which has difficulty. So constant care must be taken to fasten all that sensitiveness on to the aspiration for the Supreme alone; that's the only way, the solution. You have to do that constantly, every time you feel the influence of others' contact. In ordinary life, of course, to get rid of influences you cut off the contact; well, that movement of withdrawal, recoil, isolation, all those psychological movements (through material isolation in the physical; in the vital, in the psychic, in the mind, everywhere, it always consists in cutting oneself off, in separating oneself), all that is false; it's contrary to the truth. The truth is to ... *(outspread gesture)* to feel the union. And yet, for the cellular work of cellular transformation, an isolation must be reached that isn't a contradiction of the essential unity. And that's a little difficult; it makes for a very delicate, very painstaking, very microscopic work which somewhat complicates matters. But it's possible, for instance, to touch someone, to take someone's hand, and for union to be achieved only in the deeper truth, while outwardly there is just a bringing together of cells.

The work is very intensive, very intensive indeed.

August 6, 1966

V. is going to Calcutta "to learn mechanics."[45]

Have you agreed?

My first reaction was to find it stupid. But he wrote to me again to tell me that people at the workshop were very enthusiastic and that he had been much encouraged to do it and that he was quite happy and that it would be an opportunity for him to learn all that he didn't know, and so forth. It was pages long. So I wrote to him, "You will go to Calcutta."

You know, they all need a lesson in order to learn; they cannot learn without a lesson from life. I, for one, try, I try to spare them the lesson – if there were an inner opening, they would understand. But it's no use. They need the lesson, let them have it! It doesn't matter.

He will learn his lesson, he will see.

They have been here ever since they were quite small and they have been helped as much as possible. The week before, he had written to me to say, "How come we don't know how to benefit from the unique opportunity given us?" And then ... *(Mother laughs)* three or four days later, he sends me this! It's *hopeless.* They are quite buried in Matter.

When people who know what life is come here, they are struck by the difference. But for those who have been here since they were quite small, it's perfectly natural, the state is perfectly natural, they only see the drawbacks of it. And they don't know what life is, they see it as a marvelous thing – let them go and see what it is!

> *It's too easy, so they fall asleep.*

Yes, that's right, it's too easy.

> *But I have seen several of those boys who told me, "Ah, but you can see: people are becoming automatons, they do things mechanically, they lose their aspiration."*

Which means they are still too tamasic not to need the pressure of life and of life's difficulties. We want to give them a possibility – I know, that was the idea I had: to give those who have an aspiration the possibility to be concerned only with "that" – and they fall asleep.

> *But you noted the same fact for the body, too! You said that if there weren't illnesses, difficulties ...*

(Mother laughs) Yes, probably it's the same thing!

(Mother goes into a contemplation, oblivious of the time)

August 10, 1966

They've asked me for a "message to the stars." Then, "Do you have a message for the Christmas issue[46] on the new man?"

They asked me, "What message can we send? It will take two hundred years to reach its destination": the message sent from here reaches the star two hundred years later. But, of course, there's nothing to say that they'll understand French or English on the star! It's actually clear that they won't understand it.... They want to send signals such as "= 1," and they say they will understand – they'll

understand that we are intelligent beings! *(Mother laughs ironically)*

I don't remember the message I gave them.

But a message for the new man ... What am I going to tell them?... Whatever is the new man? Do YOU know what the new man is? ... Man is always new!

It won't be an intelligent man.

Well, so much the better!

So much the better.

We could say: the return to instinct and impulses, but they will be divine impulses.

Then another progress (which would be a true progress) would be the silent communication of consciousnesses, wordless. That would be lovely: a little silence.

(silence)

Last time[47] I realized that I hadn't had such a silent contemplation for months, maybe, I am so overwhelmed with work – work which consists in writing birthday cards, signing, seeing people.... On Monday, in the afternoon, I saw thirteen "birthdays"; yesterday there were twelve of them; tomorrow, there will be another twelve.... You understand, the number of people is increasing, and they come from everywhere; some even come from Africa for their birthdays.... That makes about two thousand a year, which is how many a day?

A Polytechnician[48] came here with R. [the architect of the future Auroville]. There were nine who came with R.; among them is a Polytechnician who sent me a note asking, "Are you God?"

I had seen the man two days earlier: he is very fine. If I hadn't seen him I wouldn't have answered, but as I saw him and he happens to be fine, I suspected from the way he asked the question that he must be a-gentleman-born-in-a-Catholic-family. So I answered, "This question may be asked of EVERY human being, and the answer is, yes, potentially." And out of consideration for his goodwill, I added (I don't remember the exact words): "This is the task everyone must accomplish."

Since then, he has been quite silent.

Another one is Communist. He is a Russian who lives in Paris. He asked me if all the Auroville workers shouldn't meet and "talk over" *(Mother laughs)* the necessity of a "moral conduct"! (I have heard he keeps them all talking away till 3 in the morning.) So I answered him *(laughing)* that morality has only a very relative value from the standpoint of the Truth; that it changes with countries, climates and ages! I also told him that discussions were generally sterile and nonproductive. And so as not to be only critical, I answered him that if everyone made an effort to be perfectly sincere, straightforward and goodwilled, that would be enough to create quite a sufficient base to work on.... The poor fellow! ...

How about you, how are you?... What do we do?... Like last time [=

meditation]? But that's dangerous! I no longer knew what the time was or anything at all.

What did you feel, last time?

I always feel a great, quiet immensity – it's the country of origin.

Yes, it was ... Nothing existed anymore, except a luminous, limitless immensity; but peculiarly it was glittering: there was a diamondlike twinkling, like millions of bright, very bright little diamonds, oh, sparkling! They were in an immensity of dazzling light, and yet they were sparkling. And then a peace, a rest ... a sort of peaceful bliss, and the feeling that that way, you can live.

No time: the notion of time had disappeared.

I hadn't had that in a long time.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

It's very amusing: you have here *(gesture to chest level),* like this, a big lotus bud bowing down *(gesture turned downward),* and surrounded by a sparkle of golden light, then by another row of light; there are three, four, five rows of light of different colors. It's here *(same gesture),* like this, bowing down.

(Mother resumes her contemplation)

Plenty of people (I think it's those who are usually called intellectuals) cannot distinguish thought from consciousness: if they don't think, they are unconscious! (That's the sequel to what I told you just before about the new man.) To them, consciousness always means words. That's odd....

It's still a long, long way to the new man.[49]

August 13, 1966

You know that scores of people have come for Auroville.... Instead of working, they spend their time talking and chatting! And they send me letters. Their whole mental ego is bubbling with excitement, all of them. Have you seen them?

No. I am afraid they may "summon" me!

They've already begun discussing what the city's political situation will be – even before the first stone has been laid! And one of them, the one with a Communist creed (he is the one who has the greatest energy and power of realization), is scandalized: he wrote to me yesterday, saying he couldn't take part

in something that wasn't "purely democratic"! ... So I answered him this *(Mother hands Satprem her note):*

> "Auroville must be at the service of the Truth, beyond all social, political and religious convictions."

I told him many things *(Mother makes a gesture of mental communication),* but above all, I insisted a lot on the fact that it would be better to build the city first! And that we would see afterwards. Because he told me it was important for him that we should remain in the democratic system "until something better has been found." I felt like answering him, "How do you know that something better hasn't been found?" But I didn't say anything.

Then I also wrote something for J. He had asked me for a "message" for his school *(Mother hands another note):*

> "He who lives to serve the Truth is unaffected by any external circumstance."

(Mother looks weary....)

August 15, 1966

(Message for Sri Aurobindo's birthday:)

> "Not the blind round of the material existence alone and not a retreat from the difficulty of life in the world into the silence of the Ineffable, but the bringing down of the peace and light and power of a greater divine Truth and consciousness to transform Life is the endeavour today of the greatest spiritual seekers in India. Here in the heart of such an endeavour pursued through many years with a single-hearted purpose, living constantly in that all-founding peace and feeling the near and greatening descent of that light and power, the way becomes increasingly clear. One sees the soul of India ready to enter into the fullness of her heritage and the hour of an unparalleled greatness approaching when from her soil shall go forth the call and the leading to the highest destinies of the race."

Sri Aurobindo

August 17, 1966

... As for me, I can't see anymore.

The way in which I see is something very interesting – I can't say that I can't see anymore. It's very interesting. Something suddenly comes alive (an object or a face or a letter or ...), clear, precise, almost luminous. The next minute, everything is blurred. I seem to be told, "This is worth seeing." So I look at it. "And *(laughing)* don't bother about that"!

On the 15th, that boy, the Communist architect who was here left, because he found that "moral laws aren't sufficiently respected'! ... His very words. He left. But then, his thought keeps coming all the time – not "thought": something from here *(the heart),* it keeps coming and coming. He must be quite unhappy at having left! And he asked me ... It was on the afternoon of the 15th, it kept coming and it was tormented and it asked: "How can one know the Truth? What is the Truth? How can one know? ..." Sri Aurobindo was there, and he said to me IN FRENCH (!):

> La Vérité ne peut se formuler en mots, mais elle peut être vécue, si l'on est assez pur et plastique.[50]

It's fine, isn't it! And the perception was so present: to let oneself be guided by the Truth all the time, like that.

"Pure" means pure of ego, pure of all desire, all preference, all idea: all that must be gone – one must be supple, like that, and let oneself be driven along.

And he gave me the experience at the same time.

I translated it into English – so Sri Aurobindo speaks to me in French and I translate into English! It's amusing.

* * *

After a meditation

How is the book coming along?[51]

For my part, I go on dictating or hearing passages! It's very interesting. But there's no continuity: one sentence, one scene, two or three words.... Strange. It's as if on a screen. And when you read last time, I recognized (how can I put it?) impressions – impressions of images and words – in what you read. But for me, it has no continuity; it's something passing by, as if behind a screen, and at some point, toc! ... contact is made: I hear or say words, I see an image. And I can see that it goes on behind the screen; then another word, another image comes through the screen. And it's always in that sort of immense, immense place, endless, very quiet, very luminous. It's a very pure, very quiet, very peaceful atmosphere. And

something seems to fall from there as if in drops.

It's very interesting.

It happens especially at night. Sometimes in daytime, but not for long. But at night, for a fairly long time.

Just now again, while we were meditating, the same phenomenon took place. When it came, I stopped the meditation. I was in a perfectly silent contemplation, and then it started all of a sudden *(Mother laughs),* so I stopped.

August 19, 1966

(Mother resumes her translation of the debate with Death.)

Think not to plant on earth the living Truth

That's just what I am doing, Sir.

(turning to Satprem with a smile)

Do you think he hears me?

Think not to plant on earth the living Truth
Or make of Matter's world the home of God;
Truth comes not there but only the thought of Truth,
God is not there but only the name of God.

(X.IV.646)

(Mother remains pensive)

Basically, according to Sri Aurobindo, materialistic thought is the gospel of death. No?

It's very interesting.

(silence)

That's basically the point. We say *Savitri* is an "epic"; so *Savitri* is the epic of the victory over death.

(silence)

Very interesting. Because once again, all these last few days I have lived almost minute after minute all those things [we've just read], but on a large scale:

not on a personal but on a terrestrial scale.

This last line, this argument, it was so concrete: "No, it's not God, it's only his name" – that was yesterday or the day before, not earlier. And then ... *(Mother recalls her experience)* ... Strangely, the victories over these arguments have the same character of bursts as did those bursts of Love I lived up above – the same character – and they shatter the resistance. And the something that bursts forth is Love – true Love.

It's very interesting.

And from everywhere, but everywhere, the opposition, the resistance is rising up; and the more it rises up, the more imperative That is.

But at such times one feels how precarious the equilibrium of material life is.... Oh, it's very, very interesting. When I am able to say all this, it will be worthwhile.

August 24, 1966

(Satprem normally meets Mother at 10 A.M., but this has progressively been put back to 10:30 A.M., and this morning, the secretaries left at 10:45 A.M. Over the past year Satprem's "conversations" with Mother have been growing more and more sparse, as this Agenda is witness to, the entire time being taken up by "very urgent" or "very important" communications. This situation will keep worsening till the end, when Mother, overwhelmed, will only be able to see Satprem a few moments, after twelve. Then the door will be closed.)

It's totally absurd! If I hadn't cried out, they would have kept me for another half-hour.... It's a stupid life. I begin a thing at the time I should end it. In the afternoon, it's the same thing.... I have to squeeze in forty-five, fifty people every day. The other day, I saw seventy-five people in a single day, let alone the ones I see every day in addition. So, to console myself, I remembered the time when I used to see two thousand of them at the Playground ... but it took only an hour.

As soon as a child is ill, they bring him to me. If he is deaf and dumb, they bring him to me; if he is a bit idiotic, they bring him to me; if he has epileptic fits, they bring him to me, and he literally throws them on me like that *(laughing),* with the idea that I am going to cure him!

One compensation ... *(Mother laughingly points to a bundle of new umbrellas in a corner of the room):* I've been given umbrellas – would you like an umbrella?

For protection against avalanches! No, I already have one.

(Mother laughs heartily, then goes on) While I take my food, they bring me birthday cards to sign along with the food. At breakfast, I eat a little, then sign cards, then eat a little more, then they ask me for appointments ... That's how it is.

You should have someone to do some policing.

I think they'd chuck him out!

It's a very clear indication that they are more under people's influence than under the influence of the Divine. Because, all in all, it makes the work a little difficult; I always feel as if, instead of the Will from above expressing itself, I am obliged to yield to the outside wills that impose themselves, and nothing in the world makes me more tired than that. I can work without stop if it comes from above; but those things that come and contradict the Rhythm are very tiring, very tiring. I have nervous fatigue – not "nervous" in the usual sense, because that's perfectly under control, but the nerves themselves are tired. If I can have a minute or two of real rest, it restores order, but with this whole avalanche of lower wills imposing themselves, the nerves start vibrating and hurting. They're quite stupid!

* * *

(The beginning and end of the following conversation could not be tape-recorded because of mechanical trouble, and only the middle remains. The conversation was about an experience of Mother's; she described the place in which Satprem usually "rests" at night and from which he draws the atmosphere of his present book: a place very harmonious in color and substance. Then Sujata tells Mother a dream she had a few days ago.)

When you went to this place of harmony, did you play music? Because I saw you play music for him.

That's something else. Possibly, I can't say.... But last night or the night before, I suddenly felt as if someone were telling me, "The best way to help him isn't meditation but music." And then I seemed to create harmonies and send them to you for your book.

(To Sujata:) When was your dream?

The day before yesterday.

It was about two days ago, two or three days ago. You see, I was thinking of the uncertainty and insufficiency of our meetings [because of the avalanche from the secretaries], and I wondered what to do. Because we have work to do and it must be done, but apart from that, there's no time for anything; then I was "told" that music could help you. But I am completely off musical practice, and so, since

I can no longer play materially, I thought, "I can put him in contact with musical waves." Because they are there all the time, all the time – marvels. So then, maybe that's what made me go to that place [where Satprem rests] and that's what *(turning to Sujata)* gave you your dream. And that's certainly what made me have that experience.... I didn't particularly notice music, but it's an extremely harmonious place: the atmosphere was harmonious, the colors were harmonious, the sounds were harmonious; so there must be music there.

But I remember that when I woke up, I recalled it was on your birthday that I last played.

Sunil asked me to play for him; I told him I had stopped playing: "I can't play anymore, my hands have lost the habit." The power to transcribe what comes is no longer there (I do hear the music, but I can't transcribe it anymore). It's like something that has been forgotten. Then he told me it didn't matter, that even if I played a few notes – three or four notes – it would be enough. But I have noticed that the first time I play after a long time without playing, I play much better than afterwards. You understand, I always try not to be the one to play, because I no longer know how to (how long has it been? At least sixty years since I truly played, except occasionally, so the whole knowledge of the hands has gone: they are clumsy, they can't play anymore). The only thing I try to do is to have someone (either a musical spirit or a musical entity) use these hands, to have something come and use these hands; and generally, it works fairly well the first time, then the hands start again wanting to "try to know," so it's all over. They must be absolutely plastic, without personal will.

I've never been quite able to use this electric organ; I used to make much better use of my grand organ, the one I had before; it was far easier for me. This one is very complicated, very mechanical, very mechanical. It's a bit too mechanically modern and it doesn't respond to vital influence as well as my old organ did. My feet used to make it work, and they put such force into it! There was a force of vibration in the way the swells were worked.... This one, I would have had to get accustomed to it, to impregnate the instrument; but to me it's like an empty shell, with no soul behind it: it's an empty shell. You see, a sounding board responds a lot; in a piano, the sounding board, the keys, the strings, it all responds; it responds to the force. You can even make them vibrate without touching them. While this electric device is an empty shell....

August 27, 1966

(Mother shows the text of a note she has written for the disciples:)

"Every time you act under the impulse of
Falsehood, it acts as a blow on my body."

* * *

Do you have anything to say?

No, you are the one who must say.

No. I always make a resolve not to speak.

Why?

Because it waters down the experience. This is also words *(Mother shows the stack of "Questions and Answers" for the next Bulletin).*

Yes, but...

We live in words.

Well, yes, it can't be helped!

It's unfortunate.

Until the world is made differently...

No, one can't think without words, but one can know without words. The phenomena of consciousness that aren't expressed in words are ALWAYS of a much higher quality, much higher.

Yes, but to convey them to others, you have to use words.

Yes, that's the trouble! If only I could make them receive my answer without writing words, it would be really precious, it would save a lot of time. But not one in a thousand receives like that. Some do receive, but very few.

* * *

(Mother picks up a letter on her table)

What does he write?

[Satprem reads an endless letter:] He asks, "Should I sell my car for less than 35,000 rupees? Can I consult 'I Ching' and go deeper into its study?..."

Consult what?

"I Ching." I don't know, it's a Chinese name.

Ah, yes, they're all hooked on that. It's a book in which you find an answer to any question. But naturally, you bend all the words you read to your thought.

But can you see that! I have a stack of letters like this one, there isn't even one or two truly asking something that I alone can answer. In fact, that's the point, they should only ask me things I alone can answer. Otherwise, what's the use?... And what they want is this: they want to hide behind my answer and be able to say, "Ah, but you told me that ..." "Should I go and see the doctor?

Should I have an operation? Should I accept this job I am offered? Should I start a new business? Should I marry this person?..." And behind it all, if anything goes wrong, there is, "But you told me that ..."

He can consult the Chinese – but the Chinese will only tell him what's in his own head! They'll arrange the sentences so as to read what's in their heads!

Listen, mon petit, maybe we should try to find some way.... What can we do? I have work that we can do together, a lot of it. I have been thinking of it these last few days, there are lots of things to do. But we don't have the time – as it is, it's no use, we just have time to chat a little, that's all, nothing more.

Anyway ...

August 31, 1966

I gave you a very long speech quite early this morning: you were sleeping. Didn't you hear?

What did you tell me!

Oh, it was very long....

It wasn't personal. I told you how the true movement gets distorted, and I gave you examples. Very interesting examples because they don't look like much, but it's something fundamental, in the sense that that's how Truth is turned into falsehood. And it's so subtle that unless one has experienced it, mentally one cannot understand. What I explained to you was the experience, and there were two examples, which I told you in a very precise way ... now I don't remember the words.

You don't remember?

The words were of the kind that come ready-made, like that; so if now I try to remember, that's not it anymore. When it comes, I'll tell you.

I've often had the experience (on another plane, I suppose) that the current inexplicably seemed to be reversed: things stop being

harmonious, and there's no knowing why.

The why is very simple: it's always separation – the individual separating himself, always. So, according to everyone's nature, there is more or less egoism, but there is separation. Now I see the false movement: it's when the consciousness falls back into an old habit. And as it's an old habit – very old habit – you don't feel it as a fall: it's a tiny little movement like this *(Mother twists something between her thumb and index finger).*

I know – this morning, it was very clear.

You see, everything is the Supreme's action to hasten the return of the individual consciousness to the Consciousness – the supreme Consciousness; so then, through the individual (I don't know if you'll be able to follow), the pressure of the Force to be accepted is turned into a will to make itself understood. That's the distortion. And you see, it's extremely subtle. But by "will," I mean a will in the human way, you understand. The pressure of the Force *(Mother lays her right hand flat on top of her left hand)* to make itself understood by the consciousness *(the left hand below),* the pressure of the Force on the consciousness to transform it is turned in the intermediary individual into a will to make itself understood.

Another thing. There is instinctively, that is to say, almost subconsciously, almost involuntarily, not a will or an anxiety, or even a curiosity, but a sort of habit of observation: the habit of observing the effect produced on others (it's not bluntly what they think or feel, their opinion; it's not as blunt as that because as soon as it assumes that proportion it makes one smile). It's a sort of habit, a habit of looking at every circumstance not only as you see it, but, at the same time, as, let's say, others see it. It's not an "anxiety" but you take it into account; you take it into account not for its result, but you automatically take it into account in the reaction of the consciousness: what others feel, think, their reactions; not exactly their opinion, but the feeling of their reaction. It's a sort of habit. And that is the fallacious distortion of the sense of Oneness. Of course, we are all ONE, and in the distorted consciousness this oneness is translated as a noticing, an observation (I am not referring to those who are concerned with themselves and for whom it's important, that's not what I mean: it's in the functioning of the consciousness). And that movement of observation has a place, but in this form, it's not a true place. So then, it's so subtle.... There is the sense of Oneness, that every movement of the consciousness has repercussions everywhere, in all consciousnesses because there is only one consciousness, and the distortions are different; it's the distortions that make for diversity.

(silence)

Yet another thing. There is an intense and constant aspiration for Union. It always begins with self-giving – the spontaneous self-giving to the Supreme. But then, there is, mixed into it ... (how can I express it?) the expectation (is it an expectation? It's almost just a noticing) ... it's not an anxiety for, but rather an *expectation,* yes, of the result. In other words, in that great will and aspiration for

the manifestation of Harmony, of Love in the Truth, in that thirst of the whole, entire being for That which is the source of that Harmony, to the movement of aspiration is added the perception (it's more than the perception: it's the expectation), the expectation of the result, and then, it gets warped *(same twisting gesture)*.

And what I am saying now isn't at all something I see, it's something I lived during my morning walk at 4:30. There were different successive experiences [which Mother has just described], and then, a very clear, very keen perception of the point at which the true experience *(same twisting gesture)* gets falsified. And it's not something violent, there's nothing dramatic to it, nothing at all, but ... it's clearly the difference between the Infinite and Eternal, the All-Powerful [being turned] into the individuality – the individual limitation. And for the ordinary consciousness, the usual consciousness – that is to say, the limited, individual consciousness – that experience itself is marvelous, but you are the "recipient," you are "the one who experiences." That's the point, it's the difference between the [pure] experience and, all of a sudden, "the one who experiences." And then, with that "the one who experiences," it's over, everything is distorted. Everything is distorted, but not dramatically, you understand, not like that, no. It's the difference between Truth and falsehood. It's a falsehood (how can I explain?) ... it's the difference between life and death; it's the difference between Reality and illusion. And the one IS, while the other ... remembers having been, or is a witness.

It's very subtle, really very subtle. But it's immense – immense and total.

This body lived the Truth this morning several times for a few seconds (which might have been eternities). But it's obvious that if everything were ready for "that" to be established, it would mean omnipotence.

There was so clear an explanation – obvious, tangible – showing how it happens all the time – all the time, all the time, everywhere. And unless one experiences it, there's no way one can even understand the difference; all words are approximations. But just when it is true ... *(Mother smiles blissfully)* ... And then, one doesn't know if it lasted or if it doesn't last: all that has disappeared. And it doesn't abolish anything, that's the most wonderful part! Everything is there, nothing is abolished. It's only a phenomenon of consciousness. Because at such a time, everything that is becomes true, so ... I mean it abolishes nothing of the Manifestation; you don't even feel that Falsehood is abolished: it doesn't exist, it isn't. Everything can remain exactly as it is; it becomes only a question of choice. Everything becomes a question of choice: you choose this way, choose that way.... And in a splendor of joy, of beauty, of harmony, a plenitude of luminous consciousness in which there is no darkness anymore: it no longer exists. And it truly is, so to say, the choice between life and death, consciousness and unconsciousness ("unconsciousness" isn't what we call unconsciousness, the unconsciousness of the stone, it's not that). One doesn't know what consciousness is until one has experienced "that."

If it could be translated into words, it would be so pretty (that's when I

understand poets!). That ineffable Presence seems to be saying, "You see, I was always there, and you didn't know it." And it's lived at the very heart of the cells: "You see, you know that I was always there, but you didn't know it." And then ... *(Mother smiles on in a contemplation)* ... It's a tiny nothing – which changes everything.

That's how a dead man can come back to life. That's how: through that change.

The mind dramatizes, and that's why it cannot understand. Of course, it has been useful to refine Matter, to make it more supple, to prepare things – to make Life more supple and refine Matter. But it has a taste for drama, and that's why it doesn't understand. Violent emotions, complications are its game, its amusement. Probably because it needed them. But one must really leave that aside when the time comes, when one is ready for the experience.

(silence)

And immediately after that, the certitude – so peaceful – that everything was necessary – everything, but everything: from the most marvelous for the human consciousness to the most horrible, the most repulsive – everything was necessary. But strangely, all those things, all those experiences, all that life is what becomes unreal – unreal, worse than an act you put on for yourself: unreal. And it is in its unreality that it was necessary for the consciousness. All appreciations are purely human – purely human because they alter the measure, the proportion. Even physical suffering, material suffering, which is one of the things most difficult to feel as illusory: a lamentable act you put on for yourself, for the cells. And I am speaking from experience, with convincing examples. It's very interesting.

September 3, 1966

Sujata would need to be protected a little. She has been getting knocks continually for the past six months.

(Turning to Sujata) Who's been hitting you?

She has got at least four on her hands and she can't type anymore.

Who from?

She knocks herself, or else at basketball.

You knock yourself or you get knocked?

Both.

We'll protect that ... *(Mother draws a circle around Sujata's hands three times),* like this. That too is a habit. It's nothing but habits: forces playing in Nature. So it takes an inner movement *(Mother makes a tiny gesture of disjunction)* to break the habit.

At times you feel as if a small force is following you.

Yes, that's right.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, about an old Playground Talk of April 28, 1951, in which Mother speaks of awakening the body not through coercion by the vital, but through collaboration from the body itself, and of the need for physical plasticity so as to be able to undergo all kinds of change.)

I've had several hours of this very experience: how the body is automatically attached to its precise way of doing things, and how it must receive the light in order to be ready for anything. It must be able to say spontaneously and sincerely, "Your Will, Lord, nothing but Your Will...." But it accepts this from no one else or nowhere else than the Lord. Otherwise, nothing doing.

To me it's very interesting. Once again I note that I always experience what I am going to hear or to be read.

It's curious. Like an inner preparation.

* * *

A little later

There was, yesterday afternoon and this morning, a long demonstration of how the Mind brought about and permitted a certain change in the evolution of Matter for the Divine's play, how rejection of the Mind is useful ONLY as a means of progress and evolution, and how it will be fully used when the new being – the complete, divine being – manifests. It was very interesting. A demonstration.

It's the continuation of the demonstration [of August 31] which showed that ALL that has happened is necessary.

But this can be really understood only when you have got rid of the Mind. As long as you are bound to it, you don't understand anything.

It takes place little by little....

What takes time is to prepare Matter, this cellular matter as it is now organized [since the awakening of the mind of the cells in Mother], to make it supple enough and strong enough to be able to bear and manifest the divine Force. That takes a lot of time.... It explains everything, everything – everything is explained. The day we can describe that in detail, it will be really interesting.

And there is a small beginning of how that being which Sri Aurobindo calls "supramental" will be – the next creation. A small beginning. And it is, as Sri Aurobindo said, an explanation from within outward – the "outward," the surface, has only a quite secondary importance and it will come at the very end, when it's ready. But it begins from within outward, and it begins in a rather precise and interesting way.

A great deal of time ...

September 7, 1966

I've lost all hope of being on time.... It's hopeless, every day it's the same thing.

And they [the secretaries] make me drudge and slave; it's not that I am just sitting peacefully, listening to them....

And it's not bad will – oh, if they had bad will, it would be very simple, I'd just shove them out!

I thought of sending them a letter, I even wrote them one, which I

didn't send.[52] *I regret I didn't, it would have had some effect.*

I don't think so! I don't think so, because for my part I told them everything I could; I even told them it made me ill.... They don't have the strength to resist: it's the current of the outer world and they don't have the strength to resist it.

And I go as fast as I can, it's not that I fall asleep! ... With the transformation, might we have the power to do all this work in less time?

We might have the power to make people understand that they mustn't waste your time!

It's the notion of usefulness that isn't the same [in Mother and in the secretaries].

* * *

(Then Mother sorts out flowers and keeps one aside for the Ashram's cashier.)

I don't have any money either. I owe him 15,000 rupees and the poor man has to pay all the rents.... I have debts everywhere! *(Mother laughs)*

That's how it is, it doesn't matter!

In the past, when I had money problems, I always had money from here or there, it was easy: I would take it, and as soon as money came, I'd put it back. But now it no longer works! I owe Amrita 20,000 rupees; I owe H. 13,000 rupees; I owe the cashier 15,000 rupees. That's how it is. It doesn't matter, I don't attach any importance to it.

We have an awesome budget; we have the budget of a small village – no, a small town. It's a budget of twenty-six lakhs of rupees[53] a year, you understand. And then, all those who used to give me money (people who had businesses and so on), have been ruined by the government's wonderful actions. So they can't give me any more. They give what they can, they are very nice, they make great efforts, but ...

The only ones who could give me money are the scoundrels! *(Mother laughs)* They have plenty of money, stolen from everywhere, but they don't want to give it!

It doesn't matter, it'll only last for a time.

There is a sort of wind blowing, like a gust of great confusion; a very dark confusion totally deprived of intelligence. Discernment, clear-sightedness, even enlightened common sense, seem to have disappeared everywhere. It's a phase to go through.

Wealth doesn't depend on the amount of money you have: it depends on the proportion between that money and what you have to spend. To poor fellows without responsibilities except themselves and their family, I would appear

extremely rich. I receive a thousand rupees a day easily – but I need seven thousand! I spend seven thousand and receive a thousand, that's the proportion.

You must do something about the scoundrels!

(Mother laughs) You know, there are lots of people who put money in their walls (they hide it with curtains or papers). There's a fortune, several crores[54] of rupees: millions hidden away in walls! And then they worry themselves sick, they constantly fear a police raid; while if they gave it away, they would become quite respectable people! They wouldn't be scared anymore, they would have a peaceful life.... I have the possibility of saying that they are anonymous gifts, as in temples; so that's a way for them to turn honest, it would be all to their advantage, but they are more attached to their money than to their life! I said several times (I know some people who have money hidden in their walls), I let it be known through intermediaries that they only had to put it in a suitcase and come and leave it at my door. And I'll say it's an anonymous gift, that's all. And they will be free – not only free, but *(smiling)* with a blessing, because it's for the divine work.... No, they are prisoners, prisoners of their money.

And the rather interesting thing is that (without any exception so far) all those who had an opportunity to give me money and didn't want to – who didn't want to because of their attachment to their money – lost it. It was taken from them, either by the government or a financial catastrophe or an industrial catastrophe, or simply stolen – lost.

A very long time ago (Sri Aurobindo was still here), an old Tamil financier came here with his wife. He lived to be very old; his wife died and he stayed on. And he gave money: he paid for his expenses, made little gifts now and then, but he was very rich. And when his wife died, he thought, "Ah, what if I gave all that I have?" Then he had second thoughts: "One never knows, the Ashram might come to an end...." And he left all his money with relatives of his who were bankers or whatever, and ... pfft! all gone. So he himself said, "There's my folly! I don't have it, anyway I don't have that money; if I had given it I would have had the credit of giving it; now I have neither the money nor the credit!" *(Mother laughs)*

Ah! What have you brought? "Questions and Answers" for the *Bulletin?* What is it about?

A talk about money!

Oh, see!

(Satprem reads the Talk, then Mother comments)

That's why I spoke to you about money – see how it is.

Yes, that's odd!

It's amusing.

I say it's amusing, but I know, it's like that all the time – all the time, all the

time, for everything. I am in a state of ... (what should I call it?) of contemplative stillness, with that sort of constant aspiration for ... for the Perfection we want to have: That which we want to bring down into this world. That's all. And then, from every side, from just everywhere, all kinds of things come *(gesture of communication):* I am suddenly thinking of that, or I suddenly have an answer to this, or I suddenly ... And when the work is over, I immediately see: this *(gesture to the forehead)* has remained quiet, still, not even interested. It's like a transmitter – a receiver-transmitter – in a telephone set. And I simply transmit. But I don't even have the curiosity to know why this or that came. That's how it is: it goes out and comes; the answer goes out, the transmission, then the answer. And everything remains quiet *(gesture to the forehead).* So I know how things happen, but as I don't say to myself, "Oh, this or that or this is the reason," when the outward proof comes [such as this Talk about money], it's amusing!

It's a strange thing.... The state of consciousness of the body's cells is a sort of keen, constant thirst for ... what must be: the vibration of Harmony, of Consciousness, of Light, Beauty, Purity. It isn't even expressed in words, but it's ... an aspiration, and nothing but that. Nothing but that, nothing else. And then, [in that silent aspiration] things come like that, from every side. And the rather peculiar thing is that there are also pains, discomforts, appearances of illness – and it all comes from outside. And with always the same answer *(gesture of Descent):* put the divine Consciousness – put the divine Consciousness, on everything. The Consciousness that contains the Peace, the Light, the Force....

September 14, 1966

122 – If thou wouldst not be the fool of Opinion, first see wherein thy thought is true, then study wherein its opposite and contradiction is true; last, discover the cause of these differences and the key of God's harmony.
123 – An opinion is neither true nor false, but only serviceable for life or unserviceable ...

(Mother laughs heartily)

... for it is a creation of Time and with time it loses its effect and value. Rise thou above opinion and seek wisdom everlasting.
124 – use opinion for life, but let her not bind thy soul in her fetters.
125 – Every law, however embracing or tyrannous, meets somewhere a contrary law by which its operation can be checked, modified, annulled or eluded.

(after a silence)

I was trying to find out in what way opinions are serviceable.... Sri Aurobindo says they are "serviceable or unserviceable" – in what way can an opinion be serviceable?

They momentarily help in action.

No, that's just what I deplore; people act according to their opinions, and that's worthless.

Maybe that's all they have at their disposal!

(Laughing) Then we may say it's a stopgap.

I am always getting letters from people who want or don't want to do something and who tell me, "My opinion is that this is true and that isn't...." And always, more than ninety-nine times in a hundred, it's false, silly.

One very clearly feels – it's visible, anyway – that the opposite opinion has as much value and it's simply a question of attitude, that's all. And naturally, the ego's preferences get always mixed up in it: you prefer things to be that way, so your opinion is that they are that way.

But as long as you don't have the higher light, in order to act you need to use opinions.

It would be better to have wisdom than an opinion. That is to say, to consider all the possibilities, all the aspects of the question, and then to try and be as unegoistic as possible, and for an action, for instance, to see which one may be useful to the largest number of people or may demolish the fewest things, which one is the most constructive. Anyway, even looking at it from a nonspiritual viewpoint, from a merely utilitarian and nonegoistic viewpoint, it's better to act according to wisdom than according to one's opinion.

Yes, but what would be the right way to go about it when you aren't in the light, without getting your opinion or ego mixed up in it?

I think it's to consider all the aspects of the problem, to lay them before your consciousness in as disinterested a way as possible, and to see which is the best (if that's possible), or, if the consequences are unfortunate, which is the least bad.

I meant, what's the best attitude? Is it an attitude of intervention or an attitude of laissez-faire? Which is the best?... One wonders.

Ah, that's the whole question: in order to intervene you must be sure you are right; you must be sure that your view of things is superior, preferable to or truer than that of others or of the other. Of course, it's always wiser not to intervene – people intervene without rhyme or reason, simply because they are in the habit of giving their opinion to others.

But even when you have the vision of the true thing, it's RARELY wise to intervene. It becomes indispensable only if someone wants to do something that

will necessarily end in a catastrophe. And even then *(smiling),* the intervention isn't always very effective.

Ultimately, it's only when you are absolutely sure you have the vision of the truth that it's legitimate to intervene. Not only that, but also the clear vision of consequences. In order to intervene in another's actions, you must be a prophet – a prophet. And a prophet with total benevolence and compassion. You must even have the vision of the consequence the intervention will have in the other's destiny. People are constantly giving each other advice: "Do this, don't do that." I see that, they don't realize the extent to which they create confusion, they add to the confusion and disorder. And sometimes they harm the individual's normal development.

I consider opinions to be always dangerous things, and most of the time without any value whatever.

You should interfere in another's affairs only if, first, you are infinitely wiser than the other (of course, you always think you are wiser!), but I mean, objectively and not according to your own opinion: if you see more, better, and if you are yourself beyond passions, desires, blind reactions. You must yourself be above all those things in order to have the right to intervene in another's life – even when they ask you to. And when they don't ask you to, it's simply interfering in other people's business.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation, then suddenly opens her eyes)

I've just seen in your atmosphere – something above – a funny picture! It was like a very steep mountainside, and someone, who was like the symbol of man, was climbing up. A being ... It's strange, I have seen that several times: beings without clothes, yet they aren't naked! And I can't understand why – what happens? They don't wear any clothes, yet aren't naked.... There is a shape, you see a shape, the shape of a man; you see it and it isn't naked. It's already the third time this has happened to me. But it happened with people who had gone out of their bodies; Purani, for instance, I saw him like that: he wasn't naked, yet he didn't wear any clothes, and you could see the shape of a body, it was blue and pink (I told you, I think). Well, just now, I saw a man, the shape of a man (who resembled you, by the way), climbing up a hill, and he wasn't naked, yet he didn't wear any clothes.... Which means they have a sort of clothing of light. But it doesn't give the impression of a radiating light or anything of that kind. It's like an atmosphere. It might rather be the aura: the aura that has become visible; so the transparency doesn't hide the shape, and at the same time the shape isn't naked. That must be it, it must be the aura: the aura that has become visible.

It was like that. And then, from the sky – there was a vast sky going all the way up from below (it was like a painting), a very clear, very luminous, very pure sky – from the sky there came innumerable ... hundreds of things that looked like birds flying towards him, and he drew them to him with a gesture. They generally were pale blue or white; now and then, something like the tip of a wing or the top of a crest was somewhat dark, but that was accidental. They came and came ... in

their hundreds, and he gathered them with a gesture, then sent them towards the earth: he was standing on a steep slope, and he sent them into the valley below. And there, they turned into ... *(Mother laughs)* opinions! They became opinions! Some were dark, others light-colored, brown, blue....

They were like kinds of birds flying towards the earth, like that. But it was a picture – it wasn't a picture: it moved. It was very amusing!

They came from up above, luminous, in their hundreds. Then he said, "This is how opinions are formed."

He looked like you. It wasn't "you," but he looked like you.

They came from the sky, a vast, vast sky, and luminous, clear, neither blue nor white nor pink nor ... it was luminous, simply luminous; and from that sky they came in their ... I say "hundreds," but it was in their thousands that they came. He stood there, receiving them, and then with a movement of his hands he sent them towards the earth, where ... they became opinions! I think I started laughing, it amused me.

It's strange.

And they all flew down and down – the bottom couldn't be seen – they flew down.

Very well. So perhaps opinions come from a sky of light! *(Mother laughs)*

In reality, it's much more expressive through pictures than through words!

You remember that sketch I did, the "Ascent to the Truth"? It was like that, there was that sheer rock, and he was climbing (without difficulty, besides), he was climbing like that, and then, not quite at the top but far enough from the earth (the earth could no longer be seen), he received all that and sent it down again. I can still see the picture, it was pretty.

And that particular detail, which I now understand, of the auras becoming visible and acting as clothing; in other words, the auras are the clothing.

It must be in a subtle physical, maybe a true physical. Sri Aurobindo said that the subtle physical was a much truer physical than ours. Things are like that there, with a very clear symbol.

And those birds (they were birds that weren't birds, but they looked like birds), they came all luminous, luminous, with sometimes tiny darker traces here or there, but generally all luminous; their shape was very fluid. And the colors weren't as we know them: it wasn't white, it wasn't pale blue, but as if the essence of white and blue, the essence of colors. I don't know how to explain it. And they came like that, then he sent them down, and when they went through his hands and flew down towards the earth *(laughing)* ... they became brown, blue, gray ... all possible colors! But those were opinions. It's amusing.

September 17, 1966

How is your book coming along?

Do you find it's going too slow? Would you like it to go faster?

No, I am asking you because I was busy with it yesterday again, early in the night. That's why I am asking you. At night I see, then hear sentences, see scenes, and then ... So I say to myself that it must be getting along!

(silence)

There is a new activity.... At times I find myself (I catch myself doing something, to be precise) talking with people whom most of the time I don't know, then describing a scene: they can get such and such a thing done, they can be advised to do this or that thing, and it will end with such and such a thing. They are kinds of scenes from a book or scenes from a movie. Then, the same day or the next, someone suddenly tells me, "I received a message from you and you told me to write to so-and-so and tell him such and such a thing"! ... And I am not doing it mentally, it's not that I think, "A letter must be sent to so-and-so and such and such a thing must be done," not at all: I live – I live a scene or narrate a scene, and it's received by someone else (and I am not at all thinking of that someone else), it's received by "someone," this or that or this person, as a message in which I tell him to do this or that thing. And it's happening here, in France, in America, everywhere. It's becoming amusing!

Someone writes to me, "You told me this," and it's one of my "scenes"! One of the scenes I lived – not "lived," lived and created at the same time! I don't know how to explain it. It's like a work of ... *(Mother seems to feet an invisible substance between her fingers, as if fashioning it).*

And it's not me, of course! Here *(Mother touches her forehead),* Lord, thank God, I hope it will go on forever: quiet, calm, so calm, so tranquil, so peaceful. But it comes from every side! *(gesture of innumerable communications pouring into this silence)*

There are stories of countries, stories of governments; I don't know the result there – maybe we'll see after some time.

And in this type of activity, I have all kinds of knowledge that I don't have! Sometimes even medical knowledge or technical knowledge that I don't at all have – yet that I have, of course, since I say, "This is how it is, that is how it is...." It's rather amusing.

And it's not me! "Me," where is the me? ... It's not this, in any case *(Mother pinches the skin of her hand),* poor this – poor this! It keeps on with its aspiration, and it has the sense all at once of its incapacity, its misery, its powerlessness to express what it should express, and its unworthiness to be an instrument of the Divine. At the same time, it has, first, a sort of increasing certitude of ... (how can

I put it?) the magnanimity of the divine Presence, which is so marvelous in its effects in spite of the almost total imbecility of all this *(Mother points to her own body);* all this is really cast in, outwardly cast in stupidity, but with the ardor of such an intense and constant aspiration, with something touching in its humility and trust, and with the sense of its powerlessness and at the same time of this marvelous Presence there, ready and willing to act – if It is allowed to. All that is translated as a sort of film review of all of the body's difficulties, all its powerlessness, all its incapacities, all its darknesses, it's all shown as if on a screen, in order to be dissolved. And then one is a spectator of the dissolution by the Light. It's fantastic.

And the feeling of hanging from such a slender thread, the thread ... not of faith, it's not faith: it's a certitude, but at the same time an aspiration, and it feels – it feels there is something so new, so young, in an absolutely rotten atmosphere of disbelief, stupidity, bad will. So that's how it is, a slender thread, and it's a miracle if ...

(silence)

Even those who think they have faith want everything to be done for them; they want the supreme Power, the Supreme, to do everything for them DESPITE their disbelief, their stupidity, their incapacity. And that's what they call omnipotence. They don't even understand that if this Vibration of Truth imposed itself, there would be the destruction of all that, which means the destruction of themselves! Of what they think to be themselves.

The wonder – the wonder – is this infinite Compassion thanks to which nothing is destroyed: it waits. It's there, waiting with its full power, its full force, and ... it simply asserts its presence without imposing it, so as to reduce ... the damage to the minimum.

It's a marvelous, marvelous Compassion!

And all those fools call it impotence!

(Soon afterwards, Satprem suggests the publication in the Ashram's Bulletin of Mother's recent comments on the Aphorisms, including the vision of the birds turning into human "opinions," omitting only a few personal passages.)

People will say I am lapsing into second childhood!

But not at all!... It's very expressive.

(Laughing) The image was pretty (I have just seen it again), the image was very pretty.

Very well.

Aren't there too many repetitions? The same thing recurs four or five times.

No, no, every time you add an element. It flows along quite well.

So you don't have anything that can be used for "Notes on the Way"?

Maybe. I'll have to look again. But I don't think so.

You see, it sounds like a child's prattling, because ... The expression of these present experiences isn't an intellectual expression at all, and to those who don't understand that it's the experience of the physical substance, of the cells, the most material form, it quite simply sounds like a child's prattling. It's an experience as a child might have, without the complications and explanations supplied by intellectual development.

And this simplicity, this lack of complication and sophistication, is what gives these things great value, in the sense that it gives them perfect sincerity and simplicity. In anything expressed mentally, vitally, intellectually, there is always MORE in the form, in the word, in the expression, MORE than in the experience – it gets enlarged and rounded out (!) What is said is more than what is meant to be said. While here, it's the perfectly pure experience, which feels the words as a sort of shrinking, a diminishing, and at the same time as bringing in a complication that doesn't exist in the experience – the experience is very simple, very simple: it is truly pure. And anything one says is like adding something that lessens its purity and simplicity.

So, saying these things is good for oneself, it's good for someone who is in the same "state of heart," but for the public ... *(Mother shakes her head)* it's doomed to incomprehension.

There.

September 21, 1966

(This conversation came about following a personal question of Satprem's, who asked Mother if he should not refuse an amount of money offered to him by the French government: a war pension. Satprem's intention was to refuse that pension, not wanting to feel tied to any government and any country for any amount of money. Mother advised him to accept that money for the divine Work.)

I had a revelation, in the sense that it was more on the order of a vision.

For external reasons, I was looking at the sorry state in which all countries find themselves, the truly painful and dangerous conditions of the earth, and there was a sort of all-embracing vision showing how nations (men

taken as nations) have acted and are increasingly acting in a growing Falsehood, and how they have used all their creative power to create such formidable means of destruction, with, at the back of their minds, the really childish notion that the destruction would be so terrible that no one would want to use them. But they don't know (they ought to know, but they don't) that things have a consciousness and a force of manifestation, and that all those means of destruction are pressing to be used; and even though men may not want to use them, a force stronger than they will be pushing them to do so.

Then, seeing all this, the imminence of the catastrophe, there was a sort of call or aspiration to bring down something that could at least neutralize that error. And it came, an answer ... I can't say I heard it with my ears, but it was so clear, so strong and precise that it was indisputable. I am obliged to translate it into words; if I translate it into words, I may say something like this: "That's why you have created Auroville."

And with the clear vision that Auroville was a center of force and creation, with ... (how can I explain?) a seed of truth, and that if it could sprout and develop, the very movement of its growth would be a reaction against the catastrophic consequences of the error of armament.

I found this very interesting because this birth of Auroville wasn't preceded by any thought; as always, it was simply a Force acting, like a sort of absolute manifesting, and it was so strong [when the idea of Auroville presented itself to Mother] that I could have told people, "Even if you don't believe in it, even if all circumstances appear to be quite unfavorable, I KNOW THAT AUROVILLE WILL BE. It may be in a hundred years, it may be in a thousand years, I don't know, but Auroville will be, because it has been decreed." So it was decreed – and done quite simply, like that, in obedience to a Command, without any thought. And when I was told that (I say, "I was told," but you understand what I mean), when I was told that, it was to tell me, "Here is why you have made Auroville; you are unaware of it, but that's why...." Because it was the LAST HOPE to react against the imminent catastrophe. If some interest is awakened in all countries for this creation, little by little it will have the power to react against the error they have committed.

I found this very interesting, because I had never thought about it.

And naturally, when I was shown that, I understood; I perceived how the creation of Auroville has an action in the invisible, and what action. It's not a material, outward action: it's an action in the invisible. And since then, I have been trying to make countries understand it, of course not outwardly because they all think they're much too clever to be taught anything, but inwardly, in the invisible.

It's fairly recent, it dates from two or three days ago. I had never been told this. It was said very clearly – "said," I mean seen, shown like this *(gesture of a scene offered to the sight)*. So my interest in Auroville has considerably increased since then. Because I have understood that it isn't just a creation of idealism, but quite a practical phenomenon, in the hope ... in the will, rather, to thwart and

counterbalance the effects – the frightful effects – of the psychological error of believing that fear can save you from a danger! Fear attracts the danger much more than it saves you from it. And all these countries, all these governments commit blunder upon blunder because of that fear of the catastrophe.

All this is simply to tell you that if nations collaborate in the work of Auroville, even to a very modest extent [such as this offer of money from the French government], it will do them good – it can do them a lot of good, a good that can be out of proportion to the appearance of their actions.

> *You speak of the imminence of a catastrophe, but still Auroville will take some time to be realized?*

No! I am speaking of the countries' collaboration in CREATING something. It's not when Auroville has been completed: it's the nations' collaboration in creating something – but creating something founded on the Truth instead of a rivalry in Falsehood's creation. It's not when Auroville is ready – when Auroville is ready, it will be one town among all other towns and it's only its own capacity of truth that will have power, but that ... remains to be seen.

No, the point is a combined interest in building something founded on the Truth. They have had a combined interest (combined without any mutual liking, of course) in creating a power of destruction built on Falsehood; well, Auroville means diverting a little of that force (the quantity is minor, but the quality is superior). It's truly a hope – it's founded on a hope – of doing something that can be the beginning of a harmony.

No, it's RIGHT NOW, right now. The force of propagation is far greater, it's out of proportion to the transmitting center [Mother], which, on a world scale, is so to say unknown and almost nonexistent. But the center, the power of radiation and propagation is out of proportion, it's rather remarkable: the response [to Auroville] is everywhere, everywhere; a response from new Africa, a response in France, a response in Russia, a response in America, a response in Canada, and a response in numerous countries, in Italy ... everywhere, everywhere. And not just individuals: groups, tendencies, movements, even in governments.

What's proving to be the most refractory (and the irony of it is wonderful) is ... the United Nations! Those people are outdated, oh! ... They haven't yet gone beyond the "materialistic, antireligious movement," and they made a derogatory remark about the Auroville brochure, saying it was "mystic," with "religious" tendency. The irony is lovely!

Besides, even quite outwardly, that fight between India and Pakistan[55] was clearly ... (how can I put it? ... The words that come to me are English) *initiated and driven,* that is to say, set in motion by and under the impulsion of the forces of Truth that wanted to create a great "Asian Federation" with the power to counterbalance Red China and its movement. It was a federation that, as a matter of fact, needed the return of Pakistan and all those regions, and which includes Nepal, Tibet, also Burma, and in the south, Ceylon. A great federation with each country having its autonomous development, perfectly free, but which would be

united in a common single aspiration for peace and fight against the invasion of forces of dissolution. That was very clear, it was willed – and it's the intervention of this United Nations that stopped everything.[56]

I am not saying anything officially; because I have said and always repeat that politics is in complete Falsehood, based on Falsehood, and I am not dealing with it, meaning that I am not in politics, I don't want to be – but that doesn't stop me from seeing clearly! ... People have come and asked me (from every side, by the way) for my opinion, view or advice; I said, "No, I don't deal in politics." You see, all diplomacy is absolutely based on a DELIBERATE Falsehood. As long as it is like that, there's no hope: the inspirations will always come from the wrong side; inspirations, impulsions, ideas, everything will always come from the wrong side – which means the inescapable blunder, for everyone. A few rare individuals feel that and are aware of it, and they are half desperate because nobody listens to them.

Unfortunately, following the present tendencies, for Auroville they are trying to get UNESCO'S support (!) I, of course, knew beforehand that those [UNESCO] people couldn't understand, but ... they are trying. Because everywhere people (it's a sort of superstition), everywhere people say, "No, I'll open my purse strings only with UNESCO's approval and encouragement" – I am talking about those whose contribution matters, lots of people, so ...

Only, to me, all this is the crust, the quite superficial experience – the crust; and things have to happen underneath, beneath that crust. It's just an appearance.

I said that to those who look after Auroville, I told them, "Those people [of UNESCO] are two hundred years behind the earth's march, so there's little hope they'll understand." But anyway, I didn't tell them not to deal with them – I don't give any advice.

But tiny details such as the one we spoke of just before [the French government's offer of a pension] are an indication: it's countries collaborating in the Truth without knowing it. And it's very good, it will do them good. It's good for them. It doesn't matter if they aren't aware of it *(smiling):* they won't have the pleasure of having done it, that's all!

(silence)

But I was the first to be very interested, because it came like that *(gesture of irresistible descent),* with all-powerful authority: "That's why Auroville has been created."

(Mother goes into a contemplation, then resumes)

I see all kinds of very amusing things pass by; just now, this reflection: "Ah, it's a Tower of Babel in reverse." *(Mother laughs)* That's interesting! They united and divided in the construction, so now, they come together to unite in the construction. That's it: a Tower of Babel ... in reverse!

(Mother stops for an instant, as if she saw something)

One suddenly sees ... It's a certain region, there, a region in the earth atmosphere, vast and imperishable, where things take on a new importance, which sometimes belies appearances, and one sees a sort of great, immense current carrying circumstances and events along towards a goal ... always the same goal, and through very unexpected paths. It becomes very vast, and despite the horror of details, as a whole it takes on a very smiling Rhythm....

Now I know, I remember, this whole experience came after I saw a book that was published quite recently in India, in English, which they entitled *The Roll of Honour,* and in which there is a photo and a short biography of all those who died in the fight against the British, for India's freedom. There were photos everywhere, lots of them (some were only photos the police took after they had just been killed and were lying on the ground). And it all brought a certain atmosphere: the atmosphere of those disinterested goodwilled people who meet with a tragic fate. It had the same impression on me as the horrors of the Germans during the war over there. These things are obviously under the direct influence of certain adverse forces, but we know that the adverse forces are, so to say, permitted to work – through the sense of horror, in fact – in order to hasten the awakening of consciousness. So then, that experience, which was very strong and was very like the one I had when I saw the photographs of German atrocities in France, put me in contact with the vision of the human, terrestrial, modern error (it's modern: it began these last one thousand years and has become more and more acute in the last hundred years), with the aspiration to counterbalance that: How to do it?... What is to be done?... And the answer: "That's why you have created Auroville."

There is a perception of forces – the forces that act directly in events, material events, which are ... illusory and deceptive. For instance, the man who fought for his country's freedom, who has just been assassinated because he is a rebel, and who looks defeated, lying there on the edge of the road – he is the real victor. That's how it is, it clearly shows the kind of relationship between the truth and the expression. Then, if you enter the consciousness in which you perceive the play of forces and see the world in that light, it's very interesting. And that's how, when I was in that state, I was told, clearly shown (it's inexpressible because it isn't with words, but these are facts): "That's why you have created Auroville...." It's the same thing as with that photo.[57]

There, you'll keep this.

* * *

A note on Auroville by Mother:

> "Humanity is not the last rung of terrestrial creation. Evolution continues and man will be surpassed. It is for each one to know

whether he wants to participate in the advent of the new species. For those who are satisfied with the world as it is, Auroville obviously has no raison d'être."

September 24, 1966

Is the earth responding? Is there really a response, or do you feel you are working all alone?

You don't mean people? You mean the earth as the mineral, vegetal, animal world?

No, I was referring to humans, to the whole earth.

Oh, humans, yes, certainly – certainly, without any doubt, a very pronounced answer, strangely pronounced, from everywhere, just everywhere. A need for something, a dissatisfaction with what is, and the need for something higher. It's very, very pronounced, everywhere. I can't say the number is very large, I don't think it is, but it's everywhere.

So there is progress?

Oh, a lot, quite a lot. There are signs, there are even from time to time strange signs of something awakening.

I even feel an awakening among animals.

And where is the obstacle? Is there an obstacle?

It's everywhere. It's like a coalition of Falsehood trying to resist.

September 28, 1966

(The secretaries have left Mother an hour late, so that the conversation begins at the time it should have ended.)

That beats all the records! And I started early – yet the work isn't done.

It's insoluble. Because I try everything in my power: I start earlier, I hurry in the morning, I do the work with as much order as possible – nothing doing. And I let them know a quarter of an hour in advance: "Time is up" – nothing doing.

But little by little everything is eaten up, there's no time left!

No, there isn't.

But at night, I sometimes work till 10:30 now, and it was agreed that I was supposed to retire before nine.... There's no time left. And in my case, it's not sleeping, it's my real work that I do at night – and I can't. In the afternoon too, I haven't any time left: I am supposed to have lunch at 11:30; I have it at 12:30, so I haven't any time left because I have to wash and resume work at 3. And I have never finished by 5. I tried to keep 5: 30 to 6:30 to myself – it's not possible. It eats into all my hours of peace and quiet. Yet the work isn't done! If it were, I wouldn't mind, but it's not done, there is still at least twice as much to be done – everyone protests, everyone complains.

There's no use grumbling!

No, but anyway time vanishes.

And on top of it all, I am broke! Amrita will be coming this afternoon: I can't give him his money, I don't have it. I have to pay a certain amount every day: well, as it happens, I am broke. This afternoon, as every Wednesday, I should give 5,000 rupees to this poor Amrita in debt: I haven't a penny. That's how it is, it makes things still worse. If at least I could more or less meet the requirements, it would be all right, but that's not the problem: there are complications arising all over the place! I owe the cashier astronomical amounts, and I can't pay him.... I am beset by debts on every side – it weighs lightly on me, I don't lose any sleep over it! But the fact is there.

(Mother holds out a rose to Satprem) This is peace, my child. It's peace. *(Laughing)* Oh, if you knew how peaceful it is here! *(gesture to the forehead and above)* I say things, but ultimately ... they are the way the Lord wants them to be. Maybe He enjoys seeing the faces people pull!

(silence)

I have received a letter from a correspondent, who asks a question about suffering.

Very well, let's see.

She writes this: "... We must stop encouraging torturers, whether of men or of animals. I am writing to beg you to teach me how to obtain the powers to lessen sufferings in others through concentration of fluid, and how to act by inwardly returning blow for blow to the aggressors, without hatred but implacably.... I beg you to help me. Which inner giving, which renunciation is necessary? Who will teach me the force and justice that will enable me to act and not to always let evil triumph? It is too easy to forget, deny, minimize other's suffering. I can no longer put up with it. I no longer want to shut my eyes and comfort myself till the next time.... What should I undertake?..."

When did you get this letter?

Two or three days ago.

But did you decide to read it to me yesterday? Because the whole day I was in that frame of mind (not with these words, but in that frame of mind).

For a long time lately, that is, for days and days, there has been a very sharp perception, very intense and clear, that the action of the Force outwardly results in what we call "suffering" because it's the only kind of vibration capable of pulling Matter out of inertia.

Supreme Peace and Calm were distorted and disfigured into inertia and *tamas,* and precisely because it was the distortion of true Peace and Calm, there was no reason for it to change! A certain vibration of awakening – of reawakening – was necessary to emerge from that tamas, which was incapable of directly changing from tamas into Peace; something was needed to shake the tamas, and outwardly it resulted in suffering.

I am referring here to physical suffering, because all the other kinds of suffering – vital, mental, emotive suffering – arise from a wrong functioning of the mind, and those ... we can easily rank them in the Falsehood, that's all. But physical suffering is to me like a child being beaten, because here in Matter, Falsehood turned into ignorance, which means there is no bad will – there is no bad will in Matter, everything is inertia and ignorance: total ignorance of the Truth, ignorance of the Origin, ignorance of the Possibility, even ignorance of what needs to be done so as not to suffer materially. This ignorance is everywhere in the cells, and only the experience – and the experience of what, in this rudimentary consciousness, is translated as suffering – can awaken, arouse the need to know and be cured, and the aspiration to be transformed.

This has become a certitude because the aspiration has been born in all these cells, and it's growing more and more intense and is surprised at the resistance. But they have observed that when something is upset in the functioning (which means that instead of being supple, spontaneous, natural, the functioning becomes a painful effort, a struggle with something that takes on the appearance of a bad will but is only a reluctance devoid of understanding), at such times the intensity of the aspiration, of the call, grows tenfold: it becomes constant. The difficulty is to keep up this state of intensity; generally it all falls back into, I can't say "drowsiness," but it's a sort of slackening: you take things easy. And it's only when the inner disorder becomes hard to bear that the intensity grows and becomes permanent. For hours – hours – without flagging, the call, the aspiration, the will to unite with the Divine, to become the Divine, is kept up at its peak – why? Because there was what's outwardly called a physical disorder, a suffering.

Otherwise, when there isn't any suffering, there is now and then an upsurge, then it flags and falls back; then at some other time, another upsurge ... It never ends! It lasts for eternities. If we want things to go fast (fast relatively to the rhythm of our lives), the whiplash is necessary. I am convinced of this, because as soon as you are in your inner being, you treat this with contempt (for yourself).

But then, when that true Compassion of divine Love comes and you see all those things that look so horrible, so abnormal, so absurd, that great pain over all beings and even over things ... Then there was born in this physical being the aspiration to relieve, to cure, to make all that disappear. There is something in Love in its Origin that is constantly expressed by the intervention of the Grace; a force, a sweetness, something like a vibration of solace, spread everywhere, but which an enlightened consciousness can direct, concentrate on certain points. And that's just where I saw the true use one could make of thought: thought is used as a channel to carry the vibration from place to place, wherever it's necessary. This force, this vibration of sweetness is there over the world in a static way, pressing to be received, but it's an impersonal action, and thought – enlightened thought, surrendered thought, the thought that is nothing more than an instrument, that no longer tries to set things in motion, that is satisfied with being moved by the higher Consciousness – thought is used as an intermediary to make contact, to build a connection and allow this impersonal Force to act wherever it's necessary, on precise points.

(silence)

We may say in an absolute way that the remedy always goes together with the trouble. We could say that the cure for every suffering coexists with the suffering. Then, instead of seeing an "unnecessary" and "stupid" trouble, as people generally think, you see that the progress, the evolution which made the suffering necessary – which is the cause and the goal of the suffering – achieves the desired result, and at the same time the suffering is cured, for those who can open up and receive. The three things – the suffering as a means of progress, the progress, and the cure of the suffering – are coexistent, simultaneous, meaning that they don't follow one another, they take place at the same time.

If, when the transformative action creates a suffering, there is in what suffers the necessary aspiration and opening, the remedy is absorbed at the same time, and the effect is total, complete: the transformation, along with the action necessary to obtain it, and at the same time the cure of the false sensation caused by the resistance. And the suffering is replaced by ... something unknown on this earth, but which has to do with joy, ease, trust, and security. It's a supersensation, in perfect peace, and clearly the only thing that can be eternal.

This analysis expresses very imperfectly what we could call the "content" of the Ananda.

I think it's something that has been felt, experienced (partially and very fleetingly) through all ages, but which is beginning to be concentrated and almost concretized on earth. But physical Matter in its cellular form has, we can't say a fear or an anxiety, but a sort of apprehension of new vibrations, and that apprehension naturally takes away from the cells their receptivity and takes on the appearance of a discomfort (it's not a suffering but a discomfort). But when that apprehension is counterbalanced and cured by aspiration and the will for total surrender and the act of total surrender, then that sort of apprehension having

disappeared, there comes supreme ease.

All this is like microscopic studies of the phenomena of consciousness independent of mental intervention. The need to use words to express ourselves brings in that mental intervention, but in the experience it doesn't exist. And it's very interesting because the pure experience holds a content of truth, of reality, which disappears as soon as the mind intervenes. There is a flavor of true reality which totally eludes expression for that reason. It's the same difference as between an individual and his portrait, between a fact and the story told about it. That's how it is. But it's far more subtle.

So then, to return to the letter, when you are conscious of this Force – this Force, this Compassion in its essential reality – and see how it can be exerted through a conscious individual, you have the key to the problem.

I've had experiences ...[58]

* * *

(A few days later, in Nolini's presence, Mother took up the conversation again, adding:)

One should also be given the means to open up.

> *(Nolini:) This lady was suffering from that cancer (the whole lungs were almost gone), but she began to miraculously recover. Really it is almost a miracle. Her husband, who is here, says, "I am a surgeon and I have dealt with so many cases of this kind, I know what it is – gradually it has almost disappeared. Miraculous it is." Now she is walking about.*[59]

Ah, if one could catch hold of "that," everything could be cured.

> *She is overwhelmed, she says, "I don't understand." And the doctor knows what it is, he has tried operations on this so many times.1*

There are several cases of this kind. Very well.

September 30, 1966

After reading a hitherto unpublished letter of Sri Aurobindo's

> "... Although St. Paul had remarkable mystic experiences and, certainly, much profound spiritual knowledge (profound rather than wide, I think) – I would not swear to it that he is referring[60] to the supramentalised body *(physical body)*. Perhaps to the supramental body or to some other luminous body in its own space and substance, which he found sometimes as if enveloping him and abolishing this body of death which he felt the material envelope to be. This verse like many others is capable of several interpretations and might refer to a quite supraphysical experience. The idea of a transformation of the body occurs in different traditions, but I have never been quite sure that it meant the change in this very matter. There was a yogi some time ago in this region who taught it, but he hoped when the change was complete, to disappear in light. The Vaishnavas speak of a divine body which will replace this one when there is the complete siddhi. But, again, is this a divine physical or supraphysical body? At the same time there is no obstacle in the way of supposing that all these ideas, intuitions, experiences point to, if they do not exactly denote, the physical transformation."[61]

Sri Aurobindo
December 24, 1930

Oddly, these last few days again, this has been the subject of my meditations (not willed ones: they are imposed from above). Because in all the transition from plant to animal and from animal to man (especially from animal to man), the differences of form are, ultimately, minor: the true transformation is the intervention of another agent of consciousness. All the differences between the life of the animal and the life of man stem from the intervention of the Mind; but the substance is essentially the same and it obeys the same laws of formation and construction. There isn't much difference, for instance, between the calf being formed in a cow's womb and the child being formed in its mother's womb. There is one difference: that of the Mind's intervention. But if we envisage a PHYSICAL being, that is, as visible as the physical now is and with the same density, for instance a body that wouldn't need blood circulation and bones (especially these two things: the skeleton and blood circulation) ... it's very hard to imagine. And as long as it is like this, with this blood circulation, this functioning of the heart, we could imagine – we can imagine – the renewal of strength, of

energy through a power of the Spirit, through other means than food. It's conceivable. But the rigidity, the solidity of the body, how is it possible without a skeleton?... So it would be an infinitely greater transformation than that from animal to man; it would be a transition from man to a being that would no longer be built in the same way, that would no longer function in the same way, that would be like a densification or concretization of ... "something." Up till now, it doesn't correspond to anything we have seen physically, unless the scientists have found something I am not aware of.

> *We may conceive of a new light or force giving the cells a sort of spontaneous life, a spontaneous strength.*

Yes, that's what I said: food can disappear. That's conceivable.

> *But the whole body could be driven by that force. The body could remain supple, for instance. While still having its bone structure, it could remain supple, with the suppleness of a child.*

But that's just why a child can't stand! He can't exert himself. What would replace the bone structure, for example?

> *The same elements could be there, but endowed with suppleness. Elements whose firmness doesn't stem from hardness but from the force of light, no?*

Yes, that's possible.... Only, what I mean is that it may again take place through a large number of new creations. Will the transition from man to this being, for instance, perhaps take place through all kinds of other intermediaries? You understand, what I find formidable is the switch from one to the other.

I can very well conceive of a being who could, through spiritual power, the power of his inner being, absorb the necessary forces, renew himself and remain ever young; that's quite easily conceivable; even providing for a certain suppleness so as to be able to change the form if necessary. But the complete disappearance of this system of construction right away – from one to the other right away, that seems ... It appears to require stages.

Obviously, unless something happens (which we are forced to call a "miracle" because we can't understand how it could happen), how can a body like ours become a body entirely built and driven by a higher force, and without a material support? ... How can this *(Mother pinches the skin of her hands),* how can this change into that other thing?... It appears impossible.

> *It seems miraculous, but ...*

Yes, in all my experiences, I understand quite well the possibility of not having to eat anymore, of that whole process being done away with (changing the method of absorption, for instance, is possible), but how do you change the structure?

It doesn't seem impossible to me.

It doesn't?

No, maybe it's imagination, but I can readily imagine a spiritual power entering the body and producing a sort of luminous inflation, and everything suddenly blossoms out like a flower. This body, which is crumpled in on itself, blossoms out, becomes radiant, supple, luminous.

Supple and plastic, we can also conceive it could be plastic, that is, the form wouldn't be fixed as it is now. All that is conceivable, but ...

But I can very well see it as a sort of luminous blossoming: the Light must have that force. And it doesn't destroy anything in the present structure.

But visible, that can be touched?

Yes. It's simply like a blossoming. What's closed up blossoms out like a flower, that's all; but it's still the flower's structure, only it's in full bloom and radiant. No?

Yes, but ... *(Mother shakes her head and remains silent for a while).* I lack experience, I don't know.

I am absolutely convinced (because I've had experiences that proved it to me) that the life of this body – its life, what makes it move and change – can be replaced by a force; that is to say, a sort of immortality can be created, and the wear and tear can disappear. These two things are possible: the power of life can come, and the wear and tear can disappear. And it can come about psychologically, through total obedience to the divine Impulsion, so that every moment you have the force you need, you do the thing that must be done – all these things, all of them are certitudes. Certitudes. They're not a hope, not an imagining: they are certitudes. Of course, you must educate the body and slowly transform and change the habits. It can be done, all that can be done. But the question is, how much time would it take to do away with the necessity (to take just this problem) of the skeleton? This is still very far ahead, it seems to me. Which means many intermediary stages will be needed. Sri Aurobindo said that life can be prolonged indefinitely. Yes, that's clear. But we aren't yet built with something that completely escapes dissolution, the necessity of dissolution. Bones are very durable, they can even last a thousand years if conditions are favorable, that's agreed, but it doesn't mean immortality IN PRINCIPLE. Do you understand what I mean?

No. Do you think it would have to be a nonphysical substance?

I don't know if it's nonphysical, but it's a physical I am unaware of! And it's

not substance as we now know it, and especially not the construction we now know.

> *I don't know, but if it has to be a PHYSICAL body (as Sri Aurobindo said it would), it seemed to me (but that may be a daydream) that it could be like a lotus bud, for example: our present body is like a small, closed, hard lotus bud, and ... it blossoms out, it becomes a flower.*

Yes, but that, mon petit, it's ...

> *Is there anything this Light can't do with the elements it has?? The materials remain the same, the elements remain the same, but transfigured.*

But vegetal things aren't immortal.

> *No, it's only a comparison.*

Well, that's just the point!

There's only this question: I can conceive of a perpetual change; I could even conceive of a flower that doesn't wither; but it's this principle of immortality.... Which means, basically, a life that escapes the necessity of renewal: the eternal Force would manifest directly and eternally, and this would still be a physical body *(Mother touches the skin of her hands)*.

I quite understand a progressive change and that this substance could be made into something capable of renewing itself eternally from within outward. That would be immortality. But it seems to me that between what is now, what we are, and that other mode of life, a lot of stages might be necessary. You see, if for instance you ask these cells, with all the consciousness and experience they now have, "Is there something you cannot do?", in their sincerity they will answer, "No, what the Lord wills, I can do." That's their state of consciousness. But the appearance is otherwise. The personal experience is like this: all that I do with the Lord's Presence, I do effortlessly, without difficulty, without fatigue, without wear and tear, like that (Mother spreads out her arms in a great, harmonious Rhythm), but it's still open to the whole influence from outside and the body is forced to do things that aren't directly the expression of the supreme Impulsion, hence the fatigue, the friction.... So a supramental body suspended in a world that's not the earth is not the thing!

> *No.*

Something is needed that has the power to resist the contagion. Man cannot resist the contagion from the animal, he can't, he has constant relationships. Well, how will that being manage? ... It would seem that for a long time – a long time – he will still be subject to the laws of contagion.

> *I don't know, it doesn't seem impossible to me.*

No?

It seems to me that that Power of Light being here, what can affect it?

But the whole world would disappear! That's the problem, you understand.

When That comes, when the Lord is there, there isn't one in a thousand for whom it's not terrifying. And not to the reason, not to the thought: to the flesh, like that. So assume – assume it happens and a being is the condensation and expression, an embodiment of the supreme Power, of the supreme Light – what would happen?!

Well, that's the whole problem.

Yes.

Because I don't see the difficulty of the transformation in itself. It rather seems to be the difficulty of the world.

If everything could be transformed at the same time, it would be all right, but it's clearly not like that. If one being were transformed all alone ...

Yes, perhaps it would be unbearable.

Indeed!

Maybe that's the whole problem.

Multiply a thousand times what very small children feel. (I am talking about those who are exclusively physical, human beings, not those who are reincarnations.) When they are purely physical beings, they can't approach me, mon petit! They start crying and trembling! Yet I love them and welcome them with all my tenderness and as much calm as possible – they start trembling and then get frightened, it's too strong. With those who carry something else in themselves, the reincarnations, it's different: they open out, they are happy; but when there's nothing but this, that is, the external substance ... I've seen adults come (I did the experiment: I charge the atmosphere, the Lord is present), well, I've seen forty-year-old men enter that and ... brrt! literally run away, disregarding all social courtesy, and after having ASKED to come, you understand! Anyway everything was there to allow them to behave decently – impossible, they couldn't.

But even in my case, having the experience of you, knowing you well, at times it's fearsome.

Ah, you see.

It's not frightening, but ... it's really ... fearsome.

I am not putting words into your mouth!

Of course one knows – inside one knows there's nothing to fear, but still ...

Yes.

Still it's too strong.

No, it's the substance that fears.
There.
So take the consciousness of a very small child, when you yourself ...

In your eyes, there is at times ... there is something ...

(Mother laughs)

October 5, 1966

About the financial situation, I have a little story to tell you, which took place on Sunday or Monday. I told you that the situation was quite ... to ordinary consciousnesses, it was critical. And there was a payment to be made. I don't remember the material details, but something had to be paid very urgently (I think it was to the workers: they were hungry and hadn't been given their money). And I needed a certain amount – which I didn't have: I had nothing. Then a sort of compassion came into me for those people who didn't have any money. I saw it wasn't right, and I couldn't do anything because there was none. So, in the evening while I was walking (I have an hour of meditation and quiet, of concentration), I presented it all like this *(gesture upward),* and with an almost childlike attitude I said to the Lord (He was there, of course, I was with Him) something that can be translated (I don't know, I don't speak but it could be translated into words) roughly like this: "I know You are with me and behind everything I do and everywhere, but I'd like to know whether what I do, the work I do, interests You or not! *(Mother laughs)* And if it does interest You, well, I must have this money."

It came like that, in a quite childlike form, but very, very pure. And two days later, when it was necessary for the money to come, for me to have money, just as everything seemed quite impossible, Amrita suddenly came in, telling me, "Here, so-and-so has sent a cheque for such-and-such an amount." – Exactly the amount needed. And I think it was the first time that person had sent money. It was quite unexpected, absolutely a miracle – a miracle for children. The required amount, just at the required time, and absolutely unexpected. Then I had a good laugh. And I said to myself, "How silly we can be! We don't know that everything happens exactly as it has to."

I can't say that I worry (I never do), but I was wondering ... sometimes I wonder, "Is it going to go on, or ..." I am not quite sure of what's going to happen, because ... I never try to know nor do I desire to know, but I don't feel I am "told." (I think this is another mental stupidity and when nothing is formulated, it means things are all right and as they should be.) But, of course, there is a childishness that would like to be "told," "Do this this way and that that way, and this ..." But it doesn't work! It's not like that!

I don't receive any command: when I have something to say, I receive the exact word or sentence, in an absolute way; but for action, I don't receive any command, because ... I don't think I have any hesitation, I never wonder, "Should I do this or should I do that?" Never. My whole effort is to live from minute to minute. I mean, to do every minute exactly what should be done, without making plans, without thinking, without ... because it all becomes mental; as soon as you

start thinking something out, that's no longer it. But quite instinctively and spontaneously, I do what needs to be done: this, that, this.... When something needs a response, it comes. As for money, it's the same thing; the only thing I am led to do is to say, "So-and-so has asked for so much, such-and-such Service needs so much," like that (not a long time in advance, but when it becomes imperative). And that's all. It's like that. So I don't know what will happen tomorrow; I don't at all seek to know what's going to happen. But on that day, I seemed to be asking, "Well, give me proof that You are interested." – Poff! it came just at the right time. So I laughed, I said to myself, "What a baby I must still be!"

And for two days, just when I needed to give some money, it came. So I said, "All right, that's fine." But now it's no longer so amusing! It was really amusing.

There is now a kind of trust there, behind: well, it will come when it has to, that's all.

The spirit of organization, maybe not quite on an ordinary level but on a human one (maybe not just human, but anyway), the spirit of organization likes to have everything in front of it like a picture, and then to make plans, to organize, see: this comes here, that comes there.... All that is useless. We must learn to live from minute to minute, like that. It's much more comfortable. And what prevents things from being so is (I think) that it's exactly contrary to the reasonable human mind, and that everyone around me expects me to make plans and decisions and ... So there is a pressure; I think that's it. Otherwise, it would naturally and spontaneously be like that: the miracle every minute. My tendency is always to say, "Oh, don't worry! The more you worry, the more difficult you make things – don't bother, don't bother." But they stare at me with a kind of horror *(Mother laughs):* I don't "plan ahead," you see.

That's my little "story" – my little miracle. It was as though to tell me, "Oh, you'd like to see a miracle? – Here it is, ready-made!" *(Mother laughs)* It's a good lesson.

October 8, 1966

(The conversation is about Satprem's forthcoming birthday. We publish it despite its personal character, for the "rhythmic" significance of birthdays is of general interest and there is always, as Mother says, a curve from the past that doesn't readily connect with the curve of the future.)

It will soon be your birthday....

I can see that what we call "birthday" is an opportunity to take stock. That's why people consult astrologers on certain dates.

The individual has a certain relationship or set of relationships with the Universal, and there must be a rhythm, things recur automatically at the same point in time. So every year, it should be possible to take stock with regard to what's below and what's above, or to what's behind and what's ahead.

It must be like that, because for you, the stocktaking began at the beginning of this month. And then it results in those birthday "cards" and in what I am going to tell you on your birthday. (None of this is thought out: it comes just like that, it's very amusing, I witness a continuous spectacle.) And I saw something very interesting, maybe that's what I wanted to tell you for your book.[62]

It's like the meeting of two curves: one curve coming from the past and another curve going towards the future, and that day is the meeting point of these two curves. So then, I saw your book as a sort of culmination of the curve coming from the past.... And there is a point that isn't yet clear in your thought or your conception there *(gesture above the head):* it's something that belongs to the ascending curve of the future. That point is where the difficulty is: the movement that belongs to the curve of the past has difficulty connecting with the movement of the future. I see it as a graph. It's not a thought: it's a graph. There is a point where the two curves haven't connected.

I chose two "cards." They are here. I am not showing them to you: you will have them on the 29th. I don't yet know what I will write or whether I will write anything.

But this year seems to me to be a very decisive year in your individual life – your LIFE, you understand (how can I explain?), the eternal life in you. The eternal life in your individuality. The difficulty seems to be in connecting the two movements.... They aren't connected yet. It's very interesting. I saw the curves, they are quite pretty.

All this is going on up above. And then, what's very amusing is that when I see, I don't see like that *(gesture from below upward),* I see like this *(gesture from above downward),* and I see up above. It's a little higher than this *(gesture above the head),* and I see from above.

But I saw those curves, I began seeing them. I know them, I have seen them since the beginning of the month and they are growing more precise. And they are quite pretty – very pretty, very elegant. And this one [the new one] is like a magnificent spout of water – much lovelier than that! And it keeps rising, it doesn't fall back, but it sprays a golden rain on the earth.

It's good.

If someone drew a picture like that for me, I'd give it to you!

* * *

(Soon afterwards, the conversation turns to a question asked by a young

disciple about the description of Sri Aurobindo's life in "The Adventure of Consciousness," when Sri Aurobindo was agnostic and began yoga "for the liberation of his country.")

> *It's a chapter entitled "The End of the Intellect," in which I wrote that in the beginning Sri Aurobindo was an agnostic and had mainly cultivated the intellect. So V. has made a summary of this chapter, and in the end he asks: How can one practice yogic disciplines without believing in God or in the Divine?*

How? – Very simple. Because these are mere words. When you practice without believing in God or in the Divine, you practice to reach a perfection, to make progress, for all sorts of reasons.

Are there many people ... (I am not referring to those who have a religion: they learn a catechism when they are quite small, so it doesn't have much meaning), but taking people as they come, are there many of them who believe in the Divine?... Not in Europe, at any rate. But even here, there are quite a few who, by tradition, have a "family deity," and yet when they are displeased they think nothing of taking the deity and throwing it into the Ganges! They do it, I know people who did it; they had a family Kali in their home, they took her and threw her into the Ganges because they were displeased with her – if you believe in the Divine, you can't do such things, can you?

I don't know.... Belief in the Divine?... You thirst for a certain perfection, perhaps even to surpass yourself, to reach something higher than what is; when you are a philanthropist, you have an aspiration for mankind to be better, less unhappy and miserable, all kinds of things like that – you can practice a yoga for that, but that's not believing. To believe is to have the faith that there cannot be a world without the Divine, that's what it is; the faith that the very existence of the world is proof of the Divine. And precisely not a "belief," not something you thought over or were taught, none of all that: a faith. The faith which is a lived knowledge (not a learned knowledge) that the existence of the world is sufficient proof of the Divine – without the Divine, no world. And it's so obvious, of course, that you feel one has to be a bit stupid to think otherwise! And the "Divine," not in the sense of "raison d'être," "goal," "culmination," not all that: the world as it is is proof of the Divine. Because it IS the Divine in a certain aspect (a distorted enough aspect, but still).

To me it's even stronger than that: when I look at a rose like the one I gave you, this thing which holds such a concentration of spontaneous beauty (not fabricated: a spontaneous beauty, a blossoming), you only have to see that and you're sure the Divine exists, it's a certitude. You can't disbelieve, it's impossible. It's like those people – it's fantastic! – those people who have studied Nature, studied really in depth how everything works and occurs and exists: how can they study sincerely, carefully and painstakingly without being absolutely convinced that the Divine is there? We call it the "Divine" – the Divine is quite tiny! *(Mother*

laughs) To me, the existence is undeniable proof that there is ... nothing but THAT – something we cannot name, cannot define, cannot describe, but which we can feel and BECOME more and more. A "something" which is more perfect than all perfections, more beautiful than all beauties, more wonderful than all wonders, which even a totality of all that is cannot express – and only THAT exists. And it's not a "something" floating in nothingness: there is nothing but That.

October 12, 1966

(After a meditation with Mother)

Even now, as soon as I remain quiet with you when you are here, there is always a sort of limitless immensity, with such a pure, tranquil light.... And it's white, but a white that might have some blue in it, but so pale that it's white. Théon gave a name to this region (he had special names for all those regions), I don't remember, but above it, there were only the regions he called "pathetism" (quite a barbarous name), which were regions belonging to the unmanifested divine Love. I myself experienced the passage through all these regions, and this one [the region of white light in which the meditation took place] was the very last belonging to the light ... I don't recall, he used to put together all the regions of light, and then, beyond them, the regions ... basically, they were regions of divine Love, but unmanifested, that is to say, not manifested as it is on earth. Those were the last regions before reaching the Supreme. And this one [in the meditation] was the last one belonging to the essence of light, that is, Knowledge. And it is ... oh, there's such peace, such tranquillity and such LIMPIDITY in it – especially that sense of limpidity and transparency. A tranquillity that's more than peace, but it isn't inert immobility, I don't know how to express it. It absolutely gives the sense of a vibration of extreme intensity, but ab-so-lute-ly tranquil, tranquil, luminous, without ... almost with a sense of motionlessness. And so limpid, so transparent!

Whenever I remain outside action like that and you are here, that's always what comes, always. Last time also, when I saw those two curves of your being – the curve of the past and the curve of the future meeting on your birthday – well, it was again in this light.

But today ... And limitless, you know, outside time, outside space – magnificent! The great, great repose. And when you are here, it's always like that. That must be where you draw your inspiration from. It must be from there. It's good! *(Mother laughs)* And very pleasant, I don't know how to explain. Very

pleasant. And absolutely silent, but conscious, very conscious, and in perfect tranquillity – light, light, light, nothing but that: the essence of light.

The ascending curve went beyond that, into those regions Théon had given that barbarous name of "pathetism." When one went beyond and entered those regions, then there was ... it was the Supreme outside the creation, beyond the creation. That's where I saw the representative form of the new creation (and that was before I ever heard anything about Sri Aurobindo and the Supermind), that's where I saw the form that must succeed the human form, like the symbolic representation of the new creation. That was two or three years before I heard of Sri Aurobindo and met him. So when he told me about the supramental creation, I said to him *(laughing),* "But of course, I know, I saw it up there!"

No one had told me anything. It's only when I went to Tlemcen that Madame Théon told me what it was. She knew how to go through all the states of being, from one to the next, and on to the next ... leaving the body corresponding to each state of being in its region and moving beyond. So then, quite spontaneously and naturally, I learned to do it. And I did it there, that's how I saw this prototype, all the way up, all the way up.

Theon's teaching wasn't at all metaphysical and intellectual: everything was expressed in a sort of pictorial objectification; and as I said the other day about that vision [of the "birds"], it's a richer expression, less limited than the purely intellectual and metaphysical expression. It's more alive.

And that's pleasant – I like meditating with you. It's not "meditating," it's a silent and very pleasant contemplation-concentration. That's why, when you are here, I sit without uttering a word!

But you lose the sense of time altogether.

October 15, 1966

The conversation begins an hour and a half late.

All right. It's 11:30. I am not starting anything – neither talking nor keeping quiet (because that lasts a long time!)

I'll try to play some music on October 30, if I can. I don't know what will come.... One day, as I was sitting quietly, I wondered whether it would come, and suddenly I grew very tall, very tall, with large hands, and I was sitting before an instrument that wasn't this one: it was a much bigger instrument, and I started playing such a fugue! It was fantastic. I looked and saw myself with large hands,

large arms, and a big instrument.... And it was very good *(laughing),* the MUSIC was very good!

It's the first time I have seen myself like that.

But there's nothing left of the music, nothing at all in the memory, not a single note.

* * *

(Then Mother looks at her appointment notebook and the stack of letters from people asking to see her.)

All this *(pointing to the stack of letters)* is for appointments! And it's something quite simple, it's not tiring – nothing is tiring if you aren't in a hurry. But if you are forever thinking of the next thing you have to do, it's horrible. If you do the thing as it comes, without thinking of anything else, it's very good.... That nasty habit of thinking, always thinking – very bad. But I am beginning to ... *(with a mischievous smile)* Do you think fish think?! Because I felt like saying, "I am beginning to live like a fish in water!" *(Laughing)* Fish probably don't think. But dolphins think, don't they? They talk, so they must think ... their brain is heavier than man's.

Ah, no chattering!

October 19, 1966

I am even later than usual: these are the puja days.[63] Lots of people come here for their puja.

Did I tell you the story of Durga?

Recently?

It didn't happen recently; I can't recall if it was last year or the year before, at the time of the puja.

You once told me that Durga had "surrendered."

That's it.

She *surrendered.* That is to say, she was perfectly independent in her movements and didn't feel the need to depend on anyone, and that year ... I don't remember if it was last year or the year before – she used to come every year when

I went downstairs for the puja darshan: I would go downstairs and she would come and stay there throughout all the pujas; since I came upstairs, we haven't been doing it anymore. But once, she came, and I told you what followed.

But it has made an enormous difference. People naturally didn't notice anything, no one, but it has made an ENORMOUS difference in the atmosphere.

I was still feeling it very strongly these last few days.

A difference, in what sense?

All those who do the puja sincerely (sincerely, of course, not mechanically but with devotion) always attract an emanation or a representation, a representative form, which is present at the puja and responds: it responds to the puja. Every family that worships Kali, for instance, has its own Kali. And it's true, they are little entities that aren't quite independent, but have their own lives. And in Durga's case, it was very clear. So when I say it makes a big difference, it's because now, in a general way, all those representations of Durga are themselves also in a movement of collaboration.

Naturally, all those entities were more or less spontaneously doing the Supreme's work, but ... (how can I explain it?) without their having a conscious will: they did it simply and spontaneously, because they were beings of harmony, working harmoniously. But now, in Durga's case it's very clear – very clear: she is like this *(gesture turned upward, awaiting the Supreme's Command).* In her relationship with the hostile beings, in her legendary yearly battle (which is of course symbolic), she is like this *(same gesture),* eager to know the direction, the indication, the gesture to be made.

When Sri Aurobindo was here, every year at the time of Durga's battle, I used to receive from him the very clear indication of the aspect of the adverse forces that had to be vanquished and subdued. (It was very interesting, and I generally noted it down, but I don't know where all that has gone.) It went on like that for thirty years. And after his departure ... there only remained the Supreme.

She would come, she was absolutely present during the six days of *pranam* downstairs. But now, since ... I don't know (I don't remember because for me time isn't quite clear anymore, it no longer has the same value), but I remember it happened while I was walking for my japa. I told her there was something more important than that semireligious recollection people have, that what was more important was the deeper nature of the Work and the choice of the adverse aspect (represented by a universal difficulty, or, at any rate, if we only consider the earth, a human difficulty), the aspect that had to be vanquished, dominated in order to lead it to the transformation. And it's in this connection that I told her that receiving the indication from the Supreme was the true thing; that He saw better than we did what had to be done and the order in which it had to be done. And I felt ... (she was very concrete *[Mother makes a gesture as if Durga was in her]),* I felt she was immensely interested. Then I told her, "Well, you see, hasn't the time come" (I am putting it into words, but there weren't any words), "hasn't the time come to receive from Him the direct impulsion for your action?" And she

responded joyfully and spontaneously.

The difference is that, now, wherever she manifests, I feel the call to the supreme Truth, to manifest it, is truly there.

Which is the aspect of the difficulty this year?

I don't know. I haven't concerned myself with it recently, it begins only tomorrow.

I don't know, I am not actively concerned with it, I'll see....

Oh, I know it very well, but ... *(Mother lays her fingers on her lips).*

(meditation)

October 22, 1966

(Sujata:) P. is ill.

Ill again! But what's wrong with that girl?

What should she do inwardly?

Not be afraid of falling ill! That's what.

You see, they say, "But I AM ill." They put it the other way around: they say they're ill, and so they are afraid. It's not true! They are afraid first, and then they fall ill. They constantly live with a sort of apprehension: "Oh, what's going to happen?" So something happens! *(Mother laughs)* The poor body feels that's what is expected of it, and it obeys!

Yes, ninety-nine people out of a hundred are like that. And it's more or less subconscious, meaning it's not a thought they have quite clearly, so they tell you, "No, that's not true!" – they aren't aware of it, they aren't aware of what goes on inside them.

(Then Mother gives Satprem flowers. She looks weary.)

We have half an hour of peace and quiet, unless there is something you'd like to say?

Maybe you are the one who'd like to say something?

Me, I have nothing to say, nothing – absolutely in a daze, I am dazed.

(Mother suddenly suggests that Satprem enter her room directly at 10:15 on the days he comes, even if the secretaries are still there.)

(Satprem, in disbelief:) I come in around 10:15?

You could come straight upstairs, we'll see what happens!

But I don't want to put you in a difficult situation too....

Oh, if you knew to what point ... There aren't any reactions, you understand. I look at it all with a very clear vision, a very clear knowledge of the consequences, but there aren't any reactions: I simply become a kind of machine that signs this, does this and that.... And then, when I need to write something, I turn into an automaton: I remain absolutely *blank,* silent, like this *(gesture of immobility, turned upward),* and then I leave it (it depends on the case), either Sri Aurobindo or else something from up above comes and dictates. I am like this *(same gesture),* and more and more so – I am increasingly like this: nonexistent, a machine.

I have told them several times that they might as well replace this with a nicely designed robot, because this *(laughing)* doesn't need to be here! A well-designed robot, with a sophisticated mechanism: you press one button for one thing, another button for another thing, and it works!

You know the situation: I am not alone for ONE MINUTE, not in the twenty-four hours of the day.[64] And in addition to the outer crowd there is the inner crowd: from everywhere, constantly, it keeps coming and coming – oh, constantly and increasingly. Increasingly. So I am like this *(gesture showing a consciousness spread afar),* a sort of consciousness that responds, that's all, without any participation. A consciousness that responds like a machine.

Otherwise I think it would be impossible.

Yes, humanly your life is infernal.

If I didn't know how to do that, I would either go insane or fall ill: it's impossible. Fortunately, it's within the realm of possibility! Which means that the work gets done automatically, I don't have to make an effort.

And the number of things keeps increasing *(Mother looks around her).* When I first came into this room, it was empty; when they made the music room, it was empty. Now *(Mother makes an amused gesture pointing towards the heaps of things on the windowsills, the furniture, everywhere),* there's no room left for anything! It's crammed to overflowing. So I wonder at people – those who feel deprived and those who are bored: to me, those two categories are unthinkable! How can one have time to be bored and how can one lack anything?!

The work keeps increasing (for everyone); the mail is something unbelievable! It's pouring in from everywhere. I got ... *(Mother laughs)* a letter from America, from someone I don't know at all, who listened to phonograph records of my voice. And, I don't know, it's people who seem to have "occult experiences" or perhaps practice "spiritualism," and he writes to tell me that he hears my voice and

I am giving him "revelations" about himself. But then ... *(laughing)* fantastic revelations! He says it's my voice, he doesn't doubt it (he accepts even the seemingly most fanciful things), but still, for safety's sake he'd like to ask me (!) if I am indeed the one who has told him those things. And among the things I am supposed to have told him, I seem to have declared that he is a combined reincarnation of Buddha, Christ, Archangel Gabriel, Napoleon and Charlemagne!... I am going to answer him that those five characters belong to different "lines of manifestation" and therefore they are rather unlikely to be combined in a single being (a single human being)!

It's obviously little vital entities having fun. They have fun, and the more fanciful, the greater the fun, of course!

But judging by the letters – all the mail – there is a kind of occult activity spreading over the earth in a very strange way.... In Korea, there is a man who declares himself to be the "New Avatar".... There are scores and scores of them, everywhere. With the result that from a material point of view, people appear to have rather lost their balance. You feel as if the whole earth has gone half crazy. And with their new inventions, it can result in odd phenomena.

But since the beginning of this century and up till now, the change that has taken place on the earth – in the realms of thought, activities, products, inventions – is fantastic! It's so fantastic that things dating from the beginning of the century appear antiquated, as if they were almost two hundred years old. It's strange.

Things are clearly moving fast.

People seem to be rushing towards ... As if they were rushing ahead without knowing why, and at the end is a great big hole! ... I don't know what's going to happen.

(silence)

If you don't mind ... *(with a mischievous smile)* that is, if you don't have sensitive nerves, come in at 10:15 next time and make yourself comfortable! At least it will be a lesson. We'll see what happens.

At what time?

Quarter past ten. You'll quietly open the door and come in. I at least will have great fun!

Because personally I have tried everything, without any result. When I tell them, "Time is up" with all the authority at my command, they tell me, "Yes." That's all it means to them!

Ah, mon petit *(turning to Sujata),* tomorrow I have forty-two of them to see before you – forty-two people! [65]

October 26, 1966

Do you know that I played yesterday? I tried the organ. It was very entertaining: as soon as I sat down, something came into my hands, but something that LOVED music, and it came in so easily, so gently and intensely. And suddenly my hands found their past skill again – the whole half of my arm was seized by a little being. It was really lovely, it sounded very childlike and was quite charming, quite charming.

It's the first time it has been so complete: it was no longer at all my hands that were playing, no longer at all. It's the first time. I don't know if it will be like that for the 30th [Satprem's birthday].

* * *

Soon afterwards

There's something I'd like to show you. You know that I went to the balcony the other day,[66] in full sun, and it completely altered my appearance *(Mother looks for a series of photos).* I must say that I felt very different from what I am when I go there. I was very, very different. I am not saying anything, you'll see....

(Mother hands the photos to Satprem)

I look like someone else.

Oh, yes! It's odd, it doesn't look like you at all.

Some say it looks like me.

But I look like a man, don't I?

Yes, there is something masculine, especially in this one.

Yes, I look like a man.

It was someone else who was there – but there are always others, that's what people don't know! Others come all the time, all the time *(Mother draws a circle above her head to suggest a circular dance):* old ones, new ones, future ones, there is constantly something. It's very strange. And then the photograph catches it.

Yes, it's very striking on this one; it's less pronounced on the others.

And it's someone I know, but I can't put a name to him. I look like an old scientist there, no? It's strange *(Mother looks at the photo again).* There's something strange: a sort of very keen knowledge [in the person in the photo] that stems from observation, but I can't find out the country and time it's from.

They are particular states of consciousness that grew precise and were expressed particularly well in certain individuals at certain moments – it's not during the whole life of a whole individual, it's not that: it's states of consciousness that reached the height of their formation and intensity at certain moments. And then, it all comes back like a big merry-go-round *(Mother draws a circular dance above her head and around her),* all the time, through all times and all countries. The photo catches it, and when it comes to me, when I see it, I seem to be looking not at all at this person [Mother], but at someone I have known quite a lot, someone I have known quite well: "But of course, it's you, no doubt!" But I can't put a name.

Yes, it's like a merry-go-round of all the moments when the Consciousness manifested in people. It's very interesting. The body is now growing very impersonal.

> *But once, I had a curious experience with you.... I've never had visions with open eyes, but once (it struck me), many years ago, downstairs, you were telling me a story about cats and talking about the "king of the cats" you had met, the genius of the species – and your face (it was extraordinary) was that of a cat! But a supercat, who was there in front of me! Yet I have no visions, absolutely none, but it was plainly visible. I found it very striking. It was quite extraordinary.*

The body's appearance had changed.

> *Yes, your whole face had changed its appearance. And I am sure a photograph would have shown it, because it wasn't a vision.*

Yes, those are things photographs catch. They're very sensitive.

> *It's strange.*

Once at the balcony, I was Buddha, absolutely! It lasted a minute or two. And quite a few people told me, "Oh, you were Buddha." If a photo had been taken, it would have been visible.

But it comes constantly like that, like a sort of merry-go-round of people coming by *(same gesture of a round dance),* and hup! they manifest and go away, hup! they manifest and go away.... And in those photos, I have several times recognized someone, but without being able to put a name.

But this *(Mother looks at the photo again)* is a man, I am sure it's a man, and I have a feeling that if he wasn't an "official" scientist, he was a man who had a science, a very intimate and keen observation of things. And it was a moment when that consciousness of observation was at its highest. They caught it with the photo; the next minute it would no longer have been there. He is almost saying something, expressing something *(Mother shows Satprem the photo):* see the mouth. It's very curious.

It's amusing.

But from that point of view, the body is growing very impersonal. It's like with my hands: it has never been as spontaneous and complete as it was yesterday – I can't say I no longer had hands because there was no "I" anymore. That's how it is, something comes (something from someone: an idea, a force, a movement, an expression), poff! and it becomes this [Mother's body, or her hands in this instance]. And it was very joyful and very sweet: there was a sort of joyful charm, very young. Half an hour before,

I didn't know I was going to play: it came just like that. And it wasn't "to play," there was nothing serious or important, none of that existed: there only was something very young, very lively.

It's a phenomenon that's growing concrete. There are all sorts of ... they aren't people: they are states of consciousness that expressed themselves or maybe even took a precise shape in the lives of all kinds of people; some of them are quite known to me: I have seen them often, they come back often and I know them very well – I can put names to them. But these states of consciousness weren't exclusively in this or that person: they were in many people and in many ages.

And it's more and more often like that. I think it's to make the [cellular] aggregate more supple, to give it suppleness.

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo wrote somewhere, I don't remember in what connection, that in a certain state of consciousness one had the power to CHANGE THE PAST. I found that very striking.

Because it's an experience I've had several times, and with all this work I am doing now, I understand better. You see, what seems to be perpetuated or preserved isn't individuals: it's states of consciousness – states of consciousness. Those states of consciousness manifest through many individuals and many different lives, and those states of consciousness are what progress towards a more and more luminous perfection. There are now, at present, all kinds of "categories" of states of consciousness that come one upon another in order to be put in contact with the Truth, the Light, the perfect Consciousness, and at the same time they have retained a sort of imprint (like a memory) of the moments when they manifested.

There is a big work of transformation of the material states of consciousness going on: the states of consciousness nearest to the Inconscient, the most material states of consciousness. They come like that [to present themselves to Mother], with one or two examples of their previous manifestation (perhaps even their first emergence from the Inconscient), and then I see the transition (along with what has transformed them, changed them or even simply altered them through successive manifestations), the transition up to the point when they are now presented before the supreme Consciousness for the final transformation. This is a perpetual work, so to speak, because, interestingly, it's a work I can go on doing while seeing people. Generally my work was interrupted when I saw people, because I was busy with them and that diminished and limited the work: they

represented a small aggregate of difficulties that enormously shrank the Action [of Mother]. But now it's no longer like that. And the interesting point is that it places people in this or that "curve of transformation" of the consciousness. For some time I have been seeing a considerable number of people I had never seen before (with all the old or familiar people there was no difficulty, but with the new ones it generally caused a shrinking of the work), and now with this "study" of states of consciousness, people are placed: here, there, here *(Mother draws different levels in space).* And if they are receptive, they must go away [after seeing Mother] with a new impulse to transform themselves. Those who aren't receptive just miss it; but they are no longer a disturbance: they come in and go out. And from that I know what state they are in – I can even do it with photos, but when I see people it's much more complete. Photos are no more than one moment of their being, while here, even what isn't being manifested is there, hidden behind, and can be seen, so I see the person more completely. It's very interesting. It transforms this whole burden of visitors into something interesting.

October 29, 1966

So, what would you like to tell me for your birthday?

I'd like to do more for you, and better.

Better is difficult. As for more, we'd have to have more time! We could do a lot, I know that, but we would need time.

But I'd like to serve you more.

There are lots of things, lots of things.... Last night again, we were together for a long time. But we are together to WORK together; you understand, it's not as if you are looking after me and I am looking after you, it's not that: we meet because we work together. And there are vast movements of consciousness.

To tell the truth, I don't like mental activity – I have never liked it. I worked a lot in the mind for a time: it was a phase, the phase of mental development when I did philosophy – all philosophies, comparative philosophies – in order to make the intellect more supple. But to tell the truth, it doesn't interest me. While states of consciousness – movements of consciousness, states of consciousness – that's tremendously interesting! And going on at the moment there is a very keen, that is, very painstaking study of the relationship between states of consciousness and the phenomenon of death.

Ultimately, all beliefs people have about what happens after death ... Human

beings have long tried to know, of course, and some religions thought they had found an explanation.... I've had personal experiences. And now the problem is put in a new way, as if (I say "as if" because I haven't come to the end and I don't know), as if what is perpetuated from life to life weren't personalities but STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS, which are immortal and in constant transformation at the same time, and what's transformed through one's lives is the state of consciousness.... Some have only one state of consciousness, others have many (there are even certain people who have two nearly opposite states of consciousness, which results in that "double personality" and those contradictions in life). Some are very simple and have only one, and that results in almost primitive individuals; but they sometimes have a wonderful development in their state of consciousness.... That explains many contradictions. That's what I am clearly shown at the moment: states of consciousness passing through numerous aggregates. And then, there is, there too, a secret to be found for the prolongation of an aggregate, that is, what gives the character not of immortality (which is something very different), but of the indefinite duration of life – of the FORM, rather (life never stops), of the form. So then, once this study has been done in depth, another secret will have been found.

It's very interesting.

(silence)

Not last night but the night before, I spent a long time, almost two hours of our time here, with Sri Aurobindo. I have told you he has something that translates as an "abode" (it's magnificent, magnificent!) in the subtle physical. It's always immense, so clear, well-defined, yet fully open. And I get a sense of ... *(Mother takes a deep breath)* phew! open, luminous – always, in every case. He is there ... maybe not quite as he was here (but it makes no difference to me because the change has been very progressive: I have followed Sri Aurobindo almost from day to day, step by step), and he is perhaps rather taller, with perhaps a form that has greater perfection, I don't know, but to me, his expression ... *(Mother smiles with her eyes closed)* ... his expression is inexpressible. I spent a very, very long time with him. In those huge rooms (they are limitless, you know, you feel you could go indefinitely from one room to another, from one place to another), he was directing ... It was in a part of the place with a certain number of rooms (four, five or six, I don't know), large rooms where he was directing a pottery, just imagine! But it wasn't like here. There were objects made of clay. There wasn't any process of firing, painting or any like that (it wasn't like here), but there were shapes which looked like pottery shapes, and they had a power *(Mother gestures downward)* to manifest. And then, there was everything: animals, plants, people, things, everything, with all possible colors. I went from one to another, looking, explaining. I had spent a long time with him, and I knew exactly why and how it was done, and afterwards I went and studied the work and observed. Then the rooms were arranged, the things were put in their place: that was as if to show the result. And things ... charming in their simplicity, yet they contained an

extraordinary power of manifestation! But they had a deep meaning. I took an object made of a very dark reddish brown earth, and it was badly put together, that is, the shape wasn't right and I showed it to the "pottery foreman" (there was a pottery foreman in each room, looking after the work). I showed it to him, and told him (it was fairly big at the bottom, with a small piece at the top *[Mother draws a sort of vase with a neck],* anyway it wasn't well done), I explained it to him, saying, "You understand, it's not properly balanced." And while I was holding it in my fingers – it broke. Then he said to me, "Oh, I am going to mend it." I answered, "If you like, but it's not as it should be...." Of course, we say it with our words, but there, it had a very precise MEANING. Then, there were kinds of big openings between one room and another (they weren't "rooms," they were huge halls), and one went on to the place where they made "fish"! But the fish weren't fish (!), they had another meaning. And there were fish this big, made of clay, colored and gleaming, magnificent: one was blue-green, another yellowish white, but pretty, so pretty! And they were kept on the floor as if it were water: the fish were kept on the floor, right in the way. So I thought, "That's not very convenient!" *(Mother laughs)* And said like this, it all looks like childishness, but there it had a very deep meaning, very deep.

It was very interesting.

I spent at least two hours like that. It must have been between one and three in the night. And the sense of something so very peaceful, so comfortable and full of light and consciousness – especially consciousness – oh, it was wonderful. The consciousness here seems very, very restricted. Very restricted. And because it expresses itself through thought it's weighed down: that weighs it down, restricts it ... fossilizes it. While there, the consciousness moves about freely in full light, oh, such a clear, clear atmosphere, so limpid ... shadowless ... yet everything has a shape. There are even streets (there are other places), but everything is like that, in full light.

The feeling remained for hours afterwards.

And it seems to be developing and completed fantastically fast: from one visit to the next (with at times an interval of eight days, perhaps), there is an extraordinary change, tremendous. Sri Aurobindo himself changes. I find him ... Previously (two years ago, for instance) I found him very like what he was physically; of course, I saw him almost right in the beginning in his supramental reality, but that's very different: I am speaking of the Sri Aurobindo who is in constant, constant contact with us – it's like an emanation of the other [the supramental Sri Aurobindo] and like the continuation of the Sri Aurobindo who lived with us. That's how it is. Well, for a time, he looked like himself much more than he does now; now it's as though he looked more like the other. But still, remaining very close to us, very close.

And the work is proceeding fast, fast....

(silence)

There are some people over there who lived on earth, but not many. That's

where I met several times (very often during the first year after her death) the woman who used to cook for Sri Aurobindo. What was her name?

Mridu.

Mridu! She has also changed a lot, quite a lot, but ... *(Mother smiles, amused)* in a way she is still the same!

But I felt (it was yesterday, I think) that things are much simpler – much simpler – and much less dramatic than human thought imagines. It's very strange, I have a growing feeling of something ... without mystery, and that it's our way of thinking and feeling that adds the whole mystery and the whole drama – while in fact there isn't any.

Oh, how men dramatize everything!

It's like their relationship with the Divine.... Yesterday, while I was working here in the morning (distributing the eggs!), they made me listen to music by Sahana,[67] a hymn by their group which is in the line of "religious music." There are sounds, certain sounds that may be called "religious sounds"; they are certain "associations of sounds," which are universal, that is, they don't belong to a particular time or a particular country. In all times and all countries, those who have had this religious emotion have spontaneously given out this sound. While the music was playing, that perception came to me very clearly (it's an association of two or three sounds), it came with the very state of consciousness that produces these sounds, and which is always the same: the sounds reproduce the state of consciousness. The whole [instrumental] accompaniment is different, and naturally that always, always spoils it. But these two – two or three – sounds are wonderfully expressive, in a precise, exact way, of the religious feeling, the Contact *(gesture to the Heights),* the adoration: the contact of adoration.

It was very interesting.

And in her piece, this sound recurs two or three times. All the rest is padding. But that ... And I've heard it in churches, I've heard it in temples, I've heard it in mystic gatherings, I've heard it ... Always mixed with all kinds of other things, but that's ... And these sounds are absolutely evocative of the effect – in fact it's the other way around: it's the state of consciousness that produces these sounds, but when you hear the sounds it puts you in contact with the state of consciousness. So then, I understood why people like to listen to this music: it's because it suddenly gives them ... ah! they feel something unknown to them.

How interesting it was!

How different everything becomes! You live in the state of consciousness, and then everything becomes different. You see things ... yes, I think that's what Sri Aurobindo calls seeing things from within outward. One causes the other.

Very interesting.

In Sunil's music there are two or three of those associations of sounds that are evocative associations, and in his music it's the splendor of the future creation, oh, it comes like a dazzling sun.

But even in very old music, or disjointed music, there is that association now

and then: two sounds, a relationship between two sounds (two, sometimes three). And I don't think people are aware of it, but that's what puts them in contact with the state of consciousness.

In reality, it's one way of looking at the problem, but it makes things simpler in a truly interesting way.... In other words, great transformations are merely the result of a change of state of consciousness.

(silence)

So, I wish you a good year.

Yes, Mother.

It's going to be a good year. A very clear year – very clear, very vast – vast and clear.... I don't know what's going to happen here. Circumstances appear to be increasingly difficult, but I must say that leaves me very calm. They are difficult. In the country, in the world, it's difficult, things grate. But it seems to be a mere appearance: it's the great pressure of the Light – a warm, golden, powerful, supramental light – and it goes on increasing and increasing and increasing....

Also, since the day I saw those two curves for you, they have been asserting themselves, establishing themselves, and the soaring towards the future is magnificent – very strong, very powerful, and at the same time very luminous ("luminous," it has always been so: luminous, even crystalline on the intellectual level), but now it has great force. A great force.

I felt like drawing the curve, but it should be pretty, well done, and I don't have the time – but they are there (how can I put it?...) in the invisible. The one that climbs, climbs magnificently, like a jet of light.

Voilà.

(Mother picks up a small object beside her:)

Would you like a little donkey to help you!

November 3, 1966

Would you like to win 200,000 dollars?

What does one have to do for that?

One has to prove the existence of the soul after death.

Oh, yes, yes, I know – that article....

> *"A $ 200,000 reward has been offered to anyone on this earth who can give some scientific proof of a soul of a human body which leaves at death. This was found in the will of James Kidd, an Arizona miner who died in 1951. Lawyers executing the will claim that if no real scientific proof is submitted the money will go to any research institute aimed at proving the existence of the human soul." ["The Hindu," October 26, 1966]*

Some people already have their argument ready, I've heard.

A proof ... what they want is a scientifically demonstrated proof. But in the first place, are they really referring to the soul? You understand, they are all in a terrible confusion: for them, the soul is just anything. Do they want to prove the existence of the soul, which is eternal, immortal, or the existence of an afterlife? The two things are different. Afterlife has been scientifically proved by cases: there have been quite a few cases of people who in their present life carried on with their previous life. There was the story of that father who died, and the child of a neighboring family gave extraordinary details, things that the dead father alone knew. He alone knew them, and as soon as the child was able to move independently, that is, at the age of five or six, he started trying to lead his former life again; he would say, "My children are waiting for me in that house, I must go and look after them"! He was a child, yet he said, "My children are waiting for me over there." And that house was where he had died. There were quite precise details that the dead father alone knew: he would say, "But I put that here, why did it go?" All kinds of things like that. This is a fairly recent case. There have been at least four or five recorded cases, therefore there is an afterlife. But what is it that lives after? Of course, in the case of that child, it's not the soul, it has nothing to do with the soul: it's beings of the Vital[68] (the mentalized vital) that remained intact and, because of some special circumstance, reincarnated immediately. So their previous life was still "quite fresh." The case of that child seems to me scientifically indisputable because they can't say, "He is mad," or "It's a hallucination" – he is a child and he speaks of "his children." There have been

other cases as convincing as this one (I don't remember them). But is this what they want to know? Or do they want to know whether there is a soul and whether it is immortal and ... In reality, they don't know anything. It's a question put by ignorant people. They should be told in the first place, "Excuse me! Before asking questions, you should study the problem."

There was the story of Ford, who had sent word to Sri Aurobindo and me that he was coming here to ask us the question that tormented him: "What happens after death?" And he said he was ready to give his fortune to whoever could answer him. Someone had told him, "Yes, Sri Aurobindo can answer you." So Ford had sent word that he was preparing to come and ask us his question. And then he died!

No, those are questions asked by ignorant people. They should first learn the matter and know what they're talking about.

There is the soul. There is the soul, which is quite simply an emanation of ... we can call it the supreme Consciousness, supreme Reality, supreme Truth, anything, whatever they like, it's all the same to me – any words they like. But anyway, the soul is an emanation of That, a direct emanation. In the body, That becomes clothed in the psychic being. The psychic being is a being which is progressively formed throughout all the existences. So are you talking about the soul, are you talking about the psychic being (which is first an embryo and eventually becomes a conscious, perfectly independent being), or are you simply talking of the life of an individual consciousness after death? Because that's yet another thing. There are proofs of that; but in that case, it's a quite vital consciousness of an inferior order, and it may happen to immediately come back into another body through some combination of circumstances (it was into the same family that the father had come back), and to come back with the memory. Otherwise, according to the experiences of those who have studied the question, it's only the psychic being in the process of being formed that retains the memory of its former existences. But it retains the memory of the material, purely physical existence ONLY FOR THOSE MOMENTS WHEN IT PARTICIPATED. So, instead of all those stories that are told (and are made up), you only have memories like that *(Mother draws a series of "points" in space with her fingertips),* which may be more or less detailed, more or less complete, but which are only fragmentary memories of the MOMENT when the psychic physically manifested. Lots of people do have this sort of memory, but they don't know what it is. Most of the time they regard it as "dreams" or "imaginings." Those who know (that is to say, who are conscious of what goes on in their physical consciousness) can see that it's memories.

The number of memories of this kind I've had is almost incalculable. But it doesn't have the same character as the memories of the higher consciousness (then it's not a "memory": it's a sort of vision the higher beings[69] have of life; but that's something else). The memories I speak of are memories of the psychic being, they have a different character: a rather personal character, I mean there is the sense of a PERSON remembering something. While the others, the visions from above, are

memories of an "acting consciousness." But the memories of the psychic being aren't mentalized, that is, if for instance at the time of the recollection you weren't paying attention to the way you were dressed or the surroundings, you don't remember them. You only remember what took place and especially what took place from the point of view of the consciousness and the feelings and the inner movements.

It's generally fragments – fragments of life – that were individualized, and when in the present life you follow a normal development with the [various beings] gathering around the central consciousness, all those elements come back to gather together. They come back, each with its own memories. For instance, I had a memory like that (I tell you, I've had hundreds of them) when I was very young (I must have been twenty or so). It wasn't at night, but I was lying down, resting: suddenly I felt myself riding a horse, with tremendous warlike power and the sense ... a will for victory and the POWER of victory. And I felt as if I was riding a horse: I saw a white horse, I saw my legs, with riding breeches, you understand, and a red velvet costume. And there I was, at a gallop. I couldn't tell what the head was like or anything, naturally! And also, the crowd, the armies, and the rising sun. It was so strong, the sense that ... it was the sense of the will for victory and the POWER of victory. It came just like that. Then, sometime later, I read somewhere the story of Murat (I forget ... I think his victory was Magenta[70] ... I no longer remember all that), and I immediately understood that my vision was at the moment of launching the battle: he had an inner call to a Power, so there was an identification [with Mother's power], and that's what I remembered and what came back. If I said (as the Theosophists tell you), "I was Murat," it would be stupid. But it was a consciousness coming back. It was so strong! The impression lasted long enough, with the sense of the battle but above all the sense of that POWER making you invincible. It was interesting, because at the time (it was just in the beginning, I was beginning to take interest in these things and I had just come across the "Cosmic" teaching), I was convinced that a woman's psychic being was always reincarnated in a woman and a man's psychic being was always reincarnated in a man (many schools teach that; Théon too believed so, he insisted on it). So it came as a surprise, because it wasn't in conformity with what I thought (!). Afterwards (long afterwards), I realized that naturally all those dogmas were nonsense, but ...

It fits with what I told you last time: the STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS are what reincarnate, evolving, developing, growing more perfect. That's rather how it was, that's how that memory came. It's like that with many memories. And I know that to say "states of consciousness are what reincarnate," to adopt that as the "sole" explanation would be incorrect – it's absolutely incorrect – but it's one way of looking at the question beyond the sense of the little personality. It broadens the consciousness: one has in oneself things far more universal and far less limited than personal experiences. Just as in life some people have an exceptional life, in the same way they also have exceptional moments in their life, when they no longer are one single little person: they are a force in action. That's

how it is.

Ultimately, this question (I read the question, it has been published somewhere and it was read to me) is a question asked by ignorant people. They ask you something, but they are ignorant. They should begin by studying the subject in the first place and learn something about it, then they would be able to understand the proof we can give them. Otherwise they won't understand it.

I was asked the question (by someone who sent me the article in the hope I would answer), I said, "No! They aren't ready for the answer; let them do their homework first, then we'll answer them."

They are ignorant people who want to be taught things – the ready-cooked dinner! *(Laughing)* That won't do.

November 9, 1966

(Satprem reads Mother a few excerpts from "The Sannyasin," in particular the scene in which the Sannyasin is standing with his back to the temple door, having lost both his "spiritual heaven" and the earth in the form of the one he loved.)

This image [of the Sannyasin with his back to the bronze door] was so strong, you know! ... Every time you mention it, I see my vision again.[71] It was so strong! There was the temple – only the door and the wall could be seen – and the top of a mountain with the abrupt slope downward. Then there was a narrow path between the temple and the precipice, and a roaring crowd surging up, coming up the path, and then ...

And I always, always see the same thing.

It MUST have existed, because it has the intensity of something that was physical.

> *In fact, in my first idea of the book, it was this child who was to die, and that's precisely what caused the people to riot and pursue this Sannyasin. Then I tried to present things without her dying.*

Yes, that's better. It's better without the mob's pursuit, otherwise it may suggest that fear is what drives him to the wall, and then it doesn't have the same force anymore.

The vision was a memory, that is, something which exists in the "earth memory." But that's no reason to make a story out of it. It's better for your book to have a deeper basis.

So then, is that when he has the reaction against asceticism?

Yes, because he has lost her. Not physically, but he loses her since she refuses. She says, "But now you are a Sannyasin, so it's over." He has fallen from his heaven to go to the other extreme and lead an ordinary life with her. And she says no. She says, "That's not what a new life is."

But won't it look like hankering after sexual enjoyment? Because that would bring the whole thing down to a very low level. Ill-disposed people would say, "Ah, of course, sexual desire is stronger than spiritual life."

It depends on the way it's put. This woman ... she isn't a woman, she is almost a girl. There has never been a love relationship between them; she is a twelve- to thirteen-year-old child and there is an ancient relationship. Even the word "love" hasn't been uttered between them. There is only a need to be together, a need for union. She feels a oneness between this Sannyasin and her, it's a being together, and she feels that being together doesn't mean to "marry." But she feels the union, the oneness with him.

Ah, it would be such a good thing from the general point of view if people could be made to understand that true love has nothing to do with sexual relationship, with vital attraction, even with sentimental relationships, that none of this has anything to do with true love.[72] But people don't understand. Even when they use the word "love," they immediately think of sexual union, and that's disastrous, it completely warps the idea.

I don't know, I haven't read Pavitra's book *On Love.* Have you? Is the point clear in his book?

(Satprem makes a face)

It's not clear?

I find there's something false in his book – something false or falsely expressed.

False?

According to him, there are two paths: the "outward path" and the "return path." The outward path is people going away from the Lord, living the life of the world, being husband, wife, etc. Then the return path is the "true path," the path of the return to the Lord, in which all those things are a hindrance.... So, to me, that's a falsehood.

Naturally!

Because what's this "outward path" going far away from the Lord and

this "return path" in which human relationships are merely a hindrance?... The return is, on the contrary, when one has gone all the way up ...

Yes, and one brings the Divine back down.

Exactly.

Yes, that's the return.

But for him the return is climbing back to the Lord – and then?...

Then it's the end of life!

I was very shocked when I read it. I felt like telling him, then I kept silent ... [Mother approves]. As for me, I had always seen the return as the descending path.

It's the Lord coming down.

It's the Truth coming down. The return isn't climbing up, it's not that; that's the outward path, on the contrary.

But of course, that's the outward path. It began with the stone – the stone – and one sees very clearly the difference between the stone and plants, plants and animals, animals and men. One sees quite clearly all Matter striving and striving and striving towards the Lord – that's the outward journey. It has been like that since the beginning. It climbs up with all its errors, all its confusion, all its falsehoods, all its distortions – but it's EVERYTHING that climbs up. And the return is what is described in the "message" I am going to give on 4.5.67 [May 4, 1967]: "the prison changed into a divine mansion."[73]

As a matter of fact, in the book I am writing I show that when one has touched that Light, it's the turning point before coming back down; that the truth isn't the end up above – up above, it's one half.

Yes, *(laughing)* it's the beginning of the end!

My whole book is based on that.

That's very important. Because all those who begin by being disgusted with life, their first movement is to get away – all of them. I receive truckloads of letters: as soon as they are disgusted with life, as soon as it stops being something marvelous, "Oh, enough! I want to get away, I want to get away." That's indeed the first movement: you climb up above, but it will be to come back down and change things HERE – it's not to abolish them, but to change them.

Buddha represented the height of abolition. He led to abolition and represented the height of abolition. Very well, but ... That's when the summit was reached, when the summit was seen. But we must come back down.

They don't understand, they are still up above, all of them.

Yes, that's what I am saying. His entire book is like that: the outward path leads away from the Lord, and on the return path, you climb back to the Lord. [Turning to Sujata:] It's put like that in his book, isn't it?

(Sujata:) That book ... I don't know, I found it a little odd.

Going back to the Divine, yes, that's Nirvana.

Only, as soon as you are there and in contact with the Divine, he tells you, "Go down! Don't stay here, it's not your place!"

But, you know, I am desperately struggling against all those who conceive of spiritual life as ... brrt! you go off. That's just the beginning. As for me, I always answer with the story of Buddha: as he was about to enter Nirvana, he suddenly realized that the earth had to be changed ... and stayed on.

I remember, once, it was with Madame David-Neel. It's very interesting. She came to give a lecture (I wasn't acquainted with her, that's where I met her for the first time), I think it was at the Theosophical Society (I forget). I went to the lecture, and while she was speaking, I saw Buddha – I saw him clearly: not above her head, a little to the side. He was present. So after the lecture, I was introduced to her (I didn't know the kind of woman she was!), and I said to her, "Oh, Madam, during your speech I saw Buddha present." She answered me *(in a furious tone),* "Impossible! Buddha is in Nirvana!" *(Mother laughs)* Oho!... "Better keep quiet!" I thought.

But he really was there, whatever she thought!

That's what it is: going away.

I didn't understand why Pavitra, who is here, wrote like that.

No, I understand his thought quite well: he see things too closely, mon petit! He sees that all the effort of the earth must be towards the Divine, towards union with the Divine; he sees ... (how should I put it?) what precedes, and sees it too closely, not from a sufficient distance. So then, for him, the return is the return towards the Divine.

But if he were told, "Abolition, Nirvana," he would say, "No, no! not at all." Only, he doesn't see that.

In reality, it's a threefold movement: the creation, which was the "flight from the Divine" (according, of course, to the ordinary conception which says that the creation "fell," it "wandered away" from the Divine and men "wandered away" from the Divine); that was the first movement. But that's because he sees it too closely; he doesn't see that the Divine plunged to the very bottom of the Inconscient. (And that's the question: Why did He plunge to the very bottom of the Inconscient?... That's to be "investigated" *[Mother laughs],* one doesn't yet know how to explain it: everyone explains it differently.) He plunged to the very bottom (as for me, I think I know why, but that will be for later). He plunged to

the very bottom of the Inconscient: beneath the stone *(Mother makes a gesture of immutability, at the very bottom),* beneath the mineral; the mineral is already a first awakening of the consciousness.... But you have to see it as a whole to understand that it's an ascent. If you see human life as it is, the impression is that men become lost in the "fall," but that's the result of the Mind; the Mind needed to go through the whole experience, to go down to the very bottom in order to understand everything and bring everything back towards the ascent. For plants, it's really an ascent. Thus, according to this vision, there are three movements. But if you see the whole simultaneously, there are only two movements: the first movement is the descent of the Lord into the Inconscient (we can't say anything about that for the moment; once we have emerged from it, we'll be able to say); the second (the first we can conceive of) is, very, very slowly, through all possible experiences, even the most complete mental denials of the Divine, the ascent towards the Divine. And then, once we have climbed up ... *(Mother makes a gesture of descent),* "Come, come here: change this prison into the mansion of the Divine."

That will be very good, a very good "message" for 4.5.67.

Four is manifestation. Five is power. Six is creation, and seven is realization. Four figures in a wonderful sequence. Here is realization (you want realization?), here it is: the prison turned into the Divine's mansion. People say, "The earth is hopeless, it's done for...." See! It will be fine.

* * *

If man hadn't thought it was a "fall," he would never have had the will to climb up again. He needed to think it was a "fall" – but it's not a fall, it's ... something else, which I am now discovering.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, white translating into French the "message" for 4.5.67 (May 4, 1967), Mother stops at a word, the French for which doesn't come to her.)

... I never think of anything – oh, that's a blessing, you know, mon petit! I never think of anything without good reason! I am like this *(gesture of immobile contemplation, turned upward).* The only thing that's formulated with words is: "Lord, You ... what You will, what You know, what You do, there is only You. You." Like that *(same gesture of immobility).* And all of a sudden, without thinking about it, without looking for it, plop! a drop of light – ah! It's convenient.

November 12, 1966

Yesterday was Kali puja,[74] and in English I would say, *She has been outspoken.* In the afternoon, she expressed ... (laughing) her "view of things."

She was displeased?

(Mother nods her head) And it was amusing, because it wasn't just here, it wasn't just the earth, but it was a displeasure even at the way of acting of Nature's forces.... See this irony: yesterday morning I got a telegram – an S.O.S. from Bihar, telling me that they have no drinking water, they are in a dreadful condition of drought and deprivation, and calling for help. At the same time, here the waters are rising again and there is a threat of flood! The irony of it is ridiculous. Thereupon she began saying her "view of things." She said rather amusing things (it was in the afternoon).

Then, when she had left, I started laughing and I said, "Don't worry! I, for one, am laughing." *(Mother laughs)* So hearts were comforted.

What did she say?

She got angry, she told me, "Disorder, incoherence, lack of organization," and so on.

What will have to happen in the world to get some order in things?

That's just the question.... No, she put it the other way around: "What will have to happen to YOU people so you start wanting to be conscious? How much *(gesture of hammering)* will you need to ..."

Anyway ...

But I found it particularly ironic: in the morning they had just told me, "The flood is starting up again, the stream is rising"; then a telegram: "We're dying of thirst, everything has dried up"!

Quite symbolic.

Yes, disorder – lack of equilibrium.

November 15, 1966

... I am nonexistent.

Tired?

No, absolutely gone *(gesture above)*. I realize it's absolutely useless to want anything and that nothing gets done.... Nonexistent. See the time, it's 10:45. I have given up. I am just a robot good for signing papers, that's all. Whether I want or don't want ... Of course, "I" stopped wanting long ago, but anyway, for me to express a necessity is absolutely useless. Absolutely.

I am truly gone.

Don't go away!

Oh, it doesn't matter. This *(Mother points to her body)* is still here!

You know, one thing upon another, one upon another, in every field: I see what must be and what is true, and everything, but everything, combines for it to be otherwise, so ... *(same gesture of withdrawal above)*. I am not going to worry myself sick! – I withdraw. I become the Witness again.

One really doesn't understand the Grace.

I think no one can understand it!

Listen, just this morning I received a note asking me, "Why doesn't the Truth act?" I am going to read you my answer.... It's always the same (it's the continuation of a whole exchange of letters):

> "... It is obvious that the solution lies in the Truth."

So why the delay?

> "Because the Truth is supremely destructive of Falsehood and ill will; were It to act at once on the world as it is, little of it would remain.... It is patiently preparing its advent."

It's true, I feel this: the resistance is so TOTAL that were "That" to go like this *(gesture of descent on the earth),* nothing would be left!

But for those who are on the right side, of course it's actively with them.

(Mother gives Satprem flowers)

You don't understand the Grace?... You'll see, one day you will understand it.

It's not that I understand it, but I mean that "one" doesn't understand it.

"One"!... *(Mother laughs)* Mon petit, I am going to be very crude: "one" doesn't care a hoot!

I mean the grace of your presence here.

Oho! *(Mother laughs)* Oh, if that's what you mean, "one" doesn't care two hoots!

(silence)

There is very strongly – very strongly – the sensation of a Power ... the sensation that the descending Power is so awesome in comparison with ... Oh, in comparison how small, flimsy, without force, without generosity, without breadth everything seems! You know, I see a considerable number of people: now and then something like a very thin ray or a drop of That falls, and the person who's there starts trembling! Without knowing why, he starts trembling. So?...

And it happens constantly.

Only the children don't. They are so innocent. There's this little Asha who comes every morning. (She is the one who decided, I wasn't supposed to say no! She said, "I am coming.") She comes every morning. In the beginning she used to do a "pranam," but a serious one: she would remain there, rolling her head on my feet! But now she has found something else: she comes, doesn't say a word to anyone, looks at the people in the room, and when she sees everybody very busy, she slips under my table, catches hold of my hand, and then begins to play with it – kissing it, turning it, pulling it. Then when she has finished this side, she comes to the other side! And with such lovely joy and trust, so lovely, so trusting: "Oh, how a-mus-ing this is!"

That's nice.

Children are like that.

Others, when they come in, instantly start howling. They come in and can't stand it: they can't, they refuse, it's a sort of rage that comes into them (they are very few).

But they are very spontaneous. Those who are here come and cling tight to my knees, they turn and roll and don't want to leave again!

It called to mind certain experiences of long ago (right at the beginning, at least two years before coming here for the first time). I didn't know Sri Aurobindo, but I knew the "Cosmic" and was studying, working earnestly at occultism (I didn't yet know Théon, either). I was deep in my own experiences. That was in Paris. I used to go about by bus or by the metro, and there were people (it didn't happen just once but quite a few times), for instance a woman with her child: the child would abruptly leave his mother (three- or four-year-old children, very young, just beginning to run) and come to me. It happened several times. As for me, I was simply in my meditation, unaware of anything or anyone. All of a sudden a child would tear himself away from his mother and come, poff! and cling to me like that, clutching my knees. Then the mother would beg my pardon, thinking *(Mother laughs)* it was quite ill-mannered! But I would say, "No, that's quite all right!"

I remember, it happened several times. And my impression was that when I was tranquil, something (which wasn't human at all) was there, quietly acting through me (I wasn't even occupied with it) and doing it. That was my very clear impression. I even did some experiments at that time. For instance, once, in a bus, there was a man who was tense and weeping; you could see he was utterly

wretched. Then without stirring, unnoticed, I saw that "Force" going out towards that man, and little by little, his face relaxed, everything calmed down, he grew quiet. This also happened several times. And that's how I knew ... Because at the time I wasn't very well informed yet; I always felt the Power up above, but didn't know what it was – there was a "Force" that would come like that and act quietly. It's the same thing now, but fully conscious. It's the same thing: something that takes hold of the body. The body participates (meaning that it doesn't at all feel it's "acting," it almost doesn't feel itself), it's only aware of a ... oh, so warm, so sweet a vibration, and at the same time so ter-ri-bly powerful! It comes like that, and the body doesn't need to want or try or anything: it doesn't think, doesn't strive, doesn't stir *(Mother makes a gesture of bathing wholly in the Lord):* it's spontaneous and natural.

Sometimes, when it's tired or something isn't quite all right or ... (that always comes from a contact with outside; afterwards I see, I know what the cause was, but while it's happening there is simply a discomfort or a disorganization), then, oh, it's exactly like a child's trusting abandon in ... something ... which is everywhere, around it, inside it, there, like this *(enveloping gesture).* And the body's aspiration is just, "May That alone exist." All the rest ... oof! it's nothing at all, a nuisance. "May That alone exist.... If That alone existed, what a marvelous world this would be!"

That's how it feels. All the rest is either a bother or deeply ridiculous. Oh, often it's so ridiculous! At any rate, so flimsy, so dry, like a bad performance. And what becomes quite comical, truly amusing and comical is ... *(Mother puffs up her cheeks)* when the ego swells up! Oh, then...! The egos that assert themselves, that come and tell you, "I want this, I don't want that, I have decided that ..." Oh, mon petit, that's the *big fun!* And they don't in the least see that they are puppets.

* * *

Not last night but the night before, I again spent the whole night with Sri Aurobindo, at least four hours in that subtle physical world. He has quite a beautiful abode there! It's magnificent – magnificent. And it's not fluid: it's very concrete, yet at the same time not fixed! It has a suppleness that adapts to all necessities. It's really interesting.

But it's still a phase of preparation and adaptation: it's not final. It's not final: there are experiments, trials. It's extremely supple, it's in a phase of formation, as though it were preparing for a manifestation, or rather, "learning" to be what it must be. It's very interesting.

November 19, 1966

(Mother holds out a small rose to Satprem:)

I have a lovely rose for you. Do you know what it is?

No, Mother.

I thought as much!

What is it?

It's true tenderness: that of the Divine. People don't know, they always think of something very human. But it's not human ... *(Mother closes her eyes and remains standing in concentration)* It's extremely luminous, rose-colored, slightly golden ... always smiling.... It's a very particular sensation. *(After a long silence)* Everything is like a beautiful pink rose – a beautiful rose. It's better than that, much better ... (how can I put it?). No difficulties can exist – they don't exist [when one is in that Tenderness]. It's the side of life ("of life," I mean of the manifestation) which is all beauty, smile, peace and light – spontaneously, effortlessly, with an impossibility for anything else to exist. It's very particular. And it's very high up, very high up.... Yet, now and then I see a drop of it here. The first time I saw it ... *(Mother wobbles on her feet).* I must sit down because I'm going away!

(Mother sits down and resumes) It can only be realized in a world devoid of egoism. Which means that when the whole action of individualization is over and there is no more need for the element of egoism, then it will be possible for "that" to be fully manifested.

We could call it the "sweetness of Love," but the word "sweet" is a little wishy-washy. It's much better than sweet. It's something without difficulties: no difficulties happen, it doesn't know difficulties, it ignores them entirely – there are no difficulties, they don't exist. So, when it manifests, there are no difficulties. Then, naturally, it can't stay here because ... because there are still difficulties!

Anyway ...

* * *

Soon afterwards

Has one of the new pieces of Ashram gossip reached you two?... I am supposed to have said that Maheshwari[75] has manifested in a golden light, that Sri Aurobindo has come (where from, I don't know!) and said that the world wasn't

ready and that was why there are catastrophes and cyclones – haven't you heard the story? Anyway, I denied it. First, I said, "Where could Sri Aurobindo come from? He is always here, so he doesn't need to come!"

The story is unimportant, except that some people were distraught: they were expecting the end of the world! Sri Aurobindo saying "the world isn't ready" means it's coming to an end!

Anyway, yesterday (I think it's in answer to this story of Maheshwari and Sri Aurobindo saying the world isn't ready), I wrote something in French, but it was under the pressure of Sri Aurobindo's consciousness. He said *(Mother takes a note and reads):*

"According to the law of men, the guilty must be punished. But there is a more imperative law than the human law: it is the law of the Divine, the law of compassion and mercy. It is thanks to this law that the world can last and progress ...

The vision was so clear. It was such a clear vision.... If you follow this law of the guilty who must be punished, then little by little, with the unfolding of things, everything should be punished! *(Mother laughs)* Nothing would remain! So Sri Aurobindo said:

"It is thanks to this law that the world can last and progress towards Truth and Love."

The guilty must be punished! ... It's always the same idea; men always have that idea: the guilty must be punished – but where does that lead to??

(silence)

I also wrote another thing. I told you that on the day of Kali puja she came and was displeased. So I wrote *(Mother takes another note and reads):*

"They know what should not be done They know what should be done They know how to do it They know everything! ... Yet, of all factors, mental arrogance is the most unfavorable to the action of the divine Grace."

This notation, you know, was purely and simply a question of vibration; it was the vibration of mental arrogance (which is perceptible, clear, absolutely clear). It came and took up the whole space ... *(Mother makes a gesture of puffing up),* it took up a lot of space! ... It took up the whole space, and then, this very tranquil, very calm Action, so ... noiseless, without ado, unassuming; it goes like this *(gesture of imperturbable descent),* with perfect simplicity – and it was absolutely blocked, it couldn't get through! So I wrote this note.

"They know what should not be done
They know what should be done
They know everything! ..."

It was the result of Kali. And it was a very strong experience (a material one, here; not far away: here). Something has been clarified since it was said. There was a sort of absolute need to say it. And something has been clarified.[76]

I should also say that ever since financial affairs started being none too bright,

all manner of things have been reaching my ears.... There are big difficulties. I am obliged to tell people that I can't pay and they shouldn't spend needlessly, and on the other hand, I am looking, trying to find where the obstacle is.... Because the power to attract money remains as it has always been (and it's considerable), so there should be no difficulties. So I wrote this note because I see clearly in people's thought, they all keep saying, "Oh, we should do this, oh, we shouldn't do that, oh, if Mother did this, oh, if Mother didn't do that...." Some are bold enough to say it, others aren't but think that way – there are very few who don't think that way. And still fewer say to themselves, "I'd better not be concerned with it because I don't understand the first thing about it." So I was as if compelled to take the pen and write that down: "They know what should be done, they know ..." *(Mother makes a gesture of hammering the disciples' heads).* And it has done a lot of good.

Did I tell you last time that in Bihar, the rain started that very evening?... I found out how it occurred. It's P. who flew over Bihar, and he saw a desert, devastation: dry, dry, dry, nothing growing, cracked earth. Then he remembered certain experiences here.[77] When he reached the airport, he was received officially and said, "I would like to see the Chief Minister in private, without anyone else." He saw him and told him an experience he had had and had witnessed here [at Pondicherry]. And he said, "Why don't you ask Mother?" The other answered quite spontaneously, "It would be better if you asked for us!" Then he sent his telegram. The same evening it started raining. He wrote, saying, "This first rain has been like divine nectar to me." He said that people there were entirely trusting and as well-disposed as could be. And he saw a relation between those droughts, those natural catastrophes, and the forces that stop money from coming; he saw they were affected by that experience of unexpected rain. For example, at the same time (a day or two later), he met some people who aren't rich (the husband has a good position, but they aren't rich: they have a family, children). For some reason or other the husband had been given a compensation of 10,000 rupees by the government, and quite spontaneously and naturally they went and saw P. and said to him, "You must give this to Mother." He asked the lady, "But why do you give all this?" She spontaneously answered, "But what would I do with this money? I don't need it." In other words, the true attitude. So it immediately made P. think that something is on the move.

And I saw this note of yesterday as indicative of the key (I mean "inwardly," in the universal attitudes). It was all clearly seen: men always believe that the guilty must be punished, that it's the way out of the difficulty, but the true way is compassion and mercy. It's not that you are ignorant of the true movement and the false one, but you have SPONTANEOUS mercy, effortlessly – and at all times. The vision was very clear that this is how progress is possible – if the fault were always punished, there wouldn't be anyone left to progress!

That's the conclusion.

Do you know that I am going to be given some money!

Oh, you're a rich man!
But how come? You've already told me this.... When did you get the news?

Five or six days ago.

You "told" me before you came last time.

I didn't tell you because I was waiting for it to come.

No, but you don't need to tell me! *(Mother laughs)* That's how it is now. It's very interesting. I saw it: everything comes in that way. How can I explain?... It's not words, not thoughts, it's something absolutely concrete which comes as if on a screen. And it's a screen inside my consciousness: it's not outside, the screen is inside my consciousness and things come like that. It's not words, not thoughts, not feelings, it's ... "something." And I know. And it doesn't at all come in an objective way, I mean, it's not as if someone were telling me, "Satprem is going to receive his pension," not at all: it's a "movement of life" in which Satprem, pension, government, all mingle *(Mother turns one hand inside the other in a sort of fluid intermingling)*. It lives, it takes shape, and afterwards I say to myself, "Oh, that's what it was!"

If I were in a superficial consciousness I would ask myself, "Why am I thinking of this?" But I don't "think" of it and it's not a thought ... *(same fluid gesture)* ... it's a life being organized.

It's very interesting. I must learn to receive things accurately. I don't objectify them, of course (meaning that I don't put them on another screen where they would become objective knowledge), I don't do that at all, so I can't play the prophet – otherwise, what a prophet I'd be!... From the smallest things to the biggest: cyclones, earthquakes, revolutions, all that, and then very small things, very small, even much smaller than a "pension," a tiny little circumstance of life, or something that's going to come, like a gift someone has sent me or ... very small things, very small, totally unimportant in appearance – everything is shown with the same value! There is no "big," no "small," no "important," no "unimportant." And it's constantly like that!

Yesterday, lots and lots of things kept coming in that way while I was walking in the afternoon. Then I stayed quiet, still, for five or ten minutes after the walk as usual, and more kept coming and coming. So I said to the Lord, "Can't I have five minutes of peace and quiet with You!" *(Mother laughs)* If you knew this atmosphere, this light of laughter, and such a wonderful laughter – so wonderfully ... merciful, in fact, and understanding and tender, oh! ... So I said to myself, "Really, what an imbecile I am!"

It's becoming a really interesting life.

And the habit of constantly complaining about difficulties, oh, how futile, useless all that seemed – a waste of time. We waste our time protesting against what mustn't be – we just shouldn't think about it! We shouldn't be conscious of it, that's all! It should be outside the consciousness; when we are able to have a

purely luminous consciousness, this perfectly harmonious, luminous, benevolent consciousness ... free, ultimately, from all that we drag along from a difficult past.

That's it: the power to free oneself from the past, not to drag that behind forever – to surge into the light ... and stay there.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother again looks at her notes before filing them, and reads aloud a passage from one of them:)

"... The most unfavorable to the action of the divine Grace."[78]

Some words express a vibration perfectly. That's yet another experience: there is the word translating the vibration perfectly, and the others giving a hazy and uncertain effect. Some words fit perfectly together: "Unfavorable to the action of the divine Grace ..."

* * *

(Then Mother takes up the translation of a passage from "Savitri." Curiously enough, this very morning, before going to see Mother, Satprem looked at this passage and thought of two possible ways to translate a particular word.)

When darkness deepens strangling the earth's breast
And man's corporeal mind is the only lamp,
As a thief's in the night shall be the covert tread
Of one who steps unseen into his house.

(I.IV.55)

Yet another example: *Quelqu'un entrera INAPERÇU dans sa maison* ["One who steps UNSEEN into his house"]. It came on the "screen" this morning (so much comes that it's impossible to remember, but it's so interesting), and when *inaperçu* [unseen] came, I told you, "Yes, that's better."[79]

It's strange. It's almost ... (if there were time to remember precisely), it's almost like a memory in advance.

Strange.

* * *

A few lines below, Mother hesitates between two translations:

And earth [shall] grow unexpectedly divine.

It's again the quality of the vibration: *sans s'y attendre* ["without expecting it"] is fuller – it's fuller, more golden. The other, *d'une façon inattendue* ["in an unexpected way"] is a bit cold and dry.

"Et sans s'y attendre, la Terre deviendra divine ..."

November 23, 1966

After reading an excerpt from the debate with Death:

If God there is he cares not for the world;
All things he sees with calm indifferent gaze,
He has doomed all hearts to sorrow and desire,
He has bound all life with his implacable laws;
He answers not the ignorant voice of prayer.
Eternal while the ages toil beneath,
Unmoved, untouched by aught that he has made,
He sees as minute details mid the stars
The animals's agony and the fate of man:
Immeasurably wise, he exceeds thy thought;
His solitary joy needs not thy love.

(X.IV.646)

Yes, but we need his joy.

All this was said to me this morning. Absolutely the same thing (with different words, but the very same thing), and not "said": lived, as if I were shown the thing so as to feel it. And I said, "Why? Why this test? What's the use?" It was my body that said, "What's the use?" Then it stopped.

I said, "Why? What does it all mean?" I didn't contradict, didn't argue, just this "What's the use?" *(Mother gestures as if to sweep away a speck of dust)*

You know, what the consciousness of this body is made to live is a sort of intensive discipline, at a gallop – every minute counts.

But it copes well, I can't deny it.[80]

We'll see how it stands the shock (that's quite the point!).

So this other Gentleman [Death] would say, "See! See there, the kind of pity

people have for you!" But I answer, "I don't need pity.... *(laughing)* That's not what I want: I want the victory."

It's interesting.

Oh, if you knew what a crowd there is! ... And at the last minute, people come and tell me, "I've just arrived, I want to see you." Very well, I say, "All right." We'll extend the day! *(Mother laughs)*

Ah, good-bye, my children, stay very quietly at home. Very quietly. It's enough if there is one who "toils"! I'd really like it to be that way, I regret it's necessary for some to be ill,[81] why? ... Oh, I know why, but ... It's a pity.

It's the Grace learning its lesson. It learns that It isn't yet as It should be.... You understand, there are always two ways of looking at things; we can say, "The world isn't ready" and look at it with a smile (it's a ... what can we call it?... We could call it a selfish way), and the other way, which is to say, "I am not capable yet. If I were really capable, all this [illnesses, catastrophes, etc.] wouldn't be necessary, everything would be done in a harmonious rhythm."

We could very well say, "The Divine is learning his lesson." *(Laughing)* He has everything to learn! When He knows it well, the world will be as it should be, that's all.

Why not? We could just as well say that: the one is as true as the other.

November 26, 1966

(Mother looks very tired. This morning she did not eat anything nor did she receive anyone. When Satprem comes in, she gives him flowers and soup packets received from Israel:)

But you are the one who doesn't eat!

I didn't feel like it. Yet these soups are about the only thing I take.... But you understand, I don't do any exercise, the whole day long I stay without moving, so I really shouldn't overeat!

But the body still needs to be nourished, doesn't it?

I don't know.... Because attacks multiply tremendously, and today, for instance, I found only one solution, which was to stay lying down: while it was going on, not to eat anything, not to say anything, not to move. Then it's all right. As soon as I stop moving, eating, acting, it's all right.

It's been a long time since these attacks last came. I told you several times that

I was able to resist the attack, but this time, this morning, it was formidable. Formidable. It was exactly like this Gentleman [Death] trying to uproot everything. So I resisted and resisted, then suddenly ... it could no longer walk, I had to lie down and stay still. And also not eat – I didn't feel like eating. I can eat only when everything is fine.

As soon as there is stillness and contemplation, it's fine.

(silence)

No, there is an insistence (the same insistence as this Gentleman's, at any rate) on the impossibility of the thing, and it gives such obvious proof.... Naturally, the inside doesn't budge, it smiles – it doesn't budge – but the body ... that gives it terrible tension. Because it's very conscious of its infirmity (it can't boast of being transformed), very conscious that it's millions of miles away from transformation. So ... so it doesn't take much to convince it. What's more difficult is to give it the certitude that things will be different. It doesn't even understand very well how they can be different. Then there come all other beliefs, all other so-called revelations, the heavens and so on. The whole of Christianity and Islam have very easily solved the problem: "Oh, no, things here will never be fine, but over there they can be perfect." That goes without saying. Then there is the whole of Nirvanism and Buddhism: "The world is an error that must disappear." So it all comes in waves, and the body feels very ... you understand, it would like to have a certitude of its possibility. That doesn't often happen to it. But the attack was too strong; it was from everything and everywhere at the same time, so strong: "This Matter CANNOT be transformed." So it fought and fought and fought, and suddenly it was obliged to lie down. But as soon as it lies down and abandons itself completely, there is Peace, and such a strong Peace – so strong, so powerful. Then it's fine.

It came with hosts of suggestions (they aren't suggestions: they are formations), adverse formations of disorganization; like, for instance the one C. [one of Mother's attendants, who has just fallen ill] received. I was warned two days beforehand and tried my best: I couldn't – I couldn't, he gave way. So now it's dragging on and on (the doctor himself says there's no reason for it to last so long), it's dragging on because he gave way. So all that must be slowly won back. And it comes to everyone, to every circumstance – not to me, never to me because it has no effect on me: if the suggestion comes, I say, "So what! I don't care." So it doesn't try, it's useless. But it comes to everyone, to disorganize everything and everyone, one after another. This morning, it was everybody at the same time, a complete disorganization of everything. I resisted and resisted and resisted, then suddenly something ... *(Mother makes a gesture)*. So the body said, "All right."

If I stay still, it's over. I skipped a meal. The doctor is unhappy, but *(laughing)* it makes ME happy! Meals are work (a lot of work).

It's the first time this year it has happened to me. Previously, it used to happen fairly often, but it's the first time this year. It shows that, all the same, things are improving.... Oh, but it was terrible, people can't imagine what it is! It takes hold

of everyone and everybody, every circumstance and everything, and it gives shape to disintegration – quite like this Gentleman (I think he's the one!), quite like him. But it doesn't have the poetic form [of *Savitri*], of course, it's not a poet: it has all the meanness of life. And it insists on that a great deal. These last few days it insisted on it a great deal. I said to myself, "See, all that is written and said is always in a realm of beauty and harmony and greatness, and, anyway, the problem is put with dignity; but as soon as it becomes quite practical and material, it's so petty, so mean, so narrow, so ugly! ..." That's the proof. When you get out of it, it's all right, you can face all problems, but when you come down here, it's so ugly, so petty, so miserable.... We are such slaves to our needs, oh! ... For one hour, two hours, you hold on, and after ... And it's true, physical life is ugly – not everywhere, but anyway ... I always think of plants and flowers: that's really lovely, it's free from that; but human life is so sordid, with such crude and imperious needs – it's so sordid.... It's only when you begin to live in a slightly superior vision that you become free from that; in all the Scriptures, very few people accept the sordidness of life. And of course, that's what this Gentleman insists on. I said, "Very well." This body's answer is very simple: "We certainly aren't anxious that life should continue as it is." It doesn't find it very pretty. But we conceive of a life – a life as objective as our material life – which wouldn't have all these sordid needs, which would be more harmonious and spontaneous. That's what we want. But he says it's impossible – we have been "told" it's not only possible but certain. So there's the battle.

Then comes the great argument: "Yes, yes, one day it will be, but when?... For the time being you are still swamped in all this and you plainly see it can't change. It will go on and on. In millennia, yes, it will be." That's the ultimate argument. He no longer denies the possibility, he says, "All right, because you have caught hold of something, you're hoping to realize it now, but that's childishness."

So the body itself says, "But of course, I certainly accept that, I perfectly understand! That's not what I want; I don't want this thing or that: I simply want what the Lord wants, nothing else – what He has decided will be. When He says it's over, it will be over; if He says it is to go on, it will go on." But then, as this Gentleman can't have his way like this, it comes from every side: this or that individual, this or that thing, that circumstance, all of it, all of it is going to be disorganized. Then I start working [to thwart the attack].

Today it was really very clever – very clever. He is very clever.

He is a big joker.

There.

So I haven't done my work, haven't done a thing. But I decided I would see you – not to work but to see you.

(silence)

To protect others, it's very effective, because I start working and struggling. The only argument for this body is: "You plainly see it goes on deteriorating, so what are you hoping for?... It will go on deteriorating until it stops."

But if one looks at it without prejudice, quite objectively, it's only an appearance of deterioration: it's not true. On the contrary, on certain points it's much more solid than it used to be.

The most important point is what we could call the "unreality of deterioration," in other words, everything that isn't harmonious or is disorganized increasingly gives the sense of an illusion – it's increasingly an illusion – and the sense that a certain inner movement of consciousness would be enough for that not to be.

There, the problem comes up again. Because there are various detailed experiences (in tiny details), detailed experiences of different attitudes of consciousness to find out which of them is effective. It's a whole field of study. It's microscopic, of course, but extremely interesting. And then, the answer is always the same; it's so lovely: "When you forget that you are, when there only remains the Lord, all difficulties instantly disappear." Instantly: the previous second, the difficulty was there; the next second, gone. But it's not something that can be done artificially; it's not some mental or personal will to take this attitude: it must be spontaneous. And when it's spontaneous, then all difficulties INSTANTLY disappear.

Stop existing – the Lord alone exists.

And it's the only remedy.

But how to do this?... You understand, *surrender,* self-giving, acceptance, all that is really being done more and more, better and better, but it's not enough – it's not enough. That's the point. Even the attempt of the consciousness to center on the Lord's existence and to try and forget, even that isn't enough. It has some effect, but a mixed one: that's not "it." But when you succeed in ... ceasing to exist – the Lord alone – instantly there's a glory, that's what is marvelous!

But it's difficult. There is a very old habit that makes it be otherwise.

Yet it's the only remedy, there is no other. It's not even a *surrender* (the word "surrender" isn't the true one because there is still "something surrendering," and that's not it), it's not even an annihilation because nothing is annihilated.... I can't explain: only the Lord exists, nothing else. And then, what a marvel! Instantly a marvel.

And in microscopic details, you know; it's not a question of "important" or "interesting" things, nothing of the sort: it applies to a cellular action. And it's the only remedy.

When will Matter be ready for "that"? That's the question.

Inwardly it's easy, but outwardly ... There is all of a sudden, especially in the brain's matter, here *(gesture to the temples),* that movement of descent, of the Lord taking possession, and then outwardly you feel as if you're fainting. That's why you can't remain standing and have to lie down; but when you lie down, it's almost instantaneous, everything disappears: the sense of time, of difficulty, absolutely everything – there only remains a luminous immensity, peaceful and so strong! That's the day's lesson. *(Mother laughs)* Good, we have taken one more step – a big step.

November 30, 1966

Are things better than last time?

Oh, it's all right.

These are decisive moments ... they come now and then. From an occult point of view it's a well-known phenomenon: Théon told me about it, so did Madame Théon. But when you have gone through it, afterwards things are immediately better, there is quite a considerable improvement.

But there are lots of people doing a kind of black magic.

Again?

Yes, a great many. I have been told this several times, but naturally ... There are a great many of those so-called *swamis* and *sadhus* who are quite simply tricksters, but they have a rudimentary occult knowledge in a field where, unfortunately, it takes very little knowledge to be able to do a lot of *mischief.* There are lots of them – not one or two, but lots. And I know people who went and saw them, who begged them and tried to make them intervene [against Mother]. They have turned either against people around me or against myself. Not many against myself, but one or two of them think they are the "lords of the world," and therefore completely *immune,* so they have tried, but ... It can cause a little friction, that's all, it's nothing. But when it's directed towards people around me, it's more difficult to counter because there is always ... there's always a slight response. They aren't pure enough. Then it gives me a lot of trouble. That's what happened last time, it was towards all those around me: it gave me a lot of work.

With C. [Mother's attendant, who had fallen sick] I did think it was something of the sort, because two days beforehand I was warned about a formation: a formation which came with a grimacing face and told me, "It's over and done with all C.'s fine work." You know, they are very small consciousnesses with a big spitefulness, and also some rage or other – why? Towards something they don't understand. And then, they use a rather rudimentary occult knowledge. I did what had to be done, but in the beginning I didn't think it was exactly magic: there were lots of reasons. Then, yesterday, C. himself had a dream in which someone was chasing after him (someone or something, he didn't know exactly what), and he ran and ran to escape. He ran till he woke up, and he woke up completely out of breath, as exhausted as if he had really run. Then I said to myself that what I had thought was correct.

Last night I was attacked: I saw two huge black beasts, like bulls, or

bison, rather, huge, with gigantic breasts – "forces," really, all black. One of them paid no attention to me, but the other came charging at me, to attack me, so I ran, and then I woke up.

Oh, there too ...

And strangely, I saw the other beast that didn't attack me: someone came up to it, laid his hand on it, and it lay down quite gently. It's strange – that sort of huge power lying down like a docile animal. But the other one came attacking me.

(Mother concentrates for a moment) Well, that's it. That's it. But there are lots of them, you know! I could say at least a hundred, constantly, at all times.

Men are really imbeciles: what they don't understand they hate. Instead of saying, "I don't understand this, so I won't bother about it, that's all," no, they hate it! They want to destroy it.

* * *

Soon afterwards

An American wrote to say how sad it was to see all this disorder in India (a very nice letter), and at the end he said, "If all of India could be a large Sri Aurobindo Ashram, then she would go on and on progressing." It was very nice.

There is clearly a great movement.... Yesterday again I saw a man who was governor of Madras for a while. He came here (he was passing through Pondicherry but wanted to stop here), and the man asked me, "Is there a solution?" And he added, "We are all praying that you may give it." I answered ... *(Mother smiles)* that I had nothing to do with politics. But he represents a whole category of people in India who now think that there is indeed only one solution, which is precisely an attempt to realize a higher life.

There is a great movement.

Yesterday there came a letter from S.M.[82] in which he said that Indira Gandhi is really relying on him in the hope of finding a way out and that things will improve a little. And he said that he hoped he would make the true spirit and knowledge triumph.... Only, his health isn't good, otherwise he would have there a wonderful opportunity to do something, because she calls him every day to ask him his advice on what should be done, and he is present at all the ministers' meetings. Which means that the two things are really going together: the new movement and the apparent disorder.

* * *

Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri":

It's still this Gentleman....
Immortal bliss lives not in human air

(Laughing) Unfortunately the fact is easy enough to note! Immortal bliss lives not in human air. But she could answer him, "That's because of you, so you don't need to boast about it!"

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding the difficulties of a blind disciple. The following fragment was noted from memory, the tape recorder having failed.)

... In my case, strangely, I seem to see through a thick veil, that is to say, everything is blurred. Then suddenly, for no apparent reason, I see an object, some thing or other, clearly, so clearly, precisely, with a detailed accuracy, as if it were shown to me. Or else when reading a letter, for instance, if I read it without paying attention to anything else, I see perfectly well, but if I start thinking of an answer or concentrate, if the consciousness starts working, everything disappears and I can't see anything anymore – the next minute, the words become clear again. Which means it doesn't depend on a defect of the sight or the material organ: it's something else – something else that one wants me to learn. Because it constantly comes back as if to show me something. But there's so much work and so many people that I don't always have the time to stop and concentrate to see what it is. I would have to catch the exact point when the sight comes and when it goes, and follow the conditions of the consciousness at that moment. I don't have the time.

It's really like an attempt to demonstrate to me that sight doesn't depend on the eyes.

The organ is in good condition, it doesn't have any lesion. But the sight isn't the same with this eye as with that one. With this one *(the right),* it's only an overall, slightly blurred vision. With that one *(the left),* it's a precise, clear vision, but there's a tiny spot in the corner, like a black spot, because of which I see everything clearly but with a patch in the corner. Then if I concentrate, I see that patch grow bright and luminous, like a dark blue star, and that star moves in front of me (it doesn't depend on the eye), it moves about, and if I fix my eyes on someone, for instance, I see that dark blue star go and rest here or there *(gesture at different levels of the person),* at the exact spot where some work has to be done. So it means it doesn't depend on the eye, it's independent of the eye. And also if I look at a photo, with a certain position between the right eye and the left, I suddenly see the photo come alive, in three dimensions, with the person's head sticking out. That's how I can see the character. It's really strange, like an attempt to teach me to see in a different way.

We are learning our lesson.

December 7, 1966

(Mother hands Satprem a flower called "Grace," then a second "Grace.")

Would you like a second Grace?... There's never too much of it!

Oh, the other day someone asked me a question on the message for November 24,[83] and Sri Aurobindo replied. It was so interesting! I saw something all of a sudden. While he was speaking it was absolutely marvelous. I saw the Compassion and the Grace, the "law" and the Compassion, and how the Compassion acts on everyone – on everyone and everything, without distinction and without condition – and how the Compassion consists in bringing them to a state in which they can receive the Grace.

I found that wonderful.

That was the experience: I saw and felt this Compassion working through the meshes of the net, and how the Grace is all-powerful, meaning that the "Law" isn't an obstacle any longer. I saw this Compassion touching everyone and giving everyone their chance; I understood what he really meant when he said that it "gives everyone their chance" – equally, without the slightest distinction of importance or condition or anything, or of state: exactly the same chance to all. So then, the result of this Compassion was to awaken them to the existence of the Grace, to make them feel that there is in the universe something like the Grace. And with those who aspire and have trust, the Grace acts immediately – it always acts, but with those who have trust it becomes fully effective.

All this was so clear, so precise! It really was like a new experience, a revelation. And how Sri Aurobindo was the expression of this Compassion.... It could be seen in his eyes, of course, his eyes were full of Compassion. But I have understood what this Compassion really is (that was Sunday afternoon).

He also wrote somewhere: "It is quite rare that the Grace turns away from someone, but many turn away from the Grace – but *men turn away from the Grace.*" I don't remember the exact words, but I think he used the word *crooked.* That also was so living: it wasn't the Grace withdrawing its action, not at all (the Grace went on acting), but men were, yes, *crooked,* twisted ...

Warped?

"Warped"?... One is warped once and for all, that's not it. It's that instead of their force and action going straight and direct, it's turned in on itself and has all kinds of windings and convolutions that distort all vibrations; it's their own way of being that distorts (the word *distort* keeps coming to me). It's twisted instead of being straight. So the Grace no longer has any effect; It cannot have effect.

At the time, it was a very vivid image.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Have you finished your book?

(Satprem, in a glum tone:) Yes.

Oho! That's not a very forceful "yes"! Is it Saturday you're going to read it to me?

(Satprem makes a face)

Oh, that too!

I don't think it's all that great.

That doesn't matter – you never think it's all that great! It doesn't matter.

Mother ...

Is there something you'd like to tell me?

Yes, there's a problem that has often tormented me, I often wonder about it. When you write, is inspiration simply a global thing, like a form of light, and you "pull" a certain general vibration down, or does everything already exist and it simply comes – does everything exist exactly word for word?

I don't think so.
I don't think so, because up there, there's no language. There's no language.

Yes, but isn't there something that exactly corresponds to the words?

"Exactly" ... You know how there always is a vagueness. I say this because every day, and quite often several times a day, I receive something "direct" *(gesture from above).* Well, if I write it down just when I receive it, it has a certain form, and then if I remain very, very silent, very still, a word or a form often gets changed; then it becomes more precise, more exact, sometimes more harmonious. Therefore it's something that comes from above and takes on a clothing in the mental region.

I don't hear words. I receive something, which is always direct and imperative (and I clearly feel it's from there *[gesture above],* somewhere around there). But it may, for instance, be expressed almost simultaneously, almost at the same time, in English and in French. And I am convinced that if I knew other languages, if I

were familiar with other languages, it could be expressed in several languages. It's the same thing as what in the past used to be called the "gift of tongues." There were prophets who spoke, and everyone heard in his native tongue – he spoke in any particular language, but each of those present heard in his native tongue. I had that experience a very long time ago (I didn't do it purposely, I knew nothing about it): I spoke at a "Bahai" gathering, and people from different countries came and congratulated me because I knew their language (which I didn't know at all!): they had heard in their language.

You understand, what comes is something that arouses – it arouses words or gets clothed in words. Then it depends: it may arouse different words. And it's in a universal storehouse, not necessarily an individual one; it's not necessarily individual since it can be clothed in words. Languages are such narrow things, while that is universal.... What could I call it?... It's not the "soul" but the spirit of the thing (though it's more concrete than that): it's the POWER of the thing. And because of the quality of the power, the best quality of words is attracted. It's inspiration that arouses the words; the inspired person isn't the one who finds or adapts them, not at all: it's inspiration that AROUSES the words.

But I understand what you mean. You want to know if it's something ready-made, ready-prepared, which you pull down as it is.... *(Mother remains silent).* That exists in a realm far higher than words. For example, I have often received something like that *(gesture from above),* direct, then I translate it; I don't try to find it (the more silent I am, the more powerful and concrete it grows – powerfully concrete), but I often see, as coming from Sri Aurobindo, something that adds a correction, a precision (rarely an addition, it's not that: it's only in the form, especially in the line of precision); the first expression is a little hazy, then it becomes more precise. And I don't try to find it, I don't strive, there isn't any mental activity: it's always like this *(even, still gesture to the forehead),* and it's always in this [stillness] that it comes: suddenly it comes – plop! plop! I say, "Oh!" and note it down.

This is my experience.

I don't know, there may exist somewhere in the mental region something ready-made, but I think it would then be like some of those things Sri Aurobindo wrote,[84] which came ready-made, as they were; there were even things that didn't conform to his own view: it came imperatively. But now I don't have that experience at all. Or else, it would be like what happened the other day: for two or three minutes, as I told you, there was "someone" playing. It must have been the same phenomenon. But then, the feeling is quite different: you no longer exist, you are hardly conscious of what goes on. And that would be "incorrigible," I may say, in the sense that it would come ready-made and you couldn't change anything in it, or else it would no longer be the same thing, it would be something you did actively. As soon as the mind becomes active, it's finished. Finished. It may come from your supraconscient, but it becomes a quite personal thing.

But that inspiration comes from the highest region, the region beyond all individualizations. That's why it's something we find difficult to formulate and

explain. It's complete, perfect in itself, but it doesn't have anything of the character of our mental formulation, not at all; it doesn't even have the character of a formulated idea. And it's absolutely imperative, absolutely. But then, as soon as it touches the mental zone, it seems to attract words. My impression is that the more silent I am, the more precise it is; in other words, the more inactive the mind is, the more precise the expression. So that's what it is, it's that force coming down and attracting words. It's not even ideas (it doesn't come through the region of ideas): it's an experience, it's something living which comes and which, to take expression, catches hold of words. What came on Sunday was like that: I was asked that question on the Grace, then I was seized by a concentrated, extremely strong silence for maybe a minute (not even that long), and it came. Then I spoke. I heard myself speaking. But then it clearly came through Sri Aurobindo.

If it were already written, fully ready somewhere, you couldn't change anything in it; when it was there you would feel it's perfect in itself and you can't change anything in it.

> *That would be fine!... When I write, what I constantly despair of is being true to something that should be expressed OUTSIDE ME.*

But that's what I've told you, it's that direct inspiration. Because if you knew how imperative what comes from above is! All thoughts appear neutral, powerless ...

> *Yes.*

... partial, flimsy. That's the feeling they give.

When the words come quite spontaneously, it's good, but ... It's an odd phenomenon: sometimes the pure experience alone is there – what is it? You can't formulate it; in order to formulate it, you are immediately forced to use words, and words diminish. But I remember, at the time of the experience, I spoke, hardly hearing what I said, but I had the experience. (The experience was wonderfully clear, powerful, immense – universal, you know.) Then I listened to myself speaking, and I saw that first shrinkage. Then I began sensing the other mind making a tremendous effort to try and understand (!), and so I let the expression shrink a little more: I was obliged to let it shrink so as to make myself understood. And I followed all those phases of successive shrinkages. But at the time, the speech was very powerful: it was exactly Sri Aurobindo's style and way of speaking, and very powerful. Now it's only a vague impression, like a memory. But one always has – always, in every case, even in the best conditions, even in a case like this one in which the formulation is given by Sri Aurobindo – the sense of a shrinkage. A shrinkage in the sense that much escapes; it's slightly hardened, weakened, diminished, and there are also certain subtleties that escape – they escape, they evaporate, they are too subtle to be concretized in words. And if one had a will for a perfect expression, it would certainly be very disappointing. I quite understand; if you want your book to reach the peak of its perfection, it's

impossible. It's impossible to be realized, one feels the difference with what's up above and that's very disappointing.

I am constantly disappointed.

(Mother laughs) Yes, that doesn't surprise me!

I don't have one second of satisfaction.

Even when you feel "the thing" coming?

Oh, then it's very fine, I only have to remain up above, above I am happy.

(Mother laughs) Oh, I see! oh, that's why!

I could stay up above forever.

But in what I've read of yours (I set apart the book on Sri Aurobindo because that was a very special case: all sensitive people have instantly been brought into contact with Sri Aurobindo; that was a very special case), but in your first book *[The Goldwasher]* which I read, I felt it came from above. I feel that. Only, of course, it would be unreadable: it has to be concretized, materialized. But if one has oneself a relationship with this plane above, one must feel it in what is written: many people feel a "something" that suffuses the whole thing. That's why I want you to read me your new book, it's to see if "that" is there.... You know, I am like this *(gesture to the forehead showing a vast stillness),* it has become a constant state: a screen. A screen – for absolutely everything. And really nothing comes from within: it's either this way *(horizontal gesture around Mother)* or this way *(gesture from above);* horizontally from outside, or the response from above. Here *(gesture to the level of the emotive heart),* it's something so neutral as to be nonexistent; and here *(gesture to the forehead),* it's vast, even, still. So if I stop *(gesture turned upward),* right away, instantly, it comes in waves: a continuous light which comes down and through, comes down and through, comes down ... *(gesture of a circulation through Mother as through a transmitter-receiver device).* When something is read out to me or people ask me questions or they tell me about some matter or other, it's always like that (a screen). And what's very interesting is that when it's a question that deserves no answer or a matter that doesn't require my intervention, or anyway anything that can be expressed by "It's no concern of mine, it's none of my business," then there's an absolute *blank:* absolutely empty, neutral, without answer. I am obliged to say that there is no answer (if I were to tell the truth I should say, "I can't hear anything, I don't understand"). So it's absolutely still and neutral, and if it remains like that, it means there's nothing, I have nothing to do with it. Otherwise, when there is an answer ... no time even elapses, there's hardly any lapse of time: the answer seems to come even as I am spoken to. Then I take the paper or letter right away and answer. It's automatic. The whole work is done like that. There's nothing here

(gesture to the forehead).

Obviously we have to reconcile ourselves to it. The world is in a state of considerable imperfection, so everything that manifests in the world partakes of that imperfection – what can we do about it?... The only thing we can do is to slowly try and transform – but that's slow, so slow, unceasing – transform this body.

And as Sri Aurobindo very well put it (I understand quite well what he means), miracles do occur, but they are momentary; that is, for the space of a few minutes, sometimes a few hours (but that's rare), things are wholly different. But they don't remain that way – they don't, they go back to the old movement. Because EVERYTHING must have reached a certain degree (I suppose), a certain degree of receptivity, of preparation in the receptivity, so "that" may be established; otherwise, the old movement and the old law continue.

I can see that with the body's cells: at times, for a few seconds or a few minutes (at the most a few hours, but not with physical things; with physical things, it's always seconds and minutes), all of a sudden a sort of perfection manifests – and then it disappears. And you see very clearly that it cannot stay on because of a ceaseless invasion of everything around, which is imperfect. So then, it's engulfed. Like the first day when the supramental forces descended [in 1956]: I saw them descend, you know, and I saw those great billows of earth forces going brrf! brrf! *(gesture of rising and engulfing),* and then it was all swallowed up. It was descending in awesome masses, but those billows were still more awesome, rising, brrf! and swallowing – and That disappeared.

It still remains like that.

It's still there. It's there and working, but ... the opposing vibrations are still too powerful and too considerable in quantity for That not to disappear in the mass. But from within It works and works....

That's how it is with the body: for a few seconds, at most a few minutes, the body suddenly feels in a state of irresistible power, inexpressible joy, undarkened luminousness – a wonder, you know. You say to yourself, "Ah, there we are!" And then it vanishes. It's there just long enough for you to notice it. Which means it comes to show you, "That's how it is, that's how it will be."

Yes, but when it is like that, we'll notice it!

But how is this fixity going to be changed into a plasticity sufficient to express what's within?... Sri Aurobindo said three hundred years – that seems to me very much on the short side. There are millennia of habits! It's fixed, hard, dry, thin.

And naturally, it's the same thing in the Mind, but to a much lesser degree. Fortunately, it's a little more fluid there.... But you know, when I receive and note down those things from above, at the time of receiving and noting them down, they have an intense luminosity and an extraordinary power of conviction. I note them down, then pass them on to people (and to people who are supposedly able to understand), and then they say it back to me [their inner reaction comes back to Mother]. Mon petit! It becomes ... (laughing) like the bark of an old, half-dead tree!

That's how it is.

So you really wonder: Has the time come to tell things? What's the use? ... They think they've understood; not only do they think they've understood, but they are enthusiastic, which means it has made them make some progress – so where were they before!? And it's nothing, what they've understood is nothing, it has become a caricature of the thing.

I realize that words in themselves are nothing; there, there was a power ... a power that words are incapable of holding! So unless one receives directly, one receives nothing. One does receive, yes, but it's something like an onion skin.

(silence)

Basically, when we have reached the end (the "end" which is the beginning of something else), the end of this work of transformation, when it really is the transformation and we are settled in it, maybe we'll remember and derive a special pleasure from remembering having gone through this?... In the "higher spheres" it has always been said that those who have the courage to come for the preparation will have, when it's done, superior assets and of a more intimate and deeper quality than those who will have quietly waited for others to do the work for them.

It may be so.

At any rate, because of the immensity of the work to be done, from an outward standpoint it looks like a quite thankless task. But that's only a purely superficial vision. Waves come to me like that from the world, from a whole class of the manifestation, saying, "Ah, no! I don't want to bother about that, I just want to live peacefully, as well as I can. We'll see once the world has been transformed, then we can start bothering about it." And that's among the most developed classes, the most intellectual, they are like that: "Oh, very well, we'll see when it's done." Which means they don't have the spirit of sacrifice. That's what Sri Aurobindo says (I keep coming across quotations from Sri Aurobindo all the time), he says that to do the Work one must have the spirit of sacrifice.

But it's true that, for instance, those few seconds (which come to me now and then and with increasing frequency), if you look at those few seconds calmly, well, they're worth a great deal of effort. Having that is worth quite a few years of struggle and effort, because that ... is beyond anything perceptible, comprehensible, even beyond anything possible for life as it is now. It's ... it's unimaginable.

And there is a real grace there, it's that it keeps you in a certain state as a result of which life as it is, things as they are, do not appear worse after those few seconds. There isn't, after them, that sort of horror of falling back into an abyss: there isn't that, you don't have that feeling. The memory is only a sort of dazzling burst of light.

December 14, 1966

... On the 16th, Friday, I have eighty-five people to see! ... It's a miracle if I am not in a complete daze.

Yes, you lead an impossible life.

Oh, day and night.

I couldn't put up with your life for a minute.

(Mother laughs) Starting from 8 in the morning, this place is frightful. And they're not content! They want more.

Even humanly it's not possible.

Oh, I can guarantee it's humanly impossible. I know what it is, I have constantly to ... to disappear into the Supreme. Otherwise, it's not possible. The physical personality constantly, constantly goes away like this *(gesture upward)* so He alone may be there. Otherwise I couldn't hold out.

Fortunately, they [the people Mother will see tomorrow] come to receive, so that somewhat lessens the ... (smiling) the kind gift of all their difficulties (but they leave enough of them behind!). They come with the idea of receiving the force, so I am naturally active *(gesture of a link between above and below),* and that's better, much better. With those who really come with the idea that they are going to receive and be strengthened, it makes the work easier.

December 17, 1966

A child from the School asked me, "How can mathematics, history or sciences help me to find you?"

I found that quite amusing!

I answered:

"They can help in several ways:

1. To be able to receive and bear the light of Truth, the mind must be strengthened, broadened and made supple. These studies are an excellent way to achieve this.
2. Sciences, if you study them deeply enough, will teach you the unreality of appearances and will thus lead you to the spiritual reality.
3. The study of all aspects and movements of physical Nature will

bring you into contact with the universal Mother, and you will thus be nearer to me."

I still remember my impression when I was quite small and was told that everything is "atoms" (that was the term they used in those days). They said to me, "You see this table? You think it's a table, that it's solid and it's wood – well, it's only atoms moving about." I remember, the first time I was told that, it caused a kind of revolution in my head, bringing such a sense of the complete unreality of all appearances. All at once I said, "But if it's like that, then nothing is true!" I couldn't have been more than fourteen or fifteen.

His question called this to mind. I said to myself, "It opens a door onto another reality."

* * *

(Soon afterwards, about a child from the School who drowned during a picnic organized by the School group of his age.)

I've got V.'s notebook.[85] He writes to me (rather *bluntly,* as they say in English), "When I learned that B. had drowned, it neither troubled nor affected me; I simply thought it wasn't true." And why? "Because you knew" (that's what he writes me), "you knew we had all gone out for a picnic, and therefore nothing could happen." *(Mother laughs)* I found this delightful – delightfully impertinent![86]

But it's nice, too!

Yes, but the accident did happen.

So I told him ... Because I looked, I immediately looked at it from THAT angle.... For my part, I see things very differently, never in that way. I am always surprised at the way people see things. To me, it's completely different, it's ... the Lord's Vibration crystallizing. That's all. And always, always – at all times. So there's no "why," no "how" – it's very simple, elementary in its simplicity. But I couldn't tell him that, he wouldn't have understood. So I looked at it from his standpoint, and all of a sudden I saw; I said, "Yes indeed, how did this come about?" *(Mother laughs)* So I answered him (I don't remember the words I used, but in substance): The protection acts on the entire group when it works in a coordinated and disciplined way, but if individuals in it have an action INDEPENDENT of the group, then they fall back into their own determinism, which means that the protection acts according to their personal faith, not at all as something collective: according to their personal state and faith, the action of the protection is greater or lesser.

I saw it was clearly that. I saw how it had happened (because his question made me look at it, so I saw). There is an interesting point, it's that the mental

initiative in swimming across that pond was P.'s and another's – so, humanly speaking, they are the ones who are "responsible" (but that's not true, it's not like that!). But anyway, they were outside the group, it was an action that had nothing to do with the group, and they did it because they were to rejoin the group at a precise time and they were late. So it was clearly an individual outgrowth. Walking round the pond would have taken three hours while there were hardly two hours left before nightfall, and they were in a jungle, without any light or anything. That was another impossibility. So with his reason and human common sense, he said, "The best is to swim across." But he hadn't foreseen (that was the reckless part) that the water would be icy.

> *(Sujata:) But P. had already swum across the water once, because he wasn't part of the group that had the accident: they called him from the camp, he came and swam through that water, and the accident took place on the way back. The others were on the other side.*

He swam across twice, are you sure?

> *Yes, they called him; he had already swum across the water to come and meet them.*

It was the second time.... Then it was still more reckless than I thought! He nearly met his end. Because as for me, I saw him, I knew before I got the news: I suddenly felt a great danger. But P. had faith and so he escaped, while the other one met his end.

It was quite reckless because here, the body isn't accustomed to cold water, and when you are in water that's too cold, you get cramps.

But P. was sufficiently protected to escape and be saved, while the other one met his end.

> *(Sujata:) It seems the three boys were calling you (there were four, you know), the three were calling you and the one who drowned was only calling P. to his aid. But the other three were strongly remembering you.*

I know that very well! I always know it! I don't need to be told, I know it very well. And I knew that that boy hadn't called: he didn't feel it could help him.

It's not even a mental question: one should FEEL here *(gesture to the heart),* be convinced that "it" [Mother's presence] is really active, that it's something real, that it really does protect. Not a thought "just like that," a metaphysical thought: a feeling. He didn't have that.

If he had remained in the group, he would have shared in the protection over the group. Once he had a separate individual action, everything depended on his inner state – this is something they should all understand.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding the floods in Florence.
This conversation was noted down from memory.)

I've seen photographs of the floods in Florence.... It seems the water was rushing at forty-five miles an hour! Cars were washed away and dashed against houses. They say it was a tidal wave ... yet the water was flowing towards the sea (or was it flowing back?). It's very mysterious, at any rate.

The water was at head level. All the palaces and museums were flooded and they say they were full of grime. So the students are now working to scrape everything clean. They're trying to dry the manuscripts. But lots of things have been definitively lost.

That was one of the prophecies of the beginning of the century – that Italy and England would go underwater.

A prophecy by whom?

By me.

But the strange thing is that Florence and Naples were affected, not Rome, which is in between....

But why Italy? If it were England alone, I wouldn't mind at all, but Italy?

That was because of Mussolini.

But he's dead.

Mussolini's death might have mitigated things. But it's not out of "punishment": there's never any punishment, never any "fault" – never the shadow of a "fault" anywhere! It's purely a question of vibrations.

Why not Rome, then?

Oh, they won't have the last laugh!

Naturally, they are puffing themselves up with conceit: "God" protected them....

December 20, 1966

(Letter to Mother from Satprem)

Mother,

I am writing to ask you for a grace. You know, you see. I would like you to tell me the truth about this book: is it part of the things that *must* be? Or is it the effort of the writer's little persona? I read the long first chapter again this morning, and it's unreadable – it would need to be completely redone. I am wondering if it's not the same thing with the other chapters? Would you out of grace tell me precisely what must be, whether I must strive on, do my best and rewrite what has to be rewritten, or give up everything.

I am a little sad, naturally, because I tried to write with the best of my soul, but I am not attached and am ready to make the offering of this failure at your feet, with the certainty that all is well, even if I do not yet see the Lord's design. I would only like you to tell me the deeper truth about the book – if it must be, I am ready to make an effort and patiently correct or redo what has to be redone. But must it be?

Mother, That alone exists. That consoles me for everything. I am your child with love – yes, you exist, so all the rest is secondary.

Signed: Satprem

(Mother's answer)

I am sure the book MUST be written.

But to be perfectly frank, from the beginning and even after, I have felt that writing it was for you a sort of "sadhana" to get rid definitively of a whole way of being, thinking and writing that belongs to the past and no longer fits with your present state of consciousness.

In the few pages you read to me (except perhaps for the description of the dream), I clearly saw this struggle between the past and the present states.

Correcting the book will still be the continuation of this "sadhana," but seen from that angle the labor will be less painful and much more interesting.

I thought I would answer you tomorrow morning, but I am sending you this right away so that you may look at the problem and ask me other questions tomorrow morning if you still have any.

With love and blessings,

Signed: Mother

December 21, 1966

(Mother first reads her "message" for the year 1967:)

Men, countries, continents! The choice is imperative: Truth or the

abyss.

* * *

Have you anything to tell me?

I wondered how a false expression (because it's false, I feel all this expression is false), how it could be worthwhile salvaging this false expression? Is it worth correcting and doing all this work when I feel this expression not to be the true one? Can it still be useful?

The problem isn't like that.

Certainly you must have observed two things: first the differences of condition while you wrote, and also a difference of "pressure" among the things that wanted you to write them. You must have noted these differences while writing?

Yes, certainly.

That's how it is. So then, once it's objectified on paper, you can become aware of the relationship between the pressure you received and the things you wrote, which have varying qualities. When, for instance, you read me those few pages, with certain things I saw the Light behind; with others, it was like a horizontal origin or will *(horizontal gesture at forehead level),* and it was very pretty, very fine (you understand, I am not looking at it from the literary standpoint at all, or even the standpoint of the beauty of the form, that's not it). It's the quality of the vibration in what's written. And while you were reading to me, I felt the two origins, and I felt a sort of conflict between what came like this *(gesture from above)* and what came out of habit, like that *(horizontal gesture to the forehead):* it was especially an old habit, something that came from the past and belonged to a mental, artistic, literary region (all that likes the form, likes certain emotions, certain expressions, all that). And it all constituted a horizontal world that exerted a pressure to be expressed, mostly out of habit, but also with a sort of will to be, a will to last. The other way was a Light falling and expressing itself quite naturally – spontaneously, effortlessly, and UNCONCERNED WITH THE EXTERNAL FORM. And that was much more direct in its expression. But of course, the distinction isn't clear-cut, it's not easy to say, "Oh, this comes from here *(gesture to a particular level),* oh, that comes from there *(gesture to another level)."* But there is a movement above and another below.

So I think the "sadhana" would consist in sifting it out, or rather in developing a sensitivity such that the difference would become clear, quite perceptible, so it would no longer be the mind that chose and said, "This is all right, that isn't." There would be a spontaneous adherence to what is clothed in this light from above and a rejection of what isn't. The sadhana would consist in developing this sensitivity by separating yourself from the old movement, by taking the old movement outside you.

I understand quite well, your letter was a grace for me in the sense that I saw clearly. The only thing is, it's the whole book that I find ... inadequate.

Yes, I think the whole book is like that. I don't know, you haven't read everything to me, but in what you read, in that dream notation, for instance, even there, now and then I felt the intrusion of the old habit.

But then, is it worth salvaging all that? I would have to re-create the book.

You mean it would be better to write another book?

Yes.

I told you: "The book MUST be written," but it's not necessarily the one that has been written: it's the one that must be written! *(Mother laughs).* To me, you understand, there is a difference. "Somewhere" there is something that MUST be said, and that something is very useful: I see that the people, for example, who have come to place trust in you because of the book on Sri Aurobindo, will read you with an opening of mind, and if at that time you give them a sort of sensation of the experience, it will help them a lot. It's in that sense I say this book is useful. But for you personally, if you'd rather rewrite it completely than correct it, it doesn't matter.... Only, for you to be capable of rewriting it without falling back into the old state, you must have a decisive awareness of the difference in condition. Suppose you said, "I'll rewrite the book," and once you started writing the same conflict recurred, that would be useless.... Something must take place there, in the mind, that's where you must become totally conscious of the vibrations.

I see fairly clearly all that must be cut out.... But there's a lot to cut out!

You see clearly.

Yes, but I feel almost everything should be cut out. It's a whole way of saying things ...

Ah, it's especially a way – a way of feeling, a way of thinking.

But from the standpoint of external form, the question remains of which method is easier: using the already written text, or writing everything anew. Writing everything anew ... You understand, unless you are the master of your activity ...

Yes, I am going to fall back into the same conflict.

It's no use.

Well, I'm going to correct it.

Yes, I think it's better to correct it. It may not be very enjoyable, but from the point of view of mental discipline it's very useful.

I really feel your letter as a grace, because as for me I'd toss everything out.

No!

You've made me see how false it was.

What's necessary isn't to destroy, it's to become the master of the expression of your inspiration. You must be the master, that is to say, you mustn't receive the thing "as it comes" and write it "as it comes." You must receive the inspiration and be conscious of the phenomenon of expression. Then it will be perfect.

I was in the habit of being motionless and letting things flow down.

Yes, but your mind is active – the mind is active. You see, Sri Aurobindo could do it because his mind no longer existed; it was perfectly, perfectly still and inspiration went through it as through pure air. But your mind ... In fact, that's the discipline you have to do, because your mind is in the habit of becoming active again. It's good if what comes from above goes through like that, but on condition that the mind be perfectly still. If you like, to put things differently, it's to learn to keep your mind still, while writing at the same time.

December 24, 1966

(Regarding the School's pupils:)

From every side they ask the question (they are all like that), "What IS the Truth? What do you mean when you speak of the Truth?"

They want a mental definition of the Truth....

Truth cannot be expressed in the mind's terms. That's the point. And all the questions they ask are mental ones.

Truth cannot be formulated, it cannot be defined, but it can be LIVED.

And one who has completely dedicated himself to the Truth, who wants to live the Truth and serve the Truth, will know EVERY MINUTE what he has to do: it will be a sort of intuition or revelation (more often than not wordless, but sometimes also expressed in words), which will every minute let him know the truth of that minute. And that's what is so interesting.... They want to know "the

Truth," but as something well defined, well sorted out, well established; and then you are nice and quiet, you no longer need to seek! You adopt it and say, "This is the Truth," and then it's rigidly set – that's what all religions did, they set up their truth as a dogma. But that's not the Truth anymore.

Truth is a living, changing thing, which expresses itself every second and is ONE way of approaching the Supreme. Everyone has his own way of approaching the Supreme. There may be some who can approach Him from every side at the same time, but there are those who approach through Love, those who approach through Power, those who approach through Consciousness, and those who approach through Truth. And each of these aspects is as absolute, imperative and indefinable as the supreme Lord himself is. The supreme Lord is absolute, imperative and indefinable, ungraspable in his entirety, and his attributes have that same quality.

Once he knows this, one who puts himself at the service of one of these aspects will know (it's translated in life, in Time, in the movement of time), he will know every moment what the Truth is – that's very interesting – or he will know every minute what Consciousness is, or he will know every minute what Power is, or he will know every minute what Love is. And it's a multiform Power, Love, Consciousness, Truth, which express themselves innumerably in the manifestation, just as the Lord expresses himself innumerably in the manifestation.

December 28, 1966

Regarding a sick disciple:

She's leaving for Hong Kong for three months.

Three months!

"The doctor's orders."

But Hong Kong isn't going to set her back on her feet!

The doctor said something much worse than that, he said, "If she returns to Pondicherry before spending at least two months in a cool climate" (and Hong Kong isn't cool!), "she will be incurably ill, her liver will never be cured." So faced with such a suggestion, I said, "I am not taking any responsibility: go and get your suggestion cured in Hong Kong!"

They are terrible.

And they said she was dying and they "saved" her, but that she would start

dying again if she came back here.... They wrote all this to me (it's the husband who wrote; as for her, she was preparing to come back here). I said, "I don't want to take the responsibility, the suggestion is too strong, let her go and get the suggestion cured in Hong Kong."

It's the suggestion that has to be cured!

Yes, that's right! *(Mother laughs)*

December 31, 1966

Mother gives Satprem a red rose:

The red rose is the order of the "knights of the Truth." Don't you know this?... I began placing it when Colonel Répiton came here, the one who made the Africa march during the war. Every morning I would give him a red rose, and with him I instituted it. Since then, when I give any man a rose (I give them a red rose), it's so he becomes a knight of the Truth.

But I don't tell him.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Satprem proposes he might himself translate a certain text in order to save Mother's time. Mother smilingly refuses and wants to do it herself:)

If I listen, Sri Aurobindo will say it to me, so it will be better! All of a sudden he tells me what I should write – it's so clear! So clear, so evident. Sometimes there's even a word I don't hear well; I say, "What?", like that, and he repeats it!

I think that's why I am becoming deaf! It's because I am constantly listening there *(gesture turned upward),* all the time. So I am not listening enough here.

It's the same thing with my eyes.... I have started seeing things with my eyes open, and, oh! ... People's state, their thoughts, and especially the state of their vital (because it's a vision of the physical, a very subtle, very vitalized physical, and it's a representation of things in pictures). And their state shows itself as ... if you knew *(Mother laughs)* the things one can see!... A myriad of forms, faces, expressions. You'd think it's an album by the sharpest humorist imaginable. It's

extraordinarily humorous and sharp in the perception and the sense of how ridiculous people are. Then, in the middle of all that, suddenly a beautiful form, a beautiful picture, a beautiful expression appears; something so beautiful, so pure, so wonderfully noble! And it all turns round and round, constantly. It's very amusing, really.

I had always complained it was a realm in which I didn't see. I mostly saw (in the past), I mostly saw mentally – mental visions – and also, naturally, I saw all the way up (but that was organized), and to some extent in the vital, especially at night, but anyway ... The vision was highly developed, very clear and precise, but physically ("physically," I mean in the subtle physical and physically), I had never seen with open eyes: I always saw the stark reality as it is, never anything else, and I had always complained about it. Until suddenly it came: one day I started seeing, and then...! *(Mother laughs)* Now I am obliged to calm it down, because *(laughing)* it's too much. But it's unbelievable – unbelievable how full of forms the air is, and such expressive forms! It's as if, yes, a humorist, a caricaturist, even, were constantly making the subtle representation of what goes on materially.

And I think that's what people see when they have what medical science calls "hallucinations," when they have a fever, for instance. But I already knew this because I once had such a high fever that I was in the state in which, according to doctors, you "go off your head." Then I saw (with the material vision), I had the vision

of all the hostile beings rushing to attack me from every side – it was frightful! You understand, it's the support of the material consciousness that's no longer there, you are wholly in that vision, and that's why you generally get frightened, while others believe it's a "hallucination." I remember (Sri Aurobindo was there), at the time I told him, "Ah, now I know what hallucinations caused by fever are." – It has nothing to do with hallucinations! But it's not pleasant, it's the vision of a world that's not pretty.

But now, it's not the result of fever, it's simply the vision I have. But then...! As I said, there's anything and everything there, all possibilities; and probably because of the quality of the aura [of Mother], I haven't seen anything really unclean or ugly. But it must exist – it must exist, but it doesn't get in.

But what one sees is the work of a priceless humorist! Things ... like men's great ambitions, for example, also their self-satisfaction, the opinion they have of themselves, oh, it's all so comical! Those lives are shown in relation to (and, so to speak, in contact with) the Truth-Light, and then the difference between people's movement (or thought or attitude or action, or state of consciousness) and the Truth, the state of Truth, becomes plain to see, oh, if you knew! ... But it's not seen by someone severe or harsh, no, no! It's seen by someone very sharp – very sharp – with a wonderful sense of humor and a charming irony.

It swarms and swarms....

Then, the other day (yesterday or the day before), I said to Him, "All right, that will do! Now I'd like to go into silence and peace and a luminous immensity" (you remember, like during that meditation we once had here; that's far more

pleasant!). Then it calmed down.

* * *

(After Satprem has read to Mother the conversation of September 30, in which she envisaged the transition from man to the new being.)

My feeling (it's a sort of feeling-sensation) is that intermediary stages are necessary.

And then, when you see how man has had to fight against all of Nature in order to exist, you get the feeling that those who will understand and love those beings will have with them a relationship of devotion, attachment, service, as animals have with man; but those who won't love them ... will be dangerous beings. I remember, I once had a very clear vision of the precarious situation of those new beings, and I said (this was before 1956, before the descent of the supramental power), I said, "The Supramental will first manifest in its aspect of Power, because that will be indispensable for the safety of the beings." And it was indeed Power that descended first – Power and Light. The Light that gives Knowledge and Power.

That's something I feel more and more clearly: the necessity of intermediary phases.... It's perfectly obvious that something is going on, but it's not the "something" that was seen and foreseen and will be the ultimate outcome: what's going to take place is ONE of the stages, not the ultimate outcome.

Sri Aurobindo also said, "There will first come the power to prolong life at will" (it's far more subtle and marvelous than that). But that's a state of consciousness which is now being established: it's a sort of constant and settled relationship and contact with the supreme Lord, which abolishes the sense of wear and tear; it replaces it with a sort of extraordinary flexibility, an extraordinary plasticity. But the SPONTANEOUS state of immortality isn't possible – at least not for the time being. This structure must be changed into something else, and judging from the way things are going on, it will take a long time before it's changed into something else. It may go much faster than in the past, but even assuming that the movement is speeding up, it still takes time (according to our notion of time). And the rather remarkable thing is that to be in the state of consciousness in which wear and tear no longer exists, you must change your sense of time: you enter a state in which time no longer has the same reality. It's something else. It's very peculiar ... it's an innumerable present. I don't know.... Even that habit we have of thinking ahead of time or foreseeing what's going to happen or ... it hinders, it reconnects you with the old way of being.

So many, so many habits that have to be changed.

Voilà.

So I wish you a happy new year.

* * *

(In the afternoon, Mother sent the following note to Satprem, like a continuation of the morning's conversation, meaning that the integral realization, that of the new being, will only be possible when ...)

Oh, to be spontaneously divine without watching oneself be, having gone beyond the stage where one wants to be divine.

---

[1]In the inner consciousness.

[2]India's prime minister, during talks in Tashkent with Ayub Khan for the settlement of the Indo-Pakistani conflict.

[3]"India must fight until India and Pakistan have once more become ONE."

[4]Italics indicate words or sentences spoken by Mother in English.

[5]Shastri died of a heart attack.

[6]India agreed to withdraw from a few strategic posts it had occupied in Kashmir during the recent hostilities, and Pakistan proclaimed that it would not use force to settle its disagreement with India.

[7]Mother means, "The same story or the same attitude since Gandhi and Nehru."

[8]Shastri was very short.

[9]Throughout this conversation, Mother appeared rather skeptical or, to say the least, reticent.

[10]Mother had already made a similar remark last year. See *Agenda VI,* conversation of November 6, 1965, p. 287.

[11]Purani, a charming old disciple, who passed away on December 11, 1965. See *Agenda VI,* conversation of December 28, 1965, p. 341.

[12]Mother means the time that will have to be taken to write the book.

[13]That will be eight years later, when Satprem will write his "trilogy" on Mother.

[14]The first form of *The Sannyasin,* which was to be a sort of Greek tragedy, with chorus.

[15]Rejecting the world as it is and climbing to the heights.

[16]As if lost remnants of forgotten light,
Before her mind there fled with trailing wings
Dimmed revelations and delivering words
Emptied of their mission and their strength to save
The messages of the evangelist gods,
Voices of prophets, scripts of vanishing creeds. (X.IV.642)

[17]The extremely interesting fact is that a little later Mother will see the same phenomenon (of this "dead person" uniting with Pavitra) anew, with the consciousness of the cells, and that new vision of *the body* will bring out details that had escaped Mother's occult vision, as if the body alone could see accurately what is "on the other side."

[18]That one did not die in the war but was murdered in Paris. He used to take part in gatherings of the small group of occultism that Mother looked after in Paris.

[19]Mother used to give Satprem twenty rupees every month ... to buy his cigarettes.

[20]*Pralaya:* the end of a world.

[21]Aphorism 117 - "Neither is it that I was not before nor thou nor these kings nor that all we shall not be hereafter." Not only Brahman, but beings and things in Brahman are eternal; their creation and destruction is a play of hide and seek with our outward consciousness.

[22]Certain troubles had indeed recurred, which Satprem had not even mentioned to Mother.

[23]The physical mind.

[24]See *Agenda V,* August 14, 1964.

[25]Indira Gandhi had been nominated prime minister of India two months earlier, on January 19.

[26]Let us recall Mao Tse-tung: "Power comes from the barrel of a gun."

[27]"It" = the physical mind.

[28]Aphorism 102: "To the senses it is always true that the sun moves round the earth; this is false to the reason. To the reason it is always true that the earth moves round the sun; this is false to the supreme vision. Neither earth moves nor sun; there is only a change in the relation of sun-consciousness and earth-consciousness."

[29]At the beginning of the conversation, Mother had remarked about a sick disciple: "She is extremely nervous and excited. I told her to take sedatives, I told her her whole trouble was physical – she says she is the victim of terrible Asuras! It's ridiculous! It's a physical disturbance and she need not go and trouble the Asuras!"

[30]But when the hour of the Divine draws near,
The Mighty Mother shall take birth in Time
and God be born into the human clay ... (X1.1.705)

[31]The vision of the Sannyasin with his back to a bronze door. See *Agenda 1,* November 20 and 22, 1958.

[32]This book should normally have been written four or five years earlier, and at the time Satprem saw it in the form of a Greek tragedy.

[33]*Petrea volubilis,* crimson morning glory.

[34] The French word for death, mort, is feminine.

[35]Let us recall that vision of Mother's in which she saw Sri Aurobindo with a truss (!), and the truss was all the cuts the Ashram's editors were making in his works.

[36]Satprem means that Death is a mask of "Him," of the Supreme.

[37]A disciple's peacock had escaped and spent the whole day in the tree above the Samadhi and on the Ashram's terraces. (The peacock is the symbol of victory.)

[38]Mother is referring to LSD, a derivation of lysergic acid.

[39]It was for the next *Bulletin* that Satprem read this Talk to Mother.

[40]*Pranam:* salutation, prostration.

[41]*Sat-Chit- Ananda:* existence-consciousness-bliss.

[42]*Tapas:* energy or heat, or also the concentration of the power of consciousness.

[43]When the experience of divine Love left the body.

[44]*Tamas:* inertia.

[45]V. is a young disciple who came to the Ashram as a child and never left it.

[46]Of the magazine called "= 1."

[47]During the last conversation, Mother went into a deep trance, quite oblivious of the time.

[48]An engineer from the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris.

[49]After Satprem had left, Mother remained silent for a long time, then turned to Sujata and told her, "Strange, very strange, I've never seen a lotus bud bowing down." Then, as Sujata looked at her without understanding, Mother added, "The heart lotus is always turned upward; it's the aspiration. Here, it bows down towards the earth."

[50]"Truth cannot be formulated in words, but it can be lived, provided one is pure and plastic enough."

[51]During the previous conversation, Satprem read out to Mother a few pages from *The Sannyasin.*

[52]In that letter which he never sent, Satprem ingenuously tried to make the secretaries understand that these conversations with Mother might have import for the whole world, and that if Mother was an hour late for her conversations with Satprem and tired by a heap of trifles and petty personal matters, the atmosphere was not conducive for her to recapture the thread of her experience. But Satprem clearly saw the uselessness of stressing these obvious facts and saw that he would have quite simply been assumed to be indulging in "self-promotion." So be it. (This footnote was written in 1966.)

[53]One lakh= 100,000 rupees (about 6,000 U.S. dollars in 1990).

[54]One crore = ten millions.

[55]Mother is referring to last year's conflict of September 1965, on the occasion of which Mother had publicly encouraged India to fight to the end.

[56] Under United Nations' pressure, India gave up its advantage over Pakistan and "surrendered" at Tashkent.

[57]Mother gestures to show the man shot lying victorious on the roadside, implying that Auroville's modest appearances are quite out of proportion to its true role in the invisible.

[58]The conversation is cut short by the doctor's arrival.

[59]Original English.

[60]"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." (I Corinthians 15:53-54)

[61]Cent. Ed., 24.1237.

[62]*By the Body of the Earth or the Sannyasin.* Satprem complained of difficulty in writing the end of his book.

[63]*Puja:* ritual, ceremony. In this case, the yearly ceremonies to Durga, the divine Mother.

[64]Even at night a "bodyguard" stays in Mother's room.

[65]Satprem does not remember the effect of his sudden intrusion at 10:15 – probably none, or else not a pleasant one, because the experiment was not repeated.

[66]On October 21.

[67]A Bengali disciple who is a musician.

[68]Mother does not mean "beings" in the sense of entities, but levels of being.

[69]Mother does not refer to a category of so-called higher "beings," but to higher levels of being or states of being.

[70] If it is the battle of Magenta, it is not Murat but MacMahon. It seems more likely to be Murat and another battle.

[71]See *Agenda 1,* November 20 and 22, 1958.

[72]Satprem found the following note among Mother's papers: "When people speak of sexual desire, instead of giving it the noble name of 'love,' they should simply call it 'vital cannibalism.'"

[73]"Earth-life is the self-chosen habitation of a great Divinity and his aeonic will is to change it from a blind prison into his splendid mansion and high heaven-reaching temple." (Sri Aurobindo)

[74] Kali represents the warrior aspect of the universal Mother. Ceremonies in honor of her take place every year around this time.

[75]Maheshwari: the supreme Mother.

[76]Let us recall that Mother's written notations often act as occult instruments: she keeps them near her and "recharges" them from time to time.

[77]Of "unexpected" rainfalls or "unexpected" endings of rain.

[78]"... Of all factors, mental arrogance is the most unfavorable to the action of the divine Grace."

[79]Satprem thought of *en cachette* for "unseen" (literally, "on the sly" or "stealthily").

[80]It must be recalled that the next day is Darshan and therefore Mother is overburdened with visitors and letters.

[81]Several disciples close to Mother are ill, in particular her close attendant.

[82]A disciple of Sri Aurobindo's and Mother's who is close to the Government.

[83]"There are these three powers [governing life on earth]: (1) The Cosmic Law, of Karma or what else; (2) the Divine Compassion acting on as many as it can reach through the nets of the Law and giving them their chance; (3) the Divine Grace which acts more incalculably but also more irresistibly than the others." (Sri Aurobindo)

[84]*Yogic Sadhana,* a book written in automatic writing by Sri Aurobindo.

[85]V. is a young disciple who puts questions to Mother in his "notebook."

[86] The disciple's question was formulated thus: "When I heard in Gingy that B. had drowned in a pond, I was incapable of believing or being shocked by the news. The only question I asked in myself was, 'How could this have happened! Mother knew we were in Gingy, therefore Her protection was with each of us. So how could this have happened?'"

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January 4, 1967

About a European visitor

My impression was that she should let herself unwind, that her stay here would be good if she could open out, as a flower does, like that, relaxed.

She is very tense towards life *(Mother clenches her two fists and stiffens):* it's "something to keep an eye on" and "beware of"! So if she could ... After all, it's such a great thing when you can say, "Oh, I can have trust, there REALLY is something concrete like a Grace, I can have trust."

That would be a great progress.

(Mother gives a flower called "Radha")

Radha[1] is *surrender.*[2] So we'll say, "Surrender to divine solicitude brings the victory."

January 9, 1967

Are you tired?

No ... I can't say "tired," I don't feel tired.... I am very ... very deep within.

I feel I am there *(gesture above the head),* and usually it's not like that. Since this morning I've had the feeling of being there *(same gesture),* and it's extremely strong there, as if something were being done. I feel work is being done (at night also).

I don't know if it's an effect of your experience, but I have great

difficulty being in physical things: in words, gestures, all outward things. A great difficulty.

It began yesterday, with the sense of a very widespread action taking place.

January 11, 1967

... In the afternoon, the lists [of appointments] have lengthened to such a point that I have no time left. Before, I used to start my daily work (the mail to be signed and so on) at 3:30, then it became four, and now it's quarter to five. There was a time when I finished at four, so I did the translation of *Savitri* (that was a very, very long time ago); later I finished at 4:30, so I still had time to take something, eat a little; now I finish after five, so *(laughing)* that settles it!

It MUST be like that since it is like that.

It's perhaps a lesson (it's an indication), but there is a purpose to it.[3]

As for me, I try to understand the lesson I have to understand. I am learning to be very patient....

Yes!

Oh, a patience ... People constantly bring revolt, abuse, all that. To me it's an absolute zero, sometimes it's even amusing; sometimes I find it funny. But when I find it funny is not when I am in my best state, because when I am in my own state – the true state of compassion – it doesn't change anything, it doesn't even cause a small ripple on the surface, nothing. When it's funny is when it makes me start working on people who have done one thing or another. When something is working, then I find it amusing.

Yesterday I was asked the question; I was asked whether abuse, the feeling of being abused, and what in English is called *self-respect* (which is somewhat akin to self-esteem), have a place in the sadhana. Naturally, they don't, that goes without saying! But I saw the movement, it was extremely clear: I saw that without ego, when the ego isn't there, there CANNOT be that sort of ruffling in the being. Because I went back far into the past, to the time when I still felt that (years ago), but now it's not even something alien – it's something impossible. The whole being, even, strangely, even the physical constitution, doesn't understand what it means. It's the same thing when materially there is a knock *(Mother shows a scratch on her elbow),* like this, for instance: it's no longer felt the way an injury is felt. It's no longer felt that way. More often than not, there's nothing at all, it goes absolutely unnoticed in the midst of the whole; but when there is something, it's only a sense – a very ... sweet, very intimate sense – of a help trying to make itself felt, a lesson to be learned. But not the way it's done mentally, always with a

stiffening; that's not it: it's instantly a sort of offering in the being, which gives itself in order to learn. I am speaking of all the cells. It's very interesting. Of course, if we mentalize it, we should say it's the sense or awareness of the divine Presence in all things, and that the mode – the mode of contact – comes from the state in which we are.

This is the body's experience.

And the only perception when there is some *clash* or other in individuals, some shock or other, is always a clear vision of the ego – the ego manifesting itself. They say, "It's the other's fault." I wouldn't say, "Oh, so-and-so was angry" or "Oh, so-and-so ..." No, it's his ego; not even his ego: THE EGO, the ego principle – the ego principle still interfering. That's very interesting, because for me the ego has become a sort of impersonal entity, while for everyone, it's the acute sense of his personality! Instead of that, it's a sort of way of being (which we may call terrestrial, or human), a sort of way of being in greater or lesser quantity here or there or there, and which gives each one the illusion of his personality. It's very interesting.

> *Yes, but the trouble is, others don't learn their lesson, so ... So they invade you.*

Oh, if they learned their lesson, everything would change very soon!

> *So the result is that you are invaded, submerged.*

Can't be!

> *All your time is swallowed up, all your...*

I can't be submerged! *(laughing)* I'm too big!

> *But still, materially you're overburdened.*

I have noticed that if I resist, things go wrong. If I have a sense of fluidity, there aren't any clashes any longer. It's the same thing as with this scratch *(Mother shows her elbow)*. You see, if you stiffen up and things resist, you give yourself a knock. It's like people who know how to fall: they fall without hurting themselves. With people who don't know how to fall, the slightest tumble and they break something. It's the same thing. We must learn to be ... perfect oneness. To correct, straighten things out, is still to resist.

So what's going to happen [if the invasion goes on]?... It'll be amusing, we'll see! *(Mother laughs)* The others aren't in the same state, so maybe they'll feel hurt, but I can't help it! *(Mother laughs)*

We should always laugh, always. The Lord laughs. He laughs, and His laughter is so good, so good, so full of love! A laughter that envelops you in an extraordinary sweetness.

This, too, men have *distorted – (laughing)* they've distorted everything!

January 14, 1967

(As she comes into her room, Mother stops in front of a tray of flowers that has just been brought and takes in her hand a strange new variety of hibiscus, gray-mauve with a bright red pistil.)

Oh, this is really my joy!
What's this flower? ... *(Mother takes the hibiscus)* It has a strange color.

Yes, I've never seen it.

It's strange, with this red dot here.

Very strange.

It gives me a strange sensation.... How can I explain it? Oddly, it's something between deceit and perversion, yet it's divine! How do you like that!

You mean there's something false in the flower's appearance?

No, it's not the outside: it's inside.

Inside the flower?

It's inside, it's ... What could we call it?... *(Mother laughs)* "The divine principle of duplicity."

Not very reassuring, this flower.

Yes, that's right. We might say, "The charm of deceitful beauty."

Yes, it's something like that!

We have much to learn from life.... Flowers know much better than we do. It's spontaneous, not thought out, not willed: it's divine vibrations that express themselves spontaneously. And this is ... There's the English word *alluring.* Well, we could call it "the all-powerful divine Charm of a ... perfidious beauty." Naturally, that's on the vital-physical plane. It's not up above, but there [on the vital-physical plane].

* * *

(After the work, towards the end, Mother suddenly seems to recollect something.)

Two nights ago, I was complaining that my nights were always spent in an

obscure toil in the subconscient and that, after all ... *(laughing)* it was "no great fun"! That's how it was – a whim. I said, "I would really like to have at night the full consciousness I have when I am awake. Something is missing; what's missing is ..." And I was trying to define that "something" which was the precise expression of what the physical creation has contributed to the immense Manifestation, something which is specific to the physical consciousness as nowhere else, in no other domain. So that was the problem: If it [the "something" contributed by the physical consciousness] can't be had in sleep, it means that when we lose our body, we'll lose a degree of precision, doesn't it?

Before going to sleep I was in that frame of mind, and at night there was a series of experiences to show all the various states of consciousness of the various states of being. When I got up in the morning, there was a very keen observation of the difference contributed by the physical. I saw how that difference could carry on in the new physical state once it had shed its false side. And then, for ... I don't know, certainly two hours, there was a concrete Presence of what I call "the supreme Lord" (but we can call it any name, it doesn't matter at all: Truth, Consciousness, whatever we like – all words don't matter at all, it's something beyond all that). A concrete presence, there, like this *(Mother clenches her two fists as if to express a palpable solidity),* in all the cells, the whole being. I went on doing all the absolutely trifling and tiny little things – like washing, customary things, eating, too, speaking – and it stayed there. And it seemed to be to tell me, "This is how it will be." A joy, a power, a blossoming – extraordinary, to such a point that I wondered how it was that this [body] didn't change.... It's because THE STATE DIDN'T LAST LONG ENOUGH. It lasted only about two hours (more or less); afterwards, back came the everyday routine, everybody with their problems, and so forth *(Mother makes the familiar gesture of the "truckload" being dumped).* But I am not accusing anything of having made the state go away: it went away because this [body] isn't yet capable of holding it, that's all. That is to say, at the time, while it was there, there was an intimation that I had to write a note.... That's what I wanted to tell you. I had to write a note. *(Mother breaks off abruptly, then speaks as if words were being dictated to her:)*

> "Because of the necessities of the transformation, this body may enter a state of trance that will appear cataleptic....

Then I knew it was Sri Aurobindo speaking, because he started taking on his ironic tone, and he said:

> "Above all, no doctors! This body must be left in peace.[4] Do not hasten, either, to announce my death *(Mother laughs)* and to give the government the right to intervene. Keep me carefully sheltered from all injuries[5] that may come from outside – infection, poisoning, etc. – and have UNTIRING patience: it may last days, perhaps weeks, perhaps even longer, and you will have to wait patiently for me to come naturally out of that state once the work

of transformation is accomplished."

I didn't have the time to write it down. But Sri Aurobindo himself said to me, "On Saturday, when you see Satprem."

It's interesting.

So it's something that's going to take place.

It looks like that.... Because it came when I was fully in that state, but I was conscious that this [body] needed ... it takes TIME, that's the problem. Instantaneous things are miraculous and don't have the power of duration: they don't correspond to the STATE – the vibratory state of something lasting. So then, this intimation came, and when it came the experience was over, everything stopped.

But now I know what it is. And it has left in the being a sort of certitude, but a certitude so full of joy, oh! ...

There we are.

But Mother, these "instructions" should be given ...

... Should be known by everyone.

Everyone.

Which means by those who are near me, who look after me, even by people like the doctors, who might take it into their heads to go and inform the government, for instance!

Because this intimation was very ... imperative, it was an imperative necessity – which to me seems to prove that it will happen. "Because of the necessities of the transformation ..." That was when the experience was there and I became aware of all that needed to be changed for this body to be capable of holding the thing constantly, for it to be there all the time. So that came. And I wanted to write it down, but didn't have the time, I was already terribly late; then came very clearly from Sri Aurobindo, "On Saturday, when Satprem is here."

I forgot to tell you at first!

You'll have to make it into a note and give it to those you think it should be given to.

Yes, first to the "trustees" [the heads of the Ashram's administration], because they are the ones who have authority here; then it will have to be translated into English and distributed.[6] You understand, no one should take it into his head to go and tell the government – because they're so silly, they might go *shouting about.*

Yes, of course. They may go and inform the government or...

So the government will come and say, "But you can't keep this, you have to bury it." That would be lovely! It would be a fine mess!

There will have to be some wisdom in the disciples.

Excuse me?

A little wisdom in the disciples.

Yes ... yes.

Nobody should say anything except, "Mother has gone into trance." That's all, quite simply. "She is in trance."

But if they are prepared for the idea beforehand, they might be more reasonable?...

January 18, 1967

(Satprem asks Mother what he should do with the text of the "instructions" of January 14 which Mother gave in the event of her going into a long period of trance.)

I am going to keep it. When I receive the command to circulate it, I'll circulate it.

(silence)

I have seen rather clearly that that trance depended on the ratio between two aspects, the proportion between two aspects: that of the individual transformation (that is, the transformation of this body), and that of the general, collective and impersonal work.

If a certain balance is kept, that state [of prolonged trance] may be dispensed with, but then the same work which would have been done in a few weeks or months (I don't know) will extend over years – years and years. So it's a question of patience – patience isn't lacking. But it's not only a question of patience, it's a question of proportion: there must be a certain balance between the two, between the outside pressure of the external work (not "external," the collective work), and the pressure on the body for its transformation. If wisdom is still there, that is, if the instrument is constantly and infallibly capable of doing exactly what is expected of it (to put it into words: the supreme Lord's precise will), then the trance might not be necessary. It would only be if out of ignorance there is a resistance in the execution.

That's how I feel.

This possibility of transformation in trance was announced to the body some ...

yes, about sixty years ago now, and periodically afterwards. And there has always been a prayer: "No, may it not be necessary: it's the method of laziness." It's the method of inertia. Now all those preferences, all that is gone. There is only an increasingly alerted, awakened consciousness, but awakened to the point of being alerted to the possibility of unconscious resistances, with the will for them to disappear. All depends on the plasticity, the receptivity.

You understand, even if this body is told, "You will have to last a hundred or two hundred years for the work to be done without trance," it says, "It's all the same to me." All it wants is to be conscious. All it wants is, "Lord, to be conscious of Your consciousness," nothing else. That's its sole, exclusive will: "To be conscious of Your consciousness," that is, to consciously become You in another mode. But it isn't in a hurry, because it has no reason to be in a hurry.

You said just before (if I understood right) that that "state" may last for years. Were you referring to the state of trance?

No, that's not possible.

It's not possible.

No, it isn't.

The duration of that trance doesn't depend on outward conditions, on the preparation of the world, for instance?

I don't think so.

That's another possibility that came up in the past (but it's part of the vision of all possibilities – there are all kinds of possibilities). Once, there was that vision (I had it when Sri Aurobindo was here) of the whole town [of Pondicherry] engulfed by bombs, I think (I don't remember now,[7] but it wasn't lived: it was known as something that had happened), and the engulfing had caused a sort of burial very deep underground, in a grotto with a radiant atmosphere, so that the body had been preserved. Then I woke up two thousand years later. The experience started after those two thousand years: I saw how I had learned where I was and how I had come out of that grotto, how I had found out the number of years that had elapsed, and so on. All that happened one day and I told it to Sri Aurobindo. He said to me, "It's one of the innumerable possibilities that offers itself up in order to be manifested." He didn't attach more importance to it than that. All kinds of things come up as possibilities.

So you don't envisage the possibility of a long duration – that trance can't be very long?

I don't think that's materially possible.

And the purpose of that trance would basically be to fix the supramental vibration in the body?

To transform what's not receptive.

There are billions of elements in the body, so it's a mixture of receptivity and nonreceptivity. It's still mixed. And that mixture is why the appearance [Mother's physical appearance] remains what it is. So making everything receptive, in every element, is a work, you understand, a formidable work. If it had to be done in detail, it would be impossible, but through the pressure of the Force it can be done. So then, the trance would be made necessary precisely so it's done fast (relatively fast). This work is BEING DONE (I am myself conscious of it), but, you understand *(laughing),* it may stretch over hundreds of years! That's what Sri Aurobindo said: a state of consciousness has to be established in which the collective life of the cells can be preserved for as long as desired; in other words, the Lord's Will must be sufficiently active for the balance between all those elements to be kept for as long as necessary for all of them to change. And always, it has always been said that the most external form would be the last to change; that the whole internal, organic functioning would be changed before the external form, the appearance (it's only an appearance, of course); that the appearance would be the last to change.

It seems to me to be the legacy of primordial habits – the habits of Matter. This Matter, of course, comes from total unconsciousness, and throughout the ages and all the ways of being, it returns to total consciousness – it goes from one extreme to the other; well, what gives that need for trance is the habits of static immobility. It shouldn't be necessary. Only (how can I explain?...), logically, as things are, it depends on the balance between the body's capacity of receptivity and its external activity: it's obviously far more receptive when it is immobile, because its energies are turned to the transformation.

There is another thing that could help to change the course of events: it's that the vital is growing increasingly receptive and collaborative. This whole vital zone, which was the zone of revolt and deliberate opposition to the divine transformation, is growing increasingly collaborative, and with its collaboration (because this vital zone is the zone of movement, action, energy put to use), with its conscious collaboration, the methods of transformation may become different (it's something I have been studying these last few days). It may change the methods. But that's a whole world to be learned.

One should grow increasingly not only attentive but receptive, with a precision in details which would every second give one the knowledge of what should be done and how it should be done (not outwardly: inwardly). These cells should learn to have every second the attitude necessary for everything to unfold smoothly, keeping pace with the supreme Consciousness.

To replace the need for immobility and immobile rest by the power of inner concentration and peace – that peace which is perfectly independent of action, which can be there, unchanging, even in the midst of the most frantic actions.

Is that where you envisage the vital's intervention?

Yes.

I often wonder what the best possible attitude is for us. Is it better to be simply in a state of silence, open to the heights, a wide silence, or...

I think that's it.

But what's the alternative?

Or should one have, I don't know, a special concentration in the activity?

No, because the transformation is the only thing that doesn't call for the mind's intervention: the mind befuddles everything.

I clearly see what its use will be – why there has been the mind, why it exists, what its use will be – but that will come afterwards.

The mind will be transformed quite naturally, effortlessly; it's not the same as with this body. But for the moment, it can't be used as yet. It can be used only through aspiration, like this *(gesture opened to the heights),* a constant aspiration – the constancy of aspiration and receptivity to let the forces and the light come through.

There. So we'll meet again on Saturday.

I'll bring you the text of those "instructions."

Yes. There's no hurry – I don't think there is. It's better if it's ready, but ... The higher part of the consciousness is clearly in favor of the trance being unnecessary. And if the lower part becomes receptive enough in time, it won't be necessary. Or else, it will amount to very little. Just keep the text, that's all, keep it ready *(Mother laughs).*[8]

January 21, 1967

(Regarding the English translation of extracts from recent conversations published in the Ashram's Bulletin under the title "A Propos.")

... What they especially lack is the sense of a FORCE in the language.

What makes things very difficult is that, in fact, there is no one who has the experience I have. That's what is missing. You understand well only what you have experienced. If you try to understand all that mentally, you can't, it's not possible; a keen way of feeling has gone.

I read this "A Propos" to A. and Pavitra (you can't find people better disposed and more eager to understand), but all the subtlety was gone! – They didn't

understand. They tried (they "understood," they were very interested), but I know, I saw their state of consciousness: there was something completely closed, because there is no equivalent in them. But what can be done?... Oh, I gave up very long ago the idea of being really understood – maybe in a few hundred years people will understand, that's all.

It doesn't matter.

* * *

(Then Mother shows two notes on Auroville.)

"At last a place where one will be able to think of nothing but the future."

"Auroville is doing well and growing more and more real. But its realization is not progressing in the habitual human way, and it is more visible to the inner consciousness than to the outer vision."

* * *

Soon afterwards

Something rather indefinable as yet is happening.

The body was in the habit of fulfilling its functions automatically, as something natural, which means that for it, the question of their importance or usefulness did not arise: it didn't have that mental, for instance, or vital vision of things, of what's "important" or "interesting" and what isn't. That didn't exist. But now that the cells are growing conscious, they seem to stand back *(gesture):* they look at themselves, they begin to watch themselves act, and they very much wonder, "What's the use of all this?" And then, an aspiration: "How, how should things truly be? What's our purpose, our usefulness, our basis? Yes, what should our basis and our 'standard' of life be?" To put it mentally again, we might say, "How will we be when we are divine? What will be the difference? What's the divine way of being?" And what speaks there is that whole kind of physical base entirely made up of thousands of small things absolutely indifferent in themselves, whose raison d'être lies only in their totality, like a support to another action, but which in themselves seem devoid of any meaning. And then, it's again the same thing: a sort of receptivity, of silent opening to let oneself be permeated, and a very subtle perception of a way of being that might be luminous, harmonious.

That way of being is still quite indefinable; but in this seeking there is a constant perception (which translates as a vision) of a multicolored light, with all the colors – all the colors not in layers but as though *(stippling gesture)* combined in dots, a combination of all the colors. Two years ago (a little more than two

years, I forget), when I met the Tantrics, when I came into contact with them, I started seeing that light, and I thought it was the "Tantric light," the Tantric way of seeing the material world. But now I see it constantly, associated with everything, and it seems to be what we might call a "perception of true Matter." All possible colors are combined without being mixed together *(same stippling gesture),* and combined in luminous dots. Everything is as though made up of this. And it seems to be the true mode of being – I am not yet sure, but at any rate it's a far more conscious mode of being.

I see it all the time: with eyes open, eyes closed, all the time. It gives a strange perception (with regard to the body), a strange perception at the same time of subtlety, permeability (if I may call it that), of suppleness of form, and not exactly a removal but a considerable lessening of the rigidity of forms (the rigidity is removed, not the forms: a suppleness in the forms). As for the body, the first times it felt that in some part or the other, it felt ... when it happens it's a bit lost, with the sense of something eluding it. But if one remains very quiet and waits quietly, it's simply replaced by a sort of plasticity and fluidity that seems to be a new mode of the cells.

It might probably be what, on the material level, must take the place of the physical ego; that is to say, it seems the rigidity of the form must give place to this new way of being. Of course, the first contact is always very ... surprising. But the body is getting used to it little by little. What's a little difficult is the moment of transition from one way to the other. It's done very progressively, yet at the moment of transition there are a few seconds that are ... the least we can say is "unexpected."

In that way, all habits are undone. It's the same with all the functionings: blood circulation, digestion, breathing – all the functions. And at the moment of transition it's not that one abruptly takes the place of the other, but there is a state of fluidity between the two which is ... difficult. It's only because of that great Faith, a perfectly still, luminous, constant, immutable faith in the real existence of the supreme Lord – in the SOLE real existence of the Supreme – that everything goes on apparently as it is.

There are kinds of great waves of all ordinary movements, ordinary ways of being, ordinary habits: they are thrown back, come back again, try to engulf and are thrown back again. And I can see that for years the body and the whole body consciousness used to rush back into the old way to seek safety, it used to find its safety in flight; but now, the body has been persuaded not to do it any longer and on the contrary to accept: "Well, if it's dissolution, let it be dissolution." It accepts what will be.

Mentally, when that happens in the physical mind (it happened years ago, but I had observed that), it's what gives people the feeling that they're going insane, and they get frightened (and with fear things happen), so they rush back into ordinary common sense to escape. It's the equivalent – not the same thing, but the equivalent of what happens in the material: you feel all the usual stability is vanishing. Well, for a long time – a long time – there was that retreat into habit,

and then you are quite at peace and you start all over again. But now, the cells no longer want that: "Come what may, we'll see soon enough!" The great adventure.

How will we be? – How will we be? How ... You understand, it's the cells asking, "How should we be? How will we be?"

It's interesting.

January 25, 1967

(Nolini reads out to Mother his translation into English of the conversation of January 11 for the Ashram Bulletin. Mother remarks that she used the French word "injure" [=insult] where she meant a blow or a scratch, because she heard the English word "injury.")

I so often hear Sri Aurobindo speak, and I say it in French, but I use the English word because I hear him speak.

Often the thought alone comes, but quite often it's the exact words; and then, while speaking in French I tend to use the English words. While I take my bath, for instance, he always speaks to me and tells me the things I have to write or say; so afterwards, when I come out of the bathroom, I very often have to ask for a piece of paper and a pen, and I write.

It's constantly, constantly like that.

I remember, some time ago, at night, I said to him (I see him almost every night, but for a few days I hadn't seen him, then I met him at night ... because he is always there *[Mother makes a gesture enveloping her],* but at night, in that subtle physical world, I see him objectively, as if I were meeting him), and I said to him, *"I haven't seen you for a few days,"* like that, in jest. Then he put on his most serious air, but with all his irony: *"Oh, I am very busy these days."* And ... (laughing) the next day I learned they were shooting a film on Sri Aurobindo's life![9] So I thought he must have been busy sending them good suggestions. But it was so comical! With straight-faced seriousness: *"Oh, I am very busy." (Mother laughs)*

That's how "injury" came.

> *(Satprem:) In the text of those "Instructions" [in the event of cataleptic trance], you also use the word "injure"; you say that in that trance state, your body will have to be kept "a l'abri de toute injure" [sheltered from all injuries]. But I deliberately left the word, because in the original sense of the French word we speak of the "injures du temps" [the injury or assault of time]. Is that what you'd like to keep in those Instructions?*

That day he told me (it was he who told me to say that), *"The bites of insects,*

the bad contacts, things like that." He said, *"All injuries, poisoning by an insect, etc."*

(Then Mother listens to the English translation of the conversation of September 30, 1966, for the "Notes on the Way." The subject was the disappearance of the bone structure in the new being and the need for intermediary stages. Mother, speaking in English, turns to Nolini:)

Do you think people will understand?... Not much?

(Nolini :) Some will understand.

Some! ... a few.

And yet, for me, it is already far behind. It's funny, when you were reading the translation, I had the impression of something that was pulling me back in a condition that is no more mine.

Things are going quick, quick, quick.

I am just living the thing, so it is difficult to describe ... But it is quite a new condition. After some time I will be able to say ... *(Mother remains silent for a long while)* what is meant exactly by the irreality of this apparent matter.

It is just in the experiencing, I can't yet describe it. It takes some time.

There, in this "talk" [about the disappearance of the bone structure], I have the impression of having still one foot here, one foot there.

* * *

After Nolini has left

So, what's new?

What about you?

You know, I have the impression, exactly an impression (it's a transcription), the impression of being on the verge of finding a key – a key or a "trick" ... a procedure (I don't know how to put it: all this is popularization), but something which, if you got hold of it without being wholly on the true side ... in one second you could be the cause of a frightful catastrophe. That's why the integral preparation of the consciousness must go side by side with the perception of the Power. And then, there are such subtle differences that for the understanding (I am not referring to the ordinary understanding, but even for a quite spiritualized and prepared state of consciousness, which is not THE consciousness), an insignificant, almost imperceptible tiny little movement could bring about catastrophe.

What catastrophe? I don't know.... Something like a dissolution of the world.[10]

So you stand there *(Mother makes a gesture to indicate a very narrow ridge),* as if on an invisible borderline, with an extraordinary, almighty Power which, at the same time, makes you know and prevents you from knowing, with extraordinary tiny subtleties of movement so nothing may happen too soon, that is, before everything is ready.

(long silence)

That would amount to saying that falling ill (from falling ill to dying) is caused by the incapacity to maintain the necessary tension to go from one state to another without falling back again, without the slackening of unconsciousness. Illness is always a fall back into unconsciousness out of incapacity to sustain the movement of transformation. And death is the same thing – the same thing, somewhat more complete.

January 28, 1967

Mother shows a note she has just written:

I wrote this to someone here.... He hasn't been in India for a long time, and he doesn't understand anything about Indians – which isn't a crime, but he's full of scorn. Because he doesn't understand he is full of scorn. So I wrote him this:
"One should be careful not to scorn what one does not understand, for innumerable are the marvels sealed from our narrow view.

> "The Lord has unsuspected splendors which He reveals progressively to our too limited understanding."

It's a whole category of ways of thinking. Those who think they have superior intelligence and scorn what they don't understand are innumerable – innumerable. And that's the very sign of stupidity! On the other hand, there are many (they are generally regarded as "simple-minded," but I, for one, have a liking for those simpleminded people, they have a warmth of soul) who admire anything they don't understand. They have a sort of open-eyed admiration (regarded as stupid) for anything they don't understand. But they, at least, have goodwill. While to the others on the lofty height of their so-called intelligence, anything they don't understand is worthless. This man came here and said, "One can't work with these people, they are Indians!" *(Mother laughs)* And he says it as a matter of course.

You met someone the other day, I heard?

Yes, the man who is to write an extensive article on India in "Planète."

So then, what's this gentleman like?

He's a man full of sexuality. When you enter his atmosphere there is sex and nothing else. It's the only problem he's interested in. So in his magazine and a few other similar ones, they are trying to make Tantrism "of the left hand," the "Vama Marga," fashionable.

Oh!

He asked me questions on sexuality and talked of a "yoga of sexuality "!

Oh!

So I set things straight....

Oh, good.

Not very diplomatically, by the way. I said it had nothing to do with Tantrism. But the strange thing is that despite all this sexual atmosphere, the man still has an opening: one day, some twelve years ago, as he had a problem, instead of writing to Sri Aurobindo (he had read Sri Aurobindo), he thought, "But why shouldn't I concentrate on Sri Aurobindo to have the answer to my problem?" He concentrated, and in the night he suddenly saw a big golden disk come and fill him, and a voice told him with extraordinary force the words he was waiting for, words of revelation.... So the man has an opening.

Oh, yes.

But then he told me, "That was probably my unconscious, it came from my unconscious, but anyway ..."

(Mother laughs) He has a good unconscious!

Those people!... The Grace comes to them and kindly gives them a beautiful experience, just like that, and then: "It's my unconscious "!

(Mother laughs)

When he said that to me, I really felt Sri Aurobindo smiling.

Yes, he is amused.

But it seems that this so-called Tantrism and "yoga of sexuality" is overflowing everywhere in the West.

Yes, it's dangerous. It's dangerous.

It may be the cure, they may go through, I can't say.... Because Sri Aurobindo said that if you go beyond satiation you are cured, just as if you get rid of desire you are cured. But if you go beyond satiation you are cured, you are disgusted,

you feel the same disgust .... That's possible, I don't know.

(Laughing) In the meantime it makes a fine mess!

The other method is much quicker: abolition. I mean not only material abolition, but abolition of the PRINCIPLE of the thing; that's what I said before: when you go beyond animality, the material fact no longer has any reason to be, so it falls away. That's so to say immediate. But if you go all the way to loathing, that's another method!

> *Going all the way to loathing isn't the most dangerous thing; it's covering up this business with spirituality and making a "yoga of sexuality."*

Oh, *(laughing)* if you say that to them, they'll all fall sick!

But maybe one day impotence will take over. Then it will be the end. Because it's only Nature's instinct that gives power to this somewhat morbid imagination, and once Nature's instinct is exhausted or finished ... oh, I must say I knew some old, very old people who were full of dirty things; but that was probably because they had repressed themselves during their whole youth.

There is, of course, something very repugnant about it, which people overcome in order to get the "pleasure"; but there is something very repugnant about it, which, as soon as the pleasure is gone, becomes really thoroughly repugnant. What I meant was that they will perhaps be cured through disgust.

Lots of sects and movements have been accused of practicing this kind of sexuality (I think it was the "moral" basis for the accusation against the Templars). It's probably the result of the Christian attitude; Christianity has spoken of "sin" and made it a sin, so there's the result. It's the reaction.

But in truth, as soon as you are capable of having the true Ananda, it's absolutely repugnant, just like wallowing in mud.

Only, with this method there will be a good amount of wastage.

> *But it's nothing but the survival of a natural process which was useful in the beginning of evolution.*

Quite so.

> *And the meeting of two beings must take place through other means.*

Naturally!

> *From every side people ask the question of the sexual relationship between man and woman and of spiritual discipline.*

(Mother remains silent awhile)

To tell the truth, the Lord makes use of everything! One is always on the way towards something.

There comes a point when you go beyond indignation.

January 31, 1967

Regarding food

... What's necessary above all is to eat without hurrying: to eat very peacefully. That's indispensable. But very peacefully, not just slowly: there must be inwardly a sort of very slow rhythm, as if one had all the time one needed, in total peace.

This *(gesture to the forehead)* must be calm, it must live in a sort of eternity. Then one digests well. If the thought is very active, it's bad. There must be a kind of inner relaxation and the sense of a very regular, very vast rhythm.

* * *

Soon afterwards

There is such a curious thing: at times the atmosphere is grumpy, grouchy; all that comes, all that enters is like that; at other times it's smiling, pleasant, benevolent, and then all that comes (exactly the same things as before), all that comes is received pleasantly, like that: "Oh, that's good."

And I have noticed that it depends neither on circumstances nor on people nor on anything; it depends ... *(Mother sniffs the air)* as if something had been added or taken away in the atmosphere. Have you noticed?

> *Yes, absolutely.*

So I am trying to find the key to that.

> *It's collective. It's independent of beings.*

It's independent of beings and it's collective, and it acts on everyone and every circumstance. Where does it come from? That has to be seen. It must be found.

> *It's very strange. I've asked myself the same question because the impression is that the same thing is happening at different points of the GLOBE.*

Yes, yes, it's terrestrial. It's a terrestrial state. At times it goes on, at other times it changes very abruptly. Does it come from interplanetary currents? I don't know.

It has to be seen, to be studied.

Astrologers say it's the "opposition" between planets; at certain times planets are in opposition or conjunction and it results in certain currents. That's how they explain the trend of events. So the secret would be to make this law obey the higher Influence, the higher harmonizing law.

Then we would find the secret of many things.[11]

February 4, 1967

Mother comes in with a bad cold

There were constant obstructions here, between the nose and the throat, and I was silly enough to complain about it; I said it really didn't make sense and it had better go – so then ... the drastic method.

But this morning I was told to "rest," that is, to go within. I said I had other things to do – then it came over me forcibly! Which means that something suddenly comes to me, I see it, and then, quite naturally, I concentrate on it – and I realize I've gone away!

It was like that this morning, while I was working.

They are always sending me photos of people who went to get married (it has become a craze), and I am asked if they are well-matched, if it's all right. And I immediately see – I immediately see the sort of life they will have together, it's very funny! Today there were three couples like that. In the first, the man was intelligent, sensitive, with an emotional side in need of something, of a response. The woman, rather stupid, rather ordinary too. Not at all made for one another. But I was looking, and as I looked I saw what had happened: one day she had a sort of sentimental and emotional formation coming through her, and it so happens that that day she met this man, who was exactly in need of that. He said to himself, "This is it!" All his friends told him, "No, no, don't marry this woman, it will never work," and they are right. But he said, "I felt something." And that was just a day when it caught hold of her and he happened to be there. So I saw it all (it was very amusing), and off I went!

(Mother goes into a meditation, then suddenly breaks off)

Why? There's a purple V in front of you. A purple V – not purple: dark mauve, the color of the vital. A V of victory.

Has something happened?

I don't know.

As broad as this, luminous, mauve. And it was in front of you, you were seated between its two wings. It was for you. Has anything special happened?...

(Mother resumes her meditation)

February 8, 1967

I have some interesting things to tell you. It's about that cold. An extraordinary healing power ... All the phases in their most acute form, with the study of the process, going through each phase in a few hours, or a few minutes (depending on what it was). When you have a cold, you usually go through one phase, then another (you know how it is), then it goes lower down, then there is a cough, then ... All of it was gone through quickly, and in two days it was over. And with the whole process, but not the mentalized process, not at all: the vibratory process, showing how the Force comes and acts, and at the same time ... Oh, it was very, very interesting, because there was the part played by the inconscient, the part played by conscious reactions, the part played by the will (that's tremendous, an enormous part), the part played by mental suggestion (tremendous, too), and ... the action of the supreme Vibration. The whole thing in detail, day and night, constantly; to such a point that at times I stood still, like that, to follow the course. And it went on (I saw you on Saturday) for ... Sunday, Monday, Tuesday: those three days.

It's my fault it started; as I told you I had complained about these sinuses which were a constant nuisance, and there was also that constant inflammation of the mouth and the throat. So it had its effect. I can't say it's fully over because there still remains a lot, quite a lot of the old habit, but it came with the intention of changing things.

And all this has been learned in detail from a vibratory point of view. It's very interesting, I haven't wasted my time!

Because what applies to a cold obviously applies to any disorder, doesn't it?

It's the detailed process in each case. That was one of the manifestations of a cold.

I mean, it could act with other diseases, too, couldn't it?

Every disease represents its own vibratory mode. Every disease has its own vibratory mode; it represents a whole field of vibrations to be corrected. It's the EXACT measure of what in Matter resists the divine Influence – the exact measure, to the atom.

Oh, how interesting it is, if you knew how interesting.... Take coughing, for instance (not in the chest, in the throat). So, the first vibration: an irritation that draws your attention in order to make you cough. It has a certain kind of vibration which we may call "pointed," but it's not violent: it's light, annoying. It's the first little vibration. So with that vibration, awakening of the attention in the surrounding consciousness [of the throat cells]; then refusal to accept the cough, a rejection here [in the throat], which at first almost causes nausea (all this is seen

through a microscope, you understand, they are tiny things). The attention is focused. Then, at that point, there are several possible factors, sometimes simultaneous and sometimes one driving the other away; one is anxiety: something goes wrong and there is apprehension at what's going to happen; another is a will that nothing should be disturbed by the irritation; and all of a sudden, the faith that the Force is capable of restoring order everywhere instantly (none of this is intellectual: it's vibrations).

Then, sometime yesterday morning, something very interesting took place: a clear perception that the vast majority of the cells (in THIS case: I'm not talking about the whole body, I am talking about this particular spot – throat, nose, etc.), that the vast majority of the cells still have a sort of feeling – which seems to be the result of innumerable experiences or of habits (it's both; not clearly one or the other, but both) – that Nature's force, that is to say, the nature governing the body, knows what needs to be done better than the divine Power: it's "used to it," it "knows better." That's how it is. So then, when this new consciousness [the mind of the cells] which is being worked out in the physical being caught hold of that, oh, it was as if it had caught hold of an extraordinary revelation; it said, "Ah, I've got you, you culprit! You are the one who is preventing the transformation."

It's tremendously interesting, tremendously interesting!

All this is magnified in order to be expressed, but it's on the scale of the body's cells. And there was something like a flash of luminous Power as soon as that was discovered: it came down like that, brrm! *(gesture of a sword of light plunging into Matter)*

And it hasn't gone away since then. To such a point that I tried to recall that state of consciousness in order to note it down in detail – it no longer exists.

Those actions are ... really miraculous, but in tiny details, of course, which is why they don't look miraculous: they are only actions in details.

The attitude taken by the cells, the action of the will, the habit of Nature, the Intervention – all that was seen minutely, phase after phase. Because these cells [in the throat] were complaining; they were the ones that said things weren't changing and remained as they were. They clearly saw that things were kept under control, but without any sign of transformation. And that cold came as a magnifying glass, you understand. It came and magnified everything so it would become more visible and more easily observed. And the detail of all that's going on is, oh, really marvelous: it's a whole world, and it's tiny little things that generally go unobserved because we observe mentally. But seen like this ... For instance, at a certain point in those successive phases, all the signs are there that the body's will is going to flag and that you are going either to faint or to fall "sick" for a while. Then comes the choice made within by the cells, which weigh the possibilities against one another from the standpoint of the progress of transformation: "What can act? What can be the most useful and produce the greatest result? Is it to yield and have an apparent fall (it's only apparent), and in that fall, to allow the Force to do its work without interference? Or is it to follow the course of conscious transformation?" And that's where this marvelous

discovery of the cells took place: they really felt Nature knew better *(laughing)* how to go about it, because it was used to it. That was exquisite! Wonderful.

All this must be going on in everyone, but people are unconscious. It's the consciousness of the cells which has awakened, you understand. It's so interesting! And how illnesses can be avoided, how things ... All of it based on the experience of the UNREALITY OF APPEARANCES: a play is going on behind, which is altogether different from what we see or know.

I am now perfectly aware of the causes of allergy (studied in detail), and why cases of allergy are multiplying here in the Ashram. Naturally, it's based on ... *(Mother starts coughing and concludes:)* Ah, forbidden topic.

(After a moment of silence, Mother resumes:) It's the nerves that become increasingly receptive to the Force (and consequently, increasingly sensitive), and they don't have the wisdom or equilibrium necessary to counterbalance the increased sensitiveness. But then, the doctors' treatment is stupid! What would be needed is just the opposite: what's needed is (how can I put it?) to infuse wisdom and peace, not to deaden the body.

Yesterday evening, something amusing happened. I received some soups from Japan. It was all written in Japanese, impossible to read. When the doctor came (he comes every evening), I asked him, "Would you like to try a Japanese soup?" And I gave him a packet to take away. Yesterday evening, when he came back, I asked him, "Did you taste the Japanese soup?" He said, "It's a shellfish soup," and he added, "It's not good for you." I asked him, "Why is it not good for me?" (I asked him just for information, to know what my "illness" was (!), why I couldn't eat shellfish.) He answered me, "Oh, you would have an allergic reaction." Then I looked at him and, with great force, said to him, "I have NO allergic reactions." The poor man! He gave a shudder ... and he is down with fever!

It's true that now, as soon as the nerves (but you know, it's an observation of every second), as soon as the nerves start protesting ... It happens very often when they are interested in a sensation: they become interested in a sensation, they concentrate and follow it, then suddenly, it exceeds ... (how should I put it?) the amount they are used to considering as pleasant (it can be put that way), so there's a slight tipping over and they start going wrong, they start protesting. But if there is observation, there is the action of the inner "mentor" that tells them, "Now, all sensations can be borne almost to their highest degree: it's quite simply a bad habit and a lack of plasticity. Calm down and see what happens." (Something of the sort.) Then they are docile, they calm down, and ... everything falls flat. Falls flat, and then ... the allergic reaction is over. So I think I've learned the knack! That's why I answered the doctor with such force.

It's very amusing. That way you learn things.

Only, how to communicate this to people? I don't know.

It's a subtle, keen, minute observation.

At the same time, there is another factor (oh, there are several methods). You have a small material action to do (quite uninteresting in itself, but anyway, it has to be done) and there is that same inner disquiet which can cause things to tip over

on the wrong side any moment; if the consciousness – the total consciousness of the body – is busy with something else, the difficulty dies down without your noticing it. So the possibility is there of keeping the consciousness interested in something else. But then the possibility of illness or disorder isn't cured. So it's a constant choice between the work of transformation and (or) an equilibrium sufficient to go on with the general work.

I could write volumes, it's very, very interesting. It's being organized.

We don't really understand the value of the microscopic.

Yes! Yes, exactly.

February 11, 1967

(Regarding Mother's "Agenda." Satprem is sorting out a huge stack of files.)

... Now that bits are coming out in the *Bulletin,* lots of people are beginning to be very, very interested and want to know. They ask me, "But are you saying everything?" I answer, "Everything, that's impossible. But I am saying more." Then, "Can't we know?" – No one would understand a thing.

When it's completely over, we'll see.

I am telling you this so you know this work isn't wholly in vain.

Oh, but I'm sure it's not in vain, I am convinced of it! I don't need to be reassured.

It will be a monument! It's better to leave it as a monument, not to publish it in bits: massive, a thick volume like this, and then ... *(laughing)* crush people underneath! Then they won't ask anything anymore.

Do you want me to start preparing an edition (!)

No, no! When I have caught hold of the end, we'll publish it – I haven't caught hold of the end yet, far from it. Far from it. All these lessons I am given[12] are like lashes to tell me, "There, you must be ready for anything." All right. It's not in vain.

Oh, surely not! These old Agenda conversations I read again once they have been typed are full of light!

I don't know.

Oh, but I know!

When she [Sujata] has finished typing, we'll see.

We fell behind a lot during my illness, when I was in that hospital.

But it was also a long period from which nothing is left. It's going to leave a gap. There was nothing: I didn't talk, didn't speak to anyone. It has left a gap.

* * *

Soon afterwards

> *I'd really like to know what it is I'm up to at night. It's never been so totally unconscious, without ever seeing you – there's nothing, complete unconsciousness.*

With me too, the last few nights ... And it has been deliberate: the last few nights (for a week, maybe), how can I explain?... There are no more "excursions," I no longer go about.

Last night, for instance (I return to the outward consciousness two or three times every night), I noticed V. had gone out.[13] Naturally I saw the consequences and went on considering how I should manage. Well, I noticed (she went out around two; every day I get up at 4:30), I noticed that during those two and a half hours I didn't sleep ("didn't sleep," I mean I didn't exteriorize). And I wasn't "thinking" (thank God!), there was simply a kind of consciousness watching. And time went by with such fantastic speed that I was myself dumbfounded. I thought it was going to be long waiting for the time to get up, for 4:30, but it was absolutely outside time, absolutely outside time. Yet I remained in my body.

So then, this incident made me realize that I seem to be learning a new way of resting without going out of the body. Because I was sure I was then "awake," as it's called: there was nothing resembling sleep, and I wasn't thinking. There was only the consciousness watching, like that. But interiorized. And a will to get up at 4:30. I looked at the time once in between (there was a clock near my bed, I looked at it), it was 3:15. I was surprised, I thought, "How come? It was 2:30 a minute ago." Then I made a slight concentration to be sure of being quite awake at 4:30. And at exactly 4:30: "How come? I've just seen it was 3:15!" It was dumbfounding, because I didn't leave my body, I know I didn't sleep, and the consciousness was perfectly still, motionless, so to say; a consciousness simply concentrated (but a consciousness with "foresight," which sees what has to be done), simply like that, without thought.

It was so to say instantaneous.

It happens to me now and then during the day. I go into a certain state (it only

lasts for a minute or two), a strange state: you are perfectly awake, perfectly conscious, and at the same time totally unaware of time and things around you ... not exactly of things around you, but not conscious of them in the same way – I don't know how to explain.

February 15, 1967

(The following conversation was noted down from memory. It occurred apropos of a young disciple who did not understand how everything – impulsions, desires, etc. – could come from "outside," from universal Nature, while Sri Aurobindo otherwise declares, "I become what I see in myself.")

I told him once that he would begin to be intelligent when he became capable of setting all opposites face to face and bringing them into a synthesis.

What they lack is the sense of the fourth dimension, so they don't understand. There, everything holds together, in a very concrete, palpable way, the "outside" and the inside.

As for Théon, he insisted a lot on adverse forces, while Sri Aurobindo didn't talk about them. So when I came here I asked him, "But do hostile beings and adverse forces exist?" He said to me, "Yes, they do exist, but in order to master them it's easier to regard them as being outside, rather than inside as a part of your nature." He on his part insisted on the One: everything is the One distorted to a greater or lesser extent, even the "adverse" forces. What we call "adverse forces" are, at bottom, distortions of consciousness. When those distortions predominate in a being, that is to say, when his nature obeys distorted influences and no longer responds to the divine influence, we may call it a "hostile being" (they do exist, God knows!). But here in India, they have insisted above all on the notion of Oneness. Of course, at the origin of the worlds a separation took place, but it's mostly the Tantrics who have insisted on that; they say that in order to re-form Godhead, the two poles must be reunited.... All this is languages, it's manners of speaking that fill the gaps and complement one another. And according to the individuals, the times and countries, some manners of speaking were purer than others, some closer than others. But all said and done ... We may say that the Lord enjoys narrating Himself in all possible ways.

And when you are on the very lowest rungs of the ladder of consciousness, those manners of speaking become increasingly concrete, absolute, hard, and exclusive of all that isn't themselves: those are religions.... Oh, by the way, it seems the Pope was approached about Auroville and he asked if there would be a Catholic church! ... They put the question to me. I said, "No. No churches, no temples."

But it might be funny if we put together one specimen of every religion from

every country and every epoch. A city of religions, can you see that?... The totem pole next to the cathedral! Oh, that would be very funny! All the ancient religions – the Egyptian, the Tyrian, the Scandinavian gods ... – and then the new religions.

They'd all quarrel with each other!

It's a pity, men have too little sense of humor! Otherwise we could have great fun. It's a wonderful remedy.

We could arrange guided tours, just like Cook's tours (!) We would have a tour of religions, with all the statues and monuments. The explanations could be read out by some guide or other, but they would be prepared by someone with a slightly higher vision (oh, not a supramental vision, just a slightly higher one), and they would show human creeds and how men have shed blood in the name of "God."

The most bloodthirsty god is the most popular, I think. All the slaughters, all the horrors, all the tortures that have been committed in the name of God ...

It's a subject I found very interesting, in the beginning I even wanted to give a class[14] on it, when the School only had thirty children or so: a class on religions showing the whole course from the gods with the heads of birds or jackals to cathedrals. Oh, when I was just five, I was revolted by that "God" who really was a wicked character and caused bloodshed.

So we could have a "city of religions." But we would have to re-create the atmosphere.

A museum of religions?

No, a museum is too intellectual – a city of religions. We would have to re-create the atmosphere and have a temple, churches, a cathedral, a totem pole ... (laughing) We'd entrust the Greek temple to Ananta![15] That would be really unique on earth.

But you know, there are still so many fanatics – more than we think. You would think all that has disappeared with modern development – not at all.

The farther I go, the more I have a perception of a Harmony. A harmony, that is, a vision of the Whole in which everything is in its place: qualities, movements, even forms. It's something being worked out, a vision being worked out.

Yet outwardly, it's apparent chaos.... You know, an equilibrium is made out of a multitude of interlockings holding one another and creating a stability. But when you want to move on to a higher equilibrium, all that must be disintegrated, so to speak *(gesture of a pyramid being flattened),* then reintegrated in a broader way, and all the interlockings must be formed again on a higher level. It's the transition from one to the other that's difficult. The disequilibrium is what prepares a new equilibrium.

We are in the middle of the chaos.

And the only solution at such a time is to draw back, as it were *(gesture of drawing within),* and hang on unshakably to something higher, fasten on to it

while the hurricane passes by. Then you can go through.

ADDENDUM

(As late as in 1960, Mother intended to give a class on the "history of religions," as the following letter in answer to a question from a teacher at the School bears witness to.)

> *"... And finally, what was the occult influence of this Judaism on human evolution? The more I think about it, the more the threads of it all appear to me so tied up and entangled together that only a knowledge 'in overview' seems capable of helping to bring out the essential. Well, Mother, I leave it all to you. I hope you will be able to tell me the way in which we here should approach the question and to give me the few major elements on which I will be able to build my exposition."*

November, 1960

I do not know what Pavitra told you or asked you for, but here is a summary of what I said to him. For a long time I have been thinking of explaining to the students young and old the particular truths that are found at the root of all human religions, each of them representing one aspect of the total Truth which exceeds them all. This has been *perfectly* explained in Sri Aurobindo's writings, which one *must* have read and studied before one can even *conceive* the way in which the subject must be treated. At any rate, there was no question of asking anyone to do it, since I had reserved the subject for myself, considering that it can be usefully treated only if one has oneself had the *experience,* that is to say, if one has *lived* the truth behind all the religions.

What I asked for was to give the students, as a preparation, a class on the "history of religions," from the purely historical, external and intellectual standpoint. There is no question of dealing with the subject from the spiritual angle.

At any rate, *nothing useful* can be done before carefully reading all that Sri Aurobindo has said on the subject *(Synthesis of Yoga:* in the "Yoga of Knowledge" he deals with religions; the first chapters of *Essays on the Gita; Foundations of Indian Culture; Thoughts and Aphorisms,* and many others too). *Therefore start reading first.*

So I am not replying to your questions because they are part of the course I want to give myself and have not, besides, written yet.

With my blessings

Signed: Mother

February 18, 1967

All these last few days I have been considering the proportion that should be maintained between what was accomplished and established in the past and the attitude of complete acceptance of what comes from the future.

There is obviously in Nature a tendency to want a slow transformation from what was habitually regarded as "good" (expressive, good, harmonious) to the new Thing. And I was observing the extent to which there is attachment: the attachment of habit, something very spontaneous and uncalculating. Then, recently (yesterday), I had an amusing example.

Do you know little S.?[16] Have you ever spoken to her? ... I've heard she beats sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys at logic and new mathematics. I saw her today. She is obviously quite remarkably intelligent. And yesterday was her birthday. You know that Y. [her adoptive mother] has gone into hospital; and when she went she asked me to send something to Thoth every day (you know who's Thoth,[17] don't you?), because it seems that whenever he receives something from me, he is quite calm for two hours. Very well. So I sent something the first day (that was yesterday). And yesterday was little S.'s birthday. I thought that rather than for her to fetch from the secretary the fruit I give for Thoth, it would be better if she came to see me at 10 and I'd give her her card and bunch of flowers at the same time. But then, everything is disorganized and not too *efficient:* she wasn't informed. When she came it was too late because it was 10:30 or 11 while I had said "before 10." So she wrote me a letter.... I saw the girl today, she is really very intelligent, no doubt about that, and here is her letter. (Note that when she came to live with Y., she knew French because she had learned it with the Sisters – she was a pupil at the "Mission" some three years ago – and for three years Y. has been giving her French lessons.) So here is the child's letter:

(translation)

> Sweet Mother,
> I am absolutely ... [one word skipped here] having missed seeing you. Yesterday evening nobody came to tell me. And when they brought the presents for Thoth from You they didn't tell me nothing either.
> Sweet Mother, since yesterday big S.[18] wants to see you, and now that they say it's too late and I feel I'll miss seeing You, big S. is sad and I don't like that.
>
> S.

It's not French, of course. You clearly feel that the thought isn't ordinary.... I found that very interesting. But for a French class, it would be riddled with errors.

Of course, but there is a "tone" in it....

Exactly.

I was surprised, because Y. [the adoptive mother] knows French well, obviously, and she is quite capable of teaching her to write correctly: she hasn't taken the trouble, or didn't want to, I don't know why. But there is a certain force there.

Oh, yes.

It's interesting.

And after all, what we want ... we know that we need, not an artificially new language, but something supple enough to be able to adapt to the needs of a new CONSCIOUSNESS; and that's probably how that language will emerge, from a number of old languages, through the disappearance of habits.

What's specific to each language (apart from a few differences in words) is the order in which ideas are presented: the construction of sentences. The Japanese (and the Chinese even more so) have solved the problem by using only the sign of the idea. Now, under the influence from outside, they have added phonetic signs to build a sentence; but even now the order in the construction of the ideas is different. It's different in Japan and in China. And unless you FEEL this, you can never know a foreign language really well. So we speak according to our very old habit (and basically it's more convenient for us simply because it comes automatically). But when I "receive," for instance, it's not even a thought: it's Sri Aurobindo's formulated consciousness; then, to be expressed there is a sort of progressive approximation, and sometimes it comes very clearly; but very often it's a spontaneous mixture of French and English forms and I feel it's something else trying to be expressed. At times (he follows my notation), he makes me correct something; at other times it comes perfectly well – it depends.... Oh, it depends on the limpidity. If you are very tranquil, it comes very well. And there, too, I see it's not really French and not really English. It's not so much the words (words are nothing) as the ORDER in which things come up. And when afterwards I look at it objectively, I see that it's in part the order in which they come in French and in part the order in which they come in English. And the result is a mixture which is neither one language nor the other and endeavors to express ... what might be called "a new way of consciousness."

It leads me to think that something will be worked out that way, and that any too strict, too narrow attachment to the old rules is a hindrance to the evolution of expression. From that point of view, French is a long way behind English – English is much more supple. But the languages in countries like China and Japan that use ideograms seem to be infinitely more supple than our own.

Certainly!

They can express new ideas and things far more easily through juxtaposition of signs.

But now, with this "new logic" and "new mathematics," a whole set of new

signs is beginning to be universal, that is to say, the same signs express the same ideas or things in all countries, whatever language is used in the country, quite independently.

These new thoughts and new experiences, this new logic and new mathematics, are now taught in higher classes, but all the primary and secondary studies have remained in the old formula, so I have been very seriously thinking of opening primary and secondary schools in Auroville, based on the new system – as a trial.

> *But what's the process? It's a problem that interests me a lot: how do you catch this new expression?*

It can only be done ... This is my experience: if I want to express clearly what Sri Aurobindo says (he doesn't "say," I don't know how to explain it ... it's his consciousness going like this *[gesture of projection],* expressing itself), well, first the mind must be silent, that goes without saying. But the difficulty is the passage to expression; that's what I have studied and where I have seen the extent of that sort of spontaneous and automatic attachment to the old habits.

> *Yes!*

So what should be done there (and what I try to do) is the same work of receptive silence and to let inspiration, the inspirational consciousness, gather the necessary elements. For that we must be very tranquil. We must be very supple, in the sense of *surrendered*; I mean, allow as little habitual activity as possible to mix in – be almost like automatons. But with the full perception of the consciousness trying to be expressed, so that nothing gets mixed in with it. That's the most important thing: to receive this consciousness and hold it like ... really like something sacred, without anything getting mixed in with it, like that. So then, there is a problem of attraction, we might say, and of concretization in the formula.[19] I always say to myself that if I knew a lot of languages, it would all be made use of; unfortunately I know only two (properly speaking I know only two) and I have only very superficial and minimal glimpses of two or three others – that's not enough. Only, I had a contact with very different methods: the method of the Far East and the Sanskrit method, and of course the methods of the West. It does give a sort of base, but it's not sufficient – I am poles apart from erudition. I have always felt that erudition shrivels up thought – it parches the brain. (I have great respect for erudite people, oh indeed, and I seek their advice, but ... for myself it won't do!)

Once, very long ago, when Sri Aurobindo was telling me about himself, that is, his childhood, his formation, I put the question to him, I asked him, "Why am I, as an individual being, so mediocre? I can do anything; all that I have tried to do I have done, but never in a superior way: always like this *(gesture to an average level)."* Then he answered me (at the time I took it as a kindness or commiseration), "That's because it gives great suppleness – a great suppleness and

a vast scope; because people who have perfection in one field are concentrated and specialized." As I said, I took it simply as a caress to comfort a child. But now I realize that the most important thing is not to have any fixity: nothing should be set, definitive, like the sense of a perfection in the realization – that means a dead stop in the march forward. The sense of incapacity (with the meaning I said of mediocrity, of something by no means exceptional) leaves you in a sort of expectation *(gesture of aspiration upward)* of something better. So then, the most important thing is suppleness – suppleness. Suppleness and breadth: reject nothing as useless or bad or inferior – nothing; set nothing up as really superior and beautiful – nothing. Remain ever open, ever open.

The ideal is to have this suppleness and receptivity and surrender, that is, so total an acceptance of the Influence that whatever comes, naturally, spontaneously and effortlessly the instrument adapts itself instantly to express it. With everything, of course: with the plastic arts, with music, with writing.

(silence)

The nature [of Mother] was rather shy, and as a matter of fact, there wasn't much confidence in the personal capacity (although there was the sense of being able to do anything, if the need arose). Till the age of twenty or twenty-one I spoke very little, and never, never anything like a speech. I wouldn't take part in conversations: I would listen, but speak very little.... Then I was put in touch with Abdul Baha (the "Bahai"), who was then in Paris, and a sort of intimacy grew between us. I used to go to his gatherings because I was interested. And one day when I was in his room, he said to me, "I am sick, I can't speak; go and speak for me." I said, "Me! But I don't speak." He replied, "You just have to go there, sit quietly and concentrate, and what you have to say will come to you. Go and do it, you will see." Well then *(laughing),* I did as he said. There were some thirty or forty people. I went and sat in their midst, stayed very still, and then ... I sat like that, without a thought, nothing, and suddenly I started speaking. I spoke to them for a half-hour (I don't even know what I told them), and when it was over everybody was quite pleased. I went to see Abdul Baha, who told me, "You spoke admirably." I said, "It wasn't me!" And from that day (I had got the knack from him, you understand!), I would stay like that, very still, and everything would come. It's especially the sense of the "I" that must be lost – that's the great art in everything, for everything, anything you do: for painting, for ... (I did painting, sculpture, architecture even, I did music), for everything, but everything, if you are able to lose the sense of the "I," then you open yourself to ... to the knowledge of the thing (sculpture, painting, etc.). It's not necessarily beings, but the spirit of the thing that uses you.

Well, I think it should be the same thing with language. One should be tuned in to someone in that way, or through that someone to something still higher: the Origin. And then, very, very passive. But not inertly passive: vibrantly passive, receptive, like that, attentive, letting "that" come in and be expressed. The result would be there to see.... As I said, we are limited by what we know, but that may

be because we're still too much of a "person"; if we could be perfectly plastic it might be different: there have been instances of people speaking in a language they didn't know, therefore ...

It's interesting.

With everything, the great secret is for the consciousness to be ... THE Consciousness – the limitless Consciousness. Then what It does is to set this [the instrument] in motion. Later – later, when the transformation takes place, when it's total and effective, there 'will probably be a conscious collaboration; but now it's only a *surrender,* a self-giving, and this lends itself – lends itself with enthusiasm and joy – for THE Consciousness to use it.

When it's like that, all goes well.

All the old habits, oh! ...

And looking at it from this angle, you realize the total absurdity of judgments, which are more than 99% based on old habits: the old habits of what you regard as good or bad, useful or harmful, and so on. An automatic judgment, automatic acceptance or refusal ...

This story of little S. has taught me much. Because I saw that little girl this morning. She is black-skinned, of course – she was all luminous. All luminous. And I don't think she is conscious of it (perhaps only in so far as Y. has flattered her – that's always possible), but it's very spontaneous in her, she wasn't trying to put on airs, she didn't come to strike a pose: she just came to take the fruit and flower for Thoth. She was here in front of my table; when I saw her come in I said, "Strange." This little girl who is so black-skinned ... she was clearer than others.

And this letter is so strong!

Yet she wouldn't pass an examination.

February 21, 1967

(Message for Mother's eighty-ninth birthday)

When darkness deepens strangling the earth's breast
And man's corporeal mind is the only lamp,
As a thief's in the night shall be the covert tread
Of one who steps unseen into his house.
A voice ill-heard shall speak, the soul obey,
A power into mind's inner chamber steal,
A charm and sweetness open life's closed doors
And beauty conquer the resisting world,
The truth-light capture Nature by surprise,
A stealth of God compel the heart to bliss

And earth grow unexpectedly divine.

Sri Aurobindo
(Savitri, I.IV.63)

February 22,1967

(Mother gives Satprem the text of an answer:)

"Why is the choice imperative?"

"Because we are at one of the 'hours of God' as Sri Aurobindo puts it – and the transforming evolution of the world has taken a hastened and intensified movement."

(silence)

Are you tired?

Not tired ... – it's confusion.
The nights are good, but the mornings ... *(Mother shakes her head)*

(meditation)

February 25, 1967

(Mother gives Satprem a rose the color of fire.)

Do you think Nature will ever invent something better than this?... I don't think so.

It's beautiful, this Nature! I find this more beautiful than animals. From the point of view of consciousness, it's obviously more limited; a plant doesn't have the consciousness an animal has – they have this aspiration towards the light, but the consciousness isn't precise. But from the point of view of material organization it's incomparable. Take a tree like this one *(the coconut tree under Mother's window),* I see it all the time, this tree, it's wonderful! And how it struggles, how it works, how it produces ....

From the point of view of beauty, I mean material harmony, the Mind has

spoilt things a lot, quite a lot (at least that's my impression).

How will things be?... Because nothing I have seen has, from the point of view of form, the richness, variety, unexpectedness, beauty of color and form that this rose has. I have seen things, I have seen supramental realizations – from the point of view of consciousness, they are infinitely superior, without a doubt, but from the point of view of form ...

They are yet to be born. Those forms are going to be born.

Let us hope so. Let's really hope so.

They are bound to.

Let's hope so, really.

From the point of view of consciousness, with the beings I saw,[20] for instance, when they wanted to be clothed somehow, they did it through willpower; from the point of view of consciousness, that's certainly incomparable, there's no possible comparison, but ...

Of course, one can clothe oneself in a marvelous way.

Yes, like a flower. The consciousness can change all the colors according to the moment.

Oh, that would be lovely. If one could become a lovely rose! ...

Well, that's an idea! *(Mother laughs)*

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

We may say that all experiences tend towards a single revelation – that consciousness alone exists. And that it is the decision or choice (words are inaccurate), a decision of the consciousness that causes the form – all the forms, from the most subtle to the most material ones; and the material world, the apparent fixity of the material world stems from a distortion or a darkening of the consciousness, which has lost the sense of its all-powerfulness.

This distortion has been still more pronounced since the advent of the mind, which in its working has so much taken the place of consciousness that it has so to speak substituted itself for consciousness, and that the mind, in its ordinary working, cannot be distinguished from consciousness – it doesn't know what consciousness is, and so ... *(Mother makes a gesture expressing a shrinking or hardening).*

It's becoming very, very precise, very clear, very visible in the developed human mind. For the functioning of the body, for example, the difference between the action and perception of the consciousness and the action and perception of the mind. And in our world as it's still organized, the mind is more (oh, as an impression this is very interesting), much more concrete – "concrete" in the way of what we are used (wrongly used) to calling "real" – and set. It's not translucent, not fluid; it's not plastic, not fluid: it's mental, concrete. And then, the mind needs

acquired knowledge and all the contacts with the outside.... Let's take a disorder in the body's functioning (which may come for all kinds of reasons that are very interesting to observe, but anyway, we can't speak of everything at the same time). The disorder is there and is expressed through a sense of discomfort; the way the consciousness reacts and acts and the way the mind reacts and acts are entirely, absolutely different (we can't say opposite, but absolutely different). Then there is the weakness (I am talking about the sensation of the body itself), the weakness arising from old habit. It's not a lack of faith, the body knows in an almost absolute way that there is only one salvation, one savior: THE Consciousness. But there is a weakness that causes a sort of slackening, a letting go to habit, and that's where an intensity of faith is needed – but an energy in the faith – in order not to yield. This goes on in a very small sphere, you understand, it's a question ... not even of minutes – of seconds. And if there is a letting go, it means illness; while the other way [of the consciousness] means, little by little, progressively, the unreality of the disorder.

But it means an intensity of faith which, compared to the present state of mankind, may be regarded as miraculous.

And the acceptance of illness is the acceptance of the usual end, which is generally called "death" (that doesn't mean anything), but anyway, it means that the aggregate is unable to be transformed and is dissolved.

These are things [those "seconds"] that happen very often, and without any relationship whatever to outer circumstances. Which means that if one were all alone – all alone, still, in meditation – it would be more radical and definitive. But it's mixed in with the movement of life, outer circumstances, and those outer circumstances make it necessary that it should go more or less unnoticed. So the result is less complete, only partial, and so it recurs again and again, it's repeated.... It stretches over a considerable time.

(silence)

All this has a meaning, really a meaning, only if we reach the end.

The end is consciousness reassuming its power.

But even if the effect isn't total or general, I mean for the whole earth, even on one point it will still have tre-men-dous effect.

There, we must be patient.

March 2, 1967

(Regarding foreign visitors who have asked to see Mother)

... Seeing me should be the RESULT of something, not the beginning. That's what I never stop saying to them. It's not to give them an impulse: it's to respond to a preparation that needs to take root. Then it has a meaning. They come, it's done in two minutes, they go away with what is needed. Then it's all right.

* * *

(The conversation turns to Mother's last birthday, on February 21, and to the difficulty in containing the increasing and chaotic stream of outer activities.)

I live in growing confusion. It has one advantage, I see that very clearly: there can no longer be any automatism. When you live a well-organized life, things become automatic – that's not possible anymore, the consciousness must be like a beacon every minute, cast forth in order to know what must be done. I clearly see it's meant to be like that. It's deliberate.

Some of the things I said in the Talk you've read me today were true at the time, are still true for the majority of people, but are no longer true for me....[21] To the present vision, there is nothing that isn't willed and doesn't come *purposely* (not exactly deliberately, but with a precise aim in view), and it is AT THE SAME TIME a complete, multifaceted and integral whole (which is why it's very difficult to grasp). But now the thing is very clearly felt. And for two or three days, following a very minute observation – precise and minute ... The center of consciousness is fairly high *(gesture far above the head);* in the past it was always there *(gesture near the top of the head),* it would see things around and inside, but it seems to have risen: the field of the consciousness is much vaster. Also, the body has become transparent, so to speak, and almost nonexistent; I don't know how to put it ... it doesn't obstruct the vibrations: all vibrations can go through. For example (I'll give an example to make myself understood, omitting details deliberately), I was asked for a certain amount of money, an increase. (On the material level a certain number of things are under [Mother's] control from here, and I have to pay for them regularly.) So then, an increase was asked for. Not that the request was unreasonable, that's not it (it was an increase for something special, a daily increase), but, I don't know why (because here *[gesture to the forehead]* nothing happens, I am absolutely, not only *blank,* but transparent, and

everything is allowed to go through unobstructed), when I had to make the decision, there was immediately a vision (but a vision, as I said, from above, which looks over a much larger field), a vision of conflict, battle, and to the observation there was something [in Mother] very much displeased, like a protest. I wondered why. If it had been translated into words, there would have been indignation at that request (without there being in the consciousness the least reason for this indignation: it all becomes very, very impersonal – very impersonal). I went on looking with the vision of the consciousness, and then, as if automatically through this mouth I asked how much this increase would amount to a week (because even the mental state that enables you to calculate isn't there at all: it's only a question of consciousness). I asked someone who was there, and he told me. Then, there immediately came the decision: "I will give so much once a week." And everything calmed down. Why and how and who? I haven't the faintest idea.

So I am forced to conclude that it's a highly superior consciousness which sees things with reasons quite beyond us, sees also how things must be done and sets them in motion everywhere *(global gesture to indicate the play of forces)* until they are done as they must be. And where there was a person, it no longer exists – there are no more "persons": there are forces in movement that bring about certain material actions, but no more persons.

Since then, an observation has been going on: I have noticed that everything concerning this body has become like that. So the body itself scarcely has the sense of its limits *(gesture as if the delimiting shape had melted)*. It's fairly new. I can see it has come about rather progressively, but it's fairly new, so it's hard to express. But it's this very body that no longer feels limited like that *(same gesture):* it feels spread about in everything it does, in everything around it, in all things, people, movements, sensations, in all that.... It's spread about like that.

It has become very amusing, very interesting. It's really new.

And it has grown more precise after February 21. There were one or two very difficult days around the birthday, then a kind of adjustment took place inside, and afterwards came the experience. It was the outcome. There really is a change.

The body has to be a little attentive and careful not to bump into things or drop them: the gestures are somewhat wobbly. It's very interesting. It must be a transitional phase, which will last until THE true consciousness is established; then it will have a wholly different functioning from the one it had previously, but with a precision that can be foreseen to be incalculable. And of a very different order. With many things, for instance, the vision is clearer with eyes closed than with eyes open, but the same clarity is beginning (it began long ago), beginning to come with open eyes; they see differently *(gesture showing the inside of things)*.

There are amusing details in the whole, but I will tell you about them later because they involve certain people, so I'd rather not talk (the details are interesting only with the names), I'd rather not talk about them right now.... It has to do with the "power of the Mother" and how it will manifest – amusing things, ambitions, perhaps (it took on the appearance of ambitions), but I am watching

(the "I" above – the true "I"), I am watching to see if it corresponds to a concrete reality.... From a quite external and ordinary point of view (and it's not like that, it's not SEEN like that), but translated in the human consciousness, those ambitions are caused by the fact that the material age is increasing,[22] and so one may foresee ... (laughing) my disappearance. It's very amusing. But I'll tell you about it later.

Very well. *(Mother laughs heartily)*

You must see some funny things!

It remains to see when I'll disappear! ... Sri Aurobindo said to me, "Your body on earth ..." He said, "What I see is that your body is the only one that has sufficient endurance to go through the ordeal." But, you understand, this body knew nothing about it, it has no ambitions (!), still less pretensions. But basing myself on that, when he told me, "You will do the work," I said yes. So there we are. But now, I see – I have seen: holding out is tough. It's tough. It takes both an unflinching energy – a constant energy, like this *(inflexible gesture) – and* at the same time, a perfect humility ready to abandon EVERYTHING, because all that is is nothing in comparison with what must be. A perfect humility. I don't think there are many bodies like that. It really *(laughing)* has goodwill!

Oh, these last few days there have been moments ... a few minutes (it could hardly last more) when it was really tough. And then, what makes it possible for the body to go through is that at such moments, it's completely like this *(gesture of surrender):* "Lord, what You will." Nothing, no thought, no speculation – nothing: "What You will." And "You alone exist." That's all.

Moments of anguish, you know ... in an ordinary consciousness it would translate into hard-to-bear physical pains, but the Grace is there – the UNREALITY OF THE SUFFERING is there, fortunately.

Oh, a marvelous Grace.

So then, the result (these few days were difficult), the result is this: that the consciousness of the body itself has really changed. Its consciousness is up above: there's nothing left here inside, it's all like that, like something everything goes through.

(silence)

It may have one ambition (it's expressed as an aspiration, at any rate): the possibility of making this unreality of suffering felt everywhere. When the possibility is glimpsed of transmitting everywhere the unreality of suffering, there comes a joy – a light, a joy in the body. That makes it happy. So the Consciousness above says "That's how it is, that's how it will be." There.

March 4, 1967

(Regarding Sri Aurobindo's aphorism 126: "The most binding law of Nature is only a fixed process which the Lord of Nature has framed and uses constantly; the Spirit made it and the Spirit can exceed it, but we must first open the doors of our prison-house and learn to live less in Nature than in the Spirit.")

That has been precisely the subject of ... (can we call it meditation?), of this morning's work. It came so clearly. But the experiences aren't literary, they can't be expressed.[23]

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

Someone has just brought, from two sides at the same time *(gesture to the right and to the left),* a plate with grapes and a second plate with grapes, like that. One was for you and one for me.

For two or three days some beings from the vital have been eager to manifest their goodwill, and this was like the expression of their goodwill. In the vital, food is very often grapes, very frequently. Grapes of incomparable beauty, besides. And grapes are the fruit of life. So I suppose that's why. There were two bunches: one was bigger, the other not so big; I don't know whom the bigger was for and whom the other for: they came from both sides, they were presented like this *(gesture to the right and to the left of Mother).* One was on a plate, the other on a square of white paper. I presumed the one on the square of white paper was for me!

Lovely, beautiful bunches! Grapes turning golden, you know – transparent and golden as when they're ripe. Each grape was this big *(gesture: about two inches).*

(silence)

I tried to express what happened this morning, and what kept coming to me was: "But the experiences aren't literary, they can't be expressed."

(silence)

Some beings of the vital said to me, "There was a time when you used us and we were very happy. Why aren't you using us anymore now?" So I replied to them, "If you want to do work, I'm certainly not going to stop you!"

That was yesterday evening. I was asked questions on levitation (questions a proper modern child might ask), I was asked, "How is it that one who escapes from this law doesn't just go up into the atmosphere?" I answered from my experience that that's not the way levitation works, it's not because one escapes from the law of gravity: it's because physical bodies are supported by materialized vital forces (slightly materialized). So then, it put me back in contact with those

forces and beings, and last night they said that to me; they told me, "Why aren't you using us any longer? We were quite happy!" I said, "Come along and do some work!" And there we are [= the grapes].

When you sleep (that is, when the body is in a state of trance), you can eat. You sense the taste when you have gone outside the body. And it's very nourishing, it gives strength. I have eaten I don't know how many times like that, mostly grapes – and what grapes! ...

* * *

Soon afterwards

Yes, this problem of the transformation, I see more and more clearly that there are three approaches, three ways to go about it, and that in order to be more complete one should combine the three.

One – the most important, naturally – is the way we could call "spiritual," the way of the contact with the Consciousness – Love-Consciousness-Power, that is. These three aspects: supreme Love-Consciousness-Power. And the contact, the identification: making all the material cells capable of receiving Him and expressing Him – of BEING That.

Of all the ways, that is the most powerful and most indispensable.

There is the occult way, which brings all the intermediary worlds into play. There is a very detailed knowledge of all the powers and personalities, all the intermediary regions, and it makes use of all that. That's where one makes use of the Overmind godheads: it's in this second way. Shiva, Krishna, all the aspects of the Mother are part of this second way.

Then there is the higher intellectual approach, which is the projection of a surpassing scientific mind and takes up the problem from below. It has its own importance too. From the standpoint of the detail of the procedure, it reduces approximation, it gives a more direct and precise action.

If one can combine all three, then obviously the thing will go faster.

Without the first, nothing is possible (and even, the other two are an illusion without the first: they lead nowhere, you go round in circles endlessly). But if you clothe the first in the other two, then I think the action is more precise, direct, rapid.

It's the result of these last few days' "study."

March 7, 1967

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

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

(the text of the questions:)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the total experience. So we'll put it off till later.

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

Yes, yes! Exactly. Exactly.

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

Yes, exactly.

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

But the perception is there.

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

All this has been seen – I've been seeing it for a long time, but just this morning it came back as an illustration of the new knowledge. Extraordinarily concrete [the "association"] in its effects, changing the capacities and movements of the other's consciousness. And consciously – an absolutely conscious life. And it's the same consciousness that was conscious during the phase when there was no body left at all and the presence was visible only in the night vision.

There are other cases.

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

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

But all this would only be interesting with all the facts (which I can't give). So I'd like to have a more complete and "impersonal" experience, I might say, I mean

not illustrated by facts but an overall vision of the process. Then I will be able to talk about it. It will come.

March 11, 1967

There is a question of terminology. I would like to put a note at the beginning of the third volume of "Questions and Answers," in which I say: "We found it fit to begin this new volume with the Talk of February 29, 1956, because on that day, during the meditation that followed the class, there took place ..." What? "The first descent of the supramental forces into the Inconscient"?

(Mother shakes her head) It was: Light-Force and Power. And it wasn't into the Inconscient, it was into the earth atmosphere.

Light-Consciousness-Power?

"Consciousness" is part of the totality, it will come later.

Supramental Light-Force-Power?

Yes.

And is the word "descent" right?

It's "manifestation," rather. The image was ... (I can't say there was "above" and "below," that's not how it was), it was the barrier being broken and the flow rushing forth. It's better to put "manifestation."

* * *

(A little later, regarding the extraordinary clutter on Mother's table:)

... That's why I keep so many things on my table. Someone gives me something, and there is in it a good thought, a force, something that puts me in contact with the person, so I leave it there on my table, to keep up the contact. Each of these things generally represents the contact with someone. So I keep it there (and of course, it also goes on increasing!). Sometimes, children (very young children) come; when the little ones see something, their eyes open quite wide, so I give it to them. And I always wonder *(laughing)* what may happen with what's in

the thing, what kind of circuit?!

(Mother holds Satprem's hands in hers for a long time)

I make you all stride on very fast.

March 15, 1967

The roses are open now *(Mother holds out a rose to Satprem),* but this one has a magnificent color. Beautiful, isn't it?

This morning I had an amusing experience with roses. There was a closed bud – big, hard – big and hard, red. I took it, looked at it, then my fingers ran over the flower like that, and ... *(gesture showing the flower opening up),* one petal after another and another and yet another – before my very eyes. And it was completely hard and closed. I took it and said, "A pity." I was about to put it back in water so it would open up, and while I looked ... It was such a pretty sight, you know, opening up, happy, as if saying to me, "Oh, how happy I am!"

Flowers and I are on very friendly terms, I must say.

Once in the past, I took flowers that had wilted – wilted flowers (that was when I was practicing occultism with Théon – it happened several times). One flower was quite drooping: I took it in my hand, looked at it, and slowly, little by little, it straightened up again and became quite smiling!

They are very, very receptive.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Quite amusingly, all the experiences that occur in the vital, the mind and above, are occurring in the material, in the cellular consciousness, and they are a reproduction, as it were, but with a slight alteration caused by Matter. When you stir water, for instance, when you agitate it, it's no longer transparent; there are eddies, and those eddies prevent the water from being transparent. You can no longer see through it. It's the same thing materially: when you are restless, when you don't have that sort of calm (which isn't stillness but the opposite of restlessness, I don't know how to describe it – it's something imperturbable) ... Very few people have that, and when they come near, there are immediately *(gesture of tremor and seething in the atmosphere)* vibrations and disorder – and confusion settles in. You can see the phenomenon occur on a small scale with people coming here; you can see it on a larger scale with the movements of the Ashram; and you can see it on a still larger scale with the movements of the earth.

It's the same thing with that sort of mental restlessness people have (excitement and restlessness): as soon as there is excitement and restlessness, it's impossible to see clearly; it's the same as with water, it goes like this *(same gesture of tremor and seething),* swarms of movements of confusion, and you can't see anything. It's the same thing materially. And then, as soon as a problem has to be solved (especially a material problem), people are in the habit of getting restless, and as soon as they get restless, it's absolutely impossible to find any solution. And it makes the confusion worse.

This is something I experience constantly, every minute. If I am in my normal atmosphere, however intense the action may be (or also the problem to be solved), the thing is clearly seen and the solution imposes itself as something absolute, irrevocable: this is how it must be done. The minute the restless atmosphere of someone else comes in (and as soon as a problem arises, not one in a thousand isn't restless, at least inwardly a little), it starts going like this *(same gesture of tremor),* and not only do you stop seeing, but things are no longer in their place! And as for the solution ... you have to mend the disorder before you can think of the solution. It's an experience almost every moment. I see numbers of people; with some, as soon as they enter the atmosphere, along with them comes their confusion, and you can't see anything anymore – you have to wait a little, try and calm things down, and then you can see. With some it never calms down – it's hopeless, you can only send them back. With others, it calms down after a certain length of time, then you can start seeing and knowing what needs to be done.

But materially it results in something very interesting. When I am alone and everything is tranquil in my atmosphere, if at any time I take anything, any object, it's exactly in its place. And everything goes without a hitch. As soon as someone (anyone) is there, there is a little vibration *(same gesture of tremor).* With some people the vibration gets much worse – and I lose my things! I lose them almost irretrievably ... until the atmosphere has calmed down again. Then the thing comes back quite naturally, almost as if it had gone away and come back – it didn't go away and come back: it was only confusion veiling everything. And I find the place again, the thing in its exact place. This goes on from morning to night (I can't say from night to morning because I go off into another region!). But it's constant. And so I feel I am living in constant confusion.

At times the going gets rather heavy. For instance, here in the morning, when there are three or four sources of confusion at the same time, it becomes acute. I have only one solution, that is to be alone somewhere or other and stay like this *(gesture of withdrawal into absolute stillness),* until order is restored everywhere. Then everything is in order again, the Lord's Presence is there again ... it's always there, but it can express itself, manifest again – while it can't get through that [confusion]! So I stay still and all goes well. From there I can face fresh disorders coming in (provided they don't rush in too close on each other's heels!), but anyway, I can pull through. To tell the truth I always pull through, but there are disorders that shouldn't be, that are useless. I always feel like telling people, "Oh, I beg you, keep calm! ..." But not the "calm" of apathetic quietude, not slumped in a

corner and you don't move anymore (while anyway it keeps going like this inside *[gesture of seething]),* no: calm, quiet, like this *(vast gesture)* in the consciousness, then everything becomes limpid. And in that limpidity you see very clearly, decide very clearly, everything works out, things organize themselves, you don't even need to intervene.

All difficulties ... I see that, I've seen it lately with regard to political organizations, relations between nations and all that, all the problems to be solved – it's all the same thing: people are like this *(same gesture of tremor),* all the time, all the time ... one wave of restlessness, another wave of restlessness, yet another wave of restlessness coming on top of it – and you don't see anything anymore! You can't see anything anymore! While if one can keep calm for a while ...

It's the same with all the questions I am asked (I receive innumerable questions), it's all like this *(same gesture),* everything is like this and one can't see anything. If one keeps calm ... the Light comes through, everything grows limpid, transparent, and ... it becomes so natural, so simple! So simple, so obvious: there is ONE thing that can be done and it's the true thing. All the rest ... *(same gesture of seething).*

Some people live in a constant whirl, and they're quite surprised that everything goes wrong! They meet with complications, with ... And it's always like this *(same gesture).*

I am not referring to those who are tamasic and completely inert: they are like an inert mass, so the Light can't go through – what goes through is others' restlessness, it stirs them up! No! I am talking about a Light ... *(vast gesture)* above things, untouched by them, which sees. And this Light is in a ... (how can I explain? ...) The whole, entire universe moves forward with fantastic speed and in perfect immobility. Words seem idiotic, but you can feel this – you can feel it, see it, live it. A luminous immobility moving forward with fantastic speed.

In that immobility there is perfect transparency ... and the problem does not exist: the solution comes ahead of the problem. That is to say, things organize themselves *(gesture showing the movement of universal forces)* in such a way that they can change positions or take a different place in order to express the new thing that must be expressed: something new constantly enters the manifestation (as if emerging from the Nonmanifest), it enters the manifestation and transforms. And it takes place automatically. A vast, immense movement ... *(Mother smiles with her eyes closed)* in which one can participate only if one is per-fect-ly peaceful and calm and translucent.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands and keeps looking at him for a long time)

Tell me, it would be lovely if one could take people's consciousness as one takes a flower, and then, because one looks at it and holds it and the vibration is that Vibration of supreme Love, it opens up, like that, becomes organized, and grows magnificent.

It would be fine if one could do *that – (laughing)* perhaps one can!

Yes, that's what you do!

March 22, 1967

It's very interesting.... Because of this "message" for the new year[25] (everybody is talking about this message everywhere, it has given a good jolt; even in government circles, everywhere), because of this message, everyone is claiming to be a "defender of the Truth." They ask me questions, and everyone is surprised that truth as he conceives it isn't established in the world. So I am beginning to be forced to wage war for the Truth against all the conceptions of the truth! And that's rather interesting.

For instance, there is here that old idea of vegetarian food. Some people write to me indignantly that these "holy rules" are being increasingly broken in the Ashram! Someone wrote to me a first time, asking me to answer; I neglected to. So he wrote a second time to tell me, "What can we do if you don't answer?" I answered (they'll probably bite their tongues at my reply), I replied something like this:

> "Truth is not a dogma that one can learn once and for all and impose as a rule. Truth is as infinite as the supreme Lord and It manifests every instant for those who are sincere and attentive."

I could have added other things but didn't, so as not to wage battle too openly!

The same day, that is, just today, I got another letter.... The whole letter ranted and raved about all that's going on in the Ashram, saying, "What! This place is worse than the world!" and so forth. (All this in the name of "truth," naturally.) So *(laughing)* I answered:

> "Were Truth to manifest in such a way as to be seen and understood by all, they would be terrified by the enormity of their ignorance and false interpretation."

I hit hard this time.

And it's going on.

Day after day it's like that, growing acute. Everyone is the "defender of the Truth." One about food, another about money, another about business, another about relationships ... – everyone has his hobby-horse.

The wonderful thing is that till now not one has told me, "Maybe my opinions aren't true?" – not one! "Maybe my way of seeing or feeling isn't true?" – not one. They are all in full Truth!

It's very interesting.

The defenders of the truth are often worse than the enemies of the

truth.

(Mother nods approvingly) But I can't say anything about that because I am the one responsible, I told them, *"Cling to Truth."*

No, they all make the same mistake: they confuse truth with the old idea of virtue. They all make the same mistake as the moral error.

And above all, they want a truth expressed in a few very clear and well-defined words, so they can say, "This is true." The old calamity of religions: "This is true" – therefore the rest is falsehood.

How many times ... how many times Sri Aurobindo (and I myself) said, "When a thing is true, you can be sure that its opposite is also true. When you have understood this, then you will begin to understand."

This morning I was also bombarded with a quotation from Sri Aurobindo (they came and bombarded me in the name of Sri Aurobindo!), to tell me that in *The Mother* he wrote, "The divine Grace can act only in the Truth" – and I shouldn't forget that! *(Mother laughs)* There is a quotation from Sri Aurobindo in which he says, "The divine Grace will answer, but do not think it will answer in Falsehood...." An admirable sentence. Only, they don't know: THEY are the possessors of the Truth – Falsehood is for others!... And even intelligent people (that's the strange thing, because it's so idiotic!), even people who, anyway, have a brain, who understand, fall into the trap.

It's very common at the School.

(silence)

Thanks to all this, I might say (not even "because of" – THANKS TO all this), I have had these last three days a vision – a concrete vision every second, showing how the supreme Consciousness (which I personally find convenient to call the "supreme Lord"), how EVERY SECOND it makes you do or say or see or know ex-act-ly what is needed for everything to move on like this *(round gesture expressing the innumerably ramified movement of universal forces),* to move forward. It's not yet the direct, all-powerful, crushing Movement of direct Forces *(gesture from above downward, like a sword of light):* it's a movement like this *(same round gesture),* but marvelous – marvelously subtle, ingenious, respectful of everything, but everything; you know, a movement that makes use of everything to lead towards the goal, even "errors" – which aren't errors because when the Consciousness is there, the error isn't one committed by ignorance: a thing is said or done because that's what needs to be said or needs to be done – it may in appearance be even a blunder, yet it's ex-act-ly what is needed for everything to move forward *(same innumerable round gesture),* move forward luminously towards the desired goal. It's absolutely marvelous! And seen in tiny little details and in the whole. It's this marvel of a Consciousness that makes everyone do what must be done, puts everything in its place, sorts out everything, and it's our idiocy, an absolutely ignorant and stupid vision, that would have us

believe in mistakes, in errors, in ... Everyone is a problem to be resolved, so all those problems interpenetrate, and it is the WHOLE that must be led towards precisely this famous Truth (the true one). But I've spent, you know, hours in admiration – a blissful admiration – at this marvel of organization, with all the little things around you, all the little people around you, all the little circumstances.... It's wonderful, wonderful!

And then, this overweening mind which understands nothing and asserts itself in its all-powerful knowledge, oh ... it's so comical!

(silence)

It is the maximum use of all possibilities and all impossibilities, all capacities and all incapacities; a maximum use in a maximum power and a maximum Compassion, and also ... a smile! A smile, a sense of humor, oh! ... Such a benevolent irony, so full of compassion, so wonderful.... And this overweening mind, a fantastic phenomenon indeed: it spends its time judging what it doesn't know and deciding on what it doesn't see!

(silence)

Then there was the vision of others and the remembrance of the time when those things had great importance and were taken very seriously, with a solemnity ... a wholly moral solemnity. That's amusing, too.

March 25, 1967

(Satprem reads out to Mother an "old" conversation dating from ... two weeks ago.)

... It's gone. As soon as it's said, it's gone and away. When things are read back to me, I don't remember what I said, it comes like something new.

As soon as it's expressed, it's gone. And always it's gone as though expressing meant emptying yourself of something and making room for a new thing – always. When you tell of an experience, the effect of the experience is as though exhausted and you are ready for another. Speaking always makes a void for a new thing to come in.

And the impression is always: how old, oh, how old! I find everything old. The movement must be extremely rapid.

But it's a pity that material occupations are so cumbersome.[26]

There must be a reason.

What organizes the world and life is much wiser than we are: we don't see, we are extremely shortsighted. But That *(vast gesture),* as I told you last time, is marvelous! Marvelous. So there must also be a reason for this fact that I am so overburdened. Of course, the general reason is very plain (it's easy to understand), but even from the point of view of the sadhana: that way, probably, nothing is overlooked.

What's interesting is to follow this sort of change in the consciousness of the cells: a lot of them still have a sense of wonder at the fact that the Truth exists. That's the form it takes: a sense of wonder.... "Ah, so that's what it is!" A wonder. A wonder at the existence, the UNIQUE existence of the Lord – a joy! Such an intense joy and a childlike wonder, you know: "Oh, so it's really like that!" And this goes on in one part of the body after another, one group of cells after another. Truly charming. And then, when the mantra comes spontaneously, oh! ... An adoration: "It's like that, like that! That is true, THAT is true – all the disorder, all the ugliness, all the suffering, all the misery, all of that isn't true! It's not true, THAT is true." And not with words (words make it very small): with an extraordinary sensation, extraordinary! Then ... it's the beginning of that sort of glorious, marvelous life. It's still at the stage of wonder; that is, something unexpected in its sublimity.

At the same time, there is an overall vision growing more and more total, in which each thing has its own purpose, its own place, and which no longer excludes anything. That need to exclude the mind in order to surpass it is no longer there. Now the mind is perfectly tranquil, peaceful, and it sets itself in motion only when it receives a command to do so, an imperative command. It receives a command, then does something precise for a precise reason, a very precise action, and then ... silence and calm.

So then, that rehabilitates everything. It's only the quagmire it has been turned into that ceases to be.

(silence)

When the work is complete, there will come the Power ... to restore order, obviously. I increasingly feel the need to intervene to restore order and harmony. It's the main reason for all this burdensome work. It's a lesson and an experience to learn gradually how to put things in order and establish harmony.

It's a big work.

There's still a lot to do, quite a lot! *(Mother laughs)*

March 29, 1967

(Regarding the conversation of March 7 on "death," in which Mother said in particular: "There really is no such thing as death.... There is no radical change in the vibration of consciousness.... You have a perception of the physical world which isn't absolutely identical but with an effectiveness which is sometimes greater...." Mother at first authorized the publication of this conversation in "Notes on the Way," then...)

I begin to think that it is not good to give this kind of "lived knowledge" to people who are not capable of having it, of experiencing it.

For instance, these last few days I have clearly seen that men do not know the reality – the concrete reality – of the invisible, because if they knew it they would go insane. They have such fear of these things....

Even now, when they see in a vision someone they loved when he was living, when they see him at night, they say, "Ohh, a ghost!" And they are horribly scared!

So maybe this is going to terrify them.

It's not terrifying since, on the contrary, it gives them hope!

Yes, but one shouldn't try to make people reasonable when they aren't.

I don't know.... It may fall into the hands of someone to whom it will do much good, but is it worth running the risk of doing harm for the sake of one or two to whom it will do good? That has to be seen.

I, for one, find it comforting that you state this continuity of consciousness. It can't do harm, can it?

(Mother laughs and does not answer)

* * *

Soon afterwards

I was asked a question: "What is youth?" Here is what I replied *(Mother holds out a note):*

"To be young is to live in the future for the future. To be young is to be always ready to abandon what one is in order to become what one ought to be....

And above all, the most important:
"To be young is never to admit the irreparable."

Then Mother takes out another note she has just written to a disciple:

"One is always deeply disgusted at one's own faults when one encounters them in others" (!)

* * *

Yet another note:

"Europeans attach the greatest importance to the words uttered. Indians are much more sensitive to the feeling, which more often than not those words veil."

It's about a remark by B. She said something to someone with very kind and extremely polite words, but in her heart she doesn't like the person she spoke to; and she was shocked because the other became indignant.... But I understood immediately. She was indignant, she said, "Why? I was very polite, so why?"

But they feel, deep down they sense the feeling with which you say the thing. That's what they feel and what they respond to.

A last note:

It's in reply to an Ashram "association." They asked:

"What is the need of the hour?"

"Do not try to deceive the Divine!"

(Mother laughs wholeheartedly)

April 3, 1967

Mother holds out a paper to Satprem:

Here is what I wrote for the opening of the sports season:

> "... I must tell you once more that for us spiritual life does not mean contempt for Matter but its divinization. We do not want to reject the body but to transform it. For this, physical education is one of the means most directly effective...."

* * *

Last time, there was something I didn't have the time to tell you; now, regrettably, it's only a memory – not quite, not just a memory, something remains. The effect remains. But while it was there ...

Sri Aurobindo said, but he said it as the expression of a knowledge that had always been expressed on the summit of the scale of consciousness, as one more rung beyond the state in which one knows (one knows it, lives it), he said the essential Oneness, that everything is "That," the expression or manifestation or objectification or ... of "That." Naturally, according to the times and epochs and milieus, it has been put in different words, but it seems to be the supreme experience. And the conclusion, when you go outside time and space, is that everything is from all eternity.

Sri Aurobindo regarded this (we talked about it), he regarded it as the realization (not just the knowledge: the realization) giving supreme Peace and putting an end to all the whys and hows and all the wills to rectify things. All that, that whole drama of life, disappears when you realize that.

I have had this experience. I've had it in an almost constant way. And in the most conscious part of the being (which is one with the heights), there was with the expression of this experience, let's say, "Everything is from all eternity" or "Everything is the expression of the supreme Vision" (I am not using the word "will," I'll say why in a moment), there was the sense of a limitation. I don't know how to express it, but that's how it was (it goes without saying that all words are always approximations). Always, every time the experience was there, it was there with the sense that ... to put it crudely I might express it with the phrase, "That's not it!"

So the other day (the day before I saw you), it came at the time of my

experiences, that is, very early morning (the time of my lived experiences), and it was like that, with that same sense of inadequacy. Then I entered a certain state in which "that" remained quite luminous and clear, but at the same time – at the same time, simultaneously – there came the perception ... (how can I put it?) of the original Vibration, as it were, in all the splendor of its all-powerful Light, and the two things – that and That – were simultaneously translated on the level of expression, without opposition both together like this *(Mother clasps her two hands, interlacing her fingers),* closely together, in a single Light: every instant – every instant – it's like a pulsation of that Force (it is: creative Force-Light-Power, contained in the global Vibration of Love)

with every pulsation, a complete re-creation.[27]

When the two things are like this *(same gesture)* and you live in that Consciousness, then there is a sense of absolute Freedom: nothing is impossible.

It lasted for a few minutes, perhaps, complete; then it began being objectified, but at first it simply was ... that IS, that IS. Afterwards it began being objectified, that is to say, being a witness of it at the same time as one is it – a slight drop. But at the time, while it was there, it was THAT.

It was omnipotence.

Absolute omnipotence.

Then, at the same time, there came together with it the experience (not an objectified one), the experience that the Will is on a much lower level than "That," or rather, much more external. Because the Will sees and acts – sees AND acts – whereas there, it's not seeing AND executing AND acting, or seeing AND being: it's simultaneous. It's something above vision – above vision and above will – something ... (silence) something that is. And at that time, simultaneously, that is to say, without any possible space (space or time, of course, it's quite outside that, because it's not a vision that sees itself see, it's not a perception that's conscious of its perception, not a consciousness conscious of its consciousness), it just IS, like that. It is everything, I might say, as it will be projected in space and time.

So when we say, "To want what God wants" or "To unite with the divine Will," it's our way of looking at it *(gesture from below upward, or from the low to the high).* And it's quite approximate. But there ... And the marvelous thing is that it's not what we in our infirmity might conceive of as a simplification, it's really ... the Whole: the manifested, the nonmanifested, the yet-to-be-manifested, everything, but everything – the Whole. At that second, when you are there, it's omnipotence. Omnipotence, absolute freedom, the unforeseeable, and the existent whole. And that ...

Naturally, words are stupid.

When I came back from That (it lasted long enough for me to have the full experience of it – full, total), there were many things I understood then. One, for instance, which I had noticed with Sri Aurobindo about all the small details of life, anyway all things as they happen on earth – mere nothings; when I went to him with an inner vision and said to him, "This is how I see that" (I would say it to him with words or wordlessly), it would AUTOMATICALLY become true, it would

become real: things that were neither in my hands nor in his nor ... And it wasn't that we would make a decision: it was automatic. I noticed this several times and found it wonderful.... It so happens that in a few psychological cases, that is, when it has to do with individual consciousnesses, recently enough (it hasn't been like that for a long time), when someone is sincere (one must be sincere) and expresses an aspiration, for instance, or a hope, a vision of how he or she should be, I have seen this same phenomenon occur: it automatically becomes true.

It's not very frequent yet, but it has happened. And now I understand how it happens.

The day we are able to keep that state I was in the other day, in which will is already a secondary movement, then it will be possible for things to be like that: it's omnipotence. Because those two ideas[28] that appear most contradictory are only like two ways of looking at ... the same thing.

Naturally, when you try to bring that back into the consciousness that expresses itself, it becomes very difficult, but when You live it, while you live it, it's different.

Now the experience has become a memory, but a memory that remains quite living; its effect in the cells *(Mother touches the skin of her hands)* is making itself felt constantly. It is translated here as a sense of a Freedom of choice. And a choice all-powerful in its execution. The impression that ... with life's every pulsation, the universe chooses ... what it is.

(silence)

It was followed by another peculiar experience.... Some people in Bombay have taken it into their heads to prepare a big event for 1968, when I turn ninety (supposedly ninety!). So they have prepared leaflets which they are going to distribute to lots of people and so on – I am quite unconcerned about it, but they sent it to me for my approval. I stuck it in a corner and didn't bother about it. They returned to the attack, went and saw Nolini, said they were in a hurry because it's a big work and they needed to have it right away, so I shouldn't keep them waiting. So Nolini started reading out the brochure. And as he read along ... (they put in all that Sri Aurobindo said on the "universal Mother," the Mother's "Aspects" and all that, the whole old story – generally it leaves me quite indifferent), but while he was reading, when he gave all the quotations and sentences, there was a sort of sensation (I don't know how to explain it), a sensation of imposed limitation, with a malaise, and something that wanted to break those limits. I didn't say anything. I said, "I don't want to concern myself with this, do what you like, it's no business of mine." And he answered along those lines, politely. But I found it very interesting, because that sense of malaise, of constriction – limitation, constriction – was very, very strong. So I said, "What's going on? What is it, why do I feel this way? What is it?..." As I said, usually I let myself float in an indifference, like that – not "indifference," but ... *(vast gesture)*. Instead of that, it was as if someone wanted to shut me in something. Then I looked, and the memory of the experience [of the pulsations] came back, and I understood. It's interesting.

All this is felt in the body; all the experiences are in the body, in this – which, besides ... I sometimes look *(laughing),* I look to see (I look from above), to see if there's still a shape! *(Mother laughs)* ... It's peculiar. And why does it remain like this?... Oh, I have stopped asking this question too. It's like that ... it's like that as the effect of a supreme Grace, because if it were otherwise ... it would be intolerable – intolerable for everybody.

Just the state of consciousness when I act spontaneously (the "I" is a habit of speech, it's to avoid having to make long sentences), when I act spontaneously, without objectifying myself, is generally unbearable enough: the reactions in others are difficult. I always have to ... [restrain myself]. It does happen, but generally I am obliged to be careful, especially when I have to speak.

And there is a very amusing observation; it's exactly what Sri Aurobindo wrote in *Savitri:* "The wise men talk and sleep...." God grows up while the wise men talk and sleep.[29] And that's how it is: wholly unconscious of what goes on. I don't say it (I am saying it to you), but they are wholly unconscious. I constantly feel I am using a candle snuffer (!) so as not to be ... really unbearable.

When this luminous Power comes, it's so compact – so compact that it gives the impression of being much heavier than Matter. It's veiled, veiled, completely veiled, otherwise ... *unbearable.*

(silence)

When Nolini read me sentences from that pamphlet, at first when I felt that malaise, I wondered ... Because, as I have said several times, for the transformation to take place freely in this body, those very Entities and Powers and Beings were all keeping at a distance, they were no longer manifesting so as not to cause any mixture and so this [body] could be transformed. At first I thought, "That's what it is: I have got out – the body, I mean, has got out of the habit of manifesting that [the gods, the aspects of the Mother], and so, when it comes into contact with that, there is a malaise." I thought it was that. And for a day, a whole day, it came back again and again, like a problem to be resolved. Then, suddenly, looking at it attentively, I saw it was the very opposite! I saw it was the sense of a constriction, a limitation. Instead of it [those gods or aspects of the Mother] being an unbearable weight, it was something preventing the free manifestation! ... It seems so limited – all those Entities, all those Powers, all those qualities, differences, attributes ... oh! *(Mother makes a cramped gesture)*

There, that's what I wanted to tell you today.

(silence)

Experiences sometimes come and then go away. In the past, experiences would often come, show themselves, then go away. But this one isn't like that: it has remained HERE, but ... this [the body] isn't yet entirely ready for That to be able to be here all the time. But it's here, the contact hasn't been abolished. Only, it's not manifested.

This [the body] still has too many limitations, a lot of limitations.

April 5, 1967

Mother writes a note on the windowsill

It's the answer to a question. Have you heard what I said to the School's teachers?...[30] They've asked me another question. This is the beginning of my answer:

> "It is the division between 'ordinary life' and 'spiritual life' which is antiquated and obsolete...."

* * *

(Then Mother gives Satprem roses and a garland of flowers called "adoration")

Do you want this?

(Satprem accepts unenthusiastically)

Mon petit, when the cells get into this state, it's wonderful, you can't imagine! It changes life com-plete-ly. They are like that: a sense of wonder at the first Contact. "Is it possible? Can it be that beautiful! Is it possible?" Like that. And constantly, all the time, every moment, on any occasion: "Can it be like that?" Such a sense of wonder! Then you see how much difference there is from the old habits and everything people have crammed their heads with [renunciation, the beyond] – it's marvelous! Unbelievable. This whole morning again it was like that.... There comes a sense of discomfort (it always comes from outside, from this and that, in relation to this and that; that's how it comes), and immediately, instantly, they remember. They remember, they say, "No! What You will, Lord." That's their attitude, an attitude of such complete self-giving! Much, much more complete, much more simple, much more charming than in any other part of the being. It's "What You will.... You, You, You, what You will. To be ... to be You not with an idea of aggrandizement, but to melt, flow, disappear in You like that." And also, "But You are reality!" And all these words are a diminution. Diminution

not in the sensation, but in the consciousness – it's a marvel of consciousness, you know: "You, You ... But You alone exist, You alone are." Then all discomforts, all pains, it all vanishes without a trace. It's a marvel, one can't imagine!

Sri Aurobindo once wrote somewhere, after an experience like this of the Divine Presence in the being, he wrote, *"If men knew how marvelous is the way.... But they don't know." He* wrote it, I can't quote because I'll quote it wrong, but he had this experience: "If men knew how marvelous it is, they wouldn't hesitate for a minute."

Now they still make a distinction: the "spiritual life" and the "ordinary life."

Only, one should have what I had when I was very young: the sense of material realization in its utmost perfection, the will for perfection HERE. One should have this in order not to fling everything out of the window and just remain like that *(gesture: dumb with bliss),* like an idiot sitting there uselessly. It's thanks to that old discipline that everything I do is automatically done with a will for perfection. It's an old discipline. Otherwise one would be sitting there, laughing at everyone and everything: "Have my experience, you'll see what it's worth!"

It's really interesting.

Mother then returns to her note:

Have you read his question? Read it again to me.

> *"... We talked about the future. It seemed to me that almost all the teachers were anxious to do something so the children would become more conscious of why they are here. At this point, I said that in my opinion, telling the children about spiritual things often had the opposite result and that those words lost all their value ..."*

"Spiritual things," what does he mean by spiritual things?

> *If the teachers spout it all like a story, of course ... That's what they often do, besides.*

"Spiritual things"!... They teach history OR spiritual things, they teach science OR spiritual things. That's where the stupidity lies! In history, there is the Spirit; in science, there is the Spirit – the Truth is everywhere. And what's needed is to teach it not in an untruthful but in a true way.

They can't get that into their heads.

> *He adds: "I suggested it might be better to gather and listen to Mother's voice (the recordings of the Wednesday and Friday classes), for even if one doesn't understand at all, your voice would do its inner work, which we are not able to comprehend. In this regard I would like to know what is the best way to put the child in contact with you. For all the suggestions, mine included, seem to me arbitrary and worthless.... Mother, would it not be better for the teachers to*

concentrate exclusively on the subjects they teach, since you are there to look after spiritual life?"

Since?

"Since you are there to look after spiritual life."

I am going to answer him, "There's no such thing as 'spiritual life'!"

It's still the old idea. Still the old idea of the sage, the yogi, the sannyasin, the ... who represents spiritual life, while all others represent ordinary life – but it's not true! It's not true, not true at all.

If they still need to oppose one thing to another (because that wretched mind doesn't work when it's not given an opposition), if they need an opposition, let them take the opposition between Truth and Falsehood, it's somewhat better (I am not saying it's perfect, but it's somewhat better). But then, in all things Falsehood and Truth are there, mixed, everywhere; in the so-called "spiritual life," in the sannyasins, the swamis, those who think they represent divine life on earth and all that, there is also that mixture of Falsehood and Truth.

It would be better not to make a sharp cut.

(silence)

For the children, precisely because they are children, the best would be to inculcate in them the will to conquer the future; the will to look ahead always and move forward as rapidly as they can towards ... what will be. But not to drag along, like a millstone around their necks, the burden of a whole past weighing down on them. Only when you are already very high up in consciousness and knowledge is it good to look back in order to find the points when the future began to be outlined. When you can see the whole at a glance, when you have a very general vision, it's interesting to know that what will be realized ahead was already announced before; just as Sri Aurobindo said that "the divine life will manifest on earth because it is ALREADY buried in the depths of Matter." From this point of view it's interesting to look back or look at the very bottom (not in order to know what happened or to know what men have known – that's quite useless).

As for the child, he should be told, "There are marvels to be manifested, prepare yourself to receive them." Then, if they want something a little more concrete and easy to understand, they can be told, "Sri Aurobindo came to announce these things; when you are able to read him, you will understand." This awakens the interest and the desire to learn.

I do see the difficulty he alludes to: most people, in what we see written or in the conferences they have here, use bombastic words ...

Yes.

... devoid of any truth of personal experience and without any effect.

They rather have a negative one. That's what he alludes to.

Yes. But that's why it would be better to do as I said.

Oh, but not so long ago, the majority of the teachers were still saying, "Ah, we must do this here because it's done everywhere." They have *(smiling)* come a little way. But they still have a long way to go.

But the main point, what is most important, is to get rid of that division. And they all have it in their minds – each and everyone of them! The division between living a spiritual life or living the ordinary life, having a spiritual consciousness or having an ordinary consciousness – there is only ONE consciousness!

In most people it's three-quarters asleep and distorted; in many it's still quite distorted. But what's necessary isn't to leap from one consciousness to the other – it is, quite simply, to open one's consciousness *(gesture upward)* and fill it with the vibrations of the Truth, putting it in harmony with what must be here (up there, it's from all eternity), but HERE, what must be HERE: the tomorrow of the earth. And if you weigh yourself down with a whole burden you have to drag along ... if you drag behind you all that you should let go of, you won't be able to move forward very fast.

Mind you, knowing things from the past of the earth can be very interesting and useful, but it must not be something that binds you or holds you back. If you use it as a springboard, it's all right. But ultimately, it's rather secondary.

From the individual standpoint, there was a time (besides, it was fairly widespread in people who dealt with so-called occult things), when it seemed thrilling to know one's past lives, one's past experiences; but as soon as I came here and understood what Sri Aurobindo had introduced, I found all that absolutely insignificant. It's childish curiosity. It doesn't help you in any way, it's merely either to glory in it or have fun, but it's unimportant. Some people still write to me, "Will you please tell me what my past lives were?" I answer them, "It's not interesting. What's interesting is the life you want to realize, not the errors you made in the past!"

(silence)

It would be interesting to formulate or work out a new method of teaching for the children, taking them very young. Very young, it's easy. There must be people (oh, we would need remarkable teachers) who have, first, sufficient documentation on what is known, so as to be able to answer all questions; and at the same time, at least the knowledge, if not the experience (the experience would be better) of the true intuitive intellectual attitude, and ... naturally, the capacity would be still preferable, but at any rate the knowledge that the true way to know is mental silence: an attentive silence turned towards the truer Consciousness, and the capacity to receive what comes from there. The best would be to have that capacity; in any case, they should explain that it's the true thing – give a sort of demonstration – and that it works not only with regard to what must be learned, the whole field of knowledge, but also with regard to the whole field of what must

be done: the capacity to receive the exact indication of HOW to do it. As one progresses, it turns into a very clear perception of what must be done, and the precise indication of WHEN it must be done. At the very least, as soon as the children have the capacity to reflect (it begins at seven, but around fourteen or fifteen it's very clear), they should be given some first hints at the age of seven, and a complete explanation at fourteen, of how to do it and that it's the only way enabling you to be in contact with the deeper truth of things; that all the rest is a more or less clumsy mental approximation of something you can know directly.

The conclusion is that the teachers themselves should have at least a sincere beginning of discipline and experience: the point is not to pile up books and just keep repeating them. That's not the way to be a teacher – the whole earth is like that, we can just let it be like that outside if it enjoys it! As for us, we aren't propagandists, we just want to show what can be done and try to prove that it MUST be done.

When you begin with very small children, it's wonderful! With them, there's so little you have to do: you just have to BE.

Never make a mistake.

Never get angry.

Always understand.

Understand and see clearly why this movement took place, why that impulse, what the child's inner constitution is, which point needs to be strengthened and brought to the fore. That's all you have to do, and then leave them: leave them free to blossom, just give them the opportunity to see many things, touch many things, do as many things as possible. It's great fun. And above all, do not try to impose on them something you think you know.

Never scold, always understand, and, if the child is capable, explain. If he isn't capable to receive an explanation, replace the false vibration by a true one (if you are yourself capable of it). But that ... that's asking of the teachers a perfection they rarely have.

But it would be very interesting to draw up a program for the teachers, and the real program for study, starting with the very small ones – they are so plastic and anything leaves such a deep imprint on them! If they were given a few drops of truth when they are very small, they would blossom out quite naturally as their being grows.

That would be a lovely work to do.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Mother's answer in English to the School's teachers when she was told that the new special afternoon classes at the library had chosen as a first research theme "India's spiritual History.")

No! It won't do. It is not to be done that way. You should begin with a big "BANG'!

You were trying to show the continuity of History, with Sri Aurobindo as the outcome, the culmination – it is false, entirely.

Sri Aurobindo does not belong to History; he is outside and beyond History.

Till the birth of Sri Aurobindo, religions and spiritualities were always centered on past figures, and they were showing as "the goal" the negation of life upon earth. So, you had a choice between two alternatives: either a life *in* this world with its round of petty pleasures and pains, joys and sufferings, threatened by hell if you were not behaving properly; or an escape *into* another world, heaven, nirvana, *moksha* [liberation]....

Between these two there is nothing much to choose, they are equally bad.

Sri Aurobindo has told us that this was a fundamental mistake which accounts for the weakness and degradation of India. Buddhism, Jainism, Illusionism were sufficient to sap all energy out of the country.

True, India is the only place in the world which is still aware that something else than matter exists. The other countries have quite forgotten it: Europe, America and elsewhere.... That is why she still has a message to preserve and deliver to the world. But at present she is splashing and floundering in the muddle.

Sri Aurobindo has shown that the truth does not lie in running away from earthly life but in remaining *in* it, to *transform it, divinize it,* so that the Divine can manifest HERE, in this PHYSICAL

WORLD.

You should tell all this at the first sitting. You should be square and frank.

Then, when this is told, strongly, squarely, and there is no doubt about it – and then only – you can go on and amuse them with the history of religions and religious or spiritual leaders.

Then – and then only – you will be able to show the seed of weakness and falsehood that they have harbored and proclaimed.

Then – and then only – you will be able to discern, from time to time, from place to place, an "intuition" that something else is possible: in the Vedas, for instance (the injunction to descend deep into the cave of the *Panis);* in the Tantras also ... a little light burning.

I may add that you could adopt as motto for your first project this quotation of Sri Aurobindo:

> "We do not belong to the past dawns, but to the noons of the future."

(Essays on the Gita)

* * *

Message from Mother to the School:

> "Sri Aurobindo does not belong to the past nor to history.
> "Sri Aurobindo is the Future advancing towards its realization.
> "Thus we must shelter the eternal youth required for a speedy advance, in order not to become laggards on the way."

April 12, 1967

(Satprem, as usual, complains about his totally unconscious nights)

There has been for some time a deliberate will not to leave the body. In the morning, when I emerged from my night activities, I would often notice that a whole work of readjustment had to be done in the body, as though the concentration of forces had been disturbed and even undone in the night and everything had to be started up again. It was a sheer waste of time. Previously, in the evening when I stretched out on my bed, I would go limp, a complete relaxation (one should always do that), that is, *surrender,* and the consciousness would rise above. There was a concentration of forces, but it wouldn't last: after two or three hours, everything was taken up by the night's activities. But now, instead of that there is a will to keep the whole consciousness in the body, to concentrate and keep all the energies so that the work in the cells may go on undisturbed. And I see that the effect lasts much longer; even when I wake up (or rather when I get into external activity), I can see it goes on, it doesn't cease, and it resumes as soon as I am outwardly awake. A sort of concentration of energy, of consciousness, force, light, which starts working in the cells at night. So then there's nothing, no activity, there's a contemplative silence.

I had only one instance of activity in these last four nights, one morning between two and four, two hours I spent absolutely conscious and active with Sri Aurobindo, who had made "changes" in his activities and his organization of the subtle physical; he had made changes and wanted to show them to me, to let me know about them. And he showed it all to me for two hours. But that was the only thing, and as for the rest – everything, going to see people, going here or there, doing this or that – I have stopped it all. And things are better.

So I wonder if this decision hasn't had an effect on your sleep? That's quite possible.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I've had an amusing experience these last three days.... Y. sent me a whole treatise on LSD[31] *(Mother takes a file on her table).*

It seems the man who discovered it did so by accident (that's always how it happens): he took a dose without knowing it and without knowing what it was, and the effects on him were extraordinary. (He was a Swiss man, a doctor, I think, or a chemist, I don't know.[32]) And now, for the first time after years (the discovery took place years ago), for the first time he has consented to give a description of his experiences. Naturally, Y. enthused over it, she prepared a report for me and sent it to me.

As you know, I am very busy. I didn't have time to read these papers, but I also know that Y. is rather impatient (!), and these last three or four days I had been saying to myself, "I must ABSOLUTELY see that, otherwise it won't do. I've GOT to see that...." And it kept coming back. Then one morning (in the morning, at the time when I have all my experiences), while I was sitting, I suddenly felt something so heavy in my head, heavy in my chest, and ... odd. I had never felt that before. And all the sensations had become as if violent. So I closed my eyes, and ... you know, an avalanche, a stampede of forms, sounds, colors, even odors, which imposed themselves with a reality and intensity – I had never known that before, never.

I watched, then I said to myself, "But that's a good way to go insane!" And I started doing what had to be done for it to stop. But it wouldn't stop! It wanted to go on. So I thought, "It's clearly here for a reason. Since it's imposing itself in this way, it means there's a reason for me to have this experience." I watched, studied, observed. And I saw it was a magnified faculty of sensation – inordinately magnified, you understand – BECAUSE the equilibrium between all the faculties of the being had been disrupted.

The natural equilibrium which makes things balance each other, harmonize and organize spontaneously into a coherent whole with a conscious existence, was shattered – shattered to the benefit of the faculty of sensation. Naturally, that faculty of sensation was terribly multiplied (or aggravated, I might say) and even imposed itself brutally. And I saw that something had upset the equilibrium. Something that had the power to upset the equilibrium of the being – to insist on one point to the detriment of all others.

Once I had seen that, a sort of tranquillity came into me and it was over.

I didn't give it any more thought. For three days I didn't think about it again. It seemed to be some extravagance or other. Yesterday evening, I decided I would read those papers. I asked Pavitra to read them to me. The man describes his experiences – the first description is just what happened to me!

So I had the experience he had when he took the medicine! He describes it (I couldn't read everything), he describes it exactly as I felt it. So *(laughing)* I had the experience without swallowing the medicine! Simply because the consciousness was turned to that.[33]

But then, I understood! And those people imagine it's a way to "develop human consciousness" and open it up to "unknown horizons".... The effect (now I am absolutely sure of it) is the dislocation of the being's equilibrium.

In my case, it's very sensitive, because the equilibrium is very conscious, willed, organized, and naturally that makes a considerable difference; for them *(laughing)* it's "just like that," a fancy. And then, they are convinced (Y. included) that humanity can make great progress with that! It makes them "conscious of a whole realm they didn't know." But ... it creates one more falsehood in the consciousness, because the perception of a SINGLE aspect of reality to the detriment of all others is a dreadful falsehood. As I said, the impression it made on me was: "It's a good way to go insane."

To them it's accidental, in the sense that they take the medicine and think, "When I stop the medicine, naturally it won't happen again" – but that's not true! It can give the being the habit of disorder, the habit of imbalance.

There.

It was yesterday evening that Pavitra read me the complete description of the experience I had had ... without knowing what it was. I found that very amusing!

I haven't read the whole thing, only half of it, I am going to read the other half. But according to what they say there, now it's, oh, tremendously widespread!

Now, we may ask if it's necessary for mankind to fall into general imbalance in order to reach a higher equilibrium?

But it's perfectly clear that one doesn't need drugs in order to have experiences – I didn't take drugs!

That's what they think, they think it gives them a certainty that it [the other worlds] isn't imagination, or, for the more reasonable ones, that there are many more things than they know or can imagine. But you can find all this out without swallowing drugs!

April 13, 1967

(A note from Mother to Satprem, who is in a bad mood)

Satprem, my dear little one,
We're still friends anyway!

Tenderness

Signed: Mother
April 15, 1967

Have you read this report on LSD? What's your impression?

It's interesting. They have experiences that aren't just on the level of brute sensation. That drug does release the consciousness, all the same.

(Mother remains silent)

It releases from the whole habit of formations.

Ah, yes, that, surely.

But he himself says it's better to begin with a guide.

But do you hold the same opinion after reading the end? Because you hadn't read the whole thing.

That it disrupts the being's equilibrium is absolutely without doubt. And obviously, disrupting one equilibrium may lead you to a higher equilibrium. But there is a risk.

(silence)

It's probably part of the preparations. Only, the results may be catastrophic enough.

It could be part of a scientific discipline. But then, that's how it should be done, as a discipline, and under the supervision of those who know.

You see, he takes great care not to say anything about the harmful effects. I have personally met two people who had done the experiment and had met with dreadful effects – they decided never to touch it again in their lives.

They are very careful not to say anything about that.

It should be done as a discipline of education, with all necessary safeguard and supervision.

It's the same as all the rest: it's the method that starts from below. The true method starts from above – it's more difficult, less spectacular, and it takes more time.

From the standpoint of study and observation, it's very interesting. But it should be done scientifically, in a spirit of discipline and almost consecration, as a means of study.

Of course, just the contact with a small amount of the Force from above disturbs many people's minds; so here, I think the effect would be very widespread.

It's a risk one has to take.

If someone – someone conscious, who already knows much, has much self-

mastery and control over his reactions – does it as a means of study, it can be very interesting. But giving it to a poor devil who knows nothing and is hurled into it out of curiosity can be disastrous.

(silence)

In the last part, what he calls the "cellular level" is indeed the description – ONE description – of cellular phenomena and activities on their level of consciousness, and also on the level of consciousness of the infinitesimal. He speaks of "great currents" and "cellular transformations" and all that; it's quite correct, only ...[34] It's what is going on at present, but it's precisely the consciousness brought down to the scale of the infinitesimal. And it's a reproduction of what takes place in the other dimensions. But, for instance, with all this discipline of the cells that has been going on for ... several years now, his description strikes me as the same thing SEEN THROUGH AN ILLUSION. And the illusion is caused by that very imbalance: the illusion of an absolute reality, while it's a quite relative reality. You understand, it's the difference between seeing something with a sense of relativity, with a whole immensity of other things, and seeing it all alone as an exclusive and unique reality. It's the sense of the harmony and equilibrium of the Whole that is gone. And so, it becomes "awesome": as he says, some people may find it frightening. And that's precisely because that equilibrium is missing. It's the same thing, on a very small scale, in a personality: that vision of the whole which gives the proportion of every event, the importance of every event and everything, changes completely when you have the sense of the Whole, and what appears, as he says, frightening or catastrophic or marvelous becomes again just a part of the Whole. It's the sense of equilibrium that is gone. When I read the end, it gave me one more confirmation of my experience.

It may be necessary, in certain cases, to disrupt that equilibrium so as to come into contact with something new, but that's always dangerous. And the way of consecration and *surrender* to the supreme Power is infinitely superior – it's slightly more difficult. It's more difficult than swallowing a drug, but infinitely superior.

We could call it "yoga within everyone's reach"! But ... it's not without danger.

And they say a considerable number of people are taking it....

(silence)

That the Force is working is without a shadow of doubt, and that this is the result of the action of the Force is also without a shadow of doubt.

There are other, very interesting examples. There's a Burmese (you may have heard of this) who has just received a "peace prize." He has written an article (he is Burmese, I don't know which language he wrote it in, but it has been published in French in a Swiss newspaper), in which he says what everybody knows, but also what everybody forgets: that if all the money wasted on preparing means of destruction were used for the progress of human well-being, it could work

wonders. And he adds (I can't quote him exactly): for that to be done, men – nations and men – should stop distrusting and fearing each other, and should live in the sense of unity. And he says, if, for that, HUMAN NATURE HAS TO CHANGE, it's high time it changed and we must all work for that to happen.

I am extremely happy to hear this. Here is a man who has caught the true thing.[35]

And it's beginning to spread. In Korea, too, there is someone who says the same thing and is known by thousands of people. They are all asking for the change in [human] nature, for a "new consciousness."

(long silence)

There is something interesting in this cellular consciousness: they have a sense of sincerity which is much sharper, and what they call in English *exacting,* than in the vital and the mind (even the material vital and mind). There is a sort of absoluteness in the sincerity which is very remarkable, and they have a severity towards each other which is quite wonderful. It's extremely interesting. If anything, any part, any movement, tries to cheat, they catch it like this *(gesture of nipping it and wringing its neck),* and in such a sharp and precise way.... In all vital or mental movements, there is always a kind of *(sinuous gesture)* suppleness, something that tries to adapt itself – while here, oh ... it's like this *(inflexible gesture).* So when there is invocation, prayer, self-giving, surrender, trust, all those things become so pure – so pure, so crystalline, you know, that ... oh!

And there is a growing conviction that a perfection realized in this very Matter is a FAR MORE perfect perfection than anywhere else. That's what gives it a stability it has nowhere else.... When there is the great offering and also the joyous self-giving, joyous surrender, if something comes in with even a very slight self-interest – for instance, a suffering in some little corner (a pain or disorder), which hopes for or wishes or expects some improvement – then it gets caught like this *(same gesture of nipping and wringing its neck)* and it's told, "Oh, insincere one! Give yourself without condition." Then it's magnificent.

It's very interesting.

And this joy, this enthusiasm at the possibility: that being wholly sincere should be POSSIBLE; that it should be, I might almost say, allowed (these are words): "Life is such a disorder and muddle of insincerity that THAT is really what is expected of us, THAT; THAT is what's permitted, THAT is what must be realized: to be absolute in the joy of self-giving." It's a marvel, a marvel!

Also, the contact with all those beings of the Overmind, all those gods, all those Entities, all those divinities.... There is here, in the cells, a sort of ... (what can I call it?) rectitude, and, yes, sincerity and honesty that says, "Oh, what fuss they make! How all this is *(Mother puffs up her cheeks)* puff! puff! swollen up." It's very interesting, really very interesting. The vision of the world is quite different. It's far more honest – far more honest, far more sincere, far more straightforward. It's strange.

The consciousness expressed in transformed cells is a marvel. It justifies all

those ages of misery. Reaching that was really worth the trouble. Really worth the trouble.

Especially all pretense, all exaggeration, all vanity, oh, it's all gazed at as through the ingenuous eyes of a very pure child (it's much better than that! The comparison is invidious).

(silence)

There is also a sort of internal code of regulations. When there is a pain somewhere, something that goes awry, you should see the others' attitude! ... A sternness that first says (I have to translate, and it loses all its charm), but first it begins with, "Don't you make such a fuss and to-do" (or "don't you all," it depends). Then, a pressure to surrender. And that action to make the Light circulate everywhere.... I am translating; with the translation, the mind always mixes in, unfortunately. The thing in itself doesn't think itself – it doesn't think itself, doesn't watch itself be, it's very spontaneous. Very spontaneous and, therefore, very sincere. It's pretty.

It's like an immense society, you understand.

And during the work there are ... (what should I call them?) aggregates, or very small groups of cells that have retained imprints, imprints made on them. Or sometimes here *(gesture to the brain),* but here it's full of a great light like that, compact; still there are corners – many dark nooks and crannies – and the memory of the circumstances, events, sensations, perceptions that built the imprint unfolds all of a sudden: it's all seen in the new Light, to be done away with. And then ... yes, as they[36] say, you "travel," you travel in an immense world, indeed; and it's not things from the past, it's ... an immense Present in which you travel.

Only, you travel consciously and at your own will, rather than through the effect of a drug. That's superior.

This morning again, the lesson was repeated with, for instance, bits of old things still clinging, reactions, small movements (inner movements): "Only one solution, one single solution: self-annulment, perfect self-giving, the *surrender* of everything."

Then there's the joy of Light – the beauty, the joy ... a splendor!

(silence)

It's the only remedy.

Naturally, everything is good, everything is possible,[37] but ... it seems to be a very circuitous route to come to the same place.

April 19, 1967

Yesterday evening, I got a big file from Y. on "prenatal education".... She says that during the first months of its life, the child needs to touch its mother's skin, and that this *(Mother shows the photo of a naked Negress carrying her naked child on her back)* is the ideal way to carry children!?

I read it yesterday, because she had so much spoken of this prenatal education, saying the child is fully educated by the age of three, so I wanted to know what she proposed. But there isn't a single thing in it, she doesn't say what should be done.

Just at the last page.

Yes, there is something there.

The child of the future

He has never met with a burst of impatience.
He has never heard an angry voice.
He has never seen anyone lamenting.
He has never heard the word "me" or "mine."
Nothing has ever pulled him out of oneness.
No one has ever told him, "Come!" or violated his physical rights.
No one has ever told him, "You must!" and violated his psychic rights.
He has always been treated as a soul in evolution.
The universe is his mother and the future his school.

A child to whom you should never say, "Come".... That makes for awkward language if you can't tell him, "Come"!

No one ever tells him, "You must."

Ah, yes, that's fine.
Where is she going to find parents to do that!

Yes, it's the parents who should be educated!

Yes, to begin with.

Just in this last page there is a hint of what that education might be, but it's the negative side, what must not be. That's all. But the positive side isn't there.

She had already spoken to me once about prenatal education, so I thought there must be some meaning to it, but here ...

Of course, you know from experience that you can give the form you conceive of; in the broad lines, you can give the character you conceive of; all that is quite correct. So to begin with, it's the mother who should be educated, not the child. Then, through a very strict control of your own reactions, you can prevent certain

wrong impulses from mixing into the child's construction. But all that isn't new, it's been known for a long time since it's what I practiced when I was expecting a child. So I know it.

But once again, it's the mother who must be educated, before she has a child, that's what matters.

As for me, I thought she meant that you could already give the child ideas, aspirations, tendencies (I didn't know how that was possible), but she doesn't say anything leading to that.

There's only one thing, she says somewhere that during the first few weeks, for the child the separation is very painful, and so the physical contact is necessary – the touch, the contact with the skin to give the child the taste for life and the understanding of physical life.[38] That's possible. But nowadays doctors say, "The last thing you should do is touch your child – put it in a cradle. You should not touch it because that will deform it." It quite runs counter to her theories. Of course, she may be right to a certain extent, it's possible. But anyway, it's a very small detail, it's nothing. I expected a lot and have been somewhat disappointed.

But what this Burmese man has said is fine – that's much more interesting: this idea that it's high time human nature changed. That's good. Because in ordinary life, ordinary people tell you, "I can't help it, that's the way I am!" It's the answer you always get.

(silence)

To do things well, we would need a small "educational booklet" for the children of the future. A "preconceptional booklet" to prepare the father and mother (especially the mother, that's the most important). Then a booklet for the first three years of life: the qualities required, the attitude to be taken.... At any rate, the father and mother should first know the possibility (at least the possibility) of a child being more than a mere animal man.

Then, the conception should take place entirely outside desire. That's another very difficult condition to be fulfilled.

And the mother, throughout the gestation, should be in an atmosphere absolutely protected from all degrading influences: an ideally beautiful place, a wonderful climate where everything is harmonious, and a wholly spontaneous, free and harmonious and beautiful life sheltered from all vulgarities of life. And the mother herself should have the ideal of the new child. It should be done not as a mechanical but as a conscious, willed thing in an absolutely "creative" atmosphere, we might say.

All these are very difficult conditions to fulfill.[39]

April 22, 1967

(Mother gives Satprem a letter and newspaper cutting she has just received from America about LSD. There is also the photo of a poster inviting people on a "trip.")

They look half mad – a bit more than half!

Would you like to publish in the next Bulletin what you said about LSD?

No, I think that would be giving them far too much importance.

In America, it has become rather frightening.... There are a considerable number of people who take this drug.

I don't think it's possible to stop them – they'll go on taking it till serious accidents happen, and then ... then the government will intervene and will add another blunder to this one.

(silence)

That there is a very great Pressure, a sort of intensity of pressure, is indisputable – everywhere, just everywhere. And, naturally, the reaction of Ignorance.

Nature, basically, had arranged things, and as she had no limitation of time, they were arranged so as to last millennia and millennia and millennia – she went along at a leisurely pace, having fun on the way; she invented everything that could be invented and had fun. But things didn't move along very fast. And she has arranged them in such a way that if you exert a pressure to move faster, oh, it causes catastrophes.

On the immense mass, the mass still plunged in Ignorance, it creates a sort of excitement that tends to become unhealthy. Those who are settled in a certain equilibrium protest; I have often heard them say, "But we aren't in a hurry, things are all right as they are! Why do you want to change them so fast, that will happen in its own time!" That's the attitude of those who have found a sufficiently harmonious equilibrium in life: "Oh, what a hurry, why do you want to upset everything? Let things just carry on on their own. It will happen in its own time" – like that. All those who are in a somewhat "sattvic" poise are in some such equilibrium.

Then, among those who aspire, a small number are sincere, serious, level-headed, ready for anything: ready to go slowly, to go fast, to do much, to do little – but they are regular and quiet. And finally, a band of people like imbalance and, for them, it's an opportunity for all kinds of crazy things. But the Pressure of the Force is clearly making itself felt everywhere.

Sri Aurobindo always said that the most important, but also the most difficult

thing, is to learn to keep one's BALANCE IN INTENSITY. To have the intensity of aspiration, the intensity of effort, the intensity of the march forward, while at the same time keeping one's balance – the balance of perfect peace. That's the ideal condition. But it's difficult.

(silence)

And for the cells of the body, the transition from the tranquillity of "tamasic" origin (the calm that was, in the distant past, the outcome of Inertia, and what still remains of that tendency for inertia), for this calm to stop being inert and, on the contrary, to belong to the calm of All-Powerfulness, there is a difficult transition. For the cells it's difficult.

These last few days, oh ... It's this transition that's being worked out in the details, and it's not easy.

It's like that habit of the cells of drawing the force from below (through food and so on): when you try to transform that into a constant habit of drawing the force from above, every instant, in every small detail, there's a difficult moment.... ("From above" is a manner of speaking, because if you think about it, it may also be from the depths: there's no sense of direction, high or low or anything of the sort.) But it's no longer leaning on the surface for support – for standing, walking, sitting, moving about....

There is also the pressure of external agitation (the world lives in ceaseless agitation), the external agitation: everything and everyone is rushing towards ... one really doesn't know towards what. They want to squeeze in ten times more things in a space of time than can be normally done, so it goes like this *(gesture of tremor).* And to have the strength to remain calm and steady in the middle of it, in that whirl ...

It's very interesting, really.

What people generally call force (in the English sense of the word *strength)* is something very heavy and tamasic. The true force is a movement of fantastic speed but ... in perfect calm. There is no agitation; the movement is fantastically faster, but without agitation, in such calm! ... They generally don't even feel that Force, yet it is the one that makes – that will make – the transformation possible.

The difficulty is always the transition. You see, the body acts (it is carried, so to speak: things are done without the sense of resistance or fatigue, nothing of the sort, that doesn't exist), and then, if for some reason or other (generally some influence or some thought coming from someone else), if the memory of the other method (the ordinary method, the universal method of all human beings) comes back, the body suddenly seems ... (it's very strange), it seems to become incapable of doing ANYTHING, absolutely as if it were about to faint. Then, there immediately comes the reaction, and the other movement gets the upper hand again. But that makes for a difficult time. When these relapses become impossible, there will be security. But as it is now, it's difficult.

Only, now (in the past there used to be a dangerous moment), now there is immediately in the cells that movement of adoration, which calls, "You, You, You

..." Then it's all right.

April 24, 1967

(Message given by Mother)

"For after all it is the will in the being that gives to circumstances their value, and often an unexpected value; the hue of apparent actuality is a misleading indicator. If the will in a race or civilisation is towards death, if it clings to the lassitude of decay and the laissez-faire of the moribund or even in strength insists blindly upon the propensities that lead to destruction or if it cherishes only the powers of dead Time and puts away from it the powers of the future, if it prefers life that was to life that will be, nothing, not even abundant strength and resources and intelligence, not even many calls to live and constantly offered opportunities will save it from an inevitable disintegration or collapse. But if there comes to it a strong faith in itself and a robust will to live, if it is open to the things that shall come, willing to seize on the future and what it offers and strong to compel it where it seems adverse, it can draw from adversity and defeat a force of invincible victory and rise from apparent helplessness and decay in a mighty flame of renovation to the light of a more splendid life. This is what Indian civilisation is now rearising to do as it has always done in the eternal strength of its spirit."[40]

Sri Aurobindo

April 27, 1967

(Regarding the "darshan" of April 24, forty-seventh anniversary of Mother's coming to Pondicherry.)

How was the 24th? Did you stay at home for the meditation?

No, I always come.

It was rather peculiar.

Here is the sequence of events: someone living here had a very bad cold some seven or eight days before the darshan. I said to myself, "I must not catch it."[41] So I did a special prayer not to catch it. But it has had consequences.

I told you about that experience, which has been growing increasingly concrete and constant, of the Vibration of Harmony (a higher harmony expressing the essential Consciousness in its aspect of love and harmony and, as it draws nearer to the manifestation, of order and organization), and of the nearly constant and general vibration of disorder, disharmony, conflict – in reality, Matter's resistance to this Action. The two vibrations are like this *(Mother slips the fingers of her right hand between those of the left),* as if they interpenetrated each other and a simple movement of consciousness sent you to one side or the other, or rather, as if the aspiration, the will for realization, put you into contact with the Vibration of Harmony, and the SLIGHTEST slackening made you lapse into the other. It has become constant. So then, on the 24th, right from morning there was a constant aspiration, a constant will for the triumph of the Vibration of Harmony. Then I sat down at my table as I always do, some five or ten minutes before it [the meditation] began. And instantly, with a power – a power capable of crushing an elephant – this Vibration of Harmony came down like that, in such a mass ... that the body lost the sense of its own existence altogether: it became That, it was conscious of nothing but That. And the first quarter of an hour literally flashed by in a second. Then, there were three people in the room; one of the three, or maybe all three, felt ill-at-ease (nothing to be surprised at!), and that woke me up: I saw the light (I burn a candle on my table) and I saw the time, but it wasn't me – something saw. Then there was a sort of pacifying action on the place, and then – gone again. And one second later, the call of the end![42]

It's the first time that has happened to my body. It always used to remain conscious. Sri Aurobindo, too, told me the same thing, that he never, ever had samadhi in his body. Neither did I: I always, always used to remain conscious. While that ... only Force remained, there was nothing left but Force at work: there was a concentration here, a concentration on the whole country, and a concentration on the whole earth. And it all was conscious, like that *(vast gesture above the head),* at work. But something massive, as powerful as an elephant – enough to crush you.

I didn't say anything to anybody, I wanted to know (because when I speak, people try to find something, while I wanted to know the spontaneous reaction). The first thing I received was a letter from G. saying that he was at the Samadhi, and just before it started, a force came down on him so strongly that he fell (he was sitting, he fell forward). So he asked me what it was. I haven't replied yet. Then there have been other people, other things.

That was unique for me, because it's the first time it has happened to me. But it has had a result: all that still clings within to that old habit of disorder and disharmony – which is the cause of, oh, everything, all mischief, all illnesses, everything – that has been ... Yesterday afternoon, I saw there was something that needed to be done away with, and it changed into a head cold. It's nothing.

It's nothing, and it has given me an opportunity to see that all the cells everywhere, even those that according to the old habit should be in discomfort because of the cold, are all in a blissful aspiration of transformation. And they

truly and spontaneously feel that what's happening to them is to make things move a little faster. So they are very happy.

But things should move still faster; that is, all these things such as colds and so on should pass very quickly – come in and go out.

There are still lots of bad habits – that will pass.

And there was the consciousness – the Total Consciousness, in a light ... a light without any equivalent here, yet it was quite material. If you like, it might be like molten gold – molten and luminous. It was very thick. And it had a power – a weight, you know, like that, it was astonishing. And then, no more body, nothing anymore – nothing anymore, nothing but That. And the vision of That, like this *(gesture widening out above the head),* in its immediate action, its action on the country, and its action on the whole earth. An action that doesn't cause any movement, I don't know how to explain it. A sort of pressure – a pressure in which nothing is displaced.

The pressure went away after the meditation, but the effect has remained, and when, out of the old habit, I got up afterwards to take something on the table over there, I nearly fell! The body no longer knew how to walk! I had to concentrate, then it came back.

Something still remained (but not as strong as that), something remained when I went to the balcony [in the afternoon of the 24th]. At the balcony I was different from what I usually am. I don't exactly know what it was. But then, the photographs are very different; there is something in the photographs that wasn't there before. There was a special atmosphere.

(silence)

I remembered something Sri Aurobindo told me sometime during the last months; he told me, "When the supramental Force" (which he was constantly calling down, of course), "when the supramental Force is there and for as long as it is present, you get a sense of all-powerfulness – an unconditioned all-powerfulness: an ALL-powerfulness." But he said, *"It goes into the background"* when the pressure of the Force is removed.

April 29, 1967

Mother gives Satprem a pink lotus bud

A few days ago, in the afternoon, I gave Z a lotus like this one, hardly more

open. Then she kept it in her hand and slept with it the whole night. The next morning, she put it in water, and ... it opened! After a whole night in her hand. It's good-natured!

Flowers are very receptive to people's vitality – to the QUALITY of the vitality. With some people, when they hold a flower it withers instantly; with others, it opens. I myself saw several times Sri Aurobindo take a half-withered flower in his hand, and it became quite fresh again – it was quite happy!

And I knew a woman in Paris, who claimed to be a disciple [of Mother's], she would always bring me flowers when she came to see me, and always, without a single exception, the flowers had withered. She would arrive and tell me, "But they were quite fresh when I bought them!" *(Mother laughs)* And they were absolutely finished. So in the end I told her, "It's because you take all their life into yourself!"

She had taken away their life.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Last time I told you about those two vibrations.... There is a constant effort to bring everything under the true Vibration. And the subtlety of the work is very interesting. The whole night is spent like that, too.

I feel something is really being prepared: there is a very strong pressure – but what? I don't know. People ask me, "What's going to happen on 4.5.67?"[43] I tell them, "Wait and see."

There is a very active influence from Sri Aurobindo, and then this constant work [of the two vibrations]: even during the visits, when people whom I don't know come, it goes on. It's like a sort of sifting.

* * *

(Then Mother asks for news of Satprem, who is not too well physically or otherwise.)

... I have only one remedy left for everything. But it's active!

May 3, 1967

(Mother gives Satprem a new booklet, brown-colored and with its title in golden letters: "God")

I have a very sweet little story: The day before yesterday, people came (yesterday morning, I saw fifty-five people in the room over there ... fifty-five! The day before, there were a little fewer, but maybe forty-five), and there was a small child, less than a year old, carried by his father. He was sleepy, leaning against his father's shoulder, like that. The father came in; when he came near me, the child saw me – he opened his eyes, a man's eyes! It wasn't a child anymore, you understand. Then he looked at me. He had a blissful smile and ... held his hand out to me! He caught hold of my hand, I gave him my hand – how happy he was! But the father wanted to do *pranam* [prostration], so he put him on the floor. There was beside me a large tray with some fifty of these small books (which contain all the quotations of the passages in which Sri Aurobindo spoke of God). The child looked; he took a book, looked at it, fingered it, tried to open it – without a word or anything. Naturally, the parents, who think they are very wise, the father, who thought he was a wise man, said, "We can't leave this book in the child's hands," and took it to put it back in its place – the child howled! Then C. took the book and gave it to him, and while the others did pranam (there were a dozen people), all the while he kept looking at the golden letters, feeling them....

He is certainly one of the most remarkable children [I have seen], but not the only one. All the children less than a year old who are brought to me are like that (more or less). This one is very, very conscious. Such eyes, you know – fully conscious eyes.

So sweet! And so happy, as if saying, "At last I'm seeing you!"

So here is the book.

But the crowd is beyond all imagination.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Pavitra has been filing old letters, and ... I told you, didn't I, that since the 24th there was a CONSTANT insistence, every minute, on giving full support to the Harmony and not allowing disorder, disharmony and confusion to manifest – from

the physical, vital and mental points of view. Like that, like someone pounding something since the 24th (I told you the other day about the Force that came; it's been like that since then). And yesterday or the day before, Pavitra, while sorting out those letters, came across something I had written to someone in English:
"Yes, the good-will hidden in all things reveals itself everywhere to that one who carries goodwill in his consciousness.

This is a constructive way of feeling leading straight to the future."

I found this very interesting (it was written years ago, at least more than a year ago, and Pavitra told me he hadn't even found it in a letter: it was loose among the files). And it was as if to tell me, "See, you were already speaking like this before." Because the "goodwill" is the Harmony (on the psychological level, of course), it's the will for everything to go well psychologically. I found this rather interesting.

And it's good it came back; it's a form quite within everyone's grasp, which they can understand – you aren't asked extraordinary things: you are asked goodwill. When I found this again, I smiled and found it amusing, I said, "Well, I could have written the same thing about cheerfulness! I could have said, 'Be cheerful and you will see cheerfulness everywhere.'" – One can say many things *(Mother rotates her hand slowly as if to present various facets),* it always makes me think of a kaleidoscope with color arrangements to express something else which, as soon as it is expressed ... shrinks, becomes diminished, generalized and finally within everyone's grasp. But there is one thing: like a FORMIDABLE conflict taking place over the earth at this moment, with this wonderful divine Grace always helping, always striving for the better and exerting a pressure: "Come now, be cheerful, come now, have goodwill, come now, have, yes, have that inner Harmony of contentment, hope, faith. Do not accept the vibrations of ... decomposition – the vibrations that diminish, degrade and lead towards destruction."

It's everywhere, everywhere like that *(gesture of pressure on the earth).*

So, naturally, the "wise men" Sri Aurobindo speaks of ask, "What does 4.5.67 mean? What's going to happen on 4.5.67? Why..." It comes from every side into the atmosphere. So yesterday I said to someone, someone with great faith and some authority over a large number of people (they ask him all these stupid questions; he didn't tell me but said it mentally, so that I received it mentally), when I saw him in the afternoon I said to him, "So, you have been asked all these questions; well, here is what you are going to answer them very gravely (!):

4 means Manifestation
5 means Power
6 means New Creation
7 means Realization."

Now, let them do whatever they like with that!

It's to keep them quiet.[44]

And indeed, he told me this morning (I replied, "You need not tell me, I know!

"), he said to me, "Oh, as for me, I'd rather wait and see." I answered, "That's the true attitude, it's better to wait and see."

In any case ... I don't know – I don't know anything and don't want to know anything, I don't know. I wouldn't be surprised if nothing happened, but ... Because, for me, it has ALREADY happened. It came on the 24th, I told you, I had had all kinds of experiences (you too told me!), but never this one: the material personality, the body – absolutely dissolved. There only existed ... the Supreme Consciousness. And that, I must say, has remained. It has remained in the sense that ... I can no longer eat, I can almost no longer rest, I see really hundreds of people and things and papers and ... This poor body might say, "Phew!" – but not at all. And if the tension in others happens to cause a slight loss of balance, the body spontaneously says like this: "Oh, but You are here" – and it's all over. It's all over right away. So this is something.

We will see.

(silence)

With this 4.5.67, there are quite amusing things. Some people have the attitude of "righter of wrongs" (there are people like that) and take their own example of a wrong they have suffered which must be righted; and they say, "This will be the Mother's symbol." Another would like cameras to be sensitive enough to photograph the "presence" invisible to the human eye. That also comes, they are things that come in the atmosphere [of Mother]. Another (several others, it seems) thinks that on that day the Indian new year will begin. Others ... everyone thus imagines something, and it comes into the atmosphere. It's amusing.

And I always think of that passage in *Savitri* in which he says, "God shall grow up ..." Grow up in Matter, of course (and you SEE the Divinity grow up in Matter, and Matter being made more and more capable of manifesting the Divinity), and he says, "... while the wise men talk and sleep."[45] It's exactly that. And it's charming.

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo once told me that one of the first results would be that governments would come under the supramental influence (not that WE would govern! But that governments would be influenced). And these last few days I have seen three ministers and five members of parliament! And I have received an offering from the prime minister [Indira Gandhi]. So it's going well! It's quite amusing.... Some come from Delhi just for a day, only to see me and go back. So one hopes – one hopes – that they will grow a bit wiser (!)

* * *

(Then Mother starts sorting out a series of notes scribbled here and there.

She stops at this one:)

> "Auroville is the shelter built for all those who want to hasten towards a future of knowledge, peace and unity."

We have a small place called "Promesse," where there will be six or eight rooms, an office which will be Auroville's first administrative office, and also a guest house with a few rooms, five or six rooms for visitors. It's quite a small place, with a pretty garden and trees, on the Madras road. It's on Auroville's outer border.

And so it's being built. There will be a lotus pond in the middle and a sort of big bowl, made of marble, I think, on which this text will be engraved (in French) to let people passing by know what Auroville is.

* * *

(Mother files her note on "goodwill" after deciding she would give it for publication in "Mother India." Satprem remarks that it's a pity for the "Bulletin.")

Oh, *(laughing)* I can make as many as you like for you! It comes like that – something having fun.

The way it comes is amusing, too. Someone (for instance, X, Y or Z) reads me a letter; "me," you understand, there's no me, I am absolutely absent, busy with the things I do: putting this away, doing that or this. Suddenly *(gesture from above),* "Say this." Ah, very well.... And then it comes. And it's amusing: it's words playing, it always makes me think of a cat playing with something, like that, with its mischievous eye, sending the ball away and catching it again, poking it with one paw and catching it again with the other; it's exactly the same movement with words. It's someone having fun. You know who the "someone" is (!)

Sometimes it has such extraordinary sense of humor, with such sharpness – he just picks up the slightly ridiculous side of the person who wrote or asked the question, then answers with imperturbable seriousness. Marvelous!

* * *

(Mother tidies up her table, on which an extraordinary mass of sundry objects is piled up. She picks up a new pen from a corner:)

So, what do you have to say?

(silence)

Do you need a pen?... I don't know what it's worth, it's brand new. People bring them to me; some five or six, others four or five.... I am inundated with things. Keep it, they are backup tools. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask, because there's every kind of thing here – except lions! Though invisible ones, there are.

Oh, one day it was so funny: I don't remember on what occasion, I was waiting for someone – when I suddenly see a lion come from here, another lion come from there, yet another lion come from there *(gesture to the four corners of the room),* and my eyes were ... (how should I put it?) neither closed nor open: I was looking within, looking at the work. So I asked them, "But what do you want?" – They smiled like children! ... It was really amusing; So maybe I am unfair to them when I say there's everything here except lions!

Will I see something one day?[46]

Mon petit, there is ... (you will find this amusing), there is mental vision: when you are concentrated, you see things here *(gesture around the head);* not with the same kind of vision as with open eyes but you see. You see images, you see thoughts, you see ... There is a vital vision: you just have to close your eyes and you see all sorts of things. It's not always pretty. It's the kind of dreams you have. You've had dreams of that kind which weren't too pleasant. And then, for (how long?) twenty, thirty years (I started seeing when I was quite small – I didn't know what it was) but when I began to know what it was, I complained a lot that I didn't have perfectly objective visions *(Mother gestures in front of her open eyes):* not those one has here around the head; not those one has when one is in the vital: but those one has like this, with open eyes. And when I met quite ordinary mediums, people who saw with open eyes, I used to say, "Those people are first-rate!" When I met Sri Aurobindo, I told him. Naturally he made fun of me – he was right. So I stopped bothering about it.

Then, quite recently, when I began doing the yoga in the cells, lo and behold, they started seeing! But then ... what a conglomeration! And it kept going and coming, seeing more and still more constantly, all the time. When I opened my eyes, instead of seeing material things, I would see the physical things behind them. Then I said, "Oh, I understand! ... It was the aspiration of Ignorance, now I understand: people who don't see are blessed!" Because I always used to say, "My visions aren't concrete, they are subjective visions since they are internal; they are subjective visions, not concrete ones – I want concrete visions, I want to see the material world as it is, not in its deceptive appearance – AS IT IS." When I started seeing, I said, "No thanks! We are blessed not to see."

But that's not what I am asking for.

No, I know that.

I want to see the Light.

Yes, you want to see the Light. But you see it!

No, I don't!

Ah, mon petit, I know you do, because the very first time you told me, "I want to see," I assure you in all honesty that I said, "But why doesn't he see? He should see." Then, the first time I met Sri Aurobindo (that is, immediately afterwards), I said to him, "Satprem wants to see." He answered me, "He sees, but without knowing it. But he sees."

So I thought there may be ... You know, sometimes there's a very small *gap* (we have layers of consciousness interpenetrating like that, quite a few), and a *gap,* a lacuna, a void between two of them is enough for you not to know. That's what Théon once explained to me: "All your states of being are there in the fourth dimension, one inside the other; what you lack is a very small degree." It's nothing, you know, in your consciousness you don't notice it, but in its construction something is undeveloped, and so what's on the other side can't come through; it's lost between there and here. It's lost. So I asked him, "What can be done?" He told me, "You must develop it." And I did the experiment; he told me and I did it. And indeed I had a "nervous subdegree" (he used to call the vital the "nervous"), a nervous subdegree that wasn't developed, not sufficiently conscious. And for a year, day after day after day, a concentration to develop it, applying the consciousness, applying the consciousness ... – absolutely no result. For at least – at least six months continuously, a concentration every day; I kept an hour for that – absolutely no result.

Only, I didn't doubt. I simply thought, "How very stupid of me, I don't know how to do it...." I was living in Paris; came summer, I went on holiday. I went to some friends' who had an estate by the sea. There was a small wood, large meadows, it was pretty. And after lunch, I go and lie down on the grass ... and all of a sudden, everything – from the air, the earth, the water, from everywhere – everything came. Everything, but everything I wanted to have came like that. Suddenly. Like that, effortlessly. The result of six months of work.

But I very often feel the lack of Nature here.

You feel it.

Yes, a lot. I miss Nature a lot.

Yes. My feeling ... (because I've studied your problem a good deal – I seem as if I couldn't care less, but that's not true! I've studied your problem a great deal), my feeling is that in your higher mind, the faculty of expression is developed – highly developed – so that as soon as there is contact with the Light, it gets translated into ideas, words, concepts, like that. It doesn't have THE TIME to be visualized. It's not outwardly but all the way up that it is (how can I put it?) particularly and exceptionally active and expressive (something quite rare, because generally, in everyone, it's nebulous up above). And because it's so developed

(which is a higher condition), you've missed the primary condition, that is, the vision, the shock of the Light.

So there is only one solution. To me, there is a solution: it's the sudden contact with a HIGHER light in the Supermind. Sri Aurobindo said (that's obvious, it's always like that) that there are several *layers* (it's not quite like layers, but never mind), several layers of supramental light. The first (the one that has manifested) you immediately translated into concepts, ideas and words. That is, something a large number of intellectuals are praying and imploring to have – you had it spontaneously, let's say. So the first contact, the dazzling contact of the Light, that you didn't have. But when a HIGHER light comes, you will have it.

I am waiting for that moment.

I don't know if your mind is critical or if ... To make myself clear, I mean whether your critical mind OR your faith, which of the two is stronger – I hope it's the faith. So to the faith (not to the critical mind, I don't speak to it), to the faith I say that since the 23rd we've been working hard. And I have asked a great deal that you may, tomorrow, be put into contact with that higher light, that you may have the dazzling vision of the Light.

If you have faith, you will have it. If the critical mind is stronger, it will be slightly delayed, maybe.

There, now I've made my confession!

It's a still unmanifested supramental light – with the first shock of contact, you will see.

You understand, I don't want to say anything that encourages the vanity of the ego, if there is any. But your contact with the Light is *unusual;* for you it has become something quite natural. But the truth is, it's exceptional. So you see people who don't have this realization at all but who enjoy the contact with the Light, precisely because for them it's something marvelous and new ... And so you are *deprived* (it's Sri Aurobindo speaking to me), deprived of the pleasures they have. But you should know that it's because you have been given a much higher realization. Only, with aspiration, with opening, with self-giving, you can contact something really new. And then you will have the shock of the new.

This is his answer.

But, for that, the mind should keep quiet.

With all these experiences of the cells, how many times all that so-called wisdom, which is in the material consciousness and comes from rubbing against life, from so-called experience – the wisdom that comes from experience – how many times it started expressing itself and Sri Aurobindo said, but *mercilessly, "Shut up, you are foolish!"*

It has learned its lesson. It has learned its lesson, but quite recently.

We think we're wise, we think we're intelligent ...

There.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

I want it to be, for you tomorrow, really a new birth – but not a new birth to an

inner being: an opening to something not yet manifested in the world.

That's what you are destined for.

May 6, 1967

I made a speech to P. and A. (not "made a speech," but they told me about something and I started speaking), and P. tried to note it down. He hasn't read it to me, I don't know what he wrote; you can read it to me if you like.

But wait.... On the morning of the 4th, when I got up (it was 4:30), suddenly I seemed to be sent ... well, it was as if I were sent a ball of lightning like this *(Mother strikes her head)*. I said, "Ah, very well!" *(Mother laughs)* But it shook me! It was so strong that it shook me (I was sitting over there). Then came the explanation of the "message" for 4.5.67. It came in English. He told me, "You must say this, you must say this, you must ..." and it kept being repeated till I had noted it down.

You remember the message, don't you?[47]

(Mother reads her note:)

> "The Divinity mentioned by Sri Aurobindo ...

It was Sri Aurobindo speaking to me, but he said it like that!

> "The Divinity mentioned by Sri Aurobindo is NOT A PERSON...

He insisted a lot on this.

> "... is not a person, but a condition to be shared and lived by all those who prepare themselves for it."

So I was walking (I always walk a half-hour in the morning, saying the mantra), and he went on and on and on repeating it, like that, until this expression came. Then, when I had noted it on paper, it was over.

Afterwards, he told me to put it into French like this:

> "La Divinité dont parle Sri Aurobindo n'est pas une personne, mais un état auquel participeront tous ceux qui se sont préparés à le recevoir."

Did something happen on the 4th?

That is what happened.

And a constant Presence the whole day long.

I tell you, it started like that in the morning, as if I had been stunned for the day – I no longer existed.

It's like that all the time: the Force at work, the Force at work, the Force at work ... all the time like that, constantly, nothing but the Force at work. That's what I told you the other day [the two vibrations], it's like that. But all the time, all the time. At the balcony, constantly, constantly: the Force at work, the Force at work ... Nothing remains except that.

And as there is a large crowd, it does a lot of work.

But at the balcony (and even before, in the morning when that ball of lightning came), there was a very special concentration on you. But that, I don't know, it's for you to say. If you felt something, so much the better!

I had a very pleasant, very good meditation. I felt the Power, but ...

Yes, the meditation gave the sense of something very charming. And a constant insistence on Harmony, Harmony, Harmony.... A harmonious balance: harmonious balance of nations, harmonious balance of people, harmonious balance of inner faculties, harmonious balance ... like that.

And then, resistances are clearly expressed as a disharmony.

Something extremely smiling, harmonious, smiling, harmonious....

There was a rather interesting phenomenon (it was yesterday or the day before), amusing little details: now the last member of the government of India has been converted, so to speak. All the government members (the central government – I don't mean the whole country, but the center), all the government members are ... (what should I say?) I might almost say "apprentice disciples of Sri Aurobindo," with a great goodwill to serve.

And everywhere, everywhere in the world, the signs of a CONSCIOUS goodwill awakening.

That's what Sri Aurobindo once said to me. What he saw was that the supramental Force would have enough influence on the various governments of the earth, of the nations, to permit hope for a harmony.

If that's how it is, it's something.

We'll see.

But still I didn't see the Light!

You didn't see the Light.

I didn't have a sensation of contacting ...

... something new.

I suppose I must be dense.

No ... No, as for me, I still see (it's the same thing in this body, you understand), there are still small spots of obtuseness, you know: scattered here and there, like that – very small spots of obtuseness, but sufficient to stop the movement from being integral.

For instance, what Sri Aurobindo says – that purity which consists in receiving

ONLY the Influence of the Divine, so that none of the other influences can touch you ... For instance, a certain number of people have been paid to destroy me. I know it. And I see it. Well, it can't do anything, but it does give a little work – it SHOULDN'T give any work. Now and then I am obliged to hold up the shield of white Light to stop them from coming through. That shouldn't be necessary, it should be automatic. And it comes from the fact that swarms of cells still have old habits – old imprints, old habits.

That must change.

They weep a little ("weep," well ...), they whine a little; they are very conscious of their infirmity and pray a lot, but ... they still have the sensation that they would need some peace and quiet and a certain amount of time for the supreme Harmony to be able to penetrate everywhere – which is silly, but ... So they feel they are, not exactly in contradiction but somewhat constrained or weighed down by the multitude – the immensity – of the material work. You understand, this [body] can hardly eat anymore, doesn't have time to rest anymore (now even at night there's much work – I had made a resolve to remain quiet at night, but there's work and it has to be done), so the result of it all is that ... *(gesture of conflict).* They [the cells] are stupid, they still feel, "Oh, if I could have some nice peace and quiet, then I would change." They need a slap. That's all.

There's still some friction.

And the body is conscious enough to be convinced that it has no right to demand the change (I mean a certain change) in the Whole so as to enable its own change. That it knows very well: "Then what use am I? If I am like the others, I am useless – I MUST have the capacity to emerge into the Light, whatever the people or difficulties around me." It knows that, it's under no illusions. But still, there is some slight friction.

(silence)

Well, read me this notation by Pavitra, I'd be curious to know how it is.

"About physical suffering, Mother says:

> "There are three different layers or levels of consciousness that are the origin of that suffering. They are as if juxtaposed, superimposed, but don't intermingle. You pass from one to the other in alternation, without fixed order.

It's not quite like that. It has become so rigid! Never mind, read on.

"One is a repulsion, a fear that sometimes borders on terror. The second is a perverse, unavowed attraction. The third, a sense of inevitability, of 'can't be helped,' of total helplessness.

> "Almost everyone allows himself to be ensnared, but there IS one remedy – only one – to cure all those diseases (doctors are something else altogether, they are another ill, which doesn't really cure).
>
> "This remedy – it's good for all earth life – is to attain and open up

to the consciousness of Harmony – not mental or vital harmony, but the 'essential' harmony, the 'principle' of harmony.

"It's always the same remedy. It's wonderfully effective if one can apply it, but that is difficult because the human consciousness is very unstable, in constant change. That change is what gives man the sense of life and movement. It's absolutely stupid, but that's how it is!

"So, if one can make one's consciousness stable and bring those juxtaposed layers into contact with the consciousness of harmony, there are seemingly miraculous results. For instance, S. came back this morning, ten years younger; as you know, he was half-dead....

(Laughing) S. isn't you! It's someone from Calcutta.

"... They had wired me from Calcutta that he was dying. So I concentrated *(gesture)* like that ... to make contact little by little with this force of harmony, this principle of harmony.... And now he tells me that he feels quite fine, quite a new man.

"That's what I did....

He even told me (I saw him), he even told me the vision that was at the origin of his cure. And it was really interesting. He said he saw it almost with open eyes: everything was dark (it was in the night), the room was dark, he felt absolutely depressed, and – it was a heart attack – had no more interest in anything, no more interest in life, and felt as if he was letting himself "flow into death," just like that. Then, suddenly, he thought of me. And – he says his eyes were open – the whole room was dark, except for a sort of oval of light just in front of him. A quite dazzling oval of light, which stayed on. So he looked (he wasn't asleep), he looked to see what could be causing that light (he is materialistic enough), but then, nothing – he realized there was nothing. Then he started watching that light, and he saw, rising from the bottom (he didn't know from where, couldn't see from where) a sort of flame – two small flames – of a very, very pale light, very bright. He found it interesting, and continued to watch. And all of a sudden, he saw in the light the shape of what he calls ... I think it's Mahasaraswati (I forget which of the four, but I think it's Mahasaraswati: "perfection in work"), he saw her there, staying there. And at the same time he felt in himself, oh, a great desire to serve, to work well, to consecrate his life to the divine work, all that. And the next morning, when the doctors came they said, "Oh, everything is changed!"

Interesting. And it coincided with the time when I was doing my concentration here. (I had got the telegram from a young boy he adopted and is very fond of: he had sent a telegram to let me know that the doctors had all but condemned him.) Then he had that experience – it's a transcription, of course, according to his conception. But it's interesting.

But I certainly don't want anyone to know what I am saying here: everyone must be left to his own conception. As for him, he is convinced it's Mahasaraswati who gave him back his life (still he has much devotion for me, but that doesn't

matter ...). I don't want it known. I didn't say anything to him, I smiled at him – yes, I told him, "You are receptive." And when he expressed his gratitude, I said, "We needed you to do some work." Like that, quite simply.

But I found that interesting, because ... It's generally like this: the Force is there, working, and if something comes (a call from someone, a prayer or something), all this *(gesture to the forehead)* generally remains absolutely still, immobile, merely letting the Force pass through, and all I sometimes do is simply *(gesture of offering or presenting something upward):* "Lord, here is this task, it's for You." That's all, and I leave it. But in this case, I was sitting at my table (the telegram had just come), concentrating, and I quite deliberately and consciously put him in contact with the Force. Because there was a whole world of suggestions, he expected the end: "Now it's the end." So because of that, I concentrated and put a formation.

(silence)

Is this "notation" over?

No, it goes on:

"... It's a highly superior equilibrium.

> "It reminded me of Théon who used to say that the world had been put forth and reabsorbed six times; in other words, that there had been six creations and six *pralayas*.[48] And that now we were in the seventh creation, the last. The world would find a new, higher equilibrium, not static but progressive, which means there would be unending progress in equilibrium and harmony, without *pralaya*."

(April 24, 1967)

That I already told you several times.

But I don't want the story of S. to be published; I don't want to seem to be boasting about having saved his life, you understand! It might have quite unfortunate consequences for himself.... I only told Pavitra because I was still under the impact of the experience, I had just seen the man: when he walked in I hardly recognized him! That is, he struck me as a thoroughly new man. And, interestingly, he felt it, he said, "Oh, but it's as if the old man had died, I am a new man." That is to say, I found in him the energy he used to have some twenty or thirty years ago.

May 10, 1967

(Satprem reads Mother an old Playground talk of May 23, 1956, in which Mother suddenly asked various questions about the pronunciation of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs.)

Was there something special that triggered your questions?

At one time, I was very interested in knowing about it. I tried to recall the memory of the elements that lived at that time, but ...

> *Yes, you say, "I wondered how they retrieved the names of the pharaohs and gods." Then you ask, "Is the Egyptians' language contemporary with the most ancient Sanskrit, or still more ancient?... Or is there another human language older than the oldest Sanskrit?" You also ask, "Is this hieroglyphic Egyptian language akin to the Chaldean line or the Aryan line?"*

Yes, all that is very interesting, but I can't get an answer. There's a complete lacuna.

Had you heard sounds or what?

(After a silence) Listen, I'll give you an example. Some two years ago, I had a vision about U.'s son. She had brought him to me (he was almost one) and I had just seen him there [in the music room]. He struck me as someone I knew very well, but I didn't know who. Then, the same day in the afternoon, I had a vision. A vision of ancient Egypt, in which I was someone, the high priestess or I don't know who. (Because you don't say to yourself, "I am so and so"! The identification is total, there is no objectification, so I don't know.) I was inside a wonderful monument, immense, so high! But it was completely bare: there was nothing, except in one place where there were magnificent paintings. That's where I recognized the paintings of ancient Egypt. I was coming out of my apartments and entering a sort of large hall: there was a kind of gutter running on the ground all along the walls to collect water. And I saw the child playing in it, half-naked. I was very shocked, I said, "What! This is disgusting!" (But the feelings, ideas and so on were all translated into French in my consciousness.) The tutor came, I had him called. I scolded him. I heard sounds – well, I don't know what I said, I don't remember those sounds. I heard the sounds I uttered, I knew what they meant, but the translation was in French, and I didn't keep a memory of the sounds. I spoke to him, telling him, "What! You let this child play in that?" And he answered me (I woke up with his answer), saying (I didn't hear the first words, but to my thought it was), "Such is the will of Amenhotep." I heard "Amenhotep," I remembered it.

So I knew the child was Amenhotep.[49]

Therefore, I know I spoke; I spoke in a certain language, but I don't remember. I remembered "Amenhotep" because I know the word Amenhotep in my active consciousness. But otherwise, the other sounds didn't stay. I don't have the memory of sounds.

And I know I was his mother; at that moment I found out who I was, because I know that Amenhotep is so and so's son (and also I looked up in history books). Otherwise there's no connection: a void.

I always admire those mediums (they generally are very simple people) who have the exact memory of the sound and can tell you, "This and that is what I said." That way we could have a phonetic notation. If I remembered the sounds I uttered we would have the notation, but I don't.

I remember these questions: I suddenly thought, "How interesting it would be to hear that language!" And then, a curiosity: "How did they rediscover the pronunciation? How?" Besides, all the names of ancient history we were taught when we were very small have been changed now. They said they rediscovered the sounds, or rather they claimed they did. But I don't know.

It's the same thing with ancient Babylon: I have extremely precise and perfectly objective memories, but when I speak I don't remember the sounds I utter, there is only the mental transcription.

I don't have the memory of sounds.

So how did they rediscover them? Do you know?

> *Through crosschecks. That's in fact what Pavitra explains to you [in the Talk]. They found stones with inscriptions in Egyptian, Greek and Coptic: the same text in those three languages. So they pieced it together.*

Now, with the phonograph and all that, the sounds will be remembered, but at that time they weren't noted.

> *I wondered what gave rise to your questions.*

That's what, the awareness that I don't have the memory of sounds. Some people have the memory of sounds, but I don't. So I'd be interested to know how it was. Otherwise I was always able (when I found something from the past doubtful or interesting or incomplete), I always found a way to recall it into the consciousness. But the sounds don't come. They come as a state of consciousness that's translated mentally, and it's translated mentally into words I know. So that's quite uninteresting.

Even now, even when I used to play music, the memory of sounds was vague and incomplete. I had the memory of the sounds I heard in the "origin of music" *(gesture above),* and when the material music reproduced something of those sounds, I would recognize them; but there isn't the precision, the accuracy that would enable me to reproduce exactly the sound with the voice or an instrument.

It's not there, it's lacking. Whereas the memory of the eyes was ... it was astounding. When I had seen a thing ONCE, that was enough, I would never forget it.

Several other times, in visions ("visions," I mean memories:: relived memories), I spoke the language of that time, I spoke in it and heard myself speak, but the sound didn't stay. The MEANING of what I said stayed, but not the sound.

A pity.

(Mother goes into a meditation)

* * *

After the meditation, Mother tells what she has seen:

It was the symbol of the road opening up, wide open, easy – not "easy": it's dangerous in itself, but quite easy, one traveled on it easily. It was as if riding in a car (but these are images), and it went with dizzying speed, like a power – a power nothing could stop. You were there.

May 13, 1967

(Y., a disciple, asks for Mother's permission to bring an orangutan to make it "participate in the education.")

Some have already protested against Thoth [the disciple's first ape], if now there's an orangutan they'll reproach me! ... Because, naturally, the servants were afraid, even the neighbors, anyway it wasn't to their liking. Once Thoth walked into the bedroom, so the maid started howling; the neighbor came (luckily he has enough sense), he remained calm, just staring at Thoth, with some severity, probably. Then Thoth left without anything happening. But at other times when Thoth is upset, he tears bedsheets to pieces or whatever. Finally the neighbor came and told me the incident (that was long ago). I said to him, "You don't know the first thing about animals! You are lucky enough to have a peaceful nature, but animals are extremely sensitive to your feelings or sensation: if you are afraid, they instantly get afraid; if you are angry, they instantly get angry; and if you are gentle, kind, affable, they become gentle, kind, affable." He understood quite well,

and ever since all has been well. But he isn't alone in the house.... An orangutan is a big thing, you know!

That Thoth is really remarkable. Did I tell you what happened when I first saw him? (And I asked Y. very insistently whether she had taught him, but she hadn't said anything at all to him – not taught or said anything.) He came with her, and as soon as he saw me (he was on Y.'s arm), he folded his hands! And then he gave me a speech: his mouth moved; there weren't any sounds, but his mouth was moving. And an expression ... Then I complimented him, and he immediately leapt onto my knees, curled up in my arms, and ... went off into a semitrance – stopped moving, kept still. It lasted at least five minutes. After five minutes, I thought, "He can't just stay here forever, he should go now!" – then he opened his eyes and went away! ... The receptivity is far more remarkable than in human beings. Then he looked around, looked out of the window, well, took interest in the place. Then he again looked towards me, came back on my knees, and rested against my shoulder.

Long afterwards, a year afterwards, I asked Y. if he was in the habit of greeting with folded hands; she told me, "He's never done it, he did it only with you." It's clearly a special sensitivity. You know, the sign of an absolute trust, curled up against me.

Now he is very tall, he is of mature years, he has teeth ... teeth like a leopard's, a leopard's canine teeth. But he is as gentle as a lamb. But an orangutan ...

She wants M. to bring an orangutan back from New Caledonia. Can you picture M. leading an orangutan by the hand!... That would be charming enough! *(Mother laughs)* ... And if he brought it to my room!

But animals really have a lot of charm. I must say we are on very good terms. The whole perversion brought into the human consciousness by mental activity isn't there (except in those that have lived with man), but those that came straight from outside have a simplicity, a sort of ingenuousness which is very charming. And an uncanny receptivity, you know, much more spontaneous than human receptivity.

Now it's different, there is a whole race of small children (I told you the other day), who are very receptive. And they are charming. Charming.

May 17, 1967

> *I don't know if you would be interested in this: I've read an article on the electric power of cells.*[50]

Oh!

> *An Italian professor did some research in Mexico. He says: "Human cells can generate enough electrical energy to electrocute another human being standing eighteen feet away. Dr. Ruggiero, who feels that his experiments in human cells may result in the cure of paralysis, says that an electrical energy screen generated by human cells could be used to stop bullets. Electrical energy could make a 'human dynamo' capable not only of inflicting death, but of literally walking on air. By connecting cables to the human frame, human cells could produce energy and light sufficient to activate power needs in the average home or small manufacturing units. In experiments in his Mexico City laboratory, Dr. Ruggiero has produced a current in a goat with which the animal has lit a series of forty-watt bulbs and activated an electric door bell...."*

But it's been known for a long time that cats, the skin of cats is full of electricity. It was used in the past to cure rheumatism.

> *He says this electricity could be used to reactivate dead or paralyzed or cancerous cells.... And he concludes, "The human body is virtually a living dry cell. The era of human electric energy is close at hand."*

It's the same thing as magnetic force. It's all the same Force! Ultimately it seems to be the expression of the Power mingled with the different states *(gesture in levels):* the mental, the vital, or the purely material form where it would become electricity.[51]

I think that's what it is.

When I had gatherings in Paris and followed Théon's system (he didn't call them meditations but "repose": "having repose together"), at the time, during our gatherings a kind of vibration of light would flow out of my fingers (it was visible to the naked eye), but it was like electricity. And that was a concentrated vital force. It was visible as a vibration of light flowing out of my fingers.

It must be the same thing.

Ultimately, everything is the same, it's only different aspects of the same thing *(same gesture in levels).*

I remember, the first time I gave X [a Tantric] a flower, my fingers touched his and he almost jumped; then, when he went out, he said to someone that there was a kind of vibration or ... (I forget his words) a current, I don't know, which went through his whole body, like an electric current. He simply touched my fingers when I gave him the flower.

I think all this is the same thing, only it's their material notation of the Fact. That's all. To their intelligence it becomes much more real and concrete, but it's the same thing.

The Lord in electric vibrations! *(Mother laughs)*

* * *

Towards the end

The action is going double-quick.... We'll see later.

May 20, 1967

(Mother gazes at a flower she called "divine purity": lobelia longiflora.)

Can you tell me what divine purity is?... I no longer know. What can it mean?

Obeying the true Impulsion?

If we mean "divine purity in beings," I quite understand, but if we mean "the Divine's purity," I no longer understand.

Divine purity in beings means they are closed to any influence except the Divine's. *(Mother counts the petals)* Five petals ...

* * *

Soon afterwards

I go on seeing throngs of people whom I don't know. And with more than half, it's per-fect-ly useless: curiosity, pride, bragging. That's all. So they can say, "Oh, you know, I saw the Mother." So what!

But the small children are still very nice. Very nice. About one out of ten or twelve was born under an "unlucky star," which means the parents were in a very bad state when they conceived it. It happens. But most of the small ones are nice, really nice; and a few are remarkable.

It's the fashion to send me the kid's photo and to ask me for a name, so that I see a lot of them. And really, about one out of ten, yes, on average, is an ordinary child. But the others are very nice.

* * *

Soon afterwards

There is increasingly a sort of pressure of the Consciousness to awaken all that's semiconscious, subconscious, and to reach down to the Inconscient; it's like something going down *(gesture like a drift)* with a pressure. And as it goes down, as the pressure increases, there is a sort of ... (what can I call it?) a review or overall vision of the whole state of consciousness of the being and beings *(gesture around).* And the result is the perception of such imbecility! ... When you live, while you live something (you don't even know what you live while you live it), you feel you are in a light, that you receive a direction, follow that direction, anyway that a light of consciousness is acting; and when there is that pressure of THE Consciousness (like that, from above; we could call it the "truth-consciousness," or anything – THE consciousness), then all you did, all you thought, all you felt, all you saw, all those things which appeared to be conscious ... it all becomes so imbecilic that you really need a very ... (how should I put it?), not only a very complete faith, but a very complete *surrender* in order not to be crushed under the weight of that imbecility.

This whole morning I reviewed all sorts of movements of consciousness – not a recollection in thought or sensation or vision, but a recollection in the consciousness of whole periods of life, especially the life with Sri Aurobindo, because at the time, I felt I was relying on the divine Consciousness and acting under its pressure (I already felt that); so it's interesting that it should now look like an abyss of imbecility. And then, you wonder what Sri Aurobindo – he who was conscious – what he must have been feeling? How he must have been seeing all that around him, that swarm of people bustling and acting and stirring around him ... *(Mother takes her head in her hands)*. You say to yourself that if he had the consciousness which is now here (he surely had it! He had that consciousness), well, it was a marvel of patience. That's my conclusion.

You see, an undeniable goodwill, a will to do the right thing,[52] an attitude that seemed as good as it could be, and already the sense of a *surrender* and an effort to express not at all personal movements, but the guiding Will – all that, that whole attitude (which at the time seemed quite good), seen with today's consciousness! ... *(Mother takes her head in her hands)* So it's easy to think that ...

Sri Aurobindo surely had that consciousness, since he spoke about it – he had it, and he saw us living like that around him ... what patience! What a marvel of patience.

The goodwill was obvious, but there's especially a sense of imbecility, something so blind in the perception.

(silence)

With every new descent, there was in this way a period in which things were seen from a certain standpoint: there was the standpoint of feelings, the standpoint of thoughts, and so on – a CERTAIN standpoint. But this time round, it's the standpoint of consciousness, and then ... *(swarming gesture).*

And certainly, between the state of consciousness now trying to manifest and the higher state of consciousness that will manifest after some time, there will again be the same difference.

These experiences always start from the small circle of the individual as being the best known and most easily observable point, then they begin spreading, finally extending all over the earth. It's been like that every time. But then, the sense, the perception that the difference between what is and what's trying to be is so huge ... It's only because the *surrender is* there (and has always been there! It wasn't denied at that time, far from it! It was there), that alone helps to go through.

The perception of that immense Wisdom, you know, total, carrying everything – in every detail, with all the conscious details – carrying everything towards the future perfection (a growing perfection, always a future perfection): that's what saves you from being crushed, otherwise ... otherwise the contrast is a bit crushing.

These experiences always come after a great call in the cells, which feel their infirmity, their incapacity, their state which we might almost call a state of ignominy in comparison with the splendor we aspire for; the perception of the contradiction between what these cells are and what they aspire to be in order to be an expression of the Divine ... It's always following that that these experiences come, as if to say, to show the road that has been traveled. But at this rate, between the road traveled and what remains to be traveled ... it will take a great deal of time yet.

(silence)

We must be very patient.

May 24, 1967

Yesterday, someone wrote to me and asked:

> *"In the end, what is the Divine?"*

I answered.

I told him that I gave one answer to help him, but that a hundred could be given, each as good as any other:

> "The Divine can be lived, but not defined....

Here, I added, "But anyway, since you ask me the question, I will answer you."

> "The Divine is an absolute of perfection, eternal source of all that exists, whom we grow progressively conscious of, while being Him from all eternity."

Once, Amrita also told me that for him, the Divine was something simply unthinkable. So I answered him, "No! That way, it won't help you. Just think that the Divine is everything (to the fullest possible extent, of course), everything we want to become in our highest, most enlightened aspiration. All that we want to become – that's what the Divine is." He was so happy! He told me, "Oh, that way it becomes easy!"

But when you look at it – when you emerge from mental activity and look at the experience you have, you wonder, "How to say it? How to explain it?..." The nearest, most accessible, is this: into that "something" we aspire to become, we instinctively, spontaneously put everything we want to exist, all the most marvelous things we can imagine, all the objects of an intense (and ignorant) aspiration, all of that. And with all that, you draw near "something" and ... Ultimately, you don't get the contact through thought; you get the contact through something IDENTICAL in your being, which is awakened through the intensity of your aspiration. So, as soon as you have got for yourself, be it for one second, this contact – this fusion – there's no more need to explain: it's something that imposes itself in an absolute way, outside and beyond all explanation.

But to go there, everyone puts into it all that makes it easier to lead him there.

And when you have the experience, at the time of this fusion, this junction, to the consciousness it's obvious that the identical alone can know the identical, and that, therefore, it's proof that That is here *(Mother points to the heart center).* It's a proof that That is here. And through the effort of aspiration, It awakens.

When I was given the question, it was just as if that person were saying to me, "Yes, yes, that's all very fine, but after all, what IS the Divine!" So I read his letter, and there was that total silence of everything, and a sort of SINGLE gaze – a single gaze encompassing everything – which wanted to see ... I remained like that, gazing, until the words came. Then I wrote: "Here is ONE answer" – there could be a hundred ... which would be just as good.

And at the same time, when there was that gaze at the "something" which had to be defined, there was a great silence everywhere and a great aspiration *(gesture like a rising flame),* and all the forms that that aspiration has taken. It was very interesting.... The story of the aspiration of the earth ... towards the marvelous Unknown we want to become.

And everyone – everyone who was destined to effect the junction – thinks in his simplicity that the bridge he has walked is the only one. The result: religions, philosophies, dogmas, creeds – battle.

Seen as a whole, it's very interesting, very charming, with a Smile that looks. Oh, that Smile ... looking on. It seems to be saying, that Smile, "How complicated you make it! While it could be so simple."

To put it in a literary way, we could say, "So much complication for something so simple: being what one is."

(silence)

And what do YOU think the Divine is?

I don't know, I never ask myself that sort of question.

Neither do I! I've never asked myself that question. Because, spontaneously, as soon as there was a need to know, there was an answer. And not an answer with words that can be argued ... like that, a something: a vibration. It's something almost constant now.

Naturally, men make it difficult (I think they must love difficulties, because ...), with everything, the SMALLEST thing, there's always a world of difficulties. So you spend your time saying, *"Quiet, quiet, quiet – be* quiet." Even the body lives in difficulties (it too seems to love them!), but all of a sudden the cells chant their OM ... spontaneously. Then there is a sort of childlike joy in all those cells, they say *(in a tone of wonder),* "Oh, really, we can do that? We are allowed to do that?!" It's touching.

And the result is immediate: that great, peaceful, all-powerful Vibration.

But as for me, if I weren't under the constant pressure of all the wills around, I would say, "But why do you want to know what the Divine is? What does it matter to you! – Just become the Divine!" But they don't know a joke when they see one.

"I want to know what the Divine is."

"But no! It's perfectly useless."

"Oh?" they answer with a shocked look, "Oh, it's not interesting?!"

"You don't need to know what the Divine is: you must BECOME it."

For them, I mean the vast intellectual majority, doing or being something without knowing what it is is inconceivable.

We could also say this, if we liked joking: "You are the most divine when you don't know you are."

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother reads a letter by Sri Aurobindo, dated January 25, 1935, on Russian Communism and spirituality.)

"I know it is the Russian explanation of the recent trend to spirituality and mysticism that it is a phenomenon of capitalist society in its decadence. But to read an economic cause, conscious or unconscious, into all phenomena of man's history is part of the Bolshevik gospel born of the fallacy of Karl Marx. Man's nature is not so simple and one-chorded as all that – it has many lines and each line produces a need of his life. The spiritual or mystic line is one of them and man tries to satisfy it in various ways, by superstitions of all kinds, by ignorant religionism, by spiritism, demonism and what not, in his more enlightened parts by spiritual philosophy, the higher occultism and the rest, at his highest by the union with the All, the Eternal or the Divine. The tendency towards the search of spirituality began in Europe with a recoil from the nineteenth century's scientific

materialism, a dissatisfaction with the pretended all-sufficiency of the reason and the intellect and a feeling out for something deeper. That was a pre-war phenomenon, and began when there was no menace of Communism and the capitalistic world was at its height of insolent success and triumph, and it came rather as a revolt against the materialistic bourgeois life and its ideals, not as an attempt to serve or sanctify it. It has been at once served and opposed by the post-war disillusionment – opposed because the post-war world has fallen back either on cynicism and the life of the senses or on movements like Fascism and Communism; served because with the deeper minds the dissatisfaction with the ideals of the past or the present, with all mental or vital or material solutions of the problem of life has increased and only the spiritual path is left. It is true that the European mind having little light on these things dallies with vital will-o-the-wisps like spiritism or theosophy or falls back upon the old religionism; but the deeper minds of which I speak either pass by them or pass through them in search of a greater Light. I have had contact with many and the above tendencies are very clear. They come from all countries and it was only a minority who hailed from England or America. Russia is different – unlike the others it has lingered in mediaeval religionism and not passed through any period of revolt – so when the revolt came it was naturally anti-religious and atheistic. It is only when this phase is exhausted that Russian mysticism can revive and take not a narrow religious but the spiritual direction. It is true that mysticism d *revere,* turned upside down, has made Bolshevism and its endeavour a creed rather than a political theme and a search for the paradisal secret millennium on earth rather than the building of a purely social structure. But for the most part Russia is trying to do on the communistic basis all that nineteenth-century idealism hoped to get at – and failed – in the midst of or against an industrial competitive environment. Whether it will really succeed any better is for the future to decide – for at present it only keeps what it has got by a tension and violent control which is not over."

Sri Aurobindo
January 25, 1935

What marvelous clarity of vision! And so total, isn't it, forgetting nothing.

Every word is full of meaning.

Things are moving fast at present. He saw clearly: things are moving on as he said, now they are going at a gallop.

And the Americans! ... They claim they want to launch a "disarmament campaign," but they themselves don't feel the possibility of it: they are full of fear and distrust; so their "solution" is to sell arms to everyone! *(Mother laughs)* With the idea, first, of making money, and then of making countries "equal"!

May 26, 1967

(Regarding the New Year message: "Men, countries, continents! The choice is imperative: Truth or the abyss." A disciple asks Mother, "What is the meaning of 'abyss' in your New Year Message?" Mother's reply, in English:)

Right now there is a great tension. They have all taken positions as if to start war. It is the blind passion that men put into their international relations.

At the base of it all there is fear, general distrust, and what they believe to be their "interests" (money, business) – a combination of these three things. When these three lowest passions of humanity are brought into play, that is what I call "the abyss."

When someone has decided to consecrate his life to the seeking for the Divine, if he is sincere, that is to say, if the resolution is sincere and carried out sincerely, there is absolutely nothing to fear, because all that happens or will happen to him will lead him by the shortest way to this realisation.

That is the response of the Grace. People believe that the Grace means making everything smooth for all your life. It is not true.

The Grace works for the realisation of your aspiration and everything is arranged to gain the most prompt, the quickest realisation – so there is nothing to fear.

Fear comes with insincerity. If you want a comfortable life, agreeable circumstances, etc., you are putting conditions and restrictions, and then you can fear.

But it has no business in the sadhana!

May 27, 1967

Do you remember S.B.? He was here.... He was a man with many disciples, he had yogic powers. He came here and was thunderstruck, as it were, when he saw Sri Aurobindo: he fainted. He said afterwards it was because of the power of the revelation. He stayed here for years and years; he lived there, downstairs. Then he went away; you see, he used to receive all his disciples here, so I said, "No, that won't do, it's better to have a room elsewhere." Then he left. And for years and years he wasn't heard of again. He has been making contact again lately (I have seen him relatively often at night), and he's made contact again with such ardor, such enthusiasm! He has just sent this card from Riga, in Latvia – he intended to

go to Russia *(Mother hands the card to Satprem):*

> "Greetings. I remember your marvel. I spoke of our divine Master and of your sweetness in a great conference here. Bless me. Yours ever."

He was in Russia.... It has come back to him all at once: a great enthusiasm.

He lived for a time in that house at the corner, which has become the "Auroville Office," and the roof of the house is uneven (one part is on a certain level, and without warning, the level suddenly drops half a story lower). Once while he was walking on the roof in meditation, he fell; it seems he had just eaten his meal, and he had a blockage. And he claimed he cured himself with an hour of concentration. It may be....

He was very childlike, very enthusiastic, and very boastful at the same time, but with a fervor which was rather fine. A sort of very young enthusiasm.... Now he must be rather old. And I always see him in the middle of a large crowd. He knows how to command attention. He isn't quite indifferent. But I didn't work to send him away from here: he had quarreled with someone or other, then started openly receiving a large number of disciples; I said, "It would be better if you saw your disciples elsewhere." Then he left.

He writes a lot of books in Tamil.

It's the second card I've got from him. In the first he wrote he was for the second time going round the world, especially round Europe, and that he had been invited to Russia. And he has written a whole book (in Tamil) on Sri Aurobindo's yoga.

* * *

After a silence

D. has gone to the Tibetan zones (not in Tibet, that's not possible, but up there, where the Tibetan refugees live), with some sort of hope of finding a guru. But I saw her yesterday, and she has changed a lot. Yesterday she told me (she had read something by me, I don't know where, because she generally doesn't read), she told me that one day, "Oh, I had a revelation, I suddenly understood that I didn't understand anything of what you say! Because we don't give words the same meaning." I said it was true (!) "And now I've understood, I've understood how it is when we don't understand!" ... And she was troubled, because of course, everyone tells her, "Why do you go there in search of what you have here?" I answered her, "What does it matter to you! It's quite simple, just tell them the truth – that you aren't ready for staying here." She said, "Yes, that's what I am trying to tell them." (She is trying to tell them in a roundabout way.)

But she has a great sincerity in her aspiration....

She's left. And this morning, before leaving, she sent me the flower "Light without Obscurity."[53]

* * *

Soon afterwards, Mother goes into a long meditation

I saw a series of roses, this big *(gesture of about ten inches),* coming one after the other – magnificent! All kinds of colors. They certainly had a significance: one would arrive, come forward, as if giving a little bow, and go away, and then another arrived – roses this big.... Because I had complained just before![54] It was just in front of you *(gesture on the heart level),* magnificent roses of a perfect shape, and all kinds of colors.

Basically, it [meditating] is my lazy moment. When I stay like that, it immediately becomes very pleasant, and there's always something pretty to be seen. It's my lazy moment.

It feels nice like that.

Oh, yes!

I just stop everything, and ... To put it into words, it's like saying, "Your presence, Lord, let there be nothing left but That," and it's over, everything stops. Then, at times I don't see anything, at other times ... But tell me, it's ironic, I always see something when you're here! ... At times I don't see anything at all, simply like this *(blissful gesture).* At other times I can hear the sounds around, but that's when the concentration is less deep: then you can hear. But that was very pretty! A very pretty spectacle in front of me! And they came like ... You know, like when they show *slides:* it comes from one side, pop! show itself, and then goes away; then from the other side, another one comes, pop! and goes away. And it remained there, in front of you.

We have work to do.

As for me, I am mentally tired.

You're tired.... But the mind shouldn't stir! It must stay put, like that. Oh, when the mind works it's horrible.

But there's a mental work that has to be done.

I greatly admire you!

So do l! And I complain.

But when I am like this, at the height of my laziness, do you find it restful, at least?

Oh, yes, certainly.

(Mother puts away the papers she had taken out and prepares to resume the meditation)

No, no! I'm quite rested.

Too bad, you were giving me my chance!

* * *

(Then Satprem reads out a text from the Agenda, which he proposes to publish in the next Bulletin with the omission of a few passages.)

That's the very passage I find the most interesting!

It doesn't matter. Those who find it shocking will think I've grown soft in the head.

I can no longer read anything – when I start listening to something read out to me, I find it a bore! Words, words, words....

(Satprem protests)

As it is, no one any longer understands anything of what I write. A few people have timidly ventured to tell me so.

Never mind, prepare a copy of the whole thing and I'll show it to the very wise Pavitra. If he says it can pass ... *(Mother laughs)* then ...

There will always be people who don't understand.

Most of them.

So what!

If ONE understands, it's enough.

May 30, 1967

(Mother gives Satprem a soup packet from Israel)

Poor Israel ...

Oh, it's disgusting! There's another disgusting story.[55]

Oh, yes!... That business is trumped up from start to finish, and India – India...

Bah!

India goes and gives her support to that fellow. It's sad. That's a wicked thing to do.

I've got a letter from someone (not from Israel) who writes to me that there is such a spirit of fraternity and collaboration in the country, so strong, the like of which he has never seen anywhere else.

Humanity is preparing to do very nasty things, it seems.

Yes. But that India, which ought to be the mouthpiece of something a little truer, should ... It's painful, really.

Oh, that's because the natural tendency here is against the Muslims, so those who think they are superior say one should be above one's dislikes: "Let's be with them." *(Mother laughs)* There's the logic of it.

(Soon afterwards, regarding Sri Aurobindo's letter on Communism, which Mother intended to publish in the next Bulletin:)

Oh, mon petit, I've received a clipping from the *Figaro.* In early April, the cultural attaché to the Indian Embassy in Paris said that the Soviet government had expressed a desire to "participate in the construction of Auroville." I haven't yet got confirmation of it, but it's there in the *Figaro.* In that case, if it's correct, it may not be the right time to publish Karl Marx's *"fallacy"! (Mother laughs)* It might be better to wait a little! ... I hesitated a lot to publish it because it's a letter, and Sri Aurobindo always told me that in his letters he had expressed himself very frankly from the political and social viewpoint, but that he didn't want them to be published. We are more flexible now; but it may be that that newspaper clipping has come just to tell me it would be wiser to wait a little.

Yes, there's no need to upset them.

No, because it's no more than one side of the question. Sri Aurobindo always described all the sides, and if they are put together, it becomes something that far exceeds all opinions people have. So to publish just one part without its counterpart isn't quite right.

A time may come when we'll have to tell Sri Aurobindo's vision and how the world has evolved since he spoke about it (that would be very interesting). For that we'd have to find again everything he said on the different subjects.... On the religious level, I have been thinking about it for a long time. Those are the two things that can't be touched without instantly arousing human passions, and there, people's vision is quite narrow, limited, so that they no longer understand anything. In ten years, perhaps.... It could be, things are going fast. In ten years,

maybe we'll be able to see and say a little something. In any case, it's better to put this letter aside. *(laughing)* It's not the time to fling stones at them!

* * *

Mother goes into a long meditation

This morning at 4:30, I was discussing something with you! ... On the best way to express something. And I woke up uttering a sentence (I've forgotten now). I was saying to you, "It's better to put it this way." At 4:30!

I never used to hear words previously, never, it's absolutely new. It's been going on for a few weeks. And I always wake up like that, uttering words.... I never used to do that before! ... I don't know why.

It was the "best way" to say ... what? I don't know.

The effect of the heat!

June 3, 1967

A. writes that he received in Paris people who asked for information on Auroville. He answered with a letter, and when he was about to send it, he thought, "Maybe I'd better show it to Mother, after all." He sent his letter – and well he did! Those people asked him the conditions to be admitted to Auroville; he replies, "Oh, that hasn't been decided yet!" *(Mother laughs)* So I've prepared a little note; because he just says, "Oh, nothing has been decided, we'll see," as though there weren't any Aurovilians yet. I don't know if he did it purposely to discourage people; at any rate, it's not good to write like that. At least three or four hundred Aurovilians have been accepted and I signed them in. So one can't answer like that.... I know what he based himself on: I had told him that, naturally, from the material point of view, the CONDITIONS OF LIFE in Auroville were not arbitrarily fixed in advance.

Here is what I wrote:

"From the psychological point of view, the essential conditions are:

1) Being convinced of the essential human unity and having the will to collaborate in the advent of this unity.

2) The will to collaborate in all that furthers future realizations."

That's all, it's not complicated.

Then, from the material point of view:

"The material conditions will be worked out as the realization progresses."

It's not too complicated.

Of course, we'll add a note saying that for the time being, after they have read the brochures on "Why Auroville?" and have adhered to that, people will have to send their photograph along with their request, and I am the one who will accept them or not. As long as the number remains limited, a few hundreds, it's very easy to see their photos and thus have a minimum guarantee that tricksters won't come in. Because it's very easy to say, "Oh, I am thoroughly convinced and eager to participate," but that's just words.... I can't see each and every one, but even with their photograph one can see clearly enough whether they are sincere or not.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Oh, I have something much more interesting.... K. is giving a class, of sociology, I think, but based on what Sri Aurobindo writes. And then, you know

that at the School I have AT LAST got them to agree that examinations should not be indispensable; that if a student shows interest and attention during the classes, he can move up to the next year without needing a certificate or having to take exams.[56] I have obtained that at last, after so many years! So the students have been told, "It's up to you; if you want to take exams, there are exams and you can take them; but if you don't feel the need for exams, you need not take them and can just as well move up to the next year." And K., who has a simple heart, thought all those boys and girls had understood Sri Aurobindo's teaching and had a sound contempt for exams and the old ways. So he expected his children to tell him, "Oh, then we won't take exams...." And each and every one of them, with a single exception, said they preferred to take the exams so as to get a certificate....

He was very disappointed. He said to me, "How is it that after all this ... Well, I thought they had understood. And after having studied Sri Aurobindo, here they are following the old ideas!" Then he said, "I have found in a letter of Sri Aurobindo's a passage that perhaps provides an explanation, and I would like to ask you if I should take heed." I told him he should.

Here is the letter, I find it very good:

"It may be said generally that to be overanxious to pull people, especially very young people, into the sadhana is not wise. The sadhak who comes to this Yoga must have a real call, and even with the real call the way is often difficult enough. But when one pulls people in in a spirit of enthusiastic propagandism, the danger is of lighting an imitative and unreal fire, not the true Agni, or else a short-lived fire which cannot last and is submerged by the uprush of the vital waves. This is especially so with young people who are plastic and easily caught hold of by ideas and communicated feelings not their own – afterwards the vital rises with its unsatisfied demands and they are swung between two contrary forces or rapidly yield to the strong pull of the ordinary life and action and satisfaction of desire which is the natural bent of adolescence. Or else the unfit *adhar* [vessel] tends to suffer under the stress of a call for which it was not ready, or at least not yet ready. When one has the real thing in oneself, one goes through and finally takes the full way of sadhana, but it is only a minority that does so. It is better to receive only people who come of themselves and of these only those in whom the call is genuinely their own and persistent."

Sri Aurobindo
May 6, 1935

* * *

Later

I saw Y. on the 31st. She stayed for about an hour and told me of her hopes: she sees the possibility of a sort of world television (I don't know how that would

be arranged), with a telephone and a central office where answers to all possible questions would be collected – each question answered by someone eminent or qualified. The result would be the organization of a universal – well, a world education that would really be an education for all countries, in which the knowledge and best qualities of every country in the artistic, literary and scientific fields would be gathered in a kind of transmitting center, and all you would have to do would be to get into communication with it. So then, instead of having more or less incapable teachers to teach what they know also more or less, you would have the answer to every question, the most competent and best answer. Thus there would really be all over the earth an education that would be the best possible, from which everyone would receive only what he wants; you wouldn't have to attend classes, a number of useless classes, in order to catch the little you want to know: you would have it just by getting into communication with the center; you would ask for such and such a number and would get your answer.

If it could be realized, it would be very good. It means that the most beautiful works of art, the most beautiful teachings, all the best of what humanity is GOING to produce, would be collected and within the reach of all those who had a television. There would be pictures along with the explanation, or a text or speech. A kind of imposing central building where everything would be gathered. I found it rather attractive. I told her that we would have that in Auroville (not the central office: just a receiving set). She said that instead of teachers who teach poorly what they know, there would be the best teaching for each subject.... (I didn't ask her WHO would select those people – that remains the somewhat delicate point.) But I found the idea very attractive. She said things are moving in that direction.

Yes, but it's still a kind of encyclopedia....

Yes.

It's very interesting, but the best education is the one that could put you in contact with the region of knowledge where you find all answers.

Ah, that would be very good.

Yes, that would be true education. It's not finding answers in a superlibrary, but catching hold of something up above – and you have all answers.

But that's more difficult, isn't it?

Maybe not.... When I was a kid, I was quite conscious of being able to PULL something down from above, and that the answer was there, above. Children just don't know, after all. If they were told, if they were shown and made to understand that knowledge is there, that you can catch hold of it ...

Yes.

> *On the contrary, they're taught to rely on books, precisely on encyclopedias. I had to come here to understand what it meant, why I used to "pull" from above. Which means it wasn't at all encouraged when I was a child.*

But Z has done experiments like that. He told me the story of a girl at the School who had no imagination: when she was asked a question she could only answer what she had learned, and when she was given a problem she was never able to solve it. She was like that, blocked above. And he taught her to try and make contact precisely with that intuitive zone, by keeping quiet, falling silent and listening. And it seems that after some time, she had extraordinary results in that way, by falling silent and listening – answers which were really remarkable and certainly came from the region of intuition. And that's a practical fact, he did it at the School.

> *Well, that's what should be done, it's much more important.*

Far more important than a machine.

I listened to what she said and simply found it was better than recruiting incompetent teachers.

But there still remained a doubt (which I didn't discuss) on the quality of the CHOICE of answers. Whereas if you go there, to the Origin, then you're sure!

That's what they are now trying to do here in their new classes: teaching them to make contact with the intuitive zone.

It's certainly quite superior.

June 7, 1967

I have something to add to what we said the other day about the Divine.[57] Someone asks me, "And whatever is God?" It's about a text from Sri Aurobindo. Here it is:

> "Love leads us from the suffering of division into the bliss of perfect union, but without losing that joy of the act of union which is the soul's greatest discovery and for which the life of the cosmos is a long preparation. Therefore to approach God by love is to prepare oneself for the greatest possible spiritual fulfillment."

(*The Synthesis of Yoga*,

XXI.III.523)

It's about the last sentence; someone has asked me, "What is God?" So I've replied (taking the word "God"):

> "It is the name man has given to all that exceeds and dominates him, all that he cannot know but is subject to."

Instead of saying "to all that exceeds him," we could say, "to THAT WHICH exceeds him," because from the intellectual standpoint, "all that" is debatable. I mean there is a "something" – an indefinable and inexplicable something – and man has always felt dominated by that something. It is beyond all possible understanding and dominates him. And then, religions gave it a name; man has called it "God"; the French call it *Dieu,* the English, *God,* in another language it's called differently, but anyway it's the same.

I am intentionally not giving any definition. Because my lifelong feeling has been that it's a mere word, and a word behind which people put a lot of very undesirable things.... It's that idea of a god who claims to be "the one and only," as they say: "God is the one and only." But they feel it and say it in the way Anatole France put it (I think it was in *The Revolt of Angels):* that God who wants to be the one and only and ALL ALONE. That was what had made me a complete atheist, if I may say so, when I was a child; I refused to accept a being, WHOEVER HE WAS, who proclaimed himself to be the one and only and almighty. Even if he were indeed the one and only and almighty *(laughing),* he should have no right to proclaim it! That's how it was in my mind. I could make an hour-long speech on this, to show how in every religion they tackled the problem.

At any rate, I have given what I find is the most objective definition. And as in the other day's "What is the Divine?", I have tried to give a feeling of the Thing; here I wanted to fight against the use of the word which, to me, is hollow, but dangerously so.

> *I remember a very powerful line in "Savitri" which says it all wonderfully in a few words. He says, "The bodiless Namelessness that saw God BORN...."*[58]

(silence)

I told you the other day that I'd met D. before she left [in search of a Tibetan guru] and we had talked together. I told her about Sri Aurobindo and his teaching. But she has been converted! Yes, really. She again wrote me a letter, which I've just got today (it's the second letter she has written me from up there), in which she says she has met that famous Tibetan sage with whom she wanted to discuss.... He seems to have made fun of her – she doesn't say so, but she says he "constantly puts you face to face with your mental formations" (he must have shown her that she was feeding on words). And then she adds, "But as for me, I feel, I do feel your love always with me, and everything is fine." – Never! It's the first time in

her life she has told me this.

So it gave me the idea of writing down what I told her about Sri Aurobindo's teaching:

"In order to understand and follow Sri Aurobindo's teaching, one must learn to rise above all possibility of contradiction."

That is, to reach the region where contradictions no longer exist. That's true. You understand, if you take quotations from Sri Aurobindo on a particular subject, you can put side by side things that are the very opposite of each other: he says one thing, then its opposite, then again something different. So to understand him and not keep saying to yourself, "But why does he constantly say the opposite of what he said just before!", you must learn to rise up above – up above, it's quite fine (!) There, it's ... very interesting. Once you are there, it's very interesting.

And from the practical point of view, the remarkable thing is that in that region, which is beyond all possible contradictions, there lies the source of the true Power.

But I mean that we could find in Sri Aurobindo a sentence saying, for instance, that "God" is a word empty of meaning into which man puts whatever he likes, and then a description similar to the one I gave of the Divine. And throughout all his writings, it's like that with everything.

(silence)

Then I would like to publish this quotation from Sri Aurobindo:

> "The traditions of the past are very great in their own place, in the past, but I do not see why we should merely repeat them and not go farther. In the spiritual development of the consciousness upon earth the great past ought to be followed by a greater future."

January 14, 1932

* * *

Soon afterwards

Did your mother intend to come by plane?

By sea.

Mon petit, ships can no longer sail past Port Said: the Suez Canal is closed.

What's going to happen?

(After a long silence) We are just like this *(gesture hanging in balance between two chasms).*

Yesterday, I would have answered very strongly.... Let me tell you what happened. We had here an American, a very nice boy who, before he came here, was a paratroop instructor in Israel's army. I don't think he is an Israeli, I think he's American; I am sure his nationality is American, I saw his passport. But he was a paratroop instructor in Israel's army. When those two started quarreling, he wrote me a letter in which he explained that, and also paid great compliments to the Israeli nation, saying they had achieved a really remarkable sense of brotherhood and cooperation. That was his impression of the country. And he said that if war broke out, he would like to go back there to help them as much as he could. So as soon as they started bombing each other, he decided to go. He left yesterday evening. And I saw him in the afternoon, before he left.

He is a sincere man. While he was here, Sri Aurobindo ... (how can I explain?), the impression is that Sri Aurobindo "concretizes" (he is always here, but at certain times he seems to concretize, as though ... *[Mother makes a gesture of gathering or condensing]*. That's really the impression: he concretizes and starts speaking). So then, first Sri Aurobindo said to him (but there was a whole WORLD in it), *"My blessings are with you."*

The man was very touched (I didn't tell him it was Sri Aurobindo; I spoke, you understand, it was my mouth that spoke then, but it was Sri Aurobindo who spoke). Then I concentrated, and Sri Aurobindo said with great force:

> "All the countries live in falsehood. If only one country stood courageously for truth, the world might be saved."

(silence)

Towards the end of the day, when I was alone, I began asking Sri Aurobindo precisely what he meant.... Naturally, his hope is that the country that *stood for Truth* would be India – for the moment, she is very far from it. But ... And since the subject was before me, I asked him how he saw the terrestrial possibility in a harmonious future.

Then he said to me – it was very simple, very clear: "A federation of all nations and countries without exception, all continents. A single federation: the federation of all human nations of the earth." And a group – a governing group – consisting of one representative from each country, *the most able man* from the standpoint of political and economic organization. And nothing of the proportional question that would give large countries many representatives and small ones only one – one representative for every country. Because every country represents one aspect of the problem. And they would sit in rotation.

It was a vast vision, not so much with words as with a vision.

That's where things stand. Today ... Have you heard today's news?

They have blocked Suez and broken off with the U.S.

All the Muslim countries, including Algeria and so on, have been ordered to

break off with America and Britain.[59] I don't know if all this news is true, but there is also a general pressure from all countries, from America and Britain, for instance, and at the same time from Russia, for a cease-fire, to stop the conflict.

If this news is true (because the amount of lies that are passed around is unbelievable), if this news is true, it means the Pressure is beginning – the pressure of the Consciousness. It has already started acting.

You see, every national entity has a right to free and independent existence, provided it doesn't interfere in the free and independent existence of all other entities. Ambitions, territorial expansions – of course, all colonies and all of that – must be swept out of the picture. To defend themselves, the Egyptians say that the Israelis had publicly declared that Israel's border should be the Nile – I don't know if that's true. I don't know if it's true because everybody tells lies. On their part, the Egyptians publicly declared three years ago (it was a public declaration), they publicly declared that the Israeli nation had no right to exist and had to disappear.

> *Three days ago, Nasser declared that he wanted "the destruction of Israel: wiped off the map."*

Yes, that's it. But three years ago, they declared that Israel shouldn't exist. So that clearly puts them in the wrong.

I don't know how the others replied.... The whole world lives in falsehood, without a doubt, but one thing must be established in an absolute way: the right of each nation or country to individual existence, provided it doesn't interfere in another nation's right.

That should be the base.

Of course, they will start arguing: "BUT at that time, things were like that; at that time they were like this; and in the past this was ours; in the past ..." Endless arguments. So there should be a higher vision, which means a balanced and just and deep vision of things, capable of saying, "This is how it is." Otherwise there would be an indefinite source of arguments.

For the moment, at any rate, all diplomatic relations are based on falsehood – and the crudest falsehood at that: it's recognized as a necessity and the only way out. That's how they consider it. So that's what must be abolished to begin with.

(silence)

There is a group in the new Indian parliament, a group of people dissatisfied with the position taken by India, who have declared their wish to act according to Sri Aurobindo's ideal and instructions. And they've asked if we could send someone from here to hold conferences in Delhi.... It's a "group" – naturally not the whole parliament.

It's something to be envisaged.

But the difficulty is to find the "someone," because it should be a man who knows Sri Aurobindo thoroughly to begin with, who is capable of receiving his inspirations directly (a very difficult condition), and has at the same time a very

strong character with a power – a contagious power – and a force that can arouse the inert masses.... For years I have been looking for that man, without finding him.

There was a man who would have done – not fully well, not with enough breadth of mind to fully understand Sri Aurobindo, but very straight and strong – he was assassinated in Kashmir.

Assassinated?

He is the one who came here when we wanted to have a conference for the opening of the University, he presided over it.[60] A rather tall man, and strong. I forget his name. But it was in Kashmir that he was assassinated (not officially, of course: he "fell ill.")

It wasn't perfect, it was a stopgap, but anyway he would have done. But now ... Among the young people whom I don't know?... What is needed is power combined with that breadth of mind capable of understanding Sri Aurobindo's inspiration and transmitting it; and along with that, vital power. The two things together.

And it's not something for tomorrow: it's for right now, that's the problem, because the danger is now.

(silence)

All that will go into the [Agenda] "box," it can't be published.

But you know – I have rarely felt that – yesterday there was really something like a prayer for Israel.

Indeed there was!

You really say to yourself, "This MUST NOT be."

That's it, absolutely. It was so strong.

(silence)

But is there a way for you to contact those people in Delhi and have them told what you want?

Ah, if I sent someone they would receive him. It's this N.S. who is a member of the government, she has a whole group with her, a party that has grown fairly strong.

It's quite recent, they've just asked us to send them someone. N.S. only knows N., so she told him, "Would you like to come?" N. has offered to go, but ...[61]

He has a knack with people, but ...

No, he's not the man. He doesn't strike one as being pure and straight. He isn't a straight man.

(After a silence) He is still in the state in which one tries to please people....

A man like P.?

(Mother laughs) But he's not willing! He doesn't want to touch politics. Oh, in his field, he is strong indeed! *(Mother laughs)* But he isn't a politician.

(long silence)

The sign of true strength – true strength – is becoming ab-so-lute-ly calm, imperturbably calm in the face of danger – danger or the need to make decisions and do things. An unshakable calm, like that *(inflexible gesture, like a sword),* which is established immediately, automatically. That's the sign.

It was very interesting. You weren't here when the Ashram was attacked, were you?[62] It was very interesting.

You know, fires lighting up here, there, at the corner over there, people shouting, stones flying.... That day I had an unforgettable experience. The minute the actual news of the attack came, the consciousness was as if drawn into the universal physical consciousness, like that *(widespread gesture).* And it was from there, from the universal physical consciousness, that everything was watched. That's how I was able to see: I was able to see the reaction IN EVERYONE. It was really interesting, oh, really interesting!

Anything that started vibrating (I am not even talking about fear – those who have fear, that goes without saying, it means catastrophe – not even fear: excitement), anything that started vibrating in that way attracted – ATTRACTED – things (I was looking at the whole scene at once), attracted danger.

Naturally, my body was like this *(imperturbable gesture),* but that was nothing, because for me ... But P. became like this *(same gesture),* like an unmoving sword: calm, calm.... That's how I knew [what he was], I didn't know before. All the others ... *(vibrating, excited gesture)* phew!

The headquarters were here, in this room, the whole night till midnight; everybody met here. And I saw in everyone – everyone. From above, it was such a clear, clear vision, and imperturbable, absolutely impersonal.... I saw what was going on everywhere, but everywhere.

There was a movement of excitement and a stone came from the street and hit the wire screen of my window – only one. I knew why, who it was.

It was quite interesting.

June 14, 1967

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

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

And it's going on.

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

Everything, everything ... Like the bedlam at a marketplace.

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

Because EVERYTHING was creating drama – the roars of a marketplace, bedlam, all of it, a big fuss. Like those people out there when they fought each other, the same fuss *(gesture expressing the roaring turmoil of the war).* What a to-do they make! What with "rights" and "duties" and "honor," oh! ... So then, as things were pretty bad (I was almost completely incapacitated[64]), I asked what it meant *(Mother laughs),* and he showed me the picture! Then I understood.

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

It's profoundly ridiculous, and unhealthy, moreover.

You understand, once the thing had been seen – seen and felt and lived completely – they started slowing down there. I can't say things are quite all right

as yet, far from it, but anyway I think a worse catastrophe has been averted.[65]

Grotesque.

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

There you are.

(silence)

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

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

(silence)

Well, there you are.

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

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

(silence)

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

is exclusively human, because those animals that live with man catch the malady, while those that don't don't have it at all.

(silence)

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

(Sujata :) No, Mother!

I couldn't speak anymore....

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

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

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

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

There we are.

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

There are two things that make you die. One (the one that precedes the dramatic human existence) is wear and tear. What does wear and tear come from? From Ignorance, obviously. Ignorance and incapacity to renew forces; that's how the whole lower life works: it decomposes, recomposes, decomposes again.... But it's only with animality and the beginning of a mental functioning that there arises *(Mother takes on a grandiloquent* tone) "death," as we conceive it. But that is when the vital element that gives life (what we call "life") breaks down. There are

innumerable reasons for that, all of which come from the same source. Of course, looking at it as a whole, it is the incapacity to follow the movement of progress: the need to mix everything together again in order to start all over again. But for those who begin to think, that no longer has any reason to exist.

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

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

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

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

The taste for drama, the need for catastrophe.

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

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

(long silence)

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

Oh, yes.

But you didn't say what that recollection was.

Yes, everybody knows it: it happened at Tlemcen while I was working with Théon. I had gone out in a wholly material way, the body was in a cataleptic state,

and something came, something occurred that cut the link. So the link was cut.

But what was the experience like at that time?

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

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

It happened in 1910, I think.

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

Oh, that's just words!

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

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

What people call "death" ... I see loads of people who, to me, are living dead (they are those who are without their psychic being, or even those who have no contact with their soul). But to know that, one must have the inner vision. But what people call "death," that is, the decomposition of the cells and dissolution of the form, is when the most material "vital subdegree," which brings into contact with Life – with vital force, life – goes out. That is how death occurs in animals, for example. And that vital subdegree generally goes away when the external organism is unable to continue – when, for instance, it's cut in two or the heart has been removed, or anyway when something quite radical has happened to it! Because some people have met with accidents and had many parts missing, yet they lived on. But even cardiac arrest, as I said, doesn't necessarily mean death,

since after stopping, the heart can start up again. Those who have the material knowledge tell you that for a few ... I forget whether a few seconds or a few minutes, the heart can start up again; after that, decomposition sets in. With decomposition it's over, naturally.

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

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

(silence)

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

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

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

(silence)

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

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

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

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

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

(silence)

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

Why are we so ridiculous?

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

(silence)

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

That's still literature. It's the mind's playacting: pretty sentences.

No words, no sentences, no wonderful gestures, no attitudes ...

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

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

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

Ah, shall we work? Enough chattering!

(silence)

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

Which shows there's clearly something the matter.

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

There was also, in relation to those possibilities of magic and also to "adverse

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

And if by chance, by miracle, one drop falls without getting completely distorted, it becomes a miracle!

(At the end, the conversation turns to Satprem's health and a certain hemoptysis.)

... Tell your cells not to make a drama and you'll see! If you know how to tell them ...

They aren't bad-willed, they're idiotic *(Mother laughs),* that's not the same thing!

June 17, 1967

With this Israel affair, I have been made to write all sorts of things, to answer all kinds of questions *(Mother looks for her notes)....* Did I show you this?

> "Those who serve the Truth cannot take one side or another. Truth is above conflict or opposition. In Truth all countries unite in a common effort towards progress and realisation."

This was in answer to someone who asked whom one should "take sides" with.

There is also that man who wrote from Israel, saying that their success, their victory exceeded anything they had hoped for. And he adds, "They seem to be too materialistic to know the real source of it" – he knew. But he says (he is American, not Israeli; he may be Jewish by religion, I don't know, but he is American by birth), he says he greatly admires the way the country is organized, there in Israel, and that it's "a wonder of brotherhood and sense of organization." So he writes to ask me if this isn't the beginning of a future realization?

They clearly are very receptive.... I saw it straight away; when I was told that the Egyptians, and in particular this present president, [68] had decreed that the Israeli nation must disappear, I straight away saw there was a very strong reaction[69] – (laughing) it brought about quite a categorical result!

Then I was asked another question:

> "If a world-war breaks out, it may not only destroy the major portion of humanity but may even make living conditions for those who survive impossible due to the effects of the nuclear fall-out. In case the possibility of such a war is still there, will it not affect the advent of the Supramental Truth and of the New Race upon earth?"

Here is the answer [in English]:
"All these are mental speculations and once you enter the domain of mental imaginations there is no end to the problems and to their solutions. But all that does not bring you one step closer to the truth.

> "The safest and most healthy attitude of the mind is like this one: we have been told in a positive and definite way that the supramental creation will follow the present one, so, whatever is in preparation for the future must be the circumstances needed for the advent whatever they are. And as we are unable to foresee correctly what these circumstances are, it is better to keep silent about them."

I wanted to tell you that I saw V. a few days ago, and he said that according to what he has felt or seen, he is ninety-five percent certain that a new conflict will break out around September or October, probably in the direction of Pakistan or China: between Pakistan and India or between China and India.

People are expecting that.

He told me he is ninety-five percent certain.

People are quite expecting that. And Pakistan has joined hands with China, their ships are now sailing around India.... What are they doing? I don't know.

But a few years ago, you said that the fate of the present civilization would be "settled" in 1967. You used the word "settled."[70] Well, the impression is that if the future is to be really "settled," a great many things, a great many latent diseases are yet to come out, aren't they?

Yes ... Yes *(Mother nods her head several times and remains silent).*

I've received a telegram from D., from Darjeeling.[71] Her request for a permit has been turned down: she wanted to go farther up, but she has been turned down.

She had written a letter that came two or three days ago, in which she said, "The talk is all about spying, the atmosphere is full of spying, all letters are opened, everyone is watched," and "things are in an awful condition." And yesterday, I got the telegram in which she said she has been refused a permit: she has to leave.

Very nervous, people are very, very nervous.

June 21, 1967

A few days ago, I said something about Muslims and Israelites, and F. noted it down.... The impression it made on me (what should I say?) ... The whole life is gone, at any rate: it's hollow, dry, like an empty shell – well, the impression is of an unlit lamp. A lightless lamp! *(Mother laughs)* Here it is anyway:

"The Muslims and Israelites[72] represent the two religions in which faith in God is the most extreme. Only, the Israelites' faith is in an impersonal God, while the Muslims' faith is in a personal God.

"Their enmity perhaps exists only because they are neighbors! ...

I should add that it was a reply to a letter B. wrote to ask me all kinds of questions, in particular: "Why? These two nations being neighbors, why do they hate each other so much?"

"... That curse on the Jews is a Christian story, it has nothing to do with the Muslims.

> "Violence and enmity ... When brothers hate each other, they do so much more intensely than others do. Sri Aurobindo said: 'Hatred denotes the possibility of a much greater love.'
>
> "The Arabs have a passionate nature. They live almost exclusively in the vital and its passions and desires, while the Israelites live mostly in the mind, with a great power of organization and realization, something quite exceptional. The Israelites are intellectuals with an exceptional will. They are not sentimental, that is to say, they don't like weakness.
>
> "The Muslims are impulsive, the Israelites are reasonable.
>
> "This is not the conflict that will decide the future of our civilization."

(Rough notation of June 15, 1967)

Yes, he ended his letter with: "This conflict which must decide the present civilization ..."[73] So my last sentence is in answer to that.

Yes, that's not where the issue is being played out.

No.

But this [the notation] is the lightless lamp!

When Pakistan and China attacked India [in 1965], I had a sort of very clear intuition that the conflict, if there is to be one, that must decide the fate of the civilization, can only be played out in India...

Yes.

Because this is where the last Asura [demon] must symbolically come and die. The issue isn't being played out anywhere else.[74]

(Mother remains silent)

(A month later, a disciple sent Mother the following letter, in English, on the same subject:)

"... At present the working is going on with direct Supramental Force. Its immediate action on the world of selfishness, strife and disharmony is not encouraging. We see everywhere clashes; the world is going on in the old way as usual, perhaps worse. One is reminded of the old legend that the first thing that arose from the churning of the Ocean of Life was poison. Nectar came last. The action now looks to be similar. India is going on in the same old way, placating Pakistan and the Mussulmans and Russians.

"One sentence in the Mother's reply in connection with the Israeli-Arab war seems to me to be very ominous: 'This is not the conflict that will decide the future of our civilisation.' Does it mean that there will be another bigger conflict in which the present civilisation will be destroyed though the world will be saved? Or does it mean that there may not be any war at all and the fate of our civilisation may be decided by natural evolution of consciousness? But the last one seems very unlikely except that the complete transformation of the Mother's physical will produce such tremendous effect everywhere that disharmony will become impossible."

(July 19, 1967)

(Mother replied thus, in English:)

"It looks evident that if the transformation undertaken could be achieved in its totality, the necessity of another world war would no more exist.

"But purposely, for the sake of the work, the future is not revealed. So your question cannot be answered. Thus for everyone the wisest is to open oneself as much as possible to the force that is pressing for manifestation, to keep sincerely an ardent aspiration and an unshaken faith ... and wait patiently for the result."

(July 27, 1967)

* * *

ADDENDUM

(We venture to publish here a text written by Satprem on June 24, 1967, despite its daring or extreme predictions, for it may hold a grain of truth that time will reveal, and above all because it is obviously influenced by Mother's vision. The following is therefore not so much an exercise in prediction as food for thought.)

THE END OF THE ASURA

If, as Sri Aurobindo announced, the supramental Power is to enter a realizing phase in 1967 and if, as Mother said, the fate of the present civilization is to be settled in 1967, it is clear that the earth's many latent diseases must come out in the open and find a focus somewhere, as an abscess is the focal point for the disease of the body, our earth body.

There are no "catastrophes." The Supramental is a force of order and harmony. So what may seem to us at first glance to be a catastrophe is bound to actually put things in order, work in every way and every detail towards putting the earth in order.

September/October is generally the month of wars.

There is but one place in the world where the issue is being played out really and symbolically – that is India. That is where, therefore, the disease of the earth must be focused. It is in the order of things that the last Asura should come and die at the feet of the Mother.

But India, supposed to embody the forces of truth, is herself prey to the same Falsehood as is the rest of the earth. The Asura is also in India, perhaps more dangerous there as it is masked behind a veil of false truth.

The awaited conflict will thus have to put the house of the Mother in order to begin with, at the same time as it will put the other houses of the earth in order.

The devil will unmask himself and fall headlong into his own trap.

India's Falsehood will necessarily attract like falsehoods: those of China and of Pakistan. The troubles on Bengal's borders are already preparing the way for China's aggression, and the falsehood of Tashkent has left the wound open in Kashmir. Here India shall receive the blessed blow that will liquidate her untrue government and will give way to a military government that will prepare a more truthful government. Here China shall receive the blow that will free her from her Maoist Asura, while at the same time bringing Russia and America closer together against the common danger. Here Vietnam will lose its two untrue henchmen, in the North and in the South, and will put its own house in order. Here Pakistan will have set its own trap by allying itself with China and will lose its rights over Bengal and the eastern part of India.[75] Left only with its western unit, which

cannot be economically self-sufficient, Pakistan will be obliged to form a confederation with India and to understand that its destiny is inseparable from that of India. Here a wiser Russia and a wiser America, and a frightened earth, will become aware that they too must form a confederation of the nations of the earth and that the fate of any one nation is inseparable from that of all the others.

And order will be restored in the house. Man will be able to prepare himself for a vaster adventure.

Ultimately, everyone commits the errors that will help towards the larger triumph of the Truth.

Satprem
24 June 1967

June 24, 1967

Much to say, but ... It's better to reach the end. It's a curve – it's better to reach the end. It's too early to talk.

(After a silence) The near totality of the body's movements are movements of habit. There is, behind, the consciousness of the physical mind (what I call the "cellular mind") which, for its part, is constantly conscious of the divine Presence and anxious not to let in anything except That. So a whole work is going on to change, to shift the origin of movements. I mean that instead of that origin automatically being habit, the work is for the divine Consciousness and Presence to automatically be the prime mover *(Mother makes the gesture of forcing the consciousness into the body).*

But it's quite ... quite inexpressible, that is, as soon as you try to express it, it becomes mentalized, it's no longer the thing. That's why it's very difficult to express. I can't talk about it.

But I think I told you not long ago about that habit of and taste for drama in the most material consciousness.[76] That was the starting point. As soon as that part grew conscious, that habit became foreign, so to say, foreign to the true consciousness, so the transfer is now taking place.

It's a very delicate and difficult work.

It means fighting against a millennial habit, you understand. It's the automatism of the material consciousness which is, yes, dramatic, almost catastrophic; sometimes dramatic while at the same time imagining a conclusion that undoes the drama. But as soon as you express it all, it becomes much too concrete. It's better not to talk about it.

As soon as it's said, it becomes artificial.

It's as if, in order to replace that habit, there were a kind of effort to create

another one (!) which is only an approximation. Does that state of consciousness, that way of being, that way of existing, reacting, expressing, does it strive towards the divine Manifestation? Is it in conformity with the tendency towards the divine Manifestation?... The thought is silent, still, so the imagination isn't working (all that is deliberate), and the movement is trying to be as sincere and spontaneous as possible under the influence of the divine Presence.... Words distort too much.

From time to time, now and then, all at once – the concrete experience, as in a flash: the experience of the Presence, of identification. But it lasts for ... a few seconds, then things revert to their former state.

It can't be expressed.

* * *

(Then Mother turns to the translation of two texts by Sri Aurobindo which she wants to publish.)

> "That is a great secret of sadhana, to know how to get things done by the Power behind or above instead of doing all by the mind's effort."

That's exactly the point.

Then:

> "The importance of the body is obvious; it is because he has developed or been given a body and brain capable of receiving and serving a progressive mental illumination that man has risen above the animal. Equally, it can only be by developing a body or at least a functioning of the physical instrument capable of receiving and serving a still higher illumination that he will rise above himself and realise, not merely in thought and in his internal being but in life, a perfectly divine manhood. Otherwise either the promise of Life is cancelled its meaning annulled and earthly being can only realise Sachchidananda by abolishing itself, by shedding from it mind, life and body and returning to the pure Infinite, or else man is not the divine instrument, there is a destined limit to the consciously progressive power which distinguishes him from all other terrestrial existences and as he has replaced them in the front of things, so another must eventually replace him and assume his heritage."

(*The Life Divine*, XVIII.231)

I understand! I have been preoccupied with this all the time.

(silence)

But Sri Aurobindo's conclusion is that it isn't this [the body] that can change: it will be a new being.

No! He says "if" man cannot, it will be a new being.

No, I don't mean here in this text, I mean in the things he wrote afterwards.

?...

Besides, it's the same problem, because ... Can a body change?... It does seem very difficult – though not impossible. It's not impossible, but ... it's such a formidable labor that life is too short. So even there, something needs to be changed, that habit of wear and tear is indeed a terrible thing.

Yes, but where would a "new being" come from? He won't drop from heaven, will he?!

Of course not, that's just the problem! The more you look at it ... It won't come that way *(Mother laughs),* it will obviously come in a similar way that man came from the animal. But we lack the stages between the animal and man – we may think them up, imagine them, they have found some things, but to tell the truth we weren't there to see it all! We don't know how it happened. But that doesn't matter.... According to some, the transformation can be consciously begun inwardly by forming the child. It may be, I am not saying no. It may be. Then he will have to form another more transformed, and so on – several stages, which will disappear just as the stages between the ape and man disappeared?

Well, yes, that is the whole story of human improvement.

We can call it what we like, of course. But a NEW BEING ... We can imagine, as you say, a new being coming down ready-made from start to finish! ... But that's pulp fiction.

That's what Sri Aurobindo also says. That being must be worked out.

After two or three – or four or ten or twenty, I don't know – intermediary beings, there would come the new way, the supramental way of creating.... But will it be necessary to have children? Will it not do away with the need to have children in order to replace those who go, since they will now live on indefinitely? They will transform themselves sufficiently to adapt to the new needs.

All that is quite conceivable in the long term.

Yes, in the long term.

But Sri Aurobindo and you are here so it's done in the short term!

No, Sri Aurobindo didn't conceive of it in the short term.

Anyway, so it's done by you. Whether in the long or the short term, so it's done by you in this life and this body.

But what I see ...

I am trying to do it – not out of an arbitrary will, not at all: there is simply "something," or someone, or a consciousness or whatever (I don't want to talk about it) which uses this *(Mother's body)* to try and do something with it. Which means that I do the work and am a witness at the same time, and as for the "I," I don't know where it is: it's not down here, it's not up above, it's not ... I don't know where it is, it's for the requirements of language. There is "something" that works and is a witness of the work at the same time, and is at the same time the action being done: the three things.

Because now, the body itself really collaborates as much as it can – as much as it can – with ever-increasing goodwill and power of endurance, and the self-observation is truly reduced to the minimum (there is still some, like something touching lightly now and then, but it doesn't even stay for a few seconds). Self-observation, oh, that means a thoroughly disgusting, repugnant and catastrophic atmosphere. It's like that, FELT like that. And it's becoming increasingly impossible, I see that, it's visible.... But there is still the whole weight of millennia of bad habits, which we could call pessimistic, that is, expecting decay, expecting catastrophe, expecting ... well, all those things, and, ugh! that's the most difficult thing to purify, to clarify, to remove from the atmosphere. It's so INGRAINED that it's absolutely spontaneous. That is the great, great, great obstacle – that sort of sense of inevitable decay.

Naturally, from the mental standpoint, the entire earth atmosphere is like that, but in the mind it hardly matters at all: one ray of light and it's swept away. But it's HERE INSIDE *(pointing to her body),* that habit – that catastrophic habit – is what is terrible, terrible to contradict. And it's INDISPENSABLE that it should disappear so the other can settle in.

So it's a struggle every minute, every minute, all the time, all the time.

And of course, the being isn't cut off, the body isn't cut off: the body is something of a multitude, with varying degrees of proximity; and very near, there are all those who are here, and it's the same problem – the same problem. Because all that has been gained in the consciousness of this being hasn't been gained at all in the consciousness of others. So that increases the work.

The problem of mental, even vital, contagion is solved, so to speak, but the problem of material contagion still remains.

And in this material consciousness, there is this material mind which has so marvelously responded here [in Mother], but it doesn't yet have the power to assert itself spontaneously against what comes from outside, that never-ending contagion, constant, constant, every minute.

(long silence)

When, all at once, the Contact is conscious and the sense of Identity comes (for a few seconds, as I said), when it comes ... it's like a hosanna in all, but all the cells, they say, "Oh, so it's true! It's true indeed! ..."

And that's all-powerful.

It comes perhaps a hundred times a day, but it doesn't stay.

June 28, 1967

Regarding an Italian disciple who has just come

... Her family wanted to baptize her child and they were beginning to quarrel (because I said, "We do not want baptism"), so they wrote to me in despair, saying, "We don't know what we should do, because the whole family is against us and they're constantly picking a quarrel with us." So I wrote: "If they really want freedom, let them come and give birth to the child in Auroville! ..." Oh, they were enthusiastic, she left right away!

Here, see the register! *(Mother laughingly shows the notebook in which she noted a few days ago the first birth in Auroville.)*

June 30, 1967

(About an Indian disciple from South Africa who has been jailed for a few months in Syria under the pretext that his banknotes were counterfeit.)

... They have no government to protect them. Before India's independence they had a British passport, but now the government of South Africa doesn't recognize them, the government of India doesn't look after them, so they're like that, neither fish nor fowl, and with no one to protect them. It's rather peculiar.

There are a few here [in the Ashram] who still have a British passport, and they don't know what to do. They're neither this nor that, they're nothing I

To those who are nice I say, "Never mind, you will become Aurovilians." That saves everything. Because the principle has been recognized by UNESCO, they've recognized the idea: everyone becomes Aurovilian, no more separate nationality. So it's very good.

As an idea, it's interesting.

Only, I've warned them to be careful about admissions, because ... *(Mother laughs)* it could be seen as a refuge for brigands who have been driven out of their country! ... As long as I control admissions it's all right, but after?...

What's that country again which started as a colony of brigands? ... *(Laughing)* There's a country like that somewhere, which started as a colony, I forget which.[77]

Soon afterwards

This morning, at 4: 30 when I got up, I remember I thought, "Well, here is something interesting to tell Satprem." And now it's all gone! ...

(Mother goes into a long meditation lasting almost the whole time)

It could go on indefinitely! ...

But now I remember what it was this morning: it was about health and balance. Because it was like an answer to a sort of call (or prayer or aspiration, anyway, as you like) that I had yesterday evening, and in the night I seemed to be shown the mechanism to restore harmony in the body's functioning.

And I made a special concentration on you, which continued this morning.... Now I remember.

These are things that can't be explained yet. It's not yet possible to explain them.

But it came back just now, like a demonstration.... What could we call it? A sort of mode of being in the cells and their relationships with each other, under ... (how can I put it?) the government of the supreme Consciousness. And the difference in the functioning. The way to establish the inner balance.

It can't be explained.

So that's what was being done [last night and during the whole meditation]. And it's a seemingly almost endless work.

I remember, for nearly an hour this morning, I had a demonstration in my own body of how to do it. A demonstration. But it can't be explained. And it began again just now, but instead of being with me alone, it was what I might call a collective demonstration *(gesture between Mother and Satprem),* I mean it had to do more particularly with you.

It's like things being put in order, in a certain very subtle way which isn't easy to express.

There you are.

But it's clearly an endless work, you know. The general work is relatively swift, but this is a work of detail, on each point, and it's almost endless.

And then ... (smiling) there's no inclination to talk, either!

So I hope it will have an effect on you.

While you were meditating, I had a sense of extraordinary harmony.

Ah!

A kind of suppleness – of softness, suppleness, harmony.

Yes, that's it, that was it.

So it's good, it shows you are receptive.

But as soon as one tries to explain it, there comes a sort of principle of artificiality, and it's no longer the thing.

It was there, oh, for ... (this morning, in detail) for more than an hour ... (what can I call it?) the substitution of one kind of vibration for another. And in the whole, something ... simply harmonious, a great simplicity, a great harmony.

Very well.

July 5, 1967

You remember that man who had left for Israel – the Indian Embassy has refused him a visa to come back here! ...[78] So he is forced to go to America (America is his country, he is American), he is going to America, and then, he writes to me, he will make some money so he can come and bring it to me!

Another boy here was to go and work in Germany with E., everything was arranged, then Germany said, "No, we don't want any Indians." So there's universal brotherhood.

> *But with the Israel affair and the stand they have taken, the Indians haven't made many friends.*

No, they haven't.

Oh, but from Holland a woman who was here wrote to me (during the events), "I have never seen in my life such a display of hatred as the one we have here against Israelites! ..." In Holland!

And in Germany, God knows it's the same thing. So it's not localized. It's the PRINCIPLE OF HATRED manifesting senselessly, without rhyme or reason.

In France, too, it seems there has been a widespread anti-Semitic movement, very violent.

> *In France it's not a majority, it's a small minority.*

Is it? ... I don't know.

> *It's the very minority that was on the side of Vichy during the war.*

What was that marshal's name?

> *Pétain. Yes, it's that whole side.*

Yes, the one who behaved like ... He looked as if he wanted to imitate Hitler as much as he could!

No, but the incoherence of it all ... Some resent India's attitude during the war, others resent Israel's victory in the war! So, never mind the most contradictory things in the same line of thought – it's a need ... to hate. To be nasty, as nasty as possible.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I've had a rather strange dream.

Oh, tell me.

But I don't know if it's not fabrication, because it was all going on in a rather dark and confused atmosphere.... I remember that Sri Aurobindo was lying down and had to undergo a serious operation: an operation on his two feet, and on all his toes. Then he left for the operation (I should add that he left on his own, unhelped). After a few moments I saw him come back (yet it was a long operation), I saw him come back with his two feet heavily bandaged: there were big bandages on his two feet. Then I was quite astonished, because I saw him walk very soon afterwards: he no longer had any bandages and was wearing new shoes.

Oh!

New shoes, I can still see them ... they seemed to me rather peculiar, cream-colored. And he who didn't use to wear shoes had shoes on! But that was very soon afterwards.

Cream-colored?

Yes, the color of ... like this box, if you like. Not cream-colored, it was pink ... a mixture of pink and cream.[79]

Ah! The feet are the symbol of physical life, and according to what I saw once (your dream seems related to that), EACH part of his body represented someone – or rather represented his, Sri Aurobindo's, MODE of expression in someone.[80]

One night I saw him like that, I told you. But it was extremely complex; I only noted two or three important things, but there didn't seem to be even one small part of his body that wasn't represented by someone.... So if we take the symbol of the feet to be the physical ... Not only the feet, but all the toes, did you say?

All the toes, yes.

That is to say, a certain number of people.

In my vision, his two feet were me. But in my vision, his feet had white *tabis* on, to make me clearly understand that it was me. And in my vision, he walked on the edge of a path strewn with bare flintstones, so it was very hard and sharp-edged, and he said, "No, this is not the way it should be, let's walk higher up on the road so it's smoother," and he came back to the middle of the road. So if it's like this, if it's the same symbol going on, that would mean something concerning me – it may be.

The shoes are a clothing. A clothing ... Pinkish cream, did you say?

Yes, pinkish cream.

It's the color of the supramental in the physical. That is how I have seen it.

So I would have a supramental clothing?... I would put on a supramental clothing? That would be amusing!

Your dream is very interesting, you know; it's not a dream, it's much better than a dream.

But there was a serious operation.

Yes, mon petit, I know that quite well! *(Mother laughs)* But it took one minute. You said he came back almost immediately.

Yes, he came back almost immediately. Then I was quite astonished to see him walk very soon afterwards.

Yes, that's right!

He came back with big bandages on his two feet.

(After a silence) When did you have this dream?

Two days ago, during the night of Sunday to Monday.

That's right.

On Sunday, Sunday night, before going to bed, I complained (I can't say I complained very seriously, but you know, like when one is in a grumpy mood), I complained, saying, "But since You want me to manifest You, why do you allow me to feel so out of sorts!" There were all kinds of troubles – small ones, naturally, but when there are lots of them they add up to trouble plain and simple. So *(laughing)* I was grumbling! It lasted for the space of a second or two, after that I laughed! But I grumbled, I protested. As if it [the body] were telling me, "Why all these – yes, why all these painful operations?" So I immediately gave myself a sound slap, saying to myself, "You are still full of vanity, you've got what you deserve!" Then it was over.

But that's indeed the way it is; it's true, everything looks, oh, very serious, very difficult, very complicated, very ... while if we were less stupid, it could probably be very easy and swift! It's clearly because of our own stupidity, without a shadow of doubt.

(long silence)

Just these last few days (because of all kinds of things – of people and things that come), I have been increasingly seeing that the human concept of divine Omnipotence is the concept of an omnipotence that would operate without rhyme or reason, through a succession of whims, senselessly – that's what people call "Omnipotence": being able to do the most stupid things at will.

Obviously, that doesn't quite conform to a higher Harmony (!) Yet human

beings are like that: if the god they worship or want to manifest isn't willing to do, to execute whatever comes into their heads in a totally incoherent and arbitrary way, he isn't all-powerful!

I am magnifying it to make it more easily perceptible; it's not like that: they deceive themselves (if you tell them that, they protest), but they deceive themselves, and it comes to what I've just said.

When you succeed in going into that Consciousness of Harmony (but not an individual or local harmony), a universal Harmony – even ultra-universal, as the universe is only one part of it – then values are completely changed, completely....

(Mother shakes her head and remains in contemplation)

All things are so simple and at the same time so COMPLEX....

For instance, that relationship of simplicity (like the one a child has) in which you very simply ask for the thing you feel the need for, but without mental complications; without explanations, without justifications, without all that useless farrago – simply, "Oh, I would like ..." You have, for instance, quite a special feeling towards someone or something and you would like that someone or something to be perfectly harmonious, happy (which physically is expressed by good health or favorable circumstances), and so, spontaneously, simply, you say, "Oh! ...," you pray, "Oh, may it be like that!" And it happens. Then the thought, the general human thought: "This has happened, therefore it's the expression of the Truth." And it's made into a principle: "This is true, this is the way things must be." But up above, in that Consciousness – that global Consciousness – in that total Harmony, those things in themselves, in their material expression ("good health," "favorable circumstances") are of no more than minor importance, so to say, of almost nonexistent importance: things may be this way or that or this (they may be a hundred different ways), without its making any difference to the Harmony; but this particular way is chosen because of the simple, pure, naive beauty of the aspiration – that is lovely, that is powerful in its simplicity. And, you know, without mental complication, without hypocrisy of any sort, any pretense of any sort: very simply, but from a luminous, pure, loving heart, without any egoism, "just like that." So that's a lovely light which has its place; and because of it, things may be this way or that (good health, favorable circumstances), it doesn't matter, it's unimportant. Human beings only attach importance to the external form, to what has manifested; they say, "Oh, this is true, since it is" – and it's ... a passing breath of air. But the cause of it, its origin has a place in that total, universal Harmony: a disinterested goodwill, love devoid of egoism, trust that doesn't argue or reason, simplicity – ingenuous simplicity for which evil doesn't exist.[81] If we could catch hold of that and keep it ... The trust for which evil doesn't exist – not "trust" in what takes place here: trust up above, in that all-powerful principle of Harmony.

(long silence, then Mother says this prayer:)

Glory to You, O Lord, all-triumphant Supreme, Grant that nothing in us shall be an obstacle to Your work, Grant that everything in us may be ready for Your manifestation.

July 8, 1967

(Mother starts sorting innumerable scraps of notes and stops at this one:)

> "For the Government of India, one thing is to be known: does it want to live for the Future or does it stick desperately to the past?"
>
> (June 20, 1967)

It was when that man came here on behalf of the government of India; he saw everything and was to make a report. Before leaving (I saw him: he is a nice man), he said, "I wonder what words I should use to convince them?" Then I told him, "Well, there's only one question: do they want to work with the future or do they want to ... stick, to remain stuck to the past?" And he took it with him! *(Mother laughs)* He's going to say that right in Parliament!

* * *

Another note:

> "As the origin of these sayings is not mental, I cannot give to them any mental explanation."

Yes, this, too ... They ask me questions (it's not me who answers: it's Sri Aurobindo), and then they ask me (K. especially, he specializes in it), "In your message, you said such and such a thing, does it mean this or does it mean that?" Oh! ... So this time, I answered.

* * *

Mother goes on sorting her notes

Previously I used to tear them to pieces and throw them into the wastepaper basket, then I realized they collected all those torn pieces and went through a tremendous toil to put them back together! ...

When I really want to get rid of something, I burn it myself.... I've burned lots of things.

You know that I burned all those notebooks.... For – how many years? – at least four or five years, every day I used to write those *Prayers and Meditations* (I had several notebooks of them, big like this). Then, when Sri Aurobindo told me to make a book out of them (naturally, as it was written every day, there were some repetitions), I made my choice; I selected and extracted all those he wanted (I also kept a few, which I extracted and distributed), and as for the rest ... It was a long, long time ago, I was still living over there.[82] The last times I wrote, it was after my return from Japan, that is, in 1920. In 1920 I still wrote a little, then stopped. Then Sri Aurobindo chanced on it, and he told me it had to be published. I said all right, made a selection, and what to do with the rest? So I burned it.

Oh, what didn't I hear! ...

I said, "Well, that's what you should do with your past: burn it with the fire of aspiration." Otherwise, you always remain hitched and fastened, a slave everywhere, with millstones around your neck.

But I tell you, later I realized that if I didn't burn my papers myself, the others kept the pieces! ... There were things on which I had written "To be destroyed if I were to leave this body," "Destroy without opening." Then I realized I couldn't trust anyone! So I destroyed them myself.

Even when I write accounts, they ask me for the pieces of paper! I have given bundles of them to Champaklal. He keeps them. He has kept ... Sri Aurobindo used to burn *coils*[83] in his room, to repel mosquitoes, and he's kept all the ash of those coils! He has such a big pot full of all the ash! Burnt matchsticks too! He's kept and sorted everything – organized, labeled and all! ... Very well.

So I know from experience what they do ... (laughing) I take my precautions!

July 12, 1967

(Mother had asked Satprem to listen for her to a recording of European music.)

> *That screaming soprano was quite simply abominable. Even Schubert's music, even Haydn's trio seemed to me artificial.*

I can no longer hear music.

Now and then, two or three notes are very good, but the rest is mental

construction. I can no longer hear music.

Except for Sunil's music – that's all right. Still, there are "stopgaps," but not too many, not a lot.

* * *

Yesterday, I received twenty-six letters in a single day! Today, there's already a pile of them! So how can they imagine I'll find the time to answer?... I reply to four, five, six letters a day, I think that's good enough! *(Mother laughs)*

* * *

Later

That's how it is. All of a sudden, for two or three seconds, you seem to be holding the key. And all that's conventionally called "miracle" looks like the simplest thing in the world: "But it's perfectly simple, all you have to do is this!" And then ... it goes away. And once it's gone, you try and try – absolutely useless.

But when it's there, it's so simple, so natural! And absolutely all-powerful.

(silence)

A world of things that one could say. But saying them spoils them.

One thing that seems to be trying to come is the power to heal. But not at all as it's described, it's not that at all – it doesn't give a sense of "healing," you understand. It's ... *(Mother searches for words)* putting things back in order. But that's not it either.... It's a little something that disappears, and that little something is ... essentially it's the Falsehood.

It's very strange.

Basically, it's what gives the ordinary human consciousness the sense of reality. That's what must disappear. What we call "concrete," a "concrete reality" ... yes, what truly gives you the sense of real existence – that's what must disappear and be replaced by ... It's inexpressible.

(silence)

Now I can follow.

I remember, when I came back after having BEEN those bursts – those pulsations, those bursts of creative Love,[84] when I returned to the ordinary consciousness (while retaining the very real memory of That, of the state), well, that state, which I felt to be pulsations of creative Love, is what must, is That which must replace here this consciousness of concrete reality – which is, which becomes unreal: it's like something lifeless – hard, dry, inert, lifeless. And to our

ordinary consciousness (I remember how it was in the past), that's what gives you the impression, "This is concrete, this is real." Well, "this," this sensation, is what must be replaced by the phenomenon of consciousness of that Pulsation. And That *(Mother makes an intense gesture enfolding her whole face)* is at the same time all-light, all-power, all-intensity of love, and such FULLNESS! It's so full that ... where That is, nothing else can exist. And when That is here, in the body, in the cells, then all you have to do is focus It on someone or something, and order is instantly restored in the person or the thing.

So, translated into ordinary words, it "heals." It heals the disease. But it doesn't heal it: it annuls it.... Yes, it annuls it.

It unrealizes it.

Absolutely. I have concrete proof of it.

Any disease, any disease whatsoever.

(silence)

And the condition of all the cells (the vibrations that make up this body) is undeniably what makes the thing [healing] possible or not; that is, depending on the body's condition, it serves either as a transmitter, or on the contrary as an obstruction. Because it's not a "higher force" acting in others THROUGH Matter: it's a direct action *(horizontal gesture, on a level)* from matter to matter.

What people generally call "healing power" is a very great mental or vital power that imposes itself through the resistance of Matter – but this isn't at all the same thing! It's the contagion of a vibration. And then it's irrevocable.

But it's gone in a flash. It's only a promise or an example of what will be: it WILL be like that, obviously. Obviously. When? ... That's another question.

(silence)

Right here, this Vibration is felt as ... *(Mother gestures as if everything were swelling)*. You understand, it [the body's ordinary condition] is tied up, it's tied and bound, I might almost say hardened, I don't know; and at such times, it seems to swell, to expand.

Only, it's momentary.

* * *

(At the end of the conversation, Mother shows Satprem a note she wrote the same morning:)

> "Instead of excluding each other, religions should complement each other."

Sri Aurobindo said that to me; it's so simple, so simple!

I was looking at all those religions, seeing them as facets, innumerable facets that harden and brace themselves against each other, and he seemed to be saying, "Well, put it all together, it will be so simple!"

Just one sentence, not one word too many.

July 15, 1967

Someone here, whose name is S., a man over forty (oh, yes, much older than that, I think he is approaching fifty), has been learning French, but so energetically that he writes French really remarkably. He regularly sends me questions in French, and because of the care with which he writes, I reply. The other day, he wrote to me (I forget his exact words, but it was very well put) that he had just realized that aspiration for progress and the result of the aspiration were both the divine Grace, the effect of the divine Grace.... So I thought, "Well, well, let me see if he knows French well enough to have a sense of humor." And I replied this:

"One could say humorously that we are all divine but scarcely know it, and it is just what in us does not know it or is unaware of being divine that we call ourselves!"

I'll see his reaction.

Afterwards something came, and I wrote it in its definitive form (in English it's better):

> "For the Truth-vision all of us are divine, but we scarcely know it and in our being it is just what does not know it that we call ourselves."

* * *

(A little later, about a spelling mistake Satprem points out to Mother:)

It's the infinitive, here, Mother!

(Mother laughs) I've forgotten my grammar!

I quite understand! It's so artificial.

You know, I have no memory left at all, only the consciousness, and to the consciousness that's meaningless!

Lately, there came, oh, quite a number of such examples which unfolded before me, and I wondered, "But why is it this way? It's meaningless, it doesn't

make any sense."

How did it take shape? Through habit? Or was it decided by minds?

By minds: grammarians.

There's a whole world of things people know by sheer habit automatically, which have been completely erased (because all habits are increasingly being erased), so at times it's embarrassing! And it comes back, all those things come back like that, as if on a screen (but the screen of consciousness), and those that correspond to a reality come forward like a picture, with the reality behind, so then it's very easy: you catch hold of the reality and it's over. But with many there's only the picture and nothing behind! So what do you replace them with?

When it comes to languages, it's very interesting.... Those are things that come, stay for an hour or two, then go away, they are like lessons, things to be learned. And so, one day, there came the question of languages, the different languages. Those languages took shape little by little (probably through usage, until, as you said, one day someone took it into his head to fix it in a logical and grammatical way), but behind those languages, there are identical experiences – identical in their essence – and there are certainly sounds that correspond to those experiences; you find those sounds in all languages, the different sounds with minor alterations One day, for a long time (more than an hour), it unfolded with ail the proof in support, for all languages. Unfortunately, I didn't see clearly, it was in the night, so I couldn't note it down and it went away. But it should be able to come back. It was really interesting ... *(Mother tries to recall the experience)* There were even languages I had never heard: I've heard many European languages, in India several Indian languages, chiefly Sanskrit, and then, Japanese And there were languages I had never heard. It was all there. And there were sounds, certain sounds that come from all the way up, sounds ... (how can I explain?), sounds we might call "essential." And I saw how they took shape and were distorted in languages *(Mother draws a sinuous line that branches out on its way down)* Sounds like the affirmative and the negative – what, for us, is "yes" and "no" – and also the expression of certain relationships *(Mother tries to remember).* But the interesting point was that it came with all the words, loads of words I didn't know! And at that time I knew them (it comes from a subconscient somewhere), I knew all those words.

At the same time, there was a sort of capacity or possibility, a state in which one was able to understand all languages; that is every language was understood because of its connection with that region *(gesture to the heights, at the origin of sounds).* There didn't seem to be any difficulty in understanding every language.

There was a sort of almost graphic explanation *(same sinuous line branching out on its way down)* showing how the sound had been distorted to express this or that or ...

It's a whole field of observation that's part of the study of vibrations: how essential vibrations are distorted as they spread out, and thus produce the different states – on the psychological level, on the level of thought, on the level of action,

and also of languages, of expression.

Two or three days ago (this is part of the same field), I saw a baby girl who was born in America just while we were having here the meditation of 4.5.67. That child was born in America (of an Indian mother and an Indian father; the father was here, the mother there), and they brought her to me: a baby no bigger than this, microscopic! ... Her eyes were closed, a tiny thing: two-odd months old. The child was sleeping in her mother's arms, carried by her mother, her eyes closed, naturally. And – plop! – they put her in my lap without warning – a tiny little thing like this. At first I stayed put, giving her time to adapt to the new vibration. She began stirring as if something were waking her up, probably the difference in the atmosphere. Then *(gesture of descent)* I immediately applied the consciousness: the Consciousness, the Presence. And the child opened her two arms like this *(gesture like a Christ with arms outstretched),* she opened her eyes and looked – such eyes! Magnificent with light, with consciousness, it was magnificent!... It lasted maybe a minute, not more, not even that long. Then she seemed to give a start, so I withdrew the Force because *(laughing)* I became wary. And she started wriggling and ... But that look and that gesture – a gesture of ... *(same gesture like a Christ),* with such aspiration, such light! ... It was magnificent.

I don't know who is there? ... We'll know one day. It gave me the sensation of being a force or a principle rather than a person; it didn't have that ... that cramped character of personality.

The eyes were magnificent, with such consciousness! With the joy of conscious aspiration – it was magnificent. Then, afterwards, there was almost a sort of convulsion (it was too much, of course), so I withdrew the Force.

The matter [of the child] was of good quality, not heavy, only not very strong, not strong enough to bear "that."

Oh, and then I should have shown you photos of R., they were sent to me yesterday.... R. is a strapping fellow!

Is it simply the reproduction of the parents or something else?

The day the child was born, there came a telegram from America (dating from the day before) announcing the death of Paul Richard. The two things came together. I was surprised. I must admit I said, "Well, well! ..." Because Paul Richard (unless he fell into complete stupor after I left him, I don't know!), I had given him much occult knowledge, including the ability to leave one's body and enter another. So ... It's not impossible.

And for some time (for about a week), I'd been seeing his thought coming here and hovering about, like that. Which is to say that the news of his death was no surprise to me. But what I found interesting was this: the coincidence of the telegram and the birth.

The [child's] present form cannot reflect it [Richard]: it's something that will develop in that direction little by little. We'll see. For the moment, he is really his father's and mother's son!

Interesting children, those that are born now.

* * *

(Then Mother listens to Satprem reading from the notebook of a disciple who asks questions on the soul or "psychic being.")

> *He asks: "From life to life, the vibrations of the being develop, enrich and give form to the psychic personality behind the frontal personality. But then, how does the psychic, weighed down by those vibrations and memories, remain free?"*

What? Do you understand what that means?

> *There are two rather unrelated things.*

But why does he say "weighed down"?

> *All those vibrations that contribute to the development of the being "weigh the psychic down," he says.*

No, it SIFTS them. That's precisely what happens: the psychic doesn't retain things in their totality: it sifts them – it sifts the vibrations as they come along.

The psychic memory is a sifted memory of events. In previous lives, for instance, there were moments when, for some reason or other, the psychic was present and took part, and it thus keeps the memory of just one circumstance. But the memory it keeps is the PSYCHIC life of that moment; so even if it retains the memory of a scene, it is a simplified scene, translated in the psychic consciousness and according to the psychic vibration of all those present.

He wouldn't ask such a question if he had ever had a psychic memory, because when you have one it's perfectly obvious.

Before I had the knowledge, before I met Théon and knew about those things, I had had memories that had always struck me because of their special character.... It's like having, not exactly an emotion, but a certain vibration of emotion associated with an occurrence. And that's what is full, what remains and lasts. And along with that, you have a perception – a bit vague, a bit fuzzy – of the people who were there, of the circumstances, the events, and that makes up a psychic memory.

What remains isn't often the events that the mind regards as the most memorable or the most important in a life, but the moments when the psychic took part – consciously took part in the occurrence. That's what remains.

I could have narrated many such memories, it's very interesting.

I had many in Italy. I traveled in Italy with my mother when I was fifteen, and I had lived a former life in Italy which was very conscious. So when I saw the

places, it [the psychic vibration of emotion] would spring up suddenly. And it would come along with the scene.... What's in the foreground is the psychic movement (the word "emotion" isn't good, but anyway), it's the psychic movement which is in front and is important – that's what comes; the rest is like a background reflection: that is, forms, situations, circumstances.... I noted some down. Did you ever see something I wrote about a life in Italy? An old, old thing.... Fifteen – I had that experience when I was fifteen. I don't even know where I put it away, I don't think that paper is with me, I don't know where it is.... I narrated it a little later. When I met Théon, I understood my experience because it was explained to me (I didn't say the thing, but I understood afterwards, once I knew about the states of being, their working and all that), so I understood that was what a psychic memory was.

Before I knew anything mentally, I had had a considerable number of memories from past lives, but in that way: real psychic memories, not mental fabrications. And what comes first is emotion ("emotion": the psychic feeling), it's vivid, strong, you know, very strong; then, as a sort of background setting, there are the forms, appearances, circumstances, with something like the quality of a nebulous memory, and they come along with the psychic feeling.

I had that experience in Italy when I was fifteen, while traveling with my mother, and it struck me very much – it was very striking indeed! It was the memory of having been strangled in the Doges' prison. Quite a story. Afterwards I inquired; I inquired about the names, the facts, the events (I was able to inquire in Italy about what had happened – it was in Venice – and it tallied marvelously). But the interesting thing, from an external point of view ... I was visiting the entire *Palazzo ducale* with my mother and a group of travelers shown about by a guide: they take you underground, where the prisons were located. Then the guide started telling some story (which didn't interest me) when, all of a sudden, I was seized by a kind of force that came into me, and then, without even – without even being aware of it, I went to a corner and saw a written word. It was ... But then, there came at the same time the memory that I had written it. And the whole scene came back: I was the one who had written that word on the wall (and I saw it, saw it with my physical eyes, the writing was still there; the guide said that all the walls with writings on them made by the Doges' prisoners had been kept intact). Then the scene went on: I saw, I had the sensation of people entering and catching hold of me (I was there with a prisoner – I wasn't the prisoner: I was visiting him). I was there, and then some people came and seized me and ... *(gesture to the neck)* tied me up. And then (I was with a whole group of about ten people listening to the guide, near a small aperture opening onto the canal), then, the sensation of being lifted and thrown through the aperture.... Well, you understand, I was fifteen, so naturally...! I told my mother, "Let's get out of here!" *(Mother laughs)*

It was hard to restrain myself. We left.

But afterwards I made inquiries, I questioned and researched (we had some family there,[85] I knew some people), and I found out it was absolutely true. It was a true story, with the names and all (now it's all gone). A doge[86] had imprisoned

his predecessor's son as a living danger to him, as he had tried to replace his father. So the doge, who had taken the father's place, sent the son to prison. But the daughter of this doge was in love with the son, and she found a way to go and visit him. Then the doge, in his rage, decided to have her drowned. The whole story was there. And it was really spontaneous: I knew nothing of it (it's the kind of stories they don't teach you in another country, they're known only locally).

That's my story. I found it very interesting.

But the very interesting part was that thing which told me, "Over there." I went and saw, and found written on the wall precisely what I remembered having myself written.

I've had many such memories (but that one was interesting), a great many, so that I know precisely the nature of the things that stay on and are part of the development of the psychic being.

There was another experience I had a little later (a little later, around eighteen or nineteen), in which I suddenly found myself riding a horse, in a man's costume, leading armies to a fantastic victory; and it was the glory of the sense of the presence of the Force of Victory that made me lead the army to victory. Afterwards, I remembered the costume I was wearing, the people's costumes, everything, and ... I saw it was Murat's famous victory.[87] I was ... (how can I put it?) the victorious spirit in Murat. And NOTHING MORE. SO when people tell you, "I was this person, that person," it's all tales: it's forces, states of consciousness that manifested in certain individualities at certain moments in their lives and which, at such moments, touched Matter concretely. And all that is gathered, collected together little by little, gradually, till it produces a conscious being.

Now, this [Mother's being] is a rather special conscious being.... The psychic of this life *(laughing)* was rather collective! Memories of Catherine the Great, memories of Elizabeth, memories of two lives at the same time (!) in the age of Francis 1,[88] memories ... innumerable memories, and quite diverse. Each one ... It's not that you were in such or such person for his or her whole life: you were the important psychic MOMENT in those lives.

I stopped paying attention to all that when I came here – it was part of occult knowledge, not of spiritual knowledge. I stopped paying attention to it. But now that everything is being gathered together, it comes like that, like a part of the work, because ... the cells participated to some extent when I had those visions, in the sense that they had the vibration in themselves; so all those vibrations have participated in the formation of all these cells, and now they relive it all. It gives them a possibility of breadth, of diversity, of synthesis and coordination of many, a great many things. And the sense of having thus lived for a long, long, long time.

(silence)

Before I came to India for the first time, I was twenty-two and knew nothing of spirituality or anything else, but I spent a month in Egypt,

and for a month I lived in a state of extraordinary emotion, without knowing why.

Ah!

I was in a state of constant emotion: everything held me spellbound. Egypt made an extraordinary impression on me.

Ah, but we lived together in Egypt. I've known you from the time of Egypt,[89] I know that. You are one of those to whom I said in Egypt, "I promise you that you will be part ... that you will be on earth at the hour of realization." There are a few of them – not many *(Mother makes a gesture of being scattered across the world)*. But I know that!

I made that promise to a certain number of people – not all in the same age: at different stages.

Did you go to Thebes?

Yes, I did.

Did you like it?

Oh, it was... that's where I had the most emotion.

Exactly.

(silence)

I don't generally talk about these things because it fastens people to the past: they try to relive what they lived, so you understand, that spoils everything.

But it's a sort of sensation I have: it doesn't correspond to anything here *(gesture to the head),* it's a sensation, the sensation of an atmosphere, or rather, of a kind of vibration which has already been felt, and so can easily be traced back to when and where.

Oh, there are amusing things.

Egypt was an extremely occult age, at that time they really had occult knowledge. So that gives you a power over the invisible, you can act there consciously.

There was one thing (which I told you, I think): for a while (it didn't last long), for a few days, there was a sort of need to know how people spoke, the sounds that were used.[90] If I had insisted, it would probably have come: how I used to say things, how that consciousness used to express itself.... That hasn't been preserved.

Our age will be far more durable in memory ... if things aren't destroyed – we'll just have to turn on a machine.

Unfortunately, there won't be much worth preserving from our age!

Oh! ... That's a remarkable thing: in every age, and probably on the contrary, the farther you go into the past, there's a jumble, a clutter of quite uninteresting

things – which disappear. They disappear, they are destroyed. There only remains what had an interesting inner life. So the past seems to us much more interesting than the present, but from our age all the clutter will also disappear and be dissolved in the same way, and only the best will remain, except if they use mechanical means to preserve loads of recordings of heaps of stupidities. But otherwise ...

I have, for instance, an impression (a strong impression) that in the Assyrian age they had a means, they had found a means to record and preserve sound. It must have been destroyed, it disappeared. But it's a very strong impression, linked to certain memories and [psychic] impressions like the ones I said: they aren't ideas, but ... [vibrations]. There was a capacity to make the invisible speak, you understand. They had a machine. It must have been destroyed with the rest?

The oldest memory we have is the first Chinese attempts. It's in China that a machine to reproduce sound, to preserve and reproduce sound, was first found.

The Chinese were very inventive.

(silence)

I had a very strong impression, which, so to speak, crystallized when I went to China[91] (I know nothing of China: a city or two, a port or two, that's nothing; but still you pick up a bit of the atmosphere): the origin of those people is lunar. There must have been beings living on the moon, and they (or a few of them, I don't know) took refuge on the earth when the moon was dying. And that was the origin of the Chinese race.

They are very peculiar.... They don't at all have the same kind of vital being as all the other human beings, not at all.

Theirs is a strange vital.

What kind of vital?

Cold.

Cold: intellectual and cold. Cold. It's very insensitive. And the strange thing is that their sensitivity isn't the same at all, it's extremely blunted.

July 19, 1967

(Following the last conversation on the psychic being.)

These last few days I've had a series of experiences on this very subject, very interesting experiences.... With the same person, whom I see every day, let's say, or very often, the impression the contact has (an impression that stays on for a shorter or longer time) depends on the presence of the psychic. With the same person, you understand, the same relationship, at certain times it becomes full and

you have the sense of something ... yes, full – not exactly "living," but ... (I can't say "solid" because there's nothing hard about it), but full, substantial; then, at other times, it's thin, fleeting, neutral. And I have observed (with the same people in the same circumstances), at times you have the sense of a ... more than living contact (the word "living" isn't enough), an EXISTENT contact, rather; an existent, durable contact (but not "durable" in time: durable in its nature); at other times with the very same people (often in the same circumstances), it's thin, flat, it's dry, superficial – it may be very active, apparently very living, but it has no depth.... And I have seen that it is when the psychic participates and when it doesn't.

So I have now reached the point where every minute I can feel ("feel," I don't mean perceive psychically, I mean feel materially) when the psychic is there and when it isn't. It's very interesting. These last few days.

And it makes the whole difference, in the sense that ... Well, it's like the difference between a picture or a representation or a narration and the thing itself – between a picture and the thing itself, between a narration and the thing itself. That's the difference. With the one, it EXISTS; with the other, it may be living, but it's ... superficial and ... momentary. And as I said the other day, it doesn't at all depend on how important what you are doing is (important according to the mental notion, of course), on how important what you are doing is or how grave the circumstance, none of all that: simply, the psychic is there or it isn't. That's all.

Which amounts to saying that the CELLS THEMSELVES feel the difference, perceive the difference.

Now I don't remember, because I don't note those things mentally, but it's an experience I had with someone I see very often (maybe every day, I don't know, I forget who it was). One day, for a time, the impression of an existent relationship, full and ... I could call it "comfortable," with a sense of security; the same person in the same circumstances: suddenly like an image of himself: hollow (mentally very living and active), but hollow and dry, indifferent – nonexistent, so to say.

That was a few days ago. I forget who it was.

And it has given me the key to the whole entire problem.

Basically, we could say that it's the difference between the same life, the same existence, the same organization – the same life on earth – with the Divine's Presence now perceptible, now unmanifest. And that's how it is from the point of view of the entire earth.

* * *

Soon afterwards

What do you WANT?

(silence)

I know very well what I want.

(Mother goes into a long concentration lasting about a half-hour)

Nothing to say?

One should remember always.

Remember ... Did you feel anything special?

Yes.

What?

I did something – not something special because I usually do it – but more totally, I might say, than usual. I'd like to know if you felt anything?

I don't know.... It seemed so much THAT.

Yes.

I told you the other day about what I call the "transfer"; for two days (more than two: several days, but especially yesterday and today), a work has been going on to make it continual, that is, to allow nothing except That.

Then there begins to come a kind of material power of EXTENDING – extending the zone, you understand, extending it like that *(encompassing gesture)* to what's immediately near. So today, instead of applying the Force like this *(gesture from high to low),* as I always used to do, I ... it was as if encompassing your body in the same movement of the cells.

It was successful enough! And I'd like to know if you felt a difference.

I've never had such a strong impression of That, and ... so strongly THERE.

Ah! Then that's it.

I do it at night for you, only it's more subtle than with the physical presence.

(silence)

It's being done.

It's being done in the sense that it's becoming more and more constant.

It is the action of a perfectly conscious aspiration, increasingly constant, and the Response which brings the immediate result of that aspiration.... But it's still a completely new field – new from that total, integral point of view. Formerly, everything going on in the body (I don't mean this one, I mean it in a general way) was a reflection and an effect of the "Thing," while now, it is the Thing itself. But the millennial habit of being otherwise is so strong that the impression is ... It's like ... (the comparison is poor, but anyway), like stretching a rubber band; so, as long as you keep it stretched *(gesture of keeping Matter at full stretch),* the effect is there; but if the tension stops, even for a second *(gesture of abrupt flattening),* it

falls back out of habit.... Which compels you to constant tension. But it won't always be like that. It is the transition from one habit to another; once the other movement is established, then it will be natural, this constant tension won't be necessary.

We'll see how much time it takes.

And for the first time with you, I (because the result, too, was rather concrete and constant this morning), I tried to encompass. It's far from being what it should be, but there has been a result. It's very far from being "that" which it should be, but ...

(silence)

This extraordinary impression of the unreality of suffering, unreality of diseases, unreality ... It's very strange. Then that whole millennial habit comes along and tries to deny and say ... and say that it is the state you are in which is unreal! So then, it's there. Because there is no mental action or thought or any such thing: it's all in the vibrations ... There are moments, you know, of inexpressible glory, but it's fleeting. And the other thing is there – pressing all around....

When you succeed in keeping the [material] mind absolutely inactive, it's relatively easier, but when the mind comes and assails, then ... Then you almost have to use violence to repulse the onslaught, to establish silence.

That's why until you reach that state in which the mind can be like this *(vast, calm gesture),* absolutely still ... When there is nothing except the consciousness, then it's all right. Before that, it seems impossible, an impossible work. But when the mind is replaced by the consciousness, then ...

There's no time left for anything. We'll work some other day!

(Mother laughs)

July 22, 1967

I told you there is someone here learning French (and learning it very well, I must say) whom I answered with a joke to see if he had a sense of humor. And the next day he, in turn, sent me a joke!

"In the work of transformation, who is slower in doing his work, man or God?"

My answer:

"To man, God is too slow in answering his prayer." To God, man is too slow in opening to His influence." But to the Truth-Consciousness, everything is going as it should!"

(Mother laughs)

Then I have something else. I have been asked questions about music: *"What is it we should attend to in music? How to judge the quality of a piece of music? What do you think of light music (cinema, jazz, etc.), which our children like very much?"*

I replied this (it was yesterday):

"The role of music lies in helping the consciousness to uplift itself towards the spiritual heights.

> "All that lowers the consciousness, encourages desires and excites the passions runs counter to the true goal of music and ought to be avoided.
>
> "It is not a question of designation but of inspiration ...

Yes, because he says "light music," but I've heard light music that I found exceedingly lovely! Even some pieces of film music that were magnificent, and on the other hand some "classical" pieces, oh, how boring! So ...

> "... and the spiritual consciousness alone can judge there."

Because at the School they play music every Saturday, and they've begun quarreling about the kind of music that should be played; then one boy said, "As for me, I LOVE light music, I find it VERY amusing." *(Mother laughs)* So they looked down on him scornfully! And they wrote to ask me. So that's what I replied!

"Light" music! Of course, jazz music ... but even there, there are very nice passages, one can't say.

One can't say.

Ultimately, it doesn't at all depend on the musician's intention: it depends on the STATE he himself was in. If you feel very joyful and suddenly hear sounds expressing a very light, very free joy, and put it into music, it's marvelous. While if you are grave, serious, see all the human misery, and put it into thick, ponderous sounds, and, oh, if it's made into orchestral music that bores you stiff ... *(Mother laughs)*

Wait, there's something else again.... Oh, poor K., he conducted examinations (they're out of their minds with their exams!), he conducted examinations on a text or a subject he had dictated to the students in his class. In other words, they had the answer quite ready. Two of the boys (one of whom K. finds very intelligent – he is, moreover – and has a liking for, while he doesn't like the other) were late, and K. asked the boy he doesn't like to bring him at home the result of their work. He brought it. K. read it, and to one of the questions, the two boys' answers were not quite identical but extremely similar. That was precisely the. subject K. had dictated to the students, so it was natural enough that the answers should be similar. K. "felt" right away that the boy had copied from the other, and told him so! The boy lost his temper and spoke to him rather rudely. So K. writes to tell me the whole story, in his own way, and the boy writes to tell me the whole story, in his own way, moreover expressing regret that he was rude to his teacher. But K.

remains convinced that he copied. So, a flood of letters ... Finally I wrote K., "Send me the two texts, I will see" (not "see" with my eyes, but like that, "feeling" the thing). The boy did NOT copy. But to me, it's far worse, because it means K. made a mental formation with words – words put in a certain order – and stuffed it into their brains. And they repeat it parrot fashion – naturally, it bears an extraordinary similarity to his teaching. Finally, K. told me, "If I accept that the boy didn't copy, I am obliged to give him a very good mark, which I can't do!" *(Mother laughs)* And he asks me, "What should I do?" I replied yesterday evening: "There is a very simple way out: cancel the test. Take all the papers, tie them into a bundle, put them away in your cupboard, and pretend it never existed – and in future, no more exams! At the end of the year, when you have to give marks to the students, well, instead of using such an artificial method, you will be obliged to observe attentively, follow the child's inner development, have a deeper contact with him *(Mother laughs mockingly),* and know if he has really understood or not! Then you will be able to give marks, instead of basing yourself on the parrotlike repetition of something they learned without understanding." And I sent that. So now, they're in a fix! *(Mother laughs)* I find it so funny, it's great fun!

They had to hold a "teachers' meeting" to face up to my answer! *(Mother laughs)* I upset the whole School!

One of the teachers has already answered me, "It's impossible to know the students' progress unless tests are taken." To this I didn't exactly reply what I thought, but I thought: of course, if the teacher is an idiot, he can't judge the students' progress unless he makes them take tests, but if he is an intelligent man with a psychic sense, there are a thousand ways to find out if a student has understood.

So they've had their meeting.

But in the technical field, it's more difficult to judge progress.

Ah, yes, that's what they base themselves on. But it makes no difference! Two of the teachers of technology have shown how, in the purely technical field, it was possible to judge without the need for exams. No, you see, I know, I did my studies there, in France, there were lots of exams and I know how it is. I attended (I was young at the time, but that makes no difference), I attended exams like the ones taken for certificates, I saw the pupils who were there, I saw how they answered.... It's one of my very concrete experiences: the ones that pass are NOT AT ALL the more intelligent ones! Never. They are the ones that repeat parrot fashion. They repeat very nicely. They have no understanding of what they say.

Anyhow, I think we'll get somewhere.

But yesterday evening, with this poor K., what fun I had! ... I said, take it or leave it – either the teachers stop writing to me and asking me anything (which would give me time: I am overburdened with letters), or if they write to me, well, too bad, they've got to take it. I can't tell them what will please them.

Our School professes to follow a "new method" – the very least it could do would be to follow it!

(Mother gives Satprem the text of the three letters she sent to the teacher on the question of examinations at the School:)

(The teacher's question:)

"About this cheating in exams, what am I to do? Should we, as is done outside, keep three teachers in the room to watch vigilantly? – The teachers don't like that way of doing things here in the Ashram.

"Or should we abolish tests? This proposal seems to me doubtful, for exercises and essays amount to the same thing.

"The problem is there, at any rate, and to solve it truly we should understand why the children behave that way.

"Please tell me the cause of this perversion and the solution to the problem."

(Mother's reply:)

"It is quite simple. The majority of children study because they are forced to by family, habit, current ideas, not because they want to *learn and know.* Until the motive for their studies is rectified, until they learn because they *want to know,* they will use all kinds of tricks to make their work easier and get results with the least effort."

(July 13, 1967)

(A few days later, Mother sent the following letter, in English:)

"The only solution is to annul this test and all that are to come. Keep all the papers with you in a closed bundle – as something that has not been – and continue quietly your classes.
"At the end of the year you will give notes to the students, not based on written test-papers, but on their behaviour, their concentration, their regularity, their promptness to understand and their openness of intelligence.
"For yourself you will take it as a discipline to rely more on inner contact, keen observation, and impartial outlook.

"For the students it will be the necessity of understanding truly what they learn and not to repeat as a parrot what they have not fully understood.
"And thus a true progress will have been made in the teaching."

(July 21, 1967)

(Then, the next day, Mother sent this third note:)

"I find tests an obsolete and ineffective way of knowing if the students are intelligent, willing and attentive.
"A silly, mechanical mind can very well answer a test if the memory is good and these are certainly not the qualities required for a man of the future.
"It is by tolerance for the old habits that I consented that those who want tests can have them. But I hope that in future this concession will not be necessary.
"To know if a student is good needs, if the tests are abolished, a little more inner contact and psychological knowledge for the teacher. But our teachers are expected to do Yoga, so this ought not to be difficult for them."

(July 22, 1967)

* * *

Soon afterwards, regarding a letter of Sri Aurobindo's:

"... But in physics you are in the very domain of the mechanical law where process is everything and the driving consciousness has chosen to conceal itself with the greatest thoroughness – so that, 'scientifically speaking', it does not exist there. One can discover it there by occultism and yoga, but the methods of occult science and of yoga are not measurable or followable by the means of physical science – so the gulf remains in existence. It may be bridged one day, but the physicist is not likely to be the bridge-builder, so it is no use asking him to try what is beyond his province."

November 5, 1934
(XXII.201)

That's just the big quarrel with the Government! ... The Government says, "We can't recognize you as a "research School' because the progress of yoga can't be measured." Exactly what Sri Aurobindo says! If we published this letter, it would give the Government full ammunition!

You remember, in America a society or university or whatever opened a kind of competition to "prove life after death,"[92] and they gave two or three questions to be resolved. And I was asked, "Why don't you answer?" I said, the questions are not properly formulated, they're asked by ignorant people, so how can one answer? (I told you that long ago, I think.) Well, it's the same thing here. What they ask is ignorant, it isn't properly formulated; it's formulated by people who don't understand anything, so how can we answer them!

* * *

Mother turns to other tasks

In a magazine (I think it's *Life,* an American magazine), they published the story of a man (who is in fact one of the editors or administrators of the magazine), a man who was given an injection of penicillin but was allergic to penicillin. And lo and behold, all his cells begin to dissolve, while he, entirely conscious and as if concentrated in his brain, watches the dissolution. When it reached up to the heart, the doctors declared him dead.... The impression it had on him was that the cells had a kind of expanding movement, then burst and dissolved one after another: feet, legs, abdomen, everything. And when it reached the heart, the doctor said, "He's dead." But he had taken refuge in his brain and thought, "I must hold out; if I can hold out here, concentrate and resist here, all will be well." And that's what he did. Then he felt all at once a power, he says, something so luminous, so beautiful, so gentle, so ... so much more full of love than anything else in the world, such a marvelous sensation ... that he let himself melt into it, and after some time, order returned everywhere and he came back to life! He describes that. He describes it (with sentences: it's in a magazine, so he makes sentences), but his experience is really interesting. You see, because of that will to concentrate in what he conceived to be the essential part of his being, the center of his life, he suddenly found himself in the presence of that "power".... He said he tried to recapture it afterwards, but "I forget what it was, I no longer remember, except for that sensation, more marvelous than anything one can conceive."[93]

I found that interesting.

And that brought him back to life.

(silence)

I took it as one of the signs that the Force is really at work. Because I don't think that man had done any yoga, he knew nothing about those things; he is just a gentleman-who's-had-an-injection-of-penicillin which he can't tolerate (those accidents happen often enough), nothing else. There was just this idea that the

brain is the conscious part of the being, and if he concentrated there ... His idea was, "I want to know what's happening, I want to be conscious of what's happening, I want to see what's happening." So that's what pulled the Force. A simple thing.

It seems to me there is a progress in human consciousness – that's my impression.

An awakening.

* * *

Then Mother goes into a long concentration

I have seen something.... In its totality, it is luminous, but not radiant, it's extremely peaceful, and as if golden, but not dazzling (I don't know how to explain ...), like a creamy and golden light. Very, very peaceful. But in it there were *patches* (as they say in English) of three VERY bright colors that were grouped together, as it were, and as though organized. There was a dazzling red, ruby red; a bluish white, almost pearl-gray, very luminous, too; and ... *(Mother tries to remember)* It's gone, I don't remember if it was.... Yes, it was green, but an emerald green that was also luminous – luminous and transparent. They were like demarcated zones, but their positions were changing *(Mother makes a rotating gesture, like the lights in a kaleidoscope).* They were almost like entities. And it was in your atmosphere. Like formations moving about and organizing *(same gesture),* made up of those three colors....

The gray is the gray of spiritual light, spiritual aspiration; the red is the ruby red of the physical; and that emerald green ...[94]

The shapes were demarcated, but not fixed. They were like clearly demarcated groups of light, but not fixed (they were plastic), and organizing like this *(same gesture in kaleidoscope).*

When I started talking, I almost stopped seeing.... I was in an inner vision, very deep inside. A very special consciousness.

It was moving about and organizing with great suppleness *(same gesture)*

And the whole thing was like a nimbus, like the haloes they paint, you know? It all was a nimbus of golden light, not bright but golden.

Did you feel anything special?

Yes, the Force – massive.

Powerful?

Yes.

Yes, they were things organizing in your being – your inner being – but powerfully.

July 26, 1967

(Mother, laughing, holds out to Satprem a note she has just written:)

> "The goal we aim at is immortality. Of all habits, death is certainly the most inveterate!"

We could call our world "the world of bad habits."

There has been for some time, I don't know, a sort of benevolent, smiling and ... constructive irony. As if a "spirit" had come. Then, there is another thing (but I know that one), which Sri Aurobindo used to call *a censor.* He told me, "You *have a very strong censor in your atmosphere."* It kept criticizing me constantly, all the time; not so often now, but it's still there. And now and then, it tells me, "But you shock people! They expect something noble, great, imposing, and you always speak in an ironic tone!" Yesterday again, some people came to see me – and jokes keep coming to me all the time. I tell them jokes, and I see ... *(laughing)* I see their appalled looks!

Something seems to be constantly telling people, "But don't take things seriously! ... Don't take things seriously, that's what makes you unhappy! That's what makes you unhappy, you must learn to smile," and so on. And above all, to make fun of ourselves, that's the most important thing: to see how ridiculous we are – the slightest pain and we are full of self-pity, oh! ...

At times one protests....

It's a very odd atmosphere, and amusing. But it's a very good cure for that inveterate disease which *self-pity is.* The body is full of it, it pities itself as soon as there is the smallest trouble – and that makes it terribly worse.

And then, what goings-on ... The goings-on of the School, oh, those are ... priceless stories! But yesterday evening, I suddenly became indignant about a boy, the boy who had been accused of copying. He asserted he hadn't copied, and I saw he hadn't (but what I saw was almost worse!), and I said, "No more exams" – a dreadful row everywhere! Then K., who is really a good boy, wrote to me, "Should I not rather tell the boy that you decided he hadn't copied, because he must be worrying?" I thought, "Poor K.!" But anyway, it was a nice gesture, so I said yes. Then he called the boy, told him what he had to, also that exams were abolished and the whole matter was over and done with. As soon as the boy left him, he went and told his friends a world of lies: that I had asked K. to apologize, to express regret and reinstate the boy, and a lot of fibs ... a series of terrible lies (and lies about me). You understand, I had had a movement of sympathy for K.

for what he had done; it shows a sort of nobleness of soul in him: he was so convinced, but he accepted what I said and made that gesture because he thought the boy must have been worrying. Then the boy's thoroughly disgusting reaction ... I had to restrain myself (inwardly): I was displeased. I had hoped, on the contrary, that that goodwill would give rise to a somewhat noble response, but all that is a sort of degradation.... Yesterday, I was on the point of giving the child an inner slap – I stopped myself from doing so, but he has clearly put himself in a bad spot.

Now they write to ask me, "How can we know whether the children follow if we don't have exams?" I had to explain the difference between a sort of individual control coming from observation, a remark, an unexpected question and so on, which allows the teacher to place the child, and the other method in which you are told, "You will have an exam in eight days and the subject will be what you have learned" – so everyone starts reviewing what he has learned and preparing himself, and that's that: the student with a good memory is the one who passes. I explained all that.[95]

> *If I had been a teacher, my objection to this decision would not at all have been from the teachers' point of view, but from the students' because I remember my studies, and had you not been obliged every three or six months to review what was learned in school, well, you know, you'd have just let it slip away.*

Well, too bad!

> *But it's a sort of discipline that makes you review things.*

If you aren't interested enough in the subject to try and remember it and retain the result of what you've learned, well, too bad, it's too bad for you.

The students' point of view is false, the teachers' point of view is false.

The students' point of view: they learn just to appear to know, pass their exam and cram their heads with all kinds of things.... The teachers' point of view is to have as easy a control as possible and be able to give marks without giving themselves too much trouble, with as little effort as possible. As for me, I say: each student is an individuality, each student should come not because he wants to be able to say, "I have studied and am going to take my exams," but because he is eager to know and comes with the will to know. And the teacher must not follow the easy method of giving a subject and seeing how everyone answers, whether the answer is good or bad, conforms to what he has taught or not: he must find out whether the student's interest and effort are sincere, and everyone according to his own nature – for the teacher it's infinitely more difficult, but that's education. And they protest.

> *As regards the teachers' point of view, I certainly agree entirely ...*

Yes, but they are the ones who protest! *(Laughing)* The students don't. But I wrote the teachers: the students who want to please their teacher or learn by heart

in order to seem to know what they haven't understood, well, those students aren't interesting – and they are always the ones about whom I am told, "He is a good student!"

But you know, I remember, I clearly remember my attitude when I was studying, and I clearly remember all my classmates and which one was to me an intelligent girl, which one a word mill.... I have some very amusing memories about that, because I couldn't understand what meaning there was in learning in order to seem to know (I had a tremendous memory at the time, but didn't make use of it). And I liked only what I had understood.

Once in my life I took an exam (I forget which one), but I was just at the age limit, which means that I was too young to sit at the time of the regular exam, so they had me sit with those who had flunked the first exam (I sat at that time because it was autumn, and then I was old enough). And I remember, we were a small group, the teachers were greatly annoyed because their holidays had been cut short, and the students were for the most part rather mediocre, or else rebellious. There I was, observing all that (I was very young, you understand, I don't remember, thirteen or fourteen), watching the whole thing: a poor little girl had been called to the blackboard to do a mathematical problem, and she didn't know how to do it, she kept spluttering. Me (I wasn't being questioned just then), I looked and smiled – oh, dear! The teacher saw me and was quite displeased. As soon as the girl was sent back, he called me and said, "You do it." Well, naturally (I loved mathematics very much, really very much, and also I understood, it made sense), I did the problem – the chap's face! ... You see, I wasn't in that [in the small outward person]: I was constantly a witness. And I had the most extraordinary fun. So I know the way children are, the way teachers are, I know all that, I had great fun, really great fun.

At home, my brother was studying advanced mathematics (it was to enter Polytechnique[96]), and he found it difficult, so my mother had engaged a tutor to coach him. I was two years younger than my brother. I used to look on, and everything would become clear: the why, the how, it all was clear. So the teacher was working hard, my brother was working hard, when I exclaimed, "But it's like this!" Then I saw the teacher's face! ... It seems he went and told my mother, "It's your daughter who should be studying!" *(Mother laughs)* And it all was like a picture, you understand, so funny, so funny! So I know, I remember, I know the reactions, the habits.... That's why I didn't want to look after the School here: I thought it would be a headache and everyone would go after me! Then I was forced to because of that copying affair. But now I find it funny! *(Laughing)* And I tell them outrageous things!

It's such fun, such fun!

For a time I attended a private school: I didn't go to a state school because my mother considered it unfitting for a girl to be in a state school! But I was in a private school, a school of high repute at the time: their teachers were really capable people. The geography teacher, a man of renown, had written books, his books on geography were well-known. He was a fine man. So then, we were

doing geography; I enjoyed maps more completely because it all had to be drawn. One day, the teacher looked at me (he was an intelligent man), he looked at me and asked, "Why are towns, the big cities, found on rivers?" I saw the students' bewildered look, they were saying to themselves, "Lucky the question wasn't put to me!" I replied, "But it's very simple! It's because rivers are a natural means of communication." *(Mother laughs)* He too was taken aback!... That's how it was, all my studies were like that, I enjoyed myself all the time – enjoyed myself thoroughly, it was great fun!

The teacher of literature ... He was an old fellow full of all the most conventional ideas imaginable. What a bore he was, oh! ... So all the students sat there, their noses to the grindstone. He would give subjects for essays – do you know *The Path of Later On and the Road of Tomorrow?* I wrote it when I was twelve, it was my paper on his question! He had given a proverb (now I forget the words) and expected to be told ... all the sensible things! I told my story, that little story, it was written at the age of twelve. Afterwards he would eye me with misgivings! *(Laughing)* He expected me to make a scene.... Oh, but I was a good girl!

But it was always like that: with that something looking on and seeing the sheer ridiculousness of this life which takes itself so seriously!

All those things have come back these last few days, because of this affair [at the School].

I can recall only one instance when I took things seriously, and even then, I put on a serious LOOK. It involved my brother, who was still quite young (he may have been twelve, or less: ten, and I eight – no, nine and eleven, something like that, mere children). My brother was quick-tempered, he was easily angered and would speak very bluntly, almost harshly. One day he talked back to my father (I forget about what); my father was furious and put him across his knees (my father was an extremely strong man, I mean physically strong), he put my brother across his knees and ... *(laughing)* started spanking him; he had pulled his pants down and was spanking him. I enter and see that (it was taking place in the dining room) I see that, see my father, look at him, and say to myself, "But this man is mad!" And I told him, "You stop at once, or I'm leaving this house." (I was two years younger than my brother.) And I said it with such seriousness, oh! And I was resolute. And my father ... *(laughing)* was flabbergasted.

All those memories have come back like that. So now I remember to what extent – to what extent the consciousness was already there. But it was amusing.

(silence)

And the ease: whatever I wanted to do I could do. But there was one thing (now I understand, at the time I didn't know why it was so): whatever I wanted to do I could do, but after a time, I had experienced the thing and it didn't seem to me important enough to devote a whole life to it. So I would move on to something else: painting, music, science, literature ... everything, and also practical things. And always with extraordinary ease. Then, after a while, very well, I would leave

it. So my mother (she was a very stern person) would say, "My daughter is incapable of seeing anything through to the end." And it remained like that: incapable of seeing anything through to the end – always taking to something, then leaving it, then after a time taking to something else.... "Unstable. Unstable – she will never achieve anything in life!" *(Mother laughs)*

And it was really the childlike transcription of the need for ever more, ever better, ever more, ever better ... endlessly – the sense of advance, advance towards perfection. A perfection that I felt to be quite beyond anything people thought of – something ... a "something" ... which was indefinable, but which I sought through everything.

So all that has come back to be sorted out, put in its place, offered *(gesture upward),* and now, it's over.

July 29, 1967

(At the beginning of this conversation, Mother expresses her strong displeasure that her so-called note on Arabs and Israelites[97] was published in "Mother India" under the title "The Jews and the Arabs." Mother protests against the use of the word "Jew," which corresponds to only one Israelite tribe and has taken on a pejorative meaning.)

The word has so often been used as an insult....

Anyway, thanks to that, probably because that note was published, things have been brought back into the atmosphere, and this morning there was a very, very concrete experience somewhere....

It's a strange thing, as if suddenly emerging from a conventional atmosphere of thought, which is like a terrestrial atmosphere (I don't mean it's an ordinary thought, I mean it's in the field of human mentality). And there is, above, something that sees things quite differently. As if ... Yes, things are ordinarily seen like this *(gesture from below upward),* while "that" sees like this *(gesture from above downward)*, so when you enter there, you see things that you know here (you know them, they aren't new), but you see them with a totally different vision. And naturally, the notation is also done differently.... *(Mother looks for a note)*

It came in two ways. Those things are SEEN, you understand, seen. Words come afterwards to try and transcribe what was seen. The first thing that came was thus:

"Christians divinize suffering to make it a means of the earth's salvation."

Then it came with just a small difference – these are subtleties, but ... From an

intellectual standpoint, these are subtleties without value, but up there you seem to be almost touching the heart of things, that is, the essence – the deeper essence of events. So then, it came quite simply, like this:

"Christianity DEIFIES suffering to make it the instrument of the earth's salvation."

It's hard to explain because it's the state of consciousness that is different.... Now it's a memory, but at that time it was a vision – a very, very deep vision, very sharp, naturally exceeding all that occurred on earth, but also all the ways of expressing what occurred. The personality of Christ and so on – it was all so different! And it became, yes, I might say symbolic, but that's not it.... At the same time, it placed this religion among all the others, in a very defined place in the earth evolution – in the evolution of the earth CONSCIOUSNESS.

The experience lasted for a half-hour, but everything, everything was different – different not in its appearance, different in its deeper significance.... Was the difference in my active consciousness? I don't know. I mean, did I make contact with a region of consciousness that was new to me? Possibly. But it seemed to me a wholly different vision of the earth and man's history.

During the experience I remembered what Sri Aurobindo had written: "Men love suffering, therefore Christ still hangs on the cross in Jerusalem."[98] And that was like ... (smiling) a sort of foam of thought quite on the surface, all the way up, bathed in the light from above, and like the intellectual way of expressing what I was seeing *(gesture from above downward),* which came from above.... From the point of view of light, it was a very interesting experience.

And seen from above, what was the story like?

You see, Sri Aurobindo says, "Man loves suffering, therefore Christ still hangs on the cross in Jerusalem," then I said, Christianity (I mean the universal, or anyway terrestrial, origin of what expressed itself on earth as the Christian religion), the action of this religion on earth has been to "deify suffering" because men NEEDED to understand – not only to understand but to feel and adhere to the raison d'être (the universal raison d'être) of suffering on earth as a means of evolution. We might, basically, say that they sanctified suffering so it may be recognized as a means indispensable to the evolution of the earth.

So now, that action has been exploited to the full and more, and ought to be gone beyond, and that's why it must be left behind in order to find something else.

You also said once, "It is not a crucified but a glorified body that will save the world."[99]

Yes. Then a Christian sent me a picture of Christ on the cross, and just above, the risen Christ in his ascent heavenward – that's how they take it!

It all happens on the heights.

Yes, heavenward.

(long silence)

Have you sometimes had that kind of very global vision in time and space, in which each thing takes its own place and everything is coordinated by a total consciousness? ... (It must be new for me only.) It is a knowledge-vision. My consciousness, the consciousness there *(gesture above and around)* is constantly a consciousness of action. Since the beginning of those creative bursts of Love, it has been a consciousness of action, always action – action, action, perpetual action. Ultimately, constant creation. But this morning, it wasn't action: it was *(laughing)* the "observation," I might say, the observation of that action as a sort of vision, as you would look at a picture, you know. Instead of being on the highest intellectual plane, the plane that has absolute comprehension and puts each thing in its place, it was ... (how can I explain it?). It's a knowledge through subjective vision. Not the vision of something foreign to you: it's the same state of consciousness as the one of the doer, but instead of only doing, you see at the same time. That was this morning's experience. It was rather new, in the sense that I only had it now and then, just like that, but never with that totality, that clarity and that sort of absoluteness. It is the sensation of a self-evident, absolute, indisputable knowledge – it's not "trying to express something: it's SEEING. Seeing, really seeing, but seeing ... not one thing after another: seeing everything at a glance, a totality in space and in time. And every detail with total precision, which makes it possible to write a thing like this [the note on Christianity].

To be clear, I should tell the whole thing. Yesterday I had an opportunity to speak to someone about this constant presence of Sri Aurobindo, here, who sees, says, acts all the time. Then, after I had spoken, I wondered, "How is it that this brain ..." Because, I think I told you, when Sri Aurobindo left his body, several times, several days in a row, I remained standing near his bed for one or two hours, and I felt – MATERIALLY felt – what came out of his body enter mine. To such a point that I remember having said, "Well, if anyone denies afterlife, I have proof it exists." So I thought, "Why does this brain [Mother's] go on working according to its usual routine now that the consciousness of the Presence is constant?" Then this morning I had this experience, and while having the experience, I felt, "This is how Sri Aurobindo used to see!" *(Laughing)* That must be it! ... And for some time I have noticed that as soon as, for this or other bodies, for events or ..., as soon as something is formulated (neither a desire nor an aspiration, but something like the living perception of a possibility that SHOULD be realized – it comes at times), it gets done! It gets done automatically and instantly. So this morning, for, oh, a half-hour, the impression was so charming, so pleasant: "Ah, there we are! THIS is how we should see things!"

Afterwards I had to be busy with other things, but it's still there. And the question was, "Why? Why isn't there in this brain the capacity to perceive and transcribe things ... as he had it?"

And so the conclusion. I've always heard it said (I don't know if it's true) that men think in a certain way and women in another. On an external level, the

difference is not visible, but the attitude – the mental attitude – is perhaps different. The mental attitude on the *Prakriti* side is always action, always action; the mental attitude on the *Purusha*[100] side is conception: conception, overall vision, and also observation, as though it observed what the Prakriti had done and saw how it was done. Now I understand that. That's how it works. Naturally, no man (here on earth) is exclusively masculine and no woman is exclusively feminine, because it has all been mixed together again and again. Similarly, I don't think any one race is absolutely pure: all that is over, it's been mingled together (which is another way to re-create Oneness). But there have been TENDENCIES; It's like that note about Israelites and Muslims, it's just a manner of speaking; if I were told, "This is what you said," I would reply, "Yes, I said that, but I can also say something else and a lot of other things!" It's a way of selecting certain aspects and putting them to the fore with an action in view (it's always with an action in view). But for the moment, everything is like that, mixed and mingled together with a view to general unification – no one nationality is pure and separate from others, that no longer exists. But to a certain vision, each thing has its essential role, its raison d'être, its place in universal history. It's like that very strong impression that the Chinese are lunar, that when the moon grew cold, some beings managed to come to the earth, and those beings are at the origin of the Chinese nation; but now there only remains a trace – a trace which is the memory of that distinctiveness. And it's everywhere the same thing: if you look at individuals in every nation, you find in every nation a bit of everything, but with the memory ... the memory of a specificness which has been its raison d'être in the great terrestrial unfolding.

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

He was here, so present, so concrete – Sri Aurobindo. Did you feel him?

I stopped because of the time.

When he comes like that, you are inside – not outside, but inside. He is like that, enfolding. You are inside.

A part of your atmosphere *(gesture above Satprem's head)* is absolutely, absolutely one, like that, without any difference.

August 2, 1967

(Regarding a Tantric apprentice, disciple of X.)

Do you see W?

Yes, I saw him yesterday.

He wrote to me today: he is in full revolt. What did he tell you yesterday?

Oh .. .

He was in a pretty bad state.

Quite.

In full revolt. So at night, his heart hurts, his chest hurts, his head aches – aching all over. And today he writes to tell me, "Is this what you want till doomsday?" I wrote back, "What I want is just the opposite!"

I saw him yesterday and spoke to him for half an hour, but he was like ... you know, like iron bars; he had decided in advance that he wouldn't understand anything of what I would tell him. I tried to get in deep down, but ... He told me (it's an old formation on him) that whatever he wants to do he does for a while, then he meets with a catastrophe and the thing is stopped. And he says that what he was doing now was his spiritual effort, and he has met with a catastrophe (I don't know which one). Naturally, I told him it wasn't like that at all! That it was on the contrary the sign he had reached the point when the door could open and he could transform himself. But he refused to understand. You know, when people are obdurate like that, there's no way you can get in.

So I thought you could perhaps talk to him.

I saw him yesterday and felt it did him good, or at any rate that he listened to me....

I also felt (that's why I mention it) that he would listen to you, at least.

Yes, I am trying.

Then it's good.... You know, when you put iron bars around you and say, "Impossible, impossible, impossible" ...

The difficult problem for him now is, at bottom, all this Tantric japa he does.

But why does he go on?

Well, that's just the problem, he can't find the strength to break off.

Ah, that's it: he goes on....

Yesterday I tried to tell him that this kind of discipline is very powerful and good for some, but that in fact, it's like weaving around yourself more and more tightly a force you shut yourself in.

That's right. Yes, exactly!

But he must find the courage to cut off. That's his problem.

He hasn't once told me, "I want to stop."

But that's because he doesn't dare. And you don't tell him to, either, so ... (But of course, it's difficult for you to tell him.)

Yesterday I explained to him the effect that japa had on him, I explained in detail, but I don't think he understood anything. And I told him to change; I even gave him the Mantra (because if you do that it means the supreme liberation). Instead of leaving him without anything at all, I wanted him, as a matter of fact, to do that. But yesterday when I asked him, "Are you going on with your japa?" he said, "Oh, just a little."

There are, of course, inside oneself (and consequently around oneself) the very forces that oppose one's realization, and the system of those [Tantric] mantras is to try to lean on the Overmind beings for support against those forces, which are much more powerful than they, the gods, are – the proof is that despite all their goodwill, they [the Overmind gods] have never been able to turn the earth into a harmonious place. We can't help noting the fact. So I told him it was a direct fight, all those mantras are a direct fight against the difficulty, whereas ... (and that's what gave him the terrible headache he complains about: it's dangerous, of course, it can unsettle the whole functioning). I told him to stop and use that [Mother's mantra]. I explained it all to him yesterday. I told him he shouldn't wage a direct fight: one must try to lean for support on the force one has inside oneself, which is everywhere and can overcome the difficulty: "Instead of fighting, live in the other consciousness." But I saw he was closed – padlocked – with a hard look. He didn't want to understand. So ...

For half an hour he kept me here. It was half past twelve!

So if you explain that to him, I think it will do him good.

Yesterday evening, it got in, I touched something.

Certainly!

But ...

So the result: he writes this morning, "I couldn't sleep the whole night, my heart hurts, something else hurts" (I don't remember what: three or four different places), "I can't eat, impossible" – well, a most tragic picture, and asking me, "Do you want me to be like this till doomsday?"

His problem is to break off from that Tantric business.

No, there are two problems. There is that one on the level of action, and then there is a tre-men-dous pride in the whole family; a terrible pride, it's a formation.... That's what was in him yesterday, as if coagulated. So I told him, "Have a little more humility, a little more modesty."

One doesn't want to abdicate, you understand.

It's the sense of being nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing when you are in front of ... call it what you like, it doesn't matter (whether you start from the idea of consciousness or take it as the Supreme Lord, it doesn't matter). But it's the concrete feeling that as long as you want to remain shut in your little person, you are nothing, while if you abdicate that little person, you become everything. That's what they don't understand. Pride is simply ... You have a contact with inner eternity, inner omnipotence, but you are shut in your little ego, so the ego imagines itself to be That, and then it asserts itself – sits down and refuses to budge: a colossal I. It's precisely the supreme Truth *(laughing)* in its deformation.

I tried to make him understand that yesterday, but not like that, I put it very nicely!

One certainly sees that: with those who are the very opposite, who crawl on the ground, there is no stuff, you can't do anything with them; so you have to try and give them a little self-confidence. But that's nothing. While with those others you can do something, but ... oh, they become furious with you!

The contact with the great Asuras, the first Asuras, is like that: the full consciousness of their formidable power, their marvelous capacities – they forget one thing, it's that they deserve no credit for it, it's not their exclusive property! So they cut the connection and become instruments of disorder and confusion.

This one, the Lord of Falsehood ...

To the human consciousness, those things are terrible, but seen from up above, they make you smile. I remember, when I met him during the war (I had ruined his work with Hitler, then I met him), I told him, "You know quite well that your time is over." He said, "I know it, but until I disappear I will wreak as much havoc as I can."

Childishness.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I told you I was in constant touch with the School's teachers. A "conference" is going on, and here is this *(Mother holds out a paper to Satprem)*. There is an interesting point:

> "Your difficulty comes from the fact that you have still the old belief that in life, there are some things high and some things low. It is not exact. It is not the things or the activities that are high or low, it is the consciousness of the doer which is true or false....

That is the interesting point.

> "If you unite your consciousness with the Supreme Consciousness and manifest It, all you think, feel or do becomes luminous and true. It is not the subject of the teaching which is to be changed, it is the consciousness with which you teach that must be enlightened."

(July 31, 1967)

Then, Y. asked me questions on de Gaulle *(Mother gives another paper):*
"So long as one is for some and against others, one is necessarily far from the Truth.

> "All present politics is based on falsehood, and no nation can entirely escape this falsehood.
> "De Gaulle has an embryo of inner life, he knows that there is a force higher than the physical and mental forces – and that is why he is more receptive than many others.
> "But he has ideas, principles, preferences and so on, and as such, he can make gross errors as any other human being.
> "It is through this whole jumble and chaos that the Truth-Consciousness is at work everywhere, on all the points of the earth at once, in all nations, all individualities, without preferences or distinctions, wherever there is a spark of consciousness capable of receiving and manifesting It."

(July 29, 1967)

* * *

(Mother reads Satprem a quotation from Sri Aurobindo:)

> "To be perpetually reborn is the condition of material immortality."

Sri Aurobindo.

That's excellent.

* * *

A little later, following a meditation:

That's how it is. Day after day, almost hour after hour, with the Power coming back ... You remember, I once said it had completely gone,[101] and that was true, it had completely gone in order to leave the body absolutely to itself, for its conversion, if I may say so; but once there had been in this body consciousness the same aspiration and the same ardor of consciousness (with a far greater steadiness than in any other part of the being; there are no fluctuations as there are in the vital and mind, it's very steady), once that was established (through kinds of pulsations, not distant from one another, but first on one detail, then spreading out and becoming generalized), since then the Power has been ... I might say it has been coming back. But at every stage of that return, all the old difficulties appear to be waking up again,[102] they seem to spring up again (they had quite fallen asleep, you understand), and every time that happens, this body consciousness feels a sort of astonishment mingled with distress that the presence of the divine Power, the divine Consciousness, the Truth-Consciousness, should give rise to all those difficulties, which are essentially difficulties of ignorance and inertia – the incapacity to receive. And it comes back as memories, like that *(gesture from below),* like a snake rearing its head. And every time, the entire physical consciousness has the same call, "Why? How can these things be when You are here!" That's what astonishes it: "Since You are here, how can these things be?"

Till now, in most cases, that has signaled a conversion, a transformation, an illumination (depending on the case), but this case we were just talking about [the Tantric apprentice] came precisely as a result of that return of the Power (I knew it; he told me yesterday, but I knew it when he had his revolt). And all that came was just all the old revolts, all the old movements, which were previously so strong, so widespread, so ESTABLISHED, and had been as though halted in their expression by the withdrawal of the Power. So everyone was slumbering in his condition. Then, as soon as the Force started coming back and working again, it all woke up again.

But it's not the full Presence yet, not the complete Presence of the being, which, through an incontrovertible omnipotence, changes things. So then, the body, with something so very moving in the simplicity of its prayer and its childlike astonishment, asks, "Since You are here, how can that be?..." And all that is ready to be transformed is transformed. But it isn't yet ... (how can I explain?) the compelling thing *(gesture of irresistible descent),* the absolute authority nothing can resist – it's not that, not yet, far from it.

There's no knowing how much more time it will take.

All that is on the verge of changing changes.

Otherwise, it's the slow underground labor, invisible, almost imperceptible, continually.

(silence)

The interesting point is that this body spontaneously, instantly and effortlessly – spontaneously – tries to find in itself, in the body's cells (it's a whole WORLD! A whole world), the cells try to find in themselves, "Oh, where is my incapacity? Where is my helplessness? Where is ... even my bad will or my stupidity or incapacity to understand and adhere?" Like that. And always the same answer, "Give everything, give everything, give everything.... I don't understand, I can't understand, I don't know, I can't know – I can't do anything, I am incapable of doing anything by myself: everything is for You, do it."

They try and try, everything tries to give itself perfectly, perfectly, that is, without exception – everything, everything.

It's a sort of ... not anxiety, but above all a vigilance, as if they were on the alert: "May we do nothing but what You want, think nothing but what You want, feel nothing but what You want, say nothing but what You want...." Constantly, uninterruptedly, night and day. In the middle of activity or in the middle of rest, everything asks, "To be what You want, to feel what You want, to do what You want, to exist ... without difference."

The slightest pain, any discomfort, the slightest clumsy gesture, the slightest thing, and immediately, "Ah! *(with a start)* This isn't You."

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

The subtle physical seems to be more and more transformed. There is still a mystery between the two. A mystery. They are coexistent [the physical and the subtle physical bodies], and yet ... *(gesture of a lack of connection),* the subtle physical doesn't appear to have an influence on this [the body].

Something ... Something to be found ... something.

August 5, 1967

(Mother gives Satprem a quotation from Sri Aurobindo.)

"I have never known any will of mine for one major event in the

> conduct of the world affairs to fail in the end, although it may take a long time for the world-forces to fulfill it."

Sri Aurobindo
(October 1932)

It's very interesting! I didn't know Sri Aurobindo had said that so openly.... I knew the fact, I had noted it, but I didn't know he had said it so openly. Interesting.

Everything is certain.

(Mother nods her head)

August 12, 1967

They've asked me for a message.... On the 19th, the prince of Kashmir, K.S., is holding in Delhi a big meeting of all the members of the parliament and the government to tell them that there is only one policy worth following, that of Sri Aurobindo. And he wants a message from me. Here it is:

> "O India, land of Light and spiritual knowledge, wake up to your true mission in the world. Show the way to union and harmony."

I deliberately didn't use the word *peace;* I said *harmony.* I don't want to say *peace,* because for them, *peace* means telling other nations platitudes so as not to fight (!). So I don't want to use that word.

(silence)

Things are very bad. But in reality ... in reality that's very good, because it awakens them to the need to do something. There's no longer any security anywhere, people who left from Calcutta to come here for the 15th have been stopped on the way, their train had to be diverted because there were, I don't know, bandits somewhere.

> *No, they weren't bandits at all! That's what's more serious: it's not bandits, it's students who stopped the trains! And to cap it all, the Chief Minister of Bengal has declared their "grievances" to be "legitimate."*

They may be legitimate, but their action isn't.

And he said their action should be regarded "sympathetically." I read that in this morning's papers, it's astounding!

(Mother laughs) Charming!

They're not bandits at all!

In any case, those who were expected here are forty-eight hours late.... No, there's no longer any security: someone we know was sitting at his window in Calcutta – sitting at his table and writing – and from the street they threw a bowlful of acid at him!... Why? Nobody knows.

They've lost all their values. Yesterday I met the vice-chancellor of Bangalore University[103]; can you guess what they teach in psychology at the university? They teach Freud and Jung! European psychoanalysis! In this country where there is THE knowledge, where there is everything, they go after...

They're mad. No, the English made them thoroughly rotten. Those two hundred years of British rule left them completely rotten. Naturally, another effect is that some people have awakened, but they don't know anything; they know nothing either of administration or of government or anything – they've lost everything, and whatever they know is what they were taught by Britain, which means an absolutely corrupt business. So they don't know anything, they don't even know how to make a decision.

But still, they are beginning to think that they should ask for help from those who know.... So that opens the door.

We'll see.

If things had gone quite well ... Now the country is ruined, people are completely ruined, there are only a few bandits (I know them) who, on the contrary, are bursting at the seams, but all the others are ruined because ... because the government doesn't know how to do things, it governs with ideas, and what ideas! Ideas they picked up in the West again, which they don't understand and are already bad enough for the West, but here they become pestilential.

But now they're beginning to think that perhaps that's not the way! *(Mother laughs)* And that perhaps they should try another way.... In a month I have already seen four ministers. One is from here, the Chief Minister; it seems I saw him when he was a child (I don't remember, but he remembers that I had caressed him), and when he came the other day he told me (I gave him a flower and a "blessings packet"), he said, "There, I will wear it on me, and with it I will do your work in the government." And quite resolute. A young man, about forty, I think, and rather strong.[104]

From Madras?

No, no, from here, Pondicherry.

But I saw others, from the central government. And they don't come out of

curiosity or casually, they really come because they feel the need for something.

So perhaps we'll be able to do something.... We'll see.

* * *

(Mother comes across the note she wrote on Christianity) and commented on July 29.)

> "Christianity deifies suffering to make it the instrument of the earth's salvation."

You know, it came to me as a discovery.... The whole religion, instead of being seen like this *(gesture from below),* was seen like that *(gesture above)....* Here is what I mean: the ordinary idea of Christianity is that the son (to use their language), the "son of God" came to give his message (a message of love, unity, fraternity and charity) to the earth; and the earth, that is, the governing classes, which weren't ready, sacrificed him, and his "Father," the supreme Lord, let him be sacrificed in order that his sacrifice would have the power to save the world. That is how they see Christianity, it's the most comprehensive idea – the vast majority of Christians don't understand anything whatsoever, but I mean that among them there may be, there may perhaps be (among the cardinals, for instance, who have studied occultism and the deeper symbols of things) some who understand a little better ... anyway. But according to my vision *(Mother points to her note on Christianity),* what happened was that in the history of the evolution of the earth, when the human race, the human species, started questioning and rebelling against suffering, which was a necessity to emerge more consciously from inertia (it's very clear in animals, it has become very clear already: suffering was the means to make them emerge from inertia), but man, on the other hand, went beyond that stage and began rebelling against suffering, naturally also against the Power that permits and perhaps uses (perhaps uses, to his mind) this suffering as a means of domination. So that is the place of Christianity.... There was already before it a pretty long earth history – we shouldn't forget that before Christianity, there was Hinduism, which accepted that everything, including destruction, suffering, death and all calamities, is part of the one Divine, the one God (it's the image of the Gita, the God who "swallows" the world and its creatures). There was that, here in India. There was Buddha, who on the other hand, was horrified by suffering in all its forms, decay in all its forms, and the impermanence of all things, and in trying to find a remedy, concluded that the only true remedy is the disappearance of the creation.... Such was the terrestrial situation when Christianity came in. So there had been a whole period before it, and numbers of people beginning to rebel against suffering and trying to escape from it with such methods. Others deified it and thus bore it as an inescapable

calamity. Then came the need to bring down on earth the concept of a deified, divine suffering, a divine suffering as the supreme means to make the whole human consciousness emerge from Unconsciousness and Ignorance and lead it towards its realization of divine beatitude, but not – not by refusing to collaborate with life, but IN life itself: accepting suffering (the crucifixion) in life itself as a means of transformation in order to lead human beings and the entire creation to its divine Origin.

That gives a place to all religions in the development from the Inconscient to the divine Consciousness.

It isn't just a little remark noted down in passing: it's a vision. One can always present it as something conceived mentally, but it's not that; it's not that, but it was, if you like, a necessity in the development. And it puts things in their TRUE perspective.

Islam was a return towards sensation, beauty, harmony in the form, and the legitimization of sensations and joy in beauty. From a higher viewpoint, it wasn't quite of a superior quality, but from a vital viewpoint, it was extremely powerful, and that's what gave them so much power to spread, to appropriate, seize, dominate. But what they did is very beautiful – all their art is magnificent, magnificent! It was a flowering of beauty.... Then there were others – it all comes one after another. And every religion came as a stage in the development and the relationship with the Divine, to lead the consciousness towards a oneness which is a totality and not a removal from a whole reality so as to obtain another. The need for totality, completeness, is what caused those religions to come like that, one after another.

Seen in that light, it's very interesting.

Instead of looking at it from below, there was all of a sudden an overall vision from the highest height of how it was all organized with such a clear consciousness, such a clear will, each thing coming just when it was necessary so nothing would be overlooked and everything might come out, emerge from that Unconsciousness, and grow increasingly conscious.... And so, in this immense history, the earth history, Christianity finds its place – its legitimate place. That has a double advantage: for those who despise it its value is restored, and as for those who believe it's the only truth, they are made to see that it's only one element among others in the whole. There.

That's why I found it interesting – because it was the result of a vision, and that vision came because I started concerning myself with religions (started again, to tell the truth, because I was very familiar with that subject in the past). And when I was asked questions on the Israelites and the Muslims, I looked and said, "Here is their place. Here is their place and their raison d'être." Then, one day I said to myself, "Well, it's true indeed! Seen in that way, it's obvious: Christianity is like a rehabilitation of suffering as a means of development of the consciousness."

And so Sri Aurobindo's sentence assumes its whole value.... Christianity came because men were rebelling against grief and trying to escape from the world in order to escape from grief.... Then, with the years going by and the unfolding, men

took a liking to suffering! And because they love it (see how Sri Aurobindo's sentence becomes clear), "Christ still hangs on the cross in Jerusalem." It assumes its full significance.

* * *

Soon afterwards

> *Couldn't we publish in the Bulletin what you've just said about Christianity?*

I am not very fond of talking about religions, it's too early.
People are still too full of passion when you speak to them about religion.

> *But here, it's said so objectively.*

You understand, the trouble is that everyone thinks his religion is the exclusive truth!
We'll see next year. Next year, maybe for the month of February, we'll see.
There may be something for the month of February....

August 15, 1967

(Message for Sri Aurobindo's ninety-fifth birthday:)

"But in any case the Divine Power is working always behind and one day, perhaps when one least expects it, the obstacle breaks, the clouds vanish and there is again the light and the sunshine. The best thing in these cases is, if one can manage it, not to fret, not to despond, but to insist quietly and keep oneself open, spread to the Light and waiting in faith for it to come: that, I have found, shortens these ordeals."
Sri Aurobindo

August 16, 1967

What did you feel at the darshan yesterday – not "darshan," at the meditation?... Nothing special?

> *No, Mother. It was fine, but I don't know.*

Ah ... *(in a disappointed tone).* You were at home?

No, in Sri Aurobindo's room.

Oh....

Do you know, I sat down when it was nearly time [for the meditation], maybe half a minute before, and instantly, without warning, like a staggering blow: such a powerful descent (I was completely stilled) of something.... At the same time Sri Aurobindo seemed to tell me (because the definition came along with the "thing" – it was a vision which wasn't a vision, which was absolutely concrete), and the word was *golden peace.* But so strong! And it didn't budge anymore. For the entire half-hour it didn't budge. Never before ... It's something new, I had never felt that before. I can't say.... It was perceived, but not like an objective vision. And other people spontaneously told me that as soon as they sat down for the meditation *(gesture of a massive descent),* something came with a tremendous power, everything was stilled, and a sense of peace as they had never felt in their life.

Golden peace ...

And indeed it gave a sense of supramental golden light, but it was ... such peace! A concrete peace, you know, not the negation of disorder and activity, no: concrete, a concrete peace. I didn't want to stop: they sounded the gong, but I stayed on for two or three minutes. When I did stop, it went away. And it made such a difference for the body – the body itself – such a difference that when the experience went away I felt in great discomfort and it took me half a minute to find my balance again.

It came and went away. It came for the meditation, then went away. For more than a half-hour: thirty-five minutes.

Golden peace.

And in the evening [at the balcony], there was a crowd (I think it was the largest crowd we've ever had, it filled all the streets; the streets were full of people as far as the eye could see), so I came out. And when I went out, there arose from that whole crowd a sort of ... something in between an entreaty, a prayer and a protest, against the world's condition, and particularly the country's. And it rose up in waves.... I looked at it (it was particularly insistent), then said to myself, "Today isn't my day, it's Sri Aurobindo's day," and I did like this *(gesture of withdrawal)* and put Sri Aurobindo in front. Then, when he came in front, when he put himself in front, he simply said, very simply, *"The Lord knows better what He is doing." (Mother laughs)* I immediately started smiling (I didn't laugh, but started smiling), and there came the same peace as in the morning.

That's all.

The Lord knows better what He is doing ... with his most perfect sense of humor. And everything calmed down right away.

I felt like laughing, but I smiled.

You were at your doorway?

No, I was inside and looking through the window, because the street

was full of people.... But Mother, how is it that I always perceive the same thing? There are differences of intensity, but it's ALWAYS the same thing. I am not complaining because it's admirably peaceful, powerful, tranquil, but it's always the "same thing"; I can't say that one meditation is very different from any other: whether I am with you or whether I am at the darshan, it's the same state.

But the minute (really the minute – it wasn't even a state in time, it really was the minute), the minute I made contact with what I call the Supreme, that is, the part that looks after the earth, throughout the years it has always been i-den-ti-cal-ly the same thing.

All that has differences is below. That is the summit. And the summit ... that's why I use the word "Supreme," because there's nothing other than "That," which is supreme Peace, supreme Light, a sort of supreme tranquil Bliss, a sense of supreme Power and a Consciousness ... an all-containing Consciousness, like that *(immense gesture)* ... and then it's over. It's still. Still – not "motionless," but far above movement, far above. And identical, with the sense that "it's like that forever." And it contains everything, but ... *(immutable gesture, the palms of the hand drawn back).*

As soon as you make contact with that, everything is fine.

Change, movement, newness is when you are on the way – on the way you keep having experiences, one upon another upon another; or when you are on the road to transformation, there is one thing, then another, then yet another. But when you make contact THERE, it's over *(same immutable gesture).* Every time you make contact there, it's like that. And it contains everything, but ... you are not concerned with that.[105]

And naturally, it's supreme rest, supreme power, supreme knowledge, supreme consciousness ... and something more.

August 19, 1967

This morning, for two hours, I had what I believe to be really the most wonderful experience in my life from the point of view of knowledge-vision. And it was so total ... from the most essential perception of That which is beyond the creation down to the perception of the body's cells, from high to low. And in every plane, the vision of the creation.

It went on for two hours. I walked about, had my wash – it didn't matter in the least, on the contrary there was, added to that, the knowledge of how the body can act without disturbing the state of consciousness.

Afterwards, there was a slight flagging, because there came ... I can't say the memory (it wasn't a memory), but all the complaints: the same thing as at the balcony on the darshan day – the human attitude towards the Supreme is only to complain and demand ... complain and demand and complain ... That's all. It came

back. Before, the whole vision was there like that *(gesture from high to low),* it was magnificent, magnificent: each and every thing, the entire human history, the entire history of intellectual and material evolution, everything like that, everything in its place. It was really fine. And afterwards, there came that wave of complaints.

It was as if the body were asking, "What attitude" (that's what provided the link), "What attitude should I have? What should I do?..." Because there was the vision of life, death, of all circumstances, everything was there. The full knowledge of everything. Oh, the whole part about death was very, very interesting, and how mankind has tried to understand, how there have been all kinds of solutions (that is, partial attitudes), and all of it was part of the Whole.

So the conclusion ... Oh, at that time I could have said many things about all the different intellectual and even spiritual attitudes of mankind.... There aren't big differences. The spiritual (what's commonly called "spiritual") boils down to the whole attempt at finding the Divine again by annulling the creation – that's what has been regarded as spiritual life (that's why the word got distorted). To annul the creation in order to find the Divine again.... And then, NOW: the vision of now. We are obviously drawing nearer to the moment of possibility – that is clear. It's a question of time – of course, it can't be on the human scale, but we are on the borderline.

And as I said, the body asked ... oh, it had such a wonderful moment! A moment, a few minutes, when it KNEW how it ought to be. It was magnificent. Then the experience came.[106] Till then, it was inexpressible: it was lived, it was a living consciousness, but the mind had become very quiet, so it was inexpressible. Then there came back that great complaint from the world, and the experience started being expressed *(Mother looks for a note).* It started being expressed, because it isn't just the anonymous demand of thousands of people: it's virtually a shower of letters, questions, demands from people who believe ... they believe they are part of the Work, of the Action, they believe they have given themselves, and they ask all sorts of questions – and such futile questions – which to them are of crucial importance, but which are so puerile, stupid, unimportant: how to start a business, the date of its inauguration, a name for a house, a message for a meeting.... And what goings-on, it's a deluge from every side. So it all was seen in the new attitude – not "new," the consciousness was fully there, there had been a whole tendency to increasingly adopt that attitude, but now it was KNOWN, fully known: what one must be, how one must be. So I came down abruptly to reply to all that.

For some time there had been swarms of questions from people – I refused, just refused to answer; I would reply with some joke or other: "I am not a fortuneteller," or "It's none of my concern, none of my business." Jokes, and sometimes I would say, "Ah, let them leave me alone, that's childishness." And people who think they are very dedicated, for instance a man who has already given at least ten lakhs of rupees (he knows it only too well, but still he did give them!) and who wants to work to bring more – but then, his questions ... So

instead of replying with a quip (that was my last experience: it's like dictated answers, but they are quips), this morning something came in English *(Mother reads her note):*
"We are not here to make our life easy and comfortable. We are here to find the Divine, to become the Divine, to manifest the Divine.

> "What happens to us is the Divine's outlook, it is not our concern.
> "The Divine knows better than us what is good for the progress of the world and our own."

Everyone comes and complains and complains – that so-and-so has robbed him, that his wife doesn't love him, that his brother has betrayed him, that ... All the idiotic stories by the hundreds, you understand, a deluge.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding a sympathizer of the Ashram, Mrs. Z, who cannot get out of her Christianity.[107])

So, did you see this lady?

I feel there's a possibility to do something.... What's your impression?

This morning, Christianity, too, was there among all the other things.

(silence)

You understand, behind this whole earth evolution, there is, with a greater or lesser degree of consciousness (it's an unexpressed need rather than a precise consciousness), the need to live the Divine – or to put it differently, the need to live divinely. And it is clear that what was translated into different religions was solutions found individually ("found," and perhaps partially lived); and here [in India], there was this solution: in order to really become the Divine again, the creation should be done away with. That is, the Nirvanic solution. And instinctively – instinctively – mankind felt death to be the negation of the Divine. But like every negation, it had the capacity to lead and open the way. The solution of Christianity wasn't quite new, it was the adaptation of an ancient solution: a life in other worlds – which was translated into that quite childish conception of heaven. But that was a conception for public use: a life in the presence of the Divine, exclusively taken up with the Divine, and so you would sing and ... Touchingly simple. Anyway, they conceived of a world (not a material one) in which a divine life had been realized. In the ancient Indian traditions, there had also been a first hint of divine worlds, as a sort of reaction to that Nirvanism – if we want to be divine, we must stop being, or if the Divine wants to be pure, he must stop manifesting! ... So all that was like clumsy attempts to find the means, and perhaps at the same time like inner preparations, to make people capable of

really making contact with the Divine. Then there was that great reaction of the cult of Matter, which has been VERY useful to knead it and make it less unconscious of itself: it has forcibly brought consciousness back into Matter. So perhaps all that has been a sufficient preparation for the moment of the Total Manifestation to have come *(gesture of descent)*.

This morning, during the experience, the body felt the whole bliss of the condition, but it was very conscious of its incapacity to manifest, very conscious in such a perfect peace, like this *(gesture with the palms of the hands open upward),* in which there wasn't even the intensity of the need. It was simply a vision of how things were, how the condition was. And it was something like this: the conditions of the earth are such, the conditions of the substance are such that a local and momentary manifestation, as an example, is not impossible, but the transformation that would make possible the new Manifestation of the supramental being – and not just as an isolated case, but with its place and role in earth life – does not appear to be immediate. That was the impression.

And there was no anguish to know or anything of the sort, there was simply a very calm vision of things, absolutely devoid of almost any need: it was like this *(same gesture with palms open),* as peaceful as can be, smiling, calm, with a sense of eternity.... All that in this body, which was totally and entirely conscious of its incapacity. Naturally, the body, for its part, very clearly feels it neither knows nor is able to know or will or do: simply like this *(gesture with palms open),* as peacefully open, receptive, surrendered as possible. And that was the result [= the vision that the Manifestation was not for the immediate future].

And it always ends in the same way: "What You will."

But with a very clear vision that a collective transformation sufficient to create a new species on earth still seems some way off ... without any estimate of the length of time, but not immediate.

The fact is certain.

The fact is certain – it's not a possibility, but a FACT. But as for what's translated in the human consciousness in terms of time, that can't be estimated, it can't be calculated.

August 26, 1967

(Regarding the group "World Union")

This World Union, oh, how outmoded they are!... There are hundreds and hundreds of such groups that chatter, do nothing and change absolutely nothing whatsoever.

Yes, it has always seemed to me childishness and chatter.

Oh! ... Moreover, as soon as the group was set up, they kicked out the man who had started it! They did it under the pretext he was dishonest, but still he was the founder. He had gone to Russia, and it was in Russia that the idea of World Union came to him. So four or five of them came together to form this World Union, and fifteen days later they started quarreling – a year later they kicked out the one who had founded it! Then it was the turn of S., who, at least, has some ideas.... Anyway, he too was thrown out. Then they came to me to tell me their miseries! I told them, "Listen, you are profoundly ridiculous: you want to preach world unity, and the first thing you do is quarrel! It shows that you aren't ready." And I left it at that. Then A.B., who was very well known in Africa, recruited all kinds of people and made me see a few of them to ask me if they were able to do something – absolutely nothing, you know, nothing at all: old pillars of a house in ruins, nothing else....

* * *

(Mother listens to Satprem reading out from the notebook of a disciple who regularly asks questions.)

> *"Sweet Mother, it is said that the good and the true always triumph, but in life, one often sees the opposite happen. The wicked win and seem to have some protection against suffering."*

(Mother laughs, then remains silent)

We always confuse two notions.

It is from the universal and spiritual point of view that, not exactly "good" as people understand it, but the True, the Truth, will have the last word, that is well known. In other words, the Divine will eventually be victorious. That is what has been said, what all those who have lived a spiritual life have said – and it is an absolute fact. When people translate it, they say, "I am a good boy, I live according to what I think to be true, therefore life should be a bed of roses for me!" *(Mother laughs)* To begin with, self-appreciation is always very doubtful, and then, in the world as it now is, everything is mixed and what openly manifests to the half-blind human consciousnesses is not the Law of pure Truth – they wouldn't even understand it. To be more precise, I mean that what is constantly realized is the supreme vision, but its realization in this mixed material world isn't seen by the ignorant human vision as the triumph of good (of what men call "good" and "truth"). But – to put it in jest – it's not the Lord's fault, it's men's fault! That is, the Lord knows what he is doing, but men don't understand it.

> *In a true world, everything would perhaps be the same as now, but it would be seen differently.*

Both. There would be a difference. The ignorance and darkness present in the world are what gives divine Action a distorted appearance; and naturally, that must tend to disappear. But it is also true that there is a way of looking at things which ... I might say, which gives their appearance another meaning – the two are there, like this *(intertwined gesture)*.

(silence)

It always comes down to this: men's judgment is false – false because their vision of things is false, incomplete – and their judgment necessarily has false results, too.

The world is in perpetual change – perpetual, it doesn't remain the same for one second – and the general harmony expresses itself more and more perfectly; so nothing can remain as it is, and in spite of all contrary appearances, the WHOLE is always in constant progression: the harmony grows increasingly harmonious, the truth grows increasingly true in the Manifestation. But in order to see that, one must see the whole, and man only sees ... not even just the human field, but his own tiny, so tiny, microscopic field – he can't understand.

It is a double thing that grows towards completion *(same intertwined gesture),* and with a reciprocal action: as the Manifestation grows more conscious of itself, its expression grows more perfect, and also truer. The two movements go together.

(silence)

That's one of the things that was seen very clearly the other day, when there was that Knowledge-Consciousness: when the Manifestation has sufficiently emerged from the Inconscient for that whole need for struggle created by the presence of the Inconscient to ,become progressively and increasingly unnecessary, it will disappear quite naturally, and instead of taking place in effort and struggle, progress will begin to take place harmoniously. That's what the human consciousness envisions as a divine creation on earth – it will still be only a stage. But to the present stage, it's a sort of harmonious culmination that will change universal progress (which is constant) from a progress in struggle and suffering into a progress in joy and harmony.... But what was seen was that this sense of inadequacy, of something incomplete and imperfect, can be expected to exist for a very long time (if the notion of time remains the same – I don't know about that?). But any change means time, doesn't it? We can't translate it in terms of time as we conceive of it, but it means a succession.

All those so-called problems (I constantly receive questions and more questions and problems of the mind – all the problems of Ignorance) are problems of worms. As soon as you emerge above, that kind of problem no longer exists. There are no contradictions either. Contradictions always arise from the inadequacy of vision and the incapacity to see something from all standpoints at once.

In any case, to come back to the down-to-earth question in his notebook, I

don't think any sage in any age said, "Be good and all will outwardly go well for you" – because that's rubbish. In a world of disorder and a world of falsehood, hoping for that isn't reasonable. But if you are sincere enough and total enough in your way of being, you can have the inner joy and the full satisfaction, whatever the circumstances – and nobody, nothing has the power to touch that. But it's something else. But to ask for your business to do well, for your wife to be faithful and your children not to fall sick and all those things, that of course is rubbish!

* * *

(A little later, regarding Mrs. Z, the Christian sympathizer of the Ashram who has paid Satprem several visits and was going to become somewhat ... unwieldy.)

> *... I don't know what to do. I feel a need in her, a sincere need, and a wish to find a way out, without being able to.*

She doesn't entirely want to.

> *That's right!*

You know, I had an experience of this sort quite a long time ago – ages ago, when I was still in France, in Paris. There was a fellow student in the studio (because I studied in a painting studio for a long time), she was a very good painter, we were close friends, and I started telling her about the *Cosmic Review* and Théon's teaching. She belonged to a Catholic family with archbishops, even cardinals, anyway it was ... And she was extremely interested and wholly convinced: she felt a liberation of the spirit and aspiration. Then, when I had Sri Aurobindo's teaching, I passed it on to her, and there she was really quite taken. But she often told me, "As long as I am awake, everything is fine, but in my sleep I'll suddenly wake up with a dreadful fright: but if after all the Catholic teaching is true, then I'll go to hell!" And so, a torture. And she would tell me, "When I am quite awake, I see how ridiculous it is...."

But all those who were baptized and went for a time to confession are part of a whole, an inner, psychological entity, and it's VERY difficult to break free from it; they are bound to a whole – there is ... there is an invisible Church, and all those people are in its grip. To break free from it, one must be a vital hero. A true hero, you understand. Because it's very strong. I saw that, all religions have in that way kinds of congregations in the invisible; but among them all, the Christian is the strongest from a terrestrial standpoint. It's much stronger than that of the Buddhists, much stronger than that of the Chinese, much stronger than the ancient Hindu religions – it's the strongest. And naturally stronger than the more recent religions, too – the strongest. And when you are baptized, you are bound. If you

don't go to mass and have never been to confession, with a little vital energy you can get out of it, but those who have gone to confession – especially confession – and when you take communion, when you are given Christ to eat (another frightful thing) ...

That girl was a true artist and a great intelligence, so I had the example. When she was awake, she understood wonderfully; and she herself was furious, but she didn't have ... she didn't have the power to remove the hold from her subconscient.

She was far more intelligent than Mrs. Z, there's no comparison. She was a great artist.

> *What should I do? Should I attempt something? I am like an intermediary, you understand. Or should I put her bluntly, but with consciousness and force, in front of the fact that she is a prisoner and I really cannot do anything for her?*

I wouldn't like her to encroach on your life, to tell you the truth.

Because she isn't aware of it, but there may be an adverse formation (she is a completely unconscious instrument). If you were quite sturdy, you understand, with much vital force, I would say, "Never mind, we'll break their necks." But you need to be careful.

You yourself say it tires you.

> *Oh, yes, I am exhausted.*

So you see. Once in a while doesn't matter, but not too often.

> *I'll have to tell her.*

Yes, you could tell her very politely ... *(laughing)* saying that a breath of fresh air would do her good! But she'll propose to meet you outside![108]

I'll try to do something ... but she isn't very ... You know, I always feel as if they were surrounded with something sticky, as if they had sticky tape around them! – You can't get in.

> *She asked me for an Indian name.*

Oh, she has taken you as her guru!

> *I don't know. She's taken me as an intermediary, yes. It's a role I don't like in the least!*

(Mother laughs) Oh, indeed, it's bothersome.

> *But you understand, I am on the one hand concerned about her and on the other concerned about myself. What should I do?*

(After a long silence) Do you know how to put me or Sri Aurobindo between you and the people you see?

I don't know if I know how to do it, but I always call, I am always like this [gesture towards the consciousness above], calling above.

But that's not the way! You must do it HERE *(Mother gestures in front of the disciple's chest),* and you hide behind ... (laughing) as I did the other day at the balcony! What was the interval between her two visits?

Five or six days.

We'll see, we'll try ...

She even said last time that she would like to meditate with me – but I'm not a guru!

It's not a pleasant trade! *(laughter)* We'll see, you will tell me.

(Mother goes into a concentration)

Now, Sri Aurobindo is there, like that, from here up to there *(gesture from the lower part of the chest up to the forehead).* So if you are like that when people are near you ... Just in front of you. Did you feel all at once a sort of fullness in the atmosphere? Did you feel it? As though it became something ... "comfortable" is a very small word: a sort of fullness. Did you feel it?

Yes.

That was when he came.
He is still there.
So if you have that, you can see anyone, it doesn't matter!

(silence)

There are also quite dark things in me.

(After a silence) One offers them up.

August 30, 1967

The last few nights, I have spent almost the whole night, several hours of it, in a place which must certainly belong to the subtle physical and where material life is being reorganized. It's immense – immense – and the crowd innumerable; but they are individualities, not a crowd, which means that I deal with each of them. And there are also kinds of documents and writing tables, but there are no walls! It's a strange place. A very strange place.

I have often wondered if the memory of physical forms is what makes me see that world like that, or if it REALLY is like that. Sometimes there is no doubt

because it has its own specific character, but at other times I have a doubt and wonder if it's not in the active memory. Because when I am there I am very conscious, everything is extremely natural, you understand; and it's permanent: I find the same things in the same places again, sometimes with slight differences, but differences made necessary by action. Which means it's a coherent world, not wild imaginings. But to what extent are those forms the reflection of material forms? To what extent are they REALLY like that, or do we SEE them like that? I am not quite sure yet. I had the same problem in the past when I used to go into the Overmind and see the Gods: I always had a kind of hesitation as to whether they really are like that, or we perceive them like that because of our physical habits.... There, after a time I reached a conclusion, but here, physically? ...

Strangely, there are no doors, no windows, no ceiling or floor, all that is self-existent and does not appear to be subject to the law of gravity, that is, there isn't the earth's magnetic attraction, yet what you write with *(laughing)* looks like a fountain pen! What you write on looks like paper; the documents are placed in what looks like filing cabinets.... You do feel that the substance isn't the same, but the appearance is very close. And I am still wondering about that appearance: is it something we add on because of our ordinary brain working, or are things really like that?

I meet almost everyone there. I told you that you are there quite regularly, and we do work. As for you, you don't remember. Others remember, but their memory is ... *(Mother makes a slight twist with her fingers)* just slightly off, that is, not identically what I saw. And when they tell me, I clearly feel it's because of, yes, the transcription in their brains.... The objective reality of the material world stems from the fact that when you see the same object again ten times, it looks ten times like itself, with differences that are logical, for instance differences of wear and tear – but there too it's like that! If you study carefully, even in the physical world no two people see things in exactly the same way. There, it may be more pronounced, but it seems to be a similar phenomenon....

The explanation becomes very simple and very easy when you enter the consciousness in which it's the material reality that becomes an illusion – it's illusory, inexact: the inner reality is truer. Then, in that case, it's simple. Maybe it's only our mind that finds it surprising?

Take writing, for instance: I haven't noticed in detail, but when you write there, you seem to write much more easily.... I don't know how to explain it ... it takes much less time. And things are noted down on paper, but is it paper? It looks like paper, but things are noted down much more directly.... It's perhaps only a similarity, like when, for example, you use a fountain pen or a pencil: it's not exactly a fountain pen or a pencil, it's something that looks like it and is ... (what should I say?) the prototype or principle of that object. But what I mean is that if we were still at the time of the goose quill or the twig that you dip into ink, I would probably see it like that! ... It's the ESSENCE or principle of the thing, which, in the memory, is translated as a similarity.

But it's an action. I am aware of the time only on my return, because I have

formed a habit of looking at the time when I come back to the material consciousness (there is a watch beside my bed and I look so as to know), and that's how I can say, "It lasted an hour" or "It lasted two hours." But there, you don't have the sense of time at all, it's not the same sense at all – what matters is the CONTENT of action, and during those hours, many, many things are done, very many. I meet you very regularly, but many others too, and I am at many places at the same time! And when someone tells me, "Oh, I saw you last night, you did this and that," then somewhere up above I say, "Oh, it's true indeed." There's a tiny *(same gesture of twist),* tiny little difference, but the essence of the thing is the same.

And I have noticed that with those things that are very close to the physical, if you wake up abruptly, still more if you move when you wake up, if you stir or turn over, they go away. It's only if later I have a very quiet moment and go within myself that I can slowly make contact again with that state. So I am not surprised that most people don't remember. Experiences in the vital, in the mind, are much more easily remembered, but that, which is very close to the physical ...

And its character is such that if you kept consciousness of it when you woke up, you'd look a little mad. I had that experience two days ago, and it taught me a lot – I looked, studied and studied until I had understood. It was during the afternoon rest (I don't sleep at all in the afternoon, but just enter the inner consciousness), and I had decided beforehand that I would "wake up," that is, get up, at such and such a time. When the time came, I was still very much in my action and it went on, the state of consciousness went on with open eyes; and in that state of consciousness there was ... (I can't say "I" because it's not the same "I," you understand; at such times I am many people), but the "I" of that time was in the habit (not here materially but "up there") of wearing a gold watch *(gesture to the wrist)* and had forgotten to put that watch on; and it looked and noticed it: "Ah, I forgot to put my watch on, what's happened to it? Why did I forget?" Like that. So then, when I woke up (I don't wear any watch here, as you know), when I came back, the two consciousnesses were simultaneous, and I said aloud, "Where is my watch? I forgot to put my watch on." And it's only when I had said that *(laughing)* that I realized! So it left me thinking, I studied carefully, looked carefully, and clearly saw that at that moment the two consciousnesses were absolutely *(Mother closely superposes her two hands),* but absolutely simultaneous.

It's very interesting. Oh, all kinds of problems have been solved with that experience. For instance, the problem of many people who are called mad, and who are simply in that subtle consciousness *(same superposed gesture):* at certain times it prevails, which makes them say things that are meaningless here but have a very clear meaning over there, and so the consciousness is like this *(superposed gesture, almost merged).* That accounts for many cases of so-called madness. Certain cases of apparent insincerity are also like that, because the consciousness sees clearly in that region, and that region is so close that you can give things the same names (they seem to have the same shapes or very similar ones), but it's not

what is conventionally called here "tangible reality": materially, outwardly, things aren't exactly like that. And so, there are cases of so-called insincerity that are simply too close a mingling of the two consciousnesses – too close for an active discernment.

Oh, a whole region has been clarified, and not only clarified but with the key to the cure or the transformation. From the psychological, internal point of view, a huge amount of things has been explained – a huge amount. Which considerably brings down the number of cases of real mental derangement and cases of real lies, that is, the cases when one deliberately and consciously says the contrary of what is – that mustn't be as frequent as we think. Many people say incorrect things like that *(floating, dangling gesture),* but they have perceptions in another world than the purely material world, with too close a mingling and without enough discernment to be aware of the mingling.... Sri Aurobindo used to say that real bad will, real hostility and real falsehood are rare enough cases ("real" in the sense of absolute in themselves, and conscious, deliberate – deliberate, absolute, conscious); that's rare. And that, he said, is what is described as hostile beings. But all the rest is a sort of illusion of the consciousness, consciousnesses that interfere with each other *(Mother intertwines the fingers of her two hands to and fro),* but without a precise discernment between the different consciousnesses, which are like this *(same gesture),* intermingled, each going in and out of the other.

(silence)

So the result has been to see the immensity of the problem to be solved, of the path to be walked, of the transformation to be worked out.... When you look at it from the purely psychological standpoint, it's relatively easy and swift, but when you come to this *(Mother touches her body),* to the outer form and so-called matter, oh, it's a world! Each lesson ... it's as if you were given lessons, and it's so interesting! Lessons with all the consequences and explanations. You spend one or two days over a tiny little discovery. And you see that after it, after that day or those hours of work, there is a change in the body consciousness: the light is there, it's changed – changed, the reactions are not the same. But ... *(Mother gestures to express a world of work).*

And the Presence – the Presence grows more and more intimate, more and more concrete, and at such times ... at times *(Mother makes a gesture of swelling)* it's so concrete as to be almost absolute. Then *(gesture of being covered again)* another state of consciousness comes and everything has to begin all over again.

interesting.

And it's so clearly to teach you ... High-sounding words, great attitudes, remarkable experiences are all very fine up above, but here ... nothing spectacular – everything is very modest, very quiet, very unassuming. Very modest. And that's the condition for progress, the condition for the transformation.

There, mon petit.

September 3, 1967

(Regarding Auroville's beach, where Satprem now often goes in the evening for a stroll. The beach is some four miles from Pondicherry.)

I find the atmosphere different.

Over there?... It's wonderful.

Yes, but there is a very different atmosphere, I don't know if it's in my consciousness.

Something is missing? ... It [Mother's atmosphere] doesn't reach up to there?

I don't know, I don't feel "surrounded" as I do here.

When Sri Aurobindo was here and I used to go out, I would feel his atmosphere as far as the lake.[109] Then, as soon as I went beyond, it would thin out and then vanish. But I thought that there ...

I don't know, that's my impression; it may be quite subjective, but I don't have the same sensation of comfort, if you like.

Because now there is such a tremendous accumulation here, you know! I am every moment marveling that nothing wrong happens to anyone. So naturally, people who are receptive and sensitive must feel a big difference.... It has really become almost concrete, you know, like that *(gesture of a clenched fist).* I myself feel the difference. It may be that.

* * *

(Regarding that same Christian lady who is trying to come into closer contact with the Ashram.)

Have you seen her?

Oh, yes.... There have been new developments. The last time I saw her, I clearly perceived she was enveloped in something ... something that looked very receptive but was in fact completely shut in in its own structure.

That's right.

Then the next day she wrote me a letter. And when I read that letter I felt I had put my finger on the Falsehood, the Asura. The REAL Falsehood, you know, I mean the one that has caught hold of the light and turned it into a falsehood.

Yes, exactly.

Really I said, "This is the Falsehood." And I had a very strange reaction: I suddenly felt like taking that letter, a knife, sticking the knife into the letter and burning it.

Well, that's interesting!

I didn't do it because I thought I might do her harm.

I too had that sense of Falsehood.[110]

And the amusing thing is that I got her letter, read it, then Sujata came into my room, stayed five minutes in it, and I saw her go out abruptly, just like that. And half an hour later she told me, "But what's the matter in your room? I suddenly felt exhausted as if I had worked for twelve hours."

See. Then what happened next?

I wrote her a letter in which I said this: "... You have to see by yourself, feel by yourself. If you are satisfied with the religious experience that Christianity represents, I do not see why I should disabuse you. Everyone follows the path he feels good for him. If you came and told me, 'I seek something else,' it would be a different matter and I might be able to do something to help you. But until then, I really cannot do anything for you, and all words are useless. It is for you to feel and see."

That's very good, excellent, really. That's what she had to hear.... They're all the same, they want to "profit" from others, you know. And that's really falsehood.

This letter is very good.

(silence)

Those attitudes always end up in a crisis.

We had a Frenchwoman here, she came from Dordogne and changed her name when she came here: she was called Nivedita. She was extremely enthusiastic, very devoted, but at the same time she had remained very Christian: she tried to keep the two going side by side. Here, naturally, that gave her inner difficulties, and one day, without really knowing why or how, she went to confession – and everything collapsed. She was in despair, collapsed. I told her, "It's better for you

to go." And she went. She went back to France. As soon as she was there, she wrote other desperate letters, and then she died.

So the nearer they draw, the more difficult the problem becomes. It's better to ... This lady has external work to do. I haven't been too much encouraging her becoming intimate here, because one day she'll be up against the big problem – you understand, symbolically it's limited to one person, but it's the big problem of Religion, as a dogma and absolute law, versus freedom, and ... not many can hold out.

September 6, 1967

I have four baskets full to the brim, more than a hundred letters to read! So in the morning *(Mother shows a stack of letters on her table)* this much comes, and in the afternoon it will be the same thing. Then A. comes in the evening at seven with other letters.... That is, twenty-five to thirty letters a day. Out of them, if I work hard, I can reply to four or five! So you understand, the residue piles up: four baskets!

* * *

Soon afterwards

I have made discoveries these last few days.... I have discovered that in former lives (I don't know which ones), my psychic being was several times in a tortured body. And it comes back for (how should I put it?) a collective action in the world, on the earth, so the possibility of the thing may disappear. It's a rather interesting work.

But I noticed it because I said to myself, "But why is my attention constantly turned to that?" Then I looked carefully and saw that the psychic was several times in a tortured body, long ago at the time of the Inquisition, but also in political cases (much more recently, probably). Real tortures, you know, those inventions in which men are worse than monsters – no animal is as monstrous as a human consciousness when it is like that.... And it came back with the "law," the principle of the thing, of the distortion of consciousness, and once I had understood, I looked at myself (I was wondering, "Why? Why is my attention turned to that?"), I looked and saw. And I started doing what had to be done so it may no longer exist in the creation – some things will not exist any longer.

But nothing in the creation that belongs to the mineral world, the plant world, the animal world, needs to disappear. There were those monstrous animals: they disappeared materially but not ... not the principle of the creation. It's since man

came with the mind – when the mind was twisted, deformed by the adverse forces. That's really ugly.

> *How can that be dissolved? Torture, for instance, that sort of thing? How can it be dissolved from the earth consciousness so it no longer happens again? How can it be done?*

Oh, for all really monstrous things, there is only one force – only one force that can dissolve them. I knew it in principle, but now I know it in practice: it is the force of Love. Love is truly all-victorious – but true Love, not what men call "love," not that: true, divine Love.

You see one drop of "That" in its perfection, and all shadows disappear – all disharmonies disappear. Only in its perfection, in its essential purity.

It truly is all-powerfulness.

And without ... without the sense of victory, that's what is so, so wonderful! It's the All-Victorious which doesn't at all have the sense of being victorious – not at all, not at all.

(silence)

This morning for more than an hour, there were veritable scenes [of torture] in their completeness, with all the details, and then ... that wonderful Thing.

Even while the torture is taking place, in that Consciousness, it disappears. And it disappears not only for the one who's subjected to it, but for the one who's doing it. And the Thing in itself. It was interesting.

There were all the details of the scene, with such precision! The words uttered, the gestures ... To such a point that if it had simply been written down, it would have made an extraordinary novel! That's what surprised me, because I am not a writer, and it doesn't generally interest me, so why did it come back like that, presented so completely?... Until ... until the fulfillment – the end was a marvel: That.

* * *

(Then Mother turns to the first Playground Talk[111] intended for the next Bulletin. In that Talk of April 29, 1953, Mother, as if coincidentally, was speaking about ... religions. She said this, in particular: "... Otherwise, there wouldn't be any religions. There would be masters and disciples, people with a higher teaching and an exceptional experience. That would be very good. But as soon as the master is gone, what happens is that the knowledge he gave is turned into a religion. Rigid dogmas are established, religious rules are born, and you can only bow before the Tables of the Law, whereas in the beginning it was not so. You are told, 'This is true, that is false, the Master said ...' After a time, the master becomes a god, and you are told, 'God

said.'")

Should I let this pass? ... It will cause a hurricane! (It's a good text, anyway.) Was it like that or did you arrange it?

> *No, no! I arrange the grammar in places, but I haven't altered it at all, it's as it was.*

I am asking you because when I had those gatherings [at the Playground], on some days I would feel the full Force like this *(gesture of descent),* and everything I said would come direct. At other times, it was the memory that spoke, and then it would be so flat! But when you read those Talks back to me, I perceive those that were direct and those that were simply a machine playing (!) And this one, this talk, was very good.

With the last ones especially, in the last year, to me it was very clear, perfectly clear: on certain days That would speak *(gesture from above),* and I would only feel my mouth move and hear the sound of my voice. At other times it was the whole storehouse of memories, and what was expressed was just worthless.

> *For a long time, with these Talks we published in the Bulletin, I often used to arrange them because the language seemed to me too spoken or disjointed. But now that I am preparing the complete edition, I put things back almost word for word as you said them, except when it really jars too much, when it's too ungrammatical! Otherwise, I leave it as it was, because I find that's how it has force.*

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

A head big as this ... He was smiling, and showing us both something that was the symbolic image of these Talks. It was very interesting! His head was this big *(gesture: about a foot and a half),* wholly luminous with that supramental light which is ... it's golden, but with red in it – not red: pink, but ... it's inexpressible.

It's almost like a flame, but not dazzling; and it gives the sense of a force – a really all-powerful force. He was there like this *(gesture between Mother and Satprem),* between the two of us, with his hand outstretched (it was all the same color), and held in it was a cube. And that cube was all those Talks. So he showed the cube, which had a transparent light ... (how can I put it?) a *steady* transparent light – not still, but *steady.* And there were kinds of veins in it: blue veins, silvery ones ... It was a cube, you see, a perfect cube, but it was all moving about: blue, silvery, red veins, and also, here and there, a small dark line. And he was showing it as if to say, "Here is how it is." The whole thing was a cube of colorless, transparent light – purely transparent and purely luminous; and there were kinds of currents passing through it: sometimes in a corner (but it was shifting about, not still), and it was now dark blue (not dark, but blue – really blue), now silvery, now white, and in places, from time to time, here or there *(gesture to various points),*

there was in a corner or at an edge, a small black line!

He held it out in his hand and laughed!

It was very good! *(Mother laughs)* The exact representation of these Talks.

But he meant (it certainly looked like that), he meant that the whole thing was the cube – a well-organized cube, with a transparent light, very pure, very luminous, like that, and then *(laughing)* it was all moving about inside it!

I saw him in profile (he was just in between us), I saw him in profile, and his hand, which I saw, was just in between us, like that, and he showed that so we would both see it – and he smiled and smiled.... I think he wanted to laugh!

September 9, 1967

(The "unbearable pressure")

As soon as you want to do something, the whole opposite rises up in a mass ... with a degree of stupidity beyond all measure.

You want to create Harmony: everyone quarrels! Intelligent people seem to become stupid, they do silly things – this morning I have been spending all my time writing to stop people from doing foolish things.... Strange. Intelligent, responsible people, you understand, people who have worked for a long time – and ... tomfoolery.

Oh, as soon as there comes a little power – the power of light, power of truth, power of love (the aspect of power in things) – as soon as that manifests *(gesture of uprising),* it causes a terrible confusion: everyone feels full of energy, and with that energy does stupid things! ... Then, if you withdraw the Power ... *(gesture of flattening)* flat out – no one does anything anymore!

Anyway ...

September 13, 1967

(Still regarding Mrs. Z, the Catholic lady who hovers around the Ashram.)

I have a nasty little story to tell you.... The other day, I forget when, F. met Mrs. Z, who told her (she too was in a concentration camp), "I would like ..." (word for word) "I would like Satprem to go back to the concentration camp to see if his reaction now would be different!" F. was so indignant that she couldn't help telling her, "But that is a monstrous desire to have!"

There's my story: "I'd like him to go back to the concentration camp to see! ..."

But the marvel is that I feel I could be sent anywhere, anything could happen to me, even the worst things, and ... nothing would budge!

It wouldn't matter in the least, yes, that's right. And that's what upsets them! You understand, for them you can have that salvation only if you are Catholic.

Anyway, the matter is now closed.

But you know, it's not the end! I fought a battle with her.

Oh, did she write again?

A veritable battle.

When?

When I told her, "I can't do anything for you if you don't seek something else," she wrote me another letter in which she said, "But I do seek something else," and so forth. I didn't want to reply. Then I did a little drawing, a sort of picture that came to me: a big sun in the corner, mountain ranges like in the Himalayas, then at the bottom, a small mosque, a small church, a small pagoda, and a bird flying away towards the sun.... And I sent her my drawing!

(Mother laughs) And then?

Then she came to see me. And there was a veritable battle; really, for an hour it was absolutely a battle with her. Because she kept pushing me, she wanted to know: "Why do you turn me down? Why do you shut your door? Why do you turn me down?..." Then I was driven to tell her everything: how she is imprisoned, how her religion is like a structure in which she is shut, how one can't do the yoga until one breaks out of it and so on – it all came out. Because I was really driven to it. I felt I was fighting a veritable battle, and two or three times I was very conscious of a sort of little thing going like this [gesture like the tongue of a snake], just a malevolent little vibration two or three times: "Ah," I thought, "this is it. "And at the same time, a kind of quite sincere distress in her, when she said, "I have been wanting to come to India for twenty years now, I have been waiting for this moment for twenty years now, so why do you close your door on me?"

It's difficult to break free from that grip.

Very difficult.

And how did it end?

Well, it ended up in nothing. I told her, "I am not closing my door on you, but I am putting you face to face with what it all means." I said, "The ABC of yoga is precisely to pull down all those constructions."

But she told me, "Christ is the Supermind!" l said, "No, it's not like that!"

(Mother laughs) ... It didn't leave any trace?

I was a little worried because it really was a battle, then afterwards I did some good praying, and it passed off well.

It must be after that that she told F. she'd like to see you in a concentration camp – it was out of spite!

But I really spoke to her with the truth – not with violence, but with the truth that says, "Here is how it is, I can't help it."

That's very good, it's the happiest thing that could happen to her. Sugaring the pill would have been of no help.

We'll see. If the call is sincere, then we'll see.

But I did feel a sincerity, Mother, because what responded was like a response to a sincere call in her. But at the same time two or three times I felt that little vibration and said to myself, "Oh, this is nasty."

It's the fear of hell, mon petit! The amount of harm that conception has done in the world is frightening, frightening: the idea that if you commit a serious fault, it means hell for ALL ETERNITY, do you hear!

It's horrible.

It's a dreadful, monstrous notion.

When you look at it as it is, outside all routine, when you look at it as it is, it's a monstrous notion – I don't know what demon invented it.... If you were told, "You'll have to spend a few years in hell to expiate," that would do – it's not charitable, not generous, but anyway it's acceptable; but that idea of "all eternity" – an ETERNITY OF HELL – is something monstrous! It's a wholly diabolical idea.

And that's what frightens them. Even when consciously they don't accept it, it's there in the subconscient.

(silence)

It is said ... (but I am not sure about this, because it was simply repeated to me), a Catholic panjandrum to whom I spoke my mind quite plainly, answered me, "In the College of Cardinals, they are taught the truth and told this is not true." I said, "God bless the cardinals, but their first duty should be to destroy this ... monstrous formation."

The most terrible thing is that she believes she is free!

Of course!

She believes she is luminous, or enlightened. So I told her, "Of course, if you are inside a box and there is light in the box, you have the fullness of light in a box!"

(Mother laughs) Oh, that's very good!

I told her everything, there came a lot of things like that. In the end she was frozen. It was a real battle.

You did good work.

But you understand, the idea is, "Christ is the Supermind.... Christ is already risen from the dead, he already has a glorified body, he is already transformed...."

(After a silence) No, he went back, he didn't stay. He doesn't have a glorified body, he went back. He went back to the higher regions, he doesn't have a glorified body.... He may be glorified up there, that's his business *(laughing),* but here ... He went back. Of course, Sri Aurobindo himself said Christ was an Avatar. An avatar in the line of Krishna, the line that represented ... yes, goodness, charity, love, harmony. He belongs to that line.

* * *

Regarding humility

It's very simple: when you say to people, "Be humble," they immediately think of "being humble towards others," and that humility is bad. True humility is humility towards the Divine, that is, the precise, exact, LIVING sense that you are nothing, can do nothing, understand nothing without the Divine, that even if you are an exceptionally intelligent and capable being, that is NOTHING in comparison with the divine Consciousness – and one must keep that constantly, because then one constantly has the true attitude of receptivity. A humble receptivity that sets no personal pretension against the Divine.

* * *

(Then Mother talks about young R. and the coincidence between Paul Richard's death and the birth of this child.)

I saw this child when he was hardly two months old, they brought him to me. He was quiet, peaceful, in his mother's arms. She put him on my lap, and I looked at him – I looked at him, and also put a little Force, like that. Then he gave a start

and began to scream and scream.... They had to take him away. But I very clearly felt that if I spoke to him ... It seems that when he is spoken to, he listens: his eyes open, he looks and listens eagerly, and when he is told about Auroville he shows great interest. And I saw that his consciousness is as if centered in the mind; you understand, what I wanted to see was his reaction to the silent pressure of the Force (I told you: he started screaming), but if he is spoken to (and I knew it, I saw it), if he is spoken to he listens and is very interested.

The next time they bring him to me, I'll give him a speech, a long speech! *(laughing)* We'll see what happens.

The other baby, A.F., has poor health, but if you recite poems of Sri Aurobindo to him, he becomes blissful! Neither of these two are ordinary children, obviously.

But I'll try the next time I see R.... It's a "coincidence" – but is there such a thing as a "coincidence" in the world? I don't believe in that.... In the past (I don't know what became of him afterwards), in the past Richard had some occult knowledge, I mean I had given him enough occult knowledge for him to be able to leave his body and enter another. So did he try to do it?... I know he wanted to come back here; especially after Sri Aurobindo's departure, he took it into his head to come here.

We can't say, we'll see that later.

* * *

At the end of the conversation, Mother gazes at Satprem for a long time

Did I tell you something?

Friends of F.'s, French people, who had come here once and have come again, wrote to me asking to see me. The young man wrote to me, saying, "Last-time, you looked at me for a long time and I was terrified by your look, is it necessary for me to come again?" *(Mother laughs)* I had given him an appointment before reading his letter, so naturally I didn't look at him! But it made me see something. Because of that (or through that), I saw a whole thing. And the same day, the very same day, I got a letter from an Indian, perhaps a forty-year-old man, who wrote to me, *"When I was sitting in front of you, you looked at me for a long time and I felt that your eyes were burning all impurities in me."* So naturally, he expressed gratitude.

You know, when I go there [to the music room] to see people, I simply concentrate and there is a sort of invocation to the Lord's Presence. And when He is there, when I feel the whole room full of Him, then it's good. That is the sole will *(still, passive gesture turned upward).* I translated it when I said to someone, "I give them a bath of the Lord"! And that's indeed how it is: His Presence, His Action ... His Presence, His Action ... That's all. And when I look at them, there is

no more person: there is only His Presence and Action.

So there we are, it has a different effect on everyone!

They tell me, "Your look purifies me".... I don't want to go into such considerations and do not answer anything, but there is only the Presence and the Action. I don't even try to know, neither what happens nor how nor what He does nor what takes place – nothing. The only thing that comes into me (into this consciousness) is the state of the person who is there: that's very clearly recorded. *(Laughing)* The other day, there was a very amusing experience.... A girl here has taken a fancy to a gentleman – neither of them is very young, that is, they are neither children nor young people: they are both over thirty, or between twenty-five and thirty. So she writes him letters, long letters, sends him sweets, sends him flowers, and he passes it all on to me. (There is nothing more than that.) It was her birthday, and she must have had a rather guilty conscience, I suppose – as for me, I had completely forgotten the story.... She came for her birthday, I received her as I always do, in the same way – and suddenly, gnawing pains, cramps, sharp pains in the stomach. I wondered, "What's going on in her? What's all this?" And it went on for quite a while, I had to make a little concentration to make it go. Then in the afternoon, the gentleman (I don't think they meet) sends me a letter and a box of sweets she had sent him. Ah! *(Laughing)* I said, "So there! She was afraid I would scold her and had gnawing pains in the stomach!" There you are.... That's how it is, you understand, it's a kind of work in a general unification. And people's reaction is felt in my body, that's how I become aware of it, conscious of it.... (Laughing) At times it's bliss, at other times stomach cramps!

It's amusing.

September 16, 1967

(Regarding a rather painful letter Satprem has received from the same very Catholic lady.)

Yes, the first impression was ... painful, then I took a good look; and at bottom, the whole trouble comes from the fact that this person has a very high opinion of herself, she judges everything from the height of her superiority – for instance, that air of benevolent compassion for the Ashram.... But that was my first impression when I saw her the first time, and it has been growing since then. And this letter has confirmed everything.

So then, I didn't say anything, but yesterday I made F. talk about the lady, and she finally told me, "There is something I have never told you because it made me

uneasy, but today I will tell you. Soon after we first met, Mrs. Z one day told me (I repeat word for word), 'Because of MY position and YOUR position, I am convinced that we are destined to bring the Catholic Church and the Ashram together....'" F. told me, "I didn't reply – didn't argue, didn't answer, didn't say a word or anything, I just left it at that."

But I said to myself, "There is the answer to everything...." She has put herself at the very top, on the "summit" of the Catholic religion....

Yes, she told me the same thing.

That's it: she has been sent by God *(laughing)* to bring the Church and the Ashram together.

So I think it will be wiser not to say anything, to leave it at that – not to argue or reply. If she comes (I don't think she will dare) just be polite, that's all. To reply is to play her game (that's what she wants). If you like, I will keep your letter and hers with me like that, because for me it acts as a center of action.

Before she came to see me, I didn't know she was a fervent Catholic, I hadn't thought about it, but the first time she came and saw me, I simply thought (or saw), "My dear girl, you lack the humility indispensable for making progress." That's all. Then everything has been unveiled little by little, and yesterday the picture was complete because it takes some cheek to say, "We are destined to bring the Catholic Church and the Ashram together."

When I got her letter, the force in it literally wrung my stomach....

(long silence)

All this is part of a great Plan of organization in the Mind....[112]

You know, in olden days you were put through ordeals – they were symbolic things, naturally, but you were aware that they were ordeals, so you were on your guard. But now ... I remember, in the very beginning, when I started working with Sri Aurobindo, he warned me (I had already noticed it long before) that the circumstances of life are every minute organized in such a way that one who is destined to do the work is confronted with his own difficulties, which he must conquer, and with the difficulties of the world he works in, which he must conquer too. If he has the humility needed to see in himself what must be transformed so he can become capable of doing the Work, then all goes well. Naturally, if he is full of pride and vanity, thinks the whole fault lies outside and there is none in him, then naturally things go wrong. And the difficulties become sharper. And for as long as I did the work, for ... (how many years?) the thirty years I worked with Sri Aurobindo and he was there, and I was like this *(gesture hidden behind Sri Aurobindo)*, so comfortable, you know – I was in front, I seemed to be the one doing the work – but for my part, I felt completely protected, behind him like this *(same gesture);* I was very quiet, not trying to understand or know or anything – I was simply attentive to ... what had to be done, the necessary action. It was rarely

necessary to tell him; if sometimes I was faced with a difficulty I would tell him, but he didn't need to answer: it was immediately understood – thirty years like that.

And when he left, there was a whole part – the most material part of the descent of the supramental body up to the mind – that visibly came out of his body and entered mine, and it was so concrete that I felt the FRICTION of forces passing through the pores of the skin.... I remember I said at that time, "Well, anyone who has had this experience can, with it, bring the proof of afterlife to the world." It was ... it was as concrete as if it had been material. So naturally, after that it was there in the field of consciousness.... But I have seen more and more often, more and more clearly, that all that takes place, all the people we meet, all that happens to us personally (that is, taking this little body as being the person), all of it is ALWAYS a test: you stand firm or you don't; if you stand firm, you make a progress forward; if you don't, you have to go through it again.

Now it has become that way FOR THE BODY: when it hurts, when it gets disorganized, when it threatens to fall apart.... And then, there is always that Consciousness inside, straight as a sword, saying, "Now, will you stand firm?" And the cells are really touchingly goodwilled: "Oh, is it like that? Very well, very well." So you remain very quiet, very peaceful, and then you call – you call the Lord. And you say the mantra, which comes automatically, and ... Peace establishes itself. And after a while the pain has disappeared – everything, just everything, all the threats disappear one after another. That's how it is: "Lord, You are here...." And you know, such dazzling, indisputable proof of this Presence, which is so wonderful and so simple, so simple, so total, in all that comes, all that happens, down to the smallest details, so as to lead you as fast as possible to the transformation.

And all that draws near – near to a greater or lesser distance, but all that draws near is swept along in the Movement, without even knowing it.

That's why I have kept this lady's letter.

To come back to her Catholic preoccupation, there have been some really interesting things.... You know that the Pope, when he came here to Bombay, said things that I had told him like this *(gesture of inner communication)* when we had that conversation[113] (he certainly does not know whom he had that conversation with, but I think he is conscious enough to know he had one). A conversation ... We had three of them, but one was long, important, precise; he himself was taken, like that, and when the time came to leave each other – for him to go back to his body and for me to go back to my work – he said to me, "And what will you say to people about our meeting?..." I told you the story. And, well, the things he said when he came here to India were exactly what I had told him; the decisions he made there were exactly what I had told him.... which shows it has had some effect.

Have you heard about the latest decision? ... In the church, the priest always used to have his back to the faithful while officiating: he would face the deity and have his back to the faithful (the original idea was certainly that he represented the

faithful's aspiration and prayer: he addressed himself to the Divine). Now the Pope has said, "Turn your altars around, face the public and represent the Divine." It's interesting.... They are doing it here now, and the comical part is that they've asked U. [a disciple] to do the work of turning the altars around. That's how I know it, it's U. who told me; they have asked him to go to all the churches here and turn the altars around. It's a big work because they are sealed.

(silence)

> *I'd like to be clear on one point deep down in my consciousness. If this person comes to see me again, should I keep alive in her the idea of a possibility of reconciliation between her Christ and the yoga, or should I squarely leave her under no illusion and tell her, "Anyone who wants to do the yoga must break out of that"?*

When I read her letter and learned the whole story, as always I did like this *(gesture of still offering upward),* and then the TRUE thing came (not at all what she thinks or what the Pope thinks, but the TRUE thing): an essential unity that will manifest on earth, but not just for this particular religion – for ALL religions, all the religions that were manifestations of a ... to understand each other clearly, let us say of an Avatar, that is, something that was sent down from above, that came to earth to bring a message, and a religion came out of it (I am not talking about all the forms of superstition and ignorance). Those religions are destined to go back to their Origin and form a complex unity, complete, total, that is to say, the essence of all human aspirations for ... the unknown Divine. And that has not only been sanctioned: it EXISTS. In other words, it's ready to descend.

In egoistic and limited human consciousnesses, it finds expression in this or that person, or it finds expression in the Pope who, naturally, would like to ...[114] That's his whole raison d'être, otherwise he would just be one little man among many others. There is, in other words, the whole motivation of human egoism. That's what distorts everything. But there is a "something" (which they talk about without knowing what they talk about), a something ready to manifest. And at the same time I seem to be told, "Don't worry, be in peace, you don't need to do anything: it WILL BE, and as usual you will spontaneously say what you need to say, without knowing it." There.

But what I wanted to say is that if she comes materially, you shouldn't try to fight or convince her or change her, you should.... be a manifestation: you know, the shining Light, WITHOUT INTENTION. Then the work will be done in order. To be the shining Light – without intention. Simply the shining Light. Then you quite spontaneously say what you have to say, but without intention, without mental intention. You do what you have to do, say what you have to say – the Lord is there.

It's interesting.

These people *(laughing),* we could say that their ego has taken the attitude of

being the Divine's instrument – but it's the ego. So naturally, they don't see clearly: they see what they want to see, do what they want to do. And for them, "I am God's instrument."

We'll see.

I am trying to keep her somewhat quiet, I don't like her to interfere too much in your life. It's an unnecessary strain. But if you do as I've said, if you withdraw into the Light and remain like that, it will no longer tire you, or much less at any rate.

(long silence)

It's this extraordinary experience that when you take all that comes as the means to learn what you should be – to increase your receptivity, increase your effectiveness – you immediately feel a wonderful, all-powerful Presence, but concrete, like that.

Then you understand that nothing is impossible.

September 20, 1967

Someone has taken it into his head to print a brochure for February 21 next year [when Mother will be ninety], so they sent me the brochure and asked me to write a message on the first page. And for that brochure they have solicited (!) the opinion of all prominent people: there is Indira Gandhi, India's president, and what have you. And everyone says what has always been said millions of times over: "A great personality, this and that...." All the usual ineptitudes. So I wrote this:

> *There is no other consciousness than the Supreme Consciousness. There is no other will than the Supreme Will. There is no other life than the Supreme Life. There is no other personality than the Supreme Personality, the One and the All.*

All the usual platitudes they do all over again! I thought it would teach them a lesson.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I had many things to say, but now I don't remember.

Only an observation, which is really very interesting: it's that everyone has said the same thing, all those who had the Experience have said the same thing ... but everyone in his own way, so it looks like something different. Yesterday it was

so clear, and again early this morning, the whole morning: this way, that way, this one here, that one there *(Mother shows different facets),* the philosophers, founders of religions, sages of all countries – they have always said the same thing. For instance, Buddha's teaching and, say, the Christian teaching, seem to be so different, but it's always the same thing. Which means there is ONE state (if you catch hold of it), ONE state in which you are conscious of the divine Consciousness (not "conscious of": "conscious through" or "conscious with," I don't know how to explain ... it's the divine Consciousness which is conscious, that is, the Consciousness in its essence), and there are no more problems there, no more complications, no more explanations, nothing anymore – everything is as clear as can be. So then, everyone has tried to explain that, and naturally it has become confused, incomplete, incorrect, with one explanation clashing with another – while everyone is talking about the same thing!

It came yesterday in relation to a boy who sent me the letter from one of his friends, in which he said the usual nonsense: "I don't believe in God because I can't see him." The usual little stupidity. And in that connection, I saw (I looked, like that, looked for a long time), I saw that the one who rejects, the one who asserts, the one ... all that, all of it is (how could I put it?) variations on the same theme, even when it appears to be saying the contrary.

Yesterday it was interesting, because the observation was the same for the materialists who feel that the only truth is a "concrete" truth, the truth that can, according to them, be seen or heard or touched.... And it's the same thing, the same state – the same state reflected in different mirrors. But the difference in mirrors is not an essential and radical difference, it's only ... *(gesture showing facets in movement),* yes, that's what some have called the "play," but it's not even a play; I might almost say it's a difference of position.

Everything you can say about it is nothing, it's part of that huge chattering that tries to express the inexpressible "something." But when you are IN it, it's so clear, so obvious – simple, without problems. And the world is no longer a problem.

Even that apparently rather fundamental difference between those who regard the Manifestation as divine and essential and those who consider that in order to reach the essential Divine you must leave the Manifestation (because it's an "error" – that is, an error that took place in the Consciousness), even those two positions are the same thing! But how can you explain it? When you say that, it seems foolish, yet up above it's true. It's true – true and full. It's full, not hollow – here everything rings hollow, so hollow; the hollowness of inadequacy. But up above ...

It's almost like a kaleidoscope: you turn it and get one picture, turn it again and get another picture, turn it again ... yet it's always the same thing!

But now, it's the body that has the experience. In a certain state, the state which corresponds to That, the essential state, everything is harmonious, with a living, smiling, happy peace; then as soon as there is ... a nothing, you know, a mere trifle, simply the coming into the atmosphere of something clashing – a mere nothing – it's felt like something extremely acute and painful. But not in the way

of the pain of Ignorance, it's more like ... you could call it a discomfort, but it's not even that.... Everyone has explained it in his own way: some have called it "falling from the Truth into Falsehood," others "falling from the Light into Darkness," others "falling from Ananda into suffering," yet others ... Everyone has given his explanation, but it's something else.... As for me, I have no words for it, but the body feels it, feels it very acutely, and it sees that at the end of it, the consequence of it, is disintegration. And its whole effort is to strive to reestablish that inner harmony, that harmonic state in which everything becomes harmonious, everything – and in their appearance things haven't changed! Yet in one way they are marvelous, and in the other detestable.

The opposition between the two things is growing sharper every minute: one moment everything is divine, the next moment everything is detestable – yet it's the same thing.

Since the 15th of August, since that experience at the balcony,[115] it has become very clear.

But then, it has nothing to do with thought, or even with sensation: it's purely material *(Mother touches the skin of her hands),* and it's the difference between a progressive and unbroken harmony that has no reason to stop and grows more and more conscious, more and more harmonious, and also more and more ... we say blissful, happy and all that – but it's not that! It's "something" ... something so NATURAL, SO natural and ... with the rhythm of eternity. So there is THAT, and then suddenly *(gesture of reversal)* you fall back into ... exactly the SAME THING, everything is the same, yet everything is the opposite!

To such a point that you have a perception, a material perception inexpressible' because it's hardly mentalized, of a perfect Harmony which can, in the consciousness, turn into a serious disease! Things of that sort.

There is also the vision, an extremely complex and at the same time complete vision, that those, for instance, who have tried to explain the power of imagination, of thought or will or faith (all those things: the direct action on matter), the vision that each of those things has caught hold of one little aspect of the Thing, but in the Thing, there are no divisions; it's something which, when you perceive or conceive it, is divided into scores of little things, but it's essentially ... (how should I put it?) a way of being, a way of consciousness – it's a WAY OF BEING, not even a "way of consciousness" because that implies "being conscious OF something" and it's not that: it's a way of being. And that way of being is what, in the human consciousness, translates as "Ah, the Divine!" – by opposition, you understand. It's a PERFECTLY NATURAL and spontaneous way of being – but how, how does That become this [the mechanism of the passage from one state to the other]? How does That become distorted?... You constantly, constantly *(gesture as of tiny reversals)* switch from one to the other, back and forth, over and over again, as if to learn – to learn how That eludes. To us it looks like (to us, to all this poor consciousness that has gone through innumerable woeful experiences), it looks like a "relapse" into the old state; so it's not that. But what's the mechanism?...

In the end, we would have the solution only if we found the how and the why.

Constantly, constantly ... *(same gesture of tiny reversals).*

All the explanations people give are nothing but explanations. They are not THAT.

Knowing the why or the how probably implies the power to change everything....

In that case, it will come one day.

September 23, 1967

I've had another visit from Mrs. Z....

She is pertinacious.

She won't let go!

So what happened?

I can sum it up in two words. She again told me about her religion, and I said, "But listen, if you are satisfied with that religion, follow it!" Then she said this: "But you have secrets which we don't have."

Oh, so that's it.... Then what did you tell her?

I told her I wasn't a guru, that if she wanted to follow this path, she had to have a guru and I wasn't here to spread the Good News. I told her, "If you walk alone on this path, you run the risk of taking your thoughts and desires for God's commandments, so it helps to have a guru who protects and leads you. But I am not a guru." And I told her once more, "If you wish, Mother is there and you can turn to her." Then there was a little something that made me angry: she said, "Sri Aurobindo, yes, I understand Sri Aurobindo; Sri Aurobindo is an Avatar, but the Mother ... she is a highly developed personality, but not an Avatar." I replied, "But what kind of perception do you have to say things of that sort!" Then I added, "It doesn't matter in the least ...

Yes.

"... So long as one doesn't know, one talks about it; as for me, I don't say, 'Mother is an Avatar' or 'Mother is not an Avatar,' I don't say anything. When you have the perception, you are able to say. That's all." Finally I told her, "I am not a guru."

(Mother laughs) It's very funny! I think the little lady is ambitious: she isn't so much after Knowledge as after power.

But she is pestering you....

I take it as you told me to.

That's the only way.

Because she will come again, it's not the end.

Oh, yes, she is pertinacious.

But that's the crux of the matter: "You have secrets which we don't have."

Yes, that's it. But she only has to read! If she reads everything she will have the secrets, they are ALL there. They are all there, all of them.

That's the beauty of it: as long as you are in the mind, you can go on reading indefinitely without catching hold of the thing! ...

September 30, 1967

Have you heard of the Pope's conversion?

The Pope's conversion! No!

I was very happy because it showed me that our conversations hadn't been in vain. I was wondering if he was conscious; I don't know if he was conscious mentally, but in any case it's interesting, you can read *(Mother holds out a newspaper cutting to Satprem).*

Vatican City, September 26

> The Pope, in an article published here last night, has said his journey to India in 1964 was "the revelation of an unknown world."

The *Osservatore Romano* published in an article excerpts from a forthcoming book of conversations with the Pope by a lifelong friend, the French philosopher and academician, Jean Guitton.

"I saw, as is said in the Apocalypse, a limitless crowd, a multitude, an enormous welcome. In those thousands of faces I read, stronger than curiosity, a kind of indescribable sympathy," the Pope said.

> "India is a spiritual country. It has in its nature a sense of the 'Christian virtues'....

"Christian," he sees everything through his Christian word, but never mind.

> "If there is any country in which the Beatitudes of the Sermon of the Mount could ever become a reality for the mass of the country,

> that country is India," Pope Paul added....

Can you imagine!
"What is nearer to the souls of Indians than poverty of spirit, sweetness, peace, mercy, and pureness of heart?" he asked.

> "While the leaders of the West are politicians, in the land of India they are mystics and sages....

Yes.

> "Life runs in contemplation. People speak in a low voice. Their movements are slow and liturgical. The country is born for the spirit," the Pope said.

Still, it means he is receptive.

And it explains the manner in which he received P. when he went there. P. [an Indian disciple], as you know, paid him a visit; he was taken there by an Italian who had come here (a very nice boy who showed him around Italy and took him to the Pope). The Pope gave him a private audience, and after talking, asking questions, replying (it was a whole conversation), he said to P. with a smile, "And now what will you give me?" (They spoke in French.) Then P. said, "I have only one thing, which I always keep with me and is infinitely precious to me, but I will give it to you," and he gave him *Prayers and Meditations.* And the Pope answered, "I am going to read them."

So it all fits together.

It's interesting.

Oh, yesterday I saw the photo of a man, a German who speaks German, but it's not clear whether he was born in Germany or in America. He must be some forty or forty-five, and for many years ... The story goes like this: his parents, both father and mother, were thorough unbelievers, and when he was born (or anyway the day after his birth), there was a horizontal column of light on his head, visible to the naked eye. Naturally, the parents were troubled. But the interesting thing is that it's going on. That man (I saw the photos) held in America a meeting with four thousand people (I saw the photo, four thousand people!) and while he was talking there was that column of light, it could be seen in the photograph. It was about as big as an arm and this long *(gesture, about eight inches).* And he feels he is "spoken to," that something like the supreme Divinity speaks to him, and that he has been told to proclaim the coming of the second Christ! ... Well ... He proclaims and gives people a kind of baptism. I saw his photo and ... it's very strange, he has a strong, powerful face, but a malicious mouth *(hatchetlike gesture),* tight-lipped, clenched.

And recently I saw two photos of the heads of the Rosicrucian movement in Holland (or Belgium, I forget), the Rosicrucian movement in Europe – exactly the same malicious, hard, inexorable mouth. Strange.

Right in the beginning, you told me the same thing about the Pope.

Yes, he has the same expression; but he has a less malicious mouth, though with something inexorable.

But what is it? ... And all those people, who are Christians, have it.

Anyway, about that German, it's quite obviously a vital phenomenon. To be visible to the naked eye, it can only be a vital light. And he has innumerable disciples. He baptizes them for the second coming of Christ.... It seems (I am not sure because it was written in German and only extracts were translated to me), but he doesn't at all seem to have a philosophical mind or conceptions: it's only a kind of action to bring people into contact with that light. I heard about him from a German woman who is here (her mother is in Germany, she is a disciple of that man and has sent her the book). But her mother is a bit frightened.

There is something inexorable – why? I don't understand. Because Christ came, on the contrary, to speak of brotherhood, goodness, charity, compassion.... Yet this expression has something inexorable – yes, there is no other word: tight lips and the mouth in a straight line like this *(same hatchetlike gesture).* It gives the appearance of a terrible malice, something inexorable (which found expression in the Inquisition, tortures and so on). Why is it there? ... But that German, for instance, the light was there when he was a baby, the day after his birth – he didn't have an inexorable mouth at that time!

> *But the evil with all those people – the Pope, this German, those Rosicrucians – is that ultimately they only think in terms of a Church....*

Of course!

> *In terms of a Church and of power over people to keep them shut in their construction.*

Yes, exactly.

> *That's the evil.*

Exactly. That German, for instance (I am not sure because I haven't read the whole thing), gives baptism – he gives baptism, which means putting one's hand on the person and keeping him under *(gesture over a bowing head).*

There is also a Korean, have you seen his photo?... I saw his photo, he is a hefty fellow and must be the same age, between thirty and forty. A Korean who, for his part, bluntly says that he is, not the reincarnation of Christ (I don't think he is Christian), but the "new Avatar" (if he knew the Indian tradition, he would say "Kalki" [116]). And it seems he has hundreds of thousands of disciples! I saw his photo ... I saw him "Korean," you understand, that is, not universal.

But it means things are moving everywhere – moving more and more.

But this, a Pope saying this, is a new thing. It's new.

And I had that mental contact with him perhaps just three weeks before he came to India (of course his thought was turned to India). We had a very

interesting conversation, and all I said came to: "Spirituality is much vaster than a Church, and as long as you limit spiritual realization to a Church or a religion, you will be in complete Falsehood." He listened. And when he came to India, that's what he said!

But I told you he was bothered by something. When he left, when it was time for me to get up and we had to leave each other, he looked at me with a sort of anxiety in his eyes, and said to me, "What will you say to your disciples about our meeting?" I smiled and said, "I will tell them that we were in communion in the ..." (not "identical" or "common," I forget the words) "love for the supreme Lord." Then his face relaxed and he left.... "We were in communion in the same ..." It wasn't "same" but ... I don't know, something expressing that both of us had been in communion in "the love for the Supreme Lord." And I said it like that, with a smile, which means it was Sri Aurobindo who spoke with his sense of humor.... His face relaxed and he left.

* * *

(After a long meditation, Mother, still deep inside

and half in trance, starts speaking:)

Did you feel anything special?... Because the last two or three days, but especially last night and this morning, it was the body learning, the cells learning ... I told you that the work till now has been the change – the transfer – from acting out of habit and reaction to letting the divine Consciousness act. And this morning, for a part of the night and the whole morning until people started coming, with every action, every movement, every gesture, all the tiny little things (when, for instance, a problem is put by someone or a decision has to be made, for years the answer has been coming from above), but now with all material movements, also the inner movements, with the attitude of the body, of the cells, the absolutely material consciousness, with everything, everything – the old method was gone.

It began with the perception of the remaining difference between how things were and how they should be, then that perception disappeared and there only remained "that".... Something (how can I explain?) ... The English word *smooth is* the most expressive; everything is done *smoothly,* everything without exception: getting washed, brushing one's teeth, washing one's face, everything (as regards eating, for a long time that has been worked on in order that it should be done in the true way). It always begins with *(Mother opens her hands)* this sort of *surrender* (I don't know the right word, it's neither abdication nor offering but between the two; I don't know, there is no French word for it), the surrender of the WAY in which we do things: not of the thing in itself, which is quite unimportant (in that state there is no "big" and "small," no "important" and "unimportant").

And it's something so ... *(vast, even gesture)* uniform in its simplicity, there is nothing that clashes or grates or causes difficulties anymore or ... (all those words express things so crudely): it's something that moves forward on and on so ... *(same vast, even gesture)* the nearest word is *smoothly,* that is, without resistance. I don't know. And it's not an intensity of delight, it's not that: that also is so even, so regular *(same vast gesture),* but not uniform: it's innumerable. And EVERYTHING is like that *(same gesture),* in a single ... rhythm (the word "rhythm" is violent). It's not a uniformity, but something so even, and which feels so sweet, you know, and with a TREMENDOUS power in the smallest things.

For several days there was (I told you the other day) the vision of cruelty in human beings, and a very active work to make it disappear from the manifestation. That's part of the general work, with such a concrete power *(Mother clenches her fist)* to make it disappear. It began with visions of horrors (almost memories), which were seen – more than seen, you understand: things that aroused that reprobation, that sense of horror.... Then it was organized in its totality and the whole thing was taken up like that *(Mother opens her arms),* all those movements in time (time and space merge into something ... an immensity – immensity, infinitude, and, I might say, "multiplicity," but words are poor), anyway it was a totality taken up in the consciousness – a totality of ways of being and vibrations – and as if presented to the Supreme Consciousness so it may be transformed, so it may cease to exist.

That's how it began.

Then, once that was done, it got as if concretized, concentrated on this little point of a body, so it may, there too, become impossible for certain things, certain vibrations of unconsciousness to continue to exist. And today the outcome was that transfer, which was constant – constant, unalloyed for about four hours. Afterwards ... It's mostly the invasion of outside things that cuts off the experience. Yet there is no reproval of that invasion; the transformation – the TRANSFER – must continue AMID the contact with all that comes. Then it will be fine.

There are two things. There is all this crowd I see constantly, and as soon as I am there, as soon as the body is there to see the people, it's a long time (a "long" time, that is, humanly speaking) since it stopped being anything but a channel, a kind of ... *(gesture showing the Force flowing down through Mother to the people),* so the Consciousness of the Lord may flow through it and go [and do its work]. There isn't even, or there is as little need to receive as possible: it's an action like this *(same gesture through Mother),* the Force passing through. And when it takes place in that room over there [the "music room"] which is exclusively reserved for seeing people, the room fills with the Presence, and it's as if that Presence opened its arms to receive people, took them, enveloped them, and then let them go.

But as regards the things personal to this body, like all that has to do with washing, food, now it no longer takes place in the same way. I don't know how to explain. Here, it's an activity; over there, it's simply a Presence. Here, it's an

activity: you have to fill a glass with water, pour mouthwash, brush your teeth – it's all activities. And, well ... there are no memories left, no habits; things aren't done because you learned to do them that way: they are done spontaneously by the Consciousness. In the transition between the old and the new movements there is a difficult little moment when the old habit is no longer there, nor is the new consciousness there permanently, so ... It results, for instance, in apparently clumsy gestures, gestures that are not exactly what they should be. But it doesn't last, it happens once in a while for a particular thing, just for the lesson to be learned – there is always a lesson waiting to be learned.

To replace the memory, the remembrance, the action, with ... For instance, if you want to know where someone lives, his address or house (that was last night's activity), the old method, the mental method has to be replaced with the new method of consciousness that knows the thing just when it has to be done: "This needs to be done." It's not, "Ah, I have to go there," no: you are every minute where you should be, and when you come to the place you had to go to: "Ah, here it is."

It's really very interesting.

So, between the moment when you act like everyone and the moment when you act – when it's the Lord that acts, between the two, there's a little transition: you no longer quite know this, and don't yet quite know that, so at times this poor body feels somewhat uncertain, clumsy. But it's learning its lesson very fast.

Really interesting.

(long silence)

Then you clearly understand why saints and sages, those who wanted to feel themselves live constantly in this divine atmosphere, had got rid of all material things – because they weren't transformed, and so they fell back into the old way of being. And there comes a moment when it's ... unpleasant. But if you transform that ... it's in-com-pa-rably, vastly superior, in the sense that it gives an extraordinary STABILITY and consciousness and REALITY. Things become the TRUE vision, the TRUE consciousness; it becomes so concrete, so real!

Nothing – nothing else, nothing else can give that fullness.

Escaping, fleeing, dreaming, meditating, going into ... all that is very nice, but how poor it looks in comparison, how poor! So poor.

(silence)

The most difficult thing left is talking. That's the most difficult, it takes a great effort. This morning, while I had that experience, there was almost a kind of entreaty from the body: "Oh, don't talk, don't tell him." I didn't intend to talk, but *(gesture from above)* I am compelled to. The body doesn't intend to talk, it doesn't like to, but something obliges it to.

That's the only difficult thing.

Words are so inadequate! I have been asked that, too: how will they

communicate, the wholly supramental beings (I mean, without the mixture of this material origin), how will they communicate? Simply like this? *(gesture of inner exchange)*

Talking takes such effort.

And it's not a "thought communication" like what they call telepathy, it's not that: it's ... movements of consciousness. That too will take place without clashes or resistance: movements of consciousness [in Matter]. If, for instance, something needs to be done but not by this body, by another, we are still obliged to say, "This needs to be done in such and such a way," and that represents ... you feel as if you have to lift a mountain, whereas if the other person were in the same state, it would get done quite naturally and spontaneously. I've had examples: now and then I SEE (not "think," but see), I see: "This needs to be like that" (very small things) and I don't say anything – the other body does it. It happens now and then, rarely – but it ought to be the constant state.... Oh, what an admirable life!

(silence)

And what about you?

I am in the tunnel, so to speak.

In the tunnel, oh, why?

A lot of work ...

(Mother laughs) Oh, this is amusing! Yesterday or in the night, I forget when, I told you, but with great force (it was something "very important"!), I told you, "At the end of the tunnel there is the light, and don't argue – don't argue: at the end of the tunnel there is the light." *(Mother laughs)* I wondered, "Why do I tell him that! ..."

October 4, 1967

(Sujata gives Mother a flower called "Power to heal.")

Power to heal? ... I've read in *Planète* the story of a man born in 1905, who for thirty-five years has been healing people by the laying on of hands![117] His father was Italian, his mother Spanish, and he was born in France, he is French. For thirty-five years he has been practicing the laying on of hands; he has treated five million people – five million. Out of them two thirds were cured, and he has been sued countless times ... by doctors, naturally: he had no right to heal people because he wasn't licensed! ... At one of the trials (I'll tell you the beginning of the story after – the beginning at the end!), maybe one of the last trials, his lawyer arrived very ill, with an attack of sciatica: one leg couldn't be moved, he was in acute pain. The judge, thinking himself very clever, told him, "Well, why don't you cure your lawyer to begin with?" The man got up, laid his hands on his lawyer, and five minutes later the lawyer was cured: "Oh, but I am cured!" *(Mother laughs)* He was convicted just the same. Wonderful. Anyhow, when he was quite small, that is, five or six, he had pinched a fish from his father who had gone fishing, and the fish couldn't be found. Two weeks later, his parents found the fish again among his things, with his toys ... absolutely dry and perfectly intact! Then the father tried an experiment to see: they had a fishbowl with goldfish; he took out two goldfish and gave one to his son, putting it in the hollow of his son's hand – the fish started drying up. As for the second fish, a few hours later it was rotten. Then they mentioned it to doctors (they were living in Toulouse, that was a little later, when he was twelve or thirteen). One doctor had in his hospital a patient whose wound he had been trying to heal for weeks and weeks in vain: it was horrible, purulent. The doctor called the child, who laid his hands – the next day, the wound was healed.

And this man (I saw his photo, he has a magnificent head) says, "I live in God's presence." That's what he says, and I don't think he makes any fuss – he doesn't have the time to, besides, because he goes to bed after midnight and gets up at five every day, starts work at 5:30 and spends the whole day working, that is, seeing people and people and more people (when that was read out to me, I thought, "And I complain!"). It's admirable. He did some studies, but he isn't a philosopher, he doesn't have any theories: he seems to have been born like that, with healing hands. He probably gets rid of infections by dehydrating, so he cures all the diseases from that side. And they did (poor man, they must have made his life impossible!), they did encephalograms, cardiograms and so on, and they noticed that just when he lays his hands (for a few seconds, two or three minutes at

the most), at that moment his heartbeats suddenly go up from sixty to eighty a minute, then fall back to normal. And he doesn't seem to be making any fuss, unlike that German I told you about – nothing at all, very simple, very nice.

I liked that story.

A beautiful head. A tall man, very strong, who eats very little. And he has two or three hours' sleep at night, dreamless (that I understand!).

Interesting.

Sometimes people went to him only once, and he got worried, wondering why the person hadn't come again – "Yes, I was cured!" Then, trial upon trial, and an official of the tax department who, incognito, was present at some of his treatment sessions, said he had never asked for money, not once. And out of ... (I don't know, while the official was there, I think a little over two hundred people were treated), out of two hundred, sixty gave something. So the tax department was forced to acknowledge that he wasn't contravening the law.

Still, he was convicted.

It's rather lovely: you have no right to heal unless you're licensed! ...

* * *

Soon afterwards

It's going on.... Have you seen a monk?

Well, I met him in the street, but I didn't speak to him.

He is going to see Pavitra this morning, and F. has seen him twice. He has come here while traveling around India, and he seems to like the place very much. Here is his face *(Mother shows a photo).* Is this what you met? ... All right. He has written two letters, one to me and one to the prior of his monastery, which he sends for me to read. The two letters together are rather interesting *(Mother gives Satprem the first letter):*

Mother,

> After only a few days spent in Aurobindo Ashram, where I have been nothing but the "delighted" one from the cribs of Provence, I take the liberty of asking you if you would allow me to remain here until the end of my stay in India, that is, until mid-December....
>
> *Signed:* Brother A.
>
> P.S. I am enclosing a letter to the Prior of Bellefontaine which I sent him in case it could be of use, and which I thought should be communicated to you.

I told F. to ask him to stay on till Friday, so I could show you this today and

ask you if you would mind seeing the gentleman and speaking to him (to see how you feel). But if that troubles you ... F.'s impression is good. Here is his letter to the prior, read it:

"I have received your answer with joy and am writing again.... I am in Aurobindo Ashram, where I thought I would only stay briefly, but there is a certain something here which attracts me strongly, and I think I have had enough of traveling around. I intend to go to Ramakrishna Mutt at Ootacamund, since I informed them of my visit, but will come back here as early as possible. Everything here is wonderful and spellbinding. One who sees beyond the surface panes might well wonder if the new heaven and the new earth St. John speaks of do not meet here.

> "I have a big church just a few minutes' walk away, and yesterday morning, the 1st of October, the celebrant said, 'Become citizens of the heavenly city....' He could not have aimed more precisely at my question mark. And in the evening, a young Parisian, landing here as new as a newborn, met before anyone else that same priest of the big church, who told him, 'What have you come here for? There is nothing.' The Parisian answered, 'What about the Ashram?' The priest replied, 'The Ashram? It's a brothel.' Because of that insulting declaration (and it is the kindest thing he said *[Mother laughs ...]),* I am petitioning Mother for permission to remain here till the end of my stay in India. I do think there is abomination and desolation in the Holy Place. When will the Christ's saying be acknowledged at last, 'A tree is recognized by its own fruits'? *Jai-jai!"*
>
> *Signed:* Brother A.

Jai-jai means Victory-victory!

So, if you'd like to speak to him ...

I don't mind seeing him.... Oh, the Catholics here hate us.

Yes. That's also what I said in my declaration,[118] but they told me it wasn't true! They had the cheek to tell me (Catholics who came to see me), "Why did you say that? It's not true." We should stick this letter under their very nose. I KNOW this is how they speak to everybody. A kind of rage.

And it's been going on for a long time. It started when you were here with Governor Baron [twenty years ago]. You remember, they used to write things on the walls?

So you could see him. I was even told he had seen you?

I saw him in the street. But I can't trust my impressions, because ...

What was your impression? I'd be interested to know.

I dare not trust my ...

It's the same with me: they are indignant to begin with, then ...

I can't say I was very enthusiastic.... I felt what you feel with almost all Catholics, that something slightly (what should I call it.?) evasive, not very clean.

Hypocritical?

Yes, something like that, and underneath you feel a great repression; something there, underneath, which isn't clean.

That was also my impression when I saw his photo.

You feel those people are highly repressed.

They are hypnotized by that sex business.

Yes, that's what I felt underneath, and above, eyes ... that can't look straight at you.

That's right.

A Christian atmosphere of sin, basically.

That's why I wanted you to see him, because naturally, F.'s impression is very good, and Pavitra, when he read the letter, was full of exclamations. As for me, I was like that *(withdrawn gesture),* on my guard.

Why does he want to come? ... Naturally, it might simply mean that he is very happy and content here – that would be quite all right. But of course he is very much Christian, and doesn't intend to change that.

I don't know.

I wanted to ask you to see him because of that ... slightly painful impression, I don't know. And I didn't want to write him, "Yes, you may stay," if it is to end in something unpleasant. But it may not, if he is conscious – if he is conscious, it won't. You understand, to magnify the thing, in the name of their religion they betray their soul. That's how it is.

If he is conscious of the Possibility, then it will be fine. Because at least he will be on his guard.... But I haven't seen him, I only saw his photo, and the first contact with the photo was like this: "Beware ...."

I also had a recoil. But I put it down to prejudices. I don't trust my feelings, you understand, in my life I've had such abhorrence of this Christianity....

Was he wearing his habit?

No, he was in civilian clothes. But I tell you, the impression was that underneath it hasn't been spiritually cultivated.

Well, see him. I'd like you simply to tell me yes or no, that is, "Favorable impression" or "Unfavorable impression," something simple, one sentence, so that

accordingly I may send him a line to tell him, "You may stay," or "It would be better if you didn't stay."

> *But in the end, he will still find himself faced with the same problem as always: religion versus freedom.*

That's simply on the intellectual level. Because if he isn't a philosopher, if he doesn't live in ideas, it doesn't matter at all: it's rather a question of EXPERIENCE.... It seems that the experience he had[119] was a "descent of Ananda," something he had never felt before, which came to him all of a sudden. Then he told his Superior, "I'd like to go all alone into solitude, to the countryside," because he didn't like rites, ceremonies and all that. So that was the starting point, and then he felt the need to come to India. And in India he traveled all around, until he came here. He has been in orders for only two or three years, it's a recent conversion (not "conversion" from a religious standpoint but from the standpoint of life, because he must have been Catholic since his childhood, but he desired to leave life and become a monk), that's recent.

But it's a strange monastery, because Pavitra has had quite a sustained correspondence with an abbot who was in that monastery (he has a file of letters this thick!), then it stopped abruptly, I don't know why.

I don't feel this man is an intellectual, that's not the difficulty. But how to free them from the hold? That's the question.

> *Yes, it is. That's what I felt when I saw him: that thing which was there over him. It's a sort of "thing" common to all those people.*

All of them.

> *An atmosphere. It's an atmosphere ...*

It's a collective suggestion, mon petit, and so strong, so strong!

I told you the story: some people, when they are awake, resist and fight; intellectually, they understand; then, when they are half conscious or in sleep, it seizes them and they are terrorized.... It's over the WHOLE earth, the whole earth (there are Christians everywhere), it's an atmosphere that I see like a huge spider all over the earth.

(silence)

At any rate, there is clearly an effort to come closer (I showed you the Pope's declaration). That's why if the time had come to undo that hold, it would be worth trying.

That's simply why I leave the door open – we'll see. For years I didn't concern myself with it, but now that the Force has been going like this for some time *(gesture of pressure),* building up and building up and building up (it's tremendous), all that will have to change at some time or other, so ... has the time come?

It's rather significant that for some time you've been seeing Catholics come to you from every side!

Well, yes!

That Mrs. Z, this monk ...

Oh, and also others who write.

Yes, that's why: if he has a conscious goodwill, that is, if the hold is a subconscious affair ... (I told you, he isn't a man with a mental power he needs to fight against, it's not that), but if he has a great goodwill, through him we may be able to do something. That's why I want you to see him.

* * *

(Then Mother turns to the translation of the message she intends to distribute for the November darshan:)

There is a text I find very interesting, I had never read it. I already told you about that:

"There is always this critical hostile voice in everybody's nature, questioning, reasoning, denying the experience itself, suggesting doubt of oneself and doubt of the Divine. One has to recognise it as the voice of the Adversary trying to prevent the progress and refuse credence to it altogether."

Sri Aurobindo

It interested me greatly, because I noticed it was in the PHYSICAL consciousness, and very widespread, and one constantly, constantly had to fight against it – in oneself, in others, everywhere. It's like that, "underneath," as you said. So I find it interesting to say.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Do you have anything to tell me?

Yes, but it's not important.

Never mind.

I saw T. She told me about her mother's departure, and said you talked to her about a certain experience you had had with her mother during her whole period of coma or "unconsciousness"?

Yes.

And she would like you to tell your experience again.

You know, I can never tell the same experience twice. It came (it wasn't my intention to tell her all that; my intention was to say a word or two, "All is well"), then it came, and so I spoke. But once it has come out, it's over. I don't even remember what I told her. One thing I know. It's that I deliberately (I don't know if this is what she understood), I deliberately wanted her mother's departure to take place in the most harmonious possible conditions, with the least possible wastage, so she may retain the COMPLETE fruit of her passage in life, and ... What I did in reality (but this I didn't tell her), from the moment I got the news of her *stroke* (it was an apoplectic seizure), was to put her in a bath of the Lord. I kept her like this *(gesture of enfolding)*. So, as for me, I knew first of all that if she was to be cured, she would recover quickly enough, and that if she didn't recover, it would show it was really time for her to go, but then she would go with ... her body benefiting, so to speak, the substance benefiting from the whole profit from physical life, and with her inner being in the best conditions. Of course, the inner being in the best conditions is the case for everyone, for all those who pass away here (but I generally don't have the opportunity to let the inner being go out slowly, you understand[120]). I saw ... you know that when Sri Aurobindo left, we kept him for five days; I saw how it happened. I told you, while I stood beside him, it came out of his body and entered mine, and it was so material that there was a friction – the body felt the friction of the Force coming in. And I saw (of course, in that case it was quite different, tremendous, but for everybody it's like that), I saw this: for the departure to be as harmonious as possible, it should take place like that, according to an inner RHYTHM, with the Presence (which is both a protection and a help), the Presence of the divine Force. So I put her in that Presence. And even (I don't know if she told you), when her brother, who is a doctor, came, he declared with their usual overweening confidence, "Oh, she'll be gone before tomorrow noon." I didn't say anything, remained quiet. Naturally, three more days went by. And even he was forced to acknowledge that there was something there he didn't understand.

What did she tell you?

She told me you had had a special experience with her mother, in the sense that the consciousness of the cells, the material consciousness of her body's cells, was able to leave along with the inner being, it wasn't lost.

Yes, but that is the NORMAL thing.

It's the normal thing. But then, it takes time. And the result is that the whole benefit the cells got isn't lost.

Yes, here, they hurry to burn people, that's terrible.

Oh! ... But she was buried. Oh, I know that. I know, I saw two or three cases

here, people who were conscious – it was horrible for them, frightful, frightful.

There was the case of C.[121] He had learned to go out of his body, he knew how to do it: he would go about and see things; he would see, note things, and come back into his body. Then, when he was operated on, the doctors didn't take the necessary precautions and the heart couldn't withstand the shock of the operation: five days later, it was over. But he was in the habit of going out, so he went out and came to me (that's how I knew it before they came to tell me he was "dead"). But he wasn't at all aware of being dead: he had gone out of his body as he used to, and he came to me. he was with me. So then, it was quite fine, he remained peaceful. Then, at a certain point ... (he died in hospital, and naturally, at that time nobody listened to me: they burned him much too soon – it would have been too soon anyway, because in his case, precisely because he had that practice, much precaution and time would have been required; but it was all rushed through), then all of a sudden, when they burned him (I didn't even know the time of the cremation), he suddenly came into my room, you know, appalled ... appalled, crying, miserable: "But I am dead! I didn't know I was dead, but I am dead and they've burned me, they've burned me! ..." Oh ... it was horrible, horrible. So I calmed him down, told him to stay there, be calm, be with me, and that I would find him another body. And for a long, long time I had him consciously near me. Then I taught him to reincarnate – it was all done in detail. So I know ...

The same thing with N.S. In his case also ... He had fallen on his head and fractured it (he fell in a faint in the street, that's how he died). He was taken to the hospital. But he went out[122] and came to me right away (and so I knew: when I was told the accident had happened, I already knew something had happened because he had come to me). I kept him there, put him to rest, and he was quite peaceful – quite peaceful. They didn't even consult me about the time when he should be burned or anything (of course, a family of doctors!). Then, suddenly, brrt! *(gesture of bursting)* he went out of my atmosphere abruptly, like that. And no more sign of him.... It took me DAYS to recontact him – and that was the shock he had when they burned his body. It took me days to find him again, put him back to rest, gather him together. And one part had disappeared; his whole consciousness didn't return, because a part of his most material consciousness, of the material vital, must have been thrown out by the shock. I know it, because Albert's[123] father was operated on (it was more than a year later, maybe two), and when he was chloroformed, he suddenly saw N.S. in front of him (of course, even a part can take on the appearance of the whole being, Sri Aurobindo explained that, it's like a photograph). He saw N.S., and N.S. asked him news of his family, news of his wife, news of his children, and he told him, "I worry about them." It must have been the part tied to his family, which must have been separated from the rest of his being: when he came to me, he was complete, but afterwards, I don't know what happened *(gesture of bursting under the shock).* And it was so concrete that when Albert's father was woken up again, he said aloud, "But why are you cutting short my conversation with N.S.?" That's how they found out. He told them, "But I was talking with N.S., why have you interrupted my conversation?"

So they found out.

There.

(Sujata:) Mother, I too saw N.S.

When?

It was the year he died, but months later. Less than a year later: eight or nine months. I saw him, he had come to my house (it was in the night, in dream), he was in our house, standing near the door, and I went to see him.[124] *But someone who was near me said, "But he's dead!" And that gave poor N.S. such a shock, he was in pain. So I took him with me, made him stretch out on my bed. V. was there, and I sent her to inform you.*

All that in dream?

All that in dream. I calmed him down, then told V. to go and see you.

But that division, that separated part came about when they burned him. Until then, I had kept him complete, and would have made him pass into the psychic as I do with everyone, peacefully, smoothly, without difficulty. But brrt! *(same gesture of bursting)* It's a frightful shock, you know! They put the fire in the mouth first.... It's ... Oh, the way men behave with each other – I have SEEN all that, I have SEEN it.... It's such a frightful, frightful thing!

And to think that ... It has happened not once or twice but hundreds of times that people who loved someone (they loved their father or brother, or their mother), as soon as that person is dead, if they see him in a dream or vision, they get terribly frightened and try to chase him away! .... Why?... If I ask them why, it's such a spontaneous movement in them that they can't answer me. They can't, they find it so natural that they are surprised I should ask the question.

That's what I said to T. (I don't think she understood), I told her that there isn't so much difference between what people call "life" and what they call "death"; the difference is very small, and grows still smaller when you go into the problem in depth and in all the details. People always make a *clean cut* between the two – it's quite stupid: some living are already half dead, and many dead are VERY alive.

October 5, 1967

(From Satprem to Mother)

Sweet Mother, I have seen the monk. My impression is favorable nevertheless.

With love

Signed:Satprem

October 7, 1967

(Satprem describes his meeting with the monk.)

... But he talked with Pavitra, and he said he is interested in the quest for the "inner divine," that's what he wants to find. He said, "The divinization of the earth is all very well ..." *(Mother laughs)* but what interests him is the discovery of the inner divine. Did he say anything to you?

Yes, while we were talking about dogmas, he said that all those outer things had no value for him and what mattered to him was the ascent here [gesture to the heart], the assumption and resurrection here.

That's good. If that's how he understands religion, it's good. Well, he seems to be sincere in his own quest.

He told me that in reality, sacraments, rites and so on didn't interest him much, but that he didn't want to leave either sacraments or rites, because, he told me, "If I leave them I leave their society, I am excluded and lose any means of action."

He wants to do something?

Yes, his idea is to broaden his Christianity, to find a truth and then take it there.

Oh!

He even told me something I found quite Christian; he said, "Deep down, I have a desire for total consecration, total self-giving, to be like a martyr and give my life for that new truth...." He thirsts to be a martyr – the martyr of the Church.

Sri Aurobindo once said (jokingly, as it were), while talking with those around him (I was there and we were talking about Christianity and the "new Christ"), he told them, "Oh, if the new Christ comes, the Church will crucify him!"

(silence)

Oho! So he has ambition....

Yes, of course, it's a kind of ambition. But it stems from something sincere.

Yes, a good intention.
Well, it's all right, we'll see what happens.

(Mother then holds out to Satprem a peculiar rose, which in a few petals seemed to want to be red, then turned pale yellow.)

You'd say it didn't know its own mind!

Just like people: they want to do one thing, then end up doing another. Perhaps it will also be like that with this brother A.?

Anyhow, it's the first time I've heard someone say he wanted to change something: the others want to change the new thing to suit it to their religion, but he wants to bring the new thing into his religion to change it. it's good. It's a good intention.

Why are people hypnotized by the past?... It's strange. The thing was very interesting when it came, of course, very necessary; it had to come, it did its work – but now it's over.

They don't know how to move on. They just sit down like that – "Now I've found it! I'll sit down and won't budge." *(Mother laughs)*

Sri Aurobindo always used to say, "I don't want people to do the same thing with what I have said...."

One must always go farther.

And he is still saying new things to me, it's very interesting.... This morning again, for a long time, it was as if everything established were swept away: "Ah, no! A little farther, a little higher, a little truer...."

(silence)

He also talked about people's fear – his prior's, for instance.

Fear?

Yes. This prior is a very nice man, sincere, who seeks the truth, but ultimately he has fear.

That's it.

And he told me, "The devil isn't in sin: this is where the devil is!"

In fear, yes.

But still, in the end he said, "You too are part of the Roman unity."

Ah, but I was told the same thing. A "leading light" of the Church said to me, "But what do you know? You belong to the universal Roman Church." I told him *(laughing),* "Well, I don't mind, that doesn't bother me!

But they're a nuisance with their Church!

(Mother laughs) They're like that.

Rome!... But Rome was a nonexistent fetus when there had already been millennia of wisdom.

But Rome is nothing! I don't know why in Europe they attach so much importance to this whole affair....

The world begins with them.

Even from the standpoint of culture, Rome was far inferior to Greece.... I don't know why – but it's the case of all the Latin countries, I think.

They put everything upside down.

That's what always stops me, because you feel you pour or give them some good substance ...

And they change it.

... and it simply goes to swell their Roman affair. That's what bothers me.

Yes. Oh, but they aren't the only ones to do that. As a matter of fact, all the old things seem to be swelling up as much as they can so as not to disappear. I received today a greeting card from a former disciple.... *(Mother looks for the card)* His name was A.C., an Israelite who was here and then went to England. In England he belonged for a long time to the "Sri Aurobindo group," then when the war between Israel and Egypt broke out (or a little before), he became fanatic, a fanatic Israelite: "I want to work for Israel alone." And as he had been contacted about Auroville, he answered, "Can Auroville help Israel?" Things of that sort. And right now, it's the New Year there, so he sent me this *(Mother shows a card with seven candles illuminating the world, and wheat ears).* In the past, he used to call me *The Divine Mother,* and Sri Aurobindo was *The Lord.* Then in his last letter, it was "Guru" (I have become the guru!), and, "I *want to inform you that I have left the group."* And now he sends me this card: *"To the Mother ... God bless You" (Mother laughs).* And it's the same thing, of course! Over there, few people are religious, they rather have a very practical mind, but he has the religious temperament, so now it has become like this *(Mother puffs out her cheeks),* his Judaism is swelling up. The seven lights and the ears of prosperity.... I found it touching: *"God bless You" (Mother laughs).*

I remember, long ago, right at the beginning (I think I had just moved into Sri Aurobindo's house), someone, I forget who (did Tagore have a sister?...[125]), she was a tall and strong woman, rather awe-inspiring, who had come to spend a day in the Ashram, and she told me, "Why don't you keep some rooms and rent them out to visitors? You would get ten rupees a day." *(Mother laughs)* I stared at her, I was flabbergasted (she was teaching me to be practical!). And at the end, she said, *"God bless you."* At that point I couldn't restrain myself, and I answered her, *"It's already done!" (Mother laughs)*

So it's the same thing everywhere, *a patronizing attitude.*

And when they are too small to swell themselves up, they enter religion and swell it up: they turn it into an enormous thing that dominates the world.

Ah, never mind, if they find it amusing ...

(silence)

What do these people call "sin," to begin with? What is sin?... When I am told about sin, I answer, "You know, sin is not being Divine."

So the whole world is in sin.

For them, the Catholics, sin is that miserable affair of sex. Yet they do bless marriage! They bless marriage, and when you are married by the Church, it's for eternity! If you go to hell, you go to hell together; and if you go to heaven, you go to heaven together – but you can never separate! *(Mother laughs)* Word for word, I am not making anything up.

But I told him, "Yours is a barbarous religion."

What did he say!?

But he rather agreed! His idea is to bring some new air into it.

(silence)

But it's very much like when you want to clean a pond and you stir its depths: it becomes disgusting, it all rises up.... Every day there come two or three things ... Anyway.

October 11, 1967

(Sujata gives Mother a flower called "New Birth.")

(To Satprem) Tell me, what's a new birth?

Being radically different.

(After a silence) Becoming new every moment.

This morning again, for, oh, more than two hours, absolutely a new person. And every time, with the work, the contact with the world ... [it fades away]. But it doesn't quite return the same, something is gone. For two hours this morning, it was still more than the other day, but not the same thing – never the same thing, never the same experience twice.

But it was ... At one point I thought of you and said to myself, "Oh, if he were here and could note this down, it would be interesting...."

* * *

(Mother goes to sit at her table, then laughs at the extraordinary accumulation of things on it – precariously balanced packets, stocks of envelopes, paper, pens....)

Here everything is arranged: if you have the slightest unconscious gesture, it means catastrophe! There are little beings that have been assigned to keeping watch, and that's the funniest of all: if you have an unconscious movement like that, they snatch from you the thing you are holding and send it flying far away! It has happened to me countless times. In my case, of course, I just laugh, I know what's going on: they take the thing and poff! send it flying into the air as if you had made a violent gesture. It happens constantly. This table has been PURPOSELY arranged for that – it wasn't me who arranged it: I was MADE to arrange it. And that's how it is: if you make an unconscious gesture, something tumbles down – naturally! *(Mother points to the piles of envelopes)*

Your table is frightful!

Yes, but each thing has its purpose and usefulness.

I also have deities *(Mother lifts three statuettes, deluged with a few others in a torrent of paper):* this is a standing Ganesh; this is Garuda, Vishnu's attendant; and this is Shiva's bull. And here *(a little farther on the table),* I keep three Ganeshes: a tiny little silver Ganesh, between the legs of this deity *(a modern-looking one),* then another Ganesh, I don't know what it's made of, and finally a bronze Ganesh. And in here *(Mother points to a drawer in which she keeps money),* I have three other Ganeshes: a bronze one, a silver one and a gold one! It's because he promised me that he would give me all the money I need, so this way *(laughing)* he can't say I forget him (or his promise either!).

This Ganesh *(on the table)* was given to me by a little boy maybe two and a half years old. When that little boy was a few months old and till the age of one, whenever his mother brought him to me he would cry and scream and make scenes – the parents were in despair. Every time I would tell them, "Don't worry, all will be well, we'll be very good friends. Then the parents would stare at me in

disbelief. Now he is two and half or three, and as soon as he is in the stairway, waiting – "Mother, Mother, Mother! ..." (or "Ma," I don't know). But when he comes in (he is the first of the family to enter the room), he comes with a flower; and once, he gave me this Ganesh, but with such consciousness! He is wonderful. Yesterday, he was absolutely exquisite: he comes in first, so self-assured, so joyful, then gestures to me as if to say, "Everything is just fine, don't worry!" And I speak to him – he doesn't understand a thing of what I say, but he approves gravely. Absolutely exquisite.

There is great progress among children.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding the "Durga puja" or festival and ceremony to the Universal Mother, which has taken place this very morning.)

This morning I had a visit from Durga. She pays me a visit every year, but this morning it was interesting because she explained to me her point of view, how she feels existence, and at the same time.... You know that she came last year, I told you the story. (Previously, when I used to go downstairs to give darshan, she would not only come but stay there for the whole time.) But when she came last year I told her, "Very good, it's very good, you fulfill your universal function very well, but you are missing something...." And I explained to her the meaning of being in conscious and attentive contact with the supreme Will. She understood. She understood and adhered, she said yes. And during the year she must have tried, because when she returned this morning, there was really a difference, especially a difference in the understanding, and she explained it to me. Then I spoke to her about the physical human nature and its infirmity, and she told me, "There is in this body something we – all of us up above – do not have and cannot have: the possibility of a constant Presence of and a constant contact with the Divine." She had never thought of it before! Only since a year ago. And she said it with such intensity – such intensity and understanding and meaning.... It was as though all human miseries instantly disappeared in front of this EXTRAORDINARY thing – the possibility of feeling in every cell the divine Presence.

It was really interesting. The morning was really interesting.

She stayed here while I was washing, and she told me, "See, you can do all this, and not for a minute, not for a second do you lose the contact with That, with the supreme wonder. And we who are full of power, without any of your petty miseries, any of your petty difficulties, we are so used to our way of being that we don't see the value of it, it's something obvious, almost inevitable." And she said *(Mother smiles),* "We never think of the Divine, because we ARE the Divine.... So there isn't that will to progress, that thirst for ever better, ever more – we totally lack it."

It was really interesting. I am putting it into words (of course, she didn't speak to me in French!), but it was very simple, the contact was very simple *(gesture of inner exchange),* and very natural, very spontaneous. At one point I even asked her *(laughing),* "Do you enjoy all this worship people give you?" She said no. "No, I don't care." She is too used to it, she doesn't care.

* * *

Later, regarding Auroville

I met Y. They're preparing an issue on Auroville, and she came with a list of questions this long *(gesture),* saying, "I don't know Auroville's sociology too well." I told her, "Neither do I!" Then she asked me questions (very intelligent ones, mind you), and I answered her. But there was one thing about the selection of people and admissions to Auroville; I told her that naturally, the essential condition to be able to select people was that preferences, attractions and repulsions, likes and dislikes, all moral rules, all of that must have completely disappeared – not that one should be on the way to overcoming it, it's not that: it must have disappeared *(laughing),* there must be no more ego! Then I told her, "It's not a judgment, it's not that you look at people and judge whether they are fit to be there or not, destined to be there or not, it's not that at all – you don't 'judge'...." And after she left, I noted the end of the thing *(Mother takes a note and reads it out):*

> "The Force is put on all, identical and supreme ...

The Force is identical for all *(uniform gesture all over the earth)* and supreme, that is ... well, it means supreme, like this *(same even, outspread gesture).* Whoever they are, whatever their attitude, the Force is put on all identically – and THEY are the ones who classify themselves; it's not that you decide that such and such person goes here or there or here: they classify THEMSELVES according to ...

> "... And everyone classifies himself, by himself, according to his own receptivity and the quality of that receptivity – or else his refusal or incapacity."

All degrees are there, of course. When it's refusal or incapacity, then the person flees BY HIMSELF, saying, They're fools, they are trying to do something impossible and unrealizable." (I know many such people, they think they have superior intelligence.) But even to place themselves, it's people themselves who will do it.... She came with the idea of a hierarchy. I said, "Yes, everything is always in a hierarchy, especially all conscious individuals, but not out of any arbitrary will: it's people themselves who spontaneously take their place without

knowing it, the place they must have. It's not," I told her, "it's not a decision, we don't want categories: this category, that category, and so this person will go here, that person will go there – all that," I said, "is mental constructions, it's worthless!" The true thing is that NATURALLY, according to his own receptivity, his own capacity, his inner mission, everyone takes up the post which in the hierarchy he truly and spontaneously occupies, without any decision.

What can be done to make the organization easier is a sort of plan or general map, so that everyone need not build his position but will find it ready for him – that's all.

It was amusing, but very interesting.

(Mother gives her note to Satprem) But water from the flowers fell on it, so it's half erased!

The danger with all those people is that they want to codify things.

Oh, they want to build a mental construction, like that, as square as a prison, it's awful.

But you know ... when she comes, she is very nice, very kind, very receptive and open, and quite ready to receive and listen, at least in her outer attitude, but it seems she has a "group" over there, and in that group ... (I heard it through some sincere people who went there) it's frightful! Harsh judgments, you know. And a crushing superiority.

It's a pity.

I also heard (she didn't say anything to me or show anything), but anyway I heard that the *Bulletin is* behind the times.

That came to me.

Ah?

And strangely, it came to me as from Y.

Well, well!

The very words you've used. I don't know why, one morning something said, "Oh, the Bulletin is behind the times." And it was as if Y. was on the line. It's funny.

(Mother remains silent) Sri Aurobindo is already "in the past"!

She doesn't waste time!

But I know that, because I got a letter from her which gave a hint of it. She said that the Mother in her four Aspects, as in Sri Aurobindo's book, was "all very well for today's creation" (let's not yet say "yesterday's creation," let's say "today's"!), "but for tomorrow's creation, there must come the Mother's aspect of Love, which hasn't yet manifested." And it was put very deftly, but in such a way it was impossible not to understand that it was this lady who was to manifest

That....

As for me, I said, "Very well! *(Mother laughs)* What the Lord wants will be." But since then, I have been treating her as ... (what should I say?) more than an equal – as a superior, and with assertions ... that for her are crushing. And I never miss an opportunity to tell her that in order to do this or that, or to manifest That or ... one must SPONTANEOUSLY AND DEFINITIVELY be above all desires, all ambitions, all preferences – every time, like this *(hammering gesture)*.

Nothing in her apparently budges, but ... Very well *(laughing),* if she stands the "test," we'll see.

There is something very hard in her.

Hard, yes, very hard – merciless.

She is like the caricature of something else.

Exactly that.

(silence)

She brought me a little poem in French on "The Beloved and His Beloved" (all that up above), which, I must say, was very pretty. So she read it to me, and when it was over I told her, "But Love – this Beloved and his Beloved – is not a person, these are not persons; they are not human beings, not even symbolic human beings...." And at that point something opened up above, and I told her what Love is.

She was gripped at the throat so strongly that afterwards I almost lost my voice.

We'll see. Everyone can change, no? I give her her FULL chance.

You know, it's so wonderful, in fact.... Where That manifests doesn't matter in the least; whether It manifests here, there, or there, doesn't matter in the least, it's always the same thing manifesting everywhere. And wherever That chooses to manifest, which is where It must necessarily best manifest, there It manifests. The only thing – the only thing – is not to allow illusion and deceit to mix in, to hold them ruthlessly in their place, otherwise ... None of the ego's mischief – we don't want any of it. Because it's petty, mean, stupid, useless, a waste of time, and because it causes unnecessary turmoil in the atmosphere. But apart from that ... whether That manifests here or there or here ...

(silence)

Some people are quite taken by Y. But others who are conscious and went to her group once never set foot there again.

From the start I've had a sense of recoil from her.... The ego's hardness, that's it.

Yes, with a wholly benevolent mask.

Very interesting.

(long silence)

But the gods have a divine ego. That's what was really interesting this morning.... They feel they exist in themselves, by themselves, for themselves *(Mother clenches her fist)*. Only, of course, there's no comparison with the sordidness of the human ego.

But that's what was so interesting this morning.... Once these divine egos have abdicated, and to the extent of that abdication, it will mean an EXTRAORDINARY transformation in the creation. It was like a vision taking shape slowly *(Mother closes her eyes),* almost with pictures, as if I saw the whole earth *(gesture of a ball)* and the picture of Durga *(gesture enveloping the earth)!* and the two together, it was quite lovely.

The earth in her arms ...

(silence, with eyes closed)

And in those visions (let's take this one, for instance), Durga has a visible, defined form, while this body [Mother's] isn't there because this body belongs here, down to earth; so it's a radiating center of white light that can take a form (but doesn't have one), a radiance of light, a vibration of light, of consciousness – of conscious light. And that's very interesting .... *(Mother keeps her eyes closed)* It was as if to see how this – this consciousness, this light – can manifest in precise forms on earth without losing something of the purity and radiance of the consciousness....

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

There was here *(gesture between Mother and Satprem),* like that, one of those kinds of lamp stands, like the ones they make with snakes, you know – but it was high, this high *(gesture about five feet).* It was in copper, with inlays. designs in it, and at the top was a ball that contained all the lights, as if every snake's head was a light – it was magnificent! Really magnificent. And it was lit. There were "Power" flowers [red hibiscus] forming garlands around the base. And then, someone said, "Isn't this more beautiful than material reality?..."

And that was the artistic construction – mental, artistic – which was "more beautiful than reality." That was the guiding idea of the person we have mentioned: "Isn't this more beautiful than real nature?" Like that.

It was very beautiful, a beautiful thing, but ... it's the mental fossilization of the Thing. It was very interesting – unexpected, I didn't expect to see that: a shape of a coiled snake, in bronze, with bronze inlays, but magnificently wrought! And the burning lamps, the burning light ... superior to reality: "Isn't this superior?"

And the symbol of it was so clear to me that I was astounded.

It is, so to speak, the acme of mental evolution.

(silence)

The Lord makes use of everything, and He isn't afraid. He makes use of everything.

It's interesting, very interesting.

How He has used the gods, how He uses everything, how He has used the Adversaries ... everything.... It's all ways of being, and everything leads ... where we must go.

October 14, 1967

(The conversation begins an hour late. Sujata gives Mother flowers called "Transformation.")

Two for you *(to Sujata),* two for you *(to Satprem),* and one for me.... It's to prompt the body to transform itself! *(Mother slips a flower through her buttonhole)* It tries its best, people don't leave it much time to look after itself.... It's getting worse and worse.... The nights are shorter; during the day, the moment when I used to be able to rest is gone. So it's kept constantly, constantly busy. Not very easy.

* * *

Soon afterwards

All of a sudden, yesterday afternoon towards evening (around six, or a little before), there came a sort of atmosphere of ... (what should I call it?) a kind of discouraged pessimism in which everything had become lackluster, gray, dissatisfied. When you see things from above, in a certain atmosphere of totality, each thing plays its part and collaborates in a general manifestation, but there, it was like something shut in itself, with no reason to be except that it was. It was aimless, purposeless, with no reason to be, nor was it a special circumstance or a particular event: it was a kind of self-enclosed formation, a state of being which was obviously morbid, but not violent, nothing violent.... Yes, in which everything and everyone was without reason or aim, without any satisfaction – neither oneself nor others, nor things. And I was DELIBERATELY shut in it, so I would feel it. The consciousness wondered, "Why? What does it mean? Why is it like this?" And at the same time (you know that yesterday was the day of "Durga's Victory" for those who worship Durga), so I asked myself, "Why does she choose to shut me in ,his state just on the day of victory? What does it mean? What does it mean? ..." It was indeed like a factual demonstration of the perfect uselessness of that way of being, which had no reason to be, which could be turned to anything, any

time, without reason and without motive. It was like the symbol of dissatisfied uselessness. But it went on.... I looked and looked at it, trying to find the slightest clue to the cause of that state: what, when, who, how? ... And the curious thing is that it's very, very foreign to my nature, because even when I was in real trouble, I never wasted my time being like that. And it went on, as things go on when I have to study them, understand them, and do what needs to be done. Then, at a certain point I said to myself, "Oh, perhaps this is what Durga intends to conquer this year?" And at the same time I remembered (like that, far away on the fringes of the consciousness), I remembered the time when Sri Aurobindo was here; every year, on the "Victory day," I would tell him, "Well, this is what Durga has done this year," and he would corroborate it. I would say, "This is what Durga has conquered, this is what Durga ..." Every year, for a long time. And so that memory was there, far away in the light, as if to tell me, "See, do you remember that?" And I said to myself, "Well, this may be what Durga wants to conquer?" Then I thought, "But what's to be conquered in this? It's silly!" It's a silly state. (Lots of people are in that state, I know, but it's absolutely silly, it has neither reason nor cause nor aim, it's like something that comes in without one knowing how or why.) It went on for a good while (I don't remember exactly how long). Then, when I had seen clearly, understood clearly what it was, I asked Durga, "Is this what you want to do?..." And it was suddenly as if ... a very strange thing, as if it evaporated before my eyes, pfft! ... It went like this *(gesture of bursting),* and then ... I tried and tried – the memory of it and everything had completely vanished! In one second it had completely gone.

While it was there, it was ... yes, as if something without any truth in itself, something that didn't rest on any truth. A morose, dissatisfied, grumpy state, and it was gray, gray, gray, lackluster, looking at everything from the angle of uselessness and stupidity.

Then there was a sort of bursting: all of a sudden, poff! like that, and it was all over. And now it's a sort of vague memory which I can hardly recapture, which no longer exists.

When it came, I said *(laughing),* "What a victory!" Then came the memory, the vision of Sri Aurobindo's time, and the impression, "Well, is this" (Durga was there, watching), "is this what you want to vanquish?" She didn't answer me, she smiled. And a few minutes later, poff! *(same gesture of bursting),* like that, I don't know how to explain it. But it was strange, I had never seen that before.... The other times, when Sri Aurobindo was there, whenever she overcame something, the impression was of a power surrounding a falsehood *(gesture as if to pull out a tuft of grass),* surrounding it like that, isolating it forcibly, paralyzing it and taking all support away from it; but this time ... it was an odd phenomenon. Something totally nonexistent, without any truth in it. And all that way of being was as if hanging over the earth, in contact with certain people, but as if wrapped inside a bag: you understand, it had no contact with the rest, but once you were inside it, impossible to get out! You were shut in, it was impossible. Then it burst all at once: "Ah! ..." And nothing was left.

It was interesting in that it was the first time I was the witness of such a thing. And it was really as if I tried to feel, to touch it – I tried, but there was nothing left! It was oppressive, you know: you tried to get out of it, but it was impossible – you were shut in, a slave, powerless.

So now I hope it will have repercussions.

* * *

A little later, regarding Auroville

Requests for admission to Auroville have been pouring in at a frightful pace these last few days – every day a stack big as this – so naturally, everyone must send his photo along with his request and say why he wants to be in Auroville, what his skills are, and which category he belongs to: there is the category of those who want to work to build Auroville, and the category of those who want to come and sit peacefully in it once it's ready. And what a humanity, mon petit! ... In fact, all those who come are generally dissatisfied people. Now and then, one of them has a light in his eyes and a need for something he hasn't found (then it's very good).

There are those that weren't successful in anything and are completely disgusted, so they wonder if they might not be successful here. Then there are the old ones who worked hard and want to rest. There are very few young people – the few young people are all people of worth (the ordinary youth aren't interested). And the few I have seen are those who want to work: they don't want to come and take advantage from others' work, they want to work. So we'll soon have a rather interesting team. But *(laughing)* with the satiated old ones, I ... *postpone decision, put under observation (Mother laughs).* Yesterday, there were a number of them. We'll see: if they want to be useful, that is, give money or things, or propose to do something, then we'll see; but as such, the satiated fat fellow with his leaden-seated fat missis who want to come and spend the rest of their lives in peace, to them we say, "Wait a bit, we'll see!"

The workers aren't asked anything, that is, they don't have to pay: they can come and work, on condition that they prove they are useful. But those who want a piece of land or a house to live in have to pay. And then, some have limited confidence *(laughing)* and say, "I'll give you a little money right now and will pay the rest little by little, in installments" – those I generally turn down. Some are so eager to come that they send money in advance, and when there's some life or something in them, I accept them. But to nearly all, except two or three, I say, "Under observation" – we'll see how they react!

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding a photo of Mother at the Playground in 1954, with the children and disciples around her.)

That was when I declared that I wanted to be Indian, to have dual nationality.... The government of India told me it was a "memorable day in India's history...." I wasn't aware of it![126]

(Mother studies the photo) It's amusing. When I look back at all those things, I have a very acute sensation of looking at my childhood, it all seems to me so childish! ... Still in the illusion of the world.

And for how many years?... Since something like 1915, I felt – constantly felt – I was acting on the Command: the Command from above. The personal impulsion had disappeared. Since as long as that, 1915, and in that condition, there have been a whole evolution and transformation. And now, when I look back, not only all I used to do, but the way of looking at things, especially the way of looking at things ... [seems to me childish]. The reaction was already like this *(wide-open, even gesture),* because great care had been taken to correct any ignorant reaction; the reaction was already very much like this *(same wide open gesture),* but it was VOLUNTARILY so, not spontaneously so. That's the great difference. You understand, that sort of universal equality like this *(same gesture)* was voluntary, it was the effect of a constant vigilance and a constant will. Now also the vigilance is constant, but it's replaced by the vigilance and will to be constantly like this *(Mother turns the two palms of her hands upward, joined together like a bowl and forming an upside-down triangle at the level of her forehead),* all the time like this inwardly, turned inward, as though each cell were turned inward, towards its center of light – that's how it is. And now there is still a vigilance not to forget, not to flag – all the cells turned inward towards That. So all that outward play, oh, how childish it all looks! And now I do things that are far more childish, lots of little things that are, to the ordinary human outlook, totally useless and quite childish – but all that isn't the same thing ... it's ... *(vast, supple, slow gesture)* like the waves and rhythm of a divine Harmony expressing itself.

I might put it like this: at the time of this declaration [of 1954], I was still taking things seriously. At the time of the "classes," when I spoke, I was taking all those things seriously.

Now it's not indifference' it's ... I don't know, words can't express it, because "detachment" wouldn't be correct. I don't know, there are no words.

There is certainly a kind of perception that mankind has given seriousness, importance, and ... It's obviously the mental structure, all that the mind has added in the world: first, differences in value, differences in importance, then a kind of solemnity, and, yes, a seriousness, an importance, a dignity.... All those things. All that is the mind's addition to life. And now it makes me smile.

Like the need of a cult in people, the religious feeling, that sort of *awe* (what's the word in French? ... Fear, terror?) before the divine Power – all of that is what the mind has brought into life – now it makes me smile.

When people come and see me with that sort of seriousness, when they come

like that, I instantly feel like bursting into laughter! So I laugh, I smile, I welcome them like old friends! *(Mother laughs)* Voilà.

October 19, 1967

It seems the Gospel announces a great battle for this year....

For this year, in the Gospel!

Not this year, but it says there will be a terrible battle before the second coming of Christ.... As for me, I know nothing about that! But a lady disciple in Holland has written a letter: it seems everyone there is terror-stricken, there's a panic in the whole country (!) and they say it's the year of the battle. And here in India (not concertedly, of course), astrologers have said that September and October are months of a terrible battle (maybe not a war, but a battle) between Truth and Falsehood. There in Holland, it seems it's like in the year 1000: they gather for meditations, entreaties, collective prayers.... Well. And here, it's the same thing, they are panic-stricken.

But battle there is. You can't move a finger without waging a battle.

I'll give you quite a down-to-earth example: the government owes me 175,000 rupees, I absolutely need that amount, it's six months since they should have given it. Two weeks ago, they sent me a paper in which they said, "Here it comes." I was relieved because I had payments to make before the end of the month. But then the paper was just the promise of a check, and now all payments are over, they've stopped paying for this year! ... That sort of thing, you understand, and EVERYTHING is like that. If I didn't need money, I wouldn't care, but it's "Deepavali,"[127] then a house to be paid for, and one thing coming on top of another. So that's how it is: for the smallest thing you have to wage a battle.

It's like with Auroville: a whole part of the government is absolutely enthusiastic, but there are three or four individuals here, in Madras State, who are dead against, and they have a terrible action: they stop everything. Some ministers (as usual) come, are received, they give you a promise, saying, "I am with you, you'll have everything you want"; they leave the room and send a telegram to their assistant: "Don't sign the papers." That kind of lie, you understand, everywhere.

But the amusing point: here they are Hindus, over there they are Christians, and they both met with the stars to say that it's this year, right now.

And what do you think of it?

What do I think of it? I have been feeling the battle for a long time – the sordid

battlefield, a battle of malice which manifests everywhere as much as it can.... For me, there is a single remedy, that is to be still – still – and to let the storm blow over without budging.

They said we would have a war with the Chinese in September: that could be averted.

October isn't over, we'll see. But battle there is, and I said so at the start of the year; I said it's a year when one must absolutely make the decision, and then hold out.

But at times you feel it would be better if outwardly it exploded.

(Mother shakes her head) Not with what they have found now. Not with what they've found – that's what holds them back, besides: they could destroy entire cities ... in an instant.

But the Russians have sent spacecraft to Venus, they took four months to reach, and in those spacecraft were radio-like communication systems that send news, and a device to collect the soil and analyze it – all of it just machines. It reached Venus, and now they give the news every day: "Here is how it is on Venus." *(Mother laughs)* They are rather amazing! The Americans were content with the moon – you reach the moon quite soon, in two months, I think, maybe less than that. But the Russians took four months to get to Venus and it arrived there, they got the news, it works with electrical devices.

Yes, but on the earth it doesn't work!

On the earth!... A humorist wrote an article in which the Americans had reached the moon, and while they were looking around, they suddenly saw people walk up to them: "They're Moonlings!" They couldn't understand each other (they could speak to each other but couldn't understand); but one of them spoke English and other languages, and so they found out that the Moonlings were Russians! That was very funny.

Well, I don't very well know, I read the Gospel long ago, but I don't remember, I didn't know a great battle was announced in it. I know they announce the Last Judgment when all the people who were buried will rise and appear before the Lord God seated in his armchair *(Mother laughs),* who will tell them whether they are ... *(Laughing)* He will put some on one side and others on the other side! ... I am not exaggerating, that's how it's written.

(['hen Mother gives flowers) This is my delight. My delight in life.

* * *

Soon afterwards

The doctor has again had a fall (just the evening before his birthday), he fell

and hurt his arm, it seems there's internal bleeding. This morning he told me it would take more than two months to heal.... But it's everywhere, with everything, everything: people fall ill just when they shouldn't (and they get cured when it's not necessary for them to!). A general little malice, constantly, you understand. I tell them [the invisible beings], "You are stupid," but they're very happy to be told they're stupid, they say, "They must be quite upset to say we're stupid!"

And I saw ... Yesterday was the doctor's birthday, I gave him a meditation (he had asked for one). Before the meditation, he asked me very sweetly, "Oh, I would like peace in my whole body, my body doesn't have peace." I put Peace. For a quarter of an hour he was blissful, then there suddenly came *(gesture floating in the atmosphere at a low level)* something like a cloud, and he had a kind of unconsciousness: miserable, miserable, so miserable – he was appalled. So I had to stop the meditation. And it wasn't him: it didn't come from him, you understand, I saw it *(same floating gesture).* As for me, I see it, so it doesn't matter – I see it, I even see the nature it takes, the suggestions it gives and so on. It comes with such power that I am compelled to see it – I see. So there is only ONE solution (so far): the absolute stillness of the supreme Force – but no retaliation, just like this *(inflexible, still gesture).* Then, after a time, it exhausts itself and falls away. But one must hold out, and few people are able to hold out – it's hard. It's hard – it's malicious, mean, like that *(gesture at ground level),* and VERY MATERIAL, very material: it affects the cells, disturbs the order. The body starts feeling ill at ease, uneasy: "What's the matter'" Ill at ease. And it's like that in everyone; when they ask me what it is, I tell them, "Keep still – peace, peace, peace, peace, like that."

If you try to reply, it's much stronger than you: it comes in, and then the disorder is inside and you fall ill. Or you fall to the ground like the doctor.

Hideous, absolutely hideous.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother remains concentrated on the photo of a European lady vaguely connected to the Ashram.)

... I don't feel. I have no contact – I have a contact with everybody, but I mean there's no special affinity: the psychic appears to be quite asleep. It's vital and intellectual. The psychic is asleep, or absent behind, not moving.

Her difficulties must be mostly of a mental order.

What can save all that?

It's precisely because there are too many people like this that the earth is in difficulty! Too many, too many people are in the mind: mental difficulties and more mental difficulties.... You can't get through *(impenetrable gesture).* It's an endless process. And that's what makes those ... bang! those battles, wars, conflicts

necessary.

You know, an ardent faith, a psychic aspiration, a fervor, a self-giving, instead of being forever turned in on oneself, turned in on oneself .... A self-giving, that's what is needed to save the world!

(silence)

Mental faith isn't enough, psychic fervor is necessary – selfgiving, self-abnegation.

The body itself is learning that every time it thinks of itself, there's a small catastrophe – not "catastrophe," but I mean on the body's scale: a cellular catastrophe every time it even slightly turns in on itself. It must forget itself completely, forget itself, and most importantly, it must not try to find support, comfort, understanding, help or anything of the sort *(horizontal gesture all* around) – only there *(gesture with the hands open upward and forming a kind of upside down triangle):* the only support is the Divine. The only support. The only help, the only responsibility. All the rest.... There isn't one thing coming from or towards a human being that isn't mixed; and the moment it's mixed, it means conflict.

This is a time of extremes, even extremes in the downright material. Did I tell you two the other day that I had received the first flower of a plant which visibly was supramental power – a flower like this *(gesture),* a hibiscus? And yesterday there was the first flower of another plant, also a hibiscus, this big, snow-white, with such a color at the center! An indefinable color, it can't be described.... It's golden pink, but so beautiful that you wonder how such colors can be physical. A flower this big *(gesture, about five inches),* the first flower was yesterday. And that was VISIBLY (it expressed itself, you know) the Victory of Love, the Power of Love.... It's as if all this physical Nature were, oh, like this *(gesture of intense aspiration),* trying – she tries, and there is a Response. They are blessed not to have a mind.

It was beautiful. It doesn't keep, otherwise I would have kept it to show it to you. How beautiful it was! Like this *(same gesture of fervent aspiration):* a thirst, a thirst for the Divine, a thirst for the Divine. All those mental ratiocinations and complications, it all goes round and round in circles. Yes, it does bring about what's now taking place: a sordid conflict, really sordid, between Falsehood and Truth.

And the government is rotten. People whose very tactics and principle of action are falsehood: to deceive and deceive and deceive. And naturally, to deceive themselves.

You know that these are the *Puja* days: there were Durga's days, and there will soon be Kali's day. So then, all the Powers are like this *(gesture ready to strike),* at the slightest hint they would charge down. And one is obliged to hold them *(immobilizing gesture),* to take great care not to have the least indignation, otherwise ...

And the supreme Consciousness, above, looks on, and so ... That's the supreme

Smile.

I told you about the meeting with Durga. Now there is Kali, waiting. And naturally, it's the great power – the great power, a power ... you understand, they are stronger, more powerful than this teeming humanity, so if you let them loose ... As for me, I want Love to be victorious RIGHT NOW – she will have the victory, she will, but ... not after so much breakage.

(silence)

We have reached a climax, because the impression is really that mind is triumphing over Matter, and it is convinced of it. Convinced – they go everywhere at their own sweet will, they know all that goes on everywhere ... and they don't even know what goes on inside themselves.

October 21, 1967

Yesterday afternoon, I had an experience in relation to a woman who has been in a coma for sixty-five days (!). After fifty or fifty-five days (the whole family was around her, but her son had gone to work), all of a sudden after fifty-five days, because her son had left, she started calling for him, shouting frantically! *(Laughing)* I think they all had a scare.... And the usual stupid remarks: "She was unconscious." I said, "Good God! But why do you say she was unconscious, you know nothing about it'... She can't express herself, but she isn't unconscious." She is entirely conscious, only the means of expression are damaged, she can no longer use them. And I made a long speech on the subject, but there was no one to record it and I can never say the same thing twice. It came clearly (Sri Aurobindo was there), and with the absolutely clear picture of what death is.... Now I can't repeat it.

In reality, to put it practically (but that's no longer the thing), what people call "death" is when the instrument of expression – the instrument of connection with the milieu, of expression – has deteriorated to the point where it can no longer be used, and so there comes a moment when the consciousness ... abandons it. Probably for all sorts of reasons (there must be different reasons in each case), but the consciousness abandons it because it can no longer be used.

But yesterday it came well; now it's nothing. It was lived. Lived, and so clear, so concrete, so obvious, it was, "But human beings know nothing, nothing, nothing at all! ..." Only now it sounds like a platitude.

(silence)

The vision was so clear (not vision: lived, the experience), it was so clear that it contained in itself the purpose of the creation. You could see the work of the consciousness to permeate the inconscient and make it progressively more capable of manifesting the consciousness *(gesture like a flower rising out of the earth),*

with growing complications, but the complications are the result of the inability of the inconscient – of inconscient matter – which adds *one device to another* in the hope of reconstructing the supreme Possibility. Then, through all those complications, and as the substance becomes increasingly permeated with consciousness, the need for "devices" will diminish, and we will be able to return to the higher Simplicity.

But all that was lived, seen – seen, and so clear!

(silence)

And in each "life," as people call it, that is to say, the use of a portion of matter organized in what we call a body, how that use aims at the greatest possibility of manifestation (reception and manifestation) of the consciousness.

Naturally, this can be done because even in the inconscient, at its very bottom, there is consciousness; but that's philosophy. Yesterday, it was the perfectly concrete and material experience of it all.

And individualization is part of the process, it's a necessity of the process, because it permits a more minute and direct action.

And when Matter is supple enough to be transformed under the action of the consciousness – a CONSTANT transformation – then this need to abandon here something that has become useless, or is in impossible conditions, will no longer exist. That is how it will be possible, for the requirements of the transformation, to have at will a continuity, at least, of existence for a form which was transitional.

But yesterday, the impression was that it [death] is now only an old habit, no longer a necessity. It's only because ... First, because the body is still unconscious enough to (how should I put it?), not to "desire," because that's not the word, but to feel the need of complete rest, that is, inertia. When that is abolished, there is no disorganization that cannot be mended, or at any rate (the field of accidents hasn't been studied, but let's say in the normal course of things) no wear and tear, no deterioration, no disharmony that cannot be mended by the action of the consciousness.

It's only this residue (a considerable one), this residue of inconscient that asks for rest *(gesture of dissolution).* What it calls rest is the state of inertia. That is to say, the refusal to manifest the consciousness. It's no more than that.

There is also that FORMIDABLE collective suggestion ... weighing down. That suggestion of old age ... old age, wear and tear, death ("death," anyway what they call death, which isn't dying – what does "dying" mean? Annulment does not exist, nothing is annulled), but anyway, giving up the form because the form refuses to be transformed (that's nearly what it is) and isn't receptive, it accepts a progressive deterioration because of the formidable weight of the collective suggestion – the habit of millennia: "It's always been like that, it can't be helped." The great argument. Which isn't true, besides.

But there is such idiocy in this body. For instance, there is every moment (it's every second or minute), every moment there is the choice between continuation of the old habit and progress towards consciousness. It's constantly like that. And

through ... (what can I call it?) listlessness (what is it?... It's not bad will because it's idiotic; it's more idiotic than bad will), there is a spontaneous tendency to choose deterioration rather than the effort of progress, and it's only when there is something like a slightly awakened consciousness that says, "You silly fool! You've gone through much more difficulty than the little difficulty of making an effort of progress," then that has some weight – not always.

There is a sort of passive knowledge (not that the body doesn't know how it is, it knows how it is – it's listlessness), but when it knows and makes effort, it is always, every time, translated as lights, yes, like vibratory waves, and those of progress are the ones which have all the colors, that twinkling of all the colors: a light made of a twinkling of all the colors. Those are the lights that choose the immediate little effort to reject the listlessness.... But it's not over important events: it's something going on every minute, for everything, all the time, all the time – for everything.

It must be a phase. I don't know how long that phase will last, but it must be a phase because it's obviously a transitional state. And then, when there is that inner aspiration, oh! ... I have seen those cells, I've seen them saying like this, "Oh, won't there be a possibility to be You effortlessly?" Then there comes such a marvelous Response! For a few seconds it's ... *(blissful gesture),* then the old routine starts up again.

But the big difficulty is mental observation: the mind observing (not a personal mind: an observing Mind). That makes things much more difficult. If one can keep the mind busy, it's easier. Because the mind is something extremely hard, dry, positive, phew! and logical, reasonable – it's dreadful. Dreadful. And yet, putting things at their best, the general waves are full (especially now, in our time) full of doubt – such a vile and obstinate doubt! They call all this fantastic imagination.

You are led to tell the mind, "I'd rather be mistaken this way than be mistaken in your way."

(silence)

Then, in the psychological makeup, there are all those old things that come from human atavism: you must be reasonable, prudent, shrewd ... you must take precautions, be provident, oh! ... The whole web of ordinary human equilibrium. It's so sordid. And it's like that, the whole mentalization of the cells is like that, full of that, and not only in your own way of being, according to your own experience, but in the way of being of your parents, grandparents, the people around, and ... oh!

October 25, 1967

Mother reads "Savitri"

A divine force shall flow through tissue and cell
And take the charge of breath and speech and act
And all the thoughts shall be a glow of suns
And every feeling a celestial thrill.
Often a lustrous inner dawn shall come
Lighting the chambers of the slumbering mind;
A sudden bliss shall run through every limb
And Nature with a mightier Presence fill.
Thus shall the earth open to divinity
And common natures feel the wide uplift,
Illumine common acts with the Spirit's ray
And meet the deity in common things.
Nature shall live to manifest secret God,
The Spirit shall take up the human play,
This earthly life become the life divine.

(XI.i.710)

(Then Mother holds out a small desert flower:)

Look! It grows in the desert, without water, and it doesn't die.

Oh, how pretty!

You know, it looks like edelweiss which grows in the ice. And this is in the desert. It's like velvet. It's not fragrant, but it doesn't die. It's a flower without water. Someone has sent it to me. I find it very interesting. There are marvels in Nature. And see this small red dot....

(Sujata:) Yes, Mother, it's like a small flower of immortality.

I'll give you one, but you must keep it carefully....

(Satprem:) Basically, it's the water of life that makes things rot.

Yes, it's water. Edelweiss doesn't die, one which I had was intact after ten years. When things are dehydrated, they no longer die.

Wait, I'll show you two something *(laughing),* because you are really very nice.... See this *(Mother shows a big red rose of a particular type),* it's Sri Aurobindo. Wherever people grow this rose on earth, it's Sri Aurobindo. It grows as big as this.

(Sujata holds out to Mother a variety of white hibiscus)

When the light is on (I have a light in a tube, a fluorescent tube), they don't wither. When you put those flowers under the light, they stay put, I even saw some that were half closed open. They like that light. In the afternoon I put some in a bowl with water (when they are still nearly closed), I put one or two there, under the light – and they open!

They have a sensitiveness unknown to us.

Sometimes in the morning, I have a closed rose bud, then I take it out of the water like this *(gesture of stroking the flower all around),* without touching it ... and it opens!

And people say it's not conscious!

* * *

(The rest of the time is spent in meditation. Towards the end, Satprem feels a little guilty that he hasn't made Mother speak:)

> *I rarely ask you questions because I don't make my mind work very much.*

But you know, I see more and more how horrible the mind's action in life is. Of course, *in the long run,* at the end of the curve, the mind will bring a precision and accuracy that didn't exist without it, but men come to regard that precision and accuracy as the truth, and that has spoilt everything. When it becomes nothing more than an INSTRUMENT of manifestation, it will be very useful. But for the moment it's still ... I am beginning to see in small details how its action is to add something to the manifestation, but in its daily labor it's horrible.

And people more and more flood me with questions – a flood, at the rate of twenty-five, thirty, forty letters a day, out of which perhaps not even two are worthwhile; even those are from beginners trying to find the way, so you can give them a little *push,* like that. Otherwise I take great care to keep their mind quiet.

Anyway, we can see this boy's notebook [the notebook of a young disciple who regularly puts questions to Mother]. What does he ask?

> *"Sweet Mother, why are we, in the Ashram itself, inclined to create small groups and societies, such as 'World Union,' 'New Age,' etc.? What is their purpose?"*

Purpose! *(Laughing)* Do they have a purpose? ... I'll simply answer him, "Because men are fond of forming groups." Quite simply, nothing else to say.

(Mother writes, then stops; after a silence)

I am going to shock him a bit, no?

Yes.

(Mother completes her writing and holds out the notebook)

"Because men still imagine that in order to do anything useful, they must gather together in groups. It is the caricature of organization."

It will do, won't it?

World Union! ... They really did imagine they were going to make humanity progress! ... But when I tell people that the creation of a city like Auroville has more weight in the earth's history than all the groups of the world, they don't believe me. They don't believe me, to them it's totally unimportant, a fancy.

Once I asked Sri Aurobindo (because we had talked about Auroville a great deal, there were lots of difficulties), I asked him (because it was an idea I had – not an "idea" but a need that expressed itself some thirty years ago – more than thirty, almost forty years ago), so I asked him, and he answered me this (which I told you, I think): *"It is the best chance men have to avoid a general conflict."*[128] There.

So, since he told me that, I have been working very seriously. Of course, it wasn't "said," it was LIVED.

Only, I see quite clearly that they don't believe in it, there is no one who feels. So does it ...? And the concrete materialization of the spirit of Auroville hasn't taken place yet, it doesn't exist, there isn't in the earth atmosphere a formation of the "spirit of Auroville," which is a spirit ... *(Mother remains absorbed for a long time)* ... At bottom it is "The art of building unity out of complexity." Without uniformity, you understand: unity through harmony in complexity, with each thing in its place....

It's very difficult.

When R. [Auroville's architect] was here last time, he told me, "When are we going to create Auroville's atmosphere? Everyone is quarreling!" *(Mother laughs)* I said, "Yes, that's the difficulty...." And it's going on. But anyway, there is a Pressure from above, like that, a Pressure. We shall see.

It's still a symbol.

Each little group thinks it is a symbol – that too is a symbol.

And as the formation descends in order to manifest, all oppositions arise, contradictions arise, complications arise, and within you clearly see that they don't understand. So I spend my time telling them, "Don't try to organize, don't try, you are going to fossilize the whole thing before it's begun."

For my part, I wanted it to grow like that, spontaneously, with the full play of the unexpected. But then, you are confronted with all the rules and regulations: we are in a country [India] – we should do it on a desert island! But that no longer exists on earth, there isn't any island left that doesn't belong to a nation – we are caught, bogged down.

Anyway, we'll muddle along as best we can.

It's an attempt, that's all.

But what Sri Aurobindo meant was that the movement, the general movement was towards a catastrophe, and this was to divert the current of force.

But I have wondered whether the Tower of Babel, insofar as the story is true, wasn't a similar attempt? An attempt to harmonize men?... It's presented to us the other way around, but I have wondered if it wasn't that.

We'll see.

Now there is integrally, even for the most material consciousness, the body consciousness, this: to leave the entire responsibility to the Lord – what He wants will be, and that's all. When He wants us to do something, we do it, but after all ... We do it simply because He tells us to do it. And what will happen will happen. Then, if you want to know, you put yourself in the attitude of the Witness and look on. And that's very amusing! As soon as you are in the attitude of the Witness, it becomes very interesting – very interesting – and you smile.

That's how it is.

The body too has learned to be like that with the smallest things. Then it's good.

Voilà.

October 28, 1967

(Mother tries in vain to slip a "transformation" flower through her buttonhole.)

Can I help you?

No *(Mother closes her eyes and slips the flower through her buttonhole).* When I close my eyes, I see *(laughter).* But it's true! And I don't do it deliberately: when I want to see, I close my eyes, and I see! It's so natural and spontaneous that I don't even realize it: when I want to do something, if I want to see clearly I close my eyes.

* * *

(Nolini comes in to read Mother his English translation of "Notes on the Way" for the next Bulletin.)

I have been wondering about this: maybe if I didn't listen I'd hear quite clearly!

(Nolini stares at Mother with a certain bewilderment.) No, I said just before that when I want to see clearly, precisely, I close my eyes and see quite clearly. I do it spontaneously (I noticed it because Satprem asked me what was going on). And since I can't hear, maybe if I didn't listen and went within myself, like that, I would hear? – There must be a trick!

> *(Satprem:) It depends on the consciousness with which one reads to you.*

Yes. Oh, some people speak almost in a low voice and I hear them perfectly well. Others howl and I can't hear a word; that is, I hear noise but can't make out anything. That's what it is, it's the precision of the consciousness: if the consciousness is precise, I understand; if the consciousness is muddled, I can't make out anything.

We'll try! *(Nolini reads)*

* * *

After Nolini has left

Ah, let me show you a photo that was taken the other day, on P.'s birthday *(Mother holds the photo out to Satprem)*.

It's not me looking here: it's when I give a "bath of the Lord."

Even in the photo, the light in the eyes can be seen.

Some people get frightened, others on the contrary are happy – it's an instantaneous sorting. And I know, I know what this look is: it's the moment when there is no personal consciousness left, it's completely gone. There isn't the sense of a person anymore: it's the Force.

But it's the first time it's caught in a photo. T. had asked for my permission to come and take photos.

P. looks like a giant beside me.

> *He's the bodyguard!*

(Mother laughs)

October 30, 1967

I have been asked for a message to be broadcast on February 21 all over India by radio. I said, "All right, I'll give one." But they want to have it in advance. And I saw so clearly that if I gave it now, it would belong to the period of Kali, of the

struggle – I have a strong feeling that from next year the atmosphere will ... *(gesture of lifting)* will clarify. I don't know why. So it would be better to wait till January. Because mentally one can always imagine and say something, but with me it doesn't work like that: it comes or doesn't come. So a whole number of things come, but they belong to a certain state of consciousness, and it's not the state of consciousness of next year.

* * *

(For Satprem's birthday, Mother gives three cards which all depict ships, as well as a metal tray on which a ship is also painted.)

This [the tray] is for fun!
(Mother gives her cards) Three of them: one, two, and three.

Nothing but ships!... Am I going to travel?

No, no! To travel in space.
You'll read afterwards, it's not important....

(the first card)

> "... For the awakening of the Supreme Consciousness and its power of vision."

(the second)

> "... So the most beautiful dreams may become living and true realities."

(meditation)

About these ships, you asked if they indicated a journey.... As you know, it's always the symbol of the yoga, the discipline one follows, and everyone has his own form of transport (!) For some it's a plane; for others, a train; yet others ... But most often it's a ship, especially this great, classic sailing ship. And for you, it's very clearly the symbol of your advance towards realization. So all year long, whenever I receive a ship, I put it aside for you!

Am I getting on?

But this time, everything came together as if ... It was clearly with Sri Aurobindo's humor (many of these cards have his portrait). And in the end came the tray! When I received this tray, "Oh," I said, "this is perfect!" *(Mother laughs)*

And Sri Aurobindo himself was very insistent because ... To tell you the truth, I asked him (for that vision you would like to have, that state of vision), I asked him that it may be given you, that you may have it since you aspire for it. Then he said to me (on one of the cards I wrote what he said), the vision you will have is the vision of the Truth-Consciousness. It's the supreme vision, the true vision. (One may have visions in the subtle physical, in the vital, also a lot in the mind, but ... none of that is satisfying, one always gets a sense of a not quite accurate transcription.) But the true vision is the vision of the Consciousness, the supreme Consciousness. And he told me that's what you would have.

The ship is the development, the means of advance towards that realization. It all came like that.

So I have every reason to hope it will be for this year. Because it came like that.

> *I also worry a lot over this book, this "Sannyasin" I am rewriting.... That difficulty of a PURE transcription.*

(After a long silence) As for me, I have always felt that writing was your way of doing the sadhana. That is, not meditating or anything of the sort, but writing, is your way of doing the sadhana. When you write, I see a sort of transmutation taking place in you. Not only something you call "personal," something which is "your" way of writing or "your book," not only that, but formulating things in the most accurate, the most precise fashion, is your way of doing the sadhana. It's a sadhana up above.

Which is to say that to my vision, the process of expression is more important than the outer result. There is an inner result (which isn't expressed in words), and it's far more important than the outer result. The last time, when you wrote the book on Sri Aurobindo, it was perfectly clear; with the last book too [the first version of the *Sannyasin],* but even more so: there was that sort of inner transmutation which was far more important than what you were writing – to my vision.

It's a process of inner fashioning of your consciousness.

And what happened at the end [of the first version of the *Sannyasin,* which Satprem rejected] was simply because the time of the final transmutation (I don't know how to explain ... or transformation – more than transformation), of the final transmutation hadn't come yet. It was near, but still at a tangent. That's why. It was like that *(gesture showing two lines coming closer),* drawing nearer.

That's what I kept seeing all the time.

And the expression – the expression that will give you a sense of ... that will make you say, "Ah, this is it!" will come with the culmination of the sadhana.

That is also for this year. It's very near, but at a tangent. It's drawing nearer and nearer, and ...

Ah, a happy new year.

November 4, 1967

(Regarding the storm that coincided with Kali Puja.)

Your home isn't flooded, is it? In the room over there, water fell on the table beside my chair, so I put a flower pot and gave people all the wet flowers!

Has Kali calmed down?

(Laughing) Maybe she got dampened! She laughed.... She can laugh, too!

* * *

(The conversation turns to Mother's Playground Talks – "Questions and Answers" – from 1950 to 1958. Satprem is preparing their first publication and complains that he cannot trace the original texts:)

Q was quite free in her movements, there are even some Talks which she destroyed – she didn't like them!

For a long time I used the Talks Q had left, until the day when I realized they were totally truncated. Then I finally discovered another collection, but I have also realized it wasn't the absolute original. So every time it's a huge work to collect everything together again in order to reconstruct the exact original.

But who did the recording?

In the beginning it was a "wire recording"; as there wasn't enough material, it used to be transcribed and then erased. But if at least the original notation could be traced ... Only, the "original" I've found was altered, it's not the original anymore!

Oh, when one speaks, one makes all kinds of mistakes, the sentences are unfinished ...

But that doesn't matter! I have noticed (because I've been doing this work for years now), I've noticed that even when a sentence is incomplete, it's worthwhile to leave it as such, incomplete, because there is a kind of inner rhythm in what is said which is destroyed if you don't leave the thing as it is.

Oh, I was able to tell when it came from above.... It wasn't always the same: on certain days when I spoke, it wasn't the consciousness here, it would come like that *(gesture of descent),* and even when, as you said, the sentences were unfinished, it was all expressed with a conscious Will.

On other days it was much more superficial – it was unimportant, of far less value.

* * *

Mother goes into a long contemplation

A very difficult time.

(long silence)

In full work and ... nothing to say, it's impossible. Impossible.

The most difficult thing in the material world, here, is to fight against the result of all those millennia of experiences that have created a sort of pessimistic and defeatist consciousness – a general consciousness, you know, like this *(gesture enveloping the earth).* It isn't formulated in words, but for that consciousness it can be translated thus, "Yes, we don't deny the existence of all those divine things, but they aren't for us, they're for ..." *(gesture to the heights)*

Quite miserable. A sort of general state like that, quite miserable. And that's the thing, you understand, that's what all those who had experiences on the heights saw, and they said, "It's *hopeless.*"

It's not *hopeless,* not at all (of course not), but it demands a constant, constant, constant vigilance and care.

(silence)

So there, we'll see.

At the same time, the work has become (the "work," not the true one: the external work, the number of people, letters ...), it has become tremendous.... I can clearly see the reason for that, it's because *(silence)* ... circumstances come in order that the body loses the sense of personality. But it's very difficult.

Very difficult.

It can do it very well, but in its most conscious part.

November 8, 1967

(Mother first reads out for All India Radio the message she intends to

broadcast for February 21, 1968, on the occasion of her ninetieth birthday.)

> "It is not the number of years you have lived that makes you old. You become old when you stop progressing. As soon as you feel you have done what you had to do, as soon as you think you know what you ought to know, as soon as you want to sit and enjoy the results of your effort, with the feeling you have worked enough in life, then at once you become old and begin to decline. When, on the contrary, you are convinced that what you know is nothing compared to all that remains to be known, when you feel that what you have done is just the starting point of what remains to be done, when you see the future like an attractive sun shining with innumerable possibilities yet to be achieved, then you are young, howsoever many are the years you have passed upon earth, young and rich with all the realisations of tomorrow. And if you do not want your body to fail you, avoid wasting your energies in useless agitation. Whatever you do, do it in a quiet and composed poise. In peace and silence is the greatest strength."

There.

We spent a long part of the night together, from about eleven till ... oh, a long time, till three in the morning, working – working and moving about. Those are places – kinds of houses, landscapes – which I know well, very well, and where I go periodically, in an atmosphere special to them and for a special work. There are mountains, there are roads going down, there are ... And it's always the same thing: it's a place that exists permanently; but what happens there is different every time (just like in life). And the access is different: sometimes I go there on foot, sometimes in a car, and sometimes I have very peculiar means of transport! I don't always meet the same people there, I don't always do the same work, but the quality of the atmosphere *(Mother feels the air with her fingers)* remains always the same. It's a certain place of organization – of power of organization.

But I have known that place and have been going there for years and years. And last night, I spent ... oh, certainly a good three hours there – three hours of our time here (I don't know how long that was over there).

I met you, spoke to you, explained things to you, and we did things together: all the precise, meticulous details were there.... When I wake up, if I remained perfectly still I would remember, but otherwise I only retain an impression, also a few images which come like that *(scattered gesture, as if Mother touched various points of a painting, which are the partial pictures that remain),* and the impression or memory of the kind of work. And then ... It's a place which is clearly related to the construction of the future on earth.

But I came out of there with a great satisfaction, noting that things were going much better.... One could see, you understand: the future was clearer.

Generally, I don't remain there as long as that – it must have been a decisive

moment.

* * *

(Mother goes on to several tasks, and remarks by the way:)

Ah, yesterday I saw ax-Brother A. He came to see me (he had asked to, so I called him). He came in, gave me a bunch of flowers, sat down and looked at me; we looked at each other for at least five minutes. Then I smiled, and he made a big "pranam," then got up and went away. I found him very receptive, very receptive and very sincere in his aspiration to find himself, to find his soul. Very fine and concentrated, very fine. I was quite satisfied. Anyhow he reacted quite well. It was very peaceful and receptive.

Then at one point, I smiled like that (I don't know why), and he got up and left. It was good.

He is sincere, he doesn't come with an intention at the back of his mind – not at all like that other lady [Mrs. Z].

(silence)

Then the 11th is Ml's birthday. She was born on the eleventh of the eleventh month of 1911 – eleven is the number of progress. Spiritually, she may not be very interested, but materially she is a woman who really likes and wants to do things well; what she does she likes to do well.

* * *

(At the end of the conversation, Mother returns to the experience she narrated at the beginning:)

Last night it was very good – you are very conscious, very conscious.

!!!

It's a connection that's missing *(Mother shows a thin layer between her thumb and her index finger).* Even for me, you know, when I come back a whole world is erased. It's there: if I made an effort it would come back, but it takes time, it's difficult and one must be quite in peace, not busy. But that world is very near ours, very active here, and that's why: up above, with the things from high up, it's much easier to remember, but with what's near like that, it's difficult.

I must be going there almost every day, probably, but briefly on my way; whereas last night it was remarkable. And you were perfectly at ease, I mean it was ... you were there as if it were something customary – besides, I see you there very often. But yesterday it lasted much longer: all kinds of explanations,

demonstrations, organizations, and also there are places there from which one sees the world from above. It's very close to the earth.

You know, a layer as thin as a sheet of paper, something undeveloped, is enough to make the consciousness, when it goes from here to there *(gesture),* forget. At that point, it forgets.

But the effects, the results, aren't lost – one has them: it comes out again from within. It's not that one is cut off, it's only the active consciousness, the active remembrance that's not there. There, good-bye, mon petit.

November 10, 1967

Last night again, for a long time in that same place. It's strange, because I wouldn't be able to tell the precise memory of all that took place, but with every circumstance of the morning, every moment the impression is, "Ah, this was decided last night ... ah, I saw that last night...." Like that. Strange. And it's always the night before the day when I am to see you.

* * *

(Mother reads out the message she intends to distribute for January 1, 1968:)

"Remain young. Never stop striving towards perfection."

* * *

(Then Mother goes into a long contemplation lasting nearly forty-five minutes.)

Anything to say, or to ask?... As for me, I can stay like this indefinitely. It never happens, mind you[129] – yes, for a minute or two, but a long moment like this gives me a sort of bath of tranquil light: there's nothing left, nothing stirs anymore, it's all luminous, peaceful, tranquil ... a sort of bliss. Whew!

November 15, 1967

Anything to say?

No, the feeling is that unless something miraculous happens in the way men understand it, well, it will take many centuries.

But you never expected it not to take any time!?

Obviously not.

But I never thought, I never believed it could come fast. First of all, if one just tries with one's own body, as I do, one soon sees the difference between matter as it is, its constitution as it is, and ... well, and what we may conceive of a divine existence – "divine," that is, not tied down every second to the darkness of a nearly unconscious matter.... How long will it take? How long did it take to change the stone into the plant, the plant into the animal, the animal...? We don't know, but the way things are going ... Now that they are so smart in calculating, when do they reckon the earth was formed? How many billions of years ago?[130] All that time just to be where we are.

Of course, the farther we go, the faster things move, that's quite agreed, but fast ... How fast?

If the process is to be "natural," well, it will take an eternity.

No! It's not a question of natural. Nature organized things progressively for the manifestation of consciousness, which means that the whole work has been to prepare the Inconscient so it may grow conscious. Now, naturally, the consciousness is there at least to a great extent; so things are moving much faster, that is, the greater part of the work is done. But still, as I said, when you see how tied down we are to Unconsciousness, to a semi-vague consciousness, how those who don't know still feel "fatality," "fate," what they call "Nature" and all that dominating and governing them, well, for the final change to take place, all that must grow sufficiently conscious, and not merely in the mental way – that's not enough – but in the divine way! So there remains a lot to be done.

That's precisely what I see every day with this poor little body and everything around it *(swarming gesture),* all this substance, oh ... nothing but illnesses, miseries, disorders, oh! All that has nothing to do with the Divine! An unconscious mass.

You mean, unless something comes and changes that BY FORCE?

Yes.

But Sri Aurobindo said (I read it two days ago, I don't know where he wrote it because it was a quotation) that if the divine Consciousness, the divine Power, the divine Love, the Truth, were to manifest on earth too rapidly, the earth would be

dissolved! It couldn't bear it ... brrf!

I am adapting it, but there's the idea!

Well, maybe not the large divine dose, but a small divine dose!

(Mother laughs) The small dose is always there, there's always a small dose! Even a rather strong dose, and if one looks at That one feels a sense of marvel. And it's precisely because of That that one still sees ... how things are.

You know, not a day passes without the observation that, not a dose, but a tiny little drop, an infinitesimal drop of That can cure you in a minute ("can," it DOES it, it's not that it "can"), that you are constantly in precarious balance and the slightest faltering means disorder and the end, and with just a drop of That ... it's all turned into light and progress. The two extremes. The two extremes side by side.

It's something one notes at least several times a day.

Naturally, if the purpose of this instrument [Mother] were to note, explain, describe, it could tell marvels, but you see ... I think ... I don't know, but it seems to be the first time that the purpose of the instrument, rather being to bring the "News," the "Revelation," to give a flash of light, has been to ... try and realize: to do the work, the obscure task. So it observes, but it doesn't go blissfully into the joy of observation, and it is forced to see every minute how much work, IN SPITE OF THAT, remains to be done! ... And so it won't be able to rejoice until the work is done – what does the work is done mean? Something ESTABLISHED. This divine Presence, this divine Consciousness, this divine Truth manifests like that, in flashes, and then ... everything goes on in its own sweet way – there is a change, but an imperceptible one. Well, for it [the body], I suppose that's what helps it keep heart and gives it a sort of smiling peace despite the result being quite unsatisfying; but that can't satisfy it, it won't be satisfied until ... until the thing is done, that is, until what is now a revelation – a dazzling but short-lived revelation – becomes an established fact; until there really are divine bodies, divine beings who will deal with the world in a divine way. Then ... then it will say, "Yes, there we are," but not before. Well, I don't think that can be for right now.

Because I see, I clearly see what is now at work.... I told you, there are many of those things with which, yes, if I were destined to speak and explain and prophesy, we could build a whole teaching – with just ONE of those experiences, and I have at least several of them every day. But it's useless, of course, I know that!

It's not impatience, it's not even a lack of satisfaction, it's not that at all, it is ... a Force, a Will advancing step by step, which won't stop to discourse and delight in what has been done.

(silence)

Is there somewhere on earth a really divine being, that is, not ruled by any law of Unconsciousness?... It seems to me we'd know it. If he existed and I didn't

know it, I would have to tell myself that for that to be so I must have quite a big insincerity somewhere.

To tell the truth, it's not a question I ask myself.

In all those who are known, all those who have taken the stand of "revealers of the new world" or "realizers of the new life," in all of them the proportion of inconscient is still far larger than in me, so ... But that's only what is publicly known: is there somewhere a being unknown to all?... I would be surprised if there were no communication. I don't know.

There are lots and lots of them, you know, a whole crop of new Christs, Kalkis,[131] supermen, ooh! lots of them, but generally, communication is made somehow or other, at any rate their existence is known; well, among them, among all those with whom I have been in contact either invisibly or visibly, there isn't one who has ... (how should I put it?) less inconscient than there is in this body – but I acknowledge there is plenty, oh!

> *What I don't see is the process to break out of this inertia or unconsciousness.*

Process, what process? The process of transformation?

> *Yes, it is said that the consciousness must act to awaken all this ...*

But it's doing it!

> *Yes, it's doing it, but...*

It never stops doing it!

I tell you, the response is like this: there is a sudden perception (oh, all these things are very subtle, very subtle – but as a matter of fact, to the consciousness they are very concrete), the perception of a sort of disorganization, like a current of disorganization; at first the substance making up the body feels it, then it sees the effect, and everything starts being disorganized: that disorganization is what prevents the cohesion necessary for the cells to constitute an individual body, so then you say, "Ah *(gesture of dissolution),* it'll be the end." Then the cells aspire, there is a sort of central consciousness in the body which aspires intensely, with as complete a *surrender* as it can make: "Your Will, Lord, Your Will, Your Will...." Then there is a kind of ... not something thunderous, not a dazzling flash of light, but a sort of ... well, the impression is of a densification of that current of disorganization; and then something comes to a halt: first there is a peace, then a light, then Harmony – and the disorder has vanished. And when the disorder has vanished, there is instantly IN THE CELLS a sense of living eternity, of living for eternity.

Well, that experience, such as I've told you, with the whole intensity of concrete reality, occurs not only daily, but several times in a single day. At times it's very severe, that is, like a mass; at other times, it's only like something that touches; then, in the body consciousness, it's expressed like this, with a sort of

thanksgiving: one more step in the progress over Unconsciousness. But those aren't thunderous events, the human neighbor isn't even aware of them; he may note a sort of cessation in the outward activity, a concentration, but that's all.[132] So of course, you don't talk about it, you can't write books about it, you don't do propaganda.... That's how the work goes.

None of the mental aspirations are satisfied with that.

It's a very obscure work. *(Mother goes into a long contemplation)*

There were two tall candles, like this, and three small ones, all lit.... What could it mean? All five were burning. What can it mean? I don't know. Two were tall like this, burning, and it was all in a color ... neither red nor yellow, it was orangey, but transparent, and they were like candles burning between us.

Two tall ones and three small ones. I don't know what it signifies.

They were burning slowly, like this *(still gesture),* without any air current, very quietly.

It remained for a long time.

(long silence)

One or two days ago, I don't know, there was a sort of general vision of this striving of the earth towards its divinization, and someone seemed to be saying (not "someone": it was the witness-consciousness, the consciousness observing, but it gets formulated in words – very often it's formulated in English and I have a kind of impression that it is Sri Aurobindo, his active consciousness, but sometimes it gets translated into words only when it enters my consciousness), and these last few days, it was something saying, "Yes, the time of proclamations, the time of revelations is past – now, on to action."

Proclamations, revelations, prophecies, all that is after all very comfortable, it gives a sense of something "concrete"; now it's very obscure, there is a sense that it's very obscure, invisible (it will be visible only in results far, far ahead), and not understood.

Not understood, of course ... Someone, C., wanted to translate *Notes on the Way* and A *Propos* into Hindi, in one volume. He spoke with R. about it, and R. wrote to me, "People don't understand anything," and he feels "the human language is unfit to express that, so how will it turn out in a translation? – A platitude. It would be better to wait." I fully agree, I told him it would be better to wait. But it gave me the exact measure. Because R. and C. are people who are *expected to understand,* and they clearly don't understand anything. And then, Nolini was here, I gave him the letter to read, and he said, "Oh, yes!" – For him too it's the same thing, he hasn't understood! So it's general. Because lots of people quote to me what I said, or experiences they've had, explanations they give "in accordance with" those *Notes on the Way,* and every time I see that they haven't understood ANYTHING.

So it seems to me to be a general incomprehension.

(silence)

It belongs to a region which isn't yet ready to be explained, manifested in words.

It's obvious, I see it clearly, you know: it's because they are all quite nice, full of respect, that they don't allow their mind to say, "This is drivel," but for them it belongs to the incomprehensible.

And as a matter of fact, insofar as it's truly new, it is incomprehensible. What I say doesn't correspond to a lived experience in the one who reads.

I see clearly, so clearly the little work, like this *(gesture of reversal),* which would turn the thing into a prophetic revelation! A little work, a slight reversal in the mind – the experience is wholly outside the mind, so what can be said about it is ... *(Mother shakes her head).* Precisely because it's not mental, it's nearly incomprehensible, and for it all to become (oh, it's so visible), for it all to become accessible, it would take just *(same gesture)* a slight reversal in the mind, and then it would become prophetic. But that ... isn't possible. It would lose its truth.

Well, it's on the way.

November 18, 1967

(Mother answers appeals.)

In her note I felt she was quite distraught. I wanted to keep it to show it to you, but there is such a confusion of letters that I don't know where it's gone. I don't even know ... I wanted to send her a brief note in answer, but I don't even know if I did.

Because with all this accumulation of work, I have only one possible method – it is every minute to "transfer" and wait for the Impulsion to answer or not. For certain things the response comes right away: I immediately write a line and it's over; with others, I am obliged to keep it aside and wait in order to know what I should do. And among those, some I keep aside and find again, and another day, the answer comes and I reply; but with others, it's as if ... *(gesture of vanishing)* something took them away! They disappear, I don't see them anymore.... Naturally, the mental answer, the invisible action is done instantly, in every case – I know what I answered her, or rather what I DID: that goes without saying and it's never lacking, because it doesn't take any time, it's immediate. It's only a question ... in reality, answering is only a concession to the external consciousness. You understand, there are a good hundred cases every day, so ... What I lack is material time.

November 22, 1967

(Mother takes flowers) I'll put them in water.... Flowers are the beauty of life. And there is a progress.

Oh?

At the end of the physical demonstration[133] [on December 2], all the children will pray in chorus, and the prayer has been written by me. I will read it to you.

But I hadn't thought about it: they asked me for it, and I wrote it.

They must have read the *Bulletin,* and then they asked me for a prayer – a prayer that would really be the body's. I answered:

THE PRAYER OF THE CELLS IN THE BODY

Now that by the effect of the Grace we are slowly emerging out of inconscience and waking up to a conscious life, an ardent prayer rises in us for more light, more consciousness:

> "O Supreme Lord of the Universe, we implore Thee, give us the strength and the beauty, the harmonious perfection needed to be Thy divine instruments upon earth."

It's almost a proclamation.

There. So we'll put it into French.

They will say it after their demonstration; it seems they are going to show the whole evolution of physical culture, and then, at the end, they will say, "We have not reached the end, we are at the beginning of something, and here is our prayer."

I was very glad.

You said there is a progress?

A progress! It's a tremendous progress! The thought had never occurred to them, never; taken as a whole, they had never thought of the transformation: their thought was to become the best athletes in the world and all the usual nonsense.

The body, you see, they've asked for a prayer of the BODY. They have finally understood that the body must begin to transform itself into something else. Previously, they were all full of the whole history of physical culture in every country, in which country it's most developed, the use of the body as it is, and ... and so on. Anyway, it was the Olympic ideal. Now, they have leaped beyond: that is the past, now they want the transformation.

You understand, people were asking to be divine in their mind and vital – that is, the whole ancient history of spirituality, the same old theme for centuries – but now, it's the BODY. It's the body that asks to participate. It's certainly a progress.

Yes, but one can see how in the mind the aspiration sustains itself, how

it lives by itself. In the heart too, one can see how the aspiration lives. But in the body? How can one awaken that aspiration in the body?

But good God! it's fully awakened! It's been for months in me! So it means they've felt it, they are feeling it.

How it's done? – It's being done.

But how can one in oneself ...

No, no, no. If it has been done in one body, it can be done in all bodies.

Yes, but I ask how.... Yes, how?

Well, that's what I have been trying to explain for months.

It's, first of all, awakening the consciousness in the cells....

Well, yes!

Yes, but once it's done it's done: the consciousness keeps awakening more and more, the cells live consciously, aspire consciously. I have been trying to explain it, good Lord, for months! For months I have been trying to explain it. And so, that's just what pleased me: it's that they have at least understood the possibility of it.

The same consciousness which was the vital's and the mind's monopoly has become corporeal: the consciousness acts in the body's cells.

The body's cells grow into something conscious, entirely conscious.

A consciousness which is independent, absolutely independent of the vital consciousness or the mental consciousness: it's a corporeal consciousness.

(silence)

And this physical mind, which Sri Aurobindo said was an impossibility and something going round in circles which would do so forever, without consciousness, precisely, like a sort of machine, this physical mind has been converted, it has fallen silent, and in silence it has received inspiration from the Consciousness. And it has started praying again: the same prayers that were earlier in the mind.

I quite understand all that can take place in you, but...

But since it's taking place in one body, it can take place in all bodies! I am not made of anything different from others. The difference is the consciousness, that's all. It's made of exactly the same thing, with the same elements, I eat the same things, and it was made in just the same way.

And it was as dull, as dark, as unconscious, as stubborn as all other bodies in the world.

It began when the doctors declared I was seriously ill, that was the beginning.[134] Because the entire body was emptied of its habits and forces, and

then, slowly, slowly, the cells woke up to a new receptivity and opened directly to the divine Influence.

Every cell is vibrating.

Otherwise, it would be hopeless! If this matter, which began as ... Even a stone is already an organization; it was certainly worse than a stone: the inert, absolute Inconscient. Then, little by little, little by little, it awakens. One can see it, you know, one sees it: one just has to open one's eyes to see it. Well, the same thing is now taking place: for the animal to become a man, it didn't take anything else than the infusion of a consciousness – a mental consciousness – and now, it's the awakening of that consciousness which was there, deep down, in the very depths. The mind has withdrawn, the vital has withdrawn, everything has withdrawn; when I was supposedly ill, the mind had gone away, the vital had gone away, and the body was left to itself – purposely. And that's why, it's precisely because the vital and mind had gone that it looked like a very serious illness. And then, in the body left to itself, the cells little by little started awakening to the consciousness *(gesture of a rising aspiration);* once those two had gone, the consciousness which had been infused into the body THROUGH the vital (from the mind to the vital and from the vital to the body) started slowly, slowly emerging. It began with that burst of Love from all the way up, from the extreme, supreme altitude; then, little by little, little by little, it came down to the body. Then that sort of physical mind, that is, something totally and completely idiotic going round and round in circles, forever repeating the same thing over and over again, cleared up little by little and grew conscious, organized, then fell silent. And then in that silence, the aspiration expressed itself in prayers.

(silence)

It's a denial of all the spiritual assertions of the past: "If you want to live fully conscious of the divine life, leave your body – the body cannot follow." Well, Sri Aurobindo came and said, "Not only can the body follow, but it can be the base that will manifest the Divine."

The work remains to be done.

But now there is a certitude. The result is still very far – very far ahead, there is much to do before the crust, the outermost surface experience as it is, can manifest what takes place within (not "within" in the spiritual depths: within in the body). For it to be able to manifest what is within ... That will come last, which is very good because if it came earlier, we would neglect the work; we would be so happy that we'd forget to complete the work. Everything must have been done within, everything must be fully and thoroughly changed, then the outside will express it.

But it's all ONE SINGLE substance, the very same everywhere, which was unconscious everywhere; and so, the remarkable thing is that things are taking place AUTOMATICALLY *(gesture of points scattered throughout the world),* quite unexpected things here and there, even in people who don't know anything.

(silence)

These material cells had to gain the capacity to receive and manifest the consciousness; and what permits a radical transformation is that instead of an ascent which is so to speak eternal and indefinite, there is the appearance of a new type – a descent from above. The previous descent was a mental one, while this is what Sri Aurobindo calls a "supramental descent"; the impression is, a descent of the supreme Consciousness infusing itself into something capable of receiving and manifesting it. Then, out of that, once it has been thoroughly kneaded (there's no knowing how much time it will take), a new form will be born, which will be the form Sri Aurobindo called supramental – it will be ... anything, I don't know what those beings will be called.

What will be their mode of expression? How will they make themselves understood and so on?... In man, it developed very slowly. Only, mind has done a lot of kneading and, after all, has made things move faster.

How will we get there?... There will certainly be stages in the manifestation with, perhaps, a specimen that will come and say, "Here is how it is." *(Mother looks in front of her)* One can see that.

Only, when man emerged from the animal, there was no way to record – to note and record the process; now it's quite different, so it will be more interesting.

(silence)

But even at this moment in time, the vast majority – the vast majority – of human intellectuality is perfectly satisfied being busy with itself, satisfied with its little progress like this *(Mother draws a microscopic circle)*. It doesn't even, doesn't even have a desire for something else!

Which means the advent of the superhuman being may well ... it may very well go unnoticed, or not be understood. We can't say, because there is no analogy; it's obvious that if one of the apes, the large apes, had met the first man, he would just have felt there was a somewhat ... strange being, that's all. But now it's different because man thinks, reasons....

But anything higher than him man has been used to thinking of as ... divine beings; that is to say, bodiless beings, appearing in the light, anyway all the gods in human conception – but it's not that at all!

(long silence)

Shall we translate this?

(Mother translates into French
the "prayer of the cells in the body"
silence)

So?
Aren't you convinced?
Why don't you try?

But I do! That's why I asked you the question. I am not doubting anything. I asked you how it's done, that's what I don't see.... For instance, I shave every morning. Well, in the morning you are dazed, tired, the mind doesn't work, the vital doesn't work....

Yes, it's an excellent opportunity.

Well, yes, so that's what I do! But I tell you, I just don't see, I don't. I don't know how it can be stirred – it doesn't stir.... It doesn't stir unless I apply the mind or the vital or the heart.

Bah!

It's not that I doubt! I say that my body is a donkey, quite possibly, but I don't doubt.

It's not a donkey, poor thing! *(Mother laughs)*

Doubt there isn't. But there is a question on the "how," that's what I don't know.

That problem never arose for me, because ... When you do music or when you do painting, you very clearly notice how the consciousness permeates the cells and those cells become conscious. This experience, for instance: there are objects in a box, and you say to your hand, "Take twelve of them." The hand goes like that, without your bothering about it, and it finds the twelve (without counting, just like that), it takes the twelve and gives them to you. That's an experience I had long ago; when I was twenty I began with experiences of that kind. So I know, I knew how the consciousness works. You understand, it's impossible to learn the piano or painting without the consciousness coming into the hands, and the hands become conscious INDEPENDENTLY of the brain – the brain may be busy elsewhere, it doesn't matter in the least. Besides, that's what happens in those people who are called "sleepwalkers": they have a consciousness belonging to their body, which makes them move about and do things quite independently of the mind and the vital.

I mean that when I am shaving in front of the mirror, if within myself I don't apply the mantra or an aspiration from the heart, well, it's an inert chunk shaving, and in addition the physical mind keeps running. But if I apply a mantra or a mental will ...

No! It's THE BODY that ends up saying the mantra spontaneously! So spontaneously that even if you happen to be thinking of something else, your body will be saying the mantra. Don't you have that experience?

No.

And it's the body that aspires, the body that says the mantra, the body that

wants the light, the body that wants the consciousness – you yourself may be thinking of something else, Tom, Dick or Harry or a book or anything, it doesn't matter.

But now I understand, I understand very well! In the beginning I didn't, I thought I had been made supposedly very ill in order to stop the life I led downstairs[135] – the life I now lead is far more busy than the one I led downstairs, so ... I wondered why, whether it was a transitional phase. But now I understand: cut off – I would keep fainting. What made the doctor declare that I was ill is that I couldn't take a step without fainting: if I wanted to walk from here to there, poff! I would faint on the way; I had to be held up so my body wouldn't drop to the ground. So the doctor's decision: to bed and no moving. But as for me, not for one minute did I lose consciousness! I would faint but remain conscious, I would see my body and know I had fainted; I didn't lose consciousness, the body didn't lose consciousness. So now I understand! The body was cut off from the vital and the mind and left to its own means; and then little by little, little by little ...

I remember, for instance, all that the doctors do: they give you vitamins, this and that. All right. So as soon as I had taken those vitamins, I saw that sort of physical mind start stirring and stirring and stirring: "Vitamins," I said, "I don't want them, they cause excitement in the brain." Then they changed and gave me something some other time, and that was good. And all that, all of it was simply THE BODY: all that it knew, all the experiences it had had, all the mastery from all the parts of the being, from the vital to the mind and above, all of that was gone! And this poor body was left to itself. Then, naturally, little by little something was rebuilt. For a long time I remained unable ... unable to do hardly anything (a little something, but hardly anything), but little by little it all was rebuilt, increasingly rebuilt: a conscious, purely conscious being – which is now chattering away! (It was unable to express itself.)

Yes, I understand. I understand. Well, perhaps that is what Sri Aurobindo meant when he said, "Your body is at present the only one on earth that can do this work." I thought it was a kindness on his part.... But it's true that it was cut off, I knew it – I saw it – cut off, the states of being were sent away: "Go away, all of you are not wanted anymore." Then the body had to rebuild a life for itself. And instead of having to go through all those states of being as it did before, through successive awakenings *(gesture of ascent from degree to degree, in the way of the yogis of old),* up to the highest height, the highest height beyond the form, now it's no longer that at all, the body no longer needs anything of all that, it simply has ... *(gesture of a rising aspiration opening out like a flower).* Something within opened and developed, which caused that idiotic mind to become organized and capable of falling silent in an aspiration. And then ... then there was the direct Contact, without intermediaries – the direct contact. That it now has constantly. Constantly, every single moment, the direct contact. And it's THE BODY: it doesn't go through all kinds of things and states of being, not at all, it's direct.

But once that has been done (this is something Sri Aurobindo had said), once ONE body has done it, it has the capacity of passing it on to others; and I tell you,

there is now (I am not saying in its totality and in detail, probably not), but here and there *(scattered gesture to show various points on earth)* people suddenly get one experience or another. Some of them (most) get frightened, so naturally it goes away – that is because they weren't prepared enough within (if it's not the little routine of every minute, ever the same, they get frightened), and once they get frightened it's over, it means they will need years of preparation for the experience to recur. But still, some don't; suddenly, an experience: "Ah!" something wholly new, wholly unexpected, which they had never thought of.

It's contagious. That I know. And it's the only hope, because if everyone had to go through the same experience again ... Well, I am ninety now – at the age of ninety people are tired, they've had enough of life. To do this work one must feel as young as a small child.

It takes a long time, I clearly see that it has taken a long time.

And it isn't done, of course, it's BEING done – it isn't done, far from it. Far from it ... What's the proportion of conscious cells? We don't know.

From time to time, some cells scold others, that's very funny! They scold them, they catch hold of them, say a thing or two (in their own way) to those which want ... *(Mother draws a tiny circle)* to go on with the old habits: digestion has to be done in a certain way, absorption has to be done in a certain way, circulation has to be done in a certain way, breathing has to ... all the functions have to be done according to Nature's method. And when it isn't like that, they are worried. Then those which know catch hold of them and give them a good bombardment of the Lord, it's very funny!

There is something that translates into words (it's wordless, but something in there translates into words), and so there are conversations between the cells *(Mother laughs): "You* fool, what are you afraid of? Don't you see it's the Lord doing this to transform you?" Then the other: "Ah! ..." And then it falls quiet, opens out, and waits. And ... the pain goes away, the disorder goes away, and then everything works out.

It's wonderful.

But if by some mischance the mind comes in, starts watching or judging, then everything stops and falls back into the old habit.

(long silence)

Basically, it's the vital, mental – and so on – ego, it's all of that which was – poff! – taken away.

It was a radical operation.

So now there is a sort of suppleness and plasticity. And all this is learning (it's very much in touch with everything *[horizontal gesture]),* it's learning to find its whole support, its whole strength, its whole knowledge, its whole light, its whole will, everything like that *(vertical gesture, turned to the Supreme),* exclusively like that, in an extraordinary plasticity.

And then – the splendor of the Presence.

(silence)

There.
So what should I do to you?

I don't know, an operation!

A radical operation *(Mother laughs).*

Yes, perhaps.

But tell me, when they put you to sleep to open your stomach, were you conscious? Nothing at all? Nothing?

No.

We'll see....
We'll see.

Prayers of the consciousness of the cells

(second series)

(We publish here the second series of the "Prayers of the Consciousness of the Cells,"[136] as Mother gave them to Satprem in 1970, collected under this title.)

July, 1965

I am tired of our unworthiness. But it is not to rest that this body aspires, it is to the glory of your consciousness, the glory of your light, the glory of your power, and above all, to the glory of your all-powerful and eternal love.[137]

July, 1965

Om, Supreme Lord, God of kindness and mercy. Om, Supreme Lord, God of love and beatitude. I am tired of our infirmity, but it is not to rest that this body aspires, it aspires to the plenitude of Your consciousness, it aspires to the splendor of Your light, it aspires to the magnificence of Your power – above all, it aspires to the glory of Your all-powerful and eternal love.

July, 1965

The other states of being, the vital, the mind, may enjoy the intermediary contacts.

The supreme Lord alone can satisfy me.

November 22, 1967

The prayer of the cells in the body

(The prayer of the body's cells)

Now that by the effect of the Grace we are slowly emerging out of inconscience and waking up to a conscious life, an ardent prayer rises in us for more light, more consciousness:

"O Supreme Lord of the Universe, We implore Thee, give us the strength and the beauty, the harmonious perfection needed to be Thy divine instruments upon earth."

Undated

Makest for it possible to bear the work of transformation.

Undated

... because I do know nobody who could make a grown-up body into which I could step without losing my consciousness.

Undated

... because the state of Nature that makes this necessary must be surpassed.
We aspire for the time when it will no longer be necessary for Sri Aurobindo

to die.

Undated

The task of completing Sri Aurobindo's vision has been given to the Mother. The creation of a new world, a new humanity, a new society expressing and embodying the new consciousness is the work she has undertaken. Because of the very nature of things, it is an ideal that seeks to broaden the base of the attempt to establish harmony between body and Soul, Spirit and Matter, ...

Undated

The task of giving Sri Aurobindo's vision a concrete form has been given to the Mother.

November 25, 1967

Regarding Mother's mail

It's very often like that: I get nearly twenty-five or thirty letters every day; out of them, I have time to read eight or ten, and at the time of reading them, most often there is no answer: they're at least ninety-eight percent useless. When there is something [worthwhile in the letter], the answer comes right away. Or when there is no answer right away, sometimes (often) I put it aside, and when I am alone, Sri Aurobindo comes and says to me, "Why don't you tell him this?" Then I immediately write it down. It happens very often. And always an answer, oh, with a sense of ridiculousness, of humor touching the exact point where the weakness or unconsciousness is. That's very funny. So I never try to find, naturally, never ever, it comes like that quite simply. When I have to answer, it comes; then I just have to take a paper, my pen, and I write it down. That's the part of the work which isn't work, but amusement.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I gave you a speech, twice.

Very early in the morning, while you must have been still asleep. Last night and the night before, very early, around four in the morning, I gave you a speech. Not quite "I" (and what's "I," in the first place, where is "I"? I don't know), it's ... At times it comes from high above, like that, imperative; at other times, it comes from Sri Aurobindo, and that's much more close, intimate. And it was Sri Aurobindo, both times. I gave you a speech.

What was it?

He must have told you! And for you, it will come back like this *(gesture from within);* one day, all of a sudden, it will reemerge from deep within you. I even saw that (the experience was rather complete), I saw it go within, and saw that one day it would reemerge and would simply be like an inspiration or a revelation, or even simply like a knowledge: "Ah! So that's how it is!"

Very amusing.

Sri Aurobindo spoke very clearly. He told you WHY things are like this. But he told me not to say it, he told me, "I am saying it to him and one day he will know it."

But on what subject?

On the subject of what you told me last time: that your body left to itself doesn't have any experience. He told you why. And he told you how to do it. But that I can repeat to you; I can repeat the "how to do it": he told you that your body is still in a condition in which it has to go to school, and it's your inner being, your consciousness, your true self that must teach it. He said, "It is still at a stage when it must be taught its lesson, and so it must learn its lesson."

There.

It's very interesting, and very intimate.

Then I asked him, "Should I tell him?" He said, "No, it must come out of himself, like that, it must be a sudden revelation, so that he will say, 'Ah! yes ...'"

There. *(Laughing)* So I've given you a good little tug!

November 29, 1967

Well, read me this letter.

> *"Sweet Mother, in the Bulletin you said, 'Psychic memories ... are unforgettable moments of life when the consciousness is intense, luminous, strong, active, powerful, and sometimes also turning points in your life which gave it a new orientation. But never will you be able*

to describe the dress you wore or the gentleman with whom you spoke or the neighbors or the kind of field you were in.' (Questions and Answers of May 6, 1953) And regarding the memory of small details, you said, 'It's perfectly silly.'

"But then how is it that one often enough reads in newspapers the story of little children who remember their past life?..."

That's not a psychic memory. They always confuse things so dreadfully!

It's not psychic, it's when the vital, through some special circumstance, goes from one body to another, then it still remembers. That's generally when it comes back in the same family, or in neighbors.

Is that all he writes?

"... How is it that newspapers tell often enough the story of little children who remember their past life, and that details were confirmed? Since the study of such occurrences is what leads parapsychologists to note the existence of reincarnation, they are therefore not on a wholly wrong track, are they? And how can one give another kind of scientific proof of reincarnation?"

How arrogant the mind is! Instead of simply saying, "There is something here that I don't understand" and asking for an explanation, oh, instantly it rears its head.

What's the name of this young nincompoop?... I'll send him this *(Mother writes):*

"The memories you are referring to, those mentioned in the newspapers, are the memories of the vital being, when exceptionally it has come out of a body in order to enter another. That happens, though not frequently. The memories I am referring to are those of the psychic being, and one is conscious of them only when one is in conscious relationship with one's psychic being. There is no contradiction between the two things."

* * *

Mother turns to the darshan of November 24

I have new photos of the darshan day. Photos taken with a telephoto lens, would you like to see them? *(Mother goes to get the photos)*

S. has a new telescopic camera, and instead of taking a photo of the whole view at the balcony, she took only my face. Two of them I find very good.... They're not enlarged, they're just as they were taken *(Mother shows Satprem the photos).*

I don't know, at each darshan I feel as if I am a different person, and when I see myself like this, objectively, indeed I see a different person every time. Sometimes an old Chinese! Other times a sort of transposition of Sri Aurobindo, a veiled Sri Aurobindo; and yet other times, a person I am very familiar with, but not the present one: a person I was just ONCE. That has happened several times.

But here too, I get an impression of ... It's very different from you as you are usually.

Isn't it!

And I feel it's something I know.

Yes, exactly. My impression is just the same. I look at this and say, "I know this person very well" – but it has nothing to do with this body.

But it's something I know!

Yes, it's very well known, yet it's not this *(Mother points to her body);* it's not from here, yet it's very well known.

It reminds me of a painter, I don't know why.

One doesn't quite know whether it's a woman or a man, one isn't sure.

I wondered if it wasn't a being living in another world than the physical world of the earth? Because it's ... I know this, but not with the intimacy of the body's sensation. It's clearly someone I know very well and have seen often.

I get an impression of someone I have seen before.

Oh, yes. But I don't know if you saw it in this world.

I have a painting or a painter in mind, I don't know why.

Which of the two is more familiar to you?

This one, N° 14.

Yes, that's right. And are you sure it's a woman?

I'm not sure, either.

You're not.

But I don't know why, I get the idea of a painter or a painting.

A painter? ... Leonardo da Vinci? *(Laughing)* But he had a beard!
(To Sujata:) Do you know this person?

It's not the same Mother!

It isn't *(Mother takes one photo, then the other):* this and this are two different

persons.

But strangely, I know this very well, especially this part *(Mother points to the part of the photo between the eyebrows and the lips),* and something about the gaze.

It might be a painting, perhaps you're right. But which one, I don't see.

Someone very familiar to me, but ... If I were told it's a historical personality, I wouldn't be surprised.

This one [N° 14] especially.

Strange. And it's becoming more and more like that. As the body catches hold of the inner rhythm, it [the manifestation of other beings through Mother's body] keeps increasing.

It's probably not physical.

(Sujata:) Somewhat Chinese!

What is it? One day we'll know....

It's quite familiar.

Yes. But my impression is like this: someone I knew very intimately, with whom I perhaps lived – but not "me," you understand. That is, it's the body that says, "Not me." Inwardly, it's quite different: there is no me-and-you, none of that exists; but the body still has it and says, "It's not me, it's someone I know very well, very closely, but not me."

Why does it come like that at the balcony?

It may be two things. It may be that the original consciousness split into two in a past existence (it has happened several times) and manifested in two different bodies at the same time; and so naturally, there was an intimacy and probably a familiarity in life – it may be something physical. But it may also be someone existing permanently, a permanent form somewhere, with whom we are in constant contact in that world (the overmental or supramental world, or elsewhere), and the feeling "Oh, I know this" springs from within. It may be either of those two things – I don't know which as yet.

(After a silence) It's more an expression, a type of vibration, an atmosphere than exact features. So it might rather be this: someone existing permanently somewhere with whom we are in contact.

That would explain the sensation that we don't know whether it's a man or a woman: it must be from a sexless world, a world where there is neither man nor woman.

(silence)

The body itself has more than an impression, it's ... a sort of knowledge – more than a knowledge, it's, well, a fact: there are lots and lots of beings, forces, personalities that manifest through it, at times even several at once. That's a very

common experience. For instance, the experience that Sri Aurobindo is here, speaks and sees, with his own way of seeing *(piercing and ironic gesture)* and his way of expressing himself – that happens very often. Often too, it's Durga, or Mahakali, or ... very often. Often, what manifests is a being from very high up, very permanent – very permanent – and then there comes into the being a sort of absoluteness. At times, it's beings from a nearby plane trying to make themselves felt, to express themselves, but that's under control.

The body is used to it, you understand.

But the strange thing was that this time, on the 24th, when I went to the balcony, it was someone ... (and that happens to me now and then, more and more frequently) someone looking on from a sort of plane of eternity, with, mingled in it, a great benevolence (something like benevolence, I don't know how to express it), but with an absolute calm, almost indifference, and the two are together looking on like that *(Mother draws waves far away below),* as though it were seen from far away, far above, far ... (how should I put it?) seen from such an eternal vision. That was what my body felt when I went out for the balcony. So the body said, "But I have to aspire, there must be an aspiration for the Force to descend on all these people!" And "That" was like that *(sovereign gesture above),* oh, so benevolent, but with a sort of indifference – the indifference of eternity, I don't know how to explain it. And the body feels it all as something making use of it.

That's why I find these photos interesting, it's to objectify the

We'll know.

December 2, 1967

Mother gives "Transformation" flowers and slips one through her buttonhole

A general transformation!

I have my own here.... So it withers, and when I have my bath I take it out and put it in a glass of water – half an hour later, it's as fresh as if it had just been born! It's very pretty.

It's my joy in life.

Every morning, I must say, I spend three quarters of an hour arranging flowers like that, and it's all joyful – light, light in everything, without darkness.

* * *

(Then Satprem asks Mother about the conversation of November 22 – the turning point of 1962 and the awakening of the cells' consciousness – which he would like to publish in the forthcoming February issue of the "Bulletin," in "A Propos.")

It's too personal.

But it's so clear! It's the first time you have made the thing so clear.

(After a long silence) I know that people will be happy, but it will give me a lot of trouble.

You think it will cause you difficulties?

I am constantly invaded (it won't be much worse than it is!). At one point it was very difficult, but now it's beginning to ... I've reconciled myself to it. I think it's the body that reacts, but it's growing more and more impersonal, I think.

People understand so poorly – but what can be done about that? In the whole country, the number of things written about me, each one of them as stupid as the next ... all because of those ninety years. What a fuss they make over those ninety years!

You understand, I would have liked it to become public once the body's appearance had been transformed – then it becomes interesting, but we're still a long way from it.

* * *

Soon afterwards

This morning I was shown photos again, photos I had never seen, which I am asked to sign for people who've bought them.... In one I look like Annie Besant! *(Mother laughs)* There are all sorts!

But in one of them I seem to be shut in a world of darkness and unconsciousness, and if you look at the face ... it really looks desperate – not desperate, but unhappy. Things of that sort, which I had never noticed. They're sold by the thousands, mon petit!

December 6, 1967

I saw you last night.

Oh, yes?

Do you remember?...

No.

We were in the subtle physical. I saw lots of people: Purani [a departed disciple] and so on, people who are no longer on earth. It was in Sri Aurobindo's ... not his house, but his domain. I saw and did lots of things. There were people who live on earth and people who no longer do: they were all together. And at the end (for many details Sri Aurobindo was there, then he left), at the end I looked at all that, and for the first time in the subtle physical, I said, "Oh, how insipid and useless your life is, and flavorless, when you don't think of the Divine."

The experience was so acute! So acute. Then I said (among the people there, there was Purani, and as I said people who live on earth), I told them, "On the earth, there is that intensity of aspiration, but here ... life is so easy, so easy! Look at all your activities and all that, oh, it has no flavor, because there isn't that intense need to live for the Divine." And it was so strong that for hours in the morning it was like that *(gesture of intense aspiration)*. Life anywhere – anywhere, in any part of the world (of the universe) and in any conditions, even the most easy and harmonious, is not worth living without this intensity of aspiration, of the NEED to be divine.

It's the first time.

In the past, when I went to all those regions, there were always very interesting things; and in the subtle physical, as a rule I was always with Sri Aurobindo – [last night too] I was with Sri Aurobindo but he withdrew to a part of his domain and I

remained with all the others: they had an easy life, you know, carefree, and all they did seemed so ... *meaningless.* Why? Why all that, why keep oneself busy, why do all those things if it's not for this aspiration, for this need to be and become the Divine?

But it's the first time, and it lingered on: for hours this morning, I was like this *(gesture of intense aspiration).*

There.

As a result, my impression was that unless the whole universe becomes THAT, well ... what's the use? Everything and anything that isn't the Consciousness, the supreme consciousness, I mean, yes, the supreme and supremely divine consciousness, all the rest ... It's the first time I've felt so intensely the uselessness of all outward activities – their uselessness IN THEMSELVES, like a blossoming, because when there is the divine Play, then the same things become lovely, it all becomes interesting, but in themselves, for themselves, they are NOTHING. It's the first time I have felt that so intensely. Because I felt it in the subtle world (in the material world it's always mixed with all kinds of trouble and effort and difficulty so it's completely different), there, things are absolutely without difficulty, completely harmonious, really, and it was NOTHING. YOU understand, when Sri Aurobindo was there, it was perfect, but when he withdrew ... flavorless.

And it's the PHYSICAL consciousness that has those experiences at night: the body remains in trance, it's the physical consciousness; it was the physical consciousness, but in a subtle physical released from all difficulties – and it was no better. You know, it was like a reply to the ambition of people here on earth who want life to be pleasant, easy, without difficulties, without conflicts and clashes and diseases and ... they say, "Oh, how charming all would be!" – It's not true: if there isn't THAT, empty.

The experience was very interesting.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I have a whole correspondence in French with S., who is learning French and puts questions to me. So *(Mother shows a sheet of paper),* here is the latest one, from yesterday, because I had told him a story:

You know that I always keep a Transformation flower here *(Mother points to her buttonhole);* I keep it the whole morning, and when I take my dress off in the afternoon for a bath, the flower is naturally in a pitiful condition – so I used to throw it away. But one day, S. had sent me roses in a glass of water, it was on my bathroom table; I took the Transformation flower and put it in the water, and when I came back from my bath it was magnificent, far more fresh and strong than when

I had received it! I kept it the whole night, kept it the next day, it wasn't budging! It remained just as fresh. Then the next day, I sent him the flower back, in his glass, and when he came to see me in the afternoon, I told him the story. I said, "Did you get the Transformation flower? Here is what happened...." The next day, he wrote me this:

> *"Does the transformation not demand a very high degree of aspiration, surrender and receptivity?"*

I replied:
"The transformation demands a total and integral consecration. But is that not the aspiration of every sincere sadhak?

> "'Total' means ...
> Yes, it was on the following page (because I thought, "This man will wonder why I put 'total and integral' when the two words seem to mean just the same thing"). So I gave him the explanation:
> "'Total' means VERTICALLY in all the states of being from the most material to the most subtle. 'Integral' means HORIZONTALLY in all the various and often contradictory parts that make up the outer being (physical, vital and mental)."

* * *

(Then Mother listens to new, unpublished letters of Sri Aurobindo's:)

> *"How can I receive Sri Aurobindo's light in the mind?"*
>
> "It can always come if you aspire patiently. But the basic condition, if you want that light, is to get rid of all other mental influences."
>
> *"What is the meaning of 'to get rid of all other mental influences'? Is it this that I had better not read any other books except Sri Aurobindo's or not try to learn anything by hearing or admiring others?"*
>
> "It is not a question of books or learning facts. When a woman loves or admires, her mind is instinctively molded by the one she loves or admires, and this influence remains after the feeling itself has gone or appears to be gone. This does not refer to X's influence merely. It is the general rule given to keep yourself free from any other admiration or influence."

May 30, 1932

This is something people generally don't know. It's very true, but they don't know it. When they start admiring all sorts of things, it becomes a hodgepodge.

(silence)

This is one of the things I've learned lately through experience – universalization, the contact with everything *(horizontal gesture)* – and it has been shown to the body in such a precise way, in the detail of the vibration.... In the state of receptivity *(vertical gesture to the Heights),* of receptive passivity (the opposite of action, that is), the body must be turned exclusively to the Supreme *(same vertical gesture):* the body and the cells have been taught that, and they've understood – they've understood and are now used to it. In the state of action *(horizontal gesture),* when you are one with (well, let's limit the problem to the earth), one with the whole earth, there must be an ACTIVE radiating vibration of the supreme Force. Receptivity like this *(vertical gesture to receive the Force),* and activity like this *(horizontal gesture spreading the Force out).* And the cells have felt, they've understood, they can do it. And the relationship with everything around you, down to the smallest detail, is something so wonderful, with an influence radiating farther and farther away.

When you realize those two attitudes simultaneously, the contagion is abolished: the mental contagion (the very one Sri Aurobindo refers to here, the one you get when you "admire" something), the mental contagion, the vital contagion, and EVEN THE PHYSICAL CONTAGION – when the cells realize that, you stop catching illnesses. Because formerly (for a long time), whenever something occurred in the sphere of influence of the action, there used to be a repercussion [in Mother]. For a very long time, it was dangerous. Then it became limited to a sense of unease which would grow conscious, and conscious of the why – the why and the how. It was limited to a state of unease, but it was still ... troublesome. And now it's a sort of ... I can't say "knowledge," because it's not mental, but an *awareness* (there's no word for it in French), a perception – and nothing more, it doesn't have any action [or any repercussion in Mother's body]. So then, the whole problem lies there:

There are those who found this, the vertical ascent to the heights, and who isolated themselves from the world (they weren't able to do that completely because they didn't have the knowledge, but they tried). That's not the solution. Then there are those who want to help, the generous ones who are like this *(gesture of horizontal expansion),* and who catch everything, even the mental diseases of all the people around them. So the truth is the two together: this, the passive, receptive state *(vertical gesture),* and this, the active state of action and radiating influence *(horizontal gesture).* And the body has become wholly conscious of the dual movement and is working to realize it in detail.

A great problem has been solved.

And it's interesting because those two attitudes can be almost simultaneous, but they are ... On the level of vibration, of vibratory sensation, they are two opposites combining with each other: receptivity like this *(gesture),* towards the Consciousness, the Force, Power, Light, all that comes from above, and naturally Love (but about Love I will speak later). And it comes *(gesture of descent),* it

comes down and everything, everything is ab-so-lute-ly passive and receptive *(gesture of vertical opening):* it absorbs and absorbs and absorbs, like that, totally given, in the state of a sponge that absorbs and absorbs and absorbs.... At the same time, there is the relationship with the world *(horizontal gesture)* and the Power coming through and working, with the sense of the Force, the Action, the Thing imposing itself. It's magnificent. And in the SAME vibratory radiance of ... of "That." Always the same all-powerful Perfection being absorbed and acting *(gesture of flowing through Mother over the world in a perpetual movement).*

That seems to be the secret of all-powerfulness. There is no need at all to go through mental knowledge – that diminishes, shrinks, hardens.

It's a keen state of consciousness, that is, wholly awakened. In the cells of the body, it drives away all darkness. Naturally, it's a long and slow work, but it drives away, it's a state that drives away all darkness everywhere. And darkness is always the sign (sign or cause) of a disorder. So there is still plenty of it, one knows that. It's a slow work, a whole world! When you ... (how should I put it?) when you descend into (or I may say, concentrate on) this cellular constitution of the body, on the body's scale, it's a myriad world! A myriad world. Everything is as though made up of myriad tiny points, and each point has to be awakened and flooded with consciousness and light – a long work.

(silence)

So it's the solution to these two errors that constantly contradict each other: the error of shrinking, of an exclusivism of influence (which, when practiced on the mental level, becomes a limitation, a smallness, like all exclusive faiths); or else eclecticism without effect or force, which makes a sort of muddle with everything, with all ideas (mentally it doesn't matter, but on the level of the transformation, it's serious). So for these two opposites the problem has been solved.

The state I've just described is possible in the body's cells and in the body consciousness, also in the psychic consciousness; but vitally and mentally, even if you understand, it seems like an almost impossible realization because of a fixity, a fixity in the form: the form of thoughts and the form of sensations. Mentally it could only be translated as an acceptance of all thoughts, all formulas, raising them up towards ... something that's no longer a thought, no longer a mentally formulated thing, but a light, a light, a conscious light organizing and unifying all those thoughts. But if you take them all on the same plane ... You can accept everything, but everything as one standpoint – one among innumerable standpoints on "something" that cannot be expressed in words, because as soon as you put words on it, it becomes a formula, and the formula takes the power away. But physically, in the body's cells, it's very, very clearly perceptible and is lived quite spontaneously: you receive only from on high, and you spread it.

December 8, 1967

The only somewhat new thing is that the body is beginning to be a bit ... *restless* at its decay. Before, it didn't bother about it, it didn't give it any thought; it knew it was going on, but ... Now, it's beginning to be bothered. So perhaps it's a sign, I don't know? It's beginning to be bothered – not psychologically, but like this: when it receives a Command to do something and there is, not exactly an incapacity, but a limitation to the possibility, that starts its unhappiness. So I wondered ...

Then at night it's the same thing, it says, "Why such a whole long period of diminishing consciousness?"

Diminishing?

You understand, it's happy and in what it regards as its normal state only when it's fully conscious of and vibrating with the Presence. But in the night's activities ... (how can I explain?) it's becoming more ... more like something one is used to, you know, like a habit *(gesture of a wave flowing);* there's no longer the joy of a vibrating observation, but a normal state of things, and it's not happy with that: it wants the same intensity *(vibrating gesture)* to be there at night. For instance, it doesn't tolerate the idea of fatigue, of the necessity of rest (although that never arises from the inconscient any longer), but rest as a sort of turning in on oneself, like that, to repair wear and tear – it doesn't like that: there must be no wear and tear, there must be a constant adaptation to anything asked of it. Later, it will probably not even accept effort – there isn't much "effort" left, but instead of effort, there's a sort of conscious receptivity that enables it to do things; and there are constant examples to show that if this receptivity isn't there, well, there's an awkward movement, or an impossibility, things like that, but it ... in the past, it used to feel that was unavoidable, but now it no longer wants it. Now it no longer wants it: things must not be like that. For example, to put something away or find it or do something, it sometimes feels a sense of difficulty (it's never quite impossible because nothing is asked of it which is impossible), but at times it's difficult – and a sense of displeasure comes over it. It feels that as an infirmity, as a lack of receptivity, you understand. Also the fact that it has become stooped: in the past it would say, "It'll get corrected"; now it's beginning to lose patience. That's quite new. It began on November 24. Because it's not a selfish turning in on itself, it's not that, it's not for itself, it's ... the sense of a lack of receptivity to the Force, of limitation arising from incapacity – it doesn't like that anymore.

December 13, 1967

Did you feel the earthquake?... It was in the morning of the day before yesterday, at 4:30. I didn't feel anything. But some people felt it and told me. Over there it was quite bad.[138]

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

A small town has completely disappeared.[139] But it's strange.... I wasn't asleep but was outside my body, so I didn't notice anything. It didn't wake up my body.

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

(silence)

> *Is there something behind this earthquake?*

I don't know what it is.... I don't really know what it is, but the day before, in the evening (I forget what I was doing, I was busy), there was suddenly ... Often there are small vital entities, I think, or vital forces (but to me those things are without force or power), and a small vital entity showed me the memory of an earthquake: about 1922 or '23, we had an earthquake; I had gone out with Pavitra, we stood talking (we were on our way out, it was in the afternoon), when suddenly, hop! up we jumped into the air, the two of us.[140] We knew what it was because we had got used to it in Japan. I said, "Oh, an earthquake." It didn't last – a few seconds and it was over. I had completely forgotten it, and it was as if one of those beings came to bring the memory back, with at the same time, "And what if there were another one?" "Oh," I said, "what nonsense!"

Just the evening before.

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

Strange.

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

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

December 16, 1967

Yesterday evening, Pavitra asked me for a message for the opening of the School today. I wasn't in too good a mood (!) and sent him back. This morning, at five, a message came, and I wrote it down. I had barely written it down when three others came! So I wrote the four of them, and at seven sent them to K., saying that each teacher or class should choose (they are all on the same subject and with the same idea, but shown from different angles).

And at eight, everyone already knew! Things spread very fast.... N. told me, "But the messages are for different classes and they haven't been selected!" I said, "No! It's not for me to select, but for the teacher in every class." And I added, "That's much more fun for me!" And with that I sent him away!

It's true: the same idea (it's not an "idea"), the same aspiration, the same need, depending on the state you are in, on your state of consciousness (or, for ordinary people, their turn of mind), you approach from one side or another.

I don't at all remember what I wrote.... As usual it's a call to the Truth.[141]

(silence)

There is something apparently paradoxical, but it's very interesting. It's this *(Mother takes a piece of paper and writes):*

> "The best way to prepare oneself to receive Divine Love is to adhere integrally to the Truth."

(Mother then writes a second note:)

> "Adhere totally to the Truth and you will be ready to receive Divine Love."

When you say that to intelligent good folks, their heads spin! ...

(Mother laughs) I must say that making their heads spin is great fun for me!

But the best part is that it's true! It's true, it is like that. Every time that there is (it's more than an aspiration, much more than a will, in English they call it an *urge)* a thirst to let Divine Love express itself completely, totally everywhere, the base, the favorable ground is the Truth.

Sri Aurobindo said it, of course. He said it, he wrote it in black and white (I forget the exact words): *"The pure divine love can manifest safely only in a ... in a ground"* (it's not *ground ...) "of Truth."* I don't remember now. If we wanted to put

it poetically, we'd say, *"in a land of Truth."*

So before we can proclaim, "Love, manifest yourself, win the Victory," the ground for Truth must be made ready.

That's what I put under everyone's eyes at the School: aspire, aspire to the Truth. I don't at all remember what I wrote ... *(Mother tries to remember).* One is, "May the Truth be our master and our guide," then two others, and then, "O Truth ..." I don't remember.

That's quite a remarkable phenomenon: the second before, it's absolutely *blank,* empty, there isn't one word, one thought, one idea, nothing, just like that: not a thought. I am asked for a message, and I reply, "I have nothing to say." It comes like that, imperatively; if I can [that is, if Mother is free], I write it down and it's over; if I can't [that is, if Mother is busy with people], it comes back obstinately until it's written. Once it's written, gone! Nothing remains. Another way to present it comes, another form: that also, gone! ...

This *(gesture to the forehead),* you know, is like an empty box (very pleasant, it's very pleasant), an empty, peaceful box, like that: not closed, not compact, open, but it's a box – an empty box. Inside it's all white, nothing moving. And then, I don't even make an effort to bring something down, nothing: "It's not my business." If I am asked, I answer, "Nothing, I have nothing to say." Or else, something goes like this *(gesture on alert, awakened),* sits up and remains attentive, and after one minute, two minutes, ten minutes (I don't know), suddenly, plop! down it drops. Then I write it. And as it falls, it gathers words and makes its sentence. Sometimes it's in French, sometimes in English – it depends mostly on the person it's intended for, also on the subject. So then, if (that's why I keep pieces of paper and pens everywhere), if I have my piece of paper and pen, I write it down and it's over; if I don't write it, if I say, "Oh well, I'll note it down a little later," then it keeps coming and coming and coming back every second ... until it's written down. And once it's written, gone!

But there is (what did Sri Aurobindo call it?[142]) something we might call a "critic," there is constantly a critic there, saying, "Are you sure you put the right word? Wouldn't this be a better way to put it? Is it exactly the way it should be?" And also, "Are you sure there aren't any spelling mistakes, have you spelled it correctly?" Like that. What a nuisance! So sometimes I say to it, "Leave me in peace!" (not even as politely as that). Sometimes I give the piece of paper to someone, then take it back and say, "Let me see" – until it's satisfied. Sometimes a word isn't quite correctly spelled, then it says, "Ah! See, see, you've made a mistake here." Sometimes there are spelling mistakes: "See, see, it's wrong here!"

Now I don't even remember what I wrote for the School. I know that one message was in the form of a wish (two or three were like that), and one was in the form of a prayer, that is, directly addressed to the Truth: O Truth ...

But it's very pleasant to have this [the head] empty, oh, very restful.

And when, from outside, people fill it with letters, news, requests (it all piles up, you know), then I have only one way, the simplest way, which is to do this *(gesture of offering):* "Here ..." (what Sri Aurobindo calls *surrender),* "Here, it's

not my business, not my concern." Then it's over.

* * *

(Mother goes into a long contemplation lasting over half an hour, then still in a slightly "faraway" state, she starts speaking in English:)

I saw a strange beast who came from there like that [Mother points to her left], made a round around you and went away. It was a horse with a lion's head.

Beautiful beast! It was a lion, the head like that, the front form was a lion and behind, it was a horse. And it was the symbol of ... a symbolical animal of something. At the moment I understood perfectly well, I said "Ah!" and ...

Very dignified. Came from there [same gesture to the left], like that, made a round around you and went away. It was for you. Lion is power, and horse ...[143]

And like that, it seems silly, but he was very beautiful, and of a beautiful color. And very dignified.

Oh! ... *(Mother notices she was speaking in English)* It was Sri Aurobindo who said all that to you. It's funny, isn't it, it comes like that.

It was something that came to announce something to you. It was a being, but a being ... There must be beings like that one. It was all in light, and it was ... to announce something to you.

But so real!

December 20, 1967

Mother comes in forty-five minutes late

There is obviously a will to abolish the sense of time, because ... It's very interesting, there are all kinds of experiences like that. I have work that would normally take thirty-six hours out of twenty-four, so naturally, I get later and later every day: I go to bed later and later, and I have to do the night's work, so sometimes I am late in the morning, at times I've been as much as one hour late. Then in the morning, with a certain concentration, in a half-hour I do what would normally take me an hour. I have learned a lot in that respect.

Now, at this time [10:45 A.M.], I can see that the only fatigue is the sense of being late, otherwise one can work indefinitely. There is something to be learned.

I mention it to you because it's just occurred to me: it occurs to me that the purpose is to find the key to the mastery over time; not being punctual, but doing everything over a longer or shorter time, in a contracted or expanded time – so time may lose its concrete reality.

For me it would be very easy. The difficulty is all the people, all those around me, whose life *(laughing)* is like this *(chaotic gesture),* without direction. It looks incoherent. I can't tell someone, "I'll see you at such and such time," because that's not true! I don't know at what time I'll see him or her. And so, as people are used to eating, sleeping, working at regular hours and all that is regulated, it causes a dreadful confusion – but what's the way?

It's not easy. When you are alone, it doesn't matter, but when you are with lots and lots of people, it's very difficult.

There is the sense of the elasticity of time, which is to say that it has no concrete reality; what gives it a concrete reality is human organizations.... That would leave only the sun, but for the moment it's not a big disturbance because what I do doesn't need daylight; you can rest at any time and work at any time, but a life organized as it is...? I don't know.

Something has to be found.

> *But the thing to be found is perhaps to be able to shorten sleep and remove fatigue.*

That's not enough. It's not enough, because it's an experiment I tried: I was able to rest for only two hours at night, and it was absolutely useless – absolutely. The more time you have, the more work you get.

> *True!*

And now, there's a real crush every day – forty, fifty, sixty people a day. Let alone all the things to be signed, to be studied, then the financial side, which is particularly ... *(laughing)* "interesting," in this that the more work I have, the less money I get. I have been reduce-d to making payments almost by the hour, and still I owe money to people who vehemently demand it ... because for those who are waiting for their money to pay for their food, naturally it's not very easy if they don't get it.

But it's a sort of feat, something meant to abolish all that's regarded as the normal and natural rules. So there.

That's not to explain to you why I was late, because I did try to be on time! That's not the reason, it's not that I let myself go like that, not at all; but there is a will certainly far more effective than mine.

(Then Mother gives flowers)

This is "Divine Purity."[144] What does "Divine Purity" mean?... It means for the Divine to receive his own influence alone! ... I understand! Or else, for the individual no longer to receive anything but the divine influence – here, mon petit.

(Mother gives the flower)

* * *

Soon afterwards

Then, did I tell you about the message for February 21 [when Mother will be ninety]? No? Wasn't it with you that it came?...

It's meant to break formulas, you know, thought formulas, mental categories, and it's not my fault (I mean I didn't do it deliberately). It came like that *(Mother reads her message):*

> "The best way to hasten the manifestation of the Divine's Love is to collaborate for the triumph of the Truth."

So to the superficial mind ... As for us, we know it's true because, as Sri Aurobindo said, the Truth has to be truly established and reign for Divine Love to be able to manifest in all its power and glory without ... without demolishing everything. Sri Aurobindo put it more strongly than that, he said it would "shatter" everything.

So that's the message I am going to give.

* * *

Then Mother returns to the first topic:

Oh, the correspondence has become something fantastic! Twenty-four, twenty-six, thirty, sometimes forty letters a day. So naturally, try as I might ... When it's just a line, it's all right, but I can hardly answer eight or ten every day: I have only an hour and a half, that's not much – not even that much! No, no, the "hour" is too much: I have a half-hour! But I extend it: the half-hour I have is from 7 to 7:30 P.M., but every day I extend it till 8. Dinner is supposedly at 7: 30, I take it at 8. Supposedly too, I go to bed at 9:30 and get up at 4:30, but when I went to bed last night it was almost 11 – 10:30 is common, which means an hour late. So from time to time I get up late. You understand, between about 1 and 2 A.M. (around 12:30, 1, or 2), I complete the first stage of concentration to give the body a good rest; after that I start working, and before working, a slight concentration so that whatever the work, I should be back at 4: 30; but sometimes it's later, sometimes it's 4:45. Then, afterwards, I have a certain time in the morning for washing and dressing, and that's when there have been really interesting experiences: with a certain concentration (which has nothing to do with a will or anything of the kind:

it's a concentration, a certain type of concentration and making contact with the Presence – and the sense of the relativity, the very considerable relativity of material time), with an intensity of concentration, you can do the same thing much faster. I eventually found out that simply by concentration you can reduce time by more than half. And you do things in exactly the same way, but they don't take time – how? ... Well, the secrets haven't been revealed yet. But the phenomenon exists.

The same principle is at work (it's not a "principle," it's a way of doing or a way of being), is at work for all things: with fatigue, onsets of diseases, that is, the cause of diseases (the internal disorder or the receptivity to the disorder from outside), it works in the same way. If you add to it the intensity of a faith or an adoration, then it's much easier, but it works in the same way. So what exactly takes place? To the inner perception, the perception of the consciousness, there is a sort of principle of disorder – a principle, almost a taste for disorder, I don't know, it's between a habit of and a preference for disorder – which gets replaced by ... yes (to be as general as possible), by a vibration of harmony. But that vibration of harmony is full of light, of sweetness, of ... warmth, intensity, and so wonderfully CALM! So when "that" takes the place of the other thing, then all that belongs to the world of disorder is dissolved. AND the rigidity of time disappears.[145] Time ... perhaps we could say (it's just a way of speaking), we could say that time is replaced by a succession ... *(Mother remains absorbed for a long time)*.

And that specifically belongs to the material world.

I take the simplest and most concrete things like, for instance, brushing one's teeth; it's extremely flexible and things are done not out of habit but through a sort of choice based on a personal experience and a routine, so as to make a special concentration unnecessary (the real purpose of routine is to avoid the need for a special concentration: things can be done almost automatically). But that automatism is very flexible, very plastic, because depending, as I said, on the intensity of the concentration, time varies – time varies: you can (by looking at the watch before and after, you can notice the phenomenon), you can certainly reduce time by more than half, yet things are done in exactly the same way. That's right: you don't do away with anything, you do everything in the same way. To make sure, you can, for instance, count the number of times you brush your teeth or the number of times you rinse your mouth – I am DELIBERATELY taking the most banal thing, because in other activities there is a natural suppleness that allows you to spread yourself and concentrate (and so it's easier to understand with such things). But it works in the same way with the most concrete and banal things too. And there isn't any "Oh, I won't do this today" or "I am neglecting that" – there's none of all that, nothing at all: everything is done in the same way, BUT with a sort of concentration and constant call – the constant call is always there, certainly. The constant call which might find a material expression such as saying the mantra, but it's not even that: it's the SENSE, the sense of the call, the sense of aspiration – it's mostly a call. A call. You know, when the mind wants to make

sentences, it says, "Lord, take possession of Your kingdom." For certain things, I remember, when there are certain disorders, something going wrong (and with the perception of a consciousness that has become very sharp, you can see when that disorder is the natural origin of an illness, for example, or of something very serious), with the call, the concentration and the response ... [the disorder is dissolved]. It's almost a surrender, because it's an uncalculating self-giving: the damaged spot opens to the Influence, not with an idea of getting cured, but like this *(gesture of a flower opening out),* simply like this, without condition – that is the most potent gesture.

But the interesting part is that formulating it in words makes it sound artificial – it's far more sincere, far more true, far more spontaneous than anything expressed or expressible by the mind. No formula can render the sincerity – simplicity, sincerity, spontaneity, something uncalculating – of the material movement. There was a time when expressing or formulating caused a very unpleasant sensation, like putting something artificial on something spontaneously true; and that unpleasantness was cured only, to begin with, by a higher knowledge that once you have formulated something, you must go beyond it. For instance, any experience expressed or described CALLS FOR a new progress, a new experience. In other words, it hastens the movement. That has been a consolation, because in fact, with the old sensation of something very stable and solid and immobile because of inertia (a past inertia, which is now being transformed but has left marks), because of that inertia there is a tendency to prefer things to be solid; so there is a thrill at being forced to ... "No, no! No rest, no halt go on!" – farther and farther and farther on ... When an experience has been very fruitful and highly pleasant, let us say, when it's had a great force and a great effect, the first movement is-to say, "We won't talk about that, we'll keep it." Then comes, "We'll say it in order to go farther on" – to go farther on, ever farther, ever farther....

There is a stability in the resolve and in the aspiration, a stability that can be found nowhere as much as here *(Mother strikes the ground).* That's a characteristic of Matter. And you know, when it has given itself and has faith, things become so stable, so constant, and ... a joy, a sort of widening, of luminous expansion – it becomes such a perpetual need that in no other part of the being has it ever been like that. It's something ESTABLISHED. And established effortlessly, established spontaneously, naturally, normally. So we can foresee that when this Matter becomes truly divine – truly divine – its manifestation will be infinitely more complete, more perfect in details, and more stable than anywhere else.

(Towards the end, Mother takes up the English translation of her message for February 21, and hesitates over a turn of phrase:)

I've noticed that if you ask an Englishman today, they are much more supple than those who learned English at the time of Victoria, which was a much more rigid English.

Generally I only have to listen, and Sri Aurobindo speaks to me.... Sri Aurobindo's English was very supple; purists used to argue over certain formulations, and I remember, about certain criticisms he would tell me, "But that's because they don't understand! If I put it this way, it means one thing, and if I put it that way, it means something else. And if I move one word to another place in my sentence, it changes the meaning." He was very exact. If you take little words like this one,[146] there is a subtle difference in meaning whether you use one or the other. And the classic formula generally gives the more banal meaning, the more ordinary, the more superficial.

December 27, 1967

(Mother studies an enlargement of the photograph of the November 24 darshan, which she already commented on in the conversation of November 29.)

I am beginning to think it's a sort of "prototype of a way of being." A prototype, up above, of a way of being. I don't know, it's that and not that; I don't know how to explain.... It strikes me as a photograph of what might be popularly called a "mood" – a universal way of being.

It's very odd, at any rate.

(Laughing) We could call it a mother's way of looking at her progeny, or the Creator's way of looking at his creation! ... Very odd. You see, we've always been given the picture of a smug and self-satisfied God, who says, "Excellent." And here *(laughing)* it's ... "My! my!"

So there.

* * *

Soon afterwards

There is a change.... You know that ax-brother A. wrote about that priest who abused the Ashram in coarse language – the priest received a command to keep quiet and stop talking slanderously. And now it's general, no one says anything about the Ashram. Then you know that on the Pope's command, all altars have been turned around; U. was asked to do it, he did it in all of Pondicherry's churches; so the archbishop wrote a few lines, saying, "Please thank the Mother because her children have done a very good work...." It means a change, you understand. It means they've received orders.

And I got from this ax-brother A. such a nice note (because he received a

basket for Christmas), but a lovely, charming little note, that is, something felt, in which he said that the best of himself always feels itself in my presence. Really an inner change.

I have a strong feeling that they've received orders from above. It gives me a great change in the atmosphere.

* * *

(Regarding the violent agitation in South India against the imposition of Hindi, the language of the North, as the official language. This is the same agitation that had in 1965 led to an attack against the Ashram in which disciples had been injured and buildings burned down. At the time the Pondicherry lieutenant governor had not intervened to stop the rioters from attacking the Ashram. It may be recalled that the majority of the disciples come from North India. In the last few days, trains, buses, post offices have been set on fire....)

Did you notice the police at the gate?... It's the minister (a minister who came here) who sent an order to the lieutenant governor to guard the Ashram.

(silence)

If there were a way (that's what I have been working on for some time), a way to make all this youth understand that to destroy doesn't build – they can't give birth to anything whatsoever with this means. They want to change the state of things, agreed – they may not see very clearly the direction in which we should go, but that things must change is agreed – but still, this method is downright stupid.... They've thrown one more bomb at that poor Indira! She was at a university, at Santiniketan where she had gone to make a speech for a prize distribution (or something of the sort), and they threw a bomb at her. But this time, she was unscathed.

You see, that was the method of the adverse forces to prove that the creation was bad: they weren't satisfied with the creation and set about doing that – that's what they have been doing on a big scale. But it doesn't prove anything! They have established death, established destruction and all the forms of violence and hatred, anyway they turned everything topsy-turvy with the thought that, that way, the world would become a superior world – which is stupid.

And all these people now follow one another in single file, not even aware of what they're doing or why or how or anything! ... They act in the name of freedom and, yes, free progress, because an attempt is made to impose an arbitrary law [Hindi] on them – the arbitrary law is stupid, but what they are doing is still more silly.

Yes, but in this case, all the politicians are the ones responsible.

Oh, yes.

The students follow directives.

I have news from behind the scenes. I know some young people who are part of these movements of agitation, intelligent young people who don't want violence – but they want things to change. And there are all kinds of very interesting things: one of them (they are young people who live with their families, I know some from different places and different types), quite recently the father of one of them, from Calcutta or thereabouts, became worried (I know the father quite well), he was worried; he called a friend of his, a high official in the police, and the friend questioned his son; then he told the father, "Your son is remarkable, highly intelligent, highly remarkable...." But then, it revealed something, that there are spies in the police, and those spies tell lies on people to get themselves noticed, so that lots of reports are false – I'd known that for a long time, but in this instance it became perfectly clear and obvious. For example, there had been reports that this boy had been involved in acts of violence – he's never had anything to do with that! The man who questioned him was entirely convinced of it, because he's a boy who can't do such things, and he said, "I totally disapprove of that." But the police reports had asserted his involvement. So, of course, this falsehood everywhere, mingled with everything, complicates things.

It's perfectly obvious that the higher-ups are the ones responsible, because they're not genuine people: they have neither the knowledge nor the vision nor the wisdom necessary to govern.... For instance, Indira, it seems, was complaining; one of her friends (her close friends), who is a very good disciple of mine, told her one day when she was complaining (she said the people and the government were in a dreadful state), she told her, "But why don't you go and consult Mother? She will give you wisdom." Then Indira replied, "I dare not."[147]

You understand, all this confusion, all this disorder seems to be intended to prepare people for one thing, which, obviously, has not so far even been imagined as being possible – the recourse to a disinterested wisdom in order to govern. They're all caught up in "If I do this, these people will be against me; if I do that, those people ..."

(silence)

At the very bottom of the thing, two tendencies or two conceptions are confronting each other. The first says, "It's badly done: let's destroy it and we'll begin again," from top to bottom. The other says, "It's not the way it should be: let's transform it." These are the two things opposing each other: the effort for progress and transformation, or the brutal and stupid method of smashing everything and starting all over again, so that it goes on endlessly.

It boils down to the fight between Death and Life; progressive life, more and more divine, and Death, which systematically abolishes all that isn't divine. Because only what is divine escapes it.

But the process is ... endless.

The power of progressive transformation is what must be infused into Matter.

December 30, 1967

(Mother extracts from a heap of papers, letters and envelopes of all kinds, a note on Auroville, which was based on her words but written from memory.)

(Laughing) All this hangs together in a marvelous balance!

(Satprem reads out the note)

> "Auroville will be a self-supporting township.
> "All who live there will participate in its life and development.
> "This participation may be passive or active.
> "There will be no taxes as such but each will contribute to the collective welfare in work, kind or money.
> "Sections like Industries which participate actively will contribute part of their income towards the development of the township. Or if they produce something (like foodstuff) useful for the citizens, they will contribute in kind to the township which is responsible for the feeding of the citizens.
> "No rules or laws are being framed. Things will get formulated as the underlying Truth of the township emerges and takes shape progressively. We do not anticipate."

Is that all?

I thought I had said more than that. Because inwardly I said a lot, a whole lot about the organization of food and so on.... We are going to try things out.

Some things are really interesting. For instance, I'd like ... To begin with, every country will have its pavilion, and in the pavilion, there will be a kitchen from that country, which means that the Japanese will be able to eat Japanese food if they want to (!), and so on, but in the township itself, there will be food for vegetarians, food for nonvegetarians, and also a sort of attempt to find "tomorrow's food." The idea is that all this work of assimilation which makes you so heavy (it takes up so much time and energy from the being) should be done BEFORE, that you should be able to immediately assimilate what you are given, as with things they now make; for instance, they have those vitamins that can be directly assimilated, and also (what do they call it?... *[Mother tries to remember]* I take them every day.... Words and I aren't on very good terms!) ... proteins. Nutritive principles that are found in one thing or another and aren't voluminous – you need to take a tremendous quantity of food to assimilate very little. So now

that they are clever enough on the chemical level, that could be simplified. People don't like it, simply because ... they take an intense pleasure in eating (!), but when you no longer take pleasure in eating, you need to be nourished and not to waste your time with that. The amount of time lost is enormous: time for eating, time for digesting, and the rest. So I would like an experimental kitchen to be there, a sort of "culinary laboratory," for a try. And according to their tastes and tendencies, people would go here or there.

And you don't pay for your food, but you must give work, or ingredients: for example, those who had fields would give the produce of their fields; those who had factories would give their products; or else your own work in exchange for food.

That alone does away with much of the internal circulation of money.

And in every field things of that sort could be found.... Ultimately, it must be a town for studies – studies and research on how to live both in a simplified way and in a way such that the higher qualities have MORE TIME to develop. There.

It's only a small beginning.

(Then Mother goes over the text of the note, sentence by sentence)

"Auroville will be a self-supporting township."

I want to insist on the fact that it will be an experiment: it's to make experiments – experiments, research, studies.

An experimental city?

Yes... Auroville will be a city that will attempt to be, or strive or want to be, *self-supporting,* that is ...

Autonomous?

"Autonomous" would be understood as a sort of independence that breaks off relations with the outside, and that's not what I mean.

For instance, those who produce food, a factory such as "Aurofood" (naturally, when we are fifty thousand, it will be difficult to meet the needs, but for the moment we'll only be a few thousand at the most), well, a factory always produces far too much.... So it will sell outside and receive money. And "Aurofood," for instance, wants to have a special relationship with workers, not at all the old system – something that would be an improvement on the Communist system, a more balanced organization than Sovietism or Communism, that is, which doesn't too much lean either toward one side or the other.

The idea of Aurofood is good, and they are trying to make propaganda among industrialists.

And there is one thing I wanted to say. One's participation in the welfare and existence of the whole township isn't something worked out individually: such and

such an individual must give so much. It's not like that. It's worked out according to one's means, activity, possibilities of production; it's not the democratic idea, which cuts everything into small equal bits – an absurd machinery. It's worked out according to one's means: one who has much gives much, one who has little gives little; one who is strong works a lot, one who isn't does something else. You understand, it's something truer, deeper. And that's why I am not trying to explain it right away, because people will start making all kinds of protests. It must come into being AUTOMATICALLY, so to say, with the growth of the township, in the true spirit. That's why this note is quite succinct.

This sentence, for instance:

> "All who live there will participate in its life and development..."

... according to their capacities and means, not a mechanical "so much per unit." That's the point. It must be something living and TRUE, not mechanical. And "according to their capacities," that is, one who has material means such as those a factory gives will have to provide in proportion to his production – not so much per individual or per head.

> "This participation may be passive or active."

I don't understand what they mean by "passive" (because I spoke in French, then they put it into English). What can they mean by "passive"? ... It would rather be on different planes or levels of consciousness.

> *You meant that those who basically are sages, who work within, won't have to ...*

Yes, that's right. Those who have a higher knowledge won't have to work with their hands, that's what I mean.

> "There will be no taxes as such but each will contribute to the collective welfare in work, kind or money."

So that's clear: there will be no taxes of any kind, but everyone will have to contribute to the collective welfare through his work, in kind or with money. Those who have nothing other than money will give money. But to tell the truth, the "work" may be an inner work (but that can't be said, because people aren't honest enough). The work may be an occult work, a completely inner work, but of course, for it to be so, it must be absolutely sincere and true, and with the capacity: no pretense. But it's not necessarily a material work.

> "Sections like Industries which participate actively will contribute part of their income towards the development of the township. Or if they produce something (like foodstuff) useful for the citizens, they will contribute in kind to the township which is responsible for the feeding of the citizens."

That's what we've said. The industries will participate actively, they will contribute. If they are industries producing articles that aren't in constant need – and are therefore in amounts or numbers too great for the township's own use, so that they will be sold outside – those industries must naturally participate through money. And I take the example of food: those who produce food will give the township what it needs (in proportion to what they produce, of course), and it is the township's responsibility to feed everyone. That means people won't have to buy their food with money, but they will have to earn it.

It's a kind of adaptation of the Communist system, but not in a spirit of leveling: according to everyone's capacity, his position (not a psychological or intellectual one), his INNER position.

> *In democracies and with the Communists, there's a leveling down: everyone is pulled down to the same level.*

Yes, that's just the point.

The true part is that every human being has the material right ... (but it's not a "right" ...). The organization should be such, arranged in such a way, that everyone's material need should be met, not according to notions of right and equality, but on the basis of the most elementary necessities; then, once that is established, everyone must be free to organize his life, not according to his monetary means, but according to his inner capacities.

> "No rules or laws are being framed. Things will get formulated as the underlying Truth of the township emerges and takes shape progressively. We do not anticipate."

What I mean is that usually (always so far, and more and more so), men establish mental rules according to their conceptions and their ideal, then they apply them *(Mother lowers her fist, as if to show the world under the mental grip).* And that's absolutely false, arbitrary, unreal, so the result is that things revolt, or else waste away and disappear.... It's the experience of LIFE ITSELF that must slowly work out rules AS SUPPLE AND VAST as possible, in order that they ever remain progressive. Nothing must be fixed. That's the immense error of governments: they build a framework and say, "Here is what we've established, now we must live under it." So naturally, Life is crushed and prevented from progressing. It is Life itself, developing more and more in a progression towards Light, Knowledge, Power, that must little by little establish rules as general as possible, so as to be extremely supple and capable of changing according to need – of changing AS RAPIDLY as habits and needs do.

(silence)

At bottom, the problem almost boils down to this: to replace the mental government of intelligence by the government of a spiritualized consciousness.

It's an extremely interesting experience: how the same actions, the same work,

the same observations, the same relationship with the people around (near or far), how they take place in the mind, through intelligence, and how they take place in the consciousness, through experience. And that's what this body is now learning – to replace the mental government of intelligence by the spiritual government of the consciousness. And it makes (it looks like nothing, one may not notice it), it makes a tremendous difference, to the point of multiplying the body's possibilities a hundredfold.... When the body is subjected to rules, even if they are broad, even if they are comprehensive, it is a slave to those rules and its possibilities are limited by them. But when it's governed by the Spirit and the Consciousness, that gives it incomparable possibility and flexibility! And that's what will give it the capacity to prolong its life, to last longer: it's by replacing the mental, intellectual government by the government of the Spirit, the Consciousness – THE Consciousness. Outwardly, it doesn't seem to make much difference, but ... My experience is like this (because now my body no longer obeys the mind or the intelligence at all, no longer at all – it doesn't even understand how that can be done), and it more and more, better and better follows the direction and impulsion of the Consciousness. But then, it sees, almost every minute, the tremendous difference that makes.... For instance, time has lost its value (its rigid value): you can do the same thing in very little time or in much time. Necessities have lost their authority: you can adapt yourself this way, adapt yourself that way. All the laws – those laws that were laws of Nature – have lost all their despotism, if I may say so: it no longer works that way. All you have to do is constantly and always to be supple, attentive, and ... responsive to the influence of the Consciousness – the Consciousness in its all-powerfulness – so as to go through all this with extraordinary suppleness.

That is the discovery being made more and more.

And it's wonderful, you know! A wonderful discovery.

It's like a progressive victory over all constraints. So naturally, all the laws of Nature, all the human laws, all habits, all rules, all that grows increasingly supple and finally becomes nonexistent. Yet it is possible to keep a regular rhythm that makes action easier – it's not contrary to this suppleness. But it's a suppleness in the execution, in the adaptation, which comes and changes everything. From the point of view of hygiene, health, organization, from the point of view of the relationship with others, all that has not only lost its aggressiveness (because for it to lose its aggressiveness, all you have to do is to be wise – wise and level-headed and calm), but also its absolutism, its imperative rule: that's entirely gone – gone.

And then, you see: as the process grows more and more perfect – "perfect" means integral, total, leaving nothing behind – it NECESSARILY, inevitably means victory over death. Not that this dissolution of the cells which death involves stops existing, but that it would exist only when necessary: not as an absolute law, but as ONE of the processes, when necessary.

It's mainly all that the Mind has brought in terms of rigidity and absoluteness and near invincibility – that's what ... is going to disappear. And simply by ... handing the supreme power over to the Supreme Consciousness.

That may be what the sages of old meant when they spoke of handing the power of Nature or the power of the *Prakriti* over to the Purusha – handing it from the Prakriti over to the Purusha. Perhaps it was their way of expressing the same thing.

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[1]In Indian mythology, Radha gave herself wholly to Sri Krishna.

[2]Italics denote words or sentences spoken by Mother in English.

[3]This long phase of "invasion" from outside, which had started the previous year, and of increased difficulty with "people," as Mother used to say, was indeed going to end up in a first serious warning to Mother a few days later, on January 14 (when Sri Aurobindo dictated to Mother a note on the "cataleptic trance" to work out the transformation undisturbed).

[4]*"Surtout pas de docteurs! il faut laisser ce corps en paix.*" Mother added this first sentence in a slip of paper she sent to Satprem after the conversation (see facsimile).

[5]It may be noted that Mother used the French word *"injure"* (normally meaning "insult") because she heard the English word "injury." (See conversation of January 25.)

[6]This note was actually translated into English by one of the Ashram's secretaries and distributed to five people among those near Mother, including Nolini. Everyone "having authority" thus knew of it.

[7]See *Agenda III,* November 20, 1962, p. 428.

[8]These "instructions" were distributed a few days later.

[9]In Bengal, a film on Sri Aurobindo's "political life."

[10]Could it be the dissolution of the "web"?

[11]We cannot help thinking of the "web."

[12]Recently, the illness of Mother's attendant: the only somewhat positive element among those immediately near Mother. She will have to leave Mother's service in August, 1970. After that there will be no positive elements left near Mother. Hence the following sentence.

[13] Mother's attendant, who sleeps in Mother's room and had a sudden bout of fever that night.

[14]See in addendum a letter of Mother's on the subject.

[15]A rather eccentric American disciple.

[16]A twelve-year-old Tamil child, very dark-skinned, adopted three years earlier by a European disciple.

[17]Thoth is an ape adopted by that same European disciple and would be, according to her, a reincarnation of the Egyptian god Thoth.

[18]"Big S." is the child.

[19]The "attraction" of the words in which this consciousness will be clothed.

[20]In the experience of the "supramental ship." See *Agenda 1,* February 3, 1958.

[21]Mother is referring to the Playground Talk *(Questions and Answers)* of May 14, 1951, on "chance," in which she said in particular: "Unless the event is the result of the divine Will expressed without admixture, it is the work of what we call 'chance.' In the ordinary world, everything is the rule of chance, except, now and then, an occurrence whose cause is indiscernible to the multitude of men, but discernible to one who is in contact with the divine Will. Only this escapes the rule of chance."

[22]Mother has just turned 89.

[23]Mother will henceforth stop her "Comments on the Aphorisms," preferring to let her experience flow freely outside the artificial framework of a "commentary." In 1969, at a disciple's instance, she will briefly resume these comments and answer questions in a few written lines.

[24]Mother is referring to the diplomat's son she already spoke of, who merged with Pavitra. (See *Agenda VII* of February 23, 1966.)

[25]*"Men, countries, continents! The choice is imperative: Truth or the abyss."*

[26]Mother received Satprem an hour late.

[27]This is the "vertical time."

[28]The experience in which all is from all eternity, and the experience of the supreme Vibration re-creating the universe every instant.

[29]A few shall see what none yet understands
God shall grow up while the wise men talk and sleep;
For man shall not know the coming till its hour
And belief shall be not till the work is done. (I.IV.55)

[30]See note in *Addendum.*

[31]Lysergic acid diethylamide, a hallucinogen.

[32]The first synthesis of LSD was achieved in 1938 by two Swiss scientists. On April 16, 1943, one of them, Dr. Albert Hofmann, inadvertently swallowed traces of this substance and discovered its strange psychological properties.

[33]Here is Dr. Albert Hofmann's description: "Vertigo. Intermittent sensation of heaviness in the head and the body, as if it were filled with metal. Everything seemed to topple over. When I closed my eyes, I was overcome by an uninterrupted succession of fantastic images of extraordinary intensity. All sound perceptions (the sound of a car, for instance) were transformed into optical effects, each one creating a corresponding colored hallucination, constantly changing forms and colors. At times I felt I was outside my body."

[34]This is the description (retranslated from the French) of the "cellular level" by Dr. Timothy Leary, psychologist and professor at the Harvard University: "Huge aggregates of cells are impelled and the consciousness whirls about in strange landscapes for which there exist neither words nor concepts. LSD reveals cellular dialogues imperceptible to the normal state of consciousness, for which we have no adequate symbolic terms. You become aware of processes you never sensed before. You feel yourself sinking into the soft swamps of your own body's tissues, slowly drifting below dark red aqueducts, floating through endless capillary factories, gently propelled through endless factories of cells, grandfather clocks of fibers tirelessly jingling, clinking, tinkling, pumping. This experience is striking when you have it for the first time; it can also be a dreadful, frightening and at the same time marvelous experience...." Then his description of the "precellular level": "Your nervous cells become aware, as Einstein did, that all matter, ail structure is nothing but pulsating energy. Your body and the world around you dissolve into a sparkling lattice of white waves. You have penetrated matter's intimate structure and vibrate in harmony with its primeval and cosmic pulse."

[35]Mother is referring to U Thant, secretary-general of the United Nations. U.N.O., April 10, 1967: "That a fraction of the amounts that are going to be spent in 1967 on arms could finance economic, social, national and world programs to an extent so far unimaginable is a notion within the grasp of the man in the street. Men, if they unite, are now capable of foreseeing and, to a certain point, determining the future of human development. This, however, is possible only if we stop fearing and harassing one another and if together we accept, welcome and prepare the changes that must inevitably take place. If this means a change in human nature, well, it is high time we worked for it; what must surely change is certain political attitudes and habits man has." *(La Suisse,* Geneva, April 10, 1967, translated from the French).

[36]The followers of LSD.

[37]Mother is alluding to LSD.

[38]"The sense of touch is alone fully developed [in the newborn]. That allows it to remain in intimate contact with its mother and prolong the time of gestation, which is a period of intense development in the security of oneness. The least separation may cause an irreparable trauma, that 'fall on the head' which is the usual but abnormal condition of the newborn in civilized peoples. This is well-known to primitive peoples, where the mother keeps the naked child on her naked skin and never parts with it.... Until the other senses are specialized, it is chiefly through the surface of the skin that the child receives its education.... If one wants it to incarnate really, to be friends with matter, its body to become as intimate as its soul, one must invent for it a yoga of caresses and play." (It is worth noting that an attempt to put these alluring and specious theories into practice was to have catastrophic results, as we shall see later in the *Agenda:* the main effect of the said "caresses" is to attract into the child's body vital forces of a dark order, and "genii of sex" rather than anything else are likely to be incarnated.)

[39]This is how Mother replied to the disciple who had sent her her study on the formation of the new child: "I have read your work with keen interest – it deals with an important aspect of the problem. But a public exhibition is impossible. Seeing and reading this, too many young girls would imagine they are

destined to give birth to the 'solar child' – that would be a disaster." Then Mother added: "In order to realize this work, one must have gone beyond all desire; and unfortunately, this is not generally the case as yet. Whereas ambition and vanity are rather widespread maladies."

[40]*The Foundations of Indian Culture,* XIV.31 (written in February, 1919).

[41]Mother in fact has a bad cold.

[42]A gong is struck to mark the end of the meditations.

[43]May 4, 1967. In a letter of February 2, 1934, Sri Aurobindo declared: "4.5.67 is the year of the complete realisation." It seems he also said that from 1967, governments would obey the supramental influence. The sequence of figures (4.5.67) is what appears to have a special occult significance.

[44]Among the questions put to Mother, let us note these: "In 1967 the Supermind will enter the phase of realising power. What does realising power exactly mean?" (Mother:) *Acting decisively on the mind of men and the course of events.* "Does this date – 4.5.67 – mark the beginning of what the Mother and Sri Aurobindo have called the new race – the race of superman?" (Mother:) *Since a few months the children born, amongst our people mostly, are of a very special kind.*

[45]*Savitri,* I.IV.55.

[46]A few weeks earlier, Satprem had written a letter to Mother in which he bitterly complained that he never saw anything.

[47]"Earth-life is the self-chosen habitation of a great Divinity and his aeonic will is to change it from a blind prison into his splendid mansion and high heaven-reaching temple." (Sri Aurobindo, *The Hour of God*, p.73)

[48]*Pralaya:* the destruction or end of a world.

[49]Mother had recounted this vision before: See *Agenda VI* of June 5, 1965, and *Agenda IV* of June 3, 1963.

[50]*Sunday Standard,* May 14, 1967.

[51]Dr. Ruggiero further notes: "All my experiments of the past few years have been motivated by the conviction that cells never atrophy and that, as accumulators of energy, they can be used to recharge cells of the same type which may have been inactivated through sickness. My theory is that so-called atrophied cells are those whose energy has been discharged. They can be reactivated simply by recharges drawn from other cells of the patient, and function normally as before."

[52]Mother is speaking about herself.

[53]*Eucharis grandiflora.*

[54]At the beginning of the conversation, Mother had complained that all the roses had wilted in the heat.

[55]President Nasser of Egypt has just closed the Gulf of Aqaba to Israeli ships and proclaimed he wanted "the destruction of Israel."

[56]Mother sent the following note to the School on April 14, 1967: *"Henceforth the existing rules concerning the Higher Course will stand modified as follows: (I) Students who wish to obtain a certificate of having successfully completed the Higher Course as 'full students' will naturally have to take all the prescribed tests and satisfy the regulations governing the full-studentship. (2) Other students will have the option either to take the tests or not to take them. There will be no compulsion with regard to tests for these students in order to pass from one year to the next. (3) All the students will, however, be treated equally in so far as the pursuit of knowledge is concerned."*

[57]See Conversation of May 24: What is the Divine?

[58]The bodiless Namelessness that saw God born
And tries to gain from mortal's mind and soul
A deathless body and a divine name. (Savitri, I.III.40)

[59]Also to stop selling them oil.

[60]Mother is referring to Shyamaprasad Mukherji.

[61]N.S. was to betray Indira Gandhi later, just as N. was to betray Mother.

[62]On February 11, 1965 (see *Agenda VI,* February 19 and 24, 1965).

[63]Mother's "illness" took the form of a raging toothache and a swelling of the whole face.

[64]For nearly eight days, Mother could not eat or receive the secretaries or anyone else.

[65]U.S. and Soviet warships had been facing each other in the Mediterranean.

[66]In Tlemcen with Théon, when in the course of an experience the link with the body was snapped.

[67]The mind of the cells.

[68]Nasser.

[69]A reaction in Mother, or in the universal Mother.

[70]A disciple asked Mother in March, 1963: *"Mother, on 30th August 1945, you had said: 'I cannot promise you that the Divine's Will is to preserve the present human civilisation.' Can you NOW say that the Divine has decided to preserve the present human civilisation?"* Mother answered: *"It will be settled in 1967."*

[71]Darjeeling, in the Himalayas, is near the border between Sikkim and Nepal, not far from China.

[72]Mother later explains (see p. 242) her dislike of the word "Jew."

[73]The question was worded thus: "Must we think that these two great peoples in conflict represent symbolic forces that are destined to decide the fate of our civilization?"

[74]See Satprem's article in *Addendum.*

[75] Bangladesh was born four years later, in December 1971.

[76]See conversation of June 14, 1967.

[77] Perhaps Australia?

[78]Because India does not recognize Israel.

[79]In fact, the best definition would be pale orange, or salmon pink.

[80]Mother said several times that she "was" Sri Aurobindo's feet (see in particular *Agenda VI,* March 10, 1965).

[81]This is the pure cellular mind.

[82]François Martin Street.

[83]Coils of incense that burn slowly while releasing a very fragrant smoke.

[84]Experience of April 13, 1962.

[85]Elvire, the eldest daughter of Mother's grandmother, Mira Ismalun, had married an Italian.

[86]Mother later saw a connection between this doge and Theon (see also *Agenda III,* June 30, 1962).

[87] Mother already recounted this experience in *Agenda VII,* November 3, 1966.

[88]Mona Lisa and Marguerite de Navarre. See *Agenda III* of June 30, 1962.

[89]See also *Agenda 1,* October 30, 1960.

[90]See conversation of May 10, 1967 (Amenhotep).

[91]In 1920, when Mother sailed back to Pondicherry from Japan, at the time when Mao Tse-tung was writing *The Great Union of Popular Masses.*

[92]It was in fact an American miner who left a will promising a certain number of thousands of dollars to anyone who could supply the required proof (see *Agenda* VII of November 3, 1966).

[93]Here is the person's description: "External awareness had slipped away – I heard, saw nothing. I sagged forward as my wife held my head to keep me from pitching from the chair. To the Doctor I had reached clinical death. But for me there was a surge of inner awareness – magnified, finely focused, brilliant. It is a progressive thing, this death. You feel the toes going first, then the feet, cell by cell, death churning them like waves washing the sands. Now the legs, the cells winking out. Closer now, and the visibility is better. Hands, arms, abdomen and chest, each cell flaring into a supernova, then gone. There is order and system in death, as in all that is life. I must try to control the progression, to save the brain for last so that it may know. Now the neck. The lower jaw. The teeth. How strange to feel one's teeth die, one by one, cell igniting cell, galaxies of cells dying in brilliance. Now, in retrospect, I grope for this other thing. There was *something* else, something that I felt or experienced or beheld at the very last instant. What was it? I knew it so well when it was there, opening before me, something more beautiful, more gentle, more loving than the mind or imagination of living creature could ever conceive. But it is gone." David Snell, *Life* Senior Editor (extract from *Life;* May 29, 1967).

[94]According to Sri Aurobindo, the green light is a dynamic force of the vital which has the power to purify, harmonize or heal.

[95]Here is the text of Mother's fourth and last note on the subject: *"Naturally the teacher has to test the student to know if he or she has learnt something and has made a progress. But this test must be individual and adapted to each student, not the same mechanical test for all of them. It must be a spontaneous and unexpected test leaving no room for presence and insincerity. Naturally also, this is much more difficult for the teacher but so much more living and interesting also. I enjoyed your remarks about your students. They prove that you have an individual relation with them – and that is essential for good teaching. Those who are insincere do not truly want to learn but to get good marks or compliments from the teacher – they are not interesting.* "(July 25, 1967)

[96] The famous *Ecole Polytechnique* in Paris.

[97]See conversation of June 21, 1967. This was not a note by Mother, but the rough transcription noted by a disciple, which was published outright as being Mother's words.

[98]Aphorism 36: "Men are still in love with grief; when they see one who is too high for grief or joy, they curse him and cry, 'O thou insensible!' Therefore Christ still hangs on the cross in Jerusalem."

[99]See *Agenda 1*, January 1, 1957.

[100]*Prakriti-Purusha:* the two eternal principles, feminine and masculine, which can be translated as the Becoming and the Being, Nature and Soul, Force and Consciousness ....

[101]At the time of the serious ordeal of March 1962, when Mother's life looked in danger.

[102] It should be noted that while Mother appears to be referring to her own body, these are collective difficulties in the disciples.

[103]V. K. Gokak, who passed away in 1992.

[104]Farooq Marecar.

[105]With what it contains.

[106]Mother seems to imply that the body's question was the "link" that brought about this experience of the great vision of the Whole.

[107]By a rather striking "coincidence," since Mother's vision of July 29 ("Christianity deifies suffering"), Christianity was going to crowd in on Mother in succession: monks, bishops etc., including the present lady who will figure in the Agenda on several occasions. Which goes to show that Mother's "visions" are in reality actions.

[108]It may by noted that this lady holds an important diplomatic post, hence the difficulty to send her ... for a "breath of fresh air."

[109]Some six miles from Pondicherry.

[110]Here are some brief samplings from the said letter: "... Someone said, Freedom is to be carried not like a standard but like a Cross.... In your book, there is no love for the Cross – why? From all eternity the Cross has been the form that gathers up and rises. The form that will not rise alone; the form that, plunged into a mass, rises up again only with the entire mass – the form that sticks to all the points of the compass and bleeds on all the cardinal points.... When I go to the lepers' workshop immediately after seeing you, I go and draw the Force not only to help them through financial means, a skill or friendship, but perhaps even to envisage being like them and going to the bottom of their real misery...."

[111]*Questions and Answers.*

[112] This great "Plan" is the whole broadening of Christianity which, since 1967, appears to have taken a decisive turn.

[113] See *Agenda VI* of July 3 and September 7, 1963, and *Agenda V* of December 2, 1964.

[114]Mother probably means, "who would like to bring about unity under Catholic auspices."

[115]The "golden peace."

[116] *Kalki:* the last Avatar, who appears on a winged white horse and is armed with a sword. He will come "like a burning comet."

[117] Mother is referring to Alalouf. See *Planète* N° 35, July-August 1967.

[118]In the wake of the events of February 11, 1965, during which the Ashram was besieged, several disciples hurt and a few buildings burnt down, Mother issued a declaration in which she implicated the various elements responsible for that outburst of hatred. Among the very first elements, she mentioned Pondicherry's Catholics: "... *First, the militant Catholics, because – in spite of what the Pope declared after his visit in India – they are convinced that whoever is not a Catholic must be an instrument of the devil...."*

[119]In France.

[120]Because people hurry to burn the body.

[121]An engineer of the Ashram. Mother already spoke of this case in *Agenda I* of May 28, 1960.

[122]Went out of his body. Mother narrated this experience in *Agenda III*, July 4, 1962.

[123]Albert: the Ashram's kind tailor.

[124] Sujata later added: "He was very tall, as high as the door. And he asked me news of his wife."

[125]It was not Tagore's sister but a relative of his, Sarala Devi Choudhurani, a revolutionary whom Sri Aurobindo had known in Bengal.

[126]But the government still did not grant Mother dual nationality.

[127]The festival of light in India.

[128]See *Agenda VII* of September 21, 1966.

[129]Because Mother never has the time.

[130] Four and a half billion years ago, they say.

[131]The last Avatar, in Hindu tradition.

[132]At such times, Mother would become white and would often be seen placing the palms of her hands over her eyes.

[133]Every year on December 2, all the children of the School and all the disciples taking part in sports carry out a general demonstration of physical culture.

[134]The turning point of March 16, 1962, culminating on April 13, 1962: the great pulsations.

[135] Since the "illness" of 1962, Mother has not left her rooms upstairs.

[136]After the first series of 1951-1959, see *Agenda 1*, p. 335 ff.

[137]See *Agenda VI* of July 21, 1965.

[138]In the Indian state of Maharashtra.

[139]The village of Konya.

[140] This was probably in 1934 (when an earthquake devastated the state of Bihar), for Pavitra came to Pondicherry only at the end of 1925.

[141]1. May the Truth be your master and your guide.

2. We aspire to the Truth and its triumph in our being and our activities.

3. May aspiration to the Truth be the motive power of our efforts.

4. 0 Truth, we want to be guided by you. May your reign come upon earth.

December 16, 1967

[142]A "censor."

[143]The horse, according to Sri Aurobindo, is life-power or the force of progress; he also says it is "the force of tapasya that gallops to ... realisation" – all depends on the color.

[144]*Lobelia longiflora.*

[145]It is quite noteworthy that the same principle is at work for the rigidity of time as well as for diseases.

[146]In translating her message, Mother hesitated between "collaborate in" and "collaborate for the triumph of the Truth."

[147]Indira will come and see Mother in October, 1969. Before coming to power, she had come once with her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, in September, 1955.

Mother's Agenda
Vol. 9

Institut de Recherches Evolutives
142 blvd du Montparnasse
F-75014 Paris

January 1, 1968

(Message for the new year:)

Remain young,
Never stop striving
towards Perfection.

Mother

January 3, 1968

Mother arrives forty-five minutes late

And I come with my work unfinished! The work remains to be done *(Mother points to a bundle of letters)....* Now the nights begin at 11 P.M., no more lunch, of course rest is out of the question, and no more exercises, so ... And people and people and more people ... at least a quarter of whom go back unsatisfied, without my having seen them, because I don't have the time.

I think it's because my whole life long, until the age of about forty, I was perhaps the most punctual person in the world: I was always right on the dot – maybe there was something proud which has got a good knock!

That's how it is.

But one thing is sure, it's that the minute one goes out of the usual mental rhythm based on thoughts (I am talking about the body), as soon as it has gone out of that, it has extraordinary endurance. What makes things especially difficult is thoughts, fears, the old habits and all that....

January 6, 1968

I wanted to show you something, then I forgot. Maybe you've seen it? It's something I am supposed to have said to M. years ago, many years ago, about *Savitri;* he noted it down in French, and quite recently (that is, perhaps three or four weeks ago), he showed me what he had noted.... And as it happens, he showed it not only to me but to others (!). They've translated it into English and now they want me to read it aloud so they can play it at the Playground. I wanted to revise the French with you, but they want it in English. The English isn't too good, but that doesn't matter.... They are all enthusiastic and happy – as for me, I don't like it, because the form of it is so personal..

Have you seen the French text?

> *Yes, I have.*

So?

> *He certainly caught something of your vibration, that can be felt. But I don't know how it would come out once you repeat it?... If you could say something anew on "Savitri"?*

Ah! ... But, you know, I am no longer the same person! I no longer say the same things – it's impossible. Impossible. I have been looking at it; in fact this whole story has come back now as if to illustrate the huge difference – huge, but colossal difference in the state of consciousness. For me now, that [notation about *Savitri*] is such a personal vision of things.... Yesterday, I had an interesting day from that point of view.

It's the physical ego that has been destroyed and is now like this *(gesture with arms open upward)*.... So it finds it odd! I don't know how to explain. This way of putting oneself in the center of things and seeing them in relation to that center of consciousness seems so ... You understand, the consciousness is spread out; it's as much there or there as here, and it sees everything in relation to a higher, central Consciousness *(Mother brings her two arms together, joining the tips of her hands above her head in a triangle pointing towards the Supreme),* which is like a kind of Beacon – an immutable, all-powerful beacon throwing the same light on all things, without the least personal reaction of any sort.

And the last vestiges – yesterday they seemed to be the last ones, because of this text they had asked me to read ... Naturally, when I speak I say "I" because it's the body that speaks, but it has no sense of "I," it ... It's very hard to explain. Anyway, because of this affair, I said, "Ah, but how, how can that be said when it's not me? – There's no me, it's not me!" And at the same time, there was this Consciousness above, saying, "No personal reactions – there's no more 'me,' and if this must be done, let it be done." And for hours and hours, there was such a peculiar state in which everything ... It was like kinds of vestiges, or pieces of

bark, I don't know; pieces of something a bit hard or shriveled, which had crumbled and were turning into dust, and nothing, nothing but this Great Vibration *(gesture like two great wings beating in the infinite)*, so powerful, so calm – the whole day. A sort of perception that life in a seemingly personal form like this one is only for action – only for action, for the requirements of action; and there must be no reactions, only the instrument acting – acting on the supreme Impulse, without reactions. And the perception was so clear that all, but all memories have been abolished, and are being increasingly abolished, so there may only remain a sort of ... mass of vibrations organized so as to make you do what needs to be done in the whole for everything to be prepared and ... *(gesture of ascent)* for everything to grow, to strive more and more towards ... the transformation.

That makes speaking difficult, because of this old habit (maybe also a necessity to make oneself understood) of using the word "I" – "I," what's this I? It no longer corresponds to anything, except for a mere appearance. And this appearance is the only contradiction. That's the interesting point: this appearance is clearly a contradiction of the truth; it's something that still belongs to the old laws, at least, in fact, in its appearance. And because of that, you are forced to say things in a certain way, but it doesn't correspond – it doesn't correspond to your state of consciousness, not in the least.... There is a fluidity, a breadth, a sort of totality, and above all, more and more strongly the sense that this *(pointing to the body)* must grow INCREASINGLY SUPPLE – supple, fluid, so to speak, so as to express without resistance or distortion the vision – the real vision, the real state of consciousness. To the consciousness, this possibility of fluidity, of plasticity, is growing more and more evident, with only, only just something outwardly which ... is increasingly becoming an illusion. And yet, yet that's what others see, understand, know and call "me." And it truly strives and strives to adapt more and more, but ... time still appears to have its importance.

(long silence)

It's a curious state of transition.

January 10, 1968

For an hour in the morning, I arrange flowers in my bathroom over there; all the flowers are kept there so I select them (I make a distribution every morning). And it's so beautiful! It's wonderful. All the flowers speak, like that, they have a life – they FEEL. And as I am very fond of them, they vibrate and vibrate. Then, as some have closed up in the night, I take them, look at them, tell them they are pretty – and they open up. Really a pleasant sight. Just look at this! *(Mother holds out a rose)*

* *

Soon afterwards

Now, there has come a message for February 29 [third anniversary of the supramental manifestation]. The message for the 21st is a jest, and this is the charitable explanation ... which comes a week later!

Oh, it's very simple *(Mother reads):*

Truth alone can give to the world
the power of receiving and manifesting
the Divine's Love.[1]

It's an explanation, the beginning of an explanation. Because there [in the message for February 21], I say, "Serve the Truth and you will hasten the coming of Divine Love."[2] – "Ah, what does that mean?" So here I say, "Truth alone can give the world the capacity to receive ..." and so on.

Now I have to make a decent copy of it *(Mother stops and puts the palms of her hands on her eyes as though she was tired).*

Already at this hour, they've made me write some twenty birthday cards, so a sort of fatigue comes over the eyes, that's the trouble.... Then I close my eyes, and when I do so they all think I've fallen asleep! *(Laughing)* And as they're very nice, they politely wait until I "wake up"!

(Mother starts copying the message, then hesitates)

Isn't there an ambiguity? Should we put "Truth alone" or "Alone the Truth"?... When it comes, it's with such precision! But then, when it's put into words there's always something that sounds like a wavering. For a half-hour the other day, I sat there wondering, "Should I put it this way or that way?" For instance, the place of the word *alone: The Truth alone,* or *Truth alone,* or *Alone Truth* ... to insist on the fact that Truth isn't alone, without anything else, without the collaboration of the rest, but that it's only the Principle of Truth that has the power to ... I don't even know how to explain myself!

I don't mean that only Truth is at work, or that when it works it will work alone; I mean that its presence is indispensable (that's very roughly the nuance). To magnify the meaning, I might say either "Truth must work alone to do the thing," or "Truth alone is capable ..." But then, it becomes heavy and impossible. And what we want is "Truth alone is capable," it's not that it works alone.

(Mother closes her eyes and goes into a contemplation)

January 12, 1968

I have a question, but ...

A question?

There is a fact you are probably aware of ...

Which one?

You had the visit of E., that Italian, and his wife?

So then?

He asked me questions on "left-hand Tantrism," you know, the "Vama Marga"....

What's that?

It's those so-called Tantrics who make a "yoga" out of sexuality. And he asked me all sorts of questions on the place of sexuality in yoga, adding that for a year, he and his wife have been trying to live on another level and in a different way. So I tried to tell him the true standpoint, and I gave him a letter I had written a year earlier on the subject – a letter I was really inspired to write[3] on the problem of sexuality in yoga, at the end of which I gave two excerpts from Sri Aurobindo showing the "vital error" behind this so-called yoga. I sent him my letter, and three days later, I saw him come back with it. He was troubled. First he told me, "Are you aware that there is in the Ashram an 'occult center' working with Mother's blessings?"

What? What on earth is that!

Yes, it's like that. So I asked him, "But whatever is that occult center?" He said, "Yes, it's an inner center for the 'more advanced' disciples, those who are more 'in the know,' and there is in it a sort of high priestess" – that was Y. [a European disciple].

Oh, it's Y.

Then he said, "I am very worried and shocked. I am a foreigner who came here four days ago, and I have already been solicited from several sides. What does it mean? Does it really have Mother's blessings?" Then he gave me my letter back, saying, "But what they do there, the way they see things, doesn't at all agree with what you write in this letter." And he gave me an example. He said, "Look at this little R.[4] They imagine they are creating a supramental being – that's

obviously not the way to create a supramental being, but at least they could try to create a nice little being...." So their method is like this: they take the child, little R., and while he listens to music, they caress him, and caress his sex organ also.[5] *And he asked me, "What does this mean? Is the transformation really worked out at this level?... Here is a child that ought to be made into a nice little being, and they are corrupting him or drawing God knows what onto him – does Mother approve of this?..."*

Have you seen the child?

No, I haven't.

The parents brought him to me a few days ago, because ... he is more and more ill, so they are worried and brought him to me. I think the child is in a bad way. At any rate, he looks like someone living in a perverse dream. A dream of vital sexuality, as a matter of fact. He is wan, with lifeless eyes, no reactions. So the poor kid ... You know that the first time I took him, I wanted to see the effect of silence on him: he started howling.[6] This time, I had decided I would talk to him from the start, so I started talking and talking to him ... He was dazed, like that; but I took him in my arms, he stayed put there, didn't want to move. What they're doing is ... I don't know if they will kill him, but at any rate ...[7]

I know, mon petit, I know! But what can I do?... You see, Sri Aurobindo and I belong to the "past"; the *Bulletin* is an organ of the "past" – as for them, they are "ahead." And they're a whole band.

Yes, you see, this man had been there for just four days when ...

Yes, that's how it is.

He is leaving, besides.

He was shocked. "Really," he told me ...

That I understand! I understand.

They say ... No, they go one better, they say I am "Y.'s disciple." It's like that, you understand, I "am learning through Y.," I am learning life and yoga!

I know! I've known it for a long time. There are people here who have common sense, but had difficulty getting out of that. And they don't want to say anything because the "disciples" (who believe they have a fantastic power) fly into great rages and make such scenes! Of course you don't like to have scenes, so you don't say anything. You simply abstain from going there. But it's been going on for a long time, more than a year.

Without mentioning names, A., G., etc. [Western disciples]. Again, it's the non-Indian disciples who go there.[8]

Yes! That's what this Italian said to me, and he added, "That Canadian and his so-called 'girl,' what does it all mean?... When I

was in the Pacific I was proposed the same sort of initiation: they leave you in a hut with a girl for three days. Is it the same thing in the Ashram?"

The "girl" is beginning to feel disgusted.

You see, without knowing much I felt there was something going on; but that it should have assumed such almost public proportions ...

Oh, it has assumed tremendous proportions, tremendous ... The first who told me about it was S. M. – that was long ago, more than a year ago. Then there have been others. Naturally, F. was solicited and so was R. [Western disciples].

Yes, the Indians have discernment for such things.

Ah, their spirituality is true *(Mother touches her heart)*, so they don't swallow the bait!

But you understand, when Y. supposedly had typhoid (which she never had – it was part of the high drama, it was the "illness of transformation"), she wanted to go to the Vellore hospital with M. So she wrote me a letter asking for everything to be arranged and for them to be in the same room. And in her letter she literally wrote, "For me M. is God...." So the poor chap, he finds it somewhat a heavy load! ... *(Mother laughs)* And he fell ill! ... Oh, it's better to laugh. Ultimately, these things sink into ridicule. As for me, I simply do this *(gesture of bringing the Light).* We'll see. I tell you, the first result is that this poor M. is ill: he had a pain in his back; his fever is over ... but he's left without a spine! And the funniest part is that when things go wrong, it's to me that they write *(laughing),* me who belong to an "outdated past"! So he asked for my advice: should he do this, should he do that?... I must confess I treated myself to the satisfaction of answering him (through Y.) that his illness was mostly psychological and I didn't see how the doctor could help him! Since then, silence.

But still, it's sad for the kid.

For the little one ... no. I don't know if I told you about the little one: I hadn't seen anything, hadn't foreseen anything, above all hadn't formed anything, I was simply looking at these two [the child's father and mother]; she hadn't yet got her divorce, anyway they were living on the fringe of society; so I thought the best was to have the child born in Auroville, where there is full freedom. That was all. It began there and ended there. I never thought it would be an "extraordinary being," nothing of the sort – just a child. But then, the evening before the child was born (he was born around one in the morning, I think), the evening before, I got a telegram from America announcing Paul Richard's death. Now, I don't know what became of him, but I had taught him occultism: he knew occultism, he knew how to enter another body. And I also knew (through other people) that for a long time he had had a sort of ambition to come back here. So the two things together made me ... "Well," I said, "this is surprising!" You understand, just

enough time to go out of his body normally and enter another normally. I didn't say anything, but it was Amrita who brought me the telegram; we looked at each other, and I said, "Well, well!" That's all. The next day, the whole Ashram knew that Paul Richard had reincarnated in R.! Someone even wrote to me, "I hear you have reincarnated Richard ..." "Oh," I said, "enough, enough!" *(Mother laughs)* There.

So the result is ... Paul Richard had a quite unhealthy sexual side, not at all healthy, far from it. He had much mental knowledge (a great deal, a very strong intelligence), but no spiritual life. So he wasn't an exceptional being – what's happening to him is what must happen.

I have been trying to do something about the little one, but ... Something in his vital make-up is going to be warped, that's for sure. We'll see.

We'll see.

But they've already put (luckily there's less credulity on this side), they've already put a formation on the other child, A.F. [another baby the same age]: they say he is Ramses of Egypt.... As for me, I know nothing about it (!), I haven't seen anything. He is very nice, at any rate – for the moment he is very nice.

I hope they're not going to that group?

I don't think so, but ... I don't think they've swallowed the bait.

Because this one, I mean the father, is nice.

Very nice. Only, the trouble for the child is that the mother's blood and the father's don't agree. There's a difficulty there, but anyway I think he'll pull through.

(silence)

Under the pretext of freedom ...

So they propagandize actively?

Yes, you see, it was this Italian who told me, "In just four days that I've been here, I have already been solicited, and from several sides." And it's after he read my letter that he told me, "Well, what's going on there is very different from this, it can't have Mother's blessings." And he questioned me.

No, I tell you, they've gone one better: I am a "disciple"!

Never mind. Never mind, everything is seen like this *(gesture from above)*. In reality, it's the Lord having fun! *(Mother laughs)*

What quite disarmed me was that I had become a disciple – that was delightful! After that, all you can do is laugh.

But I said to this Italian, "Listen, don't worry about it, falsehood swallows itself."

Yes, absolutely! That's it, exactly. One sees, in fact, how one just has to go a little like this *(gesture of pressure with the thumb)* ... For this poor M., the result was instantaneous! All there was to do was this *(same gesture).*

I am going to see this Italian. He is going away, and he wrote me a very sweet note asking if he could see me before he left. But he mustn't speak, because I can't hear!

I can't hear.... That's an odd phenomenon: people speak to me in a DIFFERENT state of consciousness – not on the same level of consciousness – and I feel exactly as if it were like this *(gesture from below),* like vibrations that don't make contact with my consciousness. I see the vibrations like this *(same gesture),* but ... At times I hear sounds, but they make no sense whatsoever. So it's no use his speaking.

(silence)

Do you know how they behave at their "séances"?...

No.

(Laughing) I hope they behave decently! If it's words, it's all right; otherwise I may be forced to intervene.

No, I don't want to say anything, because it means going down to the same level.

But it began long ago. Long ago. When Y. writes me a letter, she writes "Sweet Mother" on the envelope, and at the back, at the very top of the envelope, there is "Y." So when I reply, I send back the same cover.... Once, I played a good joke *(laughing):* after "Sweet Mother" I drew an arrow that rose to the top and turned the edge of the cover all the way to "Y." *(Mother laughs).*

It's quite comical!

And she is (is or will be, I don't know, that depends on the people she speaks to) the incarnation of ... You know that in the book *The Mother,* Sri Aurobindo said there was the Mother's "aspect of Love," which hadn't yet incarnated because the world wasn't ready. And that's Y.[9]

When you look at her you don't get that feeling.

Oh, *(poking fun at Satprem)* but that's superficial, it's a superficial vision!

(silence)

People say I've given her "full freedom" to organize Auroville. So she calls it "the university town." She was told that the phrase was used in a precise sense; she said to me, "Oh, I've explained it." And on the invitation cards for the 28th [February, for Auroville's inauguration], she wanted "the university town" to be put; but they didn't ask for her advice and issued the invitations with *"The city of universal culture."*

That's it, it's always a sign in people who have a purely mental constructive

power: they want to bend words to express what they want. I told her, "It doesn't matter, whatever you may say, everyone will take the phrase to have its usual meaning."

(In an aggressive tone) "But THIS IS what it means...."

She wanted to have a small orangutan, because it seems the orangutan species is disappearing from the earth, and she wanted one to perpetuate the species – I don't know why.... So when M. went to Tahiti, she asked him to bring an orangutan back. Poor M! ... Not a very enjoyable task. And before leaving, he told me, "It seems I am supposed to bring an orangutan back?" I answered him, "I won't be sorry if you don't find it!"

And he didn't find it!

* * *

ADDENDUM

(A letter from Satprem to a friend on the "Yoga of sexuality.")

January 28, 1967

I will try to answer your questions as simply as possible, that is, without wrapping the problem in the sibylline mists of mysterious traditions, but directly from my experience. And after all, that is the best way to rediscover the truth of traditions, which were born from an experience, too. There is a plane of simple truth where all those experiences meet.

We may begin by looking at the problem in the wide sense, that of evolution. Species have evolved from the mineral to the plant, to the animal, and on to man. Everything points to the fact that the progress of evolution is not a progress in forms but a progress of consciousness. Forms are only an increasingly fit support for the progress of consciousness. We have reached the human stage, but there is no reason to assume that it is final or supreme (otherwise there would be no evolution), no more than an objective observer one hundred million years ago would have been right to assume that the chameleon or the baboon was the highest term of evolution. We have simply reached the decisive evolutionary stage when we can consciously intervene to accelerate the natural process, which might otherwise require a few more millions of years, with much wastage. Yoga and all spiritual disciplines are ultimately nothing but processes of conscious acceleration of evolution in the true sense.

There may be here some debate on this "true sense": some, along with the religions we know, will tell you that the true sense isn't here, but in goodness knows what heaven beyond. It's a point of view, but if this material evolution does not hold its own sense within itself, it means we are in the presence of a sinister

farce invented by goodness knows what divine masochist. If God exists, he must be a little less foolish than that, and we are entitled to think that this material evolution has a divine sense and that it is the field of a divine manifestation in Matter. Our spiritual discipline must therefore aim at gaining this divine man or perhaps that other, still unknown being who will emerge from us just as we emerged from hominid infancy. What is the place of the sexual function in this evolution? Until now, the progress of consciousness has made use of the progress of species, which means that sexual reproduction has been the key to the proliferation of species so as to reach the form most fit for the manifestation of consciousness. Since the appearance of man two or three million years ago, Nature hasn't produced new species, as if she had found in man the fittest mode of expression. But evolution cannot remain stagnant, or else it no longer is evolution. So it means that the key of evolution no longer lies in the proliferation of species by means of sexual reproduction, but directly in the very power of consciousness. Before man, consciousness was still too buried in its material support; with man, it has disengaged itself sufficiently to assume its true mastery over material Nature and work out its own mutations by itself. From the standpoint of evolutionary biology, this is the end of sexuality. We have reached the stage at which we can switch from natural evolution through sexual power to spiritual evolution through the power of consciousness. Nature generally does not let organs linger that no longer serve her evolutionary design, so we can foresee that the sexual function will atrophy in those who will be able to channel their energy no longer for reproduction but to develop their consciousness. Quite obviously, not all of us have reached that stage, and for a long time Nature will still need sexual power to pursue her evolution in the midst of the human species, that is to say, to lead the rather brute man we still are to a more conscious man, more capable of grasping the true sense of his evolution, and finally wholly capable of switching from natural to spiritual evolution. The inequality of development in individuals is the obvious reason why we cannot make general rules or hand out infallible prescriptions. To each stage its law. But after however long a time, it is equally obvious that, from the point of view of evolutionary biology, the sexual function comes to its end when it has fulfilled its purpose, that is, when it has succeeded in giving birth to a sufficiently conscious man. So we cannot reasonably base a spiritual discipline of accelerated evolution on a principle that runs counter to evolution. Moreover, anyone who has even barely crossed the difficult line, the point X of the transition from natural to spiritual evolution, cannot but realize that *all* the pseudo-mystic attempts to prettify the sexual relations between man and woman are shams. I have nothing against sexual relations (God knows!), but trying to coat them with a yogic or mystic phraseology is a deceitful illusion, a self-deception. Therefore, in that sense, there is no "key" to be "recovered" – it does not exist.

There is a key in the relationship between man and woman, but not in their sexual relations. The so-called "left-hand Tantrics" (of the Vama Marga) are to true Tantrism what Boccaccio's tales are to Christianity, or what the sodden

Roman Bacchus is to Dionysos of the Greek mysteries. I know Tantrism, to say the least. As for the Cathars, whom I hold in the highest esteem, it would be doing them little honor to believe that they followed a sort of "yoga of sexuality." Through my own experience I have often had the feeling of reliving the Cathars' experience, and I see plainly that if some of them attempted to mix sexual relations into the true relationship between man and woman, they soon realized their error. It is a dead-end road, or rather its only end is to show you that it leads you nowhere forward. The Cathars were too sincere and conscious men to persist in a burdening experience. For ultimately, and that is the crux of the matter, the sexual experience in its very nature (whether or not there is "backward flow" or whatever its mode) automatically fastens you again to the old animal vibrations – there is nothing you can do about it: however much love you may put into it, the very function is tied to millennia of animality. It is as if you wanted to plunge into a swamp without stirring up any mud – it cannot be done, the "milieu" is like that. And when one knows how much transparency, clarification and inner stillness it takes to slowly rise to a higher consciousness, or to allow a higher light to enter our waters without being instantly darkened, one fails to see how sexual activity can help you attain that still limpidity in which things can start happening??? The union, the oneness of two beings, the true and complete meeting of two beings does not take place at that level or through those means. That is all I can say. But I have seen that in the silent tranquillity of two beings who have the same aspiration, who have overcome the difficult transition, something quite unique slowly takes place, of which one can have no inkling as long as one is still stuck in the "struggles of the flesh," to use a preacher's language! I think the Cathars' experience begins *after* that transition. *After* it, the man-woman couple assumes its true meaning, its "effectiveness," if I may say so. Sex is only a first mode of meeting, the first device invented by Nature to break the shell of individual egos – afterwards, one grows and discovers something else, not through inhibition or repression, but because something different and infinitely richer takes over. Those who are so eager to preserve sex and to mystify it in order to move on to the second stage of evolution are very much like children clinging to their scooters – it isn't more serious than that. There is nothing in it to do a yoga with, nothing also to be indignant about or raise one's eyebrows at. So I have nothing to criticize, I am merely observing and putting things in their place. All depends on the stage one has reached. As for those who want to use sex for such and such a sublime or not-so-sublime reason, well, let them have their experience. As Mother told me on the very same subject no later than yesterday, "To tell the truth, the Lord makes use of everything. One is always on the way towards something." One is always on the way, through any means, but what is necessary is, as much as possible, to keep one's lucidity and not to deceive oneself.

I will try to find one or two passages from Sri Aurobindo to give you his point of view.

Signed: Satprem

* * *

(From Sri Aurobindo)

"... No error can be more perilous than to accept the immixture of the sexual desire and some kind of subtle satisfaction of it and look on this as a part of the sadhana. It would be the most effective way to head straight towards spiritual downfall and throw into the atmosphere forces that would block the supramental descent, bringing instead the descent of adverse vital powers to disseminate disturbance and disaster. This deviation must be absolutely thrown away, should it try to occur and expunged from the consciousness, if the Truth is to be brought down and the work is to be done.

It is an error too to imagine that, although the physical sexual action is to be abandoned, yet some inward reproduction of it is part of the transformation of the sex-centre. The action of the animal sex-energy in Nature is a device for a particular purpose in the economy of the material creation in the Ignorance. But the vital excitement that accompanies it makes the most favourable opportunity and vibration in the atmosphere for the inrush of those very vital forces and beings whose whole business is to prevent the descent of the supramental Light. The pleasure attached to it is a degradation and not a true form of the divine Ananda. The true divine Ananda in the physical has a different quality and movement and substance; self-existent in its essence, its manifestation is dependent only on an inner union with the Divine. You have spoken of Divine Love; but Divine Love, when it touches the physical, does not awaken the gross lower vital propensities; indulgence of them would only repel it and make it withdraw again to the heights from which it is already difficult enough to draw it down into the coarseness of the material creation which it alone can transform. Seek the Divine Love through the only gate through which it will consent to enter, the gate of the psychic being, and cast away the lower vital error."[10]

Sri Aurobindo

January 17, 1968

(Regarding an old conversation of Mother's on "Savitri," noted down from memory by a young disciple.)

They're so happy, so enthusiastic! Everyone comes and says, "Oh, how fine it is!" I thought, "How much must one err for people to find it fine! When one no longer errs, they no longer like it." There you are.

And they want to publish it.

* * *

Soon afterwards,

regarding a passage

from the same text on "Savitri"

Sri Aurobindo used to write at night, and in the night I would have the experience; in the morning he would read it to me and I would recognize my experience – I hadn't said anything to him, he hadn't said anything to me. Interesting ...

But one always seems to be boasting, that's the trouble. No, in reality, one can SAY a thing like this, but writing and publishing it is quite another matter.

January 20, 1968

(Mother gives Satprem a soup packet she hasn't even tasted.)

You don't have the time to try it?

It's no use.

There is something trying hard to stop me from eating. I don't know.... I still eat out of ... (what should I say?) common sense, the old common sense. Of course, the body is still working in the old way, so the old means have to be used, but ... That's all.

January 24, 1968

(Satprem prepares to leave Mother at the usual time, around 11:30.)

It's going to be a hard month...

Oh! ...

The days you come are the only ones in the week when I can eat at noon. The other days, I am so late that if I take my lunch, I can't have a bath, so I skip lunch.[11] So lunch is ... But in reality, I am very happy.

No, a whole internal reorganization is going on.... We'll see. We're still in a

period of transition.

A sort of mechanical fixity is probably going to disappear, that's my belief; it's the first thing that will change, a sort of mechanical fixity that was necessary to ... You understand, physical life was extremely mechanical so as to be able to function normally; well, that's what is now disappearing. But the transition is difficult. There.

January 27, 1968

Yesterday I got a letter from the director of the [All India] Radio, in which he said he wanted to make a "spectacular" broadcast on February 21; and at the end, to "crown" the thing, he asked me to give "reminiscences of my life in India"! *(Mother laughs)* So I've prepared my answer....

> "The reminiscences will be short. I came to India to meet Sri Aurobindo, I remained in India to live with Sri Aurobindo, when he left his body I continued to live here in order to do his work which is by serving the Truth and enlightening humanity to hasten the rule of the Divine's Love upon earth."

There, and that's that. Period.

It came in English and afterwards I put it into French.

It was Pavitra who read me the gentleman's letter yesterday evening, and while he was reading it, Sri Aurobindo came, and he started laughing! He laughed when the man asked for my reminiscences, and instantly – instantly – I got the answer, instantly. It came like that: "It's quite simple, there isn't much to tell...." But those people don't understand! And Sri Aurobindo told me, *"It's high time they learned it."* So it was over in five minutes.

* * *

(Then Mother listens to the English translation of the "A Propos" of November 24, 1967, for the next issue of the "Bulletin.")

At the time of the experience, it's very interesting, because it's an experience and it teaches you something new, you live something new, but ... So you tell your experience, but when afterwards you listen to it again, oh, it sounds like so much fuss about so little.

These experiences, I tell only one of them once in a while – they are innumerable, constant. Each one is very interesting in itself, it teaches you something, a new vision of the world, a new action, but to tell it all ... it would be endless, and each experience in itself has only a very relative interest.

This morning again, for an hour I lived in a certain state of consciousness, a certain vision of the world, it was extremely interesting because it was wholly new, but to tell it all in detail.... Anyway I'll let the two of you [Satprem and Nolini] judge, it's for you to decide, it's the same to me!

January 31, 1968

It's strange, I have suddenly been forbidden to speak, as it were, and ... I don't know how to explain it, I feel as if I were talking from a distance. I don't know how to explain. And that's what has given me this husky voice *(Mother's voice is a little hoarse).* I think it's undergoing a sort of transformation. Previously, there used to be great control over the voice, the sound of the voice – it's all gone! It's as if I made something speak that's very far from me.

It will pass.

(silence)

And for everything, everything ... there is a change in the MODE of being. For the nights too: the nights are very different – all that was organized, very regular, very organized, very conscious, and now it's all changed. And the consciousness ... is, yes, constantly external to the instrument, like something like this *(gesture above),* very vast – very vast and supple – but constantly like this, night and day. Yet it's the consciousness of this *(Mother touches her body),* of the instrument. It's what was the body consciousness; now it's the same consciousness but it has become something very vast, very strong, and like this *(same gesture above),* as if at a distance from the body; it acts on the body like that, all the time, to make it move. And the body doesn't seem to be so confined to the form: it feels things some distance away, it touches things some distance away.

Strange. *(Laughing)* Something is going on, I don't knew what!

* * *

(After Satprem has gone back home, Mother sends him this note:)

This is what I tried to say this morning:

Instead of the consciousness being inside the body, it is the body which is inside the consciousness, yet it is still the body consciousness.

February 3, 1968

(Mother first reads out for All India Radio the text of her reminiscences" of her life in India: see conversation of January 27.)

Then I've written something else.... They wanted to prepare a sort of brochure on Auroville to distribute to the press, the government, etc., on the 28th,[12] and before that, there is in Delhi in two or three days a conference of all nations ("all nations" is an exaggeration, but anyway they say "all nations"). Z is going there, and she wants to take with her all the papers on Auroville. They have prepared texts – always lengthy, interminable: speeches and more speeches. So then I asked, I concentrated to know what had to be said. And all of a sudden, Sri Aurobindo gave me a revelation. That was something interesting. I concentrated to know the why, the how and so on, and all of a sudden Sri Aurobindo said ... *(Mother reads out a note:)*

> "India has become ...

It was the vision of the thing, and it instantly translated into French words. "India has become the symbolic representation of all the difficulties of modern mankind.

> "India will be the land of its resurrection – the resurrection to a higher and truer life."

And the clear vision: the same thing which in the history of the universe made the earth the symbolic representation of the universe so as to concentrate the work on one point, the same phenomenon is now taking place: India is the representation of all human difficulties on earth, and it is in India that the ... cure will be found. And then, that is why – THAT IS WHY I was made to start Auroville.

It came and it was so clear, so tremendously powerful!

So I wrote it down. I didn't tell them how or why, I told them, "Put this at the beginning of your paper, whatever it is; you can say whatever you like, but put this first."

(silence)

It was very interesting. It remained the whole time, for more than an hour, such a strong and clear vision, as if suddenly everything became clear. I often used to wonder about it (not "wonder," but there was a tension to understand why things, here in India, have become such a chaos, with such sordid difficulties, and all of it piling up), and instantly, everything became clear, like that. It was really interesting. And immediately there was: "Here is why you have made Auroville." I didn't know it, you understand, I did the thing under pressure, and it took larger

and larger proportions (it's becoming really worldwide), and I would wonder why.... For a time I thought it was the only present possibility to prevent a war,[13] but it seemed to me a somewhat superficial explanation. Then it came all of a sudden: "Ah! That's why."

And as that whole power was in it, I said, "Put it." We'll see – they won't understand anything, but that doesn't matter, it will act.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Then, I sent you a little note the other day....[14] And this morning (all the early hours of the morning, till I came into contact with people), there was something. I noted it down so as to tell you, because I knew it was going ... not to evaporate, but to fade out *(Mother reads):*

> "The body is bathed in the Divine Consciousness ...

It's like floating in water. That's the impression: the Divine Consciousness is everywhere, very strong – very strong – powerful, and the body is as if bathed in it; and the impression is of something which is still ... a bit tough – that's it, a bit tough, somewhat like bark, a bit tough but beginning to be supple, beginning to have that suppleness, that plasticity. And the two things are like that, closely mingled. And this body, its state of consciousness, its state of being, its way of being, is like that *(Mother resumes reading her note):*

> "It does its best to be translucent and transparent and not to obstruct or distort this Consciousness in its action."

That's really the point: not exactly "transparent," because transparent ... a glass, for instance, is transparent, but it remains hard. It's an effort to melt – to melt, to identify like that, to melt. To such a point that when I am very quiet, not moving – when nothing moves inside, nothing moves outside, when I sit quietly and everything inside keeps still, there seems to be a dilation – a dilation – and like something that would want to melt. A very, very strong impression. And throughout the cells it brings about an extraordinary power of vibration! Something wholly out of proportion to the human body, you know – tremendous! And it goes through [the body] like that.

I've had a few times that experience with people: you know that when they come, I always want to give them a "bath of the Lord," as I call it, but some respond and "pull"; and at such times (it has happened once or twice), all the cells seem to swell, like something growing very, very big, huge like this, and there is such a ... an almost awesome vibration, you know. And when it comes, when I look, some people melt (not many, very few), but others are terrified! They get up

and run away. And there are those who are struck with *awe,* as they say in English – they get dazed. I've noticed that several times. I simply used to think, "The Lord is doing his action" – but it's not that! It's ... it's that there really is something changing in the body.

But now it has become clear, conscious, and the body ... I just have to stop my activities even two or three seconds, one or two minutes at the most, for the body to feel as if it's floating, floating like that, floating.... You see an immensity, like an ocean of this vibrating, luminous, golden, powerful Consciousness, and the body floats in it.... I tell you, it's still somewhat like a piece of bark, but some parts are crumbling away. It's like a piece of bark that clumsily covers certain spots: they are the things that ... still feel the identification; it's not perfect identification because it's still felt – but felt in such a bliss! ...

From a practical point of view, if something goes wrong anywhere for any reason (most often under the influence of something coming from outside unexpectedly: a pain here, something wrong there, and so on), with that, almost instantly – almost instantly – the trouble disappears, and if I patiently remain in that state, the MEMORY of the trouble disappears. And that's how disorders which had become habits gradually disappear.

> *Mother, I have often wondered about something. It's not a question, it's a state when I meditate: very often I don't at all feel like repeating a mantra, I don't at all feel like having anything at all, I feel inclined to let myself flow blissfully into a sort of dissolution, really like a dissolution, a complete transparency, in which nothing moves anymore. And when I reach that point, something in me always takes over and says no.... Because I also feel the need to keep up aspiration, the life of aspiration; because even the life of aspiration disappears in that state.*

Yes, I know that.

> *So which is the right thing?*

Sri Aurobindo said it several times: as soon as the being is annulled, the essence, the essential purpose of individualization immediately reappears WITHOUT the ego's limits. But what you are speaking of, that sort of anguish that makes one stop,[15] is a necessary movement till the whole being is ready, because if that annulment of the personality, of the individual, took place before all the elements of the body, or even of the vital or the mind, were ready ... you understand, it would be dissolved, and then there's no knowing what would happen. So this need to get a grip on oneself occurs until one is entirely ready – when one is ready, one can let oneself go. And as soon as the fusion is done ... (what can I call it?) not the "law" but what we might call the raison d'être [of individualization] comes back, and without the ego's limitations.

I had that experience in the vital and in the mind; now I see that it's the same

in the body, that there is still a recall because this or that part, this or that element isn't yet ready and one has to wait until it's ready. But in fact, in this morning's experience, all that remained was like pieces of bark floating about.

Which means that the work is being done very fast.

But when the body is ready, it will be able to let itself go like that WITHOUT BEING DISSOLVED. And that's the work of preparation. The movement, yes, is to let oneself melt entirely. But the result is the ego's abolition, that is to say, an UNKNOWN state, you understand, which we may call "physically unrealized," because all those who sought Nirvana did so by giving up their body, whereas our work is to make the body, the material substance, capable of melting; but then, the principle of individualization remains, and all the ego's drawbacks disappear. That's the present attempt. How to keep the form without the ego's presence? – that's the problem. Well, that's how it takes place, little by little, little by little. That's why it takes time: each element is taken up again, transformed.... That's the marvel, that is it (for the ordinary consciousness, it's a miracle): it's keeping the form while entirely losing the ego. For the vital and the mind, it's easier to understand (for most people it's very difficult, but still for those who are ready, it's easy to understand, and then the action can be much more rapid), but HERE, this *(Mother points to her body),* for it not to be dissolved by this movement of fusion...? Well, that's precisely the experience, that's it. And there is a slight movement of patience, a movement of ... it's really the deep essence of compassion: the minimum wastage for the maximum effect. That is, one goes as fast as one can, but delays arise from the need to prepare the various elements.

That's precisely the so interesting curve at present unfolding. At times, you feel as if everything, everything is dissolving, getting disorganized; and I have observed closely: at first the physical consciousness wasn't sufficiently enlightened, and when those inner preparations took place, it would feel, "Ah, this must be what heralds death"; then, little by little, came the knowledge that it wasn't that at all, it was only the inner preparation to be capable, capable of identification. And then, on the contrary, the very clear vision of this plasticity so particular, this suppleness so extraordinary that if it were realized ... once it's realized, it obviously means the abolition of the necessity of death.

This morning's experience was ... Everything was an immense ocean of luminous consciousness, and so powerful! Tremendously powerful. And something so sweet at the same time, so compassionate, but causeless – there was no cause: just like that. Like Divine Love which is without object, it's like that. So this body starts floating in that, lighter and lighter, more and more transparent, and still remains ... the impression is of bark, but not even all over. It's a strange impression of something that still has contradictions. But not deliberate contradictions, it's not that: incapacities – spots of powerlessness, a lack of receptivity. But little by little, gradually, slowly, that gets cured.

Each experience – and now it's going fast – each experience points to a great step forward.

(silence)

Every time the rule or domination of Nature's ordinary laws is, on one point or another, replaced (or must be or is going to be replaced on any point) by the authority of the Divine Consciousness, that creates a state of transition with all the appearances of a tremendous disorder and a very great danger. And as long as the body doesn't know, as long as it's in its state of ignorance, it gets panic-stricken (which is what happens in almost everyone), panic-stricken, it thinks it's a serious illness, and sometimes, with the help of imagination, it may even result in an illness. But originally it's not that: it's a withdrawal, the withdrawal of Nature's ordinary law with its adjunct of personal vital and mental law (but Nature's law in the body is generally much stronger than the mind's and the vital's law); well, it's the withdrawal of that law and its replacement by the other. So there is a moment when it's neither this nor that, and that moment is critical. But if the body begins to know, it remains still and has faith – trust and faith; it remains still, then all goes well. The difficulty soon passes and all goes well. So long as the body doesn't know ... its reactions are disastrous. But for it to know automatically and spontaneously, it means that a large part of its elements must already be conscious and transformed. Now, it's all right. Not so long ago it was still necessary to stop, to fall silent, concentrate, to call the Presence, call on its faith, then everything was back in order. Now the movement is spontaneous.

And the surface, the very part that gives the sense of bark, is what will change last – what's going to happen? I don't know ... I don't know. But it will change last.

There are amusing little details. When I am in the presence of someone who, for some reason or other, gets a shock or feels uneasy because now I am stooped (someone who knew me before), it creates an atmosphere that gives the body a sort of regret for this appearance – not a "regret," but rather a disapproval of this appearance of decay (I am giving one example among many others). Then, almost immediately, there is the very clear vision of what can cure this, of the STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS that can cure this. But to be constant, this state has to be spontaneous.... There will be a moment of transition for this as for all the rest, and it will probably be dangerous. The state of truth-consciousness must be sufficiently ESTABLISHED to be spontaneous: there should be no need of a concentration and a will, you understand, the state should be spontaneous. Then it will be possible for the transition to occur.

In my life, I have been given so many, so many experiences, as proof that EVERYTHING is possible. For instance, when I was twenty-two, one night, after an experience I had in the night (I forget the details of it) ... at the time women wore dresses that exactly touched the ground, just touched it without resting on it *(gesture of skimming the ground),* and in my experience at night, I had grown tall – in the morning, there was one inch between the dress and the ground! Which means that the body had grown one inch WITH THE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE. You see, in the night's experience I had grown tall (I don't remember the details),

and in the morning ... And I've been given that material verification for many such experiences, so as to be sure, so the body may be convinced without having to repeat the experiences over and over again. So it KNOWS, it knows there is nothing impossible, it knows "impossible" doesn't mean anything.... But it doesn't depend on an individual will, you understand. The Consciousness which rules things is a marvel of wisdom, patience, compassion, endurance. When there is destruction or disorder, it means it's absolutely unavoidable, absolutely – because matter's resistance in the individual or in things is so strong that it quite naturally brings about disorder or destruction. But that doesn't form part of the Action, the supreme Action, which is a marvel. The body has understood that; it has understood, it is patient. Only, from time to time ... (how can I put it?) ... There are people whom I prevent from dying – several people. I don't yet have the consciousness, the conscious power to cure them, but the possibility is there and I maintain it above them. That is to say, it's not all-powerful in the sense that a certain receptivity, a certain response, a certain attitude are necessary which aren't always there (human natures are very fluctuating, there are ups and downs and more ups and downs, and that makes the work very difficult), but at times, during a down spell, when a being suffers or sags, there is something in the consciousness [of Mother], a compassion ... (how can I explain that?) ... Affliction and all those movements are movements of weakness, but "that" is something at once very strong and very sweet, almost like sorrow, and the whole, entire consciousness in the body rises like a prayer and an aspiration – a pure prayer: "Why are things still in this pitiful state, why? Why?" And it instantly has an effect [in the sick person]. Unfortunately, the effect doesn't last; it doesn't last because certain conditions in others are still necessary. But ... it's wonderful, you know! It's something so wonderful. And it makes one understand the necessity of a presence on this side, a presence capable of feeling, understanding still IN THE OTHER WAY, so the suffering of others may ... be a reality. And that also is taken into account, that also means time is needed, patience is needed. Now the body knows it – there's no longer any impatience; there is only, now and then, that sort of sorrow, especially when beings are full of aspiration, goodwill, faith, and in spite of it this suffering is still there, clinging. That on one side, and on the other, one thing: there is still a sort of horror and reprobation of acts of cruelty, of THE cruelty; that's ... And then, there is this awesome Power – you feel, you can feel that a mere nothing, a simple little movement would, oh, bring about a catastrophe. So you have to keep that still, still, still ... so what happens may always be the best.

Now stupidity, imbecility, ignorance, all those things are looked at with a patience ... which waits for them to grow. But bad will and cruelty – especially viciousness, cruelty, what LOVES to cause suffering – that's still difficult, one still has to keep a hold on oneself. In figurative language (not "language," but a way of being), it's Kali that wants to strike, and I have to tell her, "Keep still, keep still." But that's a human transcription. All those gods, all those beings are real, they exist, but ... it's a transcription. True truth is beyond all that.

So there.

Today is Mahasaraswati's day....[16] *(Laughing)* She's chattered a lot!

February 7, 1968

Something very amusing has happened to me with flowers. I had arranged roses; I had selected roses to give people, and when they came, I took a rose I had kept aside. But it had opened too much, it didn't look so nice anymore, so I looked, I thought, "Is it nice enough to be given?" I was holding it loosely, like that.... Mon petit, under my very eyes it turned around and stuck its thorn into my finger!

I've had other examples of consciousness in flowers, but this one was remarkable. When I take them and tell them that they're pretty and sweet, they open out – that often happens; but this one turned around (of course I wasn't holding it tight), it turned around and stuck its thorn into my finger!

I had another example, a very amusing one. You know that I keep hibiscus flowers there, under the lamp; I had kept two flowers, "Supramental Consciousness," and another, pale pink, "Supramental Beauty," there, under the lamp. Then someone sent me a "Power," a hibiscus this big, all white, with a dark red center – a marvel! Big as this. I put it there; the other flower ... (it was lasting very well, it had lasted the whole morning), it instantly dropped down, furious – it didn't "drop," it threw itself to the ground, like that!

I've noticed that: jealousy among flowers. Some roses, if you put other flowers with them, wither instantly.

But it's the first time I've seen anger.

And the best part of the story is that I kept the rose and gave it away! *(Laughing)* It got what it wanted!

There is someone to whom I send flowers and who sends me flowers every day, someone who does the yoga in earnest. He wrote to me (he sends me some of these golden hibiscuses, "Supramental Beauty"), he wrote to me that he told one of these flowers, "You are going to see Mother," and the flower smiled. It opened out, it was happy, and it smiled. "It smiled at me," he said.

I don't know if it's our perception that progresses, or if really, as Sri Aurobindo said, "When the supramental Force comes on the earth, there will be a response EVERYWHERE." It seems to me to be that, because these flowers are so, so vibrant, full of life. In the morning I always arrange them (it's a work that takes me at least three quarters of an hour, there are more than a hundred flowers in different vases that I have to arrange, and to each person I give a special sort of flower – I arrange all that), and in the vases, some flowers say, "Me!" And indeed they are just what I need. They call out to me to say, "Me!" ... But that's not new, because when I was in Japan, I had a large garden and I had cultivated part of it to grow vegetables; in the morning I would go down to the garden to get the

vegetables to be eaten that day, and some of them here, there, there *(scattered gesture)* would say, "Me! Me! Me!" Like that. So I would go and pick them. They literally called me, they called me.

That's a long time ago, nineteen hundred and ... when was it? It was in 1916-17, so that's ... forty years ago.

Fifty.

(Mother laughs) Fifty years ago!

But now, in the morning, I just have not to think, to remain quiet, and I go straight to the flowers, they say, "Me! Me! ..." In spite of myself I am surprised, I say, "Wonderful, this is just what I wanted!"

* * *

Soon afterwards

Ah, now let's get down to work. Do you know what we have to do?... We have to prepare Auroville's "Charter"! They will put it into the earth; when they throw in the earth from every country, they will put a metal box with the Charter in it, written on a piece of parchment. So we have to write it down.... I have a few little ideas.

But first there is the charter prepared by G. and the one prepared by Y. Read them out to me, we'll see *(Mother holds out G.'s charter).*

Auroville's Charter (G.)

1. Auroville is the first crucible of planetary man.

Ah, "planetary," he put that in as Y.'s disciple! Y. loves "planetary."

2. Auroville offers itself to discover the deep sources of man's unity with the universe, of knowledge in joy and love.

I don't understand – doesn't matter!

3. Everything in Auroville belongs to the whole earth and Auroville's members are all the beings of the earth.

4. This day, Auroville is solemnly dedicated to serve forever the union of heaven with earth and life.

Heaven? What heaven?

Here is the other one *(Mother holds out Y.'s charter).* It's more literary (!)

Auroville's Dedication (Y.)

> *1. We solemnly found this city as the first center of a planetary society ...*

Ah!

> *... tomorrow's society.*

> *2. We solemnly dedicate this city as the constantly renewed synthesis of the latest conquests of science and the most ancient wisdom.*

> *3. We solemnly set as the chief function of this city the preparation of every child to his highest spiritual and planetary ...*

There you are!

> *... destiny, that this city may become the cradle of a new humanity.*

Is that all? It's better, but that's not it.

As for me, I didn't put any solemnities.... I didn't write it [at one go], because it's never mental, so it's not organized *(Mother looks for scattered scraps of paper)*. From a mental point of view, it's worthless, it's not organized, but a few things did come. It's in fragments, it doesn't hang together *(Mother goes on sorting out her scraps of paper)*. I don't even remember what I said.... It's not organized, I don't know in which order I am going to put it ... Ah! *(Mother pulls out a piece of paper)* ... First there is a material point which G. clumsily tried to express: it's that everyone is a citizen of Auroville. Here is the true thing (we won't put any solemnities, it's not necessary) ...

(Mother unrolls a big parchment on her windowsill, facing the Samadhi. Perched on a low stool and armed with a huge black felt-pen that draws cuneiform-like letters, she starts copying Auroville's Charter while commenting on it.)

> 1. Auroville belongs to nobody in particular. Auroville belongs to humanity as a whole....

So this is the material fact. Auroville belongs ... I didn't put "to no nation" because India would have been furious. I put "belongs to nobody" – "nobody" is a vague term which I used precisely so as not to say "to no human being" or "to no nation." And I put "Auroville belongs to humanity AS A WHOLE because it amounts to nothing! Since people can't agree together, the thing is impossible! I did it deliberately.

Then I don't say anything about "citizens" and all that, I say:

> ... But to live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness.

They will all balk at "Divine," but I don't care! You understand, it's the explanation of the Matrimandir[17] at the center. The Matrimandir represents the Divine Consciousness. All that goes unsaid, but it's like that.

Then:

> 2. Auroville will be the place of an unending education, of constant progress, and a youth that never ages.

And then:

> 3. Auroville wants to be the bridge between the past and the future. Taking advantage of all discoveries ...

All discoveries, that is, philosophical, spiritual, moral, scientific, everything – taking advantage of the past.

> ... of all discoveries from without and from within, Auroville will boldly spring towards future realisations.

And finally, there are two versions: "4. Auroville will be a site of research for knowledge and means of existence leading to a human unity based on mutual understanding and goodwill."

On another piece of paper, we have, "To give a living body to an actual human Unity."

So we'll alter a little.

> 4. Auroville will be a site of material and spiritual researches for a living embodiment of an actual Human Unity.

There.

(Mother steps down from her stool)

It's not me who wrote all this.... I noticed something so interesting: when it comes it's imperative, there's no room for arguing; I write it down – whatever I may be doing I am FORCED to write it down. But when it's not there, it's just not there! Even if I try to remember, nothing comes, it's not there! So it's clear that it doesn't come from here: it comes from somewhere above.

(Auroville, the free international township.

No army, no police.)

February 10, 1968

(Mother uses an English word for a French one.)

Strangely, the English word now comes to me more easily than the French one. I know very well why: it's because in that part I am constantly in contact with Sri Aurobindo, so when I need a word, it's in his storehouse that I find it! Whereas with me, here *(gesture to the forehead),* it's becoming quite fine ... very fine!

* * *

(Regarding the crush in the Ashram and around Mother.)

It's absolutely obvious, absolutely indisputable that all this, that is, all the circumstances of life, all that happens, has been willed, decided on, organized. And it's the best possible training for the body. It's to give it three things:

The first is (one more English word) a *reliance* – that is, it should lean on the Divine ALONE for support, for the source of its strength, its health, its capacity; it means that all material rules and laws are rejected and must cease to have any importance.

That's the body's experience almost every minute.

This first: the only support is the Divine – food, rest, etc., none of those things exist anymore. They no longer exist – in fact, they don't exist, but they no longer exist as a factor of importance.

Then, two things, which seem to be contradictory (in the ordinary consciousness they are), but which in fact are only complementary. A *surrender* (there's no other word), a total abdication – total, immediate, complete. That is to say, equality and acceptance – not even "acceptance": everything, everything is good, everything is good. Which means that if death were to come tomorrow, it would cause no trouble, and if life must last forever, it causes no trouble – like that, you understand *(perfectly equal and sovereign gesture):* SPONTANEOUS, spontaneous, effortless acceptance, without reasoning, without ... spontaneous and total, like that *(same gesture).* That's the second point.

And the third: a tre-men-dous will! Every moment it expresses itself as ... For instance, something is thrown out of gear, it hurts; then, with that background ... it isn't a "background," it's a BASE, a base of equality (equality is still seen from the other side! It's not that, it is ... an adherence, a spontaneous adherence), on that base, there is a tremendous will – tremendous – to be ... WHAT THE DIVINE WILLS, but not with the idea that it might be like this or like that. Well, to express it truly, we should say, "To be divine" – to be divine. That is, to dominate all situations, all wills, all circumstances, like that *(same perfectly equal and*

sovereign gesture).

So those three things are simultaneous and constantly present. And all that is going on in the body.

The body (this is becoming interesting) has the same experiences on the heights of the consciousness, the same experiences (supramental ones, we could say, because, well, there, it's really supramental) as the vital, the mind and the inner beings had previously.

It's going through the same experiences – the body itself.

That happened the last few nights: it suddenly remembered the time (some twenty years ago, for instance) when those experiences were experiences of the vital, the mind, the psychic being and above. It was the way of being there *(gesture above),* but the body was left out: it was in a different way, in its own way. But now, it's the body: the same experiences, the very same, come back to it like that, and with a certitude and solidity in their base that are incomparable!

There are still, in a subconscious background, bad habits – all the bad habits: defeatism, doubt, pessimism, all that (it's a way of being of that region), but it has gone underground, and when it does come through (more out of habit than out of bad will), when it ... in English I would say *bubbles out,* it gets such a slap!

I clearly see that when this state of will (there is really only one way to put it and it looks like a masquerade, but it's "to be divine," like that, an all-powerful will), when that becomes the normal and spontaneous way of being, then we'll begin to have serious results.

There is still something that watches itself be – which means there is still much that isn't as it should be.

But there are slight oscillations between the old habit of yielding, of being human (with all that it entails), and the other way of being. The other way is vigilant, it's on the alert and says, "No, no! No more of that, no more! The time for that is over." Because, very clearly, that means a slide towards death; the other way is the ascent towards ... we won't yet say "immortality" because that's difficult for this substance, but life at will.

We'll see.

There's a very clear vision, now, very clear and certain, that death is the acceptance of defeat, so ... But everywhere, and for everybody.

Previously, it was an inescapable habit *(Mother draws a circle),* the inevitable outcome – it's no longer that at all, no longer at all! It's still the memory of a disastrous past.

There.

February 14, 1968

(Regarding certain disciples, who are the very ones that will

head the Ashram in the years after Mother's departure.)

... But it's very, very instructive. I mean, it's not anything new to me, but it's the wholly clear, precise, evident picture that it's man who creates all his difficulties. Things would be simple and easy if there weren't all these ego reactions: reactions of ambition, reactions of self-esteem – not to speak of deceit: when that comes ... *(gesture underhand).* Yes, these three things: ambition, with the need to show off, to dominate; self-esteem or vanity (being hurt when you aren't appreciated at your true value: then you lose your temper, you quarrel, there's grating and friction); and, last, the thirst for money, *greed,* the desire to possess, cupidity: you want to "make the most" of the occasion – "I want to profit, I want to profit...." With these three things, everything is muddled.

So long as it all comes out in the open ingenuously and frankly, you smile, but when it turns into duplicity, when people use all kinds of tricks in the hope of deceiving, of hiding their motives while pretending to have others – all that in various combinations – then, it won't do anymore.

And immediately – immediately, everything is disorganized.

And with proofs, you know, obvious proofs – one has to be absolutely blind not to see that. But the blindness is deliberate: one doesn't want to know the cause [of the disorganization], one isn't in the least anxious to know ... because if one knew, one would be forced to change.

Instantly, instantly, everything is disorganized.

Ah! *(Mother raises her two hands upward in a gesture of offering)*

It's far easier to say and believe that the world cannot be changed and must be left to its own decomposition – you just go away peacefully. How easy! ... How easy.

(silence)

Do you know how the Hindu spiritual tradition was convinced – was forced to be convinced – of the multiplicity of souls (they don't say "souls"), of the divine being in individuals? Because those people were very logical: had there been a single soul, that is, a single supreme consciousness, anywhere, at any time, once it had experienced liberation (flight into Nirvana, the renunciation of everything, the whole illusion of life and creation), if there had been only one soul, the whole thing would have been over! But as it happens, a number of beings went through the experience, and it made no difference to the world (as a whole, at any rate). So they reached the conclusion that there were perhaps as many souls as there were individuals, and that they communicate only up above, not down here.

When someone said that to me, it quite amused me!

And in all that, there's nothing true! Neither on one side nor on the other. It's only one aspect.

Because there's only ONE.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Yesterday I was shown the photo of a man who is the guru of many people.[18] I do not know what he claims to be, but he is an Indian who went to Europe and America and has lots – thousands and thousands – of disciples, followers, believers. He says there is only one way to bring peace on earth, and that is total and complete freedom: intellectual and moral freedom, of course, but also vital and physical freedom. That is, freeing oneself from all subjections and all laws, living according to one's own impulsion. Then, he says, "something" (I forget what he calls it) will govern you and will make you do what must be done. It's not the individual who decides, it's "that." And if he is asked, "But how? How do you know 'that' is it? How do you find 'that'?", he simply answers, "Come and sit down beside me in meditation, and you will know." And he is convinced he can bring peace to earth with that.

I saw his photo yesterday. Vitally, he is extraordinarily strong. I don't know if it's his own force or if it's what he receives from others, because you can find that out only through physical contact.

(silence)

It's yet another approach.

There are lots and lots of such people now. I've already told you about three or four. And each of them has thousands of followers, who probably don't understand anything of what he does! But the impression one gets is of something that ... works up the dough, like that *(gesture)*.

You catch hold of one tiny bit, one angle; you pierce a kind of little hole through which you can see on the other side, and with that you stir thousands of people.

So long as it's not exclusive, that is, so long as the man or woman (whoever they are), the guru, doesn't come and say, "I alone am the Truth" (meaning the others don't know, I alone know), so long as they're not like that, it's quite all right. And when they're enlightened enough to tell you, "Yes, I've caught hold of one little bit, I am giving it to you, but all other little bits are good" ... But even if you put all the bits together, you are still far from THE Truth.

I should have kept that photo to show you. His body too lives in freedom! Uncombed hair (maybe he never washes!), a beard ... Very strong eyes.

It's strange, successful people of this sort are always Indians.

Though there was Steiner who had much power over his disciples, but in his case, it was without doubt an adverse force with all the power of the Asuras.

February 17, 1968

Ah, before we start work ... I've received this:

(Mother first holds out a letter)

> "Here are a few pages of our issue on Auroville, the city of love guarded by the four Mothers." Signed: Y.

(Then Mother holds out a leaflet showing ...'[19]

If you can make out anything, please tell me. Can you?

No.

You can't make it out? And I thought you would explain it to me!

It's quite a muddle there.

Is it a snake biting its tail?

To be precise, it's really a mental construction.

Oh, yes.

And the text... There isn't even a little vibration of truth in it.

Yes, it's entirely a construction.

There isn't a flame, there's nothing in it.

And which love is she referring to? It quite looks like sexual love.

It seems very human.

(Mother laughs) Very, very human indeed. I looked a good deal, and wondered if it wasn't in fact going to be the modern conception of yoga?

Yes, they are full of this business of "yoga of sex." They think of nothing else, talk of nothing else. The "city of love" – as for me, I find it...

But as soon as this word is used in the ordinary way, it becomes like that. I don't know what to do.

I don't find it interesting.

I don't find it interesting AT ALL. But isn't it dangerous? That's the question.

It means, at any rate, giving a false idea of Auroville. It opens the door

to all kinds of ambiguities.

(Mother looks at the accompanying little sketches, which look like three intertwined lines)

There's always one, two, three. If at least there were only two, but it's always one, two, three – that is, union and the result!

And the main sketch is exactly the picture of a belly, it's at belly level.

Oh, but then it's still worse!

That's what it evokes, it gives the sense of a visceral picture.

Horrible!

Something wholly turned in on itself, shut in on itself.

Yes, that's right.

I don't like it.

Neither do I. And Z has a disease that only occurs with suppressed sexual desires. He can't get rid of it because he doesn't get rid of the cause ... They are up to the neck in that. What should I do with this?

It would be a pity if people were given this at Auroville's inauguration.

It's worse than that: they're going to hold a conference for the children in which the children will ask questions, and ten people or so will be there to reply, but mainly Y. and Z. So those children are coming with the idea of finding something a little true, and that's what they are going to find.

The "city of love" is probably not going to be understood as it should be. You know, the magazine Planète is sending Mr. D. to write an article on Auroville; well, I saw this D. a year ago when he came here, and he's precisely a great adept of this "yoga of sexuality."[20] *I had a whole talk with him, a talk so heated that afterwards, I got a sort of revelation and wrote a whole letter on the problem of sexuality in yoga. But the man reeks with this business of sex. He is sent by Planète. So if they show him this, the "city of love"...*

It's troublesome. I think it's become worse, mon petit, because I remember, when I asked Y. to look after education in Auroville, she was still decent enough. I think it's gone to her head.

Well, it's the story of little R. whom they educate with music and caresses. It's the same story. But still, the "city of love," damn!

Auroville should be something that impels you towards other concepts than these petty things. I went there one day, and, you know, that place is moving...

Oh, it's beautiful.

It's beautiful, moving, you really feel something about to be created. So the "city of love"...

But I never said Auroville was the city of love, never, not once!

The word is too subject to misuse. It would be better not to talk about it.

In fact, the word "love" can be used only with the word "divine" before it. It's the only way it can be used. Without the word "divine," it becomes impossible. And these people refuse to use the word "divine."

Yes, they're afraid of it.

So what are we going to do?... If I send her paper back without saying anything, she will say I have approved of it; if I tell her it won't do, she'll get still more furious.... And she looks after everything, pokes her nose into everything – legitimately, in a sense, since I told her I put her in charge of education. But it's AFTER that she became like this. At that time, she was a bit cranky, but still quite decent.

It's troublesome.

(Mother remains silent for a while) Should I send her this:

> "Beware of the word 'love' if it is not preceded by the adjective 'divine,' because in the general mentality the word evokes sexuality."

Just this, nothing else, no opinion about what she's done, but this. *(Mother writes her note)*

I find her paper noxious, because not only does it say nothing, it also opens the door to ambiguities. And it says nothing: the hippies too are the "sons of love," it's their great doctrine.

To tell the truth, when I opened that paper, I got a sense of disgust.

No, if I trusted her, I would put it differently, I would right away add, "... Which from a spiritual point of view is a disaster." But ... it's no use making people angry.

She has no trust whatsoever, she thinks she is infinitely superior. Only, from a political point of view, she is very careful not to come into visible conflict [with Mother], because she feels that would hamper her action.

She wanted – and she said I had allowed her (which is standing truth on its

head) – she wanted to open an LSD club in Auroville. Because I wrote to her ... being as objective as possible, I wrote it could be useful only under the control of people who have the spiritual knowledge AND the power to control and assist. So she turned it upside down and said, "Mother has given her permission on condition that there are people with knowledge who control ..." So there. And the "people with knowledge," of course ...

In the end, whatever happens in life, in action, is to make the movement of transformation and ascent as rapid as possible. Perhaps there are times – there is a rhythm, and there are times more favorable to harmony, but a stagnant harmony, and so one tries to do away with, or at any rate suppress, all dangerous movements that might stop the progress or even lead towards destruction; but there are other times when there is a very strong push towards transformation, and, I must say ... with a risk of possible damage. Certainly since 1956, it's plainly visible that there has been something pushing and pushing and pushing to hasten the movement, and ... it results in some very dangerous extravagances.

It's with this knowledge and this certainty – this vision of things – that most of the time I remain as a noninterfering witness. It's only if things take a really nasty turn – then one is forced to intervene.

We'll see.

February 20, 1968

(In the weeks preceding February 21, her ninetieth birthday, Mother has had hardly any time to eat or sleep, spending hours to see people, work, write letters and so on. Satprem remarks that she does not look tired.)

If there weren't people's thought, the collective suggestion, and maybe – maybe – a subconscious suggestion (the cells may possibly still be subject to a subconscious suggestion, that's possible ...), otherwise, with a few seconds of ... *(gesture of drawing within),* like that, plunging back into the Supreme Consciousness – everything is fine, I am never hungry (and don't feel the need to eat), I am never sleepy (and don't feel the need to sleep). Only, there is, still the old suggestion, and also people's whole thought that if I don't eat I'll become weak and fall ill; that if I don't sleep I'll get tired and fall ill – that sort of refrain. The cells don't believe in it but ... You understand, they think they have a duty to eat and a duty to sleep, otherwise ... And I clearly see that work isn't AT ALL what tires me: I am not more tired after having seen forty, forty-five, fifty people ... than after having seen one ill-disposed person. Especially there are atmospheres that are corrupt, in the sense that those people instinctively loathe truth (there are such people – they aren't even aware of it), and it causes a malaise, it still causes a

malaise. And one minute, just one minute of someone coming in with that atmosphere is enough, you understand – then I have to concentrate, to make an effort. Sometimes I have to ... *(gesture showing the Force coming down to strike),* there are people to whom I "say," "You'd better keep still, otherwise something is going to happen to you." I don't even think it, you understand, but the Force goes like this *(gesture).* Not with many, but now and then there are such people.

But the nerves remember ... You know that after living with Sri Aurobindo for a year, when I left at the time of the [first world] war, because of the war, all the nerves fell ill: they were in a state of irritated tension (I think they call it neuritis, when all, but all the nerves are ill). It's particularly painful, and everything is disorganized all over: the circulation was disorganized, the digestion was disorganized, everything was disorganized (it was in France, in southern France). The nerves remember that, and I don't know why, once when things here were very difficult, they remembered. Sri Aurobindo was there and I told him (I think I've already told you the story): I absolutely had the sense of a hand coming and taking the whole pain away like that – in one second it was gone. And it had never returned. Now, from time to time, when people are ill-disposed or their thoughts are bad, and when in addition there's no rest, no eating, no sleeping, then from time to time, here or there, the nerves get strained. It's a sharp pain at its height. In France, I had it for weeks. Sometimes it comes, and then I have to keep still and ... melt ... in the Divine Presence – then it's over, it goes away without a trace.

But when they feel ill at ease, they remember. They ask, "I don't know what should be done to erase this memory." I take them to task, I tell them they're stupid, but ... Then they keep still.

But what I find interesting is this: there's no hunger and no sleepiness; that doesn't exist, it doesn't correspond to a sensation, not in the least. There is very clearly the sense of harmony and disharmony; when the atmosphere is harmonious, or at least of goodwill (there can always be a greater harmony, that goes without saying), then it's all right.

With some people, the minute they come in, there is a tremendous descent, very often of Kali's power or Maheshwari's power (not the Supreme, but what they understand best), very often – right away, instantly. Then everything is stilled. And it's very amusing, it's interesting: the Response (the Response, what responds) is what makes me very clearly realize the state people are in. It's not at all a mental perception: I know what they think only by inference, from what took place [i.e., the type of force that manifested in Mother]. Then, quite naturally, I know: they must be in this state of mind.

But I wouldn't be able to say what they think; some people, for instance, can tell you very well, "This or that is what you are thinking," but I couldn't. All that is mental is quite foreign to me. But I could say very clearly what is their state of receptivity, of goodwill and aspiration – and automatically, without trying to know it, simply from what is created in the atmosphere.

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo is always there. At times he becomes very active, especially when people "pump" or pull or crush you under the weight of all their difficulties and all their desires. Then (these last few days have been like that), I might put it into the words he often used, but this is his attitude: "They accept the God only when they can crucify him."

I find that so interesting, you know!

They accept God – the Divine – only when they can crucify him. That is to say, they recognize the Divine in a body only if that body is fit to be crucified or tortured. And then, if things go wrong, "So he's not divine!"

He is not divine....

He always used to say, "The Divine takes care to veil himself so as not to crush them."

And it's true, I have noticed it: at times when the Force comes with really all its might, it's terrible! Even for those who are most used to it, even for the most courageous ... it's hard. So it's always like that: it contains itself so as not to be ... unbearable. What do you have to tell me? Nothing?... It's a pity. I'm always the one who speaks!

(Mother goes into a meditation)

You have before you, here *(gesture at chest level),* Sri Aurobindo's symbol. The descending triangle is of an almost white light, but with a golden hue, and the ascending part is of an intense dark violet – I don't know why.... The ascending triangle is dark violet (the color of vital power), an intense dark violet, very, very strong, and with the descending triangle, that makes Sri Aurobindo's symbol, here, in front of you, like that.

It's not luminous, but not dark: it has a rich and very intense color, a very intense violet.

The ascending triangle is the creation's aspiration; the descending triangle is the Divine's response. And the junction of the two makes the square of the manifestation. It was there, in front of you, very clearly written.

It corresponds to your inner state.... *(Laughing)* It's good!

Happy birthday, Mother!

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

February 28, 1968

(The entire Ashram has gone to Auroville to attend its inauguration. Mother reads out her message, which is broadcast live to Auroville through All India Radio:)

"Greetings from Auroville to all men of good will.
"Are invited to Auroville all those who thirst for
progress and aspire to a higher and truer life."

(Then Mother reads out the Charter)

Auroville's Charter

1. Auroville belongs to nobody in particular. Auroville belongs to humanity as a whole.
But to live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness.

2. Auroville will be the place of an unending education, of constant progress, and a youth that never ages.

3. Auroville wants to be the bridge between the past and the future. Taking advantage of all discoveries from without and from within, Auroville will boldly spring towards future realisations.

4. Auroville will be a site of material and spiritual researches for a living embodiment of an actual Human Unity.

(then the microphone is switched off ... silence)

So now, till 11:30 we have a nice quiet time like princes and kings! It doesn't often happen. If you have something to tell me, I am listening.

Maybe you are the one who has something to say?

No, no! That's enough! *(Mother laughs)*

I've spent all my days and all my nights quieting the atmosphere, it had taken such proportions.... You know, those movements which start whirling like that, like the wind in a cyclone or at sea, and it goes on whirling faster and faster, more and more strongly, forcefully. Then people fall ill, they get worn out, they can't do anything anymore. For the past three days I've spent my time calming and calming the atmosphere. Luckily they came to me (it wasn't to "me," naturally), they felt there was something stable here that could stop this disorder, otherwise ... But it was very difficult because of the really large number of additions from outside: on the 21st, at the Darshan, they were more than four thousand people down in the street, and there are all those who came to be here today and tomorrow, so it must mean five or six thousand people – to feed, accommodate ... a whole work.

Then they asked me, naturally, that it shouldn't rain, but that it shouldn't be

sunny either! *(Mother laughs)* So it was a bit difficult,

but a short while ago, Z came to tell me that Auroville's area was clouded, without sunshine.... All these little entities are quite obliging, but they're asked impossible things! I get requests, "Ah, I need rain," and at the same time, "Oh, no, I don't want rain"; "Ah, I need sunshine," and "Oh, no, I don't want sunshine...." How can they manage it!

Are you happy?

Happy? What does that mean?

Are things moving?

I don't know. I think they're moving all right over there.

Two days ago Z said to me, "Oh, it has been a good lesson: now we are convinced that the Westerners' way isn't better than ours." Because they kept thinking, all of them, that the materialistic way brought about better realizations – so now they are convinced.

I told you that the Soviet consul is enthusiastic! He saw the Charter – in English first (in English, there is *Divine's Consciousness,* with the apostrophe[21]). He said, "It's a pity, it evokes the idea of God." And S., who had been there, said, "It's not that at all! There's nothing religious in all this affair. We'll show you the French." Then he read *conscience divine* [divine consciousness], and he was satisfied. He said, "This is just what we want to realize, and without these words it would be officially recognized and supported by the Soviet government." Then they asked him to translate it into Russian, but finally what's being read out in Auroville isn't his translation, it's the one by T. She has just come, and words don't frighten her. But I sent him my permission: I had it explained to him that words were just a more or less clumsy transcription not only of the idea, but of what is above the idea – the principle; that it didn't matter much whether these or those words were used (each one uses the words that suit him best), and that, therefore, I allowed him to use the words that would be acceptable to his government. The Soviet consul said yes, he was very glad. He said, "When the Soviet government officially supports something, it's serious." – It's true, I know it, they are very generous. So I hope it will have a favorable result. And you see, it's just what I wanted: in America, for a long time they have been enthusiastic – which is good, but perhaps they don't understand so well; the Russians, in their nature, are mystic, and as that has been oppressed, suppressed, naturally it has gained a lot of force. And now it tends to want to burst.

But if both together support Auroville, we won't have any more financial hassles!

It has been coming little by little, little by little. I told you what Sri Aurobindo revealed to me about India's condition, which was the symbolic representation of the present condition of mankind; and that's why, Sri Aurobindo told me, that's why Auroville has been created.' Then I understood. Since then, it has become

very clear – "clear," I mean he seems to have made it spread and people seem to begin to understand.

So there.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(From a conversation between Mother and a disciple about Auroville.)

One needs to have an absolutely transparent sincerity. Lack of sincerity is at present the cause of difficulties.

Insincerity is in all men. There are perhaps a hundred totally sincere men on earth. Man's very nature is what makes him insincere. It's very complicated, for he is constantly cheating with himself, hiding the truth from himself, finding excuses for himself. Yoga is the way to become sincere in all the parts of one's being.

It is difficult to be sincere, but one can at least be mentally sincere – this is what one can demand from Aurovilians.

The Force is there, present as never before; what prevents it from descending and being felt is men's insincerity. The world is steeped in falsehood, all relationships between men have so far been based only on falsehood and deceit. Diplomacy between nations is based on falsehood. They claim they want peace and on the other hand arm themselves. A transparent sincerity in man and between nations will alone permit the coming of a transformed world.

Auroville is the first attempt in the experiment. A new world will

i. See conversation of February 3, 1968.

be born if men consent to strive for transformation and the search for sincerity – it can be done. It took millennia to evolve from animal to man; today man, thanks to his mind, can accelerate things and will a transformation towards a man who will be God.

This transformation with the help of the mind, through self-analysis, is a first stage; afterwards, vital impulses must be transformed – which is far more difficult; then, most of all, the physical: each cell of our body will have to become conscious. It is the work I am doing here. It will allow the conquest of death. It's another story; that will be future mankind, perhaps in centuries, perhaps sooner. It will depend on men, on peoples.

Auroville is the first step towards this goal.

March 2, 1968

(Regarding Auroville's Charter.)

Everybody wants to change my messages! ...

Change your messages!

Yes.

Why?

(Mother laughs) Because everyone finds the words aren't the ones he wants.... There has been quite a to-do with the Communists and the Soviet consul, a very intelligent man, it seems, who has read Sri Aurobindo, is quite interested, wants to be useful ... and he says, "What can I do with 'divine consciousness'![22] *(Mother laughs)* In our country the word 'divine' is banned." He was told, "This has nothing to do with God" (a ban on God I quite understand, you see, because you can put whatever you like in the word), but he said, "I can't." They sent a Russian translation, which luckily came after the ceremony; it was the translation of their own thought, not at all of my text! So we answered them it had come too late. It's T. who did the translation, but she refused to read it out [at the inauguration], because, she said, it was "too heavy a responsibility"! *(Mother laughs)* They are all like that. Finally it was read out by S. But then, we have a Communist architect, a Russian, who has been working a great deal for Auroville, on the models and so on (a young man, he is very nice), and yesterday he came with a prayer: whether he could change the word "divine." I asked him, "What are you offering me?" He said, "The universal consciousness." Then I answered *(laughing),* "You are making it shrink terribly!" He was bothered: what's to be done? I told him, "Listen, I'll make a concession for you; if you like, we'll say 'perfect consciousness,' that's harmless." So he was happy, I wrote "perfect consciousness" on his paper, and he left with it!

But here, the group of ... (what shall we call them?) Y.'s disciples, the "forward" group, don't at all like "divine consciousness," and the woman who translated it into German (not a direct disciple of Y.'s but one of M.'s) went to M. to ask for his help (moral help, probably), and the best they could find was "highest consciousness".... So I asked, "Where is your 'high'? Where is your 'low'?"

They didn't ask me anything, they are too sure of themselves. But their text was read out in Auroville, and some people who heard it and know German asked me, "How come?" ... That's how I found out. "How come in the German version they translated 'divine consciousness' by 'highest consciousness'?"

So everyone is sticking his oar in!

But we're going to prepare a little brochure with the message and all these

translations – into Japanese, Hebrew, Arabic, etc. It will all be photographed, and then we'll restore the German text. Oh, the Russian text ...

But as a "city of peace," it's amusing! *(Laughing)* It's promising! I don't care. What I find quite petty is when they don't tell me and do it on the sly. To hope I won't know is childishness, and the tendency to hide things from me isn't very-nice.

But on the whole, it went off well.

We have an Auroville flag which is quite pretty, it was brought there; there were only two flags (other countries had banderoles), but there were the Ashram's flag and Auroville's. It's this color *(Mother points to an orange hibiscus on her table).*

As to the young delegates, it was somewhat mixed: those who came spontaneously from their country or were recruited by UNESCO were quite decent; but then, in Delhi, they were recruited almost through propaganda (many came from the embassies there), and that was ... some were dubious. Some smoke, one even got so drunk that ... But still, when they were assembled together, they behaved decently. And one of them – a Czechoslovak – no longer wants to go! In any case he said he would wait as long as necessary, but that before going he wanted to see me.

> *But one can see – one can clearly see how the Force and the Grace work through everything.*

Yes.

> *Because, really, if there had only been these elements left to themselves, well, there was nothing but confusion. One can see that it's working... it works making use of anything!*

No, it turns even the worst things to advantage! That's what is interesting.

(silence)

> *I've heard some unpleasant remarks on "=1" from people who are quite outside the whole thing.*[23] *First they told me it was very intellectual, very nebulous...*

Oh, yes!

> *And that they evidently push themselves forward and claim all the "credit."*

But that's mostly the problem!

> *And the third thing they told me is that Sri Aurobindo's name is barely mentioned at the end, like that, by chance.*

Yes. Here, have you seen their issue? *(Mother takes out a copy)* The format is

very good, very good – she enjoyed herself to her heart's content. It's very well presented.

Yes, it's a pity. All this is perverted talent.

Perverted: my foremost impression is one of perversion. But just this *(Mother points to the cover)* is terribly aggressive. Instead of aspiration blossoming out *(Mother opens her arms upward) ...*

It's like the blade of a guillotine.

You see, the aspiration of flowers blossoms out; with Nature, it rises and widens as much as it can to receive. This *(Mother points to the review "= I")* is like a knife. It's quite symbolic. I've never said anything. But it's done with much taste. It's the mind that has become perverted. *(Mother leafs through the issue)* All this is aggressive, it all has an aggressive nature.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Yesterday (I can't say "yesterday morning"), I came back from there [the music room] after seeing seventy-eight people.... It was 3 o'clock: the time when, usually, I resume my work after taking my bath – so didn't have lunch. Well, the so-called lunch has long gone to the winds.

(silence)

For three things one should be on one's guard. One is the collective suggestion of "disease" – "disease" is something that doubtless exists, in the sense that there are obviously adverse forces at work trying to disorganize and delay the work; but, for the individual, those so-called diseases ... Outwardly they are based on the idea (they call it "knowledge"), on the knowledge of microbes, germs and so on, but that's taking things upside down, heels over head, because those microbes and germs and all those things are EFFECTS, not causes.

It's the effect of a combination of three things: bad will (at the worst, a refusal to follow the movement), a more or less total bad will; an ignorance of the laws and their consequences, that is, the causes and effects (a complete ignorance); and, of course, a form of inertia – it's all a form of inertia, but the greatest form of inertia is the incapacity to receive and respond. These three things combined are what creates diseases and so on, and the final effect – death. That is, the disintegration of created harmony.

But from the collective point of view, the point of view of collective influence, it's the other way around; in other words, that's what is taken to be the "cause" of disorders: instead of being the effect, it's the cause – which is absurd.

And then, from the point of view of the transformation of the cells and the organism, this collective influence is a state like a bath in which you are plunged, and when people wanted to escape from it, they would cut themselves off: they tried to isolate themselves. The result is that they would leave the material zone, because it's impossible to be like this *(gesture as in a shell),* like something without any connection with the whole. So they would renounce life.

In the relationship with the whole, there are roughly three ... we might call them "means of defense," or attitudes one can take. The attitude of isolation, which can't be total unless you withdraw, and which is only very relatively effective. The attitude of attack: a power fighting and repulsing adversaries (that has a big drawback which is that if you use forces on the same plane, they are ineffective, or very relatively effective; and if it's supreme forces, then ... the effect is rather catastrophic: it would amount to destroying in order to conquer, which is certainly not the Supreme's intention). And finally, there is the way of the contagion of the higher Force, but that implies what expresses itself here as time. That is the attitude which has been adopted. But it implies time – which is why ages go by.

The result is certain, with the least amount of damage. But that least amount is still quite considerable.

And for the human consciousness, it takes long. But as you remarked just before, it's pretty. It feels like something going like this *(gesture like a tide spreading out),* very slowly for the human consciousness, certainly, but quite implacable towards resistances, and so sov-er-eign-ly sure of its victory.... That's pretty. And with the least amount of damage, undeniably. Not to mention that what looks like "damage" may only be, seen in the whole, a means of higher realization.

March 9, 1968

(Regarding an old Playground Talk of May 27, 1953, in which Mother says in particular, "When the consciousness behind is developed, when you have the power to concentrate it, whatever you do that consciousness will act.")

That was this morning's very experience.

The experience was like this: the important thing is to keep the consciousness of the Presence, which means that the Presence must be concrete; then, in everything you do, everything you say – whatever you may do, whatever you may say – it's this Presence that expresses itself. And this morning's experience was to find the difference between the direct expression and the more or less veiled expression; and the difference of quality in the expression depended on the mental

judgment, that is, the mind in everyone judges that difference, but that's only an individual question; from a general point of view, the things that seem to us the least transparent or expressive are sometimes the best expressions.

It's hard to explain.

There was the perception of what the mental consciousness ADDS to the action of the supreme Consciousness, and that addition, or judgment, was still something quite relative – relative to time, to the occasion, the person; it's not an absolute: in one case, a particular clothing will be a perfect expression, and in another case, the same clothing won't be.... It was a long experience of the relativity of the mental world with regard to the supreme Consciousness expressing itself.

It came in the wake of a sentence someone had written (I forget who, some writer or another), which said (I am adapting it), "When one sees how humorous the creation is, one is certain that the Creator must be smiling...." With that sentence, I saw how relative the clothing is in the human consciousness – there is no absolute, no absolute expression, the expression is always relative, and the impression it leaves is relative to the individual perceiving it.

I am trying to express it, but it was a concrete experience: the relativity of the mental clothing on the action of the higher Consciousness.

So then, the experience came to this: being as passive and translucent as possible so as to let the vibration of the Consciousness express itself with the least possible distortion in its clothing. And that was the attempt.

(Reverting to the old Playground Talk.) I would no longer be able to deliver speeches like that! I find it presumptuous! *(Mother laughs)*

Now all experiences, all of them, come as if to let life grow clear (it's quite interesting), to put things in their place. And all preferences, all opinions, all attractions, all distastes, all that is going away ... in a kind of smile, in fact – not in indifference, but in a smile, the smile of the extraordinary relativity of the manifestation. And there begins to come the perception of what a true manifestation would be – in a sort of very supple harmony, smooth, and very vast. It's in process of formation. Very interesting.

And these things *(showing the Playground Talk)* are still too cut-and-dried. But I quite understand that if now I were to tell experiences like the one I had this morning, it would be almost incomprehensible – too far from [people's] consciousness.

There.

March 13, 1968

(Regarding an old Playground Talk of May 27, 1953.)

You say this: "Yes, science can find. If it moves in a very definite direction, if it progresses sufficiently and doesn't stop on the way, they will find the same thing that mystics have found, that religious people have found, that everyone has found, because there is only one thing to be found and not two. There is only one. So you may go a long way, you may wind and turn and wind again, if you go long enough without stopping, you are sure to reach the same point. Once you have reached there, you feel there's nothing at all to be found! There's nothing to be found. And that's the power. That's it, and that's all. It's like that." What do you mean by "That's the power"?

Strangely, when you read it, it was SIMPLE, obvious, but now ...

Yes, when I read it, it seemed obvious to me.... Maybe it doesn't require any comment, that's all!

Yes, they will find the same thing that mystics and monks and everyone have found – that's the power. The power is what you find. And to That, essentially, you cannot give any name or definition.

It's the big quarrel now about Auroville: in the Charter I put "Divine Consciousness" ["To live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness"], but they say, "It brings God to mind." I said *(laughing),* "Not to my mind!" So then, some change it to "the highest consciousness," others put something else. With the Russians I agreed to put "perfect Consciousness," but that's an approximation.... And That – which we can't name or define – is what is the supreme Power. What you find is the supreme Power. And the supreme Power is only one aspect: the aspect concerned with the creation.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding another passage from the same Talk, in which someone asked Mother if the Divine could "withdraw from us.")

You answer, "It's an impossibility. Because if the Divine with drew from something, it would immediately collapse, because it wouldn't exist. To put it more clearly, He is the sole existence."

Now I would have answered, "It's like asking if the Divine could withdraw from Himself!" *(Mother laughs)* That's the hitch, you say "Divine" and they understand "God"! ... There is ONLY That: That alone exists. That, what? – That alone exists!

(silence)

This morning again, I spent some time looking, seeing, and I seemed to ask the

Divine, "Why do You enjoy denying Yourself?..." You understand, for our logic to be satisfied, we say, all that is dark, all that is ugly, all that isn't living, all that isn't harmonious – none of that is divine. But how could it be so?... It's only an attitude for action. So putting myself in the consciousness of action, I said, "But why do You enjoy being like that!" *(Mother laughs)*

It was a very concrete experience of the cells, with the feeling (not "feeling" – neither feeling nor sensation), a sort of perception of being on the very edge of the great secret.... All of a sudden, a group of cells or a bodily function finds it amusing to go wrong – why? What meaning does that hold? And the answer was, it's as if all that helped break limits.

But why, how?

Mentally, we can explain everything, but that doesn't mean anything at all: for the body, the material consciousness, it's abstract. When the material consciousness catches hold of something, it knows it A HUNDRED TIMES BETTER than we can know it mentally. When it knows, it has the power: knowing gives it the power. That's what is being slowly, slowly worked out. For an ignorant consciousness it's slow and painful – but for the true consciousness, it's not that! Pain, joy, all that is ... such an absurd way of seeing things – of feeling and seeing things.

There is an increasingly concrete perception that everything – that there is nothing that doesn't hold its own joy of being, because that's THE way of being: without joy of being, there is no being. But it's not what we mentally understand by "joy of being." It's ... something which is hard to express. And this perception of suffering and joy (almost of evil and good), all of that is necessities of the work to enable it to be done in a certain field of unconsciousness. Because true consciousness is something entirely, totally different.

That's what the consciousness of the cells is now learning, and learning through a concrete experience; and all those appreciations of what is good and what is evil, of what is suffering and what is joy, all that seems misty. But the "thing" – the Truth – the concrete thing still hasn't been caught. It's on the way, one feels it's on the way, but it's not there yet. If one had it ... one would be the all-powerful master. And possibly one cannot have it until the world in its totality, or to a sufficient extent, is ready for the transformation.

That's speculation, what we might call an inspiration. But it still belongs to the upper realm.

Now and then, one feels as if within an hair's breadth of all-powerfulness: one is just on the verge ... ah! *(Mother makes the gesture of catching the thing)* ... But then it fades away.

When one has got hold of that, the world will be able to change. And when I say "one," I don't mean a person.... There may be something equivalent to THE Person, but that ... That too, I am not sure it's not a projection of our consciousness onto something eluding us.

Sri Aurobindo always said that if you go far enough beyond the Impersonal, once you go beyond, you find something we may call "the Person," but which has

nothing at all to do with what we imagine the "Person" to be.

And there, all that remains ... all that remains is That! And That is what has the power. But even when we say, "All that remains is That" *(laughing),* we situate it WITHIN something else! ... Words and language are unsuited to express something that exceeds the consciousness. As soon as you formulate it, you bring it down.

(silence)

> *A little farther [in this Talk], you say, "Many people who realized the Divine never spoke about it and never knew it." How can that be? Can one realize the Divine without knowing it?*

It's the same thing again. We could add, "and MENTALLY never knew it." They didn't say, "I have realized the Divine," because it didn't correspond to any mental conception.

March 16, 1968

Mother holds out a flower to Satprem

This is "Happy Heart."[24]

I am discovering the secret of it.

(long silence)

You feel you are constantly – constantly – on the way to a great discovery, then you make that discovery, and then you realize it had always been made! ... It's only *(laughing)* that you look at it in another way.

This morning, there was an experience; it seemed an extraordinary revelation, and ... it's something that was always known. So you mentalize it – the moment you mentalize it, it becomes clear, but that's no longer it! You see, we say this creation is "the creation of equilibrium,"[25] and that in fact it is mental error which makes us want to choose one thing and reject another – that all things must be together: what we call "good," what we call "evil," what we call right and what we call wrong, what we find pleasant and what we find unpleasant – all that must be together. And this morning, there was the discovery that through Separation – this Separation which has been described in all kinds of different ways, sometimes pictorially, sometimes simply in an abstract way, sometimes philosophically, sometimes ... all that is just explanations, but there is something, which probably is simply Objectification *(Mother gestures as if to push the universe forward, out of the Nonmanifest)* ... But that's still one way to explain. This so-called Separation,

what is it exactly? We don't know (or perhaps we do, after all). It in fact created (to put it in colors) black and white, night and day (that's already more mixed – but black and white too are mixed), it's the tendency to create two poles: the pleasant or good thing, and the unpleasant or bad one. And as soon as you want to return to the Origin, the two tend to merge together again. And it is in perfect equilibrium, that is, where no division is possible anymore and the one has no influence over the other, where the two have become one again, it's there that lies this famous Perfection which we are trying to rediscover.

Rejection of the one and acceptance of the other is childishness. It's ignorance. All mental translations, like that of an Evil eternally evil, giving birth to the idea of hell, or that of a Good eternally good ... all that, all of it is childishness.

(silence)

It may be (maybe, because as soon as you try to formulate, you mentalize, and as soon as you mentalize, it gets shrunk, diminished, limited, it loses the power of truth – but anyway ...), it may be that in this universe as it is constituted, perfection is ... *(Mother remains absorbed for a long time).* It eludes words.... We might put it this way (but it's dry and lifeless): it's the perception (is it only "perception"? It's not just "perception"; it's neither perception nor knowledge nor awareness ...), it's the awareness of the oneness of the whole – a oneness perceived, lived, realized in the individual. But that's nothing, mere words.... The universe seems to have been created to realize this paradox of the awareness of the whole, an awareness lived (not just perceived but lived) in every part, every element making up the whole.

So in order to give form to those elements, it all began with Separation, and it was Separation that gave birth to this division between what we call good and evil; but from the point of view of sensation – sensation in the most material part – we may say it's suffering and Ananda. And the movement is to put a stop to all separation and to realize the total consciousness in every part (which mentally speaking is absurd, but it's like that).

That's far too philosophical for my taste, not concrete enough. But this morning's experience was concrete, and concrete because it stemmed from extremely concrete sensations in the body, from the presence of this constant duality which looks like an opposition (not only opposition, but mutual negation) between ... we may take the symbol of suffering and Ananda. And the true state (which for the moment appears impossible to formulate in words, but which was lived and felt) is an all-containing totality; but instead of containing everything as clashing elements, it's a harmony of everything, an equilibrium of everything. And once this equilibrium is realized in the creation, the creation will be able ... (if you put it into words, it's no longer that) ... we might say, able to go on progressing without break.

But that's not it.

These last few days, seen again in the present imperfect consciousness, there repeatedly came (but it's all methodical and organized by an overall organization

infinitely superior to anything we can imagine) a state which is the state causing a break in the equilibrium, that is, the dissolution of the form – what's usually called "death." And that state went up to the extreme limit, like a demonstration, with at the same time the state (not a perception – the state) that prevents the break in the equilibrium and allows progress to go on without break. The result, in the body consciousness, is the simultaneous perception (so to speak simultaneous) of what we might describe as the extreme anguish of dissolution (though it's not quite that, but anyway) and the extreme Ananda of union – the two simultaneously.

So if you translate it into ordinary words: the extreme fragility (more than fragility) of the form, and the eternity of the form.

And the Truth is not just the union, but the fusion, the identification of the two.

When you mentalize it, it becomes clear for everyone – but it loses its essential quality, the something that cannot be mentalized.

It's the awareness of the two states that must be simultaneous?

Not divided. It's the union of the two states that constitutes the true consciousness; the union of the two ("union" still implies division), the identification of the two states is what constitutes the true consciousness. Then you get the sensation that it's this consciousness which is the supreme Power. You understand, Power is limited by oppositions and negations: the most powerful power is the one that dominates the most – but that's a complete imperfection! There is an all-powerful Power made up of the fusion of the two – that's the absolute Power. And if That were realized physically ... probably it would be the end of the problem.

In fact, during the few hours I lived in that state this morning, there was the impression of having mastered everything and understood everything – "understood," I mean this sort of understanding that constitutes absolute power. But naturally, it can't be expressed.

That's what people who must have had the experience or a hint of it expressed by saying that this world was the world of equilibrium: in other words it's the simultaneousness, without division, of all opposites. As soon as there is any divergence – not even divergence, any difference – it's the beginning of division. And anything that isn't that state cannot be eternal; it's only that state which ... not "contains," but expresses (or how else to put it?) eternity. There have been all sorts of philosophies which tried to explain it, but it's in the air, it's mental, speculative. While this is lived – lived, I mean BEING it.

Is it the material equivalent of a psychological experience one has in which the perception of evil completely disappears in the perception of an absolute Good – even in evil?

Yes, that's it. We might say that instead of being just a mental conception, it's a concrete realization of the fact.

March 20, 1968

There's a problem. It's about P.L. – do you know who he is?[26]

No.

He is one of the dignitaries of the Roman Curia.

I don't understand! He is a Catholic?

He's going to be appointed bishop in [such and such a country].

...!!!

So there's a problem. He is an important person, and he wants to leave everything – this whole Christianity he rejects, he no longer wants it. He wants to leave his Church, his episcopate, everything, and remain here. He has "found" something here.

Yes, I saw that man: he was very much attached.

Yes, and he wants to leave everything. But it's a problem, because the slightest thing may cause scandals in Italy. The Communists are always ready to seize on the least opportunity: a priest who gives up the frock ... Not only a priest, but an apprentice bishop of the Roman Curia. So he would like it to take place without scandals. But how should he go about it?

I saw the man, and I found him very good.

He is very good. He has something. He has experiences with Sri Aurobindo, he sees Sri Aurobindo. But there too, there's a problem. First, he needs your force: he's a man without much force vitally and physically. When he goes out of his body ... The other day, he saw Sri Aurobindo at the Samadhi, and at the same time his body was being devoured by wild beasts and thrown out of his bed. He is attacked, he needs to be protected. Vitally and physically, he is weak. So you understand, if he goes back to Rome, those people won't let him go without a battle.... He'd like to ask you how he should proceed?

Is he from [such and such a country]?

Yes, and he is employed in Rome's Court, he looks after divorce cases. So on the one hand he needs your force to carry out this operation – it really is an operation – and then, what's the way to avoid a scandal? He told me he is the right-hand man of Cardinal T.[27]*: "Should I use my influence with Cardinal T. to be given a sort of mission outside*

Rome, in Africa or in India, gradually distancing myself from Rome, keeping out of the limelight, and then disappearing? Or should I directly speak to the Pope and tell him clearly all that's going on?..." Because you know that when the Pope came to Bombay, P.L. was with him in the plane....

I prefer the solution of speaking to the Pope.

(Mother goes into a long concentration)

Is he the one who fainted here during a meditation?

Yes, vitally and physically he is weak.

But vitally, the Pope is very strong. That's troublesome.

(Mother again goes into a long concentration)

It's the only way. That danger is there, but he'll have to go through it.
When is he leaving?

Early in April. He'll ask to see you before he goes.

Yes. But I won't speak.
From here where will he go first?

To Rome, I think.

(silence)

But I have a feeling the Pope may also be interested?

(Mother nods her head)

March 23, 1968

(Satprem read Mother the end of the Playground Talk of June 3, 1953, about Karma: "In all religions, when people said that [the consequences of Karma were strict] and gave such absolute rules, as for me, I think it was to take the place of Nature and pull people's strings.... So then they panic, they get terrified ... – they should just go to the next floor up. What should be given them is the key to open the door. The staircase has a door, and it needs a key. The key is a sufficiently sincere aspiration or a sufficiently intense prayer.... In both there is a magic power, one must know how to use it.... Some detest

prayer (if they went to the bottom of their hearts, they would see it's out of pride). And there are those who have no aspiration, who try but can't aspire – that's because they don't have the flame of will, they don't have the flame of humility. Both are needed: to change one's Karma, one must have a very great humility and a very great will.")

When did I say that?

In 1953.

Strange. There's an IMMENSE sorrow behind, something very vast, very strong. It's strange. Like an association with human sorrow.... It's strange.

* * *

Later

I am going through decisive moments. But it's very difficult.

It's the transfer of the nervous system. I said that everything was being "transferred," one thing after another; now, it's the nervous system. That's ... very difficult. Very difficult.

I'll talk about it later.

March 27, 1968

On April 1st, the sports season opens, and I've given an ... appropriate message.

I started with a paradox:

> "The first condition for acquiring power is to be obedient.
>
> "The body must learn to obey before it can manifest power; and physical education is the most thorough discipline for the body.
>
> "So be eager and sincere in your effort for physical education and you will acquire a powerful body."

It's logical. That's all.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Everybody is quarreling.... Oh, quarrels about absolutely nothing – everybody gets angry, everybody quarrels. It's been like that for the past three days. Astrologers say it depends on the "position of the stars" – but I don't believe in that! I believe the position of the stars is merely ... (how should I put it?) the celestial notation of terrestrial events (!) It's not that the stars condition [events]: they are the expression.

* * *

(Then Mother goes into a long contemplation which will last almost till the end. At one point, she opens her eyes and looks at Satprem as though something were taking place or she were about to say something....)

Nothing to ask?

I felt there was something.

What?

I don't know.

I was in fact going to ask you.... I had that same feeling – for you. Something new. No? Haven't you had a new experience?

I felt something.

Yes, but I felt it very strongly! I was about to ask you [when Mother opened her eyes], then instead of asking you I tried to see, but I didn't see anything! *(Mother laughs)* There is a very different quality of vibration, a sort of ... Is it twelve?... Are we alone?

Yes.

The feeling of a very peaceful conscious force, but very strong, which has established itself in you, which has come down – something new. Did you feel it?

It took a mental expression a few days ago.

Oh ... *(in a disappointed tone)* What was it?

The impression that all realizations on the heights and all the horrible hells one may live – in the Fire, they are all ONE. In the Flame, they are ONE. Up above, it all gets dissolved; down below, it all gets dissolved; and in the Flame, it's ONE, there are no opposites anymore.

For me, it [what Mother felt in Satprem] was expressed through a sort of very strong, very luminous balance, and ... oh, with an extraordinary peace. You understand, something which has established itself *(gesture of a solid square)*. I could express it with the word "realization." Peaceful, strong, luminous – very solid. We'll see.

March 30, 1968

(For some time Mother has looked grave.)

You look grave?

I am all right. But I can't speak. Things are fine, it's ... what could I call it? *(Mother remains silent)* ... The universalization of the body consciousness – high-sounding words! But that's what it is.

Very interesting. But I'd rather not speak. But things are fine.

This morning again, it was very, VERY interesting. But I can't talk about it yet. We'll see after some time.[28]

April 3, 1968

(In continuation of the conversation of March 20, 1968, regarding the member of the Roman Curia.)

Have you seen P.L. again?

No.

I saw him yesterday.

He spoke to me, but I didn't hear. I don't know what he told me. But I VERY STRONGLY had – very strongly, and it lasted a long time – the sense of the beginning, the commencement ... the start of something like an action or a series of events that would have great importance for the development of the earth.[29] Very strong: it lasted for hours, that impression. And for me it's quite unaccustomed, because generally, outward things ... *(Mother shakes her head)* it's all so relative, all events are so relative that they don't leave any impression.

Quite unusual. And unexpected.

It's like a door opening onto something that will have a rather considerable importance in the development of the earth.

I didn't feel he himself was conscious.... It somewhat exceeded human consciousnesses. But I clearly saw, very clearly saw the Pope.

Has he decided to go to Rome?

Yes, and as soon as he gets there, hell ask for an audience.

It's quite (it remained for hours), quite unaccustomed: something far exceeding human individualities, and it was the beginning of something very important in the history of the earth's evolution.

The last time I saw him, he asked me how he should get himself received by the Pope. I said to him, "It's very simple, it's Sri Aurobindo's name that will open the door for you; just write the Pope, 'I come from Sri Aurobindo's Ashram and I would like to see you.'"

(Mother goes into a long concentration)

It's strange, a strange sensation.... You know, like turning a page. Yesterday and right up to now, it's been so strong: the sense of something going like this *(gesture of turning a page),* and that was the beginning. And you know, nothing in the head, not a thought or anything: only a sort of perception of something going like this *(same gesture)* and ...

We should note the date – maybe in ten or twenty years we'll understand!

Yesterday was April 2, yes, the 2nd. It was a curious date: 2-4-6-8 [April 2, 1968]. Two, four, six, eight. And the impression was of something going like this, like a page that's been turned, and then ... the beginning. Or if you like (it's not a geometrical sensation, but ...), the sense of a curve that has come to its end, and another one starting. But that's not as good as the image of an immense page falling back, and something beginning. It's blank, it's ... just the beginning.

And no perception of a personal thing: individualities [e.g., P.L.] are just like pawns that have been used for starting, that's all. The movement, the origin of the movement is infinitely higher and vaster than any physical personality.

Truly the perception that everyone and everything are nothing but pawns, like that *(gesture as on a chessboard),* which are set in motion, but ...

We'll see.

We should note that.

Still, does it have something to do with the Pope?

Yes. With Christendom.

(Mother again goes into a long contemplation)

Since yesterday (it didn't seem related to the first experience), but the whole day, my way of reacting (inwardly, not outwardly), my way of reacting to things, my way of MATERIALLY looking at all things – it was completely changed. There was, as it were, a new person ... even expressing surprise at the old

reactions, wondering, "What! Did I use to react like that?" ("I," meaning the body, of course.) "Now it's not that any longer."

And it's still very strong now, as though ... not a new personality, but a new way of being, were there. And not a personal way of being: it's like a great stream.

It's very, very strange.

I had three very difficult days, really very difficult, even dangerous; then by a stiffening of the will, and with a sort of very active work of *surrender* of all the cells, yesterday that was the outcome.

Very odd, very odd.

We'll see! *(Mother laughs)*

April 6, 1968

I didn't want to make rules for Auroville, but I am going to be forced to start formulating certain things, because ... there happens to be difficulties. I don't know what to do.

What I wanted to say came; it's very simple *(Mother takes a written note),* simply like this (it's about very small things):

> "One must choose between getting drunk and living in Auroville, the two are incompatible."

It's not an innocent drunkenness, I mean it results in acts of violence, it verges on madness.

So of course, if we start along this road, we may also say this *(Mother takes another note):*

> "One must choose between living in falsehood and living in Auroville, the two are incompatible."

May it be true!

> *We could say that those who get drunk do it to forget; but one doesn't come to Auroville to forget: one comes to Auroville, on the contrary, to remember.*

Yes, we might rather put it in that form.

But the idea was mostly to insist on the CHOICE. Living in Auroville is a CHOICE. It's a choice, an attitude you adopt, a decision you make. Living in Auroville is a choice, you choose a certain life. But once you choose one thing, some others become incompatible.... At any rate, living in Auroville is an

ACTION, a decision you make, an action.

But this *(Mother points to her note)* is a concession to the present state of mankind, because, to tell the truth, in Auroville there should only be individual cases. What I mean is this: there may be people who get drunk and are nonetheless fit to live in Auroville. So we can't make a general rule. But if we don't make a general rule, on what ground can we say to someone (who's been accepted, that's the difficulty), "No, you must change – either you stop this, or else you can't stay in Auroville ..."?

> *What is said of alcohol can be said of drugs; and it can be said of many other things.*

Many, yes, lots. It's only a beginning. You understand, I have seen that we're going to be faced with the need ... It's the need to impose a choice – to say, "You must choose between this and that."

It's the same with drugs, in some people the effects aren't dangerous, or not harmful.

Ultimately, everyone's freedom is limited by the fact that it mustn't go against others' freedom. That's the limit.

> *Obviously it's hard to make general rules.*

It's impossible.

> *In my case, I remember having taken opium for several years, and it did me good, it would soothe me, quiet me. Taking opium now would be absurd, but at the time it did me no harm.*

But of course! I understand that very well! I see it so clearly, in such a universal way.... You see, a sentence like this *(Mother shows her note)* ought to be said to only one individual, that is, "It's like this FOR YOU – you must choose between overcoming your weakness or habit and living in Auroville, the two can't go together." But then, it becomes a purely individual question; to another you may well not need to say it.

> *That's why the most general formula is to say that any self-forgetfulness is contrary to life in Auroville. One doesn't go to Auroville to forget, or to forget oneself – any self-forgetfulness, in any form.*

Ah, but "self-forgetfulness," if you take it from a moral standpoint...! *(Mother laughs)*

> *Forgetting one's true self.*

(Mother laughs) The minute one formulates ... It would be more correct to say:

"Any pursuit of unconsciousness is contrary to life in Auroville."

That's more general. And if we want to be still more general, we could say,

> "Any movement backward or downward is in contradiction to life in Auroville, which is a life of ascent towards the future."

But words ...

Some articles have appeared in newspapers about Auroville's foundation, for instance with the theme, "A utopia on the way to realization." So then, there are those who tell you, "You'll never succeed!" Their argument is, "They are human beings and they will remain human" – that's where they're wrong. "Human nature cannot be changed," that's the basis on which they tell you, "You won't succeed." Therefore the only thing needed is not only to accept and to want the future, but to adhere to the will for transformation and progress. As a general formula, that's quite fine.

But you see, with drugs, for instance – take chloroform used for operations: well, on every individual chloroform has different effects (they don't accept that in theory, but it's a fact). We have S. here, who was an anesthetist, and the upshot of his experience is that it has a different effect on everyone. Some it hurls into unconsciousness (the large majority, I think), but in certain cases, on the contrary, people are thrown into another consciousness.

And it's the same with everything.

So my note won't do, it can only do individually: "That's how it is in your case"; but in another case, it may not be incompatible at all.

So we'll have to deal with it little by little.... It'll be interesting!

April 10, 1968

P.L. has left. He had me asked for "blessings packets" to help him ... (laughing) through four different people, to make sure he got them! He said about the same thing to everyone – that he was about to do something very hard and he needed my very active help.... So I gave four packets!

> *It occurred to me to ask him to wire me as soon as he knows the date and time of his interview with the Pope.*

It's a good idea.

It seems he is a minister's son.... I forget who he confided in, but he said his father is (or was) prime minister in [such and such a country], and he himself is a lawyer and manages several people's fortunes. He said he has to manage something like twenty crores of rupees,[30] which means a considerable fortune. But that's all, he didn't say anything else.

> *He asked me what he should do with his money, so I advised him to go and see A. He said, for instance, that he had shares in lots of*

businesses, and he asked me, "Should I divest myself of all this?" I told him, "A. will be able to advise you, but at first sight there's no reason to divest yourself; if you get interest, you may give it to the Ashram if you feel devoted to the Ashram, but there's no reason to throw everything overboard."

He didn't speak of divesting himself when he saw A., he said he manages OTHER people's money.

Oh, he didn't say that to me.

It seems odd: to one he says one thing, to another something else ....

I don't think so.

As for me, I feel a very pleasant contact – very pleasant, very trusting, very good. A very good contact.

Probably to everyone he only says one bit.

To me he said he wanted to leave everything, then he hesitated and asked, "But if, for instance, I need to go back to my country to see my mother?..."1 told him, "There's no reason for you to give everything like that. If you wish, you can keep a certain freedom through a little money for necessities. At any rate," I said, "no one will ask anything of you, it's for you to do as you feel."

Yes.

But then, if it isn't others' money that he manages but his own, he is very rich.

(silence)

Yesterday I had the visit of a young man (quite young) with his mother and grandmother: they have a jute factory ... in Pakistan. It's worth about twenty crores of rupees, of which half is theirs personally, their personal money. The Pakistani government took everything. But there was a trial (the court was in Pakistan), and the court decided that the factory should go back to its owner. So the Pakistani government has written to this young man, saying, "Come and take possession of your factory." But he has been warned (I don't know how) that he should beware – that he would be put in jail as soon as he arrived! ... Then he came to see me, quite embarrassed. He told me the situation. "Very well," I said, "we'll see."

We'll try.

It's amusing!

It's like this: money (not a penny or two, I mean) has a sort of ... I don't know if it's an attraction or a need to come [to Mother] ... and then, one clearly sees that, everywhere, what prevents it from coming is the hostile force, it's a force of disorder, a "force of misappropriation," we might say. As a conflict, it's interesting

to observe.[31]

I don't know if it's to teach me to find the kind of vibration or power capable of undoing this stranglehold ... it's possible.

But the conflict is between what we might call "opposing proprietors." And the truth is that money belongs to no one. This idea of "possession" of money is what has perverted everything. Money shouldn't be a "possession": it's a means of action, which is given to you just like a power, but you have to use it according to ... what we might call "the Donor's will," that is, impersonally and with foresight. If you are a good instrument in the spread and use of money, then it comes to you, and it does so in proportion to your capacity of using it in the right way. That's the true working.

I see these people [of the jute factory]: no choice needs to be made, the man didn't say spontaneously (or anyway, with feeling), "This money is at the disposal of divine forces for the action" – not at all, that's a thousand miles away from his thought. It's "I quite simply want to take POSSESSION again ..." of something he claims to own. So that's why *(Mother shakes her head)* it may be this or that, this way or that way – it hardly makes any difference.

The true attitude is this: money is a universal force meant to do the work on earth, the work needed to prepare the earth to receive the divine forces and manifest them, and it must come into the hands (the utilizing power, that is) of those who have the clearest vision, the most general and truest vision.

The first thing, to begin with (this is elementary), is to have no sense of possession – "It's mine," what does that mean? What does it mean?... I can't really understand it now. Why do people want it to be theirs? – To be able to use it as they wish, do with it what they wish and handle it according to their own idea. That's how it is. Otherwise, yes, there are people who love to keep it in a money, they heap it up. But if people understood that one must be like a receiver-transmitter set; that the vaster the set (just the contrary of personal), the more impersonal and generous and vast the set is, and the more forces it can contain ("forces," that is, to translate materially, banknotes or money). And that power to contain is in proportion to the best capacity of utilization – the "best," that is, from the standpoint of general progress: the broadest vision, the broadest understanding and the most enlightened, exact, true utilization, not according to the ego's falsified needs, but according to the earth's general need in its evolution and development. In other words, the broadest vision should have the broadest capacity.

Behind all false movements, there is a true one: there is a joy in being able to direct, utilize, organize things so as to keep wastage to a minimum while having a maximum of results. (That's a very interesting vision to have.) And that must be the true side in those who want to amass: a capacity of utilization on a very large scale.

As this vision grows clearer ... It's a long, long time, years and years, since the sense of possession went away; that's childishness, it's nothing – it's so silly! Will you tell me what pleasure a man can take in keeping heaps of papers in a box or in

his wall! A real pleasure he can't have. The height of pleasure is that of the miser who goes and opens his box to look at it – that's not much! Some people love to spend, they love to possess and spend; that's different, they are generous natures, but unregulated, unorganized.... But the joy of enabling all TRUE needs, all NECESSITIES to express themselves, that's good. It's like the joy of turning an illness into good health, a falsehood into truth, a suffering into joy, it's the same thing: turning an artificial and stupid need, which doesn't correspond to anything natural, into a possibility which becomes something quite natural – a need for so much money to do this and that which needs to be done, to set right here, repair there, build here, organize there – that's good. And I understand one may enjoy being the transmitting channel for all that and bring money just where it's needed. It must be the true movement in people who enjoy ... (that's when it becomes stupid selfishness) who need to hoard.

The combination of the need to hoard and the need to spend (both of them ignorant and blind), the two combined can make for a clear vision and a utilization as useful as possible. That's good.

So then, there slowly, slowly comes the possibility of putting it into practice.

But naturally, to be everywhere at the same time and do every thing at the same time, one needs very clear brains and very upright intermediaries (!) Then this famous question of money would be solved.

Money belongs to no one: money is a collective property that only those with an integral and general, universal vision must use. And let me add, a vision not only integral and general, but also essentially TRUE, which means you can distinguish between a utilization in conformity with universal progress, and a utilization that might be called fanciful. But those are details, because even errors – even, from a certain point of view, wasteful uses – help in the general progress: they are lessons in reverse.

(silence)

I still remember what Théon used to say (Théon was quite against philanthropy), he said, "Philanthropy perpetuates human misery, because without human misery it would lose its raison d'être!" And you know, that great philanthropist ... what was his name? In the time of Mazarin, the one who founded the "Little Sisters of Charity"?

Vincent de Paul.

That's it. Mazarin once told him, "There have never been so many poor as since you started looking after them!"[32] *(Mother laughs)*

* * *

A little later

I am thinking of my money affair again: that's how life in Auroville should be organized – but I doubt people are ready.

That is, it can be done as long as they accept the direction of a sage.

Yes.

The first thing to be accepted and recognized by all is that the invisible, higher power (higher in the sense that it belongs to a plane of consciousness which, although veiled to most, one can gain, a consciousness one may call as one likes, any name – that doesn't matter – but which is integral and pure in the sense that it's not mendacious, it's based on the Truth), that this power is capable of governing material things for everyone in a MUCH TRUER, happier and more beneficial way than any material power. That's the first point. Once everyone agrees on it ...

And it's not something you can pretend to have; a being can't pretend to have it: either he has it or he doesn't, because *(laughing)* if it's a pretense, life will use the slightest opportunity to make it obvious! And moreover, it won't give you any material power – here also, Théon said something in this regard, he said, "Those who are all the way up" (he was referring to the TRUE hierarchy, the hierarchy based precisely on each one's power of consciousness), "one who is all the way up (one or those) necessarily has the least amount of needs; his material needs decrease as his capacity of material vision increases." And it's perfectly true. It's automatic and spontaneous; it's not the result of an effort: the vaster the consciousness and the more things and realities it embraces, the smaller the material needs become – automatically so – because they lose all their importance and value. It's reduced to a minimal need of material necessities, which will itself change with the progressive development of Matter.

And that's easily recognizable, of course. It's difficult to feign.

The second thing is the power of conviction. That is to say, the highest consciousness, when it's put in contact with Matter, spontaneously has ... (what should I call it?... It's not an "influence," because there's no will to influence.... I might put it this way:) it has a power of conviction greater than that of all intermediary regions. Through simple contact, its power of conviction, that is, its power of transformation, is greater than that of all the intermediary regions. That is a fact. Those two facts make it impossible for any pretense to last. (I am looking at it from the standpoint of a collective organization.)

As soon as you come down from that supreme Height, you find the whole play of diverse influences *(gesture of mixture and conflict),* and that's in fact a sure sign: if you come down ever so slightly (even into a region of higher mentality, higher intelligence), the WHOLE conflict of influences starts. Only what's truly all the way up, with perfect purity, has this power of spontaneous conviction. All substitutes you may try are therefore an approximation, and not a much better one than democracy – by "democracy," I mean the system that wants to rule through

the greatest number and lowest masses (I am referring to "social democracy," the latest trend).

If there is no representative of the supreme Consciousness (which can happen, of course), if there isn't any, we could perhaps (this would be worth trying) replace him with the government by a small number – we would have to choose between four and eight, something like that: four, seven or eight – a small number having an INTUITIVE intelligence. Intuitive is more important than intelligence": they should have an intuition that manifests intellectually. (From a practical standpoint it would have some drawbacks, but it might be nearer the truth than the lowest rung: socialism or communism.) All the intermediaries have proved incompetent: theocracy, aristocracy, democracy, plutocracy – all that is a *complete failure.* The other one too is now giving proof of its *failure,* the government of ... what can we call it? Democracy?[33] (But democracy always implies the idea of educated, rich people.) That has given proof of its complete incompetence.

It's the reign of the most equally shared stupidity.

Yes, that's right!... But I am referring to the system all the way down, socialistic or communistic, which represents material needs.... Basically, it corresponds to a sort of absence of government, because they don't have the power to govern others: they are forced to transfer their power to someone who exercises it, like a Lenin, for instance, because he was a brain. But all that ... all that has been tried out and has given proof of its incompetence. The only thing that could be competent is the Truth-Consciousness choosing instruments and expressing itself through a certain number of instruments, if one can't be found (just one isn't enough, either, that one would necessarily need to choose a whole collectivity). Those possessing this consciousness may belong to any class of society: it's not a privilege arising from birth, but the result of personal effort and development. In fact, that would be an external sign, an evident sign of change on the political level: no question anymore of classes or categories or birth (all that is outdated), but those individualities that have reached a higher consciousness would have the right to govern, whatever class they belong to – and no others.

That would be the true vision.

But all those participating in the experience would have to be absolutely convinced that the highest consciousness is the best judge of the MOST MATERIAL THINGS. You see, what has ruined India is this idea that the higher consciousness has to do with "higher" things, while it's not interested in lower things and knows nothing about them! That's what has caused the ruin of India. Well, this error must be completely abolished. It's the highest consciousness that sees the most clearly – the most clearly and the most truly – what the needs of the most material thing should be.

With this, we could try out a new kind of government.

There.

(Mother laughs)

April 13, 1968

R. [Auroville's architect] has come for five days, and he wants to make what he calls a "district" of Auroville, that is to say, instead of tackling the problem of ten or twenty thousand people at once, he wants to start with two or three thousand, on the level of infrastructure, but above all to see how it will work: the experiment of life in Auroville.... I had thought about it, and when I spoke to you last time, that's what came: in what direction should the experiment be carried out? You see, Y. has ideas in the field of education (I am not intervening); as for R., he has ideas in the field of construction (I am not intervening); but no one has studied the problem on the level of administration or organization, and of money, and that was precisely what I spoke of to you about last time.

So if you could read me what I told you, if it does I'll give them the text.... There is also this communist Russian architect, who has become quite enthusiastic: to him Auroville is the ideal realization. He is a very strong boy, with some power (also a power of conviction over people). So it would be interesting if he could have a glimpse of the direction in which we're going.

(Mother listens to Satprem read out the last conversation)

It's incomplete.

There are already many things in it.

(silence)

But in the past, in Vedic times, sages were advisers to the kings. In the past it was like that.

Or rather that's what we're told!

I'll speak later. What was in my consciousness was far more complete and general than what I said here, so ... Right now the experiences are very, very much activated, very intense. But once they're told, they become flat. So I'd rather not say anything – later.

It's not flat. There's a power in it.

Yes, but what I lived inwardly was a hundred times stronger.... Oh, I know it'll do them good, but ...

What has remained in the consciousness is something that must be lived before being told. So we've got some time!

April 17, 1968

(Mother spends the entire time in contemplation. Towards the end:)

... Don't feel like talking. Anything to ask?

You look a little grave?

No, it's not that.
It's ...

(After a long silence)

It's very hard to say, but it's clearly the phenomenon of material transformation. It begins with what we may call a "change of government": instead of a personal, inner being governing, it's directly the Consciousness, the supreme Consciousness. So then, there is the transfer of all movements, all activities – the entire functioning. The transfer of the personal being. Instead of obeying a personal being, it's under the Influence of and directly IMPELLED by the Consciousness.

It's the same phenomenon that took place for the various inner states of being (but that's relatively easy), but now, it's physical. And also it's not mentalized, so it's hard to express.

April 20, 1968

(Mother holds out a note on Auroville)

> (Question:) How dependent is the building of Auroville upon man's acceptance of spirituality?
>
> (Mother's answer:) The opposition between spirituality and material life, the division between the two has no sense for me as, in truth, life and the spirit are ONE and it is in and by physical work that the highest spirit must be manifested.

I got today a letter from a Swedish lady, I think (Swedish or Norwegian, I don't know), who bought a crucifixion.... A HUGE painting – huge, I forget its size, but it's fantastic, something like thirty feet high. She asks me what she should do with it! She wants to send it to me.... So I've told her (she paid a good

sum for it, but she's a very rich woman; only she wanted to make a gift of it to me), I've told her to make an exhibition in a large hall, with, written under the painting, "The Past." Then to put next to it, quite small, a photo of the galaxy, which is almost identical to Auroville's plan – a photo of the galaxy, big as this, and below, Auroville's plan big as this *(gesture still smaller),* and to write, "The Future."

And she'll make people pay to come in and see!

Do you know that photo of the galaxy? It's really lovely. One of the plans for Auroville is almost identical, and they did it without seeing the photo of the galaxy.... They'll put those two photos, and if people ask questions, they'll be told, "Write there, you'll get an answer."

I thought it would be an interesting symbol.

You understand, if I put anything else, I mean a photo of Sri Aurobindo, for instance, or books, it will look like ... it will be as if we wanted to start a new religion – I don't want religions, an end to religions!

So it's an attempt to realize.

* * *

(Mother then goes into a long contemplation that will last till the end.)

Do you have anything to ask?

Are things all right?

Oh, it's very interesting.... These days seem to be decisive ones. All supports are done away with, there remains only That One.

April 23, 1968

(Mother shows a brochure on Auroville; the first photograph in it shows the all-white urn under a vast sky.)

It's very fine. It has something ... I don't know *(Mother drives her fist down into the Earth),* like a Law of Destiny: something that imposes itself.

(silence)

Did I tell you that a Swedish or Norwegian lady wants to send me a big crucifixion?... I did. But I didn't show you the two texts. You see, I chose a photo of the galaxy, then a photo of Auroville that somewhat looks like the first, and then, under the crucifixion, we'll have in big letters *(Mother reads):*

"The Divine Consciousness crucified by man's desires."

Then, in very small letters, like this, we'll put under the photo of Auroville:

"The Divine Consciousness manifested through human unity."

We'll see! The lady has a lot of goodwill, we'll see the response in her country.

(silence)

Yesterday, they came from the press with the brochure on Auroville and said, "Oh, there's a mistake, we've been told that the text of Auroville's Charter had to be changed." Someone told them I had said that "Divine Consciousness" had to be replaced throughout by "Perfect Consciousness." I stared at him:

"What!"

"Yes, that's what we've been told."

Then I said *(laughing),* "Who's the idiot who told you that!"

"But he said you had said so!"

Then I asked him, "Tell me his name so I may give him a good slap!"

Naturally, there's no question of changing anything. What happened was that people in Russia, Yugoslavia who translated it ... (it was translated into a certain number of languages, now I don't remember), they asked me for an alternative to the word "Divine," because ... In Russia, they go one better, the word is banned! Using the word "divine" is forbidden! So I said all right. I said, "FOR RUSSIA, you may, if you wish, put 'Perfect Consciousness' instead of 'Divine Consciousness.'" I pointed out to them *(laughing),* "It's somewhat diminished, it's brought down a little, but never mind!"

Here, in the French brochure, it's "Divine." I said if they wanted another word in Russian or German (in German T. translated it into "the highest" [Consciousness]; I told her, "It's rather poor, but anyway"), well, I said I wouldn't protest. In Chinese it's "Divine." I think it's "Divine" in Japanese too.

In German, they asserted, "Oh, if we put 'Divine,' people will immediately think of God...." I replied *(laughing),* "Not necessarily, if they're not idiots!"

But it has given me a very precise picture of what would happen if for some reason or other I were no longer here.... Everyone would use my name to ... *(Mother laughs)* It would be frightening!

Yes.

* * *

Mother then goes into a contemplation

It's very, very interesting, and very strange. A strange sensation.... It's been like that for, I don't know, a long time, but these last few days it has become so intense and so precise.... A sensation of being like this *(gesture of hanging in suspense),* of having gone out of an old way of being (not a personal way – terrestrial, let us say) and being on the verge – it's on the verge – of entering a new way of being; and a sensation of being ... like this *(same gesture of hanging between two worlds).*

The entire old way of being (way of feeling, thinking, even the state of consciousness) is seen ... not exactly as a distortion or falsification, but something like that – it's not that: it's the human way of being. And it's necessarily the way of being that resulted from intensive mental development.

What's growing quite clear is – Consciousness. It's no longer explained with words or defined or ... it's no longer that, it's – Consciousness (or rather one feels one knows what it is), Consciousness. That's the state: Consciousness. But it's still a fragmented consciousness, which is (I can't say "making effort" because there's no effort), which is mutating into a total consciousness. So that is the transition *(same gesture in suspense).* It's still a consciousness (not exactly individual or personal, but fragmented, or in other words, which has been objectified), a consciousness which is AWARE of its movement of union. It's still that, not total union.

So it results in all kinds of experiences....

And that [new state] isn't the result of a concentration or anything else: it's the normal way of being, constant at last. But there are still divisions, in the sense that there is an attitude of consciousness observing another, and yet another observing the first two – all that is still ... *(fluctuating gesture)* Like a play of different consciousnesses observing one another, objectifying one another. So it's not yet the thing.

All that is going on in the body – perhaps in different parts of the body, I don't know. There are GRADATIONS of consciousness, or more or less complete identifications, according to certain bodily functions – I don't know. And beneath, there are still old undercurrents of mental influence, from what we are used to calling the "higher" mind (intuitive mind and so on). And then, all around, a whole play of forces, suggestions, formations, which comes from outside. I say "from outside," but there's no sense of "outside"; there's no such sense, no longer any sense of "these people here" and "those people there" – it's not like that, no longer at all, even for the body.

(Mother abruptly goes into a long contemplation that lasts till the end)

To be continued!

April 24, 1968

(Message given by Mother)

> "In the spiritual order of things, the higher we project our view and our aspiration, the greater the Truth that seeks to descend upon us, because it is already there within us and calls for its release from the covering that conceals it in manifested Nature."
>
> Sri Aurobindo

April 27, 1968

Do you have news of P.L.? I heard he's ill.

> *Yes, not a good letter.... I have two things: one letter from P.L. and one about him. Here is P.L.'s [Satprem reads a letter in which P. L. writes that he fell ill as soon as he came back to the Vatican, that he could not see the Pope, is in despair, incapable, etc.].*

He doesn't have the strength. That's what I feared. The influence is too strong *(gesture to show P.L. caught in a grip).* And the other letter?

> *It's a letter from Monsignor R., a friend of P.L. He is a billionaire, and it's P. L., in fact, who manages this Monsignor's billions. He wrote to J. [P.L.'s friend], saying this [Satprem reads a letter in which Msgr. R. asks J. to give P.L. urgent help by receiving him in her Pondicherry home and looking after him, as the case is very serious and P.L. is going through a "psychological crisis" and must break out of his milieu, etc.].*

He'd better come. And what did J. say?

> *Oh, that's another problem. J. told me, "Impossible." She has a reaction against P.L., because P.L. is desperately clinging to her.*

Oh dear!

> *He's clinging to her as if to dear life. When he is here, he won't leave her, he wants to stay with her and clings to her as much as he can. As for Sri Aurobindo and Mother, who are the deeper reason, he only sees them through J. That's the whole thing. So J. has a reaction of rejection, she says, "I don't want any more of that."*

Is he asking to come back or not?

I think it's the only thing he's asking for. Only, he doesn't have the strength to put his situation in the Vatican in order. He doesn't have the courage to put his affairs in order.

But the other fellow, Msgr. R., will do it for him: he'll send him back.

Yes, but P.L. won't have the courage to say that he's quitting everything.

Oh! ...
Are they asking him for an immediate answer over there?

This Monsignor is asking for a telegram.

Fine, we can wire him to come. But I mean, must he immediately put the situation there in order, or can it be put off?

It can.

Then it's better for him to come. But he can't stay with J. He can very well stay here without staying with J.

There'll be a drama, because he absolutely wants to be with J.

What I see is this: let him come here, we'll put him up at Golconde.[34] Let's send this Monsignor a telegram along that line.

And inform P. L. that he will be put up at Golconde – let him be told in advance.

Oh, yes.
Yesterday P.L. wrote to F., saying, "Tell Mother that I am ill and need help." So I gave a "blessings packet" for him. He made no mention of coming back, but he said, "I absolutely need help."

He will find himself back in the same situation: he will come back here, will be very happy and contented, things will be fine, and then ...

And then he just has to stay here!

He just has to stay here?

And things there will unravel quite naturally. You see, not for one day have I been without connection with him; and I am not "active," in the sense that I have a connection only when people call. So it means he has really been calling. And like this: continuously, continuously, with a sense of tension. The letter to F. came yesterday afternoon, then I understood. But it shows that his vital is still not pure enough to be strong enough. The vital forces there [in the Vatican] are

EXTREMELY powerful.

But he told me that as soon as he goes out of his body, his body is devoured by wild beasts.

Ah! ... Did that happen even here?

Yes.

That's troublesome.

He told me another story. He had another "dream" here, in Pondicherry, which very much upset him (because he loves you, he feels something for you). One night he saw himself, P.L., turned into a bird, a sort of owl which wanted to go and kill you! That bird had a dagger and was about to go and kill you. Then he woke up with a start, horrified by what he was going to do. It was P.L. turned into an owl, rushing towards you with a dagger to kill you.... He was horrified, poor man.

That means he is very much under their influence.

(silence)

When he saw Sri Aurobindo at the Samadhi, he fainted.... There's a great conflict within.

When he saw Sri Aurobindo, Sri Aurobindo told him, "Come, come and sit here, near me, stay here." So he stayed there quite happily, then all of a sudden he fled....

Oh!

But Sri Aurobindo told him, "Come and sit down, be in peace."

Yes, the battle is being waged within.

(silence)

I think that's the only thing to do: to ask J. to wire that he will be put up at Golconde. And we'll see. We shouldn't ask her to receive him, it's better if he doesn't go and stay with her. I wouldn't want them to have a relationship. That would be very undesirable – it shouldn't take place here, you understand; it would right away take him out of the protection, so ... If what makes him come back here is a desire of this order, it will take him out of the protection.

But the two are there! There's his passion for J., and there's Sri Aurobindo and Mother.

Yes, it's mixed.

The true thing has made use of that.

Yes ... very well. It far exceeds the individuals, you understand, that's the important point.[35]

May 2, 1968

Your P.L. is coming back!

What an avalanche of telegrams! And it's not over: here's one more [Satprem reads Mother a telegram in which P. L. announces a mysterious "new fact" and implores to be allowed to stay with his friend J. for "grave reasons"].

Then let him stay with her! He suddenly got scared stiff over there. It's true that their occult power is very great and one has to be very strong to resist it. And he got scared stiff. That's what made him sick. My own feeling is that the other fellow, this Monsignor R., wanted to get rid of him.... Seriously, I think he smelled something fishy and said, "He'd better leave."

He doesn't have the strength, obviously.

No, he doesn't.

But you know, he's really a victim: when he was seven, his mother sent him to a friars' convert in Spain ... till the age of eighteen!

Poor man!

In Spain! You know, that inexorable Christianity ... From seven to eighteen – it's dreadful!

No, he's a very nice man, but vitally not strong enough. But if he lived in a convent for so many years, then I understand....

(Mother remains concentrated for a long time)

I don't think it's the end of this affair.

(long silence)

J. is troubled because he demands a lot of attention.

Who had thought of him for the post of cardinal?

I don't know, but it was expected.

It was expected.... It must have been a political affair, because ... In fact, I think it's generally a political affair.

Oh, yes, it's nothing but politics.

... Because he's much too passionate for the job. Was it to be for now or later?

I don't know.

I am asking you because that may be the "new fact" he's referring to. Maybe a decision has been made.... As for me, I had a strong impression that the other fellow [Msgr. R.] wanted to get rid of him for some reason or other. We'll see.

* * *

(Then Mother goes into a long contemplation which will last till the end.)

I keep having an impression of something IMPORTANT that has begun.... But it will go on for a very long time, probably. It will take a very long time.

May 4, 1968

(Mother gives a flower called "Divine Purity": Isotoma longiflora.)

Do you know this?

Sri Aurobindo's definition of purity is being exclusively under the influence of the Divine. So naturally, the Divine is exclusively under his own influence (!), and that's purity!

Any news regarding P.L.?

He is expected today.

A "new fact," he said, what can it be?...

As for me, I had a strong, very strong impression that they wanted to get rid of him, in the sense that either it was the Pope who didn't want to hear him, or, more likely, it was his friend, Monsignor R., who didn't want the Pope to hear what he had to say. It's a very strong impression.

I might put it this way: the impression I got, but a very strong one (very strong, it lasted for at least two days, it was very strong), was of Catholicism defending itself. And as in the mental region they couldn't touch P.L, they reached him from below and ruined his health – they know how to do all that, they are very skilled occultists.

And he didn't have this immense balance *(vast gesture above)* thanks to which none of that has any effect. He's still open.

But he didn't even listen to the elementary advice he was given. He

was told, "Speak only to the Pope and to no one else." And he spoke right and left. He spoke to Cardinal Tisserant, to this Monsignor R., so ...

(silence)

They are so attached to their power that they are capable of reverting to their old ways – excommunication, inquisition and the rest – to prevent things from moving. That's what I feel. That's the terrible thing. Whereas the Pope, there was in him an effort to go farther.

"There was," did you say?

What did I say?

You said, there "was" an effort ...

Yes, I am not sure they won't ...

(Mother remains silent)

Have you heard the rumor that the Pope was going to abdicate? A few days ago, newspapers reported a rumor according to which the Pope was going to abdicate.[36]

There you are! ... I didn't know.

There has been a denial, but the rumor has been quite widespread.

That's it. That's it. I didn't know. Oh, it's very interesting.... I think there's a band of brigands, over there.

Oh, yes!... X told me that when she was in Rome, she attended all the official receptions, and she said that all those prelates were as fat as ... they were drinking champagne, brandy ... Where was spirituality in that!

(after a silence)

Oh, the cardinals want to drive the Pope out....

(another silence)

Yes, they are going to resist as much as they can.

It would be good if contact could be made between you and him.

(Mother nods her head with force) Yes. Yes.
But I told you, I knew it, these people have a rather considerable occult

knowledge and a total lack of scruples. I am absolutely convinced that they are the ones who made P.L. sick. He may not be aware of it (he probably isn't), but I am convinced of it, I am sure.

There has been a very strong attack here – very strong and directly on me. I saw it, you understand – I saw it. I can't say I felt it, but I saw it.

Coming from them?

Coming from them.

And not only was it directly on me, but it touched ... *(gesture in the Ashram's atmosphere),* it touched.[37]

They are skilled.

You know, there's only one thing stronger than they, only one: the Lord's peace. I don't know if you understand what I mean (I speak with words that sound like their own language), but it's ... *(immense gesture above)* ... "That," there, they can't touch. But it's the only thing. Few people know how to shield themselves from "that" [magic].

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

* * *

When was the last time you came? The day before yesterday? ... The day before yesterday, at 5 in the morning, I read a letter from T.F. which I hadn't had the time to read. I was all alone, concentrated, and two sentences came in answer to her letter, which I wanted to write down. I started writing, and I found myself writing with a tiny handwriting! I tried to make it bigger – impossible. Then I drew within, I looked, and I saw it was Sri Aurobindo who was writing! So naturally, I let him write.

It's not his handwriting, but not mine either! It's a sort of combination of both.... I had the same experience years ago, very soon after that "illness," when I began translating *Savitri* here.[38] One day, while writing, it was he who wrote; it was his handwriting, that is, nearly illegible! So *(laughing)* I said, "No, I don't want it!" (Because it was illegible – if it had been clearer than mine, I'd have been happy!) And I stopped. But it came the day before yesterday, and it was ... I forget where I put that paper *(Mother looks for it)*. T. F. said in her letter her impression of who I am, and at the end she wrote, "If it is truly so, if I am not mistaken ..." So in answer to that, Sri Aurobindo came and said ... *(Mother tries in vain to remember)*. I don't remember the words.

It's strange, I can't remember.

(here is the text, found later:)

"Divine life in the process of evolution, the divine Consciousness

> at work in Matter – here is, so to speak, what this existence represents."

And at the same time, there was the clear vision, the very clear consciousness of the whole thing from the point of view of the earth's evolution: what's being worked out in the earth's evolution.

(long silence)

All these last days, there has been an INTENSE work, extremely intense, of impersonalization of the physical consciousness.... It results in a sort of ... *(unsteady gesture)* You understand, the whole solid base that makes up the corporeal person – hop! gone, taken away. So then, at times there's a wobbliness. For instance, for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, I had a total abolition of memory – of recollection and memory. And ... Now I am used to those things (there's a tremendous number of them), so I stay like that, exclusively turned towards ... all the cells are still, silent and exclusively turned towards the Force, the Consciousness, like this *(gesture with the arms opened upward),* and they wait. And then, there is a sort of concentration of energy, of force, and suddenly, as if coming from elsewhere (that's a very odd sensation) ... You see, all that we do, all that we know, everything is based on a sort of semiconscious memory which is there – that's gone. And there's nothing anymore. It's replaced by a sort of luminous Presence, and ... things are there, but you don't know how. It's not as if they had come back as before, it's not that, it's ... They're there effortlessly. And what's there is ONLY JUST what's needed at a given moment. There isn't all that baggage you constantly drag behind yourself like that, as before, it's not that: there's JUST the thing you need. But you have to be very, very still; if you're restless or excited in the least, or even if you make an effort, there's nothing anymore.... And on the most material level, there is also a sort of perception that the whole material equilibrium of the past has disappeared too, and that anything may happen at any time.... Fortunately (that must be why it's done), fortunately the cells have a very ardent faith, very ardent.

I told you just before that I had felt that avalanche of attacks. It came in a very subtle form: the unreality of the conception that has been admitted and adopted – the unreality of the divine Presence in the body, the unreality of the world in transformation towards a more and more divine state; like an unreality surging up *(gesture as of a wave from below),* in a sly way, to cut off the base and support of the faith.

But the Consciousness was there, and the awareness that it was an attack; and there was no battle, no attempt to convince or anything, simply like that *(Mother opens her arms upward),* a TOTAL *surrender.*

And that ... I told you, it can't be touched.

A luminous stillness.

And little by little, the whole consciousness of the cells emerges from that hold and is reborn in the Light.

It was very, very interesting.

And naturally, the attack came with all the suggestions of illness, death, decomposition, unreality – all of that swarming around.

There wasn't even one attempt of struggle or anything, nothing; quite simply *(same gesture with open arms),* an aspiration and self-giving.

It's not yet over, but ... I intended to talk about it only once it was fully over, but because of this [the question of the Pope's abdication], I see it has hastened things – hastened and concentrated.

We'll see. We are going to see.

May 8, 1968

Did you see P.L.? How did you find him?

He's nervously quite shaken, quite exhausted.

Don't you think they did some magic on him?

That's quite my impression.

Ah, you too.... As for me, I very much feel they did magic so he wouldn't be able to speak to the Pope.

For the moment, he's very exhausted.

Yes, they've drained him.

It started with a mental attack – every possible doubt: Sri Aurobindo is "like Saint Augustine"; Mother is "like Virgin Mary," it's "the same thing." A mental attack, anyway. After that, he became unable to eat: every time he ate, he would vomit. Then he had fits of hysteria: convulsions, foaming at the mouth, and a kind of half madness.

Bah, bah!

Because he wrote to the Pope ... Here's what happened: he wrote to the Pope asking him for an audience, but that letter never reached the Pope.

Oh!

It fell into the hands of the "Chief of Correspondence," who probably sent it to the "Indian department" of the Vatican to find out what that Ashram was.... And he was never allowed to see the Pope. Eight days later, those attacks started coming. And after another eight days, they told him, "Oh, you're too ill, you can't meet the Pope. You're 'out of

it.'"

Now they're on their guard over there.

But with what he told me, I caught the Vatican's atmosphere.... It's something frightful, a mafia with bands hating each other, lying in wait for the Pope's disappearance, not daring to say anything: those who are for the Pope dare not say anything because they think, "When the Pope dies, Ill need his enemies to be elected in his place." They all keep thinking about his succession. So no one wants to be the other's enemy and each watches the other. It's a frightful atmosphere.

Since he gave that letter for the Pope, I've been seeing constant attacks here, constant. These people are dangerous.

And there's a serious fact I learned from P.L. You know that the Pope was operated on a year ago....

What for?

For the prostate. And in fact, it's cancer.

Oh! ... So they're expecting him to die....

And they don't like him. P.L. told me, "At the Vatican, they don't like him." They say he is "the son of a journalist, a chap who wants to cause a sensation." That's how they judge him at the Vatican.

(Mother remains concentrated for a long time)

Was the Pope operated on before or after he came to India?

After, I think.

* * *

Then Mother remains in contemplation till the end

I have no inclination to speak.... But it's a continuous work, day and night, day and night.... "One" seems to have set off something rather formidable.[39]

Nothing to say?

One wonders how all this Vatican business is going to turn out?

All that they want is to keep things as they are. Their whole will is to prevent things from moving.... Unfortunately, it's easier to prevent things from moving

than to make them move.

May 11, 1968

(A disciple has written an article on the Ashram's future in which she said in particular, "The Ashram will become an occult center, a select collectivity....")

I am not at all anxious for advertisement or publicity for the *Ashram.* It's not necessary at all.

It's not necessary to talk about the Ashram – *(laughing)* the true way to make it "occult" is not to talk about it!

* * *

I saw P.L.

I also saw J.'s children,[40] and the boy told me, "I want to be your warrior to conquer and defend the Truth."

Very sweet, this little boy, very sweet!

As for him [P.L.], it's mostly imagination. There are occult troubles, but ...

But as soon as he thinks of it [the Vatican], his face tenses. So I told him not to think about it anymore, not to bother about it anymore – nothing, to leave that for ... an uncertain future. To stop bothering about it. And when he is told to stop bothering about it, his face becomes all smiles!

May 15, 1968

(There has been a rumor going about that Mother was "unwell," and indeed she has not seen anyone. When Satprem comes into her room, the lower part of Mother's face is very much swollen, apparently because of an "infection." She has been unable to eat anything.)

You see, it's the Vatican. I fought and fought, but ... there are too many lies around me. That's it, too many people tell lies all around. I was supposed to see P.L. tomorrow; I think it's better to wait for a few days. You could tell him – don't tell him why!

Did it come through his atmosphere?

Not particularly – directly. Naturally, it's because of that business, and specially because of what we wanted him to do at the Vatican. It's the response to that. I felt it immediately and was able to resist for a very long time, but then ... the atmosphere here isn't pure enough.

It makes use of one or the other.

It's the general atmosphere. When the disorder is invisible, I am free not to say anything and people won't know, but here *(laughing)* it has taken such a visible form that I couldn't ignore it!

Last night, at the time of the deepest sleep, I found myself in an infernal world. At first I thought it was the S.S.: tall fellows dressed in black, and I was a prisoner there. It was a world of horrible men, like S.S., but dressed completely in black – maybe they were priests and not S.S.? I felt like a prisoner there, as in a concentration camp.

Oh!

Tall fellows dressed in black, with cruel faces and lips ... I thought they were S.S., but maybe they are priests?

(Mother remains silent, then goes into a long contemplation, which she interrupts suddenly to say:)

A white column, obstinately – obstinately, all the time, there *(gesture in front of her),* like an offer of peace.

* * *

(Towards the end, Satprem comes back to the Vatican affair.)

Isn't this whole thing going to recoil on them?

I don't care.[41]

May 18, 1968

(Satprem expresses his surprise at the speed with which Mother has been cured of the swelling, without a trace. Mother laughs.)
I know the knack!
Then ... there's something else. The pupils, we're trying to knock the rough

edges off them! They're given subjects to study and research, and I was asked to give a subject for them. I gave, "What is death?"

One class took it up, and they sent me the pupils' notes – four of them.

(Mother holds out four sheets, which Satprem reads:)

Rita:

> "The actual fact of death evokes in me an experience in which one is thrust into space and soars up."

Amusing! I found it very amusing. She is the only one, besides, the others are quite practical.[42]

Dilip:

> "A cessation of all physical activity caused by the absence of a source of energy (or soul)."

It's not clear.... The other two are quite practical (!)

Anand:

> "When the brain stops functioning and the body starts decomposing, it's death."

(Mother laughs heartily)

The last one is quite *matter-of-fact.*

Abhijit:

> "Blood circulation in the brain cells stops completely."

That's death.

As for me, I'll tell them this *(Mother reads with difficulty):*

> "Death is the phenomenon of decentralization and scattering of the cells making up the physical body.
>
> "Consciousness is, in its very nature, immortal, and in order to manifest in the physical world, it clothes itself in material forms that are durable to a greater or lesser degree.
>
> "The material substance is in process of transformation to become

> an increasingly perfect and durable multiform mode of expression for that consciousness."

I am going to send it to them. But I appreciated their notes.... The interesting thing (for me) is that when I opened these four notes yesterday evening and read Abhijit's first, "When circulation stops ... ," then, I don't know, there certainly was a special grace over me, because I read those words and was instantly put in contact with the most objective, calm and detached scientific spirit – that was its way of seeing and describing the phenomenon: no emotion, no reaction, simply like that. And I saw (I understood and saw infinitely more than the boy put into it) a whole wisdom there, a scientific wisdom. And at the same time, the perception of the remedy in the evolutionary course of things. The most material remedy.

It gave me a whole series of experiences in the night and the morning, certainly far exceeding the field covered by their four reflections.... With the little girl [Rita], there was the impression, the vision of all those to whom death is a gateway to a marvelous realization.

It all came so spontaneously and naturally that I felt as if it was THERE. Now that you've read it back to me *(laughing)*, I realize it's not there! But it came so spontaneously: I sat there, reading those four notes, and it came one after another. Especially Abhijit's, this completely objective, or anyway completely detached vision of the phenomenon: "Circulation stops ..." As if you were looking at a small instrument or tool *(Mother gestures as if fingering a small object),* and you remarked, "Oh, it's stopped now ... that's why it no longer works." Like that. In other words, none of those uncertainties or anxieties or aspirations.... All that was emotions, sentiments, psychological phenomena – it was all completely absent.... A very simple little contraption *(same fingering gesture)* which you look at as you would a machine, and the machine stops "because it no longer goes like that." There. And as a result, this body was completely detached from all human anguish – from everything: not only from anguish, but from the habit, the whole human formation about death – it was all gone. As if I were all the way up above, like that, and looking all the way down – hup! it went away.

It's what we might express as perfect detachment from the phenomenon.

And then, after that, without trying or thinking or anything, this note came. It came in such an impersonal way that you saw the difficulty I had reading it: I didn't remember one word of what I had written. It came, I wrote it down, and that was that. "I" wrote, that is, I was made to write it down so as to send it to them.

I'll make a decent copy of it *(Mother looks for a paper and goes on)....* So then, it put everything in perspective.... Ah, I must add something to let you understand. I saw D. yesterday, and as she had written to me that she "didn't know how to meditate, but that anyhow she would keep quiet so as not to disturb me" (!), naturally I started talking! But then, I said things to her that I had never said before (and which I wouldn't be able to repeat – neither would she, because she understood only very, very little of what I said). I told her that from the standpoint of the manifestation (I didn't speak about beyond the manifestation), from the

standpoint of the manifestation, there is only one thing that is true: Consciousness. And that all the rest is the APPEARANCE of something, but not the thing; that THE thing is Consciousness, and all the rest is a sort of play in which everyone has the illusion of being a personality, but it's an illusion.... While I was speaking, I had the perfectly sincere and spontaneous experience of it. And I realized that this experience of the SINGLE Consciousness playing through innumerable forms ... *(Mother breaks off)*

But one cannot express that, words can't. While I was speaking, it was that Consciousness which spoke.... And the two experiences together (the children's notes, I read them yesterday evening; as for D., I had seen her in the morning), the two together gave me the detachment (it's not detachment: it's a liberation) from the phenomenon of death in such an absolute way that I was able to look throughout History, far into the past, at the whole human tragedy.... That is to say, death is a natural phenomenon in the creation on earth, but as a means of TRANSITION – I clearly saw why it had become necessary, how, with the human consciousness and mental development, it had been turned into a tragedy, and how it was becoming again merely a means of transition (a clumsy means, we might say), which was now becoming unnecessary again.

There was that whole, overall vision of the history of the creation. It was really interesting. Interesting because ... whew! you felt so free! So free, so peaceful, so smiling! And at the same time, with such a certitude that everything is moving towards a more harmonious, less chaotic, less painful manifestation ... and that there is only one more step to be made in the creation.

What I admired (I often admire this) was that it's often apparently mediocre or rather unimportant things (all that people regard as insignificant), it's generally what brings on the most considerable progress. In the course of yesterday, and apparently (I know it's only an appearance), apparently through D.'s visit and those children's answers, that entire phase of the manifestation became clear, found its place and lost all its power of influence and all its grip on the consciousness. It was as if the consciousness rose wholly free and luminous, joyous, above all that.

Very small things.

(silence)

This morning, after I wrote this, I happened to look back on this body's history, just like that, its whole history at a glance *(gesture like a beacon),* with bewildered eyes.... How many emotions, experiences, discoveries, oh ... (I can't say dramas, because it was never much inclined to drama), but how many "experiences," "discoveries"

(Mother speaks in a grandiloquent tone), "revelations" it has gone though ... *(laughing)* to rediscover what was always known!

It's amusing.

The concluding state (after having written this note): first there was that completely spontaneous, natural, evident perception of the Consciousness using a

thing and then leaving it, letting it fall apart when it can no longer be used – but it wasn't that: it wasn't even taking a thing, utilizing it, making use of it until it becomes unusable; it was a CONTINUOUS movement *(supple gesture like an immense wave)* within a single substance, with, as it were, moments of concentration and utilization of something to its utmost possibility, and then, moments not of rejection but of expansion, of immensity of peace – of return to a state of immensity of peace so as to take a new shape. A continuous thing, like this *(same gesture like an immense wave),* but then without real loss, without real waste: death is a mere appearance, you no longer even understand how one can live in this illusion. And THE Consciousness, ONE Consciousness – not this and that and this *(gesture showing an addition of separate individualities),* no, no: ONE consciousness ... playing.

(silence)

There was still somewhere the notion of effort so as to be equal to the task that had been given; there was still, yes, the notion of effort, the notion of struggle. And that's gone. It was gone – it is gone.

It almost started with a question put by the body; it asked, "Why, why are you anxious to keep me? It's no great shakes" (it was very familiar with itself), "it's not in such a remarkable state." (But it wasn't suffering, it wasn't at all miserable, not at all: it was looking at things with a smile.) And then there was that response.... I can't say there are even any questions left: things are what they are, spontaneously so, in a perpetual smile and a vibration ... such a light, luminous vibration!... Without any contradiction. A vibration of expansion and progress. I could see the picture: expansion and progress.

Especially effort, struggle, and even more so, suffering, pain, all of that – gone! Gone ... really like an illusion.

I might say it was (I say "was" because now I can talk about it; at the time of the experience I couldn't have), it's the state in which death has no reality – death and all that goes together with it and all that made it necessary in the course of evolution.

(Mother begins making a fair copy of her note)

I don't know who wrote it. Now I constantly write things without really knowing who writes them. Sometimes I clearly know it's Sri Aurobindo, but at other times I don't know in the least. But it's someone who isn't on earth, that I know.

Look, I'll give you an interesting example *(Mother goes over a paragraph of her note again)*. You see, in my state of consciousness, I would have said (as the nearest approximation to the thing): "Consciousness is, in its very nature, immortal, and in order to manifest in the physical world, it CONDENSES into material forms, etc. And there came insistently, No, CLOTHES ITSELF in forms.

But my spontaneous impulse was to say "condenses into forms," because I saw

that movement: a movement of condensation, manifestation, and, when that is over, of expansion. A continuous movement condensing and spreading, condensing and spreading ... *(gesture like the pulsation of an ocean).* But it was imperative: it had to be "clothes itself." So it's quite certain it's written by someone else. But there's no sense of being "someone" and that "someone else" wants to write or speak – it's not that! Similarly, when I say (I feel and know) it's Sri Aurobindo, it's not that I see him materially and he takes my hand and makes me write – nothing of all that. It's something fluid that concentrates and causes to write. And it's the quality of that fluidity that lets me know who it is. It's quite odd. There's a sort of complete disappearance of the sense of separation, yet a sense of diversity remains – diversity of modes of being – but it's no longer demarcated, as if cut off and separate *(Mother draws small cubes):* it's like vibratory modes of perception and action (and the quality of the vibration is different), vibratory modes of perception and action succeeding one another, intermingling, superposed on one another. A sort of fluid play: no longer separate little puppets.

My nights are ENTIRELY like that. During the day, there is still something of the old habit, but in the night, it's instantly like that.

Yet, by analogy (it's not an analogy, it's a correspondence), I can tell it has to do with what we call "this one" or "that one," this or that other person. Last night, for instance, I spent a long time with M. and G. who were frantically calling me (they left from here and have reached England), I spent a long time with them, but they were no longer "persons," the puppets we are, it wasn't that! Yet it was them. The contact was very accurate, very precise, the vibratory qualities were very clear. And there were forms: forms can be seen, but it no longer has the same quality. There's something hard, opaque and clumsy that disappears.

It's the same thing in the transcription *(pointing to the note).* When it comes down, there is a will to write, and somewhere there, something might have said as I told you: "But it's a condensation of the consciousness."

It wasn't explained, but it was clearly conscious: the time for that hasn't come.

This consciousness is extremely, extremely conscious, not only of the thing, not only of the goal, not only of the means, but even of the conditions: all of it together. In this unfolding immensity, when That looks, It knows exactly that, at this moment, this is how things must be and how they must be done.

It's free in an absolute way – spontaneously free. Spontaneously. All action is spontaneous. It's like a vision. A vision expressing itself.

(Mother finishes copying her note)

It's more and more interesting. There's absolutely no thought, you know, nothing: one second before, I don't know, and then it comes in an absolute way. Sometimes when it comes, something sits up and says, "For my part, I would put it this way, my experience is like this" (as I told you earlier). – "No, it IS like that."

Yesterday, I saw someone whom I don't want to name and I started talking to her. I didn't know, there wasn't any thought or anything before. I started speaking,

and I said, "There we are, we are at the time when we are going to see things....[43] There are long, long, very long periods during which things are prepared; there is, afterwards, a very long, very long period during which things develop, organize, settle and bear consequences; but between this and that, there is a moment when things are done, when they happen. It's not always very long (sometimes it is, at other times it's very brief), but that's when something happens. And that "something" is what will give the world a new development. Well, we are just – as it happens, we are just at such a moment. Which means that if we are (people, most of the time, are blind), if we aren't blind, if our eyes are open, we WILL SEE, we will see things.

The occasion for all that (to place the thing) was that I said, "The U.S. president will go to Russia to sign a peace treaty with Vietnam...."[44] There are two similar circumstances at the same time, so that three peace treaties are going to be signed at the same time.

When events start following such a trend, it show-e we are going to see things.

(silence)

Some people are in the night, in the past, in falsehood up to here *(gesture to the eyebrows),* they see nothing, nothing, nothing – they will go right to the end without seeing anything.

But those whose eyes are open will see.

* * *

(Towards the end, Mother asks Satprem about a sore on his back.)

Does it prevent you from sleeping?

> *No, it's nothing, only it's growing bigger. It's been there for two weeks.*

Oh! ... What a queer idea ... It may be the same thing as with me [the attack of magic]. It's not always easy to prevent these things from touching you.[45]

Oh, it's a very special quality of vibration: when you are used to noting vibrations, it's unmistakable; you can't mistake one for another. When it comes from that [magic], you know it instantly. It's very special ... *(Mother makes a piercing little gesture, like a snake's tongue or a tiny flash of lightning vibrating and striking).*

I feel powers passing by, like that, in response to those attacks.

There was a time when I still felt indignation; now it's beginning to be impossible.[46]

May 22, 1968

Mother holds out the text of a note:

> "Through the widening of its consciousness, this body is more or less identified with those around it.
>
> "Every effort made towards the purification of one's physical consciousness is so much less work for this body."

If everyone made an effort...

(Mother nods her head)

* * *

I saw P.L. yesterday. He is still terribly nervous. He said he was much better, but the least thing makes his face tense up. And there's still around him ... So he must stay on to let all that be undone, cleared out, destroyed. It's interesting, interesting things are taking place.

P.L. had an interesting dream. He noted it down so I could tell you about it.... Very strangely, it's a dream he had three times in a row at a few days' interval. Exactly the same dream, the same unfolding....

Someone sent it to him. Let's see.

[Satprem reads:] "It is feast day in the Vatican. St. Peter's Square is jammed with people. The Pope's procession begins; I have witnessed it many times, very near the Pope, next to the cardinals. But instead of the sedia gestatoria [the chair in which the Pope is carried], there is a huge elephant carrying someone. Who is this someone? Sweet Mother? No, it's Pavitra.... Not at all, it's Satprem! No, it's the School's director.... The more I try to fix my attention on him, the more his face changes, as in a kaleidoscope. In reality, I have difficulty fixing my attention, because I strain under the weight of the elephant, which is now entering St. Peter's Basilica. In fact, I am in a very uncomfortable posture, for I am not the elephant: I am in his legs, in his nails, and his weight is very, very great, which is why I can't see who is sitting on him. Meanwhile, the elephant has reached Bernini's Baldaquin, inside St. Peter's Basilica, and finally comes up to the

Pope's throne, in which he sits down....

(Mother laughs)

"On his head sits the same person as before: Sweet Mother? Pavitra? Satprem? A teacher? I do not know. I cannot make out the person's body, only his changing face.... All of a sudden, the multitude, the huge crowd there receives a tremendous vibration: everything is shaken, and from this change of mentality, there springs a very powerful cry, applause towards this Force that has just penetrated their souls – the whole crowd is transformed.... Once the ceremony is over, the elephant comes out of the Basilica. I stand near the door and contemplate the endless crowd stretching far, far away. I am curious to know how many people are there, and at the end, a number appears on the horizon: 1,600,000,000."

This man is prodigiously receptive!

(long silence)

Three times, did you say?

Three times: on the 9th, 11th and 18th of May.

What number?

One billion six hundred million. It seems, according to him, to represent more or less all of Christendom: not just the Catholics, but the Christians.

That's what I had been told. I had been told it was the first movement – the first indication, the first movement of Christendom's conversion to the Truth. It was clearly indicated that it had been DECREED. That's what I had seen.

I had never seen a thing like that! I told you, when I was in the room [where Mother receives visitors] and P. L. came in, there came something so ... serious (what's the right word?), something that had the importance and stability of great terrestrial movements, of great ages – the beginning of a great age.[47] I had never felt that. That was before he left [for the Vatican]. Then I looked and saw it was decreed from on high: the beginning of Christendom's conversion to the Truth – Christendom as a whole.

They have felt something there: I told you there was such a violent attack....

It's mostly P.L. who has been the victim, and me in part: it touched this body. But you know, even from the most ordinary, outward point of view, the healing was miraculous. Those things [the swelling] generally last for eight to ten days – it was over in two days. That was ... Even my body, though it's used to being in contact with the forces, was wonderstruck. It was miraculous.

The concrete action of this Force, which Sri Aurobindo called the "supramental force," its first contact and first aspect is an aspect of Truth.[48] As Sri Aurobindo said, Truth had to manifest first, before the Power of Love.

In comparison with the course life used to follow, it's really something of a miracle – miracle in the sense that the speed of the transformation and action is at the very least unusual.

* * *

After a long concentration, Mother resumes:

There have been two little things, very little things, but amusing.... A year or a year and a half ago (I don't remember), someone had sent me an album of photos of France, and Paris in particular, and I had looked at it; I looked at it, and as I looked, I saw a photo of the banks [of the Seine in Paris]. I saw it, looked at it attentively, in detail, saw the banks with all the *bouquinistes* [secondhand booksellers]. There was a bookseller in front, seated in the foreground, I saw him. Then I closed the album and put it aside. I wanted to mention it to someone and said, "Would you like to see what the *bouquinistes* in Paris look like? There's a photo ..." I turned page after page after page – not a single photo of a bookseller! I looked again and again ... not a single photo of a bookseller.[49] It was enough of a problem for me to view the book several more times and even to try to find an explanation. And then ... M. and G. went to Paris and sent me a postcard of the banks with the *bouquinistes* – it was my photo! I received it yesterday. It wasn't in the album: I received it yesterday, exactly my photo.

The other thing is about R., who had had an attack of filariasis a few years ago. He had told me about it and it had passed. Then it came back. It came back after some three or four years, very strongly, and he couldn't get rid of it. He wrote to me complaining. I told him there was a "drop in his faith." It appears it was the third time I'd written that to him (I knew nothing about it – I never know either why or how I write things). So he wrote back to ask me, "It's the third time you've told me that, what does it mean?" I explained it to him. But while receiving his letter and explaining it to him, I did what I always do (I always do it, all the time), I put him in contact with the Lord and asked for his intervention.... He got my letter, and today he writes to me that while he was reading it, in the space of about ten minutes, he actually saw (his foot had grown twice as big, his leg was swollen, you know how it is with elephantiasis), he actually saw it shrink and shrink, and in ten or fifteen minutes it was gone! He wrote it to me this morning.... I had told him that the Force was the same, it was his faith that was no longer the same, and that was why the Force no longer had the same effect. And he writes in his letter, "I was simply reading your letter, and it went away before my very eyes!"

And this body, if you ask it, the only thing ... There are two things it's conscious of: a more and more intense adoration in the cells, oh, like this *(gesture like a rising flame),* and at the same time, such an acute sense of the extent to which the cells are not what they should be, of the unworthiness of their condition. Those two things are constant and constantly together. And that's all. And when I am told of cases like this one, of disease or something else (I am told three, four, five such cases every day, things like that constantly happen – I gave you this one as a very concrete example because it's happened just now and you know R.), the body isn't even aware of being used as an intermediary, because it's too conscious of its infirmity, of what it should be and isn't yet.... It's like that cure [of the swelling of Mother's face], it was a cure like R.'s, almost spontaneous: it happened all of a sudden and went away. But of course, the body is perfectly conscious of the splendor of a Marvel ... a Marvel beyond all understanding.

And then, there is in the consciousness the very strong feeling – very strong – that the time has come.

I said this to Rijuta the other day: there are immense periods during which things are prepared – the past wears out and the future is prepared – and those are immense periods ... neutral, drab, during which things keep repeating themselves over and over, and look as if they will always remain that way. Then, all of a sudden, between two such periods, the change takes place. Like the moment when man appeared on earth – now it's something else, another being.

In any case, it is certain that we shall see the signs, or rather that we are now seeing the precursory signs.... I said that to Rijuta while announcing to her (she didn't know it) that the U.S. president would go to Moscow to sign a peace treaty with Vietnam. There were three wars, one of which had stopped but wasn't resolved: that was the war between Egypt and Israel, over which they have reached an agreement. I forget the third. And all three wars at the same time. But the most serious of the three was the war between America and Vietnam. So I said that to her; I told her, "This is a sign."

And it isn't a mental conception, it's not ideas: at the time of saying it I SAW it, I saw.

Yes, something is really changing.

Those are still the precursory signs, the forerunner movements, so it's scattered, not combined, but for one who can see, it's obvious.

(silence)

With this latest adventure [the attack on Mother], this body has learned trust. It was very much steeped in pessimism because of its material antecedents. Certain antecedents, that is, father and mother, had been chosen for their great practicality and a very concrete material honesty, but no mysticism, nothing of the sort – deliberately. But then, it gave a kind of ... not exactly pessimism, but a very sharp vision of how things go wrong. The body had that, and its faith had to struggle against a habit of expecting difficulty, obstacles, resistance; although it had complete faith in the final Victory, it couldn't overcome the habit of expecting

difficulties on the path.... This latest adventure has given it a good *push* forward: its trust is much more smiling. And the general vision is as I told you. And constantly, all the time, even at the time of the worst difficulties, all the time there is ... it wells up from the cells, like a golden hymn: an incantation, you know, a call, an incantation to the supreme Power.... And with such faith! A marvelous faith.

(silence)

Mother, and what's now happening in France, what does it mean?[50]

It's clearly the future which is awakening and trying to drive away the past.

Have you read the letters of S.'s children? They're over there. For instance, all the students and the whole working class have joined forces. Naturally, on the mental level there's a whole mixture of all kinds of ideas, but the Force behind ... For example, the students want to completely change the method of education: they violently demand the elimination of all examinations. And they themselves are unaware of it, but they are driven by a force that wants the manifestation of a truer truth.

They themselves would rather have no violence – it seems it's not the students who started the violence, but the police. And that's very interesting, because the police stand for the defense of the past. When I read those children's letters, and when later I was given the news, then there came in me (it was said very, very clearly, a very clear vision): the future. It's the higher Power COMPELLING people to do what they must do. Between now and that (which is a long way ahead), there must be the power of an IMMOBILE number. And the vision was very clear: if millions – not thousands, millions – of people assemble together and occupy the place absolutely peacefully (simply assemble and occupy the place, naturally with representatives who will say what they like), then it will have power. But there must be no violence; as soon as one indulges in violence, it's the return to the past and the open door to all conflicts.... At the time, I didn't know it was the police that had started the violence; I didn't know, I wasn't aware of the details of the events. But it was a very clear vision: an occupation by the mass, but a mass all-powerful in its immobility, imposing its will through sheer numbers, with intellectual representatives for negotiations.

I don't know.... De Gaulle[51] is open to something more than the purely material force. Is he capable? I don't know. At any rate, he is among the best instruments.

It's clearly (not in the detail of it, but in the direction of the movement), clearly a will to have done with the past and to open the door to the future.

It's like a sort of revulsion with stagnation. That's it. A thirst for something which is ahead and appears more luminous, better. And indeed there IS something – it's not just imagination: there IS something. That's the beauty of it, it's that there is something. There IS a Response. There IS a Force that wants ... to express

itself.

France is in a privileged situation: India first and France afterwards, for reasons of ... simply of receptivity. France has always tried to be ahead – which in fact is why this body was born there.

(silence)

The newspapers speak of a strike by several million people there (that's what those children wrote). It doesn't look like a strike at all, it looks like a revolution.

I know that. I don't know if I have **ever told you, but there** has been – there has always been – an identification of this body's consciousness with all revolutionary movements. I have always known and guided them even before **news** of them came out: in Russia, in Italy, in Spain and elsewhere – always, everywhere. And essentially, it was always the same Force seeking to hasten the coming of the future – always – but constrained to adapt its means of action to the state of the mass.

And now, the state of the earth would seem to be precisely such that what is at the very least being prepared (if it's not yet actually like that) is the manifestation of the mass in a kind of silent and immobile will.... And that's an intermediate period to reach the condition in which this mass will be held under the control and directly driven by the Power from above.

That's where we are heading.

* * *

Towards the end

I told P.L. yesterday that whenever he feels the need to see me, he should let me know. Of course, it's better if it's not too frequent because I am terribly busy, but we'll see. It's necessary. It's important.

Should I tell him nothing about his dream, or can I ...?

Oh, you can tell him that I said he is remarkably sensitive and receptive; that there is a VERY DEEP truth behind this dream, despite its somewhat childish outward form. There's a very deep truth.

Only ... He isn't a man who needs to be urged on: he's a man who needs to be held back, because the *adhar* (as the Indians would call it), that is, the material clothing, isn't strong enough for the power driving it. So that results in illnesses. He isn't a man who must be urged on, he's a man who has to be held back.

But he is very conscious – very conscious, even far more conscious than the dream suggests. Very conscious ... For that too, the time has come for the Turning Point when all this old formidable Christian formation which has spread over the earth like this *(octopus-like gesture) – and* which naturally fulfilled its function,

did what it had to do, came just when it was needed and so on and so forth, we know all that – the time has come when it must change in order to become the instrument of tomorrow's truth.

And this Pope has done his work well, as well as he could.

For perhaps a long time yet, or at any rate for some time, P.L. must be the intermediary, but a somewhat conscious one – not active. He acts as an intermediary, as a link *(gesture as of a bridge between Mother and the Vatican),* but he shouldn't ... He doesn't have the capacity to resist those people's tremendous power. He should remain very still – very still, very peaceful – he should let himself live happily, then he will fulfill his function.

May 25, 1968

(Regarding an old Playground Talk of June 10, 1953.)

What is it about?

Attacks by adverse forces and Asuras.

Oh! ... *(Laughing)* That's a convenient way of putting the blame on others!

Do you think we should publish it?

Certainly. It's helpful.

When now people tell me about attacks by adverse forces, I always feel like saying to them, "The adversity is within you!"

I think it's a very convenient way to get impunity.... Because if you are perfect, they can't do anything against you. It's absolutely obvious. It's imperfections that give them power. So if we shift our standpoint as Sri Aurobindo did, we'll see, as he said, that the so-called adverse forces are tolerated because they are useful to awaken people to the need for transformation, to the urgency of purification.

May 29, 1968

(Mother looks for a vase for an amaryllis,
intending to put it together with roses.)

Roses don't like that at all! They don't want it. They don't want to have someone else with them.... But I'll put it with them just the same!

(Mother, laughing, sticks the amaryllis in the middle of the roses)

They have a spirit of caste!

* * *

Soon afterwards

There's a letter from T.F. complaining about the films shown [at the Ashram] and saying that films should be instructive and show admirable things....

But for a film to show admirable things, people should live those admirable things, no?!

She even wrote to me that they were a whole group of teachers who intended to write and circulate a letter asking for a change – I don't like all that. It's a small-town boarding-school spirit. So yesterday evening, I wrote an answer.

(Mother reads)

"We would like to be able to show the children pictorial representations of what life should be, but we still have not reached that stage, very far from it. Those films are yet to be made. And for the moment, films more often than not show what life should not be, and do so strikingly enough to give you a disgust for it.

"That too is useful as a preparation.

"Films are allowed in the Ashram not as entertainment but as part of education. The problem is therefore that of education.

"If we consider that a child must only learn, know and be aware of what can keep him pure of all lower, crude, violent and degrading movements, then we should eliminate at one stroke the entire contact with the rest of mankind, beginning with all those accounts of wars, murders, conflicts and deceits that are called History; we should eliminate the present contact with family, parents and friends; and we should constantly control the child's contact with all the vital impulses of his own being.

"This idea is what led to monastic life shut in a convent, or to ascetic life in the cave or the forest.

"This remedy has proved to be totally ineffective and has not pulled mankind out of its quagmire.

"According to Sri Aurobindo, the remedy is altogether different.

"We must face integral life with all that it still entails in terms of ugliness, falsehood and cruelty, but while taking care to discover in ourselves the source of all goodness, all beauty, all light and all truth, in order to consciously put that source in contact with the world so it may transform it.

"That is infinitely more difficult than fleeing or closing one's eyes so as not to

see – but it is the only really effective way, the way of those who are truly strong and pure and capable of manifesting the Truth.

"You can show this letter to those who share your indignation."

They need to be shaken a little, oh, they're *goody-goody!*

And that's not all. It seems I am giving "classes" to the two of you [Sujata and Satprem]....

Classes!

And she asks me if it's possible to take part in these "classes"! ... Oh, what an idea! Can you see me giving you a class! Oh, it's dreadful! ... Dreadful. She asks me to admit "a certain number of teachers" to this class, because it would do them good, including to her.

I am going to tell her, "I can't admit you for the simple reason that there are no classes!..." Already last year, R. had asked me, and I had told her, "But it's not like that at all! I may talk or may not, but it's never a class! Now and then I say something, and then ..."

What an idea! ... The guru turned into a super-teacher! As it is, the idea of the guru makes me shudder, but a super-teacher guru, oh, how horrible!

The amount of nonsense they must speak among themselves – frightful.

June 3, 1968

I've just come from there [the music room where Mother receives visitors]. I saw some twenty people.... There was Orissa's Chief Minister (Orissa is the first province in India to give money for a pavilion in Auroville: they gave a lakh of rupees). He is a nice man. The people from Orissa, they are nice people; of all provinces, they are the ones who seem the most eager to forge ahead, to change something.

And Bengal? Isn't it ahead?

They're a bit ... fanciful. I mean, they talk a lot – they talk very well! Those from Orissa are more practical – they're generous, a very generous nature: they give a lot.

Bengal ... they know, or feel, that they are the country's intellectual leaders, so they are puffed up with themselves. Me, I like simple people.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I've been given the continuation of T.F.'s class about death. There are new notes.

(Mother holds out a paper to Satprem)

Sweet Mother, we have received your answer with joy and send you our reflections and our questions about the first paragraph: "Death is the phenomenon of decentralization and scattering of the cells...."

So then?

Abhijit says, "If a cell becomes conscious of its own personality, there is a risk that it may act in its own interest without regard for the collective interest."

(Mother laughs) The interest of a cell!

Then?

Amitangshu asks two questions. The first is, "Does the decentralization take place all at once or in degrees?..."

It takes time.

It happens like this: the central will of the physical being abdicates its will to hold all the cells together. That's the first phenomenon. The central will accepts dissolution. But everything doesn't just scatter all at once – it takes a long time.

What precedes death is accepting to cease the centralization in the form for some reason or other. I have noticed that one of the strongest reasons (one of them, very strong) is a sense of irreparable disharmony. Another is a sort of disgust at carrying on the effort of coordination.

There are, in fact, innumerable reasons, but there is a sort of effort of cohesion and harmonization, and what inevitably precedes death (unless it's caused by a violent accident) is that, for one reason or another, or for no reason, that will to maintain cohesion abdicates.

> *There's a second question: "Must each cell be conscious of its unity with the center?"*

That's not how it is.

(after a long silence)

It's hard to make them understand.... It's still a semicollective consciousness, not an individual consciousness of the cells.

Then?

> *Anand Arya asks this: "Does the decentralization always take place after death, or can it begin before?"*

(Laughing) It often begins before!

> *Dilip M. asks, "Do the cells scatter in space or within the body? If it is in space, then the body must disappear with the cells?"*

Naturally! Naturally, after death the body dissolves. But it takes a long time....

These children don't know because [in India] bodies are burned.

> *Rita asks, "In the phrase 'scattering of the cells,' doesn't the word 'scattering' have a particular meaning? If so, which one?"*

I used the word in its quite positive meaning.

I have even seen that those cells that have been specially developed and have become conscious of the divine Presence within themselves, when the concentration that gives shape to the body is stopped and the body dissolves (it dissolves little by little), all those conscious cells spread out and enter other combinations in which, through contagion, they awaken the consciousness of the Presence each of them had. So then, it's through this phenomenon of concentration, development and scattering that Matter in its totality evolves, so to speak, and learns through contagion, develops through contagion, experiences through contagion.

But what enters other combinations isn't the cell itself – it's the subtle consciousness of the cells?

Yes, of course! The cell, too, dissolves. It's the CONSCIOUSNESS of the cells that penetrates others.

It's very hard to explain to one who doesn't have the experience.

June 5, 1968

I have a question about P.L. There are two new facts. First, a few years ago, P. L. was in touch with an extremely rich American woman, whom he helped. That woman is very grateful to P. L. and would like to give him one million dollars for a charity.

That would come in handy!

Yes, but she's very Catholic. That was at a time when P.L. was in orders.

Is she Catholic?

Yes, she's even very pious. A nice woman, it seems. So P. L. asks if he shouldn't try to explain to her what he's doing here, to send her a few of your books and see how it acts. It might make her turn to something more interesting?

Isn't she a woman who wants "peace on earth"?

I don't know. When P.L. met her, her daughter had been murdered, and in that difficult moment, P.L. helped her. So she is very grateful and would like to give this money to a charity – a Christian charity, of course.

People of that sort generally understand a charity better than ideas.

Auroville?

Auroville, as Sri Aurobindo said, is a practical means to create a human unity that would be strong enough to fight against war.

It's to be seen. We may try.

We'll see.

There is another fact regarding this Msgr. R., whose huge holdings were managed by P.L. There was a thought (it was J.'s thought) to send him my book, the "Adventure of Consciousness," and he has written an enthusiastic letter in which he says he's very taken with the

book and is prodigiously interested. And he has sent P. L. a second letter, saying, "If I weren't detained in Rome, I would go and join you immediately."

Oh! ... That's good. It's good.

June 8, 1968

I was looking at a problem....

Basically, if you remove the veneer – the veneer of good manners – man admits the existence of the Divine only on condition that his sole occupation be to satisfy all of man's needs and desires – it may be collective desires, even "planetary" desires as Y. would put it, but it boils down to that.

And it's like that especially, especially with the notion of a Divine who put on a body.... In fact, they found it quite natural that Christ should be crucified for their own salvation – I find it monstrous.

I've always found it monstrous.

But now, I see it's ... quite spontaneous. Here in India, with the notion of guru, of Avatar, you may recognize him, admit him, but he is there exclusively to satisfy all demands – not because he has put on a human body, but because he is the representative of the supreme Power, and you accept the supreme Power, you pretend to obey it, you surrender to it, but with, at the back of your mind, "He is there only to satisfy my desires." The quality of desires depends on the individual: for some, it's the most petty personal desires; for others it's big desires for all humanity, or even for greater realizations, but anyhow it amounts to the same thing. That seems to be the condition for surrendering (!)

To emerge from that, one must emerge from the human consciousness, that is, from the active, acting consciousness.

It's so strong that if anyone dares say that the world and all creations exist for the Divine's satisfaction, it immediately raises a violent protest and he is accused of ... they say, "But this Divine is a monster! A monster of egoism," without noticing that they are precisely like that.

(silence)

It's not pleasant.

Ah, we'd better work, let's get on to the *Bulletin.*

Yes, but the Divine is also what makes one desire a more beautiful or higher realization?

Of course.

No, what I meant was that you may widen, broaden almost to infinity the kind of consciousness human beings have – it's nothing. You must go beyond, in the

sense that this notion of egoism, in fact, still wholly belongs to humanity.

You see, every human being (and that resists all developments and all widenings) spontaneously and naturally puts himself in the center and organizes the world around himself; so, for him, the Divine is necessarily something that has put itself in the center and organizes the world in the same way.

For maybe a few hours (I don't exactly know because I didn't pay attention to time), the consciousness was as if ... I don't know, turned over (I don't know what word I should use), and there was no center anymore, that center with everything organized around no longer existed at all; that is to say, the divine Consciousness wasn't a central consciousness with everything organized around it – not at all, not at all! It was ... something extraordinarily simple and at the same time extraordinarily complex.

(Mother remains silent for a long time)

Now there's only the memory of it, so it's not that anymore. It's only trying to remember.

Even the sense of the possibility of division did not exist....

Now I see *(Mother closes her eyes).*

It would be like a unity, a unity made of innumerable – billions, you know – innumerable bright points. A SINGLE consciousness – a single consciousness – made of innumerable bright points conscious of themselves.

It seems perfectly stupid, but ...

And it's not the total of all the points, you understand! It's not that, not a total: it's a unity. But an innumerable unity. And the very fact of using words makes it become stupid.

Impossible. Language is inapt.

Ah, let's work.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding an old Playground Talk of June 24, 1953, in which Mother speaks about illnesses.)

At present, and it's been like that for some time, the two things are simultaneous *(Mother places the forefinger of her left hand alongside the forefinger of her right hand),* in the sense that almost every minute (it's not "minute," but anyway), every minute there is the consciousness that knows: if the attitude is like this *(Mother bends her right forefinger a little to the left),* it means illness; if the attitude is like that *(Mother bends her right forefinger a little to the right),* things remain in order. With the knowledge of how order is restored. It's extremely interesting.

But before saying it, I'll wait a little till it's more solidly established, till it

becomes clearer, more accurate and entirely ... well, in a sort of scientific attitude. But it's very interesting.

If you take this attitude *(same gesture to the left),* it becomes illness; if you take that attitude *(same gesture to the right),* it's part of evolution.

In the body.

In the body.

How the body can consciously participate in its transformation.

But it's a vast subject and I'd rather like its investigation to be carried on farther. I am still in the field of experimentation. When it's more solidly established, I'll talk about it.

June 12, 1968

(Following a letter in which Satprem had complained about the difficulty he had writing – or rewriting, rather – his "Sannyasin," and about the complete unconsciousness of his sleep.)

I didn't answer you because there was nothing to say – I am trying my best!

I know, and the book is going better!

Ah, good.

The book, I had thought about it three or four days before you wrote your letter, it came very strongly – before you wrote.

As for the nights, I know!

What am I up to at night?

I told you in the past that I used to see you very often; now my nights have been cut down a lot, because I have work to do till very late and I get up very early, so I don't have much nighttime left. But I always find you in the same place, and there, you are very active and wholly conscious.... It's the connection between that part of your being and the waking part that's missing – oh, sometimes it's nothing at all, a tiny little ... You know, as if there were a void between two things. Otherwise you are very conscious, even working very logically: it's something going on, developing. And it's from a terrestrial standpoint, it has to do with terrestrial organization. I always see you in the same place, we always work together in the same place. It seems to be very logical.

I wondered ... Several times I've wondered if it wasn't for your own good ... because if you became very conscious of that part of your being – one is so free, so peaceful, so powerful ... that sometimes it makes one feel disgusted with the earth! Several times I've wondered if it wasn't for your own good.

Because there, it's something that continues: you understand, it's not "dreams," it's a reality that continues.

In the past, I used to go there every night; now the nights are very short, so I only go there from time to time, but I always find you there.

What are you doing with your book? Are you revising it or ...

No, I am practically rewriting everything.

Oh!

But now I am coming to the end.

What are you trying to say at the end? What do you want to demonstrate, so to speak?

The last time you read it to me, it wasn't clear; I didn't understand what you wanted to say with your ending, it seemed to be indifference.

No, no!

Are you trying to show that the sannyasin's path isn't the true path, or how it leads to the true path?

Yes, I want to show it's part of the path, that the whole inner field, the field of inner experiences, all that opening of consciousness up above, is after all only a starting point.

That's right.

And that, afterwards, one is led to seek something else, which has a reality HERE.

That's right. That's what I understood, but in your ending it wasn't very clear.

But it's going to be completely rewritten.

Yes, that's very useful. It's a very useful thing to show that this path was for a time helpful to put one into contact with a world one didn't know, BUT one must go beyond.

Yes, I want to give this Sannyasin his best form, to show him in his best light; I don't want to denigrate him easily – quite the contrary – but to show his inadequacy.

Yes, that it leads elsewhere.

Because, at the same time, it demolishes all religions and all their goal "beyond." Through this Sannyasin, I touch a whole spiritual attitude.

Yes, that's right, it's very good.

June 15, 1968

Mother looks at an orange amaryllis

It's pretty.... I don't know why, it always gives me the impression of a church....

Yes, exactly!

You too? Why?... It's very pretty. So I don't know why. It gives the impression ... of an artificial adoration!

* * *

Satprem reads Mother a letter of Sri Aurobindo:

"In our yoga we mean by the subconscient that quite submerged part of our being in which there is no wakingly conscious and coherent thought, will or feeling or organized reaction, but which yet receives obscurely the impressions of all things and stores them up in itself and from it too all sorts of stimuli, of persistent habitual movements, crudely repeated or disguised in strange forms can surge up into dream or into the waking nature. For if these impressions rise up most in dream in an incoherent and disorganized manner, they can also and do rise up into our waking consciousness as a mechanical repetition of old thoughts, old mental, vital and physical habits or an obscure stimulus to sensations, actions, emotions which do not originate in or from our conscious thought or will and are even often opposed to its perceptions, choice or dictates. In the subconscient there is an obscure mind full of obstinate Sanskaras [imprints or habits], impressions, associations, fixed notions, habitual reactions formed by our past, an obscure vital full of the seeds of habitual desires, sensations and nervous reactions, a most obscure material which governs much that has to do with the condition of the body. It is largely responsible for our illnesses; chronic or repeated illnesses are indeed mainly due to the subconscient and its obstinate memory and habit of repetition of whatever has impressed itself upon the body-consciousness. But this subconscient must be clearly distinguished from the subliminal parts of our being such as the inner or subtle physical consciousness, the inner vital or inner mental; for these are not at all obscure or incoherent or ill-organized, but only veiled from our surface consciousness. Our surface constantly receives something, inner touches, communications or influences, from these sources but does not know for the most part whence they come.

"As for asserting one's will in sleep it is simply a matter of accustoming the

subconscient to obey the will laid upon it by the waking mind before sleeping. It very often happens for instance that if you fix upon the subconscient your will to wake up at a particular hour in the morning, the subconscient will obey and you wake up automatically at that hour. This can be extended to other matters. Many have found that by putting a will against sexual dreams or emission on the subconscient before sleeping, there comes after a time (it does not always succeed at the beginning) an automatic action causing one to awake before the dream concludes or before it begins or in some way preventing the thing forbidden from happening. Also one can develop a more conscious sleep in which there is a sort of inner consciousness which can intervene."[52]

Sri Aurobindo
June 24, 1934

Now I remember very well! Sri Aurobindo used to read me the things he wrote before sending them.

* * *

Then, regarding a Playground Talk of June 24, 1953

> *You say, "An illness is quite simply, always and in every case, even when doctors tell you there are germs – in every case it's a disequilibrium in the being: a disequilibrium between various functionings, a disequilibrium between forces...."*
>
> *I don't know, but if you say, "a disequilibrium between various functionings," then it seems to be purely physical. I feel something is missing to say that it's a disequilibrium in the PSYCHOLOGICAL being or functioning?*

(long silence)

For a few days, and it's becoming increasingly established, there has been an impression that health or illness is a choice (to express it simply). A choice of every minute. For this body, at any rate, that's how it is.

It means abdicating with regard to the general functioning of the physical substance, of the body, and having illnesses you get cured of or not, depending on ... other laws than physical laws. But there is every minute – every minute – the possibility to choose the true consciousness, or there is, yes, a disorder or disequilibrium. It's something which is unable to follow the movement of progressive harmony, or sometimes even which doesn't want to. I am talking about cells and groups of cells.

Most of the time, it's a sort of laziness, something unwilling to make an effort,

to make a resolve: it prefers to leave the responsibility to others. In English I would call it *the remnant,* the residue of the Inconscient. It's a sort of spinelessness *(gesture of groveling)* which accepts a general, impersonal law: you paddle about in illness. And in response to that, there is inside, every minute, the sense of the true attitude, which in the cells is expressed with great simplicity: "There is the Lord, who is the all-powerful Master." Something like that. "It depends entirely on Him. If a surrender is to be made, it's to Him." I make sentences, but for the cells it's not sentences. It's a tiny little movement that expresses itself by repeating the mantra; then the mantra is full – full of force – and there is instantly the surrender: "May Your Will be done," and a tranquillity – a luminous tranquillity. And one sees that there was absolutely no imperative need to be ill or for the disequilibrium to occur.

The phenomenon recurs HUNDREDS of times a day, for very small things.

And then, it gives increasingly a sense of the unreality – the fundamental unreality – of illnesses. That's what I say here [in the Talk]: it's merely a disequilibrium. It's the habit of leaving it to a sort of impersonal collective will of the most material Nature, which organizes things IN THEIR APPEARANCE.

That's the sort of work being done at present, these last few days – constantly, constantly. The only moment when it's not done is when I see people, because when I see people, there's only one thing left: the Lord's Presence, and plunging them in that bath of the Lord. That goes on, it's always there. So that even if, before [seeing people], there was a difficulty or struggle or conflict between the two states, and a will to hold on, at such times it goes away, because that's not the work then: the work is to plunge all those coming near into the Presence – the immutable Presence, constant, active ... close.

(silence)

That would tend to show that the possibility of what's called illness is something CONSTANT, a constant state in which you are or aren't; and this "you are or aren't" depends on ... many things, especially on your remembering – remembering the sole divine Presence and Reality – and on your way of acting. Life is a series of continuous activities, which last for a longer or shorter time, absorb you more or less, give you a greater or lesser sense of importance or lack of importance – but it's a sort of series of continuous activities; and what's called rest, that is, when the material body is relatively motionless, is an activity on another level and of another kind. And the state of union – of REALIZED union, that is, not something that comes in a flash and goes away, but an established state in which you have a sense of continuity, except when the central Consciousness and Will impel you to leave it ... *(Mother goes into a contemplation, leaving her sentence unfinished).*

(long silence)

So what exactly is your question?

What you say here gives an impression that an illness has purely physical causes. So it might be necessary to add somewhere the word "consciousness" or "psychological." You say, "It's always a disequilibrium in the being, a disequilibrium between various functionings, a disequilibrium between forces...." It gives an impression of being something purely material.

There are no such things as purely material forces.

If you like, the only distinction that may be made is between a greater or lesser degree of consciousness. And the appearance of materiality is in proportion to the unconsciousness.

You understand, it has reached a point where there is an impression of fluidity and plasticity asserting itself increasingly with the growth of the true consciousness. The hardening seems to be the result of Unconsciousness; the lack of fluidity and plasticity seems to be the result of Unconsciousness. Not only in the body: for everything the impression is the same. With the growth and the normal state of consciousness, there comes a suppleness and fluidity that completely change the nature of the substance, and the resistance comes from the degree of unconsciousness alone, it's proportional to the degree of unconsciousness.

All this way of speaking [as in the Talk], the ordinary way of speaking seems to be ... yes, a manner of speaking, that's right! But it doesn't correspond to fact. It doesn't correspond to reality. It's a manner of speaking, a manner of feeling, a manner of seeing – an old habit. But it's not that.

The work is in full activity here, but there isn't enough distance to talk about it.

The interesting thing regarding this body is that I have a growing impression ... of a "residue" which still remains unconscious. Because in my state (which is becoming more and more normal), I feel ("feel," it's a material sensation) at a distance of at least two feet. And when I am consciously concentrated on a thing or an individual, I MATERIALLY feel from inside that consciousness and that individual. For instance, if someone acts with a very unconscious movement, it hurts. It's like giving me a blow.

And it's increasingly that way.

More and more often, there are times (people think I am asleep, I find it very funny! They think I am asleep ...), times when I follow the movement like that, apparently wholly concentrated; and the sensitivity, the consciousness is spread all around, everywhere, or on one point for a specific work, but MATERIALLY spread – not mentally (it's a long time since that has been still, and it's more and more so); vitally, it's very peaceful – MATERIALLY.

(silence)

What I don't know yet, what's not very clear, is ... what will be the fate of this residue? To people's ordinary thought, it's what they call "death," that is to say,

the rejection of the cells that weren't able to enter this plastic state of consciousness. But the way the work is being done, there is no categorical division [into groups of conscious or unconscious cells in Mother's body]: there are imperceptible (almost) states of variations between the different parts of the being. So you wonder, "Where? What? When? How? What's going to happen?..." It's increasingly becoming a problem....

The whole inner functioning is becoming more and more the result of that conscious action and conscious will; with, even, in part (at least in part) clearly the true functioning already. You understand, the impression is of a remnant, but the remnant isn't something that's rejected: it's something which hesitates, lags behind, has difficulty and tries – it would be only too pleased: if, for instance, there is in one spot a perceptible disorder, a pain, the body no longer starts fidgeting, worrying, wanting medicine or doctors or interventions, no, not at all; it asks ... it goes, "O ... Lord ... ," like that. That's all. And it waits. And generally, in the space of a few seconds, the pain goes away.

What complicates matters is the ENTRY from outside of formations, with thoughts, ignorant attitudes *(swarming gesture around),* impressions – all kinds of impressions. Most of the time it has no effect, but sometimes it gives a shock. So that complicates matters somewhat.

(silence)

So all this way of putting things [in the Talk] is antiquated. Better leave it as it is.

Or if, for the sentence to be clear, you need to add a word, add it.

> *Since you say that illness is a "disequilibrium between various functionings," I was proposing to add, "between various functionings of consciousness"?*

Not functionings of consciousness.

> *Because it all appears to be purely material! It seems to me we should add a word giving an inner sense.*

Yes, for this body, it's what we might call "purely material": there's no vital or mental intervention. What generally happens to people is that the vital intervenes and so does the mind – that never, ever happens [in Mother]. That belongs to the past, there's no question of it any longer. Everything takes place purely in the physical consciousness. So for the ordinary consciousness, it's disequilibriums between the various functionings of breathing, digestion, blood circulation and so on. But for me, all that has become the expression of something else.

> *Yes!*

But I haven't yet reached the point where I can explain it in an understandable way.

So I think it's better to leave it.
What time is it?
We could do some translation.... Is the *Bulletin* ready?

Everything is ready, Mother, except the "Notes on the Way."

The "Notes," we'll leave them out.

Unless we put what you've said today?

Oh! ...
Who can understand? I myself can't explain clearly.

But I feel one catches something. 1, at least, feel I catch some thing. Maybe I am wrong.

Ah?

On the contrary, it's very ...

As for me, I feel more and more as if I were speaking to people in Chinese.

Oh, really?

I can't explain anymore, they can't understand anymore. In your case, of course, you have followed the thing step by step, so you are used to it, but others don't understand – no one anymore, I can no longer say anything to anyone.

Relationships with people are so different! ... It's constantly as I told you: a movement of unconsciousness is a shock; and there are things ...

I can't explain, it's not possible.

Like this fact that I am increasingly stooped (although it's neither the result of fatigue nor the result of a lack of equilibrium, nor ... it has no material cause), my impression is that the present part of the body (or rather the part belonging to the past) is shrinking, while I myself, my consciousness, I am so vast and on the contrary so large and so powerful, but at a distance, you understand! ... I don't know how to explain, it's a strange sensation. It's as if you were still dragging some old baggage along.[53] But it's not that it isn't willing.... It's more or less difficult, you understand, so it takes more or less time. It's like elements lagging behind.

But the new way of being would only be visible to someone who himself or herself had the supramental vision.... I MATERIALLY see all sorts of things, which aren't visible to others *(Mother looks around Satprem)*. But it's materially.

A funny state.

Do we have time to translate? One piece, maybe ... to give ourselves the illusion of having done something!

* * *

Mother takes up the translation of a text by Sri Aurobindo:

"This question of free-will and determination is the most knotty of all metaphysical questions and nobody has been able to solve it – for a good reason that both destiny and will exist and even a freewill exists somewhere; the difficulty is only how to get at it and make it effective."

That's perfectly true! It's perfectly true, it's again part of my present experience. It's as if, somewhere, I were suddenly told, "But just say, 'I want this'!" (But not with words: words are a travesty.) Then a little something in the being goes like this *(gesture of gathering),* and ... there it is. And it's true. FOR THE BODY (I don't mean for thought or feelings: once and for all, we are leaving all that aside), only for the body, something that says, "But you just have to say, 'I want this, this must be'" (not with words), and something does indeed go like this *(same gesture of gathering),* goes like this in a blue light – a bright sapphire – and ... there it is. There it is. It's very simple.

Only, one can't explain because one uses words that have another meaning. Saying, "You just have to will" would be nonsense.

Strange.

Is that all? Do we do one more translation? Are the texts long ones?

Five and nine pages.

That will be for another time.

But they will ask me all that, they're already growing impatient. And then, they think (they're very polite, very well-mannered), they think, "Mother is ... *she is going down"! (Mother laughs)*

All of a sudden ... while I am doing something, writing or listening or anything, all of a sudden I'll enter a consciousness in which I see all relationships differently, and also a sort of power wanting to learn to wield itself; so of course, it's extremely interesting, and instead of going on with what I am doing, I follow the movement ... "Here's Mother falling asleep again"! And I read their thoughts, as clear as daylight, their reactions.... Still, I am polite, I don't tell them anything. If I weren't polite, it would cause disasters.

But anyway, there will be one person to know!

But I'd like to know ... (I am beginning to be interested in the problem, I am looking at it): will this residue ... *(Mother breaks off).* But the question isn't like that, it's a question of TIME. With time (Sri Aurobindo said three hundred years), with time EVERYTHING would get to change. But there is the wave of habits, and the easy solution which consists in quite simply taking this *(Mother points to her own body as to an old garment)* and throwing it away: "Off with you, I no longer want you!" It's disgusting. Because it can no longer get along fast enough, one takes it and says, "Off with you! Go away, I no longer want you, go to decomposition." It's disgusting.

And I FEEL the atmosphere. There is the whole collective thought, people writing to me, "I hope you'll still live for a long time"! *(Mother laughs)* And all

the usual nonsense. You know, they are so full of idiotic goodwill.... It makes a difficult environment.

I look at this body; at times it says (at times, when there is too much incomprehension, when the people around are too absolutely unwilling to understand), it says, "Ah, let me go." It says to me ("it," what is it? What's still unconscious, too unconscious and not receptive enough), it says, "Very well, leave me, it doesn't matter, let me go." Like that. Not disgusted or tired, but ... Then it's really pitiful. So I say to it *(in a tone of voice as if speaking to a child):* "No, no, no."

It's a question of patience, of course. Question of patience.

(silence)

What's going to happen?

I don't know. We'll see.

You, at any rate, you will know.

You'll be able to tell them *(laughing),* "Things are not as you think they are...." I would tell them, but they won't hear me.[54]

I don't know ... I don't know what's going to happen. What's going to happen? Do YOU know?

One day it will be glorious.

(silence)

When you do something for the first time, no one can explain it to you.

We'll see.

June 18, 1968

(Regarding an unpublished letter of Sri Aurobindo.)

K. asks me if this is correct.

> *(Question) One thing is strange. One never feels sex-vibrations when touching Europeans while one can hardly touch Orientals without feeling it either at the time or by memory afterwards. Does this means that the Europeans are purer than Orientals?*
>
> (Sri Aurobindo) "No they are not purer, but they live more in the mental and less in the vital ...

Well, not anymore! Since the war everything has changed.

> "... Therefore sex is with most of them, less passionate and preoccupying than with most Indians. This is at least true of the English and Americans, not perhaps quite so true of the southern peoples. But still it is a fact that one can meet Europeans more easily in a purely mental way. Vivekananda had noticed this about American women and writes of it in one of his letters."

Not since the war.

> *Yes, on the contrary, my impression was that it was far more predominant in Europeans than in Indians.*

So I felt, too.

Even when I lived there [in the West], everything seemed to me to revolve around that. You couldn't meet people without ...

It may be different with the English, I don't' know – I have always felt the English to be wooden!

* * *

Soon afterwards

Have we finished the *Bulletin?...* There are still texts by Sri Aurobindo to translate.

> *Would you like me to do it at home?*

I am afraid of being lazy, you know! You have a lot to do.

> *No, no, Mother! I'm here to do the work.*

Obviously, it would go faster.

I am getting more and more lazy!

> *Of course not! You have more important things to do.*

I have the impression of a very continuous work. Nights too are very active.

I am getting lazy ...

> *Oh, listen!*

It's strange, it imposes itself like that: I'll be following a movement, and then ... I'll go off in trance. It happens at any time. I'll

be eating: in the middle of the meal, something comes like that, I follow the movement and I remain absorbed; then afterwards, I see all the people waiting! *(Mother laughs)*

It's been like that for several months.

Has it?

Yes, I've noticed. You seem to be far more ... interiorized.

Interiorized, yes.

I hear myself speak, you understand.... The consciousness is deeper down. I hear myself speak. Sometimes even, I don't recognize my voice; well, things of that sort.

Yes, sometimes I've even had the impression ... I thought, 'Mother is drawing away." A drawing away.

No ...

I am WITHIN, far more within than before – not within here [in Mother], but within all things.... Extremely sensitive to all the movements of those around me: inner movements.

For instance, time goes by ... times goes by with, you know, lightning speed! Nights and days and weeks follow each other with dizzy speed. When a Sunday comes, I feel as if the previous Sunday was the day before. Everything is going very, very fast.

(long silence)

Yes, I understand what you mean: the relationship with external things is no longer the same.

We'll see! *(Mother laughs)*

Does human matter respond a little, does it follow?

That I don't know. But what I know is that the action on human matter is far greater than before – the action. For instance, the possibility of taking a pain away, of changing a vibration – all that increases a lot. With results that are sometimes very interesting.

The other day (I think it was yesterday), the memory suddenly came back to me (I know why things come now: it's always when someone calls or when there is a work to be done), and for some reason I remembered that story about Christ, *an old saying:* Christ was healing the sick and so on, even bringing a dead man back to life, when he was brought an idiot and asked to give him intelligence.... Then, the story goes, Christ ran away! *(Mother laughs)* Later he was asked, "Why did you run away?" – "It's the only thing I can't do!" ...

But why did it come? (Because it just comes like that, all of a sudden.) So I looked, and then I said, "But no! Why did he run away? He just had to do this *(Mother slightly rotates her hand, shaping something),* and the child would have become intelligent."

When I go off like that, within, I always seem to ... to be shaping vibrations.

And when that memory came, it was so clear, I said, "But no! One just has to go like this ... *(same gesture of the hand),* and he will receive the light and become intelligent...." You understand, when I go within, it's always to work on vibrations. And afterwards (the next day, or later in the day) I'll learn that something has happened to someone, he called me and asked me that. It's always a call. And it's a response.

But as the mind is very still, I don't "know" in the mental form: it's in a very ... very simple form, very objective *(gesture of looking at a picture):* all of a sudden came Christ running away because he was brought an idiot – "But no!" And there was the movement of turning vibrations *(same gesture as before),* receiving the light, and he becomes intelligent – like that.

In fact, it's with things of this sort that I spend my time. I don't note them down, because ... there would be too many of them to begin with.

Someone ... (most of the time I know who it is, but sometimes I don't) ... something has happened to him, something has got twisted; so one works on it, one sets it straight again, puts the light, the good vibration back on it, and then ... later in the day, or the next day, I'll receive a line, "I was in a lot of pain" or "I called you." Like that.

But free from the whole mental notation – that doesn't exist: very still.

So there! *(Mother laughs)*

So you'll have a little more work.

But it's nothing, Mother!

June 22, 1968

Do you have news of P.L.?

No, I just know he's left for Rome.[55]

He's arrived.

I wonder, because ...

You feel something's wrong?

I have a very strong suspicion about the famous "friend" [Msgr. R.], because he was the one who told P.L. to come here (you remember how he insisted P. L. should come), and now he's saying P. L. came here to live with a woman. And he's the one who arranged everything so P.L. would stay with J.! I have a very strong suspicion. Haven't they laid a terrible trap for him? ...

He's expecting a sort of interrogation.

Yes. You remember, it was this Monsignor who sent a telegram to J. asking

her to take P.L. in.... To me, these people will stop at nothing.

All the more so as it must now be known that he tried to see the Pope and speak to him about the Ashram.

Yes, of course!

Before he left, he told me he'd had a dream. I think it's a personal symbol, but I don't know. He was in a vital world (he was being chased, I think); he suddenly climbed a tree, which turned into a cross, and he was crucified on it.... That place was on the edge of a sea that seemed leaden. So he climbed that tree, which turned into a cross, and was as if crucified on the tree; and (you know that at the top of the cross, there is the inscription INRI) instead of that, there was your symbol: Mother's symbol. After that, the cross got as if caught or engulfed by that leaden sea, with only Mother's symbol emerging, remaining on the surface; the cross was engulfed, and little by little the leaden water changed colors and grew transparent. But he, P.L., was engulfed along with the cross.

(After a silence) I saw him before he left; there was around him an atmosphere I didn't like.... Yes, like a man who's going to sacrifice himself.

But he told me he was quite at peace.

As for me, I've done all I could – I've worked well, I've worked a great deal! Because there's nothing, no destiny that cannot be changed. I've done all I could. But I don't like their intention.

Yes, he told me, "Mother is my salvation."

And I am constantly pulled like this *(gesture of a call from there);* this morning again I was pulled, with something forcing me to go and work there.

I knew the EXACT moment when he arrived in their atmosphere (now I don't remember), but exactly at that moment I felt it and saw his face.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother shows Satprem a letter that has been opened and sealed again.)

There was this Black who was here, he sent me a letter from America: the police opened it.... *(Laughing)* They wondered if it contained explosives (!) ... or God knows what else.

See, they resealed it.

I hope he hasn't written anything compromising!

Look at all this mail! *(Mother holds out to Satprem a stack of letters)*

Congo ... Fiji ... Germany ... France ... America ...

It's every day like that.

I received several letters from America asking me to save Kennedy,[56] and as those letters were opened by the police they must have wondered.... And here they called our A., the American, and questioned him for more than an hour – you know how they do.

But why? Is it directed specially at all Americans?

Yes, it's for the Americans.

But why?

Don't know ... They've got it into their minds that we are a "hotbed of American spies"!

* * *

(Then Mother listens to the conversation of June 15 about illnesses and the corporeal "residue.")

In my consciousness there was much more than I said....

Yes, most of the time you were in trance.

There were a lot of things.

But it's no use, I can't give it [for the *Notes on the Way]*.

I was very, very conscious while speaking, but it's difficult to express.

This isn't the time to speak.

But what I said there is getting increasingly confirmed, precise. After some time it will be interesting.

(silence)

Poor P.L.!

Did he give you any hint of a spirit of sacrifice? He doesn't look like that, but ...

No, I didn't get that impression.

Neither did I.

You know what Brother A.[57] had said: "I want to be a messenger to preach the Truth to them, and if for that they torture me, well they will torture me."

But P. L. doesn't have that sort of spirit. He wants to be of help.

P. L. could be very, very useful if he wanted to – very useful. But there's a little something that resists, I don't know what – maybe like a slight lack of courage somewhere, I don't know what.... When he is in front of difficulty, he is instantly tormented. That's what bothers me. Because I have put on him enough force for him to pull through in any event, but if inwardly he starts vibrating, it can't work anymore.

> *I told him that. I told him, "All depends on your tranquillity. If you have trust, nothing can happen to you."*

Oh, good, then perhaps ... But he makes me work hard! *(Mother laughs)* We'll see.

June 26, 1968

> *Have you received news of P.L.?*

This morning in fact, I was worrying a bit about him. I feel as if he has been ... swallowed up in a hole. I didn't like that.

* * *

Satprem reads a text of Sri Aurobindo:

> "The fear of death and the aversion to bodily cessation are the stigma left by his animal origin on the human being. That brand must be utterly effaced."
>
> *(The Synthesis of Yoga, xx.334)*

I didn't know that. It's very interesting!

Very interesting in the sense that before one can reach the condition in which death isn't necessary, one must absolutely find it ... entirely natural, an unimportant event. It's chiefly that – something of very little importance.

(silence)

The education of the physical consciousness (not the body's global consciousness, but the consciousness of the cells) consists in teaching them ... First of all it's a choice (it looks like one): it's choosing the divine Presence – the divine Consciousness, the divine Presence, the divine Power (all that wordlessly), the

"something" we define as the absolute Master. It's a choice of EVERY SECOND between the old laws of Nature – with some mental influence and the whole life as it has been organized – the choice between that, the government by that, and the government by the supreme Consciousness, which is equally present (the feeling of the Presence is equally strong); the other thing is more habitual, and then there's the Presence. It's every second (it's infinitely interesting), and with illustrations: the nerves, for instance ... if a nerve obeys all the various laws of Nature and mental conclusions and all that – the whole caboodle – then it starts aching; if it obeys the influence of the supreme Consciousness, then a strange phenomenon takes place ... it's not like something getting "cured" – I might rather say, like an unreality fading away.

And that's the life of every second, for the smallest thing, the whole bodily functioning: sleep, food, washing, activities, everything, everything – every second. And the body is learning. There are naturally hesitations stemming from the power of habit and also old ideas floating about in the air *(gesture of a swarming in the atmosphere):* none of that is personal. As a work, it's tremendous.

And continuous.

Continuous. There was a time when it would be forgotten now and then; now it's beginning not to be forgotten anymore. It's continuous. There's only one thing that interrupts it, it's the work with the outside, the relationship with others for that action which consists in infusing them – infusing them with divine consciousness. So then, this is the result: first, a very clear vision (not a vision in pictures, a very clear vision) of the state they are in; then, this: enveloping and infusing them with divine consciousness; and then, the effect that has, or hasn't. That's the occupation in relationships with people. The other work [on the cells] is the life of every minute.

It's growing more and more precise, more and more interesting – but absorbing.[58]

And a consciousness – a perception, rather – a growing perception of a state which ... I don't know how to explain it. There are two simultaneous states: the state of uninterrupted, almost endless continuity, and the state of ... toppling over into decomposition (for the body); the two are constantly like this *(Mother places one hand closely over the other).* And the choice – the constant choice – based, in fact, on a *reliance* ... leaning for support on the divine Consciousness for all things and every second, or ceasing to lean on it. To the cells, that choice appears to be a free choice, with a very strong sense (but not at all formulated in words) of the support constantly given by the supreme Consciousness to help them rely on it alone.

It's not mentalized – hardly mentalized at all – and almost impossible to formulate. But it's very clear. Very clear ... what is it? It's not in the sensation – it's in the state of consciousness. It's very clear states of consciousness. But hard to express. Continuous states, continuous, continuous: night and day, ceaselessly, continuously. The planes change, the activities change, but it's continuous. The mode of being or way of being may cease and give place to another, but that state

of consciousness is perpetual, uninterrupted, universal, eternal – outside time – outside time, outside space. It's the state of the consciousness.

(a gust of wind sweeps away the letters on Mother's table)

I am bombarded with letters! It's to stop me.

(silence)

So then, the so-called rest or annulment which is supposed to come from death is neither rest nor annulment: it's simply a fall backward, from which you have to climb up again. It's spinelessness that makes you fall backward – because you'll have to climb up again. It's nothing else than that. There's no opposition, no difference [between life and death], all that is ... The body is making fan-tas-tic discoveries.

Now and then, there is the old habit [the body's protest]: "Oof! Oh, too much, too much!" Just give it a little slap, it gets ashamed and goes back to work. It's very interesting. Very interesting. So then, till next time.

June 29, 1968

Did you get any news from P.L.?

I got a letter in which he said he'd arrived and was being urgently summoned to the Vatican at 10 A M. the same day.

He didn't say anything.

There's been no letter since.

Yes, in other words he hasn't told the result, he hasn't said anything about it.

And as if by chance, Msgr. R. left for Spain the day P.L. arrived. He didn't meet him.

I don't believe in chance.

* * *

Later

It's a continuous experience, day and night, and so crowded, so intense that ... it's impossible to describe.

It's as if I were making a discovery every minute.

(long silence)

Every minute a discovery. You know, an absolutely accelerated movement. And do you know what set it off? It's the text you read me the other day, by Sri Aurobindo, in which he says that the fear of death in man was the memory of the animal. It seems to have opened a door wide.

It's like a study – a really accelerated study, you can't imagine, one minute after another, like this *(snowballing gesture)* – from the standpoint of the work, that is, the purpose of physical existence in a body, and the usefulness of physical presence. And the absolutely clear, precise vision, in minutes" detail, of what's real and what's illusory, what's truly necessary and what's only imagination (that of others, but also, at times, one's own). But I would need hours to tell it all.... With (is it a basis?) the perception in the consciousness (but a detailed perception – I don't mean ideas, it has nothing to do with ideas or principles, etc.: there's no mental translation), the perception of what, in the work, demands or depends on the bodily presence (I am purposely not saying "physical presence," because there's a subtle physical presence that's independent of the body), the bodily presence. And then, at the same time, such a clear, precise, detailed vision of the relationship each one has with this body (a relationship which is thought, feelings and physical reactions all at once), and that's what gives the impression of the necessity of bodily presence – gives its measure also. So there is, at the same time, the perception of the TRUE usefulness of physical presence and the perception of the reaction in individuals.... It's a world! A world, because of the fantastic amount of details. A world unfolding every second. And accompanied by an inner perception, first, of the effect it has on the cells, and then that the cohesion has now really become, I may say, the result of a supreme Will, to the extent that it's necessary for ... let's say for the experience, or the work (anything – we can call it what we like). In other words, there is the aspect of progress of the cells as an aggregate. There is hardly – hardly, very weakly – the sense of a personality or a physical individuality, it's hardly that; neither is it a habit of being together, because it's very fluid in there: it's truly held together by a higher Will with a definite aim in view, but that too is fluid – nothing is fixed.

(silence)

It's a world of things I would have to say to be clear, but that's not possible.

At any rate, the inner (or higher) organization of circumstances, feelings, sensations, reactions in the totality of ... what thinks it is "individuals," is certainly growing more precise towards a definite aim in its orientation, an aim we might define as "the progress of the content of consciousness," that is to say, the broadening and enlightening of consciousnesses. But I am putting it the wrong way round (that is, I am putting it the way it's understood); the truth is this: it's the Consciousness doing a special work *(gesture of kneading)* on the instruments of its

manifestation, so as to make them clearer, more precise, transparent and complete. When the Consciousness expresses itself, it does so in instruments who darken, muddle, mix up and diminish its power of expression to a tremendous degree; well, that's the work: making them more limpid – more transparent and limpid – more direct, less muddled, and broader, ever broader ... and at the same time more and more transparent: removing the obstructing fog – transparent, limpid, and also very vast.

It's a movement of acceleration: it's the great work of the whole creation to consciously return ("return" is another silly word – "turn to" would be better), to become again, to identify again, not by abolishing the whole work of development and ascent, but ... It's like a multiplication of the facets of Consciousness, and that multiplication is growing increasingly coherent, organized and conscious of itself.

Individualization is only a means to make the innumerable details of the Consciousness more complex, more refined, more coherent. And "individualization" ... we shouldn't mistake it for physical life; physical life is ONE of the various means of that individualization, with such fragmenting and such limitation that it compels a concentration that intensifies the details of the development; but once that is done, it [individualization] isn't the lasting truth.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

What did you want to tell me?

You say that this individualization isn't the "lasting truth"?

Individualization, in its feeling or perception or impression, in its sense of separate individuality, has no lasting truth. It continues to exist (how should I put it?) in all its power and all its knowledge, but with the sense of Oneness. Which is altogether different. And there is such a clear perception of what comes into

the consciousnesses, into the individuals, what comes from the falsehood of separation; there always remains something, but sometimes it grows dim almost to the point of disappearing (that's in exceptional cases or exceptional beings). But the sense of division must completely disappear. It's ...

To explain anything at all I would have to say too many things.

(contemplation)

I'll say more another time.

Is it time?

Yes, Mother, it's half past eleven.

Is there anything you wanted to ask?

I was thinking that when you are on the other side, supposedly dead, you still lose a means of action, don't you?

Yes. Not so much as one thinks. Lately, for instance, I've been trying not to

say anything, but to put a strong formation – it works very well. Instead of saying, "Bring me this" or "Do this for me," you put a strong formation: it works very well. And the formation doesn't at all depend on the body – not at all. The consciousness doesn't need the body to make the formation.

Yes, but to be transformed, matter needs the bodily presence.

That's right, it boils down to that.

Sri Aurobindo can't do that.

Sri Aurobindo is working ALL THE TIME.

Yes, but that he can't do – that transformation of matter.

Ah, no, that he cannot do. It's dissolved, of course.

That's what we might call the individual work. Only, to what extent can this transformation be integral? That's the question.... I've said it's a much accelerated work, obviously, but in spite of that, you feel the amount of experiences necessary for the transformation is so tremendous that ... the limits of a lifetime are too short. But then ... I've already told you several times that this aggregate has ... not an impression, but a very clear perception that a certain disequilibrium or disorder (which may apparently be very slight, a mere nothing) is enough to cause dissolution. It feels that the slightest thing is enough, and that only the higher Will to keep it together is preventing things from reaching that stage. Like that. It depends on That.... I lived the first thirty years of my life (nearly thirty, twenty-five to thirty) with the sensation that NOTHING could bring about dissolution; that if disorder came, order would quite naturally be restored to allow the body to go on. Very strong, it was very strong. Then there was a period when there was nothing, neither on one side nor on the other; and then, slowly, slowly, there has now come the perception that the LEAST thing is enough, and that it's only the SUPREME Will (not even higher: the supreme Will) that is preventing dissolution. It exclusively depends on That.

And as you say, this presence is maintained to the extent it's useful and indispensable for a certain aspect of the work. And in that case, there's no question of a long or short time, of when, how, what and all that – "It's as You will." Constantly, in every cell, every activity, every moment: "What You will, Lord." All the time. Like that. No question. Only, there is an observation, a very clear perception of the fact that this supreme Will is what enables things to carry on as they do.

So the conclusion is easy to draw: as long as He wills it, it will be like that; when He wills it otherwise, it will be otherwise. And that's all. At the same time, of course, the lesson is given: an increasingly clear perception that the field of the indispensable isn't as large as we imagine.... For me, Sri Aurobindo's presence is EXTREMELY effective – active.

But for this body it's interesting: it's in the smallest little details, you know,

that the body is shown the extent to which the presence has a real effect, thus making it necessary, and the extent to which it isn't necessary. It's growing increasingly precise in the smallest details.

The cells have no personal choice; their attitude is really like this: "What You will, what You will ..." for everything, everything. With only an increasing, intensifying, more and more constant, uninterrupted sensation that the sole support is – the Supreme Lord. There's only He, only He. And that's inside, in the body.

At the same time, a very precise perception.... You know, once (years ago) I was asked, "What is purity?" I answered, "Purity is to be exclusively under the influence of the Supreme Lord and to receive nothing but from him." Then, a year or two later, while reading Sri Aurobindo, I found a sentence in English which said exactly the same thing in other words[59] (a sentence I had never read and didn't know). I saw that same sentence yesterday evening (I have a calendar with quotations from Sri Aurobindo).... They [the cells] are growing purer and purer, and the extent to which they aren't is pointed out very clearly, in an absolutely precise, distinct way, as if with the point of a needle, on the spot that isn't pure. And it hurts! It always corresponds to a pain – while the same physical condition goes on. Take an exposed nerve in a tooth: normally, it should hurt constantly; at times, in an almost general way, it doesn't exist, but just when the purity isn't total, whew! It hurts excruciatingly!... And in a few seconds it may pass. So it all exclusively depends on That – everything. It's a proof, the most concrete proof!

July 3, 1968

And your translation of "Savitri"?

But I have work to do. I no longer have time. I no longer have time to do anything.

It's a pity.

That is to say, now F. has taken it into her head to translate *Savitri* with me (all she does is look in the dictionary when I need a word), right from the start, and I've reached the second page! It'll take ten or fifteen years!

But I find it very interesting, because I only have to be still, and Sri Aurobindo dictates to me. So there remains one or two little corrections in the French, and that's that. He tells me the word: for this word, this word. Like that. It's very interesting. Only, I do five or six lines every time.... But now I do it better than I used to.

* * *

Soon afterwards

The government (I don't know who) has asked the chief of the Radio here to ask me for a message on India's condition. At first I answered, "I don't deal with politics." Then he told me, "No, it's not from a political but from a spiritual standpoint." I said, "I don't know." But he insisted, he told me, "I've been asked by the government; if I can't give it to them, I'll be in trouble...." The poor man knew how to get round me! *(Mother laughs)*

See, here's his letter *(Satprem reads): "I pray the Mother to record a message for my radio on 'integration and unity of India'...."*

I said this:

(Mother reads)

> "It is only India's soul who can unify the country.
>
> "Externally the provinces of India are very different in character, tendencies, culture, as well as in language, and any attempt to unify them artificially could only have disastrous results.

> "But her soul is one, intense in her aspiration towards the spiritual truth, the essential unity of the creation and the divine origin of life, and by uniting with this aspiration the whole country can recover a unity that has never ceased to exist for the superior mentality."

My handwriting has become quite bad.... It's not me who wrote this, I don't remember it at all – it doesn't evoke any memory in me.

I also put (and this is from me), *"the essential unity of the creation and the divine origin of life."* That whole formula, I know, was an attempt to express the thing without using the word *"God,"* because ... There was in my life a period of at least twenty years during which those words used to make me bristle, so I understand very well the feeling it evokes in people. Later, it was Sri Aurobindo who made me rise above all that; but it's because he pulled me very high up that I rose above all that, otherwise, on an intellectual level, it didn't do at all. It evokes the narrowest religiosity, and ... it won't do. So I don't want that – the country is now fully in it, here in India. I don't want to raise that first obstacle. That's why I made this long sentence.

* * *

Towards the end

Do you have news of P. L.?

> *I got a letter. He doesn't say anything in fact, he says he was summoned to the Vatican but doesn't give any detail. Otherwise, he says he is well and feels your presence.*

Yes, that I know.

> *And he says that Cardinal T., who is the Cardinal of France, as well as Msgr. R., both insisted that he should stay at his post at the Vatican.*

Oh!... I thought they wanted to nominate him cardinal over there ....

> *Yes, he [P.L.] wanted to pull out of the Vatican.*

Yes, HE did.

> *But they want him to stay at his post at the Vatican, at least for the time being.*

Oh! ...

July 6, 1968

(Mother is unwell. Still, she has recorded her "Message on India's Unity" for All India Radio.)

What do you have to say?

You're tired.

No, oh ... it's a long affair.

The last time you came, I had a cold; it didn't even last for a day: the following night, it was over. But it has hastened the movement of transformation, so it's become difficult.

This whole area, here and here *(Mother points to her throat, chest, etc.)* was caught.... Generally it takes several days.

And this morning, I don't know – I think I know why: it's because the body itself is closely connected to all those who call with a lot of force, and ignorant as it is, it suffers the consequences. These last few days, there have been three or four cases, and I saw in the body a kind of imitation.... It hasn't yet learned to instantly transform the vibration.

So there have been two or three cases (two cases were very clear), and this morning, this stupid body of mine started running out of breath: "Too, too fast, too fast...." So it had to be kept still (it started running a temperature) and stop eating. But I had told it (I saw it came because of someone who's very ill; a combination of all kinds of things at the same time), during the night I had said to it that there was this work to be done [the radio recording], and so there was no question of flinching. So then, to be able to do it, it did away with all the rest – it didn't arrange flowers, didn't take its breakfast and so on.

The cold, too, came from someone (I have no opportunity to catch cold), it was from someone. I know who it is, but ...

This is how it is: either change or dissolve.

It would be only too pleased, of course, it's not refusing, it's willing, eagerly willing, but at times things go very fast and it's difficult.

(long silence)

Did you have something to say?

I have news of P.L.

Ah!

It's a whole series of things. First there's a note from J. who's received a letter from P.L.; she writes this to me: "P.L. is fine. Msgr. R. told him he had 'discovered another world through your book....'[60]

He has come into contact with Mother. He made P.L. see the importance of staying in this milieu for some more time if they want to transform it....

(Mother opens her eyes wide) Oh! ...

"... P.L. feels totally guided by Mother; as soon as his work is over, he isolates himself to study and meditate on The Life Divine...." Another thing: P.L. has sent the letter Msgr. R. had left for his arrival at Rome; in that letter, among other things, the Monsignor wrote P.L.: "I also want to inform you that I revealed to his Eminence [the cardinal of France], under the seal of secrecy, that you were in an Ashram in India. His reaction was excellent and he entirely approves of you."

Bah!

Finally, a letter from P.L. telling the story: "I somewhat restrained myself from writing to you and telling you about my new situation, which might have been precipitated at any moment. On my return, the Vatican adopted a dual policy: threats on one hand, and on the other, promotions and offers of fine situations. I had been absent from Rome since December 9: what strange illness could last such a long time? There was talk of subjecting me to a medical examination by three physicians, demanding the names of the clinics[61] visited, and so forth. I consulted His Eminence and Msgr. R. Being expelled by the application of the rule suited no one neither my family, nor the Cardinal himself. So the solution was to take up my new post, assuring them that I had fully recovered: thus the investigations stopped; I was no longer prosecuted, my case was shelved. No doubt, curiosity and suspicion haven't been allayed, but my life has gone back to routine, and after some time everyone will forget. I will see the Pope next month, and I may accompany him in his journey to Colombia at the end of August – I will keep you informed. There is still the difficulty of his health which may prevent the journey.... All that I have just told you is quite 'external' to myself and I hardly participate in it; I'd rather write about my consciousness: it hasn't changed – it has remained fastened to Mother's influence. I feel her protection; everything is easy, for she is with me; she gives me the suitable answer. Like a mantra, I repeat, "Oh, Mother, with your help is anything impossible?" More than that, the joy she has put in my heart remains unshakable. My thought flies away towards her, full of gratitude. Msgr. R. told His Eminence I had been at the Ashram: the Cardinal is delighted. R. has finished reading your book: in his mass he has preached Aurobindo's ideas. He told me he has come into contact with Mother: he is going to write to her, and later will go and see her. He has accepted Aurobindo's message as a solution for the

world. I must still tell you the joy the telegram gave me: to Mother all my gratitude."

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

It's good.... It's good.

It's absolutely true that I am with him. Absolutely true. And you remember, I told you that experience, that very strong thing I had felt: like a great thing beginning, a Beginning....[62] It seems to be true.

It's going to be a big step for the world – for the entire world.

Excellent.

I seem to feel he'd like a confirmation from you that he should stay there for the work.

Oh, yes! It's good that way, he must stay and do his work. He must stay. And when I say, "It's very good," it means EVERYTHING is very good. He is quite equal to the situation. It's very good.

It's the little personality abdicating its own well-being for the general work, and that's very good, it makes you move forward very fast.

It's very good. At all events, it's very good.

His response is far superior to what I expected.

I have a strong feeling of those marvelous moments of the divine Grace.... All one wants is to keep quiet and worship, that's all.[63]

July 10, 1968

Mother sorts out letters

There's little S. who wrote me a letter – quite a desperate letter in which she said she didn't want to live anymore. Because she'd done some foolish things. So I answered her that one doesn't live for one's own satisfaction: one lives to discover the Divine and identify with him. And so, it's not a question of "pleasure" or "no pleasure."

I wrote very strongly and sent the letter. Since then, absolute silence! No one budges anymore.

(another letter)

This is Y. trying to show me I was wrong and she was right. Very well! Let her remain convinced she's right, it's the same to me! *(Mother laughs)*

(a note of Mother's)

"According to what I know and see, in a general way, children OVER FOURTEEN should be left independent, and should be given advice only in so far as they ASK for it.

They must know that steering their own life is their responsibility."

* * *

Soon afterwards

I had made a reply to T.F.'s pupils on the question, "What is death?" (They had written to me and I had replied.) But then, they didn't understand anything. And here are their new questions:

(Mother holds out a letter to Satprem)

Regarding your last reply, here are our questions: "When the will of the physical being abdicates 'for no reason,' is it for no PHYSICAL reason, or for no reason of any sort?"

What did I tell them?

Yes, regarding leaving one's body, you said, "There are innumerable reasons, but unless it's caused by a violent accident, it's mostly the will to maintain cohesion which abdicates for one reason or another, or for no reason. That is what inevitably precedes death."

The physical consciousness is conscious only physically, so my expression isn't clear enough: "For no reason it's CONSCIOUS OF." That's all. The other question?

"Where does the physical being's disgust at carrying on the effort of coordination and harmonization come from?"[64]

That disgust generally occurs when there is in some part of the being – an important part, either vital or mental – an absolute refusal to progress, and so, physically, that expresses itself as a refusal to exert oneself against the deterioration that stems from time.

And the last question: "Where does the link between the central will of the physical being and the cells take place? How is it made?"

(long silence)

The cells have an internal constitution or structure that corresponds to the structure of the universe. So the connection is made ... (one is stopped short by the stupidity of words: it's not "external," but it's external for the individual), it's made between identical external and internal states, that is to say, the cell, in its internal constitution, receives the vibration of the corresponding state in the total constitution.

Words are inane.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation,
then suddenly smiles, amused
in the middle of her contemplation)

Someone (I don't know who) has just shown me.... It was a man's big hand, and there was in it ... it wasn't an egg or a physical object – he told me it was the representation of a cell. It was an object that seemed to me this big *(gesture: about three inches),* transparent and living: it was living. And he showed me the various internal constitutions of the cell, and the correspondence with the center. A wholly precise vision, so precise that I was flabbergasted, I said, "Oh!"

It had a strange shape: not like an egg, but narrower at one end, and ... I don't know how to describe. Give me a piece of paper.

(Mother starts drawing)

It didn't have a very precise outline, because it was radiant. It had internal constitutions of varying radiances *(Mother draws points or various concentrations within the cell),* and the center was wholly luminous. And there was a big hand, almost a paw, you know, a big hand holding this cell very carefully: he took great care to touch it as lightly as possible *(Mother draws two big fingers holding the cell).* It was luminous, held up with two fingers, like this.... I don't know what the scientific shape of cells is, but it was like this. And he showed me the various radiances. The periphery was the most opaque; the deeper inside, the more luminous it became; and the center was wholly luminous, it was bright, that is, radiating. Then there were different colors – not very intense, but different colors. The hand was magnified perhaps

twice, because it was this big *(about ten inches),* while the object was this big *(about three inches),* and it was a cell.

He showed me the constitution, and how the connection was made.

Did the connection take place at the center of the cell?

Yes, at the center of the cell.

The fingers were much bigger than the cell, and they touched it only with the tips, like this *(gesture).* Only the forefinger and thumb were visible – the tip of the thumb. But huge fingers! So it was probably magnified.

(Mother laughs) I was a bit flabbergasted!

It may be the ratio between the size of a hand and that of a cell – no, it can't

be. But it was a huge hand, like this, holding a cell up to me. Big like this. He showed the connection. There were colors: some spots were slightly bluish, others ... There were all kinds of things – it was very complex – with varying radiations. And the connection was from light to light.

But here, this boy asks about the link between the cell and the central will of the physical being.

Physical, yes.

But what you've just drawn is the cellular central will.

But it's the correspondence between the two. It was to show me how the central will of the physical being was connected to or acted on the cells. He showed me a cell which was like the representation ...

In other words, the central will, or light, acts on the cell by touching corresponding lights?

Yes, that's it, by an inner contact in the being. It gave the impression that each cell was a miniature world corresponding to the whole.

(silence)

My whole life long, I complained that my visions weren't more material than vital visions: they started from the vital and went up higher and higher, but below the vital, there was nothing. And now, it's a continual vision of the subtle physical – constant, I see both together: the physical and the subtle physical. Only, the physical, purely physical vision is much disturbed by the other vision. You understand, it's more a CONSCIOUSNESS of things than purely and merely a vision. And I've noticed, when I have someone in front of me, for instance, with some, when I look at them they grow more and more precise and clear; others become more and more blurred TO MY PHYSICAL VISION. It must depend on their state of consciousness. Some grow extremely precise, especially the eyes, and in their eyes I see the consciousness – the eyes are perfectly visible. Others, on the contrary, become blurred like that; with some, even, in place of their eyes I've seen two black plates. As if they wanted to put a veil. It's very interesting.

Oh, physically I see clearly enough to do everything, but I can't read. Even my vision of pictures is a little ... I don't know if it's deteriorated or transformed: what I see isn't the picture as it is exactly, but maybe as it wanted to be. A slight difference.

Hem! *(Mother smiles, amused)*

Another time, I'll ask you a question on this vision. Now it's too late.

If you had asked it, I'd have been happy. Now it's a little late. What question?

On the supramental vision, in fact.

Oh, yes, that was a problem. All right, all right!

July 13, 1968

(Mother looks very tired.) What else?

I'd have liked to ask you a question on that vision of the subtle physical – that material vision which you have with open eyes. I'd like to know what it corresponds to: does it correspond to a supramental vision, or is it the vision a skilled clairvoyant, for instance, might have?

I don't think so.

(long silence)

As soon as I speak about something, it goes away. So when I speak too early, I don't get the full experience.

(Then Mother goes into a long contemplation, and emerges only when time is up.)

It's difficult.... Difficult.

July 17, 1968

(Mother is running a temperature, breathing with difficulty and coughing. She hasn't eaten anything. She receives Satprem lying on her couch.)

It's the same thing going on.... Do you have news?

I have news of P.L. and of Msgr. R.... But won't it tire you?

No, no! It doesn't tire me.

There's a letter from Msgr. R. to you. It was sent through J. Here's what he writes J.: "Let me first thank you – once again – for Satprem's book on Sri Aurobindo. I have finished reading it. This book has and will have a considerable influence on my life. Secondly, I thank you for the help you gave my dear P.L. He has come back transformed, purified, illuminated. Lastly, may I ask you to hand over to Mother the enclosed letter...."

What does he say?

"Mother, it is without the least reservation that I give you this name of Mother, to you who have given life back to my favorite son.... His stay at the Ashram has marked an essential stage. There has been in his inmost being a radical upheaval.... May I add that I myself feel your powerful and benevolent protection? I have the impression of being understood by you, and I feel I am the inheritor – along with your numerous sons, daughters and disciples – of the spiritual treasures accumulated each day by your fidelity to the mission entrusted to you. With my deep and intense gratitude, may you accept, Mother, the token of my respectful and filial piety."

Do you have this man's photo?... No? And P.L., what does he say?

It doesn't tire you? Shall I read it to you?... He answers my last letter, in which I had conveyed your message:

"I have tears in my eyes: a commotion of immense joy has shot through my whole being when I read your letter, and Mother's words which you repeat for me.... I cannot find words to describe my psychological state – I let you guess it. I feel so small, so insignificant before the horizons you make me glimpse. All this incites me to serious work, to the 'abdication of the little personality' so as to be worthy of HER. These feelings in my soul are very different from all my previous religious experiences....

(Mother nods her head in approval)

"... I feel all luminous, the Divine Grace is so powerful that at times I think my body is incapable of holding it; Mother's Presence is so real; the bliss is so serene, so tranquil.... The little ADVENTURE begun at the Samadhi becomes so worthy of being lived, the CONSCIOUSNESS has widened so much.... Darkness, fear, scruples, mortifications are so far away! A few weeks ago, I had a very painful dream: my body was being torn apart, the pain was excruciating; my feet, my hands, my head were being pulled apart.... Today, when I read your letter, I understood the meaning: I had to grow.... Just two words to inform you about my situation. As I told you, I found two currents in the Vatican, the first one quite raging against me; we thought that my assuming a new post would calm them down ... but a few days later, they managed to demand a Collegiate examination (by a neurologist, who, I believe, had been ordered to declare me 'ill,' an endocrinologist, an expert in general medicine, and the Pope's physician] hence the cry of the child running to his mother: my

telegram asking for Mother's protection. On Sunday the 7th, I had a dream: Mother came into a sort of huge warehouse, where I was lying on the ground, and told me, 'Quick, get away and leave me your place.' I flew away (without my body, which was still on the ground): it was my soul that went away, and, from on high, very high up, I saw Mother taking possession of my body, entering it, and staying put. Suddenly an army of doctors in white robes makes a beeline for my body (in which Mother is still hidden); no sooner have they surrounded and begun examining it than a terrible explosion sends them flying into the air....

(Mother laughs)

"... I woke up at the blast.... You must have received my telegram: 'Perfect diagnosis.' Thus the group that was trying to eliminate me from the Vatican is every day losing its strength and weapons, its intrigues neutralized. The other group, which is favorable to me, on the contrary sees my transformation with pleasure, and I am cautiously beginning to give it Aurobindo's message. I told you that Msgr. R. is enthusiastic. Now, knowing that Mother replied, 'Oh, yes! It's good that way, he must stay and do his work. He must stay.... It's absolutely true that I am with trim,' I am wholly at peace, full of desire to be 'the instrument of this great divine work.'"

It's good. He is fine, this man.

(Mother goes on contemplating)

Then I have new questions from T.F.'s class.... The children have a very small thought, very small.

(Mother sends for the letter)

It's not very exciting, but anyway!

(Mother laughs, and Satprem reads)

"Is the will to progress sufficient to prevent the deterioration that stems from time? How can the physical being prevent this deterioration?"

That's just what the body's transformation is about! It's when the physical cells become not only conscious, but RECEPTIVE to the true Consciousness-Force, that is, when they allow the working of that higher Consciousness. That's the work of transformation.... Not so easy!

The other question: "How does the central Will and Light, which is

nonmaterial, act on the gross matter of the cells?"

It's exactly like asking, "How does the Will act on Matter?..." The whole Life is like that! It should be explained to these children that their whole existence is the result of the action of the Will; that without the Will, Matter would be inert and motionless, and the fact that the vibration of the Will has an action on Matter is precisely what permits Life, otherwise there wouldn't be any Life.

If they want a scientific answer, the how, that's more difficult, but the FACT is there, it's a fact that can be seen every second.

(long silence)

Tell P. L. I appreciate very much and am with him. I find it's very good.

And the other [Msgr. R.] ...?

Normally, your reply to him should be conveyed by J. (Mother goes into a long contemplation)

I keep having the same impression.... You know, the beginning of something very important.

July 20, 1968

(Mother looks better, although she is still coughing. Satprem, on the other hand, has caught a fever.)

It comes from there [the Vatican], it's the same origin as with me. The first time I was on my guard, but this time I've been taken by surprise.... If it amuses them!

* * *

Soon afterwards

I can't speak.... *(Mother coughs)* Z has made a "confession" to me and has asked me some questions. I intended to reply to her today, but today I don't have any voice. If you'd like to read it ... *(Mother holds out a letter to Satprem).*

"I have the feeling of a division and a confusion in my mind, and probably between different parts of my being of which I am not clearly conscious.

"In one of those parts, the Divine, or the Supreme, is a formless, undefined, vast thing which I do not really know, but aspire to know, and that is what my thought and love turn to when no other part or circumstance interferes. That is what I find in the depths. In it, I find the explanation and raison d'être of all things, and each day allows me, to the extent of my small capacity, to discover a new aspect of it. There are no problems or difficulties there, everything is peaceful and happy.

In another, more complex part, there is the everyday life and the ordinary personality. There, things are completely different. The central pole of that part has so far been love, but love as I understand it here, that is, not something subtle that rises but something concrete which is lived and exchanged, and which in order to exist needs the presence of the physical being, the 'living with, 'otherwise it has no raison d'être, having no base or concrete form. That is probably why you told me I loved love and not individuals. It's very true, because to me, individuals are only an occasion to live love, or what I call love.

"Now there is no longer any human person in my life, nothing anymore; this void may be what gave rise to the recent crisis. I vaguely feel something unclear, which I cannot define but do not like, as if a part of me were trying to live with You what it can no longer live with human beings.... My present difficulty comes from the impossibility to reconcile the two parts of my being, inner and outer, and from the ensuing divorce as far as you are concerned. Could you please enlighten me on the following points:

Ah, here are her questions.

1. Is what I call the Supreme, which I turn to within, a reality to the extent of my small capacity? And is my movement towards that a true thing, or an imagining and a flight from another reality which I refuse to recognize?

That's easy!

2. What is the relationship between what I call the Supreme, which I seek within, and yourself?

(Laughing) She doesn't expect me to answer that!

3. What is the meaning, on the practical level of the Yoga, of Sri Aurobindo's recommendation to go through You in order to attain Realization?...

Did he say one had to go through the Mother?

Yes. He said that if one turned exclusively to the Impersonal, one would tend towards an immobile, static realization, whereas going through you would lead to the dynamic realization.

Oh, that's it.... Then?

"... And in my case, what does it imply regarding the right attitude towards the Supreme and towards You?"

Is that all?

Yes. She makes divisions.

Yes, it's absurd. I intended to answer her, but I can't speak. She'll have to wait.

(long silence)

But still, on a practical level, I have sometimes wondered (in my case) about this: when I concentrate, my more spontaneous tendency is to concentrate on "That," which I do not define: it's "That."

(Mother approves eagerly) Yes, yes.

But at times I wonder if it wouldn't be better to concentrate on a more precise form such as yours, for instance – I am not making any difference.

That's not my opinion.

It's not your opinion?

It shrinks things a lot.

I'm not making any difference, mind you, I don't say, "There's Mother and then there's the Supreme," but I wonder if practically it wouldn't be better if it were "You" rather than "That."

No! No, when people ask me, I tell them straight, "No." Because in spite of everything, even if one understands, one is influenced by the fact of a personal form, a personal appearance, a defined personality – that's worthless. There are those who prefer to go to the Supreme through the idea of "the Mother," that is to say, of the realizing Force. As for me ... naturally, for me it has no meaning. But I see very clearly, I know that if people call me, it never goes here *(Mother points to herself),* it always goes straight towards the Supreme; even what goes through the active consciousness goes straight to the Supreme. But for them, sometimes it's easier. So I let them do it, but ... Because it doesn't matter; this person [Mother]

has become quite ... what could we call it? It's not even an image, it may be a symbol.... But it's like people who, in order to fix their attention, need to fix a point. I see what constantly happens: instead of directly going like this *(gesture towards the Supreme)* and of being a little imprecise for people, it goes like this *(towards Mother),* it's gathered here *(in Mother),* and it goes there *(towards the Supreme).*

(Mother draws with her two arms a sort of path going towards her, rising upward, then coming down again through her towards the people. The whole path looks much like the silhouette of a single Being.)

And here [in Mother], the fact of the physical presence allows the forces to be directed more precisely. I see how the Force from above acts *(gesture of a descending pressure or mass),* and people get the contact through a similarity of vibration. But when it goes like this *(gesture through Mother),* there is the addition of that physical, material knowledge, which makes it [the action of the Force] more precise and concrete. From the point of view of help, it's ... Sri Aurobindo was right: the help is more direct. It spares people a work. I see what comes, that sort of atmosphere (it's much more than an atmosphere: it's a Presence, you know, constant, He is constantly there), but then, in the consciousness here [in Mother], the action is growing more precise: it's growing more precise on an individual level, depending on the case, the need, the occasion. It's a sort of almost automatic work. I can imagine it helps people, obviously. They generally need a personal thing – by "personal" I mean with a vibration identical to theirs.

I don't know if it's because of this cold, I am not sure (I don't think so – I know very well where it comes from), the whole morning (during the night and the morning), there has been a sort of perception of all kinds of states of consciousness this body has been through, groups of circumstances, and then a perception so concrete, you know, so absolute: "Where is the person? Where, where is the individual? Where is the person? Where ..." And with such a clear vision of the supreme Consciousness, which, on the other hand, is the ONLY permanent consciousness – the supreme Consciousness at play in all that, all those movements, all those actions, all those ... But it was felt and lived in such a concrete way that I saw, for instance, that this body, which people think is the same body as the one born more than ninety years ago, isn't at all the same! Everything has changed: the cells have changed, everything! Everything: the state of consciousness is absolutely different. So then, where is the person? Where? ... Suddenly there was, "Where, where is that personality? Where is it?..." There was only That *(gesture above):* Consciousness. And then, the vision of the whole, of things taking form and ... *(wavy gesture of a Whole diversifying into innumerable forms).*

In other words, that experience one generally has in the higher mind, in the psychic, is now the body's – it's the body in its cellular constitution that has it. It had that experience this morning: That alone was permanent, That which, through

innumerable changes, remains ... *(immutable, unshakeable gesture with the edge of the hand).*

It was such a concrete experience – so concrete for the body – that it wondered how it still remained in a form?

And then, all the ordinary notions ... no more meaning. No more meaning, they've become meaningless.

It began yesterday with the notion of the infinitely small and all those worlds organized like that.[65] And the impression of a larger personality (I mean, taking up more space, if I may say so), in which men, all men were only tiny constituent elements.... That was yesterday. And today, it was the opposite, but complementary experience. And so the outcome is this vision of the All and of all things – the All which, because of our infirmity, we always see with limits.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation, then suddenly smiles)

I don't know if it's a result of what I told you or what, but I've seen an immense Being who came holding a little child by the hand ... and the little child was you. He came to put the child in front of me, like this *(gesture at Mother's feet).* Immense, immense, far taller than the house, you know: the little child was like a finger to him *(Mother shows two phalanges of her little finger).* He was holding the child like that, and came and put him in front of me *(Mother laughs).*

Maybe it's the continuation of what I told you! But it was very concrete.[66]

Sri Aurobindo said that when you go beyond the Impersonal, you find the Personal: THE Person. I am sure he had the experience.... My own sensation is a sort of fusion – a fusion of all sense of personality into ... I don't mean into an impersonality, that's not true, but it's something limitless, yet you get a sense, not personal at all in the narrow meaning of the word, but with all the concrete reality of the Person. You understand, it's the body's experience (I never had any difficulty in the other regions), the experience OF THE BODY. The body has the experience of that fusion, constantly; it constantly seems to melt, but ... for it, it's nevertheless from the identical to the identical; the feeling (feeling or sensation) of "otherness," of being "other," it perceives as its own imperfection. Yet it's not at all the experience of an immoderately magnified self, absolutely nothing of that sort, but ... What's wholly concrete is the All-Consciousness (the body does feel it's much more than that, it's only one aspect and is much more than that). But it's the constant, constant experience.

This idea of Personal or Impersonal has no meaning. It doesn't correspond to anything. The body has completely lost the sense of its personality, completely, and strangely – it's strange. For instance ... (for the moment, everything, but everything expresses itself as phenomena of consciousness), for instance, I don't know how many times a day, there will suddenly come the awareness of a disorder, a pain or suffering somewhere – somewhere in some part, but not a part ... shut in here *(Mother points to her own body):* like a spot in an immense body; and after a while, or a few hours later, I'll be told that someone or other has had such and such a pain, which was felt as being part of that immense body.... It has

become very odd. It has considerably increased with this cold. You see, I've been seeing fewer people, doing less work, resting more – I am putting it that way out of habit, but it doesn't quite correspond to the state ... When I say "I," it's as if I were putting myself in people's thought and speaking of what corresponds in it to all that; but it's not felt that way at all.

Ah, I'm going to tire you....

No! While you were meditating, I've rarely had such a physical impression, such a physical experience, in my body.

Oh?

Yes, I felt it very strongly: something that wasn't at all happening up above, but here.

(Mother nods and remains silent)

Yes, basically like a consciousness here, in the body.[67]

Yes, yes.

(silence)

The extraordinary thing is that with such a ... fantastic torrent of force as the one near you, or on you, or in you, it doesn't find a more physical expression than that!

But more and more (through news people bring or things that happen), I have more and more the sense of such an awesome torrent that ... Yes, I think it's like this: I think everything is changing, and changing with fantastic speed, but we don't notice it and we'll only become aware of it ... afterwards. Because there are hundreds of occasions to note details, and the overall impression is rather stupendous. For instance, if the consciousness is concentrated, if for some reason it's concentrated here in the body, then everything seems as if it's bursting – boiling and bursting – to such a point that I have asked several times, "Do I have a fever?" – I don't have a fever at all! And as soon as there is stillness, inactivity, and a concentration with the consciousness, then it's something so awesome, immense, you know, and ... Then there is Peace, Serenity. A peace ... something inexpressible – in an awesome action. And then ...

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

* * *

As Satprem is about to leave

There remains the question of Msgr. R., who wrote to you – I read you his letter last time.

Is he asking for a reply?

He is expecting something.

I answered abundantly, very concretely – very concretely, with great concentration.... I don't know if he is sensitive.

The contact lasted a long time, it was very complete, the work was very precise. I answered in a much truer way than words can do.

I thought of certain things I might say, but everything is so shallow. High-sounding sentences are useless, I detest them. Everything is so shallow and so petty.

I'll see if something comes.

July 24, 1968

(Satprem had written to Mother that he still had a fever.)

What's that!

But I am better.

Ah!

Yesterday afternoon, it left all of a sudden. I wrote to you the day before yesterday, then the fever went on, even rose higher...

But mon petit, I didn't know you had written, I knew it yesterday evening.

Well, yesterday afternoon, all of a sudden, even abruptly, in one second, I said, "But the fever's gone!..." That's odd!

(Mother gives Satprem a mock slap for his impertinent "That's odd")

No, I said, "That's odd," because it's strange after all: I was working, and it happened all of a sudden, I said to myself, "It's gone!" I don't know why. What surprises me is the abruptness of the thing.

No, that's how it is.

(silence)

I think a cleanup is taking place at the moment. As a rule I never pass on to others what I have (rather I catch what they have!), but this time everybody has a cold in one form or another! Everybody. For me it's clearly, very clearly a cleanup, but then ... a radical one.

* * *

(Mother remains in contemplation almost till the end.)

I can't speak *(Mother coughs),* and you, you mustn't speak, so ..

> *I just have a little question regarding P.L. He's written to say that in twenty days he will have his holidays at the Vatican, and he asks if he can come.*

I have no objection, if he thinks it won't have consequences there.

> *He also says that Msgr. R. is likely to come here. Right now he has been called to Canada, but he does hope that in August he'll be able to come and "take Mother's blessings."*

That's fine. I'll be interested to see this man.[68]

> *P.L. writes: "Msgr. R. is now reading issues of the 'Bulletin.' I told him we can change the face of the Church and fill it with a truer, more present content with Sri Aurobindo's ideas. He is convinced ..."*

(Mother laughs, amused) That's very good!

July 27, 1968

(Mother seems unwell.)

No voice....

> *It's not getting any better?*

The cold came down, and the day before yesterday I did something foolish: I took a medicine. It gave me a dreadful night and ... now it's difficult. It cut the consciousness off. So now it's difficult. The consciousness has come back, but ... And you, any news?

If you could send a little force on my publisher over there: the manuscript of the "Human Cycle" is stranded there.

Where?

With my publisher, in Paris.[69]

(Mother concentrates, then goes into a long contemplation)

When you have enough of staying quiet, tell me! As for me, I could remain like that the whole day long....

The Press is asking for a few texts to fill blanks in the forthcoming Bulletin.

Take from Sri Aurobindo, not from me! Everything from Sri Aurobindo.

(Satprem proposes the following text:)

"Overmind is obliged to respect the freedom of the individual ....

Oh, that's a revelation! I didn't know that.

"... including his freedom to be perverse, stupid, recalcitrant and slow.

Supermind is not merely a step higher than Overmind – it is beyond the line, that is a different consciousness and power beyond the mental limit."

(then a question:)

"Do you imply that the Supermind will not be obliged to respect the freedom of the individual?"

(Sri Aurobindo replies:)

" Of course I do! It will respect only the Truth of the Divine and the truth of things."

(September 18 & 19, 1935)

Oh, that's very interesting. It's wonderful, put it!

Then there's another text, but I am not sure ...:

"The scientific, rationalistic, industrial, pseudo-democratic civilisation of the West is now in process of dissolution and it would be a lunatic absurdity for us at this moment to build blindly on that sinking foundation. When the most advanced minds of the

> occident are beginning to turn in this red evening of the West for the hope of a new and more spiritual civilisation to the genius of Asia, it would be strange if we could think of nothing better than to cast away our own self and potentialities and put our trust in the dissolving and moribund past of Europe."[70]

I didn't know he had said that....
I don't know if it's very wise to say it.... But it's very true.
We should send it to the government of India.
N.S. [a minister in the Central government] is coming, I'll give it to her.
But not in the *Bulletin.*
And Indira Gandhi, wouldn't you send it to her?
.....

July 31, 1968

Any news from Rome?

> *Nothing important, but P.L. has sent me Msgr. R.'s photo.*

Oh, I'd like to see it.

> *But I don't think it's a recent photo.*

(Mother looks) ... He's had to struggle with powerful instincts. Sensuality and ...
Very intelligent indeed!
Interesting.
A strange man: he is amoral. That is to say, he may do extreme good or extreme evil just as easily. And a brilliant intelligence indeed. A politician of the first order.... You understand, he is good because that's good policy; but if the policy were to be bad, he would be bad.
I wonder if they have many like that among the cardinals?...
Sensation and thought.
Sentiments: none – what one considers should be, that's all.
Interesting, very interesting.
When will he come?

> *It's not yet decided. Maybe in August.... But P.L. on the one hand and J. on the other told me he's a man who has a strange power over women.*

Oh!

You know that he has a huge fortune, which was given him for charity, and it was women who gave him that money. And J. told me he has a power of attraction over women which is quite strange. But P.L. told me that he is "constantly ill, constantly getting blows...." He must have some vital opening, a weakness, and he gets blows.

Yes, he is the sort of man who IN THE PAST (now it's no longer like that), who in the past used to disgust me the most. I am not surprised.... He has something oily.

But P.L. told me that at the same time, something in him feels he's gone astray and aspires for something else.

Yes, that's above the mind.
It's about the only type of man whom I used to find intolerable.
We'll see.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

I've been in close contact with all these people. We'll see.

And what about you? Are you now all right?

Oh, I had a fever, for two days it was nasty. A big battle. We'll see later *(Mother is clearly not inclined to tell what's going on).*

August 3, 1968

(Mother remains very tired. She nevertheless listens to a long paper on Auroville, which she rejects, and prepares with Satprem a note summing up the ideal of this future city:)

" For millennia, we have been developing outer means, outer instruments, outer techniques of living – and finally those means and techniques are crushing us. The sign of the new humanity is a reversal in the standpoint, and the understanding that inner knowledge and inner technique can change the world and master it without crushing it.

> "Auroville is the place where this new way of living is being worked out, it is a center of accelerated evolution where man must begin to change his world through the power of the inner spirit."

* * *

Then Mother goes into a long contemplation

It seems to be accelerated transformation, it's a little crushing. We'll see.

August 7, 1968

(As Satprem goes upstairs to see Mother, he meets the doctor coming downstairs, who informs him that Mother has chest pain and her heart is in poor condition. Mother is sitting on her couch, very pale.)

We have to do the translation of the message for the 15th of August.
I chose this *(Mother holds out a paper to Satprem):*

> "One needs to have a calm heart, a settled will, entire self-abnegation and the eyes constantly fixed on the beyond to live undiscouraged in times like these which are truly a period of universal decomposition."[71]

Sri Aurobindo
May 6, 1915

(silence)

Is it universal decomposition?

(Mother smiles and nods)

Do you have any news?

From Rome?... He's coming around the end of the month. The Monsignor cannot come right now, he might come later. He's written a very good letter, by the way.

Oh! Will you read it to me?

It's written to J., following the letter I wrote, in which I said that inwardly you had replied "abundantly" to his letter, better than with words. So he writes:

"I have been many times in direct contact with Mother, and I feel her force enveloping me. Yesterday I began reading Mother's Prayers and Meditations. It is a splendor. Every day P.L. and I talk about the Sri Aurobindo Ashram. Every day. The Lord has taken you by the hand to this oasis of peace and light: bless him. I envy you!... Together with P.L., we form an invincible team. We have great plans – and will realize them. I thought I was 'old,' but P.L. has revealed to me that 'you become old when you stop progressing.'"

It's good.
Do you have news of your publisher for *The Human Cycle?*

No, nothing at all.

Bah!

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

What happened is this: the body suddenly (yes, it came over it one day like that) got a sort of ... not exactly disgust, but at any rate a dissatisfaction at its way of being and all its movements, all its consciousness and everything, and then ... (it obviously corresponded to a movement – a movement coming over it – of transformation), then there was complete decomposition. And very spontaneously, with all the sincerity it's capable of, it gave itself to the transformation, saying, "Either transformation or decomposition." Like that.

So things appear to have taken an accelerated turn, and all the old energy

which came ... in fact which came simply from the ego, from the sense of personality – gone. And materially, the result was that the pulse started behaving more than fancifully.

But spontaneously and constantly, the body is invoking, invoking, invoking....

Only, it's still in the phase when it hurts all over – everything is miserable, everywhere. And ... there's no positive joy, you know, there's a sort of sense of wonder, but ... And then, absolutely no strength.

I've been forced to cut down all the work; during the minute or minutes of contact with others, the Presence comes very positively, as always, but ... *(Mother shakes her head).* Circumstances seem to arrange themselves to give proof of the Presence and Help; for instance, the power over others is still there, but this ... *(Mother points to her body, implying it can no longer retain anything and there is no longer any power over the body).*

(silence)

I don't know.

Have YOU been told anything about me?

No.

I don't know what they are saying among themselves, but I have a very strong impression that all of them think it's the end.

No, no! No, no!

No?

No, Mother. No, no!

The consciousness is clear, clear, so clear, you know, absolutely unaffected,[72] absolutely, but ... Clear – perhaps even clearer. Just yesterday, I couldn't speak at all: as soon as I uttered one word, I would start coughing and coughing. It's the first time I've spoken since I saw you last time.

No, Mother, on the contrary, all of us[73] have faith – a natural faith – that it really is the ultimate possibility and CANNOT but work out!

The body has given itself up in all sincerity, really in all sincerity. Only, is there too much to be done? I don't know.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

Ah! So, till next time ...

On Saturday.... But people do understand, Mother.

Do they?

Yes, the "Notes on the Way" have helped them understand.

Oh, good.

They know a work is being done.

Good ... *(Mother laughs ironically).*
Mon petit ...

August 10, 1968

(Mother looks a little stronger: she remains standing while giving flowers to Satprem and Sujata. Satprem gives Mother the offering of his pension.)

Satprem has become a rich man! *(Mother laughs)*
Is there nothing we had to do? ... I am sure I had to show you something ... which I had to do with you.

(silence)

It's something I did with you last night.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

There's a perceptible improvement, but it's still impossible to speak.
Did you have something to ask?
What's the time?... Quarter past eleven.
It's a LONG TIME since I could rest so peacefully – a long time.[74]

August 22, 1968

(Satprem has not seen Mother since August 10. According to the doctor, her heart is weak, she does not eat anymore and can no longer remain standing. Yet she appeared for five minutes at the balcony for the darshan of August 15, but P., Mother's bodyguard, and V., her attendant, were behind and beside her, ready to support her. She looked so pale in her silver cloak. This morning, August 22, she has sent Satprem a note and soup packets, remembering even his material needs. Her handwriting is quite changed.)

August 22, 1968

Here are some soups, you must not have any left.
This time, it is TRULY interesting – but a bit total and radical.
How far, far away we are from the goal....

I will try to remember.
With you always.

Signed: Mother

August 28, 1968

(Mother receives Satprem and Sujata in her new, low armchair made of rosewood, which will remain till the end. She no longer gets up to fetch flowers for them.)

Come here, I am more deaf than ever! How are you?

It's been a long time without seeing you!

It was interesting, mon petit. I've kept all these notes, we'll see them. It's not over. It's not over and I don't know when it will be. But anyway, I'll be able to see you again in the morning. First, you must be famished!

No, not at all!

(Mother gives Satprem soup packets)

Do you have news?

No, Mother. I saw something before August 15, one night around August 11. I saw a huge, fantastic wave of white foam, but a wave higher than a house, fantastic; and propelled by that wave, an immense, completely black steamship, which seemed to go rolling on the rocks, but it wasn't crushed. It was propelled by that wave. And another ship, much smaller, which seemed to be light gray and was going even faster. And that fantastic wave of white foam.

Many things are stirring over there.... You know the events in Czechoslovakia.[75]

Things are stirring. A black steamship?

Yes, a huge steamship. And strangely, it seemed to be going on the rocks (which were also black), but without being crushed.

I am sure the movement has begun. How long will it take to reach a concrete, visible and organized realization? I don't know. Something has started.... It would seem to be the onrush of the new species, the new creation, or at any rate a new creation.

A terrestrial reorganization and a new creation.

For me, things have become very acute.... It was impossible to utter one word, one single word: as soon as I spoke, I would start coughing and coughing. Then I saw it was decided that I shouldn't speak. I remained like that and let the curve unfold. Afterwards, I understood. We haven't reached the end, but ... (how should I put it?) we are on the other side.

At one point things were so acute ... Usually I don't lose patience, but it had reached the point where everything, just everything in the being was as if annulled. Not only could I not speak, but my head was in a state it had never been in my whole existence – painful, you know. I couldn't see anything anymore, couldn't hear anything anymore. Then, one day (I'll tell you the experiences afterwards), one day when things were really ... it was difficult, painful all over, the body said, it said really very spontaneously and very strongly, "I don't care in the least about being dissolved, I am quite ready to live, but this condition is impossible, it cannot go on – either live or die, but not this." And from that moment on, things started improving slightly. Little by little, they took their place and were sorted out.

I took a few notes, which aren't worth much, but I think they can be used *(Mother looks for her notes on a table by her side)*. I can't see yet. I can't see, but I know.

I have two things here. One, a bit sarcastic and brief, can be used as "Apropos" in the next *Bulletin.* And I have others out of which, if you organize them, you can, I think, prepare the "Notes on the Way."

The "Apropos" is very brief *(Satprem reads out):*

"The doctor recommends not to tire oneself. What is it that tires? – Only that which is useless.

> "Seeing sincere people, to whom it does good, is not a fatigue.
>
> "But those who come to judge theories and practices, those who, with their intelligence, think they are highly superior and capable of distinguishing the true from the false, who imagine they can decide whether a teaching is true and a practice is in accordance with the Supreme Reality, those are tiring and seeing them is useless, to say the least ....

Oh, yes, I do understand! I understand that very well!

(Mother laughs) I thought it could make an amusing little note.

Oh, I've seen loads of such people, you know!...

> "... Let the higher intelligences putter along in their own sweet way, which will go on for millennia, and let them leave simple and goodwilled people, those who believe in the Divine Grace, free to move on quietly on their path of light."

Then, here, I have several notes, I don't know what it is....

(Mother holds out papers to Satprem)

The first note is dated August 22:

"For several hours, the landscapes were wonderful, perfectly harmonious.

" For a long time too, visions inside immense temples, with living godheads. Each thing with a precise reason and purpose, to express nonmentalized states of consciousness.

"Constant visions.

"Landscapes.

"Constructions.

"Cities.

" The whole thing immense and very diverse, covering the entire visual field and expressing states of consciousness of the body.

"Many, a great many constructions, immense cities being built....

Yes, the world being built, the future world being built. I couldn't hear anymore, couldn't see anymore, couldn't speak anymore: I was living inside that all the time, all the time, night and day. So, as soon as I could write a note, I noted that.

"... All kinds of building styles, mostly new, inexpressible.

"These are not pictures seen, but places where I am."

Yes, that's right. I'll explain to you what happened. There's another note which is the beginning:

"The vital and the mind sent packing so that the physical may truly be left to its own resources."

All by itself! All alone. And I realized the extent to which the vital and the mind are what make you see and hear and able to speak. It was ... I could see, in the sense that I was able to move about, but it quite lacked precision. It lacked precision. I heard still less than before, that is to say, very little – a little: sometimes the same as before; sometimes a very faint sound, very far away, which others couldn't hear, I heard; and when they spoke to me, I wouldn't hear: "What are you saying?" I don't know. And that was continuous, night and day.

One night (this is to tell you how everything was upset), one night I was in pain; something had happened and there was a rather strong pain: impossible to sleep. I remained concentrated like that, and the night went by in what seemed to be a few minutes. While at other times, on other days, at other moments, I was concentrated, and off and on I would ask for the time; once I thought I had remained like that for hours and hours, and I asked, "What time is it?" – Only five minutes had gone by.... You understand, everything was, I can't say upset, but of a completely different order, completely different.

The 23rd was A.'s birthday. "Poor man," I thought, "he's come here, I must see him." I called him, and he sat down. And all of a sudden, just like that, right away, the head started working – not "head," not "thought" *(Mother draws kinds*

of currents or waves passing through her), I don't know how to explain; it wasn't a thought: it was kinds of visions, of perceptions. Then I asked him questions, and he noted them down *(Mother holds out to Satprem a typewritten note)*. He only noted my questions, not his replies.

Mother said ...

on August 23, 1968, in the afternoon

"Do we know how Matter was formed?...

It was the physical asking questions. I don't know, probably through the contact with A.'s atmosphere,[76] this body became interested to know how it was all formed. A. was here and I knew he could answer, so I asked him the questions.
"Do we know how Matter was formed?

"To say that it is condensed energy is simply pushing the problem back.

"The real question is: how does the Supreme manage to manifest himself as Matter?...

Poor A. was a bit surprised! You see, these subjects which are considered so important, so vast, so noble, so ... I talk about them in quite a childlike tone and with quite ordinary words *(Mother laughs)*, so that puts things on a different level ... which he found difficult to adjust to! He said, "I did my best" (!)
"... Do we know how long the earth has existed?

"When we speak of millions or billions of years, what does it mean? ...

There were no watches, you understand!... It was the body which said with a child's simplicity, "You speak of billions of years, but what did you measure them with!"
"... Is it sure that what we call a year has always represented the same thing? During this recent period, I have had the awareness of the nonreality of our usual notion of time. At times, one minute seemed interminable; at other times, hours and even a day went by apparently without having lasted.

"Do they say there was a beginning? *(Here A. explains to Mother the theory according to which the universe goes through successive phases of expansion and contraction, and Mother seems to like that theory.)*

Yes, those are the *pralayas*.[77]
"... Now it's the body that asks those questions. The mind went away long ago. But the body, the cells of the body would like to make contact with the true being, without, so to speak, having to go through the vital or even through the mind. That is what is taking place.

"During this period, two or three times I have had the Knowledge....

Ah, I had moments, two or three times absolutely unique and wonderful moments – untranslatable. It's untranslatable.

"But as soon as one is aware of such an experience ...

You have the experience, then become aware of having it; the minute you become aware of having it, it grows dark. Something is darkened.

Yes, it's the whole problem of the mind's objectification, which, in fact, will disappear in a species to come.

Yes, it seems to be like that.

(A.'s note goes on)

"But as soon as one is aware of such an experience, as soon as it is imprinted in the memory, it is already completely warped.
"That is, in reality, what happens for scientists. When they have a little fragment of knowledge, they must clothe it, travesty it to make it accessible to human consciousness, comprehensible to the mind.

(silence)

"Do we know how long man has existed?
"It will take less time for the superman to appear than it took for man to develop, but it isn't for right now....

That day, the 23rd, I was still ... I was still in a muddle, mon petit! So I thought that to emerge from that muddle and become an effective being, who exists and acts, a long time will be needed. That's what I told him.

But you also say, to conclude the note:

"We will have done what we could."

Yes, I told him that to comfort him!

And one night, here is what happened *(Mother holds out another note, written by herself):*

Night of the 26th

"Powerful and prolonged penetration of the supramental forces into the body, everywhere at the same time....

Penetration into the body. Yes, penetrations of currents I had had several times, but that night (two nights ago, that is), what came all of a sudden was as though there was nothing anymore except a supramental atmosphere. Nothing remained except that. My body was in it. And it was PRESSING to enter, from

everywhere, but everywhere at the same time – everywhere. You understand, it wasn't a current flowing in, it was an atmosphere penetrating from everywhere. It lasted for at least four or five hours. And there was only one part that was BARELY penetrated: it was from here to here *(gesture between the throat and the top of the head).* Here it seemed gray and dull, as if the penetration were less ... My teeth are in a dreadful state, my head is in a dreadful state – I tell you, I can't see anymore, can't hear anymore, can't ... All this *(from head to throat)* is in need of a great transformation. But apart from it, all the rest without exception – it was pouring and pouring and pouring in.... I had never, ever seen that before, never! It lasted for hours – hours. Perfectly consciously.

So when it came and while it was there, I was conscious: "Oh, that's why, that's why! That's what You want from me, Lord, that's what! That's why, that's what You want." At that moment I had an impression that SOMETHING was going to happen.

I was hoping it would come back last night, but there was nothing.

It's the first time. For hours. Only That remained. And this *(the body)* was like a sponge soaking up.

But the head, it's still gray, dull – gray and dull. And the teeth quite spoilt, anyway still in a condition ... But still, a very clear vision of all that has happened to this body for the past few months and ... almost a hope. Almost a hope, as if I were told something might take place here. So there.

And that was in response to what the body had said, two or three days earlier perhaps, which I told you at the beginning: that it was quite ready to be dissolved (the surrender is perfect) and was quite ready to go on living in any circumstances, but not in this condition. Not in this state of decomposition. To that there was no response for two days, till that Penetration took place. That is to say, the very next day I was a little better, I could start ... I couldn't even remain standing! I had no sense of balance, I had to be held up. I had lost the sense of balance, I couldn't take one step. That was when I protested. And the very next day, it started coming back.

Then came the 23rd, when I saw A., and I realized that when he was here, the BODY was wide awake – you understand, it wasn't the mind or the vital: they were gone! ... I don't know if you can realize what it means!

Yes, it's fantastic.

A body without mind and without vital. It was in that state. There were only those perceptions [cities, constructions, temples], it was living in soul states: there were others' soul states, the soul states of the earth, the soul states ... Those soul states were expressed in pictures. It was interesting. I can't say it wasn't interesting – it was – but there was no contact with material life, very little: I could hardly eat and couldn't walk.... Anyway it had become something others had to look after.

And through the contact with A., the body began to be interested in all that, asking questions quite spontaneously, without knowing why. It asked and asked,

"Oh, so this is how we're made...." And it began to be amused.

It will take a little time.

When that Penetration came two nights ago, I thought, "Ah! ..." I hoped the curve was going to accelerate and we would emerge soon, but last night there was nothing. Which makes me say it's going to take some more time.

But strangely, in your note of the 26th, you add:

> "As if the entire body were bathing in forces penetrating it everywhere at the same time with a slight friction...."

Then you say:

> "The head down to the neck was the least receptive region."

It's strange that it should be the least receptive?

No, it's the most mentalized region. It's the mind that obstructs.

Strangely, every time you've had those great moments, or violent blows, if I may say so, every time it's the mind and vital that were swept away. The first time too, in 1962.

Yes, every time.

I know, it's like that: the mind and vital have been instruments to ... knead Matter – knead and knead and knead in every possible way: the vital through sensations, the mind through thoughts – knead and knead. But they strike me as transitory instruments which will be replaced by other states of consciousness.

You understand, they are a phase in the universal development, and they will be ... they will fall off as instruments that have outlived their usefulness.

So then, I had the concrete experience of what this matter kneaded by the vital and the mind is, but WITHOUT vital and WITHOUT mind ... It's something else.

But with that "perception of soul states," there were things ... marvels! No mental conception, none at all, can be as wonderful – none. I lived moments ... All that one can humanly feel and see is NOTHING in comparison with that. There were moments ... absolutely wonderful moments. But without thought, without thought.

We could put that little "Apropos" ... (where I poke fun at people!), then with all this you could prepare the "Notes."

There are a few more notes here, which I haven't read to you. You say:

> "For man, in most cases, consciousness begins with sensation. For the body, all sensations had as if lessened, or rather dimmed: eyesight and hearing as if behind a veil. But an extremely clear perception of the degree of harmony or disharmony. Pictorial expression, NOT THOUGHT nor even felt.

I told you, I saw ... It's not "seen" as you see a picture: it's BEING IN, being in a certain place. I've never seen or felt anything so beautiful! And it wasn't felt, it was ... I don't know how to explain it. There were some absolutely wonderful, marvelous moments – unique. But it wasn't thought, I couldn't even describe – how can you describe? You can only start describing when you start thinking.

There's one more note:

> "The body's state of consciousness and the quality of its activity depend on the individual or individuals among whom it is....

Ah, that was very interesting! It was very interesting because I saw like this *(gesture like a film unfolding),* it was changing. If someone came near me, it would change. Near me were P., V., the doctor, and C. less often, now and then, but C. didn't have much effect on the atmosphere. But the other three, especially P. and V.... One day, mon petit, I don't know what happened to them: they were superhuman. A day when I must have been apparently in danger, I don't know. One day, the whole day long, the pictures (not "pictures": those places where I was) were so wonderfully beautiful, harmonious.... It was inexpressible, inexpressible. And with the slightest thing changing in their consciousness, lo and behold, everything would start changing! It was a sort of perpetual kaleidoscope, day and night. If there had been some way to record it ... it was unique. Unique. And the body was in it, you understand, almost porous – porous, without resistance, as if the thing were passing through it.

I lived hours ... the most wonderful hours, I believe, that one can live on earth.

And it was so expressive, so revealing! So expressive. One night, for two hours, there were those temples I mentioned (it wasn't physical), with such immensity and majesty ... and LIVING godheads, mon petit! Not pictures. And I know what it is. And then, the state of consciousness of Eternity, oh! ... As if above all circumstances.

There were UNIQUE things, but how to tell them? ... Impossible. Impossible: not even enough consciousness to be able to write.

The note goes on:

> "The seat and field of its [the body's] Consciousness as well as the quality of its activity change and vary according to the persons present, over a complete range, from the most material to the most spiritual, going through all the different types of intellectual activity.
> "But the perception of the Presence is constant and associated with all the states of consciousness, whatever they may be ...

Ah! I noticed that the cells, everywhere, you know, constantly, all the time, were repeating, OM NAMO BHAGAVATE, OM NAMO BHAGAVATE ... constantly, all the time.

> "... and OM Namo Bhagavate is repeated spontaneously and automatically in a sort of 'hazy' peace."

That's why we can't say the body was suffering, you understand, we can't say it was ill, that's not possible! It's not possible.

There was only one moment when really something in the body (I don't know what) said ... (But I didn't note that, because I don't want it to be said, it mustn't be said; I am saying it to you simply to explain, but it mustn't be published, it mustn't be said, I don't want....) The body said (it was in its Communion), it said, "I am ready for complete dissolution. I am ready for eternal life. But not this, not this state of semi-decomposition: I must get out of it." And from that moment on, things took a turn upward.

That is to say, for a few minutes the body lost patience. And then it knew, this fool, a few minutes later, it knew it had simply refused to accept a more total experience – very well. You see, the body hadn't had the necessary courage or endurance or patience or faith to accept a more total experience.

Would you imagine that suddenly, I don't know ... I must say it wasn't pleasant (!), something came from outside, like a malicious suggestion telling me, "If you get cured now, when you have to die you'll have to go through this again."[78] It was hideous! I think that was the cause of the body's *outburst.*

So we shouldn't mention it.

I regard it as a defeat.

But I must say (quite modestly) that I don't think many could have endured that.

There.

So now the body is saying its *mea culpa.*

We'll see.

So there, mon petit.

August 30, 1968

> *I thought it would be better to add a short introductory note before your last "Apropos," because not all those who read the Bulletin know what has happened. I propose to add this: "This Apropos was written by Mother following an ordeal that threatened her physical body."*

It's a bit dramatic!

> *But after all, that's what happened.*

(After a silence) Yes, you're right, it's better to say it's a purely physical question – "over there," there are no more ordeals! Only the body needs them.

(Then Satprem reads Mother the "Notes on the Way" put together from the last conversation. Mother is unsure whether publishing those experiences is appropriate.)

The *Bulletin* goes everywhere, you understand.... It's not a personal question, it's from the point of view of the work and the effect it will have. Anyhow, I let the two of you [Satprem and Nolini] decide whether or not it's appropriate for the work.

I feel it explains so clearly this transition from the mental and vital instrument to another instrument which is nonmentalized, nonvitalized. It's so important!

Obviously. It's obvious. Now I feel it's truly new.

Yes!

It's truly a new experience.

(silence)

At times, one gets the impression that the Mind, in reality, is the most formidable illusion in the world ...

(Mother nods her head)

... and that's what veils the true world.

According to what I see now, it seems to me that the Mind has been the instrument needed to make the transition from unconsciousness to consciousness, that is, to make this Matter capable of receiving consciousness. But it will slowly be either transformed or eliminated.

The same thing with the Vital. The Vital took a very bad turn, of course; it's the Vital that has contained all the adverse forces and all difficulties. Well, it's the same thing: it was the first means to pull Matter out of the Inconscient. But once it has done its work ... we might say *(smiling),* we'll do without these two scoundrels! There's an experience (an experience Sri Aurobindo had constantly): there is an Intelligence highly superior to the Mind, which has nothing to do with the Mind. An "intelligence of things" ... And that's why he called his new creation "supramental." He always used to describe it as a perfect understanding of things.

But one has a feeling that the Mind is not only a veil on knowledge, but a veil ON THE WORLD ITSELF! That we don't see the world as it is because we see it mentally.

Yes, possibly.

(silence
Mother looks around her)

I still don't see....

September 4, 1963

(Mother had Nolini called to ask him for his opinion about the conversation of August 28 and whether it should be published in "Notes on the Way.")

(To Nolini) Have you read it? What's your opinion?

(Nolini) At first I hesitated regarding the publication, then I thought, "If it has the same effect on others as it had on me, it will be good."

(Mother laughs) As for me, I have nothing to say.... It's this poor body being educated. It's charming!

(Nolini) So we'll publish it, won't we?

(Satprem) We could also ask Pavitra?

Pavitra will say, "As Mother says"! ...

I, for one, find it very useful. Those who will misunderstand will misunderstand anyhow.

Oh, that, they already misunderstand!

(Nolini leaves)

* * *

Anything to say?

Are you better, Mother?

This poor body is now following a discipline.... From the medical point of view, I think I am fine, I don't know (!) That is, I no longer cough, I ...
It's still difficult to speak.
Difficult, and also seemingly so useless....

(long silence)

Two or three nights ago, and again last night, Sri Aurobindo was there for a long time; two nights ago, he was there for at least two hours. And he was there because someone had come (someone with a lot of authority) who wanted to

organize something, and I wanted Sri Aurobindo to explain to him how he should do it. That someone was a European (European or American, I don't know, but he rather seemed European to me), very tall, with broad shoulders. I don't know him. A man between forty and fifty, I think.... How is that Monsignor R.?

> *He is a strong man, he looks stocky, with a broad forehead, but the lower part of the face is rather sensual.*

Yes, I saw his photo.

He [Sri Aurobindo] came back yesterday evening again, during the night. He was there for a good while.

But now, the visions are so concrete that they are almost material – they aren't "visions," you understand: it's life for a certain length of time. It's certainly in a region where I didn't use to see previously.[79] Very concrete, precise, and the transition from that state to the waking state is almost imperceptible. It's not a reversal of consciousness as it usually is: it's almost imperceptible, as though intermingled *(Mother slides the fingers of her right hand between those of her left hand to show how the two worlds interpenetrate).*

I see all kinds of people whom I generally didn't use to see. For instance, I didn't use to dream of P., I never used to see him at night; now I see him often, but ... (how to explain?) with just a slight change *(same gesture of the fingers of one hand sliding between those of the other hand),* it's very ... It's not the same region at all. M. too, for instance, I didn't use to see him at night; last night, I saw him for a long time – I questioned him, he answered me, I spoke to him.... It was quite concrete.

But the setting isn't the same. It's a VERY familiar setting: I don't feel I am in a new place; it's a place where I am, if not all the time, at least every day. And where there are habits, and ... It's very strange, it's a region where I wasn't conscious previously. And very, very near *(same gesture).*

Last night, for instance, when Sri Aurobindo came, I brought him a big drawing, like this, a drawing with writing on it, and I told him, "See, I wanted to show you this, how interesting it is, how amusing!" And it was ... When I am awake, I don't know what it is. It was something I had kept aside to show Sri Aurobindo, and as soon as he came I showed him, saying, "See how interesting it is!" And awake, I don't know what it is.... There would seem to be a whole LIFE like that – a whole life, a whole activity going on, yes, very near, probably in the subtle physical, but very near. Very, very concrete, not at all the impression of a dream. Thoroughly concrete, with sensations. And a continuity: even when I am not conscious of it, it continues, and when I become conscious, the continuation is there: I'll become conscious of it again "farther ahead," and it has changed while I wasn't conscious there.

It looks like a material region (material, that is, physical) where the consciousness is more awake – the consciousness is very clear, very clear, and sharp, you know: sharp perceptions.

And the body quite has the impression of being educated, of learning things –

"learning" not things: learning everything.

It [this subtle physical world] is like a lining, but a lining that would be more conscious.

The light is very clear, the shapes very precise.

(silence)

Three or four days ago, after lunch (I rest before going to take my bath, I lie down here), I fell asleep (I sleep very little: I go into an inner consciousness, but I don't sleep). I fell asleep. I woke up, then got up and started towards the bathroom – I felt as I did before: I was walking by myself, I had my balance. And spontaneously, without thought. But then ... it was taken away *(gesture as if someone came to take that strength away from Mother)*. So I suspected that during my sleep, a part of the vital being *(laughing)* had come back, and naturally I was beginning to live again! ... So it was taken away.

And the body is being given an education: it's being taught how to will – the true way of being and willing. And over the entire material creation *(gesture covering and enveloping the earth),* there is a tissue – which we might call "catastrophic" – a tissue of bad will. That is to say, a sort of web, yes, a defeatist web – defeatist, catastrophic – where you botch what you wanted to do, where there are all possible accidents, all possible bad wills. Like a web. And the body is being taught to get out of it.[80]

It's as if mingled with the Force that realizes and expresses itself; it's like something mingling with the material creation. And the body is being taught to break free from it. But it's difficult, very difficult.

It's the cause of diseases, the cause of accidents – it's the cause of all destructive things.

And this web is there constantly, all the time, like this *(same covering gesture)*.

It's very tightly mingled [with the body]. It's not clearly separate yet.

So that's how I live. There are still hours during which I don't know what's happening outwardly.

September 7, 1968

Someone has sent me a quotation from Sri Aurobindo which seems very good for the November issue of the *Bulletin,* it's from *Thoughts and Glimpses:*

"The changes we see in the world today are intellectual, moral, physical in their ideal and intention: the spiritual revolution waits for its hour and throws up meanwhile its waves here and there. Until it comes, the sense of the others cannot be understood and till then all interpretations of present happening and forecast of man's future are vain things. For its nature, power, event are that which will determine the next cycle of our humanity."

Sri Aurobindo
(1917)

The quotation of August, they dropped it, I didn't even see it! I think Nolini didn't like it.

Yes, because you spoke of the "universal decomposition."

Yes.

But this one is good, because he speaks of the spiritual revolution as if it's going to happen soon.

"The spiritual revolution waits for its hour."

Maybe it's near?

I think it's already started!

That's right.

There should be a mention: "This text was written in ..." such and such year [1917].

But it's good to say that we'll be able to understand the other revolutions only when this one takes place.

Yes, the others are the links.

In Europe, right now things are stirring a lot.

(silence)

Pavitra read the "Notes on the Way" [conversation of August 28], I think he hasn't understood one bit of it! Because yesterday he told me he'd read it, and he very sweetly said he was "asking for understanding"....

* * *

(Then Satprem reads Mother an old Playground Talk of July 1, 1953, in which Mother speaks about death. Mother begins by asking for the end to be cut....) (text of the Talk)

"I have told you many times, and couldn't repeat it too often, that we are not made of a piece. Within ourselves we have lots of states of being, and each state of being has its own life. All that is gathered together in a single body, as long as you have one, and acts through a single body; that's what gives you the sense of a single person, a single being. But there are many of them, and there are in particular concentrations on different planes: just as you have a physical being, you have a vital being, a mental being, a psychic being, and many others with all possible intermediaries.... So when you leave your body, all those beings will

scatter. It's only if you are a very advanced yogi and have been capable of unifying your being around the divine center that those beings remain linked together. If you haven't been able to unify yourself, then at the time of death, all that will scatter: every being will go back to its own region. With the vital being, for example, your various desires will separate and each of them will go and chase its realization quite independently, because there will no longer be a physical being to hold them together. While if you have united your consciousness to the psychic consciousness, when you die you will remain conscious of your psychic being, and the psychic being will return to the psychic world which is a world of bliss, joy, peace, tranquillity, and growing knowledge.... But if you have lived in your vital and all its impulses, each impulse will try to realize itself here and there.... For instance, for the miser who was concentrated on his money, when he dies the part of his vital that was concerned with his money will hook on there and will keep watching over the money so no one takes it. People won't see him, but he is there nonetheless, and very unhappy if something happens to his dear money.... Now, if you live exclusively in your physical consciousness (which is difficult, because, after all, you have thoughts and feelings), if you live exclusively in your physical, when the physical being disappears, you disappear along with it, it's over.... There is a spirit of the form: your form has a spirit that lives on for seven days after your death. The doctors have declared you dead, but the spirit of your form is alive, and not only alive but conscious in most cases. It lasts for seven to eight days, and after that, it too dissolves – I am not talking about yogis, I am talking about ordinary people. Yogis have no laws, it's quite different; for them the world is different. I am talking about ordinary people living an ordinary life; for them it's like that. So the conclusion is that if you want to preserve your consciousness, it would be better to center it on a part of your being which is immortal; otherwise it will evaporate like a flame into thin air. And happily so, because if it were otherwise, there might be gods or kinds of superior men who would create hells and heavens as they do in their material imagination, inside which they would shut you up."

(Question:) It is said that there is a god of death. Is it true?

"Yes. As for me, I call him a 'genius of death.' I know him very well. And it's an extraordinary organization. You can't imagine how organized it is! I think there are many of those genii of death, hundreds of them. I met at least two of them. One I met in France, the other in Japan, and they were very different. Which leads me to believe that depending on the mental culture, the education, the countries and beliefs, there must be different genii. But there are genii for all manifestations of Nature: there are genii of fire, genii of air, water, rain, wind; and there are genii of death. Any one genius of death is entitled to a certain number of dead every day. It's truly a fantastic organization. It's a sort of alliance between the vital forces and the forces of Nature. If, for example, he decided, 'Here is the number of people I am entitled to,' say four or five, or six, or one or two (it varies from day to day), if he decided so many people would die, he'll go straight and set himself

up near the person who's going to die. But if you (not the person) happen to be conscious, if you see the genius going to the person but do not want him or her to die, then, if you have a certain occult power, you can tell him, 'No, I forbid you to take this person.' That's something which happened, not once but several times, in Japan and here. It wasn't the same genius. Which makes me say there must be many of them.... If you can tell him, 'I forbid you to take this person' and have the power to send him away, there's nothing he can do but go away; but he won't give up his due and will go elsewhere – there will be a death elsewhere...."

(Question:) Some people, when they are about to die, are aware of it. Why don't they tell the genius to go away?

"Two things are needed. First, nothing in your being, no part of your being, should wish to die. That doesn't often happen. You always have, somewhere in you, a defeatist: something tired or disgusted, which has had enough, something lazy or which doesn't want to fight and says, 'Ah, well, let it be over, so much the better.' That's enough – you're dead. But it's a fact: if nothing, absolutely nothing in you consents to die, you will not die. For someone to die, there is always a second, if a hundredth part of a second, when he consents. If there isn't that second of consent, he will not die. But who is certain he doesn't have within himself, somewhere, a tiny bit of a defeatist which just yields and says, 'Oh well'? ... Hence the need to unify oneself. Whatever the path we may follow, the subject we may study, we always reach the same result. The most important thing for an individual is to unify himself around his divine center; that way he becomes a real individual, master of himself and of his destiny. Otherwise, he is a plaything of the forces, which toss him about like a cork in a stream. He goes where he doesn't want to, is made to do what he doesn't want to, and finally he gets lost in a hole without any way to stop himself doing so. But if you are consciously organized, unified around the divine center, governed and led by it, you are the master of your destiny. It's worth trying.... At any rate, I find it's better to be the master rather than the slave. The feeling of being pulled by strings and being made to do things you may or may not want to do is a rather unpleasant sensation.... It's quite irksome. Well, I don't know, I, for one, found it quite irksome even when I was a small child. When I was five, I began finding it wholly intolerable, and I sought a way for it to be otherwise – without anyone being able to tell me anything. Because I knew no one capable of helping me, and I didn't have the luck you have – someone who can tell you, 'Here is what you must do.' There was no one to tell me. I had to find it all by myself. I found it. I began at the age of five. And you, it's a long time since you were five?..."

We'll cut out the end.

But why!

It sounds very *boasting.*

No, no! One doesn't get that impression at all. These children, you're

prodding them a little!

(Mother seems to be more and more speaking from afar)

All that seems to me ... *(Mother gestures behind her shoulder).* That's what people like. If I were to tell them what I know now, they wouldn't be happy.

There's a vast difference between your perception at the time and now.

Another world.

What I say there is the vision of the mechanism [the occult working of death], and it's very true in the sense it was lived like that. But now I am on the other side. All that I say here is part of all the complications of the execution.[81]

Very well.

Now, for me, it's like another person.

(silence)

Strangely, I had a very odd impression [while Satprem was reading], as if ... you were reading here *(gesture at ground level).*

I know all that is correct, it happened the way it's said and is quite correct. But now, it's as if I were looking from above, like this *(Mother bends down as if looking from a great height).* And then, it becomes so simple.... Simply the Vision realizing itself (it's not a vision, not a will, not a decision, but the nearest approximation is "vision"). A Vision realizing itself *(gesture as if to show the Force of Vision coming down).* Then, below, all that results in calls. From above, it's like that, something descending; from above you see: there are, yes, points of consciousness that shine and call, and then there is Contact *(gesture of junction between the Force above and the shining points below).*

It's very strange, I really feel as if I am somewhere above, seeing things from above.

A great mass of Power – Power-Consciousness-Vision – descending onto the world.

(long silence)

These last few days, when I apparently woke up (but it wasn't "waking up," it was the consciousness which, in its natural state, is spread out everywhere, and then concentrates inside the body), when it concentrates inside this, there is first the sense of a sort of fall *(swooping gesture),* then a curious sensation of restriction, which the first times was almost painful. (Now it's become a sort of habit.) The consciousness concentrating inside this. So there is a brief moment of adaptation; at first there was a sense of discomfort, now it's better.[82] So then, it's beginning to function again.

Now I understand, because while you were reading I was there, above, looking like this *(Mother bends down),* as if from above. Even now, I am seeing from

above.

All that I said there was the description of the working of death.... All those complications! Here it's so simple *(descending gesture of the Vision-Force expressing itself).*

It's strange.... I have my eyes closed, but I see. Only, I see ... differently. It's very SIMPLE. It's forces ... like a Pressure like this *(same descending gesture).*

Very strange.

Obviously the center of the consciousness is elsewhere.

(silence
Satprem prepares to leave)

Mother, I'd like to ask for your help.

What for?

I am now writing the last pages of my book ["The Sannyasin"].

Oh! ... Very well.

If I take you where I am *(Mother laughs),* it will be interesting!

We'll try.

September 11, 1968

For me, only one thing has happened.... A very interesting fact that I noted. I forget the occasion and how it took place, but it was the day before yesterday, and the fact I noted was the presence of the psychic being – that the psychic being hasn't gone at all. I said [on August 28], "The vital and the mind have gone," but the psychic being hasn't.

I think it was in relation to someone I saw (I don't remember), and I noticed that a very great power was there; and the PHYSICAL being, the body, was conscious of the presence of the psychic being, which was constantly there, behind. It hasn't gone. Conscious.

It was a day when someone had come (I forget who), and the whole Force which was there before concentrated on that person – it was the same thing: the Force, the Presence, with the same Pressure on the person. And then, it was the psychic being which said, "But I haven't gone, I've remained here!" With its full consciousness, you understand. It's the intermediaries [i.e., the mind and the vital] that have gone.

It's difficult to explain.... There is the impression of a lack – a lack from the active point of view, the point of view of everyday action.

But the contact with people, for example (the contact with people present and even when they're not there), the relationship has remained the same, exactly the

same. It's even more constant: this state is more constant than it used to be.

It's very difficult to explain.

Here, we could put it like this: any action (occult action, I mean) seems to be at least as strong at a distance as in the presence – in certain cases, stronger. Any need of activity (there already wasn't much of it previously) has considerably lessened. And there is a sort of difference in the outward relationship, it has changed. These last few days I have observed (and it's obviously the psychic consciousness that observes; when I say "I," it's not – that's what struck me – it's not the body: it's the psychic consciousness), and for example, the habit of keeping my eyes closed has increased, and it doesn't hamper the psychic being in any way. It goes on with its action, its relationship.

It may be (I am not saying anything because there's nothing very ... nothing definite, at any rate), there may be a new relationship or new intermediary being built between the psychic being and the material, the physical. It seems to be something now developing.

We'll see.

> *But the Force that expresses itself, does it express itself directly or through the psychic being – this descending Force?*

The psychic being is perfectly transparent, it doesn't cause any change.

It must depend on the case, yes, on the kind of action: on people, circumstances. Because the psychic being doesn't in any way alter either the quality or the nature or the action of the Force. It's like something absolutely transparent.

It varies rather according to the cases in which the Force wants to apply itself: cases, people, circumstances. When the action is general, it seems to be direct. But I am not absolutely sure. And the presence of the psychic being makes itself felt only in the case of certain people.

It strikes me as a kind of beacon – a beacon projecting the Light – and at the same time, a sort of receiving set that receives the vibrations.... It's very, very accurate – very accurate – as regards the quality of the vibrations of everything around it. Oh, it's become far more accurate than before. A slight movement here, there, or there, or a wave – all that is perceived very clearly, very clearly, with a consciousness which is highly receptive and at the same time without any reactions. There are no reactions, it's like an extremely delicate (that is, sensitive) receiving set, but without any reaction. No reaction. Things come into a vast, immense, luminous movement.

The consciousness is constantly like this: something very vast – very vast – VERY peaceful, very luminous, like that, and everything gets registered in it.

The Power comes from above. And the Power is something ... (what should I say?) as if warm, golden. And it gives the impression of being ... (smiling) more compact.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Satprem reads Mother a Playground Talk of July 15, 1953.)

"You will see that your whole conception and notion [of heaven and hell] is based on one thing, an entity you call God, and a world you call his creation, which, to your mind, are two different things – one having made the other, the latter being subjected to the former and the expression of what the former made. Well, that's the initial error. But if you could feel deep down that there is no division between that something you call God and that something you call the creation; if you thought, 'It's exactly the same thing,' if you could FEEL that what you call God (which is perhaps a mere word), what you call God suffers when you suffer, is ignorant when you are ignorant, and it is through this whole creation that he finds himself again little by little, step by step, unites with himself, realizes himself, expresses himself, and it's not at all something he willed arbitrarily and made autocratically, but it is the growing, increasingly developing expression of a consciousness that objectifies itself to itself ... Then, instead of being like a little child who kneels down, folds his hands and says, 'God, I implore You, make me a good boy, let me not cause my mother any sorrow ...' (that's very easy and, well, I can't say it's bad!), instead of lighting a candle and kneeling before it with folded hands, light a flame in your heart and have a great aspiration for 'something more beautiful, truer, nobler, better than anything I know; I ask that tomorrow I begin knowing all those things and begin doing all that I cannot do – and every day a little more.' Then, if you objectify a little, if for some reason you have been put in presence of a lot of misery in the world, if you have unhappy friends or suffering parents or difficulties – anything – then you ask that the entire consciousness may rise TOGETHER towards that perfection which must manifest, that all this ignorance which has made the world so unhappy may be changed into enlightened knowledge, that all that bad will may be illumined and transformed into benevolence.... And how lovely those prayers would be!"

I remember that during those "classes," on certain days I knew it was the psychic that spoke, and on other days it was only the mind. And that day, I remember, the psychic presence was very strong.

It's interesting.

September 14, 1968

(Almost the entire time is spent in contemplation. Towards the end, Mother asks:)

Nothing to ask?

I have a strong impression of Sri Aurobindo.

Ah! ... He is constantly there.

(Mother goes into a contemplation again)

So, till Wednesday. Will the translation of the "Notes" be ready?... If it's not on Wednesday, it will be for Saturday. I've got into the habit of long silences.

(long silence)

A sort of sense of the uselessness of speech.

September 21, 1968

Mother, it would be good if I could have your protection, and Sujata too – both of us.

Why?

We're not in good physical health.

Oh! What's wrong?

Sujata has been running a temperature for several days, a high temperature; last night she fainted and was as if "thrust" against the wall: she hurt herself. As for me, last night too I caught a fever.

Bah! ... What's that?

I don't know. Both of us. There's something trying to bother us.

(after a long silence)

I don't know.... I told you at the beginning that I had felt something coming from there [the Vatican]. There is something.

There is something ... a kind of relentless fury, something disrupting everything with relentless fury.

It's well veiled, in the sense that I can't manage to find precisely what it is. But it's ... I'll give you an example: no later than yesterday evening or this morning (or in the night, I don't know), the body said, "But what have I done that everything keeps grating like this all the time?" And then, "that" (who? I don't know) shows me things from my life.... This time, it showed me something rather recent, that is, from my life in India (not things from the beginning but from my

life with Sri Aurobindo), and in what a manner! ... A manner in which all I did, all I thought, my whole way of acting, it all becomes so ugly, mon petit! So egoistic, so narrow, so petty, so ugly ... Then, the immediate conclusion: "The state you are in is quite natural! ..." It was something like that.

What is it?

So there is only one response *(gesture with hands open upward):* unshakable calm, and putting the Supreme here, and that's all. But ... it [the attack] doesn't really affect, yet it's still there, that is, it's not repulsed, not dissolved: it's there *(gesture as if encircling Mother).* And it's been like this since I told you right at the beginning: a formidable formation.

> *But Mother, almost every night I wake up with headaches.*[83] *My nights are tiring, very tiring.*

And with me, every time I go into an inner state of peace and tranquillity, something PULLS me like that, as if out of malice, and shakes me as though a catastrophe had happened!

Where does it come from?

> *There is a malice. Yesterday, I felt that malice.*

Ah?

> *Oh, yes! I saw waves of suggestions.*[84] *And especially those nights that are so difficult – why?*

You understand, we live every moment in a world where everything is tangled together. In a normal way (I don't mean "normal" for everyone, but it's always been normal for me), things work out; they work out all right, you feel the Protection. And that's what has gone! There's something struggling against that.... Until now, there has never, never been the feeling of anything that really had a power [against Mother]: I just had to do like this *(gesture of sweeping away),* and it was over. But what I can do now is to mend harmful effects or repulse them – it's intolerable!

And it's mostly mental, it comes with a sort of sense of fatality: "You are the one who caused this to happen, you're getting your just deserts." Like that. Then the body's answer is very simple, it says, "We're all in the same state! The whole of Matter is like this, it's full of ignorance and incapacity." That becomes "faults" in the human mind, but it's not faults. Or else, it's hopeless: if what has been is indefinitely the cause of the whole future, it's hopeless.

So all that can be held at arm's length, it can be calmed, but I clearly see it's not going away. And the body truly has trust, it has faith, that's what saves it, otherwise ...

That also points out the consequences: for instance, yes, precisely, the incapacity to protect others, to give them the needed condition, to do what's needed for them – all that is pointed out with ... you know, unrelenting fierceness.

To such a point that this poor body started weeping! Like that. Then naturally, there is the faith that sets everything right. But you know, it's as if you were a monster that had created all the disorder everywhere. It's frightful!

Yes, at one point last night, I saw kinds of waves of mud beating; I was protected by a wall and those waves kept beating and beating like that.

That's it.

Brown waves, you know, like mud. They kept beating and beating....

(after a silence)

The body is convinced that all its difficulties are tolerated because they're part of the *tapasya* [discipline], so it doesn't refuse them – it doesn't complain, doesn't refuse – but ... it's a fierce tapasya.

And it's not merely the play of forces: it's conscious.[85] It's conscious and has the obstinacy of a conscious will.

(long silence)

I saw P.L. [the disciple from the Vatican] yesterday. Have you seen him?

Yes.

He too asked me to protect him.

Surely! He's fine, this man.

Yes. Has he left?

This afternoon.

(long silence)

Are you still running a temperature?

A little, I think. But Sujata, yesterday, had a very high fever. It's gone, so now there's weakness.

Bah!
And what do you do to treat yourself?

Nothing.

You're not doing anything?

I take aspirin once in a while. But she isn't taking anything.

You must go and rest, mon petit.
(To Sujata:) And you're going to bed!

(Sujata) After two days in bed, I get tired of the bed!

(Satprem) But I have trust – entirely.

Naturally! But still, it mustn't last, we've had enough, haven't we?

Something feels like getting very angry, but I dare not – the body dare not. Something that feels like, oh, like striking very strongly, but ... Because that it has full power is certain! I've had proof of it – not just once, many times. But ...

If I knew. If I knew in a totally precise and certain way where those attacks come from, then ...

(silence)

It's like this: the body is absolutely convinced that there is only one Will – one Consciousness, one Will. Consequently, whatever happens is part of that Consciousness and that Will. That's how it is, you understand. So it can't get angry. It has one spontaneous tendency: let the aspiration be more intense, the surrender more complete, the trust more total. It gets formulated like this: "That – That which is everything and is one – is nevertheless, despite all appearances, it is nevertheless the Supreme Goodness, the Supreme Beauty, the Supreme Harmony ... everything reaches out towards That. That is it. And we too reach out towards That." There, that's the body's "philosophy." But not in the manner of the other parts of the being: quite spontaneous, and with a sort of indisputability.

(silence)

You see, the body is convinced – absolutely convinced – that it can receive blows only because its faith isn't sufficient. Not total enough, not complete enough, not absolute enough.

It's very conscious of its imbecility and ... (how can I explain?) at the same time it has the feeling that that very consciousness of its imbecility is an obstacle; that it should only feel it is ... the supreme Truth, the supreme Reality. And then everything would be well.

Ah, go and take rest.

We're fine here!

Do you have enough to eat?

September 25, 1968

(Mother gives Satprem a flower called "Transformation.")

I give you the right one.

Why the "right one"?

I say that because there is confusion in many people's minds. When, from the standpoint of progress, for instance, I speak of progress, I mean "going from the mental consciousness to a higher consciousness," but people generally understand "to make progress materially or mentally or ..." So when they are told of transformation, all kinds of queer things come to their minds.... As for us, when we speak of transformation, we mean the supramental transformation.

That's why.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I have found some old papers (I can't read anymore, I don't see clearly), I don't know what they are. There's an envelope from you.

It's a question on Sri Aurobindo's Aphorisms.

> "When I hear of a righteous wrath, I wonder at man's capacity for self-deception."

Wonderful!

> *There was a question: "Our self-deception is always 'in good faith'; we always act for the good of others or in the interest of humanity – and to serve you, that goes without saying! How exactly do we deceive ourselves, and how can we truly know?"*[86]

It's terribly true.

Just yesterday, even before I read this (I didn't read it), I had a long vision on the subject, that's the surprising thing!

But on such a different plane ...

Yes, when we regard the higher part of our mind as the judge of our action, that's how we can deceive ourselves "in good faith." In other words, the mind is incapable of seeing the truth and it judges according to its own limited capacity – not only limited but unconscious of the truth; so then, as far as it's concerned, the

mind is "in good faith," it does the best it can. It's like that.

Naturally, those who are fully conscious of their psychic cannot possibly deceive themselves, because if they refer their problem to the psychic, they can find the divine answer there. But even for those who are in contact with their psychic, the answer doesn't have the same character as the mental answer, which is precise, categorical, absolute, and imposes itself – the psychic answer is more a TENDENCY than an assertion. It's something that can still have different interpretations in the mind.

Which brings me back to my experience of yesterday. After looking at the problem, I reached the conclusion that it's impossible to reproach a human being who does the best he can according to his consciousness, because how can he go beyond his own consciousness? ... That's precisely the error most people make: they judge someone else according to their own consciousness, but the other person doesn't have their consciousness! Therefore they can't judge (I am only talking about people of goodwill, of course). To the vision of a more complete or higher consciousness, someone else is in error, but to the person himself, he's doing as best as he can what he thinks he has to do.

Which amounts to saying that it's absolutely impossible to blame someone who acts sincerely according to his own limited consciousness. And in fact, seen from that standpoint, everyone has a limited consciousness, except THE Consciousness. It's only THE Consciousness that isn't limited. But all manifestations are necessarily limited, unless they emerge from themselves and unite with the supreme Consciousness – then ... In what conditions can that happen?

It's the problem of identification with the Supreme, which is the Supreme One – One that is all.

(silence)

There is a whole side of human thought which has held the conception that identification with the supreme Consciousness could only come through the abolition of the individual creation, but in fact Sri Aurobindo said it was possible WITHOUT doing away with the creation. They hold the conception that the creation must be done away with because they don't take the creation beyond the human creation – it's impossible for man, but possible for the supramental being. And that will be the essential difference of the supramental being: being able, without losing a limited form, to unite his consciousness with the supreme Consciousness.

But it's impossible for man. That I know.

As I said, you have it [union with the supreme Consciousness], but as soon as you want to express it, it's finished, it becomes again ... *(gesture as if shut up in a box).* That means the substance we are built with isn't sufficiently purified, illumined, transformed (anything, any word) to express the supreme Consciousness without distorting it.

(silence
Mother enters an experience)

It's a certain opacity of Matter, of the substance, which prevents it from being able to manifest the Consciousness ... and that same opacity (I don't know what to call it), that opacity is what gives Matter the sense of existing.

It's part of the experience of these last few days. For ... I don't know, for weeks I lived in a sort of fluidity – a transparent fluidity – and as that transparent fluidity is replaced by this something I now call "opacity," a sort of concretization of the body's existence comes back.

You understand, the psychic being's direct contact with the bodily substance, without intermediary, gives the sensation ... (is it "sensation"? I don't know; it's neither sensation nor perception), it's a sort of "felt vision" – and that vision is very precise, very precise – of the value of the vibrations in comparison with a higher vibration which is (this is as much as I can say) more directly expressive of the supreme Vibration.

It's difficult to express, but the body is now living an experience it had never had, like going from an imprecision to a precision, from a sort of fluidity to ... it's not something concrete, but from something fluid – fluid and imprecise – to something precise. Any event (any small event that happens to the body) is an occasion for a new perception. Previously, everything was fluid and imprecise; now it's beginning to grow more precise – more precise, more accurate. But it loses a little of its fluidity.

It's very hard to express.

I had never thought about it. Strangely, it's not deliberate, I've just now had the experience. So it's not very clear yet. In reality, the mind provides a precision which is lacking when it's not there. Its role in the creation has been, as a matter of fact, to make things precise, to explain them, and at the same time to limit them.

September 28, 1968

Are you better?

> *I am very much bothered. I have a sort of constant brain fatigue with headaches, aching eyes, and everything seems veiled.*

Ah, mon petit, it's those animals.... It was the same thing with me during that so-called illness: I was as if wrapped inside a cloak of gray cotton wool. And it hasn't gone, it's there, at a distance. It presses all around. It's troublesome.

> *Yes, Mother, it disrupts my work a lot. Doing an ordinary work tires me, but as soon as I want to write or do something creative, it immediately gets blocked, it becomes painful, my eyes ache and I can't work anymore.*

Do you eat well?

Oh, yes, very well.... And I've often noticed it increases during the night.

Yes.

Instead of resting at night, I feel it comes at that time.

Yes, it's at night that it's the strongest.

For me, at one time it was visible.

And still now, it's something going like this *(gesture of pressure around the head)*. So when I am in a certain inner state, I succeed in repulsing it, but if I am not – if for one minute, you understand, I am not on my guard ... Which means it's something permanent.

It's something pressing.

Yes, here, like this *(gesture around the head)*. And at times, it can annul everything, but everything: thought, memory, everything is annulled. And no later than this morning, it turned all inner movements (movements of the nerves, muscles, all that) into sounds – sounds and words – and with what malice! You could see a will to drive you insane. But it's terrible! A terrible thing, I have never seen that. Naturally, all you have to do is to repel it, but it compels you to constant concentration.

At times it yields (that's very recent, it began two or three days ago) and it goes away.... Once I asked, I said, "But why? Why is this permitted?" And it's always the same thing: difficulties must result in an increase in the Power.

Now and then (from time to time – it's beginning now), a glimmer of that Power, which, obviously, is awesome. But you know, it's like dangling the thing before your eyes: "See, it's like this," like a promise.

I wanted to tell you something else. While you were supposedly ill, V. had a vision.

Oh?

One night, he saw a red light coming, a ruby light. And it started encircling your body, encircling and as if crushing it – impregnating, crushing it. And once you were quite full of that red substance, suddenly white sparks started coming out of your body, and that substance of red light began lightening: it grew pink, yellow, from one color to another, and then it went away. And whup! it formed again, came back to crush your body, and once more there were those sparks coming out of your body and driving the thing away....[87]

(after a silence)

Yes, it's quite like that! *(Mother laughs)*

* * *

(Then Mother listens to Satprem's reading of the previous conversation, in which she spoke of the "opacity" of Matter which prevents it from manifesting the Consciousness, and of the "transparent" but somewhat imprecise fluidity.)

Do you have any question?

> *Yes. An ordinary mind reading this may wonder, "But what's the advantage of this imprecision?"*

There's no advantage!

It's quite certain that when the Supramental manifests, it will replace the ... (what can we call it?) restricting mental precision – a precision which limits, and therefore partly warps things – by a clarity of vision, another kind of precision that will not restrict. That's what is being built.

Ultimately, we might say (this is not exactly the thing) that in order to make things precise, the mind limits and separates them; and there is evidently a precision that can come from a more accurate vision, without division or separation. That precision will be that of the supramental vision. Along with the precision, there will come the vision of the RELATIONSHIP between all things, without separating them.

But that's something being prepared. It comes in a flash, for a minute, then things fall back into their old way.

We could say the same thing for the vital: the vital gives an intensity which nothing else seems capable of giving; well, that same intensity exists in the Supramental, but without division. It's an intensity that doesn't separate things.

I've had both experiences, but in a very short-lived manner. Those are things that are just now being worked out.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I've received questions from T.F.'s class. One of them I started answering.... They're rather stupid, those questions *(Mother hands papers to Satprem)*.

> *"How does one become conscious of the physical being?"*

See that, the physical being! It's senseless!

You answer: "The near totality of humanity is conscious ONLY of the physical being. Through education, the number of people conscious of their vital and mind goes on increasing. As for the human beings conscious of their psychic being, their number is relatively minimal."

They're a bit ... they're very ignorant, these children.

If at least they asked, "How does one awaken the consciousness of the physical being?"

Oh yes, that has a meaning! We could tell them: If that's what you mean, it's precisely the goal of physical education. And teaching is an attempt to replace the Consciousness with ... (laughing) an inner library!... If I joke too much, they won't understand anymore!

We can tell them this: The way to really awaken the physical consciousness is physical education. It's physical education that teaches the cells to be conscious. But to develop the brain, it's study, observation, intelligent education – especially observation and reasoning. And naturally, for the whole education of the consciousness from the standpoint of character, it's yoga.

Another question: "Does the central will of the physical being have a particular center in the body?"

The psychic being?

The physical being.

Physical! It's senseless! ... It's the brain, that's all.

Here it's more interesting: "Can one have the experience of death without dying?"

Surely! You can have the experience in a yogic way, you can even have it materially if ... (laughing) if death is brief enough not to give the doctors time to declare you dead! ...

They won't understand!

We can answer "Yes," quite simply – so as to tell them, "Mind your own business!"

"After death, what is the part of the being that becomes aware that one is dead?"

Any part of the being that lives on becomes aware that the body is no longer there! It depends.

"How can one say with certainty that the physical body is dead?"

Only when it decomposes.

"You said, 'Decomposition of the cells often starts before death....' How to control or check the process of disintegration?"

(Mother laughs) By keeping good health! By taking care to preserve the physical equilibrium. Enough!

* * *

Towards the end

Do you have headaches?

No, but as soon as I want to work, it gets veiled, as if something were cutting me off: I can't catch the inspiration, it's blocked. Then if I insist, I get headaches and aching eyes.

You've caught my disease!
It's obviously something we must conquer, otherwise it wouldn't be there.

(silence)

There is a state of being (a state of being or way of being) in which these ... (what should we call them? It's higher magic), these practices of higher magic have no effect. There is a state of consciousness in which they cannot act, it's beyond their field of action.

For it to be active, that state of consciousness must be sufficiently material, that is to say, in the most material part of the psychic. It's a field of consciousness that belongs to the psychic world. But it must be in the psychic TURNED TOWARDS MATTER. And not just a thought: it must be a spontaneous way of being.

It can be expressed in different ways.... It's a terrestrial manifestation of divine Love in its form of ... it has something to do with benevolence – it's not "benevolence," but a way of existing, feeling, seeing, acting, which is a sort of ... (words are stupid), a "psychic benevolence," which is an expression of divine Oneness *(Mother shakes her head at the inadequacy of words).* The mental transcription takes all the truth out of it.

It's something I feel but cannot describe; something exceedingly powerful in the sense that even materially, quite materially (physically, materially), if someone comes to kill you, he can't. He comes and approaches you, but then he can't do it. There have been examples.

But I FEEL it. The origin of it is psychic, but it can concretize and create a certain kind of vibration. Well, if in one's consciousness one lives in that, there's absolutely no magic that can act. I feel it, because from time to time it comes, and at such times everything is clear. And it acts especially here *(gesture around the*

head).

"Benevolence" *(laughing)* is the ridiculous human distortion of "that." It's a very, very peculiar vibration. What we might call "one of the ways of being of divine Love." And it can become a very material vibration.

It must be to teach us to cultivate that!

October 5, 1968

(Mother is unwell again. Satprem could not see her for a week.)

Everything is in a daze.

I can no longer see, no longer hear, I spend my nights coughing.

The doctor can't make any sense of it. Medically, everything is supposed to work very well, then in a few minutes everything gets disorganized.

I see you as if through a thick fog.

All that is inside seems to want to come outside.... I am familiar with this sort of magic.

V. has had another vision. He went to the Vatican.

To the Vatican! ... In his sleep?

> *He wasn't asleep: he could hear the noise of the [Ashram's] generator. It was a vision at 5:30 in the morning. He found himself in an immense hall with red carpets. There were all kinds of people there, each moving about according to his order. Then, in a corner, seated in a big armchair, there was a man wearing a red hat, a sort of miter,*[88] *and in concentration. He was concentrated, and was repeating something with a certain gesture of the hand, as if turning something in a circle. V. instantly knew it was him. A man with intense blue eyes, long eyelashes, not strong physically but with a very powerful appearance, a thin, pointed nose, a sparse beard like that of someone who doesn't shave properly or hasn't shaved for two or three days, about fifty-five years old. A man who gave the impression of a great egoistic ambition, says V. And he was intently watching P.L., particularly your symbol which P.L. wears around his neck. And he was repeating something while turning his wrist.*

Oh, that's it! That's why: P.L. went back there, and it's since then that the attacks have come back.

Yes, P.L. is the link.

(after a silence)

Yes, they have come back.

At times, in the space of a few seconds it falls on you in such a way as to make

you think you're going mad. Last night, it was terrible.

And you, are you better?

Yes, it went away completely, just as suddenly.

When you spoke to me last time, I took the thing ... *(gesture of pulling out an invisible dark point from Satprem's atmosphere).*

I can't speak; as soon as I speak, I start coughing. But if you like, we can remain quiet.

(meditation)

* * *

(During the meditation, Mother's attendant silently walks through the room, without making the least noise on the carpet. A few seconds later, Mother stops the meditation:)

Has someone come in the room?

Yes, Vasudha.

(Mother coughs) Impossible to speak.

Oh, the other day, on Durga's day,[89] I went over there [to the music room where Mother sees people].... I told you last year that she had come and made her surrender. This time, I went there (it was the first time I'd come out); as soon as I entered the room, I felt there was something, an impending attack. So I sat down, kept very still, and called the Lord as usual so He would fill the room with his light. And it was She who came in a golden light – a glory of adoration and consecration! She stood there *(immense gesture).* It was magnificent! Magnificent. And the whole morning was very good. Then, in the afternoon, things went wrong again.

Couldn't you strike at these people a little?

I can't strike! *(Mother opens her arms)* I no longer can! I smile at them. I tell them, "Come, come, what's the use?" Durga, too, I have taught her not to strike. So, till Wednesday. I hope things will be better.

October 9, 1968

It's still worthless *(Mother coughs)*. I can't even hear myself speak.

And you, are you all right? Is it all over?

Yes, yes, it's over![90]

Do you have news from there?

From Rome? Yes, some time ago, P.L. wrote me another letter turned to you. Would you be interested in another vision of V.'s?

He saw something again?! ... But is he aware of this affair?

Not at all! It so happens that a few months ago (he didn't understand why), he chanced to see the Pope twice. He didn't at all know why.[91] *The first time, he found himself there, in front of a throne, in front of this man [the Pope], who at first fixed his gaze on him and tried to hypnotize him. As he began to hypnotize him, V. started repeating your name within himself. Then the Pope stopped that gaze, gave him a smile and asked him, "Where do you come from?" V. replied, "I come from Sri Aurobindo's Ashram." Then the Pope answered, "Oh, I know the Mother very well!"*

(Mother smiles)

V. didn't understand the reason for it, what it meant. Then, a second time, he went there once more, saw the Pope again, who received him kindly and told him, "Oh, I would very much like to return to India." V. said to him, "If you come to India again, you must come and see Mother." He answered, "Certainly, if I go back to India, I'll go and see Mother."

Well, well! ... And then?

Then, following that, when you spoke of these attacks coming from there, the thought suddenly occurred to me: "Let me ask him to watch what's happening, what's going on there." And two days later, he had that vision of that man repeating something, concentrated and watching P.L.'s atmosphere. Then, a few days ago, he saw something else again, but it wasn't there, it was here.

Oh!

On your terrace, a sort of bear – huge, all black, nearly ten feet high, with pointed ears, sitting there regally, and watching. He had taken up position there. He was settled north-west of your terrace, looking north-west.

(Mother keeps her eyes closed, smiling)

Whatever can that be! *(Mother coughs)*

But that's surely what makes you cough!

(Mother laughs)

A bear? What does a bear mean? A black bear?

A bear ...

All black, with very long ears!

(Mother laughs)

And V. said he was still seeing those waves.... You remember he had seen those red waves coming over you; now it's not that: it's over your house, waves of gray color, and they seem more "scattered," he told me.

(Mother remains in a long concentration)

A big beard, like this *(floating gesture)*. It's not Sri Aurobindo's beard, it's bushy and well trimmed.

A huge head. But it's not a bear! ... Only, I don't see the upper part of the head, just the beard: like this, a big beard *(same gesture)*. A yellowish white – dirty white.

(Mother goes back into concentration)

I am surrounded by [invisible] people and things, the room is full of them!

I constantly see. At night (especially at night), I see moving forms that look like ... You know how J. is dressed,[92] or Dr. Agarwal[93] ... Oh, speaking of Dr. Agarwal, when Pralhad [his son] died, his mother was very anxious to know if he had come to me. I told her, "Nothing, I haven't seen anything." So I don't know if it's as a result of that or if I thought about it, but two days ago (the day before yesterday), I went for a stroll in a forest of the vital! ... Mon petit, it was beautiful! Oh, a magnificent forest, and so well maintained, so clean, oh, it was lovely! A really magnificent place, really magnificent. Then, I suddenly see a youngish Pralhad there, a mere lad, coming towards me and telling me *(in a despairing tone), "I don't know, can't find the religion." I* told him, "You don't need a religion!" He said, "Oh, there's another man here who can't find a religion." And that was Benjamin![94] I said, "He's an idiot! *He doesn't need to find a religion!"* There you are: Benjamin lost in a mar-vel-ous forest (it's beautiful, you know!) because *he* can't find a religion! And Pralhad looking for a religion! ... So I wanted to send a line to his mother to tell her, "Be consoled, Pralhad is in a very beautiful place! ..."

He looked very well. He was very well dressed....

Oh, how ridiculous!

(silence)

But at night, the room is full – with open eyes!

I see people ... people as big as giants, moving about like that, and clumsily. But they don't blunder about. On the contrary, they try to make themselves useful, they don't blunder about.... *(Laughing)* They do useless things with great seriousness!

(silence)

Oh, what a beautiful forest, mon petit! They must be the forests of ... It's between the subtle physical and the vital, as if joining the two – the subtle physical to the vital. Trees as I have only seen in Japan; trees rising straight like columns, planted in rows – magnificent! With light-colored grass, very light, pale green. Grass on the ground, air – lots of air – and at the same time nothing but trees: a forest. But not thick, not crowded. Well then, in that magnificent place, instead of rejoicing, the fool *(Mother takes a wailing tone): "I don't know what happened to me, I have no religion"! (Mother laughs)* So I told him, "But you should rejoice! No religion – you are in a place much more beautiful than all religions!" *(In a whining tone)* – "I don't understand...."

(silence)

There's no work.... Are you all right?

Yes, quite all right.... But you can hear me just the same!

Yes, behind a veil. Especially because just now you shouted!

But I didn't!

(After a silence) All these vital worlds are worlds of suggestion. You are in one wave of suggestion: everything is frightening; you are in another wave of suggestion: everything is charming; you are in another wave: everything is magnificent. Like that. It's odd. Like worlds that exist through suggestion. And it's between the subtle physical and the material vital, like this *(Mother presses her right hand against her left one),* as close as can be.

I have an idea that there also exists a world of medicines which is like that! Because the same medicine, given at different times for the same troubles, produces different results – the same medicine. So if, from within, you make a resolve, if you say, "You will agree with the medicine" (to find out its precise action), then a sort of mischievous little spirit comes and says *(in a mocking tone),* "What's wrong with you?!" But the medicine knows nothing about it, because depending on the case ... Ah, let me tell you, it's a comedy!

And almost everything is like that, almost everything. And in the end ... But I must say that two or three times I wondered if I wasn't on the verge of madness;

two or three times I wondered if EVERYTHING wasn't like that, except the Supreme.

So then, would He be putting on an act for Himself, to amuse Himself? ... But it's no fun! I told him, "Maybe it's fun for You, but WE don't find it fun!"

But speaking of beauty, these last few months I've seen things ... oh, the most beautiful things I've ever seen in my life.

There.

So let's have pity for this *(Mother points to her throat)* and pity for you too, it mustn't be fun!

Oh, Mother, listen...

(Mother takes Satprem's hands) You're still warm.

No, no, I'm quite fine!

(silence)

Yes, all that I have seen lately is very beautiful, and with open eyes. It's to compensate the fact that I can no longer ... *(Mother looks around her).* No, it's something in the sight that I don't understand – and how many things I don't understand, oh! ...

There is, at the same time, the fact of an all-powerfulness without limits, and of a powerlessness without limits. And all that here, at the same place *(Mother closes her two hands together, one on top of the other)* ... And by temperament I am sensible enough not to talk, because if I were to say all that I see, all that goes on and all that's there ... they would say, "That's it, she's gone, she's lost her balance; with her mind she's lost her head!" *(Mother laughs)* So I take a very serious look and say to myself, "Let's see, let's take one of their so very important problems – problems of life and death to them – let's see, let's look at it straight in the face, let's be a little serious...." *(Mother laughs)* And it's all right, the balance is still there!

So then, tell V. that as for his black bear, I saw it as a brown man, with a brown overcoat and a hat ... (you know, those pointed caps) which formed the ears!

But what is it?

Someone who wanted to be useful and did useless things, I told you – I don't know why, I don't know what he wanted. Maybe he wanted to see me?... He didn't seem to be looking – a rather stupid air.

Those things ... you give them a little pat on the head like that: "You're quite nice!"

So there.

(Mother looks at Satprem with "those eyes"...)

And the sense of the Presence of the Supreme.

October 11, 1968

(Mother is still unwell.)

Do you have anything to say? *(Mother coughs)*
I wouldn't like to make you talk.
It doesn't matter.
I don't know why, a thought has been coming to me....
Tell me.

> *This process of transformation, one does feel it must take place in the body, but might it not rather be after all a sort of condensation of power progressively building up around you or behind you, which would one day materialize into a being?*

It's possible – it's possible, the thought occurred to me too. Then? Go on.

> *That's all ... that image came to me: a condensation of you. Somewhat like, you know, that story (on quite a lower level) of the stones that "consensed" in the courtyard of the Guest-House, when stones were thrown into the Guest-House.*[95] *But instead of a lower magic, it would be a higher magic, if I may say so: a luminous condensation of Truth.*

(Mother remains in contemplation till the end, not saying anything)

October 16, 1968

What do you have to say? Nothing?...

> *It's sad to see you like this.*

I don't understand what's going on. Unless it's all the same thing [from the Vatican], but then it's really very obstinate.

> *Oh, the other day, I got a wave of their magic. It came back and went away. It remained for a day.*

Ah?

> *It's something that takes hold of the brain and leaves you in a daze.*

No, today it isn't the brain, it's ... *(After a long silence)* I can't even say what it is.

Doesn't Sri Aurobindo say anything?

I haven't seen him these last few days.

(long silence)

I don't understand.

I do nothing but cough all the time.

This state I am in now began this morning, it's quite new. Yesterday, I was in pain, but it was physical. This is something different.

(silence)

It's strange.... The consciousness has become more and more, more and more intense *(gesture spread out above),* something like this *(same gesture),* dominating everything and ... I think the most accurate way to put it is, not active.

This [the body] is like something floating within this consciousness, but it's not active.

(silence)

I can't explain.

It's like an ocean of light that keeps doing its work, and then, in it, there floats something ... *(Mother shakes her head as if not knowing what this "something," her body, is).*

It's not cut off,[96] but not active, that's all.

(silence)

For instance, every morning I see four people; I don't speak, but the consciousness is fully there, it works, does its work with a power of concentration. Then they go away – and it goes away.

But this [the body] doesn't even have the sense of being an instrument, you understand.... I don't know what it is. It's not an instrument. I don't know what it is.

(Mother "looks") It's deep ultramarine blue. Do you know that color?... That's it.

(long silence)

Don't you have anything to ask? We could see if it makes something come *(gesture of contact with the ocean)?*

No, I was surprised that Sri Aurobindo didn't come to tell you what's going on or anyway to explain....

Yes, he did: yesterday morning, I had an attack (for the first time in my life), an attack of stomach cramps, very painful, and like a child I asked to be cured – and he cured me! I saw him, felt him.... But you see, he is interested in this [the transformation], that's all.

Of course, there is a reason, something that for some reason isn't revealed to me. All this isn't useless – not in the least, and also not ... (what's the word?) *unexpected, you* understand?

Things seem to be organized for something to happen – what? I do not know.

(silence)

I think we must patiently wait until things have run their course.

Yes, all that is certainly for a reason, it's certain.

Yes.

We'll know afterwards.

Oh, last night, I think, there was a whole activity with P.L., I don't know what.

At night, things constantly happen, but I don't remember – I am deliberately not allowed to remember.

Of course, one doesn't want this [the body] to tire itself. One wants it to remain quite still, very still, as still as possible, for some reason or other.

We mustn't fret, we must wait patiently, and we'll see.

We'll see.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

Not to worry.

It's obviously not the time to say anything.

We'll see.

(before leaving, Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

I don't at all have a sense of weakness, not at all *(gesture of descent of the Force)*. That is, it [the Force from above] is always there.

Oh, yes!... Yes, it's there![97]

Something is going on, we'll see.

October 19, 1968

(Mother speaks these words haltingly; they are interspersed with long silences, as though dropping from far away ... perhaps from eternity.)

I can remain without coughing, but because of that I can't speak.... There's nothing we can talk about. So there.

(silence)

The material, the physical is learning – it's learning what it is – and that's very interesting. But ... it's very hard to express.

(silence)

You see, I remain for hours and hours on end without speaking, and it's like a development unfolding logically, but ... This cough must be deliberate, to prevent me from speaking. Because I see things clearly.... One seems to waste one's time speaking.

I remain, I can remain for hours, hours and hours like that, watching the development – a development at once universal and personal; but "personal," there is so to speak no person, it's something curious. There's a series of states of consciousness being organized.

(silence)

There is in an almost constant and general way the impression that material things – not only things, but perceptions, sentiments (kinds of odd sentiments that have nothing to do with ...) and ways of being, perceptions, consequences, reactions – all that constantly strikes me as being ... (yes, I might put it like this), as being different from what people think.

I don't know how to explain.

We could say that causes and consequences ... (But it's not something thought, that's what is difficult.) It's certainly something I am now discovering, so ... I don't know if it's the cause or the process of deformation between what is and what's perceived (what's lived, perceived).

(Mother remains absorbed for a long time)

It's still inexpressible.

One feels it can last ... It's almost on the fringe of time, one doesn't know how to explain.

Inexpressible.

With, now and then, something like the reflection of an ineffable Happiness, but without motive; yet at other times there is a sort of ... (what should I call it?) sadness or melancholy (I don't know how to explain), also without motive, and which seems to be the result of the deformation of the other.

Very well. We must be patient.

October 23, 1968

I've been given a quotation from Sri Aurobindo.... I find it very interesting.

> "What happens is for the 'best' in this sense only that the end will be a divine victory in spite of all difficulties – that has been and always will be my seeing, my faith and my assurance – if you are willing to accept it from me."

Sri Aurobindo
December 28, 1931

I find it very interesting. Because when people are told, "It will be for the best," they always think it's the best as they imagine it!

* * *

(Mother goes into a meditation, then abruptly comes out of it:)

And your book?[98]

It's not easy.... I am revising it.

Oh!

It's a terrible work to do.

No, if one takes that attitude, one is never done with it! It will never reach the end. One revises following a certain current, then when one has reached the end, one enters another current, and then ... It's endless.

I knew a painter like that; he was a great painter: Gustave Moreau. But there are few paintings by him, because he was a man who kept doing his paintings over again. He would progress, his vision would progress, and his painting would always appear to him to be outside, unfinished – it couldn't be finished! So it's only when he died that they could get his paintings – there were many of them, and they were magnificent. Only, each of them was a movement towards something....

Have you seen his house? He left his house with all that was inside, they made it into a museum.

(silence)

Silence, that's all I can offer you.

(meditation)

October 26, 1968

I have nothing to say. I can speak, but I have nothing to say!

Are you all right?

I hardly cough anymore.... But I have nothing to say.

(silence)

This physical, this physical consciousness (I don't think it's a personal physical consciousness), the general physical consciousness was, in this body, seized with such a pity, oh! ... I can't say "pity" ... it's something very special: a very intimate, very tender compassion for the human physical condition. But it seized me in massive proportions! Nothing else remained in the consciousness, and if I hadn't controlled it, I would have started crying and crying....

That has been the dominant note of these last few days.

And as if underneath, as if coming from the depths, beneath, the perception of this Compassion – the divine Compassion – the perception of the way the thing is seen and felt by the Divine.... That was wonderful.

It really was a dominant note.

And there are so to speak no contradictions from outside – I don't see many people: among them, there is only ONE person, one person who lives in a joyous consciousness. Only one among all the people I know. Even then, it's because that person lives in a very harmonious vital-mental consciousness and is contented.... Besides, I feel that if one were to scratch a little ... [the person's joy would vanish].

Yes, the condition of human bodies is very miserable.

It's miserable.

Yes, very much so.

It's really miserable.

Oh, it's not at all, it has nothing to do with vital or mental difficulties or any of that.... The body isn't conscious of that, not interested in that – not interested: when people recount vital or mental difficulties, it finds them quite childish. But the MISERY this body lives in – that's what is awful.

There have even been moments ...

There is, as I said, a CONSTANT call – constant call to the Divine, and even the strong (how can I put it?) perception of his Presence, so then there is a sort of contradiction.... When it began, I said, "How can You want this?"

You see, for a very long time – for years – the spontaneous attitude (it's not the result of an effort), the body's spontaneous attitude has been, "It's my incapacity, my ignorance, my helplessness, my stupidity ... that bring about my

misery." It considers itself to be solely responsible for all its miseries. But then, that's the difficulty, it's this contradiction: "Why, why do You want things to be like this? Why?"

So I spend almost entire days and nights in silence (I mean, without speaking), but seeing – seeing ... And there isn't any sensation or perception of a separate individuality; there are innumerable experiences, dozens of them every day, showing that it's the identification or unification with other bodies that makes you feel this person's misery, that person's misery, the misery of ... It's a fact. And it's not felt as being another body's misery, it's felt as your own. Which means it has become difficult to make a distinction on a plane ... *(Mother stretches her hands out into the distance).* There is a plane ever so slightly more subtle than the quite material plane.... So one isn't complaining about one's own misery, it's that EVERYTHING is one's misery.

In other words, it's not an egoistic complaint.

There is a very clear and spontaneous perception that it's impossible to extract a small part from the whole and make something harmonious out of it when the whole isn't harmonious.

But why, why?... I can't understand.... As long as the body felt separate (in the past – very long, very long ago), when it felt itself to be a body separate from others, and more importantly, separate from the Divine, then it made sense: there's nothing to say, it's quite natural, it makes sense. But now that for it EVERYTHING truly is the Divine, how, how can that fail to bring about Harmony?... You understand, when on the vital or mental level (and above, of course), you have the experience of identity, you have at the same time the Bliss. Here [in the body], there is the experience of identity, but No Bliss. Why?

Maybe if the body had managed to remain separate, it could have felt something – but that's not true! It would have been a falsehood.... You see, this identity isn't the result of an effort, not the result of a will: it's a FACT – a spontaneous fact, I didn't make the least attempt to get it. It began like that. And this body itself is in a state ... which I can't call "precarious," but which is nothing particularly cheering. It hasn't resulted in a physical harmony for the body.

Because there's all the rest.

Precisely!

Now and then, for ... not even a few minutes (it's a few seconds), there is a clear perception of the true Identity, which is perfect Harmony, and then all disorders cease to exist – but ... materially they exist! Take a very simple instance: my teeth are all loose in my mouth – it s a FACT – and it's true that logically, such a condition should be very painful: it's not. And I see that it is so because of a Presence – that I understand very well. But it doesn't get cured, far from it! It's incurable.[99]

This physical is truly ... a mystery.

I understand people who have said, "It must be abolished, it's a falsehood." Yet that's not true, it's not a falsehood, it's ... what is it? If we say "a

deformation," it doesn't mean anything.

(silence)

But the power to relieve (not to heal: the power to relieve), far from having diminished, has increased. When I am told that someone is ill, at least ninety-nine times in a hundred, I have already EXPERIENCED the thing, and what I am told makes me say, "Ah, it's so and so." I have already experienced it as being part of my physical being *(gesture in the distance),* an immense physical being, you know, immense and without precise form. And it's this precision and this division that are ... (what should I say?) ... are they the obstacle or the cause (probably both) that prevent the Harmony from being established? It's because we REALLY are separate.

But then, can you conceive how a world that's not really separate would be? ... Because, you understand, the question is serious: if for the world to exist as it is, it has to be really separate, and if being really separate is the cause of all misery, then ... And yet, in another way (I don't know how), in another way I know (it's not "I" who knows: there's no "I" there), I know, I KNOW (it's the great "I" who knows) that the desertion, the disappearance of this world is NOT the solution.... But what is it?....

This is the only world where division is no longer the result of a state of consciousness, but a FACT. So? ... Everywhere else, it's the result of a state of consciousness: if the consciousness changes, the state changes – not here. It's the only world: here. And yet ... it [division] is a falsehood.

(silence)

One can easily conceive of a considerable improvement with the establishment of the true Consciousness, because, as I said, there are experiences (quite fleeting, but still) that are very concrete, of even a material harmonization which, seen in that way, looks very much like a miracle. But one conceives that reestablishing the True Consciousness and, along with it, the Harmony it brings, would make a considerable difference.... Probably a difference sufficient for a harmonious and progressive state to be realized – in harmony, not in misery.

That may be the supreme miracle the Divine is trying to achieve: separation – an existing fact – and the state of consciousness of Oneness.

(silence)

Now, at any rate, I know.... The work in the other states (even, even in a subtle physical) is relatively child's play. The difficulty is here.

(silence)

So one may conceive of an improvement, even a considerable improvement, a state far more harmonious than the existing one. The existing state ... it's hell, really; it's only thanks to this Possibility that it's not hell. It's because behind that

hell, there is this Possibility – which is living, real, existing, tangible, livable – otherwise it's infernal.... You understand, one gets the impression that all the states of being have been whipped together (you know, like when you make mayonnaise!), all the states of being well mixed together like that, in a great confusion, so naturally the "horrible thing" is bearable ... because of all the rest in there. But if you start separating ... Oh! *(gesture of horror)*

What do YOU have to say?

> *Well, it means that the consciousness of the WHOLE must change. It's always the same problem: when the WHOLE totality has progressed, changed its consciousness, the material "fact" should become different.*

It appears to be like that.

> *That's the problem.*

There's no escape, no way to divide that.

> *EVERYTHING must change.*

Individuality is merely a means of action for the transformation of the whole.

I understand why they said one had to escape! It demands such a transformation ... it's almost an eternity of time.

Once you've got out of it, you're out of it, but all the time you've spent to ...

> *"One" can't be transformed without everything being transformed!*

Yes, that's it. That's right.

> *That is to say, "one" accelerates the transformation of the whole.*

Yes.

But that means the great *surrender:* "It's like that, it's like that...." Frightful.

That's why there are people who escape (even though it's no use, because they'll have to come back): it's to get some rest! *(Mother laughs)*

It's perfectly obvious that if it weren't unbearable, it would never change. And if it's unbearable, well ... it really makes you feel like running away – which is impossible, of course, it's foolish to think you can get out of it: it's not possible. Only, for a time ... you rest.

It means abandoning the work. It delays the result.

> *And yet ... yet you feel that if by some miracle ONE individual succeeded in physically supramentalizing himself, it would be such an example for the rest of the world that... I don't know, it would change it radically.*

But that would still be partial.

Yes, but it would strike consciousnesses so much ..

.

It wouldn't be general, it could only be partial. But it WILL be. It's part of the Plan. But the perfection of ONE realization depends on a total realization. There may be a certain "quantum" of realization, that's undeniable – that's precisely what the supramental race will realize, obviously. It's obvious.

> *But I mean that if, now, through some miracle, ONE became luminously true, it would strike the rest of mankind so much that it would be turned back onto the path of Truth – ONE example.*

Yes, of course. But that ...

(silence)

Let's hope for it!

(silence)

That's the true surrender ... oh! ...

(long contemplation)

Maybe the miracle of true surrender?... (It's not even *surrender,* it's something like an acceptance, which is at the same time the abolition of any separation.) That would be perfect ... maybe. It has to be seen. There. So the next time is your birthday – a new birth.

(silence)

Since you have conceived of it ... it means you must try to do it.

October 30, 1968

(Regarding the message Mother has given to Satprem for his birthday.)

> "Here are the Light and the Divine Love which are always with you on the path, every outcome of which is only the starting point for a new stage."

It's precisely the experience I've had these last few days (yesterday, I think), just before writing the card. We always set an end to things – but there isn't any. There isn't any. The truth is, one rises like this *(Mother draws a curve that reaches a point in space),* but it's in order to go like this *(gesture of a new curve*

rising higher from that point on), and again like this – for ever and ever.

It may be an individual consciousness, not necessarily an impersonal one; for the individual consciousness, too, it's like this: a great curve *(Mother draws a trajectory up to a point),* and like a springboard to go farther. So it was a vision like that, of something developing – developing while it expands and grows illumined.

We might say, the Consciousness growing more and more conscious of itself. That was the impression.

And everything is a means for it to grow conscious of itself.

That explains everything, besides. That's what explains everything.

The means for the Consciousness to become conscious of itself.

(silence)

And this work of growing awareness (self-awareness) in the body is really very interesting. Very interesting.

What would you like to ask me for your birthday?

You don't have anything to ask?

I'd like to do better.

(meditation)

* * *

Then Mother writes the message she intends to give for 1969:

"No words – acts."

It seems you already gave this message for 1950?

One repeats oneself!

Things repeat themselves, yes.... Nineteen years!

We haven't made progress.

Yes, we have! I feel we've come a long way.

(Mother nods without saying anything)

Last time you asked me, "Where do I stand?" So when I wrote your card, I remembered your question. I thought I should write something for you about that.

Then I evoked Sri Aurobindo in his portrait.[100] I wrote, "Here is the Light and the Divine Love which always accompany you ...

> "Which are always with you on the path ..."

And there I asked, "Well, where do we stand?" (for you). And he answered ...

> "... every outcome of which is only the starting point for a new stage."

He made me have the experience these last few days. It was the answer to your question. It goes on indefinitely *(Mother draws an immense road)*, so "Where do I stand?" *(same immense gesture) – there's* as *much* of *the path* behind *as* there *is* ahead! *(Mother laughs)*

> *But are things moving?*

Of course they are! They keep moving all the time.

> *Yet one doesn't clearly feel the consciousness developing....*

Ah?

> *One feels the Light growing stronger, the Truth more living.... In a sense, there are no more questions; that's for sure, there are no more questions. But ... what? One feels the consciousness isn't developing much.*

(meditation)

If you don't have anything to say ...

> *I would like to serve you better.*

Don't you worry! It's quite fine.

(silence)

I've lost the habit of speaking, for me it's very difficult.

(silence)

I have a very strong impression that "one" wants us to learn something. Very strong. And I don't know what it is.

It's ... something like the secret of the functioning.

There's a constant demonstration, through all kinds of little facts, that the process we conceive of, or understand, or have accepted, is false, not in conformity with reality, and one wants to make us find, discover – but discover WHILE LIVING IT – the true process of the Manifestation: the why and the how. The why: there's an impression like that. The how ... *(Mother shakes her head as*

if the thing were eluding her).

So there. And that's the state of consciousness I am in all the time. I am there as if pushing and pushing ... *(groping gesture, then the thing escapes).*

(silence)

I clearly feel it's only an identification ... [that can give the key]. Yes, like a conscious identification, that is, with the consciousness remaining fully awake.

There.

We'll see next year where we stand!

Mon petit ...

Have a good year, mon petit.

November 2, 1968

Anything?

I got a letter from P.L. But it's not complete.

How do you mean?

I'd written to him and told him V.'s vision, with the description of the person doing magic at the Vatican, and I'd asked him, "Look silently and see if it corresponds to someone." He writes, "Yes! I know who it is."

Oh, he said yes.

Yes, he says, "I know who it is and I'll send you his photo." I am waiting for the photo.... Here's what he writes: "V.'s vision has come to show me the accuracy of the person's description: it is Msgr. Z, archbishop in the Holy See's State Secretariat, an intimate friend of the Holy Father's and his private collaborator....

Oh!

"I am looking for his photo to send it to you...."

Oh, but he is a dangerous man.

And P.L. says: "That vision comes to me the very day when I am told that the Holy Father has given instructions to his closest collaborators for the formation of a program of action to shake the lethargy of millions of Catholics asleep in the routine of unconscious religious practice.[101] *Here are the most important names in the committee: X Italy's cardinal; Y, France's cardinal; Z, the Pope's factotum; then Msgr. Z...*

That same man.

"... and me!... The meetings will take place 'sub secreto specialissimo,' a formula equivalent to 'top secret.'"

Oh, he'll be in it!

Yes, he will, that's the extraordinary thing!

It's interesting.

It's quite extraordinary. And this Msgr. Z will also be in it. P.L.'s letter goes on: "You may remember that I had been told about a promotion at the Vatican; that promotion, announced while I was in Pondicherry, gave rise to the basest intrigues, so that the nomination was stopped. And paradoxically, I have been given its duties without the title.... They have decided to test me, and to do so for a period of at least four years.... The struggle for power in this milieu is frightening. But I see all that from such a distance! I have the sensation that it's all about someone else, not me, and that embarrasses those around me, for I do not react to injustice. (And what injustice! – If they knew how indifferent I am to this little world.) There is the sad panorama. You will now realize why the Samadhi's peace and sweetness are so dear to me and intimate to my soul. At times I feel like a feather blown here or there by the wind, and my whole effort is anchored in the light Sweet Mother has put into my psyche. Right from the first moment of the day my tenderness rises towards her, and then I see that what I do is not important, but the MANNER is...."

(long silence)

How many Catholics does he say there are?

Five hundred million, I think.

!!! That's half the population of the earth?

Not quite, I think, but...

(Mother remains in meditation for a long time)

Still, that you should have a man in this gang is a victory.

Yes.

I was looking at this: what can we do? *(Mother shakes her head)* Adopt his [the Pope's] program? Awaken those ...?

Five hundred million.

I don't see what we can do. Unless they construct something false, but then it won't have any force. "Christ's reincarnation"? *(Mother shakes her head)* To find something, they should move a little away from tradition – they can't.

(silence)

The basis should be the manifestation of supramental forces.... Only, there's no question of anything like that in religion, of course. If there had been any question of a Force or a Light or a change in the atmosphere announcing Christ's

reincarnation, they could have gone along in that direction, but there's nothing of that sort.[102]

There are some vague Scriptures that mention it. But they're regarded as crank esotericism.

(silence)

I don't know if I was right, but I nevertheless advised P. L. not to distribute Sri Aurobindo around like that and to remain quiet.

It would be no use.

The only result would be to have him blacklisted.

Yes.

(Mother remains in meditation)

It's still a period of transition.

(long silence)

One wonders what it will take to shake all this?

(Mother goes again into a meditation, then gives a start)

There was in my hand a vase containing Divine Love [pomegranate] flowers; I wanted to hand it to you, and when it came above my knees ... Did you see that movement?

Yes.

It was the vase falling on my knees. It didn't fall on the floor, it fell here....

What does it mean?

(long silence)

I don't know what it means.

At-any rate, I have a clear feeling that we can't do anything. We can be witnesses, but without any active manifestation. We can't do anything.

It's the same thing with Sri Aurobindo in France. I told you I had sent the translation of The Human Cycle; the publisher has finally answered me that it was "good for publishing houses specialized in this sort of subject." A second publisher told me the same thing. And I am waiting for a reply from a third ....[103]

Yes, that's it. Exactly.

(silence)

There is the feeling that things are moving, but it's still a subconscious action. Any conscious, outer action would only make a mess. Nothing to be done.

(silence)

The Power goes on and on and on increasing, but it doesn't want any precise, outer manifestation – none of that. Like this: action in silence.

November 6, 1968

(Regarding a visit paid by Satprem to Bharatidi, an old French disciple, at the Vellore hospital where she is to be operated on. Bharatidi, a member of France's Far East College, is well known for her sparkling wit and liveliness and her biting irony.)

So did you go and see Bharatidi?

Yes, Mother. She is fine, this Bharatidi, what force she has! And what sense of humor – she is really a queen.

Yes.

There's a great nobleness in that woman.

Oh, yes. Did you give her my note?

Yes, tears came to her eyes.

They're going to operate on her tomorrow.

Tomorrow morning.

But I wondered if it was really indispensable. They don't even know if it's cancer.

It's a tumor, which may be cancerous or a simple tumor.

Anyway, she is making arrangements, she has already distributed all her money.

They say that if they don't operate, it will go from bad to worse.

Yes. How old is she?[104]

Over seventy, I think. They're preparing her with blood transfusions. She's physically very weak, emaciated. But she has that energy....

She didn't know she had that?

No.... But it's heartening to see a human being with such dignity ...

Oh, yes.

... and recounting with humor the visit of missionaries and sisters trying to convert her (because it's a Protestant hospital)....

Is it?

So there are bishops, nuns, and once they came into her room to try and convert her. She tells the story with such humor: "I am not afraid of death, I know we are born more than once!" So the others have nothing left to say.

Yes, she sent me a message through M.: "I am not afraid of dying because I know we do not die." It's good.

(long silence)

There was a strange relationship between my mind and hers.... When I used to observe things and talk about them, I would have Bharatidi's voice and manner of speaking and seeing! I always wondered why, until I looked: there was a life when we were together, in a single body. That was very long ago.

Strange. It was very interesting.... All of a sudden, I would speak with her voice: the sound, the words, everything was quite like her.[105]

Yes, she has a lovely mind, really lovely.

Before coming here, she was Buddhist[106] and Communist – fervently Communist.

(silence)

Are they militant Protestants in that hospital?

Oh, yes! There are big signs everywhere in the rooms: "He died for our sins," and verses from the Bible all over the place.

Oh!

They are Protestants through and through. You can hear religious chants all the time....

(after a silence)

Those Protestants are much worse than the Catholics.

I always remember a Danish woman (she was the mother of Hohlenberg[107]

who came here), who once happened to come to Paris, and whom I had at lunch with me one day. If you had seen that woman ... I don't remember the occasion, but the talk turned to the Catholics, and she flew into such a rage! She shouted, "Those idolaters! ..." *(Mother laughs)* It was frightful!

They're worse.... I've known both, seen both: the Protestants are worse. They are much more ... they're hard. Very hard. They did away *(laughing)* with all that was artistic in the Catholic religion! They've turned it into something ...

It's mental moralizing.

Yes, that's right.

Do you know the story of that "evangelist" (I think), a pastor who used to live in the house where H. now lives? Naturally he had contacts with the Ashram, and I don't know how, he came across a few "messages" [given by Mother], and thought I was claiming to be a god – declaring I was a god. And that would make him hopping mad! He would shout, "Aah! Aah! Our god at least died on the cross, he suffered for us...." Like that. "... But look at her living comfortably...."

It's frightful.

"... At least that's something worthwhile: he suffered for us, he died on the cross!"

Yes, I saw that in the hospital, there was a big sign: "He died for our sins."

How horrible!

A sign big as this [gesture]

Oh, how horrible.

It's barbarism, that's all.

Yes.

(silence)

They are relatively few, far fewer than the Catholics.

But their religion is so shallow, so shallow and hollow that in reality it's nothing. The day it gives way, they'll be quite dumbfounded.

Yes.

That's what is happening in America, besides: it's giving way right and left. With the Catholics, there are still a few roots....

There was a time when I did a comparative study of all that I used to see and feel in all the religious sanctuaries, and that's really something interesting. In Protestant temples, it stopped at the mind, there was nothing else – nothing: dry,

very dry. A mind, and behind it, nothing.

As for the Catholics, it depended a lot on the church or the cathedral – on the place – a lot. Varied. So then, I would compare with all the other sanctuaries.... You understand, in the course of my travels I would always go and see – very interesting.

Buddhist temples are VERY FINE. Obviously nihilistic, but there is always a very concentrated atmosphere – concentrated and SINCERE. A sincere effort.

In temples here ... Oh, I met all kinds of things (lots of little devils), but all kinds of things. Here it was really interesting.... In one temple the godhead came to me and asked me to help her have influence on people! She told me, "I'll give you all I have, but you must see that ..." (she didn't use those words – I am translating). I was riding in a car towards her temple, and on the way she landed in the car! It was so unexpected! She told me, "Do come. See that my power increases and I'll give you all I have! ..." (It's in that temple that once a year they cut the necks of hundreds of chickens.[108]) So I said to her, "No." If I could have prevented all that slaughter! ...

But I like the atmosphere of many temples here.

Yes.

There's such an old vibration, so old....

Yes.

You feel you are finding again millennia that are so familiar.

Yes.

(long silence)

Did they put those "notice boards" in her room?

Yes, yes, everywhere.

She didn't ask for them to be removed, did she?

There's even a Bible in one corner.... No, no, no question of having that removed!

In her room!

Yes.

And when you were ill there, did they put a Bible?

No, I didn't see the Bible, but there was also a sign (I forget what).

They propagandize.

Oh, yes, of course.

(long silence)

Is there nothing, no work? Do you have anything?

V. has again seen something. Something unexpected. Every evening, he comes to meditate at the Samadhi, and there he has never seen anything in his whole life: for years there has just been Sri Aurobindo, that's all, never anything else. The other day he came, and all of a sudden he had a vision: he saw Kali coming out of the Samadhi from the spot where Sri Aurobindo's head is – an all-blue Kali, covered with gold ornaments.

On which day?

Some four or five days ago.

(Mother remains silent for a long time, then a misunderstanding follows)

I don't much like feeling her in there.

What surprised him was that instead of being naked, she was covered with gold.

What?

Oh, excuse me! You're speaking of Bharatidi!

Never mind, what did you say about Kali?

What surprised him was that she was covered with gold instead of being naked.

She was coming out of the Samadhi? No, that doesn't surprise me.[109] But my reflection was regarding Bharatidi.... That is to say, she mustn't die, because that's a very bad place to die.

Yes. When I was hospitalized there, I had a dreadful impression.

Yes.

I kept saying, "I must get out of here, I must get out of here...."

Oh, yes, I constantly wanted you to get out of that place. Very well.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(A letter from Mother to Bharatidi written about 1963, at a time when Mother was not receiving any disciple, except sometimes people about to marry. Bharatidi, then seventy-three, had written to Mother to ask her if she should marry to be entitled to see her....)

O Bharatidi, our dearest friend!

Do not marry, that would be such a great pity for all – for you would have to leave the Ashram, at least during the honeymoon....

Let me tell you the truth. If I do not see you, it is because I cannot speak, and worse still, cannot hear, and how could I see you without hearing all the very interesting things you always have to tell me?

My program is generally five minutes' meditation, sometimes even less – how can I ask you to climb two flights for that?

If you do not mind, let us wait a little until the pressure (not the blood's!) has subsided.

As for me, you know this, I have the great advantage of being with you without need of the physical presence, and your voice often resonates to my inner hearing – and I always answer in silence.

I now add this long written discourse to send you my best wishes for the new year.

With all my tenderness

Signed: Mother

November 9, 1968

(Bharatidi's death marked a sort of turning point in Mother's life, or the beginning of an unfortunate series: Amrita, Mother's faithful treasurer, was going to leave a few months later, in January 1969, followed by Pavitra in May 1969; then Mother's personal attendant, Vasudha, would fall gravely ill in August 1970, and finally Mother's cashier, Satyakarma, would leave in December 1970. Thus the few reliable disciples around Mother were going away – why this migration?... The atmosphere was going to change greatly: "I am surrounded by Falsehood.... They are all lying!... A general dishonesty," she was soon to say.)

She's gone, Bharatidi.

Yes, we've been very sad.

I think she wanted to go, because she had arranged everything. The trouble is the place.... She left during the night [of November 7], and I spent a very, very bad night, that is to say, I suffered a lot. And I didn't see her; she didn't come [to Mother], but her thought was there constantly. I don't know, I didn't see her. I didn't see her, I knew she had gone only when I was told.

1 feel her thought very strongly.

Oh, very strongly, very strongly, and constantly. And strangely, there's a sort of insistence on finding ... (how can I put it?) what happens when one leaves – that's what surprises me. Constantly, constantly: What happens when one leaves one's body?

1 felt the same thing.

The same thing. But it's HER THOUGHT that is like that. And very insistent, very insistent – again and again.... So what happened? At first, because I hadn't seen her [after her death], I thought it was her old Buddhism and she had gone into some Nirvana. But then, her thought constantly coming like this: "And what happens when one leaves one's body?" That's the strange thing. And it's
SHE who's putting the question. It's that thought.

Yes, that very thought came to me very strongly too.

Yes, but that's it. It's the whole problem coming like this: what happens when one leaves one's body? And I kept looking and looking and looking (I spent hours looking) – no Bharatidi. No form: a thought.

For me, it's very strange, 1 may say that never has a being's disappearance struck me like this one. Why? 1 don't know.

I may say that I've never been so occupied with someone's departure as I have been with hers – never. And constantly, "But what happens after death? ..." As if ... There's only thought and no form: I don't see her at all – not at all. I remember how she was physically, but I don't see her. And constantly the problem: what happens...? Then I remember all my experiences, all the people I've seen die, all my very concrete experiences.... And why does it come like this: "What happens after death?" As if there were a sort of preoccupation: "No one will ever know" (I might translate it like this), "no one will ever know what happened to Bharatidi after her death." And it's SHE, it's HER thought. I can't say "she," but her thought. Her thought as if she were telling me (you know how she was!), "No one will ever know what happened to Bharatidi after her death." Like that, with her irony.

She didn't want to come back to Pondicherry.[110]

No, she didn't.
The last few years (maybe the last two years, I don't know), she felt she was

going to be converted. When she saw me, when she was sitting in front of me, she would feel she was going to be converted. And she didn't want that. She wanted to keep her Buddhism, her nihilistic Buddhism, materially expressed as Communism.

When I said goodbye to her, she had magnificent eyes. She looked at me ... luminous eyes, with such force, such beauty.

She knew she wouldn't see you again.

Oh, those magnificent eyes ...

She knew she wouldn't see you again.

But I think it's this: her psychic being had become conscious, and her whole mind didn't want to emerge from its conception. I saw that. I saw it: when I held her hand like this, she would have the impression that she was going to be COMPELLED to change her conception, and she didn't want to. So she would get up abruptly and go.

She was an indomitable being, Bharatidi.

(Mother laughs) Yes, extremely mental. Extremely mental. The vital she had dominated; the physical ... It was all mental, mental, mental.... And with a sort of concentration in her mental being.

She must have had a bad night, it must have been difficult – because here it was very, very difficult, and I didn't know it had to do with her. As soon as I knew, I went and saw there (I knew it in the morning), because it wasn't a good place (but she didn't care, now she's gone out of it). But then her mind, constantly, constantly: "What really happens after death? ..." And for hours! I would do something else, be busy: for hours it kept coming back.... In the end (it lasted the whole day yesterday, and this morning it was still there), this morning I told her, "Listen, Bharatidi, be quiet, and if you are quiet, you will know." Since then, nothing anymore.

A mind so strong, and ... yes, essentially rebellious.

When she came to see me, it was very interesting. She would come, she was attracted; and she knew it, once she told me, "Yes, I am attracted." She would sit down, take my hand, then I would see her go like this *(gesture of stiffening),* something was going on, going on [in Bharatidi], and then ... all of a sudden she would get up and go.

She told me one or two words like that, but she didn't want – didn't want to get out of her conception. So then, something strange must have happened to her: "What happens after death?..." And it kept coming back like that: "No one will ever know what happened to Bharatidi after her death."

It's curious. But I finally gave her peace. I think she's better now.

She even told me (it was almost a conversation!), "You who know what death is, you don't know what my death is!" *(Mother laughs)* It's true, I don't know! "You don't know what has happened to me and what's happening to me.... What's

happening to me? What?" I must admit it's the first time – it has never happened in my life. It's the first time, the first person like that.

And the contact was only with the mind; I don't know what happened to the rest.

As for me, I was full of her.

Oh! *(Laughing)* Maybe she ... *(gesture of entering Satprem).* It's quite possible! Quite possible. I told her, "If you like, that whole part of your mind which I like very much can stay in me." I told her, "If you are happy to come, you can." Then I observed to see ... But it's possible, she may have come. Something from her seemed to me to go into P., that girl whom she liked a lot. I think she's dispersed her vital, and that mentally ... *(gesture of entering here or there, into those who are receptive).* But I told you before, there had always been a contact [with Mother], so it doesn't make much difference. But I think that's it.

I was full of her.

That's it, that's right! *(Laughing)* She divided herself up: communist, a communist death!

Yes, that's it. The psychic being went away peacefully, the mind scattered. Yes, because it was her, but it was ... I can't say a "person" (there's no person), but it was inside. It was inside, it wasn't like something outside (that's general). And insistent.

Yes, that's it, she scattered herself.

(silence)

But deep down in Bharatidi, I feel something very painful. A being who suffered a lot, who was very lonely, who would have liked to love but couldn't.

She couldn't.

I feel I know Bharatidi very well.

Ah?

Her revolt, as you say, her independence, and that love she dominated and didn't want to show to anybody.... When she looked at me, really there was ... I can't say, there was some thing in that look, I felt all that.

(long silence)

You remember, you gave her my note where I had written, "My love is with you," so she replied to that (she instantly saw why I had written that), she replied,

"I am not afraid of death because I know one doesn't die." It was M. who brought her reply back to me the next day.

Yes, she arranged things DELIBERATELY like that.

Oh, but she got herself operated on IN ORDER to die.

Oh, yes, she knew very well. She knew. She found it a convenient way to die.

She's fine.

(silence)

She must have dispersed herself deliberately, and gone inside all those who were close to her, receptive – where there was a receptivity.

She's dispersed herself.

In fact, to give an accurate translation of the vibrations I received (it lasted the whole day), it was, "You think you know" (I am translating), "you think you know what happens after death? ... Then will you tell me what happened after Bharatidi's death!" Like that.

Now I understand everything!

She was against individualism, and so ... She didn't want it.

Naturally, in the course of all that, I told her once (it was yesterday), I told her (said to her mind: it was her mind – not even the whole mind, now I understand it's only a piece of it), I told her, "For you it's like this, but it's different for everybody." Afterwards, she quieted down.

Yesterday, it was even very interesting, because I told her, I said to her mind, "Yes, if you like, you can settle in and make use of this instrument [Mother], but you know, you will have to renounce your preferences and prejudices!" She still used to have terrible reactions when she found that people didn't behave properly with her. So I told her, "All that will have to go!" *(Mother laughs).*

But now she is quiet. Last night I succeeded in quieting her.

I don't know if that's what I saw, but the night she left, during the night a scene came to me: I was in a little harbor which seemed sunlit, and then I saw a huge, dark-blue wave coming, and it came as if to engulf the place where I was.

Oh!

A dark-blue wave, very high.

Dark blue is the mind.

(long silence)

(Mother laughs) She's managed the whole affair quite successfully

(silence)

But there was in her mental formation a DEEP PITY for human suffering, and especially, especially an extraordinary Compassion. Oh, precisely for the suffering of death, for that transition, that moment of transition – the suffering of death. That used to preoccupy her very much. And that's what was there the whole night of her death; it was a very bad night – bad in the sense that I suffered a lot, and very difficult. Didn't sleep for one minute.

Then, when I learned she had left, the first thing that came *(gesture of mental vibration):* "Oh, how lonely she must have felt when she died!" And it preoccupied me a lot, until her thought told me, "Now it's over, we won't think about it anymore." She must have had a difficult moment.

She even told me, "You were with me, but it was too deep...." It was in the active mind that she was.

But then, she herself said, "No, now it's over, we won't think about it anymore." And all that was without form – she certainly didn't want there to be a form! I looked for it a good deal, but didn't find anything.

That's it, I felt the pressure [of Bharatidi's mind], I told her, "Very well, I'll give you refuge, but not to your preferences."

Very well.

But that dispersed mind, in what way will it continue to be?

Yes, in everyone: it has united. That's what she did, mentally she didn't want to continue to exist INDIVIDUALLY. With the psychic, you can't play jokes of that sort – it went away. But she didn't concern herself very much with her psychic – it was the belief she didn't want to believe in, of course! But mentally she dispersed herself (that's not very difficult).

But it should make a difference in the consciousness of the person into whom she's come?

Oh, yes, it should. As for me, I told you that the contact already existed, and moreover I did it deliberately, I accepted deliberately, so it can't make any difference in me; but in P., for instance, it may very well make a difference. To the extent of the person's receptive consciousness, it will make a difference. For example (but this is the quite material mind), she knew Pali very well.... If there is someone receptive, it will be good. She had a good knowledge of Pali. I'd have been very happy if it had come, but it didn't. I don't know where that fragment went. But to be passed on, it would take someone very, very plastic, because that's already very material.

I've seen instances, I've met people who suddenly got knowledge they didn't previously have, knowledge that came ready-made. She must have chosen someone.

If it had come, I would have been very happy.

All that came was general ideas, overall visions, and something that absolutely wanted to convince me that after death there is dispersion.

She had a very strong mind, very strong. Perhaps a small embryo of psychic being. But it was a whole mental organization.

(long silence)

She liked me very much, but she didn't have any trust in me! I represented what she didn't want to know!

Yes, as Sujata puts it, it was love she was afraid of.

Oh, yes.
Very well.
Did she still have any family? ... I suppose they've been informed?

Yes, she had prepared a dozen letters with all the addresses – to be filled in.

Letters in which she was announcing her death!

She had just written the addresses and left the letters blank, to be written. She had even prepared a telegram for someone. Oh, it was all ... organized.

(silence)

You know, she sent me everything in her that was contrary to what Sri Aurobindo said – she made a nice bundle with it and sent it all to me! *(Mother laughs)* Never mind! I looked at it, received it quite seriously, very seriously – I didn't send it back, didn't sweep it away: I received it all, sorted it all out, organized it all....

But never before in the ... (how many?) ninety years of my life have I been so occupied with someone's death as with hers, precisely for that reason, because she wanted to give me proof of "dispersion": "No one will ever know what happened to Bharatidi ...."

I didn't tell her, "That is childishness!" because, as she no longer had a body, I treated her gently. But the moment, the transition was difficult ... painful. There was a painful moment when she felt very lonely. Mentally very lonely, of course. Physically, she had her little Krishna [her servant] there. It wasn't physical, it was mental – because of her conception.

Very well.
We'll see.
Her psychic has gone to rest.

(silence)

But if you feel in you a difference in thought, in ways of thinking, tell me! *(Mother laughs)*

November 13, 1960

It's really an interminable work. It's this certain ... (what should I call it? We can hardly call it "mind"), this mind of the physical.... It seems it's being educated. But it's an interminable work.

For instance, its habit of building possibilities, or foreseeing (we can hardly call it "building" or "foreseeing" ... it's a sort of very dark thing deep down) possibilities and imagining events, with the whole pessimistic and dramatic side shown in all its ridiculousness. So then, I don't know, it's obviously to learn to control and direct that, but ... At first sight, it just has to be swept away, it's absolutely useless: you waste your time with it and make a bad job. You fill the atmosphere with a quantity of thoroughly disgusting formations with pulp-fiction imaginations.

There is an attempt at control, but all that is still very, very dark.

(long silence)

Lots of people from the United States are coming here at the moment, and they bring news of an appalling crisis over there, a crisis of discouraged pessimism.... The whole youth seems to be in a woeful state of depression and discouragement.

They've discovered all that was hollow, false, unreal in the old way of seeing life, and they haven't found anything to replace it with.... A few rare individuals (we get their letters, or they come here) say that they came across Sri Aurobindo's teaching and found it to be the salvation. But they are very few. And the majority of people don't understand – they don't have the intelligence needed to understand.

So everywhere they're sinking back; there has been an effort to emerge from that exclusive search for personal satisfaction, and it has led to extravagances; but now the very absurdity of those extravagances has become apparent, so they're sinking back very deep, and they haven't found – they haven't found the true path. Because it's not a mental path.

Everywhere there is still the cult of the mind, that's the terrible thing.

> *In Europe it's terrible! They would have the intelligence needed to understand, but they're shut inside their mental fortress.*[111]

Yes.

> *There's an attempt to bring Sri Aurobindo in, but they don't want him. They know better, they know everything!*

(long silence)

The difficulty, too, is that there have been so many false prophets and charlatans of Hinduism and of "Asia's Truth" that the true thing can't get in. It's full of charlatans. The atmosphere is as if rotten....

(Mother nods her head)

It's teeming with swamis, with this and that.... So what can the Truth do in all that?

(Mother goes into contemplation)

Interminable work, that's all. That's the impression this body has. It's at peace. Interminable work.

And it doesn't have ... (how should I put it?) a clear vision of the path or the process, so ... It only understands one thing: never forget, never at any time, not even for a second, what it calls "the Divine" and wants to reach. That's all.

And then, from time to time, there are flashes, like flashes from the Grace, absolutely wonderful.... But they last for one second.

(silence)

Not very encouraging.

There's only one thing: like a building up of force ... a force that MIGHT be a Power. I do feel it's slowly, slowly building up.... So then, maybe that's what is vibrating ... and maybe there's an impatience to act? I don't know.

But it's not precise yet.

And a very clear awareness of all the obstacles, of all that's against, of the general attitude. With the very clear perception that ... one must remain veiled. Exactly. This is the time when one must remain veiled. That's all.

But saying it makes it far more precise than it really is.

November 16, 1968

It's the physical being educated.

When the vital and the mind are there, they use the physical as an instrument for their will and whims – usually it has no independent life. So then, in the space of a few days, a few weeks, it has been educated all over again. It remembered all the experiences it had and sorted them out again, so to speak, and it has reached a sort of homogeneity wholly centered around the divine Presence.

It has had several experiences of this Presence.... Spontaneously, for the body, it's a "conscious Light"; a conscious Light it sees everywhere, feels everywhere, whose presence it constantly feels. But once or twice it saw a figure. That surprised it a lot and it wasn't too reassured (!), it wondered if it wasn't an

imposture or ... But a great Presence *(gesture like a human figure).* The details of shape weren't there, but ... It was like a concretization meant for the physical, of this conscious Light which was there, you see, and was as if concretized *(gesture of gathering)* into a shape which was luminous, too, which could be seen, and with such power! Above all, it was like the Power of the Lord – it was awesome. And the body's impression was that That could do anything. There was nothing That couldn't do. I can't say arms or hands or legs could be seen; it wasn't that, it was a shape, but as if with a head and shoulders: a shape, you understand. And to begin with, as I said, the first time the body saw it, it was slightly alarmed: "What's this? Is it an imposture? ..." Then, as always, the "Thing" came over it and said, "Quiet, quiet, quiet ...." Not words: like waves. So it kept very still, and it felt an awesome Power. It came when the body was very still and had stopped worrying, and That seemed to be telling it, "This is how I act on people." And it was a sort of concretization or materialization of this conscious Light. You couldn't see any eyes or a nose or a mouth or anything of the sort: it was an immense figure ("immense," anyway the part that was like a head was touching the ceiling).

I saw it twice, and both times it was when I was calling the Lord so He might act; for some reason I was calling the Lord onto someone or for something, and the body was like this *(gesture of aspiration or call).* And once I saw it behind someone. It was like ... *(Mother clenches her two fists)* like condensed Power.

Two cases (but one was especially clear) in which things didn't seem to be as they should have been; there seemed to be a disorder to set right, and as always, I was making contact – simply making contact.[112] And that was when I felt it became that Power. I didn't say anything – didn't say a word, didn't make a gesture, didn't say anything – and the circumstance changed. It wasn't here: it was something physically happening elsewhere. And it was changed in that way.... There was another case in which it was someone's will and thought that needed to be changed – but that I don't know, I haven't any news yet, I don't know.

The development seems to be moving towards that: an action on people and on the earth, quite physical.

Several times, when the body was ... simply disgusted at its pettiness, its incapacity, its ignorance, its stupidity ... (laughing) the response was very fine: "Be quiet! It's not you who do things." So the body wondered *(laughing),* "But then, what use am I?!" It said ... I don't know, I got the impression of the place where two currents are joined (you know, when you connect one current with another?), the impression that the body was like that, that was its use! ... It had the sensation of being like one of these tools ... *(Mother points to the electric socket).*

A socket.

(Mother laughs silence)

That is to say, becoming conscious of its very existence instantly hampers the

work. It ought ... not to be aware that it exists.

In fact, that's what makes it ill, that's when it's conscious of itself.

(silence)

Just today, I saw a German lady who worked for a while in N.'s dispensary. Naturally, she noticed he lacked everything he needed from a modern viewpoint; and for a reason I don't know, she has to go back to Germany, but she wants to come back with the full equipment. And she asked to see me before leaving. I'd never seen her before. She came, I told her a few words about what she should do, then she didn't want to leave anymore! She was sitting. So I simply did as I usually do, that is, the body ... (I don't know how to explain) seems to disappear, then the Lord *(gesture of Descent)*

... And then a thing which has happened, I don't know, maybe hundreds of times: poff! she got up and ... *(laughing)* did a "pranam" and left. Hundreds of times it's happened! And you know ... it's a Supergoodness (I don't know how to explain it to you), something so marvelously loving and good and ... but it's awesomely powerful! I think what terrifies them is the power. It happens all the time. The body goes like this *(gesture of standing back or disappearing),* and the Presence is there. And I simply look. But nine times out of ten, they take flight!

Some are used to it and are on the contrary very happy, but they aren't many.

November 20, 1968

(Mother looks weary. Her face is swollen by a tooth abscess.)

Do you have anything?

Yes, news from the Vatican.

Oh! ... tell me, it's interesting.

P.L. has sent photos of the man supposed to be doing magic. You know that he is an intimate friend of the Pope's, his private collaborator, and at the same time archbishop at the State Secretariat of the Holy See. Here's his photo.

Oh, he wears such a big hat!

(Mother looks for a long time)

And what does V. say?[113]

He isn't here at the moment.

Are archbishops dressed like this? What nationality is he?

He is from [such and such a country].

(Mother remains silent)

Brother A.[114] has become close to the Consul and his wife ... and with people he speaks ill of the Ashram. I don't know why. These people, their whole mentality is based on "the end justifies the means." That's what comes out of the photo.

(silence)

And we've heard that a whole Catholic school with chaplains is coming on a visit to the Ashram.... From where? I don't know. From France, I believe.

But give these people all you can and they give you all the poison they can.

Yes.

And the best among them are like that.

They don't simply come to see and learn: they come to discover all that they can criticize – and in the appearance, there's no dearth of things to criticize!

(Mother goes into a long meditation)

I think it will take a lot more time before all this changes.

November 23, 1968

I've had an interesting experience.... Not yesterday evening but the evening before, someone I won't name told me, "I am fully in the physical consciousness: no more meditations, and the Divine has become something up above, so far away...." Then, instantly, while he was speaking, the whole room FILLED with the divine Presence. "Oh," I told him, "Not up above: HERE, right here." And at that moment, EVERYTHING, the whole atmosphere ... you know, the very air seemed to change into divine Presence *(Mother touches her hands, her face, her body)*: you understand, everything was touched, touched, permeated, but with ... above all, there was a dazzling Light, a Peace like *this (massive gesture),* a Power, and also such Sweetness ... something ... you felt it would be enough to melt a rock.

And it hasn't left. It has remained.

It came like that, and has remained.

And the whole night was like that – everything. Even now the two things are

there: a little of the ordinary consciousness, as if mechanically, but I just have to remain still or concentrated for a second and it's there. And it's the BODY'S experience, you understand, physical, material, the body's experience: everything, absolutely everything is full, full, there's NOTHING but That, and we are like ... everything is like something shriveled, you know, like dried-up bark, something dried up. You get the impression that things (not completely – superficially) have become hard, dry, and that's why they don't feel. That's why they don't feel Him, otherwise everything, but everything is NOTHING but That; you can't breathe without breathing Him, you understand; you move about, and it's within Him that you move about; you are ... everything, the whole universe is within Him – but MATERIALLY, physically, physically.

It's the cure of the "drying up" that I am now seeking.

I feel it's fantastic, you understand.

And then, when I listen, It also says things; I told Him, "But then, why do people always climb up above?" And with the most extraordinary, fantastic humor: "Because they want me to be very far from their consciousness!" Things like that, but not formulated so precisely: impressions. Several times – several times I heard: "Why do they go so far away to seek what's ..." (you know, the theories that have said, "It's within you") ... "to seek what's everywhere?"

I didn't say it to that person, first of all because the experience wasn't a continuous thing as it now is.

And above all, there was: NO NEW RELIGIONS! No dogmas, no fixed teaching. Avoid – at any cost avoid turning it into a new religion. Because the moment it was formulated in an ... elegant way that imposed itself and had a force, IT WOULD BE OVER.

You get the impression that He is everywhere, but everywhere, and there's nothing else. And we aren't aware of it because we are ... shriveled up (I don't know how to put it), dried. up. We've made *(laughing)* tremendous efforts to separate ourselves – and we've succeeded! We've succeeded, but only in our consciousness, not in the fact. In the fact, It's there. It's there. There's NOTHING but That. What we know, what we see, what we touch is as if bathing, floating within That; but it's permeable; it's permeable, absolutely: That goes through it. The sense of separateness comes from here *(Mother touches her forehead).*

Perhaps the experience came because, for several days, there had been a very great concentration to find, not exactly the why or the how, but the FACT, the fact of separateness, the fact that everything appears so stupid, so ugly.... I was assailed, assailed by kinds of living memories of all sorts of experiences (all sorts: from things read to paintings, films, and life, people, things), memories of this body, all the memories we might call "antidivine," in which the body had a sensation of repulsive or bad things, like negations of the divine Presence. It began like that. For two days I was like that, to such a point that the body was almost desperate. Then the experience came, and it hasn't moved. It hasn't moved. It came: vrrff! finished, hasn't moved. You see, experiences come and then draw back – but this hasn't moved. It's there right now. So the body is trying to be fluid

(Mother makes a gesture of spreading), it's trying to melt; it's trying, it understands what it is. It's trying – not succeeding, obviously! *(Mother looks at her hands)* But its consciousness knows.

But that experience is having effects: some people have felt relieved all of a sudden, one or two absolutely cured. And when something goes wrong in the body, it doesn't need to ask: the trouble is set right quite naturally.

That hasn't even given the body a need to stop doing anything and to remain wholly concentrated in its experience, no: no desire, nothing. Like this: floating ... floating in a luminous immensity ... which is within! *(Mother laughs)* The immensity isn't only outside: it's within. It's within. This *(Mother touches her hands, this separate appearance)*, you really feel it's ... I don't know how to put it, but it only has reality in the deformation of the consciousness – but not the human consciousness: something that happened, something that took place in the Consciousness ... *(Mother shakes her head)* I don't understand.

(silence)

All the theories, all the explanations, all the stories that are at the root of every religion, it all seems to me ... like a distraction. So then, you wonder, you wonder ... (I am going to say something ...) whether the Lord hasn't been putting on an act for Himself! ...

But it's difficult to express. I've spent days when I really lived all the horrors of the creation (and in the consciousness of their horror), then that brought about this experience, and ... the whole horror vanished.

It wasn't moral things at all: it was mostly physical sufferings. Especially THE physical suffering. And that physical suffering, I saw it: a physical suffering that lasts – unceasing, going on night and day. And all at once, instead of being in that state of consciousness, you are in the state of consciousness of this exclusive divine Presence – the pain is gone! And it was physical, quite physical, with a physical reason.[115] You understand, doctors might say: "It's for this reason, that reason ..." – quite a material thing, absolutely physical: poff! gone.... Your consciousness changes – it comes back.

And if you stay long enough in the true consciousness, the appearance, that is, what we call the physical "fact" itself, disappears, not just the pain.... I have the feeling of having touched ... (there's no mind to understand, thank God!), of having touched the central experience.

But it's a very small beginning.

One would have the impression or certitude of having touched the supreme Secret only if the physical were transformed.... According to the experience (the experience in tiny details), that's how it should be. But then, would there first be ONE body in which this Consciousness was expressed, or must everything, but everything be transformed? ... That I don't know.

It would happen if the play – the play of separateness – came to an end. That would be the solution of the transformation. A phenomenon of consciousness.

But it's so concrete, you see!

(silence)

Only, the other consciousness is still there.... Just now, this morning, I saw a considerable number of people: everyone of them came, and I looked (there was no "I looked": for the PERSON there, it was like that, I was looking at him), the eyes were fixed [on the person] like that, and then there was the perception and vision (but not "vision" as it's understood: it's all a phenomenon of consciousness), the awareness of the Presence; the Presence permeating that sort of bark, of hardened thing, permeating, permeating everywhere. And when I look, when the eyes are fixed, it makes a sort of concentration [of this Presence].... But it's certainly quite a transitory and intermediate state, because the other consciousness (the consciousness that sees things and *deals with them* as usual, with the perception of what goes on in the individual, what he thinks – not so much what he thinks as what he feels, the way he is), that's there. It's obviously necessary, too, to maintain contact, but ... It's clearly still an experience, not an established fact. What I mean by "established fact" is the consciousness established in such a way that nothing else exists, it alone is present – it's not yet like that.

(long silence)

And what about you? What do you have to tell me?

I have felt a change in the atmosphere.

Ah!

Oh, yes. Five or six days ago, I had a sense of something oppressive ...

(Mother laughs)

Oppressive. And last night, oddly enough, at one point I saw you lying flat on the ground. Then I drew near you and asked you, "Wouldn't you like a cushion under your head?" You told me, "No, nothing." And you were lying flat on the ground....

Well, well!

What does it mean?

(Mother remains silent for a long time and does not answer)

But this notion of the "descending" Supermind, of a "permeating" Consciousness, is OUR translation.... The experience came as the experience of an

eternal fact: not at all something just now taking place. That it's all the result of states of consciousness is certain (whether there is something beyond, I do not know, but at any rate I have the positive experience of that). It's movements of consciousness. Why, how?... I don't know. But looking at it from the other side, the fact that something belonging to this terrestrial region as it is has become conscious, is what gives the impression that something has "taken place".... I don't know if I can make myself understood.... I mean that this body is just the same as all the rest of the earth, but for some reason or other, it happens to have become conscious in the other way; well, that normally should be expressed in the earth consciousness as a "coming," a "descent," a "beginning".... But is it a beginning? What has "come"? ... You understand, there's NOTHING but the Lord (I call it "the Lord" for the convenience of language, because otherwise ...), there's nothing but the Lord, not anything else – nothing else exists. Everything takes place within Him, consciously. And we are ... like grains of sand in this Infinity; only, we are the Lord with the capacity of being conscious of the Lord's consciousness. That's exactly it.

(silence)

Before that experience, when I was in the consciousness of all the sufferings and horrors of physical life, at one point something came (it didn't "say" – we are forced to use words, but all this takes place without mentalization), an impression ... to translate I would say, "Aren't you afraid of going insane? ..." Do you understand? (It's a translation.) So then, the body spontaneously replied, We are ALL insane, we can't get more insane than we are!" And things instantly calmed down.

(long silence)

It's here that this consciousness is *(Mother touches Satprem's chest)*. This *(gesture pointing to the mind and above)* is just light, light ... *(immense gesture)*. But in this body, this consciousness is here *(same gesture to the chest)*. I mean the consciousness ... that we are within the Lord.

I know, the consciousness that's here knows that this way of speaking is quite childish, but it prefers this childish way to one that would try to be precise and would be mental.

(Mother looks at the clock)

Oh, it's late.... I've talked a lot, bah-bah!

November 27, 1968

(Mother has a severe cold. In fact, she has been in the same painful curve

since July.)

What you said last time could perhaps be used for the February Bulletin? It seems very important....

I don't remember at all.

You touched the "central experience" of the transformation.

Oh, that's right.

It's going on.... The body has the impression that it's beginning to understand. For it, naturally, there are no thoughts at all – none at all; but it's states of consciousness. States of consciousness complementing one another, replacing one another.... To such a point that the body wonders how one can know with thought; for it, the only way of knowing, the only way of experiencing, is consciousness. It's growing increasingly clear from a general point of view. And it's applying it; it's applying it to itself, that is to say, a work is going on to make all the parts of the body conscious not only of the forces they receive, the forces going through the body, but of the action of its inner working.

That's growing increasingly precise.

It's mostly this: for the body, everything is a phenomenon of consciousness, and when it wants to do something, it almost no longer understands the meaning of "knowing how to do it"; it must be CONSCIOUS of the manner of doing it. And not only for itself, but for all the people around it. That's becoming such an obvious fact.... So to learn from someone else, to learn, for instance, the manner of doing a thing – for the body it's only by doing it and at the same time applying the consciousness that it can learn. And what one explains, what someone else may explain, seems ... it seems hollow – lifeless, hollow.

It's becoming more and more like that.

(silence)

You didn't answer my question about that vision of you lying flat on the ground....

(Mother laughs) I think it's the symbol of perfect surrender. I was lying on my back, wasn't I?

On your back, on the ground.

On my back, yes. It must be the pictorial expression of the body's attitude.[116]

It's the attitude of perfect receptivity in complete surrender.

Because that's true.

I truly don't know if there are "parts" or organs that still have what we might call their "spirit of independence," but truly the body has made its surrender, that is, it has no will of its own; it has no desire, no will of its own, and it's all the time

as if "listening" – all the time – to perceive the Indication.

It's beginning to know the exact spot or function that isn't ... I can't say "transformed," because that's quite a high-sounding word, but not in harmony with the others, and causing a disorder. That's becoming a perception of every moment. When something apparently abnormal takes place, there is the understanding, the awareness of why it occurs and what it must be leading to: how an apparent disorder can lead to a greater perfection. That's it. It's a tiny little beginning. But it has begun. The body is beginning to be a little conscious. And not only for itself alone, but for all others too, it has begun: seeing, perceiving how the Consciousness (with a capital C) acts in others. And in fact, at times (words lag WAY BEHIND the experience), there no longer is the perception of division: there is the perception of diversity (that's becoming very interesting) ... the diversity (if it weren't for what we might call the "latching on" of separateness), the diversity that, in the true consciousness, would be perfectly harmonious and would make a whole that would be perfection itself *(Mother makes a round gesture).*

It's the latching on – what happened?... What happened?...

It remains to be seen if, for some reason or other, it was necessary or if it was an accident – but how could it be an accident! ... For the moment (there's no thought, so it's a little vague), for the moment there is an impression ... I might put it simply like this: the impression of a TREMENDOUS acquisition of consciousness, which has been gained by paying the very high price of all the suffering and all the disorder.... Yesterday or today (I forget when, I think yesterday), at one point the problem was so acute *(Mother touches her cheek and throat),* and then the divine Consciousness seemed to be saying, "In all this suffering, it's I who suffer" (the Consciousness, you understand), "it's I who suffer, but in a way different from yours." I don't know how to express it.... There was a sort of impression that the divine Consciousness was perceiving what to us was a suffering, that it existed – it existed for the divine Consciousness. But not in the same way as it exists for our own consciousness. So then, there was an attempt to make understood the consciousness of the whole at the same time, the simultaneous consciousness of everything ... to express myself I might just say, the consciousness of suffering (the most acute disorder) and of Harmony (the most perfect Ananda) – both together, perceived together. Naturally that changes the nature of suffering.

But all that is very conscious of being some kind of chatter. It's not the translation of what is.

There is also the perception that little by little, following all these experiences, every aggregate (what, for us, is a body) is getting used to having the power to bear the true Consciousness.... It requires a play of adaptation.

> *But you know, Sri Aurobindo too wrote in Thoughts and Glimpses, I think, that suffering was a preparation for Ananda.*[117]

Yes. I must say there are many things from Sri Aurobindo that I am beginning

to understand in a very different way.

I told you it was here *(Mother points to her nose, mouth and throat)* that there was the most complete resistance. As an experience it's very interesting, but it's still in full work....

(silence)

The impression of being on the verge of touching something, and then ... it escapes. Something is missing.

(silence)

Still a long, long, long way to go.

November 30, 1968

> *For February 21 next, couldn't we broadcast at the Playground the recording of that very important conversation, you know, on the "central experience"?*[118]

No.

* * *

Impossible to speak.... The body constantly feels it's learning – learning to live. And learning to be what it must be. Constantly, night and day.

And that's all.

It has everything to learn.

And very acutely, the sensation that speech distorts, the word distorts.... The body doesn't like speaking.

(long silence)

For example, these last few days, it was wondering about one thing; are there bodies that are proud? ... There are lots of bodies that are proud when the vital and the mind are in them. But without that ... it's not possible! Not possible.

(meditation)

But it constantly has the sensation not only of the Presence but of the divine Action, like this *(gesture like a flow passing through Mother and onto people),* and it doesn't even think, "It's through me," not even that. It feels (to translate) that it could be through anything. Some very precise actions take place, and the body is conscious, but never conscious that it's doing the action, or that the action is taking place through it. The sense of "it" doesn't exist ... except, now and then,

for the impression of something somewhat inert; it still has the sensation of its inertia – it's not the full Consciousness. But it doesn't even bother about that, it's not its business.

There's a keen and constant observation of EVERYTHING, each and every thing going on – inexpressible.... By the time you've said it, a whole lot of other things have taken place.

There you are.

December 4, 1968

(Mother still has a cold)
What's new? Nothing?

> *Yes: V.[119] saw the photo of the Vatican man, and he confirmed, he said, "This is the man."*

This is the man ... *(Mother looks at the photo)*
Oddly, he's an intelligent man. But these people are hypocrites; they think in one way and act according to another principle.
He isn't obtuse, he's a man who can understand.

> *As for me, he strikes me as a cruel man.*

Cruel ...

> *V. also said, "He can kill."*

He can kill ... maybe.
It's the other side of his nature. There are many people who could kill if they had the courage to.
In their feelings, they do kill.

(silence)

The body's *tapasya* is something quite interesting, really interesting. The body ... You know, its modesty is total; it has a keen sense of all its limitations, all its incapacities, all its ignorance, all ... and at the same time – at the same time – the ABSOLUTE sense of the divine Presence, absolute; and a divine Presence that can break everything to pieces if it wants to. It's quite interesting.... A Presence with such power! A power ... which is incalculable, with no possible comparison with earthly things.
The body has a very, very strong impression (a sort of awareness) that its sufferings stem from its incapacity. There's a sort of perception that it has a HABIT of turning into suffering something it can't bear.

(silence)

I saw Z just before. She was in full revolt, because long ago I had told her something she didn't understand regarding films [shown at the Ashram] (it's not exactly that, but anyway), and she slipped into a hole. So she was here (I was holding her hand), and this body felt it was all the same kind of matter – this sort of commonality and identity – and it was at once amused and very sweet. And

then, there was here, like that, such an awesome Power, mon petit; the body was conscious That could crush a being to a pulp. And It remained like that *(gesture of a quiet witness),* not acting. The Power, which has the capacity to manifest with the vital power (It dominates the vital and has the capacity to use it), and which can dissolve things in perfect stillness. It's extraordinary.

But the body isn't mistaken, it knows what it is. It knows what it is. And it knows one thing, that it's only when (and because) it can be absolutely peaceful – peaceful like something completely transparent and still – that this Power can act. The body knows. It knows the only thing asked of it is that total, transparent stillness.

(silence)

To come back to this man from the Vatican, he belongs to the type of people who have principles of action and can kill their dearest friend (or have him killed) like that, out of conviction. That's clear.

It's the type of the "Grand inquisitors."

Yes.

If we want peace and quiet, it's best not to attract their attention!

But he's watching P.L.: in V's vision, he was watching your symbol around P.L.'s neck.

Is P.L. wearing it?

I don't know. V. saw P.L. with your symbol around his neck, and this man was looking at your symbol.

But I don't think P.L. wears it?

I think he does, but hidden, of course, not on the outside!

Hidden doesn't matter.

Yes, but anyhow this man is watching, he's keeping his eye on it.

P.L. would do well to be on his guard.

I told him.

They're going to be on the same committee![120] That's very interesting! *(Mother laughs)* Very interesting.

But ... (how can I put it?) I've left this whole affair [of the Church reforms] in the hands of the Grace. And I expect interesting things to occur, because there, we don't know ... What people don't know is the miraculous power of the Grace, even over the worst disbeliever, even over the worst enemy.

(silence)

The body is very simple, it has a child's simplicity. This morning it was assailed with visions – not "visions," I don't know what to call them ... they weren't exactly recollections, but things coming and all of them expressing hatred, violence (all that side, you know), and the body saw, it saw and felt, and said so spontaneously (it continues to be in this constant communion with the divine Presence), it said to the Lord, "Why do You carry all that in Yourself?" With a child's candor and simplicity: "Why do You carry all that in Yourself?" And just when it said that, there was a sort of vision, a vision extended over the whole earth of all the horrors constantly committed on it: "Why do You carry...?" So then, the Answer is always, always the same (it's like this, it's here like this *[gesture around the head]):* "In my Consciousness, things are different." Or, "In my Consciousness, things have a different appearance." And there was this insistence: "Work to have the true consciousness. The TRUE consciousness that contains everything.

And this morning, the body understood: the problem was very clearly understood. (None of this is thought out, I don't know how to explain ... it's not positively sensations, but ... it's perceptions ... I don't know *[Mother feels the air with her fingers].)* But the body clearly understood why division is, for a while, for the growth of the being, necessary. Because if there were from the start the perception it now has of everything within the Lord, absolutely everything, for instance all the things that even not so long ago (though in a different way) were still giving it a sort of horror – certain kinds of cruelty, certain things were really giving the body a sense of horror ... Now it's no longer like that, but it still can't be happy with such things; it can be indifferent *(gesture of a Witness),* – but it can't be happy. And it has understood why that horror was necessary; why there was a time when the manifested world, the world of manifestation, needed to appear outside and separate from the Lord.... *(After a silence)* One must ... one must have that immutable Peace, one must be as vast as the universe to be able to bear the idea that EVERYTHING is the supreme Lord.

And the body has understood that it's only now it has the experience because it's only now it is sufficiently conscious and surrendered (surrendered in the true sense; I might almost say "identified," but that's too high-sounding a word, it doesn't want to use it, it knows it's not like that and identification will be something else), but quite simply that it's now capable and ready to bear the idea that everything is the Lord, that there is NOTHING but the Lord. Previously, for quite a long time, it still needed to feel that all these movements *(gesture forward)* lead to the Lord, while all those movements *(gesture backward)* lead away from the Lord. For a long time, the choice was necessary. And now, now it's doing its tapasya to be able to bear this idea – but without admitting or accepting movements of degradation and cruelty.... That is, with the nascent impression that things are not what they seem to be; that we only see the appearance and they are not what they seem to be.

But the brain cannot understand. The Mind can speculate on anything, but this is something else, the mind isn't there. The brain, its capacity ... *(Mother remains*

gazing).

No later than this morning, the whole morning, there was ... (what should I call it?) it has the nature of wonderment, but not the joy of wonderment, and it doesn't have the stupidity of bewilderment, it's ... something ... a state, yes. The body notes the way life is (or at least the way life is for our outer, active consciousness), the way life is, the way it APPEARS to be ... and it's very hard for it not to say, "Why, why, why? WHY? .." And then, when it sits looking like that, it becomes sad, sad, so very sad; then it feels that's not the thing. And what's that sadness?... It must be ... it must be the door that leads to something else ... which it doesn't yet understand.

Why, why is this world like this, why? Why all these horrors, why?... That's how the body was this morning. And it has the impression – just as it has that very strong, very strong sensation of being within the Lord – it has the impression of what that leads to, of what is to come. And then, with TOTAL trust, total.... But it doesn't yet know.

It's all the time – constantly, unceasingly – all the time brought face to face with this experience that when you are like this *(Mother tips two fingers on one side),* that is, turned to the Divine, things work out miraculously – miraculously ... it's unbelievable; and being like that *(Mother tips two fingers on the other side)* is enough for everything to be disgusting, to go wrong, to grate: a TINY LITTLE movement either of trusting opening, or of the ordinary consciousness (not at all a consciousness of revolt or negation, not at all: merely the ordinary consciousness, the consciousness of life as people have it – the ordinary consciousness), and it's enough ... things become appalling; and then, like this *(gesture in the other direction):* miraculously marvelous. For microscopic, unimportant things, you understand, that is to say, for EVERYTHING – no question of "important" or "unimportant" things, nothing of that sort – for everything it becomes simply miraculous, yet it's the same thing! In one case you are in pain, you suffer, you are miserable, you even fall ill, and in the other case ... And it's the same thing.

But it has reached the point where now the body is quite astounded that one can live the ordinary life with the ordinary consciousness and be contented! It finds that appalling, you know, appalling. And that way of living in chaos, ugliness, wickedness, selfishness, violence, oh ... and cruelty and all possible horrors, and of finding it all perfectly natural.... That's when the body says to itself, "It must be ... it must have been necessary as a stage in the development, and it's an effect of the Grace, so there's nothing to say, there's only to admire."

But it's absolutely certain – absolutely certain – that if the world, if the creation were as it appears to be to this bodily consciousness as it now is, there would be only one thing to do – to blot it out! ... That's obviously the explanation of, and justification for, all nihilistic religions and philosophies. It takes a thoroughly unconscious insensitiveness to be able to live happily and contentedly in this horror that is the world. And all this ... IS the Lord, and not only

IS the Lord but is WITHIN the Lord; that is to say, it's not as we imagine it – things that were driven away, rejected – not at all, not at all: all this is there

WITHIN the Lord.... So there.

You see, the body has this experience of being completely disorganized, of having a cold, a pain here, a pain there ... and when it's in a certain attitude (we may call it an attitude, I don't know), at any rate in a certain state of consciousness: vanished! All that no longer exists, there's not a trace – there's no cold anymore, no pain anymore, nothing anymore, it's all gone! Though it's ready to come back.... And not only gone (which would be a psychological phenomenon), but the CIRCUMSTANCES of people and things around CHANGE! They become different: in one case, everything is like that – stubborn, twisted – and in the other ...

(long silence)

So as a matter of fact, the body's advantage over the mind is that it understands very well (for it, it's natural) that all that way of seeing and speaking is only a way of seeing and speaking; you may have the opposite way and it may be just as true, and yet another way would be quite true, and finally all that one says and thinks is only ... ways of seeing. The mind has difficulty with that, but the body knows it very well, very well. But ...

(long silence)

Inexpressible.

(silence)

How are your nights?

Not good.

The same?

Yes, not up to much.

Unchanged? ... Very well.

The body knows a state in which it doesn't sleep in the ordinary way (what's called "sleep"), and instead there is a state (which we might call a state of harmony, but not active, very still) in which time no longer exists, that is to say, the body may spend two hours, three hours like that, thinking it was five minutes. Now that's how nights are. It's becoming more and more frequent. And I have an impression that's what would change your sleep (I've been thinking about it often, almost every day), like this: going into that state, which isn't at all the ordinary sleep in which you have dreams and activities and the subconscious is so active – no, nothing of the sort.

All that is something beginning. We must have patience.

I've been wondering.... All these last few weeks I have been waking up in the morning with aching eyes. I've been wondering where it came

from?

Do you work a lot in the evening?

I work normally. But the strange thing is that as the day goes by, it gets better. Then, in the night, my eyes start aching. What's going on?... I've been wondering if there wasn't something subtle bothering me?[121]

(Mother remains looking)

December 11, 1968

(Mother reads out the message she intends to give for the new year, 1969:)

No words – acts.

* * *

(To Sujata:) What do you want for your birthday?

I want to offer myself more integrally.

Offering is you – giving is me!

* * *

(Then Mother listens to Satprem reading an old Playground Talk of July 22, 1953.)

These are things I would certainly no longer write now! ... But anyway, they are true on their level *(gesture at ground level).*

(silence)

The experience is continuing and becoming increasingly conscious and almost practical. When someone comes, I seem to see ... almost to measure the quantity of veils preventing him from seeing and feeling the supreme Consciousness. It has become very interesting: someone is in front of me, I look at him or her, concentrating and concentrating and concentrating until the contact with the supreme Consciousness is established, and I can measure the reaction: with some,

when they are here, it's very difficult to make contact; with others (and it's very unexpected, it has nothing to do with what one may think – it's extraordinary, extraordinary!), with some others, instantly it goes hup! like this *(gesture of piercing a veil)* and contact is made – sometimes with quite unexpected people; with others who do the sadhana, who are quite consecrated, who ... it takes such labor! It's really interesting. Really interesting. But then, some people, once contact has been made, won't budge anymore! (I doubt they are aware of what it is, but they won't budge anymore.) Others, on the contrary, start going like this *(tremulous gesture),* they wouldn't mind leaving! *(Mother laughs)* It's hugely interesting!

I remember the time when I used to speak of a "bath of the Lord" which I gave [people] – that business seems to me quite outdated, it's not that! It's ... The Lord is there, everywhere and always! (I say "the Lord" so as to avoid making lengthy sentences, but sometimes I say "the supreme Consciousness" to be less – what shall I say? – less childish, because all that is childish, everything we say.) But the experience is becoming more and more wonderful.

How far away I was when I spoke like that [the 1953 talk]! How far away I was.... It was a mental transcription. Well, it doesn't matter; it amuses people. They understand that; what I may do now, they don't understand. And then ...

There still remains the habit of saying "I," but I think that's because otherwise, expressing oneself would become very difficult. But I don't think like that, I don't know what that "I" is; what speaks is ... it's the consciousness which is specially concerned with the work of this body. You see, this body is used for a work, and there is a Consciousness delegated to be specially concerned with that – that's it a bit more precisely, but we can't always be making sentences!

But how interesting it is! ... At times, oh, it becomes so beautiful! And at other times it's so difficult! It takes such a labor, and sometimes *(laughing)* with people who have the finest reputation! ... It's really interesting. I am myself surprised.

(silence)

As soon as one speaks, the consciousness goes down. But that's not necessarily to make itself understood, it's because the consciousness is too subtle for the words at our disposal.

(long meditation)

I don't know if I'll ever be able to say things in an expressive way ... for the time being, words are terrible veils.

The body is something very, very simple and very childlike, and it has that experience so imperatively, you understand, it doesn't need to "seek": it just has to stop its activity for a minute and ... it's there. So then, it wonders why people haven't been aware of that since the beginning? It wonders, "Why, why have they sought all kinds of things – religions, gods ... all kinds of things – when it's so simple!" So simple, for the body it's so simple, so self-evident.

All those constructions – religions, philosophies ... all those constructions – are a need of the mind to ... "play the game." It wants to play the game well. While the body is so simple, so simple, so obvious! So obvious, so simple: "Why," it wonders, "Why, why have they been seeking all kinds of complications ... when it's so simple?" The very fact of saying, "The Divine is deep within you" ... (it remembers its own experience, you understand) is so complicated, while it's so simple!

It can't explain, can't express, there are no words, but it has a sort of conscious perception of ... *(Mother makes a slight twisting gesture with the tips of her fingers)* what distorts and veils. And that's what has become reality for all human consciousnesses.

It's hard to express.

For the body it's becoming such an obvious fact.... It wonders how one can think otherwise, feel otherwise? It's so obvious.

(silence)

You can't imagine the impression I got while listening [to the 1953 Talk]! I felt as if I were going back many lives in time! ...

It's helpful.

Helpful ...

But people need methods to "make contact," that's the whole thing!

So many useless things in those methods!

Well, yes! Because they instantly get shut inside those methods.

Yes.

Oh, above all it's this "I," this huge I in everyone, which comes – comes to falsify everything. But the body is beginning to wonder how, how one can ... how? It's not a thought, it's a sort of sensation, I don't know, of perception (language is BELOW its consciousness; it says "I" out of habit; maybe out of need to make itself understood, but mostly out of habit), and the "I"...? It's so conscious that there's ONE *I (gesture with one finger pointing above).*

(Mother smiles, shakes her head and remains silent)

Very well. We must wait – patience, patience – until everything is ready.

December 14, 1968

(Mother reads three different versions of a message she wants to give for the

opening of the School. Then she selects the first one.)

They came in succession. It's the experience I had at that moment:

> "When one lives in the Truth, one is above all contradictions."

The other two came afterwards:

> "Living in the Truth means being above all contradictions."

Then:

> "He who lives in the Truth is above all contradictions and all oppositions."

It's completely silent here *(gesture to the forehead)*; I just turn *(gesture upward)* and wait, and I think what comes first is the purest, that is, the least mixed with activities; afterwards, it's as if here in the atmosphere it got mixed with mental vibrations.

* * *

I have received a line from P.L.

Oh!

He was about to leave for Spain to do an "opinion poll" about the Church reforms, and he just wrote me: "I have had a terrible experience, which, with Sweet Mother, ended happily. On my return from Spain I will tell you what happened."[122]

* * *

(Then Mother listens to Satprem reading another Playground Talk of 1953.)

What year is it?

1953.

Oh, how I chattered! *(Mother laughs)* Anyway ...

But in fact it wasn't chatter: you were raining Force on those children. That was it.

It's intended for children.

Yes, but there was all that Force you were pouring on them.... That's what they're now lacking.[123]

(Mother remains silent)

December 18, 1968

(Regarding the English translation of the conversation of November 23, 1968, which Satprem got Mother to allow for publication in "Notes on the Way.")

People are going to be dazed!

But Mother, if they read with the least understanding, they'll understand it's a central experience.

It IS a central experience.

It's quite curious.... The body hasn't left that Consciousness – the two are there at the same time, and if the other [ordinary] consciousness stops for just two minutes, it's there.

There are people who follow.

Are there?... To tell the truth, it's all the same to me!

December 21, 1968

There have been a lot, a whole lot of things these last few days.... But that's enough! *(Mother has just listened to a conversation to be published in the next Bulletin).* Do you have something to say?... what?

Someone (not me) has asked a question. It seems it's "typical" of the questions people ask after reading your "Notes".... Would you like to know?

It must again be something ...

I'll read it to you: "While describing her experiences of last August and September, the Mother refers to the 'exclusion of the mind and vital.' Why do they have to be eliminated for a rapid and effective transformation of the body? Doesn't the supramental consciousness act on them too?"

Certainly it acts! It's ALREADY been acting, for a long time. It's because the body is used (was used) to obeying the vital and especially the mind, so it's to change its habit, to make it obey the higher Consciousness alone. That's why. It's to make things go faster. In people, That acts through the mind and vital – and as I said, it's safer that way. As an experience it's rather risky, but it makes things move considerably faster, because normally you must act on the body through those two, whereas in that way, with them absent, That acts directly. That's all.

As questions go, this one is innocent.

The process isn't to be recommended! Every time I have an opportunity, I say so: people mustn't imagine they should try to do that (they couldn't, but that doesn't matter), it's not recommended. One should take the time needed. But that was because of the number of years ... to make things go faster.

(silence)

The strange thing is that there are kinds of demonstrations of the body's natural tendency (I suppose it's not the same thing for all bodies: it depends on the way it was built, that is, father, mother, antecedents, and so on), a demonstration of the body left to itself. This one, for instance, has a sort of imagination (it's something odd), a dramatic imagination: it constantly feels it's living catastrophes; and then, with its faith, which remains there, the catastrophe is turned into a realization; things of that sort, absurd. So for a while it's left to that imagination (that's what happened these last few days), and when it's sufficiently tired of that idiotic activity, it prays, you know, with all its intensity it prays for it to cease! Instantly, hup! the thing just goes like this *(gesture of reversal),* it turns around at one stroke, and the body is in a contemplation (not a faraway one, very close) of this wonderful Presence which is everywhere.

It goes like this, and like that *(Mother abruptly turns over two fingers):* it takes no time, there's no preparation or anything, it goes hup! hup! like this *(same gesture),* as if to show the body's stupidity. It's something perfectly idiotic, like a factual demonstration of the stupidity of the body left to itself, and then of this wonderful Consciousness which comes and in which all that vanishes like ... something that has no consistency, no reality – it vanishes. And like a demonstration that it's not just in imagination but in the FACT: a demonstration of the Power at work for all this ... vain dream of life as it is (which, for the consciousness of this body, has become something so frightful), for it to be turned into a marvel, like that, simply through the turning around of the consciousness.

The experience is repeated in every detail, every field, like a demonstration through fact. And it's not a "long process" of transformation: it's like something turning around all at once *(Mother turns over two fingers),* and instead of seeing ugliness, falsehood, horror, suffering and all that, the body suddenly lives in bliss. And all things have remained the same, nothing has changed, except the consciousness.

So there remains the question (this is something ahead, it's probably coming): how is the experience to express itself materially? ... For the body itself, it's

perfectly obvious: for, say, an hour, or two, or three, it suffered a lot, very miserable (not a moral suffering: a wholly physical suffering), then all of a sudden, brrff! all gone.... The body has apparently remained the same *(Mother looks at her hands),* in its appearance, but instead of an inner disorder that makes it suffer, everything is fine, and there's a great peace, a great tranquillity – everything is fine. But that's for ONE body – how does that act on others?... It's beginning to perceive the possibility in other consciousnesses. On the moral level (that is to say, the level of attitudes, character, reactions), it's very visible; even sometimes on the physical level: something suddenly disappears – as we had the experience when Sri Aurobindo would remove a pain *(Mother shows a hand of the subtle physical coming and taking away the pain),* we would wonder ... "Ah!" Gone, vanished, like that. But it's not constant, not general, it's only to show it can be like that through the fact that it happens in one case or another – to show that things CAN be like that.

We might put it this way: the body has the sense of being shut inside something – shut in, yes – shut as if inside a box, but it can see through; it sees and can also have an action (though limited) THROUGH something that's still there and which must disappear. That "something" gives a sense of imprisonment. How is it to disappear? ... That I don't know yet.

There must be found the relationship between the consciousness in ONE body and the consciousness of the whole. And the extent of the dependence, and the extent of the independence; that is, how far the body can be transformed in its consciousness (and, necessarily as a result, in its appearance), how it can be transformed without ... without the transformation of the whole – how far? And to what extent is the transformation of the whole necessary to the transformation of the body? That remains to be discovered.

(silence)

If I had to tell everything, it would take hours....

But this "box" you're referring to is a universal box.

Yes!

I've often had an impression that all those so-called human or "natural" laws are only an immense morbid imagination that has been collectively fixed – that's the box.

Yes, that's it! That's right.

So then, how...?

Yes, to what extent can an individual light act on that? ... There's the problem.... I don't know.

(silence)

The vision is very clear of the collective progress (our field of experience is the earth) which has taken place on earth; but if we go by the past, a tremendous length of time would still seem to be necessary for the whole to be ready to change.... Yet there is almost a promise that ... there is going to be an abrupt change – what, in our consciousness, is expressed as a "descent," an action "taking place": something that wasn't acting until now and which is beginning to act (that's how it's expressed in our consciousness).

We'll see.

As for the body itself, there is a growing experience, that is, increasingly precise, AT THE SAME TIME of its fragility (extreme fragility: a tiny little movement may put an end to its present existence), and at the same time – both at once, simultaneously – the sense of an eternity! the sense of having eternal existence. Both at the same time.

It's really a transitional period!

(silence)

Once or twice, when its ... what we might call its "anguish of knowing" was very intense, when it had the full sense of the Presence – the sense of the Presence everywhere, within, everywhere *(Mother touches her face and hands) – it* wondered how *(not* even why, no such curiosity), HOW COME the present disorder? Well, when that was very intense, very intense, once or twice it got the impression: once that is found, it means immortality.

So it's constantly pushing, pushing like that to catch hold of the secret; you feel you're about to find it, and then ... Then there's a sort of lull in the aspiration: peace, peace, peace.... You know, once or twice, the impression: "Ah! It's going to be understood" ("understood," that is, LIVED; it's not "understood" with the thought – lived), and then ... *(gesture of eluding).* And a Peace coming down.

But the impression: "It will be for tomorrow." But "tomorrow" ... what tomorrow? – Not tomorrow on our scale.

We'll see.

But the experiences are innumerable, with all aspects. It would take hours to tell – even then, you always feel that speaking, yes, warps something. It's no longer as simple, no longer as beautiful, no longer as clear. It becomes complicated.

The body has absolutely wonderful moments – and HOURS of anguish. And all of a sudden, a wonderful moment. But that moment can't be expressed.... If we are to judge the degree of development from the proportion of time, well ... the wonderful moment lasts for a few minutes, and there are hours of anguish. There are even hours of suffering. So if, from that, you judge the proportion, there's still a very, very long, extremely long way to go....

But what can we do? We can only keep going, that's all.

December 25, 1968

I met X.[124]

Oh!

Yes, by chance. I didn't intend to see him, then I forgot he was here and walked by his street. And he was on his doorstep. I didn't turn back, I went and saw him.

What did he tell you?

Kind ... But I had the feeling that what had been there in the past was no longer there.... I always had the impression of a blue light around him (that was my impression in the past), but I didn't have that sensation of power or force....

Maybe it was something you had put there? I did wonder.... Because the impression I had of him THROUGH YOU was far better than he is, far superior to what he is. So I wondered if that power didn't come AT THAT TIME because it was necessary to pull you out of your difficulties.

And I carried out two or three "tests" with him. For example, he boasted he could get me all the money I needed; so I told him, "I need; make it come." (He spoke of "lakhs and lakhs, crores of rupees."[125]) I said, "Very well, I need this much, make it come." – It never came.... You understand, I felt he had boasted of having powers. He had been living there (still is) in the midst of quite a primitive population that was wonderstruck by the least expression of power; he was used to being regarded as quite a "powerful and superior being," and as soon as he came into contact with us and with people accustomed to Sri Aurobindo's visions and to being in another world than this purely vital world, he found himself quite at sea.... He stayed away for three years, I think, or two years. He's coming for his birthday (I'll see him on the 29th), but the last times I gave him meditation, it was ... well, there are lots and lots of people like that in India. He has a power that only acts in a very ordinary vital. And nothing really superior.

And as regards the quality of vision, there was quite a curious story. K.'s mother had come here with a married daughter who had just lost her son (a young man who died suddenly). They came here, she was quite unhappy, and when she came to see me, I saw her son in her own atmosphere. I told her, "Your son is with you. If you have the true attitude, you can come into contact with him and feel his presence there." She left from here, went to see X, and as they always do, asked him what he knew about her son. X told her authoritatively, "Your son has gone into a shepherd...." So naturally, she's lost all confidence in me, because I don't tell her things with a dogmatic authority, while he spoke like that, with assurance; so she felt sure he was right! ... There may be a small part of her son that went into

a shepherd (!), I have no idea; as for me, what I saw was the psychic part. But she's lost all confidence, she's never come to see me again. So that's troublesome. It proves he's quite shut inside himself and inside his own conception.

Never mind.....

Didn't he ask you if you were continuing your pujas?

No, nothing. He understood it was over.

(silence)

And then ... You know that from every side I've been trying to get Sri Aurobindo published [in France], in particular The Human Cycle. At last I got a letter from a certain J. B., who writes: "For a long time now, a publisher (F.) has been asking me to create a collection in his publishing house. I thought of a few books, mostly foreign ones, grouped around a title such as 'Towards the spiritual mutation' and focused on the present researches, individual and clumsy, often dangerous, but sincere and undertaken in a spirit quite different from that of the former generation, the spirit of a certain youth I am in contact with. The idea is to show these 'young people' that their attempts and aspirations are legitimate, even if they have discovered them through drugs, since in many cases drugs alone have been able to unmoor them from the Cartesian rationalist bedrock, to put before them experiences that, at least, are positive, and to offer them directions and models. In other words, the aspect of amateurism and exoticism found in Z [another publisher] would be replaced here by a practical and technical side, wide open to all spiritual researches, whatever they may be, to all duly controlled 'metapsychical 'experiments, serious psychedelic experiments (I have T. Leary in mind, for instance), new theologies... Naturally, there would be room, a major place, for the Oriental endeavor. In sum, it would involve all researches and attempts to crack open that sort of corset within which the Western mind has been going in circles for such a long time. That does not in the least rule out, on the contrary, certain scientific works – of pure science – in which, out of intrinsic necessity, this Cartesianism has already been singularly shaken. Of course, all that would make for quite an ill-assorted backdrop for Sri Aurobindo's thought, a backdrop you will regard as unworthy of it.... The planned Collection might be called 'Spiritual Adventures'...."

We can try.

In the middle of all that?

It doesn't matter. We can try.

Because it can touch people, you understand, that's what is important. We can try.

* * *

> *Finally there's a letter from P.L. "... My stay in Spain was prolonged more than I had thought.... Tell Sweet Mother that I am continuing my struggle and my effort, that she follows me everywhere and her protection is my support. I will tell you about my experience. I went to spend a weekend by the sea, where I have a very pretty tiny apartment.... There I meditate and go through all the teachings of Mother again by immersing myself in The Life Divine and the Questions and Answers. I lighted an incense stick. Suddenly my whole body broke into a profuse sweat, and an atrocious struggle began. If I could use religious terms from before my Ashramite experiences, I would say that all of St. Anthony's temptations fell on me to destroy and shatter me spiritually. First, a disarray, a very deep distress of helplessness: What use is my life? What am I doing? Why do I live? My efforts are useless.... Then there was the attraction of woman, which came to ridicule my continence.... Everything was called into question: whys and more whys made my head burst. After that came the invasion of power: Why did you renounce the hope of becoming a bishop? Glory would have come to you.... Then the desire for money.... Everything in a macabre and at the same time attractive carrousel. Finally, total solitude ... abandoned by all, all having gone away: my friends, my connections in the Vatican, my family, all of you. How much time went by? I do not know. Nevertheless I think I heard a very small voice ... (but I was so weak that I cannot say if it was true) telling me, 'Do not weep, I am with you. If I am with you, others are superfluous, and if you are without me, others won't be able to help you....' I remained in a void ... the whole night passed. In the morning, the sunshine, everything was so beautiful! When I returned to the Rome house, I was told I was transformed! So there."*

I did say that to him ["I am with you"].

Occultly, those people are very skilled.

For at least two days in a row, I felt he was in a great difficulty.

I thought it was the "others" causing him difficulties....

I didn't say it with those words ["I am with you"] because I never say "I am," but the consciousness was like this: "The Lord is with you." Only, I can't say it with words, because for them, as soon as you speak about "God," their whole religion comes back. It was the FACT of consciousness that I put on him. But you can tell him that it's exactly what I wanted to say to him. It took that expression in him because, in him, I represent ... the other side of life.

It's good, it's exactly what I wanted to make him feel.

December 28, 1968

(After listening to the music composed by Sunil for the New Year.)

Did you like it?

It's very beautiful, very powerful.

Isn't it! And it creates an atmosphere.

Usually I play some music for him, and he composes from it, but this time I didn't play, so he took some old pieces of mine; with that he makes contact and composes.

An American musician has come here, and I sent him to Sunil (he's a pianist). He said he'd heard some of Sunil's music there, in America, and at first people are a bit bewildered, but that when they've heard it several times, they become quite enthusiastic.

As for me, I find it creates an atmosphere: it BRINGS DOWN an atmosphere.

And the human voice is quite lovely, well mingled.

* * *

(Then Mother listens to the conversation of December 21: the "universal box.")

It's going on, day after day after day.

And the same thing never happens twice: either it's another spot in the body having the experience (another activity, another movement in the body), or it's an unresolved detail, or else ... There's a whole field – a huge field – of studies and observations, precisely about the relationship with other bodies and the extent to which this body does work for other bodies. It's very interesting – oh, very interesting! Because all that is taking place without the intermediary of thought. So the body has a sensation or an experience, or it perceives a disorder, or ... and it acts on that; then, after a while, it notices it's not about itself, it's another [body]. That's how it acts.

All that still seems to be in a limited field, but I am not sure it's not far more general. All the time (almost all the time), there seems to be an intervention of the psychic, as if the psychic made the body remember (I don't know how to put it), made the body remember its universality, and as if it weren't only for itself that the body is expressing movements of consciousness – the movements of the

higher Consciousness that it expresses: the effect is general.

We'll know that. We'll know all that ... later, in ...

But the body has a strange sensation, really strange, of being as vast as the earth, even vaster (it can't be expressed, because that's not the true way of saying it), but there's something like this: a sort of inner identity expressing itself in the plane ... *(Mother searches for words)* ... In the higher Consciousness, it has an effect. I don't know how to put it.

And in that consciousness, the strange thing is the importance of one minute, which to our consciousness is nothing – there it has an importance.... In one minute, something ... general can be done. Naturally, all words are stupid, but that's how it is. One minute.

In one minute ... To such a point that the body perceives that one minute like this *(Mother slightly rotates two fingers)* is a victory; and one minute like that *(Mother rotates her two fingers the other way)* is a catastrophe. And not only for itself (for itself, it's on a small scale and concentrated, it's not the same thing), but it's general.

It's an observation that began today (for hours, you know), and quite acutely. But it's new – new in its ASPECT; it's the continuation of all that preceded, but in the aspect it has taken on, it's completely new. In other words, the body consciousness may be becoming aware of it in a new way.

All that is an approximation. After some time, maybe it will be more precise.

It's the quality of time that's changing.

There's a sort of intensity of consciousness that alters the value of time (I don't know how to put it).

It's a beginning.

We'll see.

All that isn't expressed well, but how should it be expressed? I don't know. Later, perhaps.

So I'll see you next year, on the very first day of the year.

On Wednesday?

Yes, it's the first day of the year! *(Mother laughs with mischievous delight)*

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[1]Words or sentences spoken by Mother in English are italicized.

[2]Message for February 21: *"The best way to hasten the manifestation of the Divine's Love is to collaborate for the triumph of the Truth."*

[3]The day Satprem wrote this letter, Mother saw him as if seated between the two violet wings of a V of victory (see *Agenda 8* of February 4, 1967). See in *Addendum* the text of this letter.

[4]This child has already been mentioned in relation with Paul Richard's "reincarnation."

[5]Satprem omitted the explanation given by the "high priestess," which was that "the she#HardHyphen#monkey caresses its young all over the body, including its sex organ, therefore . . . "

[6]See *Agenda 8* of September 13, 1967.

[7]The child died "accidentally" four months later.

[8]There were also two Indian women from the Ashram.

[9]See *Agenda 8,* October 11, 1967.

[10]*Letters on Yoga,* 24.1507#HardHyphen#1508.

[11]Mother usually has a bath around 2:30 P.M.

[12]February 28, Auroville's inauguration.

[13]See *Agenda 8,* September 21, 1966.

[14]"Instead of the consciousness being inside the body, it is the body which is inside the consciousness, yet it is still the body consciousness."

[15]Satprem notes that it is not anguish, but rather a sensation that the life of aspiration is more important than the dissolution.

[16]Mahasaraswati, the universal Mother in her aspect of knowledge and perfection in work.

[17]The "temple of the Mother" at the center of Auroville.

[18]Mahesh Yogi, whose disciples included the Beatles and a few Hollywood stars.

[19]The sketch is indescribable, but it might well look like a cross section of bowels.

[20]See *Agenda 8* of January 28, 1967.

[21]In the final English version, the apostrophe was removed: "... To live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness."

[22]"To live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness."

[23]"= 1" is an "Aurovilian" review.

[24]*Ravenalia spectabilis.*

[25]We may recall *Agenda 4* of November 13, 1963: "Traditions tell us that a universe is created, then withdrawn into *pralaya,* and then a new one comes; and according to them, ours is the seventh universe, and being the seventh universe, it is the one that will not return to *pralaya* but will go on progressing, without retreat." See also *Agenda 7* of March 4, 1966, and *Agenda 8* of May 6, 1967.

[26]A visitor who has been staying in the Ashram for some time.

[27]Cardinal Tisserant, who died in 1972.

[28]In August there will take place the second great – and dangerous – turning point in Mother's yoga, after the one of April, 1962. Mother's voice is already beginning to have a different timbre, as though she were speaking from a great distance.

[29]This would seem to be the continuation or concretization of the movement begun in 1967 with Mother's note, "Christianity deifies suffering to make it the instrument of the earth's salvation" (July 29, 1967), then the visits of Mrs. Z, who claimed to want to bring about a rapprochement between the Church and the Ashram, and again of the monk who wanted to broaden his Christianity with the new Truth (see *Agenda 8).*

[30]One *crore* is ten millions.

[31]This is the whole problem of the Ashram's "proprietors" (or Auroville's former proprietors) and this "misappropriation" which Mother was already referring to in 1960 (and before): see *Agenda 1,* July 23, 1960, p. 400.

[32]Someone had written to Mother, "I want my money to be used exclusively to conquer the causes of our sufferings and misery." Mother had replied, "That is what we are working towards here, but not in the artificial way of the philanthropists, who only deal with the outward effects. We want to eliminate forever the CAUSE of suffering, by divinizing matter through the integral transformation."

[33]Mother means socialism or communism.

[34]"Golconde" is a guest-house in the Ashram.

[35]It is in fact the start of a long story with the Vatican and the Church's reforms (or rather the continuation, after Mother's "meeting" with the Pope before his 1964 visit to Bombay).

[36]"POPE RESIGNING? (Vatican City, April 30) Speculation is growing again that Pope Paul may resign as head of the Roman Catholic Church. Talk of such a possibility has become widespread not only in Vatican circles but also among civil officials in Rome. The State-run National Television network is said to have prepared a special programme on the Pope's career for broadcast instantly should he abdicate. The usual Vatican informants cannot give credence to the resignation speculation. But they do not rule out the possibility." *(The Hindu,* I May 1968)

[37]A few weeks later, Satprem too will be strongly affected for a long time.

[38]2. See *Agenda 4,* December 31, 1963, p. 434.

[39]Since April 2, 1968 ("An immense page falling back").

[40]J. is PL.'s friend.

[41]Just as Mother uttered those words, Satprem had a very distinct impression that Mother was saying, "It's ME, over there, to be transformed."

[42]This young girl, to whom death looked so graceful, was to die four years later.

[43]This is the time of the students' revolt in Paris – May 1968.

[44]It is in January, 1973, that the cease-fire will come into force in Vietnam.

[45]The day after Satprem mentioned it to Mother, the sore had healed.

[46]Refer to "I don't care" in the preceding conversation.

[47]See conversation of April 3, 1968.

[48] It should be understood that the word "truth" is not used in a philosophical or moral or ideal sense: it is reality AS IT IS, the world AS IT IS without its cloak of falsehood. Real life is a "miracle."

[49]See *Agenda* 5 of February 5, 1964.

[50]A sort of general strike by some eight million people, which began with a student revolt and the occupation of the Sorbonne University in Paris.

[51]France's president at the time.

[52]Cent. Ed., vol. 22, p. 353.

[53]Mother later added, "Yes, old baggage. But it's not that it's refusing to change, it's not that! It's that it requires TIME."

[54]When Satprem tried to "tell them," they attempted to censor this *Agenda* and expelled Satprem through a registered letter. Today in 1995, Mother's *Agenda* is read in the Ashram only on the sly and is banned at the School.

[55]A telegram from Msgr. R. abruptly recalled P.L. to Rome: "New rules Roman Curia demand your immediate return else your position compromised."

[56]Senator Robert Kennedy, who was shot dead in Los Angeles on June 5.

[57]A Catholic monk who stays in the Ashram.

[58]Mother indeed looks increasingly interiorized and is speaking as though from very deep within.

[59]"Purity is to accept no other influence but only the influence of the Divine." *(Letters on Yoga, 23.645).*

[60]*Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.*

[61]P.L. had pleaded some "psychological" illness.

[62]A page in the history of the world has been turned, the conversion of all of Christendom to the new Truth *(Agenda* of April 3, 1968).

[63]A few days later, P.L. sent Mother a telegram asking for her protection, as he had received an "order from above" to undergo a Collegiate medical examination presided over by the Pope's physician. Thus the situation seemed to have been reversed. Mother's answer was: "The best protection is an unshakable faith in the divine Grace."

[64]Mother had written: "The central will of the physical being abdicates its will to hold all the cells together.... It accepts dissolution for some reason or other. One of the strongest reasons is the sense of irreparable disharmony; another is a sort of disgust at carrying on the effort of coordination and harmonization."

[65]Mother may be alluding to her vision of a cell in a gigantic hand.

[66]Satprem assumes that the immense being was the "That" he was turning to in preference to Mother's person. And "That" came and showed him his place.

[67] Satprem was beginning to climb down from his "heights." It was none too soon.

[68]He never came; every time he tried to, he fell seriously ill....

[69]For six years until 1973, Satprem had to fight before he could obtain the first publication of French translations of Sri Aurobindo's works. And when those publications were finally obtained, the Ashram's new authorities accused him of having "sold Sri Aurobindo."

[70]Centenary edition, Vol. 17, p. 196.

[71]From a letter from Sri Aurobindo to Mother in France.

[72]Poignantly, Mother was answering the question in the surrounding atmosphere.

[73]???

[74]Satprem will not see Mother again for eighteen days. This is the second great turning point in her yoga, after that of 1962.

[75]On August 20, Russia invaded Czechoslovakia.

[76]A. has a scientific background.

[77]*Pralaya:* the end of a world, followed by a new world or a new era.

[78]One night, a disciple, who usually was a very good clairvoyant, heard a voice, whose vibration was clearly hostile (a voice he felt coming from a vital world very near matter, almost a material world). That voice declared that Mother would pull through this time, but that the last battle would return in 1972.

[79]What is this region in which Mother did not see previously, if not the cellular region?

[80]This "web" is what separates our false matter from the true world "like a lining of ours," the place where Mother did not see previously.

[81]Mother means the material execution of the divine Plane or Vision.

[82]It seems Mother, of late, had bouts of nausea on "waking."

[83]This was going to last for months.

[84]Before going to sleep, Satprem saw all kinds of suggestions pass by, in particular one showing Sujata thrown down into a water tank that is being dug in the garden. A few hours later, Sujata was thrown down very near the water tank, against an iron bar in the wall. Thus the really serious accident was averted and turned into a minor one (which, nevertheless, barely missed piercing Sujata's eye).

[85]Mother means those attacks are the result of a conscious will somewhere.

[86]This question and Mother's answer are from 1961: see *Agenda 2* of January 17, 1961.

[87]Following that vision, V. heard an awesome voice, saying from behind that red light: "This time She will pull through, but I will come back in 1972 and that will be the last battle." Satprem deliberately did not repeat this baleful prophecy to Mother, so as not to concretize it.

[88]V. is an Indian who had never seen a miter in his life and does not know what it is, but his description tallied precisely.

[89]The puja or yearly celebrations to Durga, this year on September 29 (Sunday).

[90]It was going to last for some more time!

[91]Let us note again that V. is Indian and not particularly interested in the papacy.

[92]Like Punjabis, with a long jacket and tight-fitting pants.

[93]Who wears a "Gandhi cap" and sports a long beard.

[94]A disciple who died six years earlier, in December 1962. See the story of his death in *Agenda 4,* January 12, 1963.

[95]A cook who had been dismissed went to a fakir (or Muslim Tantric) to get revenge. For several weeks in a row, at certain times of the day stones rained in the courtyard of the Guest-House: a disciple even had his arm injured. It was a condensation of vital forces. Amrita picked up some of those stones and preserved them to study them scientifically, but they were real stones, whose only peculiarity was that they were covered with moss all over. That was in 1921. Sri Aurobindo wrote a letter to Dilip on the subject (on February 2, 1943).

[96]Mother means that this "something" (her body) is not cut off from the ocean of light, only it is not active.

[97]As usual, an awesome cataract when one is at her feet.

[98]*By the Body of the Earth or the Sannyasin.*

[99]In a letter (see Cent. Ed., vol. 26, p. 352-353), Sri Aurobindo told the story of a yogi who could prolong his life at will (and lived for more than 200 years), but who kept the same toothache till the end, without ever being able to cure it. He was Swami Brahmananda, who, one day in the 1900s, told a disciple of his (Sardar Mazumdar), "As for the tooth, I have suffered from it since the days of Bhao Girdi," that is, since 1761.

[100]There is a photo of Sri Aurobindo along with the birthday card.

[101]This is the beginning of the Roman Catholic Church's great reforms.

[102]Let us note that Mother does not mind in the least speaking of "Christ's reincarnation" rather than Sri Aurobindo's – as long as men move on.

[103] It is only in 1973 that France's doors will abruptly open.

[104]Suzanne Karpelès, or Bharatidi, was born on March 17, 1890, in Paris.

[105]See in *Addendum* a letter from Mother to Bharatidi, showing well enough the sort of relationship that existed between Mother and Bharatidi.

[106]Bharatidi was a specialist of Pali (used by the southern schools of Buddhism) and Sanskrit.

[107]The painter who did a portrait of Sri Aurobindo in profile, standing.

[108]Mother told this story in *Agenda 2* of April 29, 1961.

[109]Let us recall that gold is the color of the supramental.

[110]According to her wish, Bharatidi was cremated at Vellore itself. She wanted no one from the Ashram to be present at the time of her death or her funeral.

[111] Things have changed a great deal since then.

[112]Between the Force above and the person or circumstance.

[113]V. is the disciple who had a vision of a prelate repeating mantras.

[114]A Catholic monk who has been lodging at the Ashram for about a year.

[115]Mother's face was swollen by a tooth abscess.

[116]Soon after Satprem left at the end of the conversation, Mother sent him a line containing the sentence that follows.

[117]"... Pain that travails towards the touch of an unimaginable ecstasy." See also *Thoughts and Aphorisms*: 93 – "Pain is the touch of our Mother teaching us how to bear and grow in rapture. She has three stages of her schooling, endurance first, next equality of soul, last ecstasy."

[118]Conversation of November 23. Through the "Notes on the Way" or otherwise Satprem always wanted to make Mother's experience known to the Ashram, but did not at the time understand the reasons for her reluctance.

[119]The disciple who had for the first time seen that mitered prelate repeating mantras.

[120]For the reforms of the Church.

[121]These strange night difficulties were going to last for a long time and may have been linked to the intrigues around P.L. This *Agenda* will mention them again in 1969.

[122]See further the conversation of December 25.

[123]Mother poured that Force during eight years of Playground Talks....

[124]A Tantric whom Satprem followed in the past.

[125]One lakh = one hundred thousand; one crore = ten million.

Mother's Agenda

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January 1, 1969

There's a frightful crush! And even as it is, I don't see half of the people who've asked to see me.

I started at 8 this morning … without stop.

That's not too good!

It's certainly less than half of what I've been asked.

But naturally, there has to be a limit, otherwise it would start all over again as it was before. There was a time when I had only two hours for sleep and when I pretended to eat … but … One can do that for a time, but not for too long.

It's not the physical work that tires, it's what people add. With some, after five minutes you feel as if everything is about to break apart; with others it's fine. With most people, I must say, what's tiring is above all an "ignorant solicitude": people who have all this thought that they "shouldn't tire," shouldn't do this, shouldn't do that – that's quite oppressive. But otherwise, when they are tranquil and receptive, it's not tiring at all, not at all.

But the medical atmosphere is dangerous.

It's VERY dangerous.

(silence)

Do you have any news of P.L.?[1]

He wrote that he was abruptly leaving for [such and such a country].

What time is it?

Quarter past eleven.

Shall we be quiet for ten minutes?

(meditation)

Last time, I told you about that "morbid imagination" the body had – completely gone, finished, cleaned out! The moment the body reacted by saying, "No, it's disgusting, what's that!" – gone. That's what is so remarkable

with this body: in the vital, in the mind, you have to do things over and over again for the experience to be established; the body is less prompt in opening itself, but once it has understood or has had the right experience, it's over, the thing is established. That's what is remarkable. And it's very tranquil. So then, when certain things tried to come back (even when they were some distance away, just on the periphery), it said, "Ah, no! I no longer want that, it belongs to the past."

Certainly, according to the present experience, the majority – the vast majority – of illnesses and bodily disorganizations come from the vital and the mind, from their influence.

(silence)

Recently, I got a letter, I forget from whom or where, but it was from someone in Europe, someone who saw my vital being, and someone else who saw my mental being. You know that they have been sent away (they go on working, seeing people, going and coming …). So that person saw it as I myself know it (which surprised me, because generally people change the appearance according to their own conception). She saw me, she knew it was me, and it was a tall warrior – a very tall warrior with an ancient costume, holding a halberd.

It's the first time.

> *Yes, I know who it is. She told me her vision, I met her. She is an Italian who has visions of you that are extraordinary. She often tells me extraordinary things. She lives in you in a manner that … I've never seen anyone live in you like that.*

Oh! … Is she still here?

> *She arrived two weeks ago. Her name is F.*

Oh, F …. For a while she couldn't see anymore physically, so that has developed the inner vision.

> *A diamond warrior, she said.*

Yes, that's it. Oh, it has an extraordinary power on the vital atmosphere. I have seen it since I was quite small – I noticed it before knowing anything outwardly, before anyone explained it to me. And I saw it LEFT TO ITSELF, that is to say, without the intervention of all ideas and all that …. Strange. And invincible … (how should I put it?), it cannot be affected in any way: it doesn't receive from outside, it receives only from the psychic consciousness, or directly from the supreme Consciousness.

And now it's going about here and there! (Mother laughs)

These two, the vital and the mind, care very little – very little – for the body's well-being: it's merely an instrument meant to be used, and it just has to obey But the body feels much freer than before. That's one of the reasons why they were sent away, it's not merely to go faster – we said it was for the speed of the work, but it's not merely that, it's because the body left to itself has so

much more practical common sense …. I don't know how to explain. An extraordinary STABILITY.

The only thing in it that was a little morbid was this physical mind, the body-mind, which Sri Aurobindo regarded as impossible to change – it was very stubborn, but you see, it's the one that has done the work, it has worked out the change. It had that habit of imagination, but it's over, I mean it's now like this (Mother brings down her hands in a gesture of authority), it's the master.

It has interesting possibilities …. Very patient, very patient. Very steady.[2]

(the clock strikes)

Oh, there would be mountains of things to say, but we'll see later (Mother peers at the clock hidden by a stack of letters on top of which she has placed two flowers called "Prosperity"). Now, see, the "prosperity" hides the time from me! So … (Mother laughs)

So, a happy new year, mon petit!

(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

Yes, there was … It came slowly in the night, and this morning when I woke up, there was a golden Dawn, as it were, and the atmosphere was very light. The body felt, "Oh, it's really … truly new." A light, golden Light and … benevolent. Benevolent in the sense of a certitude – a harmonious certitude.[3]

It was new.

So there.

When I say "Happy new year" to people, that's what I pass on to them. And this morning, I've spent my time like that, spontaneously saying, "Happy new year, happy new year …." So …

January 4, 1969

(Mother gives roses to Satprem, then breathes in the smell of a bunch of small yellow flowers[4] near her.)

It smells nice!

It's for my own satisfaction. These, and the "New Birth,"[5] oh, these two fragrances are so clean …. (Pointing to the bunch of daisies) This is "Simple Sincerity" You know, a sincerity that doesn't make any fuss!

So what are you bringing me?

Nothing, Mother.

Nothing …

On the 1st, something really strange took place …. And I wasn't the only one to feel it, a few people felt it too. It began just after midnight, but I felt it at 2, and others at 4 in the morning. It was … I told you a few words about it last time, but the surprising thing is that it didn't correspond to anything I expected (I didn't expect anything), or to any of the things I had felt. It was something very material, I mean it was very external – very outward – and luminous, with a golden light. It was very strong, powerful. But its character was a smiling benevolence, a peaceful joy, and a sort of blossoming in the joy and the light. And it was like a "happy new year," like a wish. I must say it took me by surprise.

It lasted – I felt it for at least three hours. Afterwards, I stopped concerning myself with it, I don't know what happened. But I told you a few words about it, and I spoke to two or three others: they had all felt it. Which means it was VERY material. They had all felt a sort of joy like that, but an amiable, powerful joy, and … oh, so sweet, very smiling, VERY BENEVOLENT … something … I don't know what it is. I don't know what it is, but it's a kind of benevolence; so it was something very close to the human. And so concrete! So concrete. As if it had a taste, so concrete was it. Afterwards, I didn't concern myself with it anymore, except that I told two or three people about it: they had all felt it. Now, I don't know whether it has mingled or … It hasn't gone, it doesn't give the feeling of something that comes only to go away.

It was far more external than the things I usually feel, far more external …. Hardly mental at all, I mean there was no sense of a "promise" or … No. It would rather be like … My own impression was that of an immense personality, immense (meaning that for it, the earth was small, like this [Mother holds a small object in the hollow of her hands], like a ball), an immense personality, so very benevolent, and coming to … (Mother seems to gently raise the little ball in the hollow of her hands). It was the impression of a personal god (yet it was … I don't know) who comes to help. So very strong! And so sweet at the same time, so understanding.

And it was very external: the body felt it everywhere, everywhere (Mother touches her face, her hands), all over like this.

What has become of it? I don't know.

It was the start of the year. As if someone on the scale of a god (someone, that is) had come to say "Happy new year," with all the power to make it a happy year. It was like that.

But what was it? …

So concrete …

I don't know.

Is it … is it the personality (because it didn't have any form, I didn't see any form, there was only what it brought along [Mother feels the atmosphere with her fingers], sensation and feeling, these two things – sensation and feeling), I wondered if it wasn't the supramental personality … which will, then, manifest later in material forms?

Since then, the body – this body – has been feeling (it has been permeated by that everywhere, a lot), it has been feeling much more joyful and less

concentrated, living more in a happy, smiling expansion. For instance, it speaks more easily. There's a note … a constant note of benevolence. A smile, you know, a benevolent smile, and all that with a GREAT FORCE …. I don't know.

Haven't you felt anything?

That day, I had a sense of contentment.

Ah, that's it! Yes, that's right.

Is it the supramental personality? … Which will incarnate in all those who will have a supramental body …?

It was luminous, smiling, and so benevolent because of its POWER: I mean that generally, benevolence in the human being is something slightly weak, in the sense that it doesn't like battle, it doesn't like struggle – but this wasn't like that at all! A benevolence that imposes itself (Mother brings her two fists down on the armrests of her chair).

It interested me because it was entirely new. And so concrete! Concrete like this (Mother touches the arms of her chair), like what the physical consciousness usually regards as "others," as concrete as that. Which means it didn't come through some inner being, through the psychic being: it came DIRECTLY onto the body.

What is it? … Yes, it may be that …. The body's feeling since that took place has been a sort of certitude; a certitude as if now it no longer were in an anxiety or uncertainty to know. "What will it be? What will this Supramental PHYSICALLY be like?" the body used to wonder. "What will it be like physically?" Now, it no longer thinks about it, it's happy.

Very well.

Is it something that's going to permeate the bodies that are ready?

Yes … I think so, yes. I feel it's the formation that's going to permeate and express itself – permeate and express itself – in the bodies … which will be the bodies of the Supramental.

Or maybe … maybe the superman? I don't know. The intermediary between the two. Maybe the superman: it was very human, but a human of divine proportions, you understand.

A human without weaknesses and shadows: it was all luminous – all light and smile and … sweetness at the same time.

Yes, maybe the superman.

(silence)

I don't know why, for a moment I have been thinking insistently: people who won't know how things actually happened will say, once this supramental force has entered the earth's atmosphere and penetrated them, they will say, "Well, WE are the ones who did this!"

(Mother laughs) Yes, probably!

It's we, it's our fine humanity that has ... blossomed.[6]

Yes, certainly It's always like that.

That's why I say – I say that after all, for all of us here who have to face all the difficulties, it's really a Grace! Because WE will know how – and we will not cease to be, of course.

We will know how it was done.

(silence)

Oh, I wanted to show you …

(Mother shows a photo taken by night of her illumined rooms)

Look, it's pretty!

But when you are there, on your balcony, it looks very much like a big steamship, as if you are standing there at the captain's command deck, and steering the ship!

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother turns to the question of Sri Aurobindo's centenary, in 1972.)

They're preparing here a publication in Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, and two other languages I forget, to which they intend to add Tamil and Telugu, of all the works of Sri Aurobindo. It's a tremendous task.

At the same time, in America, there are two or three editions of Sri Aurobindo's complete works: one edition for libraries, one for America, and one for India. They've sent me samples – they're magnificent! The edition for America is a marvel: big like this, with a marvelous paper …

It's a pity we aren't doing the French.

Yes, in France they don't respond much.

No. And also there should be someone to look after it. As for me, I'm not looking after it at all. There should be someone. But is it … maybe it's not necessary.

But I'm looking after it a lot for France! To publish Sri Aurobindo in France ...

Yes, but people answer you that they can't do it![7]

But there is a possibility, the last I read out to you.[8]

Yes ...

So I am waiting. Maybe it's going to start off there?

It would be good if we published the whole thing. It's for 1972, his centenary … There was only six years' difference between us.

There was some difference with Gandhi – it's Gandhi's centenary too, isn't it?

It's this year.

This year …

Yes, there's "Some difference"!

(silence)

Now, under the pretext (what pretext, I don't know) not to tire me (or I don't understand what), they take things away from me, they don't leave them with me (Mother laughs). I wanted to show you this American edition. which is very beautiful, and now … I don't know where it is.

I would really like something to be done in France ….

Yes, it would be good …. It would be good for the FRENCH!

Your book has had an enormous action, enormous. It's still having it.

I remember that even here, when Pavitra read it, he told me (he was quite enthusiastic), he said to me, "Oh, he has made me understand something I hadn't understood!" (Mother laughs) Pavitra, one of the old disciples who lived with Sri Aurobindo!

No, in France, things got off to a wrong start because of J.H., it was he who … Ambition and …

It has warped something.

Warped, yes. It has warped the French approach [to Sri Aurobindo].

* * *

(Towards the end, the conversation refers to the coming visit of Satprem's mother.)

When is your mother arriving?

Next Saturday.

Saturday … Then we'll change your date. Bring me the notebook ….

Won't it disturb you? It doesn't cause too much complication?

No, there's complication only when one wants it!

Is it your brother or another brother who's just had a child?

No, it's a sister.

Oh, you have a sister …

I have five!

What! Five sisters … ohh! … And three brothers … Oh, your mother, babah! <23

Yes.

What courage!
So you must have a multitude of nephews and nieces?

Oh, yes, all over the place! ... I don't much concern myself with them.

Oh, well, I didn't know.

But I've always lived outside my family.

Yes, just like me with my family! … Last week I received a letter from someone (I forget her name) who writes to me, "Dear Aunt"! (Mother laughs) But the children of my brother [Mattéo], I don't know them, even less their own children. My family is a large one too …. This one [who has written to Mother] is the daughter of a sister of … my grandmother! She writes (it seems she subscribes to the Bulletin) that I have "helped her for years" and she expresses her gratitude, and then says she is "dreaming of coming to India …."

One of my brother's daughters (I think) married a Japanese and came here with her Japanese husband – I saw him – and she has a flock of kids! But my brother's son and his other daughter, I don't know them.

No, I don't have any family sense!

Neither have I!

With my brother, we lived our whole childhood together, and very close, very close, until he entered Polytechnique[9] – for eighteen years – and he understood NOTHING. Yet he was an intelligent, capable man: he was a governor, and a rather successful one, in several countries. But he understood NOTHING …. He was friends with Jules Romains,[10] and Jules Romains told him he had a very great desire to come here, but couldn't. Jules Romains understood better than my brother, there you are!

Strangely, when he was … sixteen, I think, or seventeen … Did I tell you what happened to him?

Yes, a voice said to him ...

Yes, it said to him, "Do you want to be divine? …" And he refused.[11]

He refused!

Wonderful!

Out of fear or skepticism?

No: narrowness of consciousness. He didn't conceive of anything better than "helping others" – philanthropy That's why he became a governor. When he came out of Polytechnique, he had a choice between different posts, and he deliberately chose that post in the colonies, because he wanted to "help backward races to progress" – all that nonsense!

Anyway, he did ONE good thing in his life, my brother. He was in the Ministry of Colonies, and the minister was a friend of his, a little older (I don't know what post my brother held, but anyhow, everything went through his hands). When the war broke out (I was here, it was the first of the World Wars), the British government asked the French to expel Sri Aurobindo and send him to Algeria – they didn't want Sri Aurobindo to be in Pondicherry, they were afraid. But we came to know of it (Sri Aurobindo came to know of it), and I wrote to my brother, saying, "This must not be passed." The expulsion order had gone to the Ministry of Colonies to be ratified, and he got the ratification paper in his hands – he put it at the bottom of his drawer.

It disappeared completely, and we never heard of it again.

He redeemed himself!

It makes up for the rest ….

January 8, 1969

And this descent of the superman consciousness …
Did I tell you I had afterwards identified it?

When you spoke last time, you had identified it.

Yes, but I spoke of "supramental consciousness."

Later, you said, "Maybe the superman?"

Yes, that's it. It's the descent of the superman consciousness. I had the assurance of it afterwards.

It was on the Is' of January after midnight. I woke up at 2 in the morning, surrounded by a consciousness, but so concrete, and NEW, in the sense that I had never experienced that. It lasted, quite concrete and present, for two or three hours, and then it spread out and went to find all those who could receive it. And at the same time I knew it was the consciousness of the superman, that is, the intermediary between man and the supramental being.

It has given the body a sort of assurance, a sort of trust. That experience has made it steady, as it were, and if it keeps the true attitude, all the support is

there to help it.

A certain number of people (I asked afterwards) had the experience, they felt it (not as clearly), felt the presence of a new consciousness – lots of people. They told me (I asked them if they had felt something), they told me, "Oh, yes!" But each with … (Mother twists her fingers slightly) naturally his own special approach.

(silence)

The curious thing (I've noticed it with others) is that when the Action is silent, it's FAR MORE PRECISE than when it takes place through words. Words are received mentally, and there is always a slight distortion: a distortion of the content of those words. Whereas when the action is direct (Mother makes a gesture of inner communication), it's very precise.

I don't want to give names, but I've had both examples these last few days. There was someone I was to see only a few days later, so then I put the Consciousness and Force on him, and the change took place, but very clearly and precisely; while to others I spoke of this experience, and they transcribed it: two transcriptions were read out to me, very different from each other (while I very nearly said the same thing), each transcription is different, and there is a slight distortion, different too, in each.

I didn't correct them because words themselves distort, so …

You see, when I speak, I give words a very precise meaning – very subtle and precise; the other person receives the sound of the word and gives it his own interpretation. But what can we do?

This Consciousness takes on a different "color," so to speak, in everyone. It's the same thing with words: words have a similar, but nevertheless different meaning for each of those who utter them …. We would have to communicate like this (gesture of inner exchange): the direct experience.

January 15, 1969

(After the visit of an "Acharya," or Jain master, who came surrounded with his disciples.)

He tried every way to make me talk! I refused. I had never seen them, with their mouths covered[12] – it doesn't stop them from talking!

It seems he said yesterday (he came yesterday) that he hadn't yet begun his sadhana, that he was going round India and would begin his sadhana afterwards …. He asked me for a message; I didn't tell him anything, but inwardly I said to him, "Be sincere, be sincere …." But I didn't speak. He even tried flattery, but it didn't work! He said, "Oh …" (looking closely to see

whether it had any effect), "Oh, I've heard about you a lot, but to see you is something else altogether …." I only had a slight difficulty not to laugh!

There were men and women, they call the women "nuns," and they too have their mouths covered ….

* * *

(Then Mother refers to an American disciple who has set up the whole Greek pantheon in his home and is very unbalanced.)

It's odd, he is receptive enough: every time I do something, there is a result … but the result he attributes to his gods! So it makes a muddle in his consciousness.

(silence)

It has remained, this [superman] consciousness. It has remained, it's very strong, oh! … Today again, with these [Jain] sadhus, I had the experience: it came, mon petit, it was tremendous! It came massively, it enveloped me completely, so I sat very still, like that, behind it: nothing could get through. Interesting … Oh, it really is a power. Down to the vital. Physically, the body cannot respond; there is indeed an action, but … it's not that. It's not that. But it has put a vital in the body (you know that the vital had gone away), an awesome vital! That's quite amusing. You feel as if you were saying to people, "Keep still!"

I am going to try it on A. [the American disciple], I'll see if it makes him steady on his feet again …. He'll believe it's his statue of Athena! It doesn't matter. Even those who think well still think nonsense, so …

This sadhu, "it" tried to pull him within, but when the pressure became very strong, he started talking! He couldn't … [bear or contain it]. The disciple who was near him became very excited, but he controlled him.

He began with some banality about "the work I am doing for humanity" (some stupid remark of the sort), and when he saw it didn't work, he kept as quiet as he could, then started talking again and said what I told you that he had "heard about me a lot, but …" As for me, I kept putting all this consciousness between the body and him.

After all, I enjoyed myself! (Mother laughs)

He had a stick, which he had even wrapped in white! He was all white, and the stick too was white; he carried it like this, as a bishop carries his crosier.

They have completely shut themselves in.

Ah, they've deliberately cut themselves off from the world, and they want to assert that: separation is part of their conception.

They have shut themselves in their saintliness.

Many of them, I am sure, have suppressed desires and all kinds of such things in a state of ferment …. But the body kept very still with that [superman consciousness] around it, and the Consciousness kept saying to him, "The

individual is nothing, abdicate, abdicate the individual – be sincere, abdicate the individual. The supreme Consciousness alone is ….” It didn’t touch him. I don’t know if something in him received it, but he didn’t notice it …. We’ll see.

January 18, 1969

(Regarding the “descent of the superman consciousness.)

Oh, did I tell you? The other day, when the [Jain] sadhu came, as soon as he came in (he stood there), this atmosphere came from here up to there (Mother draws a half circle in front of her), it surrounded me like a wall. It was thick, luminous, and what strength it had! But then, it was wholly directed at him (gesture of forward projection). For me, it was visible, very material, like a rampart, about this thick (gesture: about a foot and a half), and it remained there as long as he was there. It was as if to keep him still! (Mother laughs) It was very amusing.

So this consciousness is very consciously active.

(silence
Mother gives flowers)

Here, this is for you.

You see (Mother shows two hibiscus flowers), it’s not the same thing: this is “Grace,” and this is “Supramental Consciousness” – we have the flower before the consciousness!

(silence)

Today I saw Pondicherry’s lieutenant governor (he comes now and then, every two weeks), and other people (a guard of Auroville, who is a Muslim), a bit of everything, and now this consciousness comes: the other day, I told you, it was like a rampart, but today with the governor it was much smaller, of limited proportions (gesture like a beam), but it was there, intact: it was the same thing, only the concentration was less. And it comes between the Action (Mother points to her own body) and the person. It’s like a projection of power. And now it has become habitual.

There is in it a consciousness (something VERY precious) that gives lessons to the body, teaches it what it has to do, that is, the attitude it should have, the reaction it should have …. I had already told you a few times how difficult it is to find the procedure of the transformation when there’s no one to give you indications; and it’s the response, as it were: “he”[13] comes and tells

the body, "Have this attitude, do this, do that in that way." So then the body is happy, it's quite reassured, it can't make a mistake anymore.

Very interesting.

It has come like a "mentor" – and PRACTICAL, wholly practical: "This is to be rejected; this is to be accepted; this is to be generalized; this for all inner movements. And it even becomes very material, in the sense that with certain vibrations, it says, "This is to be encouraged"; with others, "This is to be channeled"; with yet others, "This is to be got rid of …." Small indications of that sort.

(silence)

Years ago, in one of the old Talks, when I spoke there, at the Playground, I said, "The superman will probably be first a being of power, so as to be able to defend himself." That's it, it's that experience. It has come back as an experience. And it's because it has come back as an experience that I remembered having said it.[14]

Yes, you said, "Power's what will come first."

Yes, Power first.

Because those beings will need to be protected.

Yes, that's right. Well, I've had the first experience for this body: it came like a rampart, it was awesome! An awesome power! Quite out of proportion with the apparent action.

Very interesting.

And that's also why (now that I see this experience), I see that the result is far more precise and concrete, because the mind and the vital aren't there. Because it [this new consciousness] is taking their place. And with this whole tranquil assurance of knowledge that comes at the same time. It's interesting.

(silence)

Do you have something to say?

I was wondering how, individually, this consciousness will act, for instance outside you?

In the same way. Only, those who haven't made it a habit to observe themselves objectively will notice it less, that's all. It will go through cotton wool, as it were, as it always does. But otherwise it's in the same way.

I mean, this consciousness will not act on the mind so much as on bodies?

I do hope it will make people THINK correctly …

It's a guide, basically.

A guide, yes.

It's a consciousness, you understand.

For me, THE Consciousness limits itself to special activities, in special cases, but it's always THE Consciousness; just as it's almost completely limited in the human consciousness, so too in certain states of being, certain activities, it limits itself to a certain way of being so as to accomplish His action. And that's something I had asked for a lot: "May I be guided every minute," because it saves a huge amount of time, of course, instead of having to study, to observe, to … one knows. Well, now I realize it has happened like that.

(silence)

There is a very pronounced change in those who were touched on the 1st of January: there is especially … as I said, a precision and a certainty that have entered their way of thinking.

(before leaving, Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

Oh, time is so short ….
You don't have anything to ask? Anything to say?
It was here (Mother looks in the region of the heart). It's strange, I seem to be asked to put it in contact with all those who come near me.

* * *

(After Satprem has left, Mother says a few words to Sujata.)

Since it came, I've been seeing people's eyes more clearly – in the past too, I used to see their eyes, but it was their psychological state, while now I see the expression of the eyes, and it's so interesting!

January 22, 1969

(Again regarding the descent of the superman consciousness.)

I wanted to tell you something, and it's gone ….
There's been such a hurly-burly since this morning.

(Mother remains absorbed)

I told you how I was surrounded [by a rampart] …. Oh, but this consciousness is very interesting! It gives me lessons all the time, it's very interesting!

He[15] gives me lessons during the night to tell me the things that must change, and with symbolic sounds to make me clearly understand: he makes me LIVE certain situations to know what needs to be changed – what he does is first-rate!

It's going on in every detail. I can't tell everything.

And it doesn't just concern itself with individuals: it also concerns itself with events all over the world. I see that clearly because it intervenes in the action of this or that nation, I see that mostly at night.

It's very active.

He's educating me! Educating this body. That's really very fine!

(Mother laughs) We'll see what's going to happen it depends on the body's plasticity, of course.

* * *

Soon afterwards

> *There's a problem I should put to you, an important problem: I would very much like you to ask Sri Aurobindo what we should do. It's about The Human Cycle. The latest news is that the publisher in Paris is quite ready to publish a first text by Sri Aurobindo. But I've started having second thoughts. This Human Cycle was rejected a first time, and by mistake they sent its manuscript back here. I wondered if, after all, that wasn't a sign that the first volume of Sri Aurobindo to be brought out, rather than The Human Cycle, should not rather be The Synthesis of Yoga? The thought has come to me. It's very important: what should we begin with? The Human Cycle had seemed to me more exterior and generally accessible.*

Do you have the translation of The Synthesis?

> *I would have to revise it a bit, but it's a matter of a month's work. In that case, we could send them the first book, "The Yoga of Divine Works."*

Yes, the Yoga of Works.

I think it's better, yes.

Yes, it's newer, more central.

You see, the other [The Human Cycle] discusses things that they've already discussed, and it takes a special disposition to understand that the viewpoint is new. While here, it's wholly new.

> *I think so, too.*

Yes, begin with that.

Personally, I remember, in my case, that's what completely opened the

door. That's what made me … "Ah!" And I entered a new thing (with all the Western mental constructions, you understand).

It will be interesting.

Which publisher?

Arthème Fayard.[16]

It will have to appear in several volumes.

Yes, it should be possible to publish it in three volumes.

That's it. If it could appear for his centenary, it would be fine.

Certainly! I do expect the first volume to come out this year.[17] *I still have to work on it a little, but in three weeks or a month I can send them the first volume.*

Good.

If it could appear in August, it would be fine. Or at any rate, begin in August.

* * *

Towards the end

I wanted to tell you a little story (it's not "seriously" interesting: it's just amusing as a turn of mind). You know that the doctor went for an outing to a temple in the South, the temple of Tirupathi,[18] and it has given me an opportunity to make contact …. These are people who receive crores of rupees every year, they have a huge organization and feed thousands of people every day (from a physical point of view, it takes up a lot of space), and according to what the doctor told me, it's impeccably clean, wonderful. He himself was surprised. There are several hundred guest houses to lodge people, well, a big affair. So then, everything is based on a god they call "Tirupathi," I think, and this god gives you whatever you ask him – that's a widespread belief. They have a statue of him (I had the photo in my hands today), with the god blindfolded. He has four hands opened like this – four hands that give, two on each side – and blindfolded. And it is said, "You see the god and ask him; and without looking at you, he gives you automatically."

In other words, a god who doesn't see faults, doesn't see virtue, doesn't see … anything: he receives requests, and gives.

It's curious.

These last few days, I've been able to make contact, because I had people there. Today I saw his photo and found it rather interesting (Mother feels the

air with her fingers) …. No justice, no discernment, no … simply, you ask, and you get. So if you've asked something true, you get something true; if you've asked something false, you sink into falsehood. As an idea it's VERY interesting.

I think it's the most important religious center in India: it's on a hilltop, they have an army of trucks carrying people up every day Curious, isn't it?

And everybody comes, even government people, even scientists, everybody … It's the need to ask for help from something more powerful than you are.

And this faith: whatever you ask, anything, you get.

I don't know if it's always realized in the details, but there's the principle.

Is there really a force?

There is a force.

Maybe it's to demonstrate that with faith, trust, and a sort of inner certitude, you BRING THINGS ABOUT.

And this idea: he doesn't look at your merit or anything (Mother opens her hands) – you ask, and you get.

It's pretty!

January 25, 1969

(The whole time is spent in contemplation, except for a moment when Mother comes back to say:)

All the time, all the time, something like a slight indication passes by – and noiselessly: it's not words.

January 29, 1969

What do you have to tell me? Me, I have nothing to say …

Are you tired?

It's going on …. The difficulties of those around, of the work, of people,

keep increasing, from health to understanding (there seems to be a general crisis), but the Help and the Power keep increasing too. It's like a sort of demonstration.

But the difficulties are taking on rather unpleasant proportions.

(long silence)

Children are nicer and nicer! … The NEW children are truly remarkable. Today I saw Ws little girl: she's two years old, I think, but she is as children used to be at the age of six or seven. Alert, intelligent … It's strange.

What do you have to say?

(long silence)

I have a vague impression that I had something to tell you, but I don't know …

(Then Mother shows a brochure of "=1" on education in Auroville)

… Anyway, it's not bad.

I don't know if it's wrong, but I am no longer interested in any "problem." I no longer ask myself any questions at all. The speculative mind doesn't interest me.

Oh, but I might be responsible! … Because for me, that's pretty much like chatter.

Nothing interests me anymore, except something else that I am waiting for.

Something that must come, yes, that's right.

So all the rest ... People give me books, give me letters, but I am not interested.

That's it. So she [the brochure's author] wants to see me …. I find all this so futile!

Yes, it's something ELSE.

Yes.

Something WHOLLY OTHER ...

Yes.

... which must come.

Exactly.

So all these embellishments of the present are uninteresting, I find.

Exactly And the whole day long, from morning to night, they pester me with fuss of this sort (Mother points to the brochure). And she wants to see me

….

Would you like me to read the brochure and give you an account of it?

No, I've read it (not read but listened to it): it's words. It's not bad, but it's words.

Only, she takes it seriously: it's "education in Auroville."

But I am so aware that it's the mind indulging in itself, and going on indulging, so … And if you try to get them out of it, they no longer understand anything. So the best is to let them. But I don't see why we should bother to read their stories.

No, really, mental life seems to … go round in circles.

There's such a mixture! … (It's Pavitra who read it out to me yesterday evening.) Suddenly there's a sentence from Sri Aurobindo, then a sentence from Y. [the brochure author], then suddenly a sentence from me, then suddenly one from M. (who has become a great guru) ….

They've asked me for articles – not they, others. I said, "What on earth can I say! ..." It doesn't come, I am not interested.

Oh, they've asked you …

But going by the echoes from Europe, you get a sense of a huge balloon swelling and swelling more and more (economically, financially, mechanically) and about to burst-it has to burst ... into something else. And the Mind is part of this balloon.

Yes, yes, it's the Mind that seems to have swollen as much as it can, almost to bursting. It's exactly that.

I was wondering about this: Will it take … a complete bankruptcy of the Mind for people to understand? … Will it burst to end in a zero?

So I am constantly asked for messages (not articles because I no longer write any), but Y wants me to see her and to "note down" what I will tell her. But I know very well that everything I will say will be completely distorted.

One would like to be able to … keep a little quiet.

And they take it all so seriously! They think it's so important ….

Constantly, the only thing I feel like saying to all these people is, SOMETHING ELSE ... SOMETHING ELSE ...

Yes, exactly.

I feel there's nothing else to answer.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation, then speaks in English)

I could remain for hours like this![19]

A great Peace has come down. Did you feel that? …

(Satprem:) Yes.

And then it becomes wide, wide, wide ….

(silence, then Mother speaks in French again)

I find it very comfortable!

(Satprem lays his head on Mother's knees, then Mother looks at him for a long time)

It's like BIG eyes looking (Mother gestures to show about eight inches). I have a feeling of BIG eyes looking ….

February 1, 1969

(Mother first translates into French the following extract from a letter of Sri Aurobindo:)

> "As for immortality, it cannot come if there is attachment to the body, – for it is only by living in the immortal part of oneself which is unidentified with the body and bringing down its consciousness and force into the cells that it can come. I speak of course of yogic means. The scientists now hold that it is (theoretically at least) possible to discover physical means by which death can be overcome, but that would mean only a prolongation of the present consciousness in the present body Unless there is a change of consciousness and change of functionings it would be a very small gain,"

Sri Aurobindo

(Letters on Yoga, 24.1234)

* * *

(Then Mother listens to a series of questions about death, asked by pupils of the School.)

The first question: "What should we do in our daily life to halt the process of death?"

Well, as Sri Aurobindo has just said, the process is, rather than remain wholly attached to the body, to attach ourselves to the Spirit, and to bring the Spirit down into the body's cells. The process is to detach one's consciousness from the body and to concentrate it on the deeper life so as to bring this deeper consciousness into the body.

> *Second question: "If the sense of 'I-ness' has identified more with the mind in life, is it the same sense of 'I-ness' that has all the experiences after death, that is to say, which retains at the same time the memories of its life? I ask the question with regard to the mind, since after death it remains formed a little longer than the other parts do."*

That's not true. It's not true that the mind lasts longer.

Read it again.

> *" ... Is it the same sense of 'I-ness' that has all the experiences after death?"*

No, not at all.

The psychic consciousness that has identified with the small part of the physical is what comes out of this small physical person. Insofar as that consciousness has fashioned one's life, it remembers what it has fashioned, and the memory is closely linked with the psychic consciousness in the past events: whenever the psychic consciousness did not participate in the events, no memory is retained. It's only the psychic consciousness that can continue.

It's not the mind that retains the memories, that's quite wrong.

February 5, 1969

I have a feeling there was something, and then … (Mother searches for something on the table beside her). There was positively something to be done … and you'll see, once you've left, I'll find it again! I remember having said, "Ah, I will do this on Wednesday with Satprem."

Oh, maybe it's here (Mother looks at her cluttered table), there's a heap of letters … frightening!

Too bad.

It was something interesting ….

(long silence)

At the same time, I remember a vision of the night in which I did a work with numbers and put the numbers – figures and groups of figures – in a certain position. That's what I wanted to tell you. In the "dream" (if we can call it a

dream), I said to myself that I should show it to you.

Now I remember … it comes like this (gesture from behind Mother's head). And then, it's associated with groups of people who are everywhere, spread all over the earth, and in relation with … which planet? I don't know, planets. And I remember saying to myself (all that during the night, not after waking up), while preparing that whole arrangement … I still see the arrangement of figures I was preparing, they were quite living – the figures were living things, groups of figures I was arranging, with one arrangement like this, one arrangement like that … (Mother seems to move about the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle), and in fact you were there, and I told you that when it was like this (Mother draws one particular arrangement) it expressed such and such a thing, while when it was like that (another arrangement of the puzzle), it expressed such and such other thing. And at the same time, I said, "Not only does it express this thing, but it has a power for realizing it …."

All that is there (Mother gestures behind her head, as if to show a memory in the background), somewhere there. And it was connected with groups of people who were in different places of the earth.

And it was … well, well! It was the "ciphered" expression – the ciphered expression of the application to life in a coming realization: the expression of the life ahead, but not very far ahead; for instance, in the following century, the century starting now.

So that's probably what remained in the memory, which made me want to tell you something. But I can still see the arrangement of figures. I spent a long time – a long time-arranging the figures. A long time.

A truer, more universal application, and with the spiritual knowledge: the principle of the position and utilization of individuals on earth. And I don't know why, it particularly interested you. You were with me, with this arrangement of figures, and I showed you (same gesture of the pieces of a puzzle being moved about) … two columns here and one column there; but living columns: not on paper – not on paper, in the air. I don't know how to explain that, it was in the air, and I arranged, moved the figures about like this (same gesture), and those figures were LIVING, they weren't written on a paper.

There were different groups of figures … (Mother tries to remember), yes, there were two groups: some were blue (dark blue), and others golden yellow, and … (how can I explain?) they weren't male-female, but they were two principles, the two principles-the principle of … not creation, but conception (gesture coming down from above), and the principle of realization.

When I do that I am wholly conscious: it's not a dream (I don't sleep in the ordinary way; I am as if asleep, but I don't sleep; and I don't "dream": I ACT), I am wholly conscious, with the same kind of consciousness as the waking consciousness – it's not a dream. I was doing that, and explaining to you how all those figures were organizing themselves and determining future events.

When I wake up, or get up, rather (I can't say "wake up"), when I get up and enter into activity, it goes away – "goes away," not that it stops: it remains in its world. It's only now, because you are present, that it has made contact with the memory.

It went on for several hours. It wasn't the "conception" of a work, it was THE work itself, like … like when there are levers and things you move to set other things in motion (Mother draws a big control panel in an electronic room), it was something like that, but it wasn't that at all! It was the organization of those groups of figures that determined the events and the ORDER of events (especially the order of events) and their location on earth. And probably, while I was doing it, something wanted me to tell you, and left an impression that I had something to tell you; then everything went away. When I come back to this life, everything goes away; and it's only because I now tried to remember that I could (gesture of contact with the memory) catch it: I tried, and it came back. But I realize (almost with surprise) that it must have lasted at least two hours, or more – two to two and a half hours. I don't sleep at all, but I am active, absolutely active in the … (Mother tries to situate the zone) – what's being prepared to manifest on earth, I don't know if we should call it "subtle physical" or … It's the creative zone of the physical, it's there. And as I can't run from one place to another, what I do is linked through figures, like that-living figures. Living figures: I organize them, group them together, and I remember what I did the previous day; I say, "No, yesterday it was that way, but now it has to be this way," and with the knowledge that it will have to be changed again tomorrow. And that's what determines events. But the consciousness (the waking or ordinary consciousness) MUST NOT know what's decided there; it must know only a part necessary to the execution. That's why there is a break – it remains, it keeps on living there like that (gesture behind the head), but it doesn't come through …. It's wholly because at that time [during the "dream"] I made the decision to tell you about it that I could catch the memory, otherwise … Although I SEE; I see those figures, that's why I can describe them, but they no longer mean anything for me. And I am not sure whether they are figures or letters …. They were figures, I know they were; some figures were golden, others were blue (but those aren't our material colors, neither our substance nor our material colors), and I kept arranging them: one group like this, another group like that (gesture like a moving puzzle), then I would choose. Strange. And I must have been very tall, because the figures were big; I would take them and place them (it was on a large surface), and as I placed them, it established a communication and organized the events immediately ahead.

Perhaps I do remember …

Last night, I knew I was doing it every night, but during the night … There was (but then, in the body, yesterday in the waking state) a sort of aspiration to know what the functioning would be, the action in the superman consciousness. I said, "Having this consciousness around oneself [like a rampart] is very fine, but one must also know what changes there will be in the body's functioning, in the work, in one's workings." So then, this experience [of the figures] was like an answer to make me learn a little the future way. But what's strange is that I did it exactly as they now do with those big electric machines, with all kinds of levers (gesture like a control panel in a power plant), I did it in that way, moving things and … Only, I think I must have been a little taller than I am …. I don't know. In any case, I would place the objects

(same gesture like a moving puzzle) … They weren't objects, they were something … but it had a fixed form – it was fixed – and there was a sort of store (not a "storeroom," I don't know how to put it), a store from where I drew things, which I would put and arrange like that. The arrangement was continuous in its whole, but with changes in the details.

If I remembered exactly, it would be very interesting.

> *For some time there has been in my active consciousness a preoccupation that comes with great force, but which isn't personal because the speculative mind isn't working. It's like a force coming over me again and again with a will, but I don't know what will. And the preoccupation is, "the ruin of Science and what will happen after the ruin of Science."*

Oh!

> *You know, the end of the big "mental balloon," and what will happen after, or the transition from the one to the other. It's like a problem being sent to me – in connection with medicine, or new discoveries, or the students' revolution .... It's pressed on me from every side.*

Well, well …

> *And especially this: the ruin of Science. There is a kind of force that wants ... I don't know if it's to do something, or say something, or write ... but it seems to drive me in this direction, towards this problem.*[20]
>
> *Yes, it must evidently be the same force, because it wanted me to show you and explain to you, and you were WATCHING the work. I even made some reflections now and then, I would tell you, "These figures" (but I didn't call them "figures," I don't know), "this I put here because of that ...." I gave you explanations.*
>
> *It's odd.*
>
> *From every side it comes to me.*

It must be an activity of this [superman] consciousness, because it's not something I've had for a long time. Last night, I knew I had been doing it regularly every night, but not for a long time. It must have come with this consciousness.

I should also say that yesterday (yesterday in my ordinary consciousness, I mean when I was here), there were two things: I thought about you, and said to myself … (it wasn't yesterday, it was the last time I saw you, last Saturday) after Saturday, I had something that wanted me to know how this [superman] force acted with you; so it's in response to that that I saw you last night and explained to you the whole working. And you participated consciously, that is,

you understood perfectly well all that I was doing – you participated consciously.

It's interesting. It will grow clearer and clearer.

But strangely, it doesn't at all come from "Me": it's really as if I were driven to this problem, the solution to this problem.

Yes.

Why, I don't know.

Yes … And this vision [with the big control panel], it was like an application of scientific means, but quite different! And it was entirely based on … There was no thought, no reasoning, nothing of all that: it was a force going like this (gesture of a descent imposing itself), as it always does, and it impelled the action. So I saw; I saw, I knew I had to do this or that, and though I didn't think at all, I was able to explain why, that is to say, I was able to say in advance that it was FOR such and such a thing. It was the combination of these two colors of figures (maybe it's a translation in my consciousness? Anyway …), the blue figures and the golden ones. And the priority for action was always the golden figures; the blue ones came as if to fill a gap. It had a shape (same gesture like a moving puzzle), it had a shape. It's odd. it's odd, it was so natural, so spontaneous and HABITUAL: nothing in the being remembered it with surprise, that is to say, it didn't remember as one would remember having dreamt and done something – nothing of the sort, it was quite natural: I did it "like that" and was quite aware that I was doing it every night …. And if I remember right, it was between midnight and 3 in the morning (a little earlier or later).

But it has a strong action, I mean it COMMANDS the action on earth, and it's not subjected in any way or tied down to anything below: it's like this (gesture of a descent imposing itself). And it constantly receives the Will or the Power of action from above – not "above," it's not above, it's … (Mother makes a sort of gesture meaning it is "everywhere inside") "superior" in the true sense.

This body RECEIVES things. It receives them. It doesn't feel it's … I don't know how to explain (the thought isn't working). All of a sudden it felt the need to know the effect this [superman] consciousness will have on the consciousness here, how it will work. And then, for you, I wondered, "Where and how does this consciousness act?" And that's why I've had this experience [of figures] – that's not "why," it was preliminary to the experience, it came to draw my attention to the need to know that …. Odd! it's odd.

You see, it had left an impression: I thought I had something material to show you [at the beginning of the conversation, when Mother was looking for something on her table]. It had left a deep impression.

(silence
Mother tries to look at the clock)

It's five to eleven.

Perhaps it's the beginning of something interesting ….
Do you have anything to say?
At what time did I call you in?

A little after 10:15.

Already …
Everything is beginning to be very uncertain ….
Strangely, one doesn't remember things in the same way; the memory works in quite another way, quite another way It's as if things came onto a screen (gesture of projection in front), imposing themselves; then some withdraw, go away (they are there [gesture behind Mother], but they don't draw the attention), then on some other occasion they come like that (same gesture of projection in front of Mother's eyes). A strange functioning. It's not a mental memory of words or … not at all: it's the things THEMSELVES that are projected.
Maybe we're changing a bit! (Laughing) That wouldn't be too soon!

February 8, 1969

(By some kindness of fate, the recording of the beginning of this conversation was preserved, though Satprem normally erased all those exchanges or the little facts that did not seem to have "historical" interest. For amusement we reproduce here these fragments ….

Today is soup day! Here.

Chicken ... a whole lot!

I only give you once a week.

It's a lot!

This (to Sujata, showing a box) I must show her … Would you like some work?

(Sujata:) Yes, Mother.

Here, I got this yesterday They're supposed to be special biscuits – of course, I can't eat, but if you think you can crush a few …

Yes, Mother.

Then I'll be able to eat them.

Unless you do it after the marrons glacés are over? But marrons glacés can't be kept indefinitely. You two eat some, don't you?

Yes, Mother!

You do eat some? Because otherwise they'll get spoiled.
So do you think you can crush a biscuit? One at a time.

(Satprem:) Not more than one? ... Maybe two?

Two will be a lot to eat.

(Sujata:) Or one and a half?

Eating two at one go is a lot for me! One is enough. Do you crush them by hand?

Yes, Mother.

Then you can do one.

If you took some in the afternoon?

It would be a lot in the afternoon ….
Early morning, would it be convenient for you? I take my breakfast at 8:30 in the morning, is it too early?

(Satprem:) She does it at 5 in the morning!

I get up at 4:30.

(Sujata, laughing:) Me too!

So, in the morning. You'll do like this: one, two, three, four, five days ….

Yes, Mother!

Like that, it doesn't bother you?

Not at all!

"Bother," I don't know, but difficult?

No, no, Mother! I get up early in the morning, it's quite all right.

They come from Germany – I got them yesterday.
Well! Now to you [Satprem], do you have something?

There are the proofs of the Bulletin.

Oh, we must see them.

This is the Synthesis, then the Questions and Answers: this very long talk [on illness] ....

In this connection, yesterday R. [Auroville's architect] asked me questions so as to be able to answer people; he asked me if it was necessary to have

organization and so on. And then it came, but in such an imperative manner; I replied that organization was discipline in action, and that to live, discipline is quite indispensable. I said that the body's whole functioning is a discipline, and if there is a part that no longer wants to follow the discipline – out of revolt or incapacity or … for any reason – if it stops following the discipline, you fall ill.

It came so clearly that I told him.

That paper is with R., I've asked him to give it to me.[21]

I have another here, which I am going to show you in a little while.

But the strange thing is that the experience came BEFORE his question, as it always does. In the morning, I had that experience, I was looking … looking at the body's functioning, and I thought,

"What a mar-vel-ous discipline!" And each thing does its work regularly Naturally, when there is a bad will or a whim, or some incapacity for any reason, and a part stops playing its precise role, poff! you fall ill. It will be for some other time.

Then there is "Apropos," then the "Notes on the Way" ... I've wondered, Mother, if for February 21 we couldn't play a recording of what you said, for instance on the superman consciousness?

Do you think …

Yes, at the Playground they still play old "Questions and Answers.

Do you think it can be useful?

I think it obviously has much more power than ...

Than the written thing.

From a personal standpoint, the thing that bothers me is that I ask you questions a few times, so my voice will be there.

That's no problem!

Yes, but still ... I know people would be happy. Spoken by you, it's immediately more ...

Who decides? Nolini?

Oh, no, no! Nobody decides, it's for you to say if it suits you.

They've never asked me …

No, no, except for a few Aphorisms, they've never played recent recordings of you-never.

You might ask Nolini what he thinks about it?[22]

(Satprem shows the last proofs)

Very well, it will do.

No need to sign?

I never write. Now, come here. If you can take all this away (Mother extracts a note from a pile of papers), I have a paper here …. Oh, dear … Ah, here it is. It's awfully bad, let me warn you, like a ridiculous caricature of what I said ….

Was it noted down or …?

I spoke, and it was F. who wrote it from memory, so you understand, the important words have gone, it's come down a few …

(Satprem reads:) "In Auroville, people will not earn money; they won't work to earn money …"

It's already come down to here (gesture at ground level).

Then, "If one sets up an enterprise, the profit or production from it will go to the town …"

It's not like that-it's not like that! No, it's useless.

" … Each one will have to provide work for the collectivity according to his possibilities and aspirations-never to get money, but to serve the collectivity. In exchange, each one will receive what he needs to live. Giving everyone the same thing is out of question, everyone will receive what his real nature requires. Of course, that will be very difficult to determine, and there will have to be at the center of Auroville a gathering of sages …

(Mother smiles)

… to decide the needs of everyone's real nature. The workers will live in a village planned for them so they may find themselves in their atmosphere. According to the work they have provided, they will receive coupons with which they will get … [etc.]"

There's hardly, hardly once in a while the word I uttered! It's strange, isn't it? It gives me the precise illustration of what I say and the way it's received in the brain.

It's useless.

Yes, it clearly feels like a human translation.

It's useless, you know – it's not that.

Yes, you didn't put it like that.

It's useless – I can't use this.
This is how ideas are ruined.

Yes, they become flat.

(Mother laughs) All the blood has gone! It's no good.

It becomes flat, small, and dogmatic.

Dogmatic! It's absolutely unrecognizable. It's no good.

I spoke unintentionally, because I had just seen things and it was there – a vision. She happened to be here at that time, so I told her, "Would you like to try? I'll speak, and if you remember, you'll write it down." She was very happy and … No, what's a bit troublesome is that it never comes back, it's never the same thing – never. It's always either a different viewpoint, or a different occasion. So the angle is changed.

* * *

Soon afterwards

This atmosphere or consciousness [of the superman] seems to have an educative activity, because since it came, it has been looking after the education of the body-of the body's CONSCIOUSNESS – and that's quite interesting. And this education isn't something personal at all: it's the vision of the earth's evolution, especially concentrated on human evolution. There are no doubt notions of the whole, and with very particular things, quite particular viewpoints, but then, with precise details and with insistence, lasting sometimes an hour on one subject, so as to make deeply understood the cause and the consequences, and the CURVE of evolution.

Its method (in the main, not exclusively), its method consists in awakening a memory of the body that had been quite forgotten and really seemed absolutely gone; it awakens that memory and shows how the circumstance was possible in the general state, how (I'll give you an example) it's a residue of the past, and how it's unacceptable for the future.

This morning's experience was very curious …. All of a sudden, it awakened the memory of something that took place in my childhood when I was about eight or ten (which I had completely forgotten). On Sundays (I suppose so, or anyway on holidays), I used to go and play with my first cousins, the children of a brother of my father. I would go and play with them. I remember their house, I can still see it. We would usually spend our time playing scenes or enacting a story in tableaux. And today, it showed me something I had really forgotten. There's a story of "Bluebeard," isn't there? (Bluebeard … I forget, I only know what I remembered this morning.) One day, we did a tableau vivant, in several tableaux, with the story of Bluebeard who cut off his wives' heads …. (To Satprem:) That's how the story went, isn't it? … (Laughter) I only remember this morning, I don't recall the story …. Now, we played in a big room, a sort of enclosed verandah – in Paris, a big long room. We had stood (our playmates were little boys and girls), we had stood a certain number of girls against the wall: we had stuck them to the wall, with their hair strung above their heads (Mother laughs), and we had put a sheet in front to cover the rest of their bodies – the sheet reached down to the floor so that we couldn't see their bodies, only their heads! … I am saying that

because I saw it this morning, otherwise I didn't remember in the least. I saw this scene, I saw the memory of that room and how it was all arranged. And at the same time there came … You see, we found it quite natural, just "a story" we had read; I remembered my impression at the time: there was no sense of horror! We didn't find it "monstrous" (laughing), we were having great fun! … So the experience came, and it remained for OVER AN HOUR to make me understand very deeply where this memory came from, how it acted and why we were in that state. And all of it not at all from a personal standpoint, not at all: from the general standpoint of the earth and humanity in general. It was exceedingly interesting! And then, at the same time, a vision showing how, with what swift movement, the universal consciousness moves (arrowlike gesture) in a progression towards the Divine – the TRUE Divine, I mean, not religions, of course-towards the TRUE Divine … through all that. And with the consciousness of the WHOLE – the whole – and nuances (Sade and all that line), from the highest to the lowest. For one hour I saw a whole stage of humanity – a stage towards the late 1800s, the second half of the 1800s – and how it moved on and progressed (gesture like a great curve). And that's … I have no words or capacity to describe it, but it's extraordinarily interesting. The vision of the human collectivity on earth, with all its stages, gradations, nuances, and how it all followed a movement … (same arrowlike gesture). And this story ("story" … this VISION, rather, because it wasn't a story: I didn't see what we said or anything, only the vision of what we did), this story came as the illustration of a certain state of mind of those times, and how children were given stories of that kind to read – we found it quite natural! (Mother laughs) And those things are so dreadful.

As soon as I am not busy talking or listening to people or doing a work, it goes on and on: certain "samples," as it were, of this body's life are taken up again, and through those samples, the whole is shown. A wonderful education! Never, never does any human education as it's conceived resemble this, because it's a vision of the whole, in which everything hangs together; you're shown everything together.

It can't be said. At least I can't say it – I can't, this body is incapable of formulating it methodically and clearly. But as far as learning is concerned, it's certainly learning!

At the same time, that gives the true notion … This morning (as if to give reference points), certain questions of religion were also mixing in: of religions, religious people from different religions, attitudes in religions. All that came with the vision of the whole and a total absence of all personal reactions (when it saw them, the seeing consciousness had no personal reactions; for instance, the reaction of one religion towards another, of one creed towards another, of one so-called system of knowledge towards another, and so on: all those reactions and conflicts found in the human mind), it was seen like this (dominating gesture, as if above a becalmed sea), it was all seen TOGETHER, and all on the same plane; on a same plane which is like a mental zone and has absolutely nothing to do with the Truth – it's an unbelievable camouflaging of the Truth. The so-called "truths" for which men have fought against each other, have died, have destroyed with all human passions: an

almost ridiculous camouflaging of the Truth.

All religions seen like that in the whole, and in their history.

And since it isn't thought, of course – it's SEEN, it's a vision, a vision seen in the consciousness – one would have to say ten words at the same time. It's impossible to express, impossible to describe.

If one starts describing one thing after another, it no longer makes sense.

This morning, it went on for three hours like that. In reality, it stopped only when I started seeing people, because naturally … And in the night it's the same thing, it goes on. It's like a supereducation of the body, of the body's CONSCIOUSNESS, with illustrations. This story I've told of Bluebeard, it's like an illustration to make the body understand clearly, because it then FELT the state of consciousness it was in at the time. And having felt that, it understood – it was as if put in front of an abyss. It said, "How?! …" An abyss of unconsciousness. And it's very general. So then, there was the vision of the past, the vision of the present condition, and a beginning of … (gesture like a curve forward), the DIRECTION in which we're moving, and a sort of opening … (gesture in the distance). A vision ahead, far ahead, of the Harmony, here, which will manifest.

But then, at a certain point, the body wondered, "Who … or what is it that takes pleasure in this immense unfolding … which started with something so obscure and moves towards something so luminous?" All of a sudden, the body wondered, "Why?" And then … (Mother holds her hands open upward, in suspense) there was no answer … In fact, it was made to feel, "Not yet. You aren't yet ready, not yet. You can't understand."

(silence)

But the nature of the thing is so special! … It has extraordinary precision, and such intensity that the body's whole attention is turned towards that, but it can't communicate yet …. Unless it comes quite naturally with this [superman] consciousness acting – acting in others, for some detail or other, for one thing or other (that is to say, people themselves don't know, everyone isn't aware of the whole action, he is aware only according to the development of his consciousness). The consciousness is very clearly active on a large scale, and with results that are quite surprising and look, when seen in isolation, like miracles (small miracles, but they look like miracles). So I have wondered if it was going to make others capable of the same inner work? … The hindrance in most people is mental activity – truly, this body is infinitely grateful that it has been liberated from the mental presence so it may be ENTIRELY under the influence of this Consciousness, without this whole accumulated farrago of so-called knowledge people have …. It's spontaneous, natural, unsophisticated, very, very simple, and almost childlike in its simplicity. And that [the mind's disappearance] is a great advantage. At this speed, things can go very fast – one learns a hundred, two hundred things AT THE SAME TIME, you understand, all of it seen at once. This morning, it was particularly intense.

But if it's described as it can be described, with words following each other, it becomes like F.'s text on Auroville: flat, artificial, devoid of life.

For the moment, the human means are inadequate. What will the

superhuman means be? I don't know. But the human means are inadequate.

(silence)

Strange, isn't it? It's something that happened … probably more than eighty years ago (eighty-two or three or four), yet it was intense, present, living, so extraordinary that if even now I look at it, I SEE: I see the scene so clearly, the apartment, the people, the setting, everything …. It didn't come from within: it was shown to me (gesture of something imposing itself), and it's while seeing it that suddenly I said within me, "Hello, but I lived this!" It was stored somewhere (gesture in the background), stored as you would keep a collection of memories for educational purposes – it's far more precise, complete, concrete than any book or anything people say with so many words.

(silence)

That's what I am afraid of: that people will make dogmas with the creation of Auroville …. I never said anything like that to F, but that's what it has become in her head! Even what one writes, even if we publish what I've said in the Bulletin, when it enters their heads that's what it becomes.

I am sure that what's recorded here (Mother points to the tape recorder), if three people listen to it, each one will hear differently – will UNDERSTAND differently. That's why I am not sure it's really useful to play these recordings …. Each one goes away with the certainty that he has heard, but then he has understood something else altogether. And above all – above all-what I say is seen here (gesture above), while … (gesture showing that it is heard at ground level) it becomes so stupid, so flat!

Anyway, you'll see with Nolini, but …

No, Mother, if you feel like that, we can just leave it.

It's not a feeling, it's an experience! You know, I wouldn't like anything better than … In fact, this is my constant impression! "Do as best you can, and the best thing needed will happen, that's all." But there is such an awareness of the uncertainty of the effect of things, and of this complexity … It all becomes so mixed and so confused that …

All of life is like that. CIRCUMSTANCES are like that, I am beginning to see that, it's beginning to … emerge like that, to show itself: honest people look like scoundrels, and scoundrels look like … I don't know what.

Sri Aurobindo was very, very conscious of this general confusion, and so he didn't much like … he wanted absolutely no propaganda, but he also didn't much like attempts to "explain things" to people and make them "understand," because he very well knew how useless it is. He very, very often said it to me: no propaganda whatsoever, of course, and above all, above all, no attempt to make people understand: the maximum effect one can obtain is the effect of the Consciousness at work in the world (universal gesture), because in everyone it produces the utmost the person can do – the utmost of what he can understand, he understands through the influence of the pressure of the Consciousness. As soon as words intervene, the whole mind makes a mess of it.

Certainly, Sri Aurobindo must have had experiences analogous to the ones

I've had; now I am absolutely convinced of that. Because people who are full – full – of a complete goodwill, who are under the constant Influence, who make an effort, they are … (gesture at ground level) from another world. So those who don't put any goodwill into it …

Music is fine.

Oh, yes!

Because there are no words. Music is fine. I had a vision like that of an auditorium in Auroville, with a grand organ, and someone (whom I am trying to prepare, who can play the organ very well and whom I am trying to prepare inwardly) was playing (I SAW that, I saw it), playing the music of the higher Consciousness. It was a place where all those who wanted to come and listen could do so; some people came from far away, they came in, sat down, listened, and then went away And this music was like a Consciousness coming down and exerting a Pressure on people to make itself understood. It was very beautiful – I hope it will be like that! Much better than words; as soon as one starts speaking (gesture at ground level), it's no longer that. So there.

Voilà, mon petit, now it's time.

(to Sujata, after Satprem has left)

All these activities [like the memory from Mother's childhood] take place between 4 and 7 in the morning, before people start coming.

* * *

ADDENDUM

Notes of Auroville's architect

1. To build Auroville, do we need a method of working, organization, coordination?

Discipline is necessary to live. To live, the body itself is subject in all its functions to a rigorous discipline. Any slackening of this discipline results in illness.

2. What should the nature of this organization be? In the Present and in the Future.

Organization is a discipline of action, but for Auroville we aspire to go beyond organizations, which are arbitrary and artificial. We want an organization that is the expression of a higher consciousness working for the manifestation of the Truth of the Future.

3. Until we have a common consciousness and the true and correct way of working collectively is in operation, what should we do?

A hierarchical organization gathered round the most enlightened center, submitting itself to a collective discipline.

> *4. Should we use methods of organization of proven efficiency, but based on human logic and the use of machines?*

This is a makeshift to which we should submit ourselves only very provisionally.

> *5. Should we let the individual initiative manifest freely, personal action be impelled by inspiration and intuition, and turn down any suggestion which the individual concerned does not feel to be good?*

To be viable, this would demand that all Auroville workers should be yogis, conscious of the Divine Truth.

> *6. Has the time come to aspire to, set up or attempt a general organization, or should we wait for the correct attitude and people?*

An organization is needed for the work to be done. But the organization itself should be supple and progressive.

> *7. If the solution is to wait, is it nevertheless necessary to define principles of organization and to prevent the occurrence of an uncontrollable disorder?*

All those who want to live and work in Auroville must have:

An integral goodwill, a constant aspiration to know the Truth and submit oneself to it.

A plasticity sufficient to face the demands of the work and a ceaseless will for progress so as to progress forever towards the ultimate Truth.

Finally, a bit of advice:

Be more preoccupied with your own faults than with those of others.

If everyone seriously worked to perfect himself, the perfection of the whole would automatically follow.

February 6, 1969

February 12, 1969

(A note from Satprem to Mother)

Sweet Mother,

I would have like to understand what your look was saying this morning ….

With love

S.

(Mother's answer overleaf)

I would rather not write it.

M.

February 15, 1969

Just one thing, this atmosphere, this [superman] Consciousness is very active, and active like a mentor, as I already told you. And it's going on. One of these last few mornings, for a few hours early in the morning, it was … Never, never had the body been so happy! It was the complete Presence, absolute freedom, and a certitude: these cells, other cells (gesture here and there showing other bodies), it didn't matter, it was life everywhere, consciousness everywhere.

Absolutely wonderful.

It came effortlessly, and it left simply because … I was too busy. It doesn't come at will – what comes at will is what we might call a "copy": it looks like it, but it's not THE Thing. The Thing … There is something wholly independent of our aspiration, our will, our effort … wholly independent. And this something appears to be absolutely all-powerful, in the sense that none of the body's difficulties exists. At such times, everything disappears. Aspiration, concentration, effort … no use at all. And it's the DIVINE SENSE, you understand, that's what having the divine sense means. During these few hours (three or four hours), I understood in an absolute way what having the divine consciousness in the body means. And then, this body, that body, that other body … (gesture here and there, all around Mother), it doesn't matter: it moved about from one body to another, quite free and independent, aware of the limitations or the possibilities of each body-absolutely wonderful, I had never, ever had this experience before. Absolutely wonderful. It left because I was so busy that … and it didn't leave because it had just come to show "how it is" – that's not it: it's because life and the organization of life (gesture like a truckload being dumped) engulf you.

I know it's there (gesture in the background), I know it is, but … But that's a transformation as I understand it! And clearly, in people it could express itself-not something vague, clearly – in this man, in that woman, in … (same gesture here and there), quite clearly. And with a Smile! …

The cells themselves were saying their effort to be transformed, and there was a Calm …. (How can I explain this? …) The body was saying its aspiration and will to prepare itself, and, not asking but striving to be what it should be; all that always with this question (it's not the body that asks it, it's … the environment, those around -the world, as if the world were asking the question): "Will it continue, or will it have to dissolve? …" The body is like this (gesture of abandon, hands open upward), it says, "What You will, Lord." But then, it knows the question is decided, and One doesn't want to tell it – it accepts. It doesn't lose patience, it accepts, it says, "Very well, it will be as You will." But That which knows and That which doesn't answer is … something that can't be expressed. It is … yes, I think the only word that can describe the sensation it gives is "an Absolute" – an Absolute. Absolute. That's the sensation: of being in the presence of the Absolute. The Absolute: absolute Knowledge, absolute Will, absolute Power … Nothing, nothing can resist. And then this Absolute (there's this sensation, concrete) is so merciful! But if we compare it with all that we regard as goodness, mercy … ugh! that's nothing at all. It's THE Mercy with the absolute power and … it's not Wisdom, not Knowledge, it's … It has nothing to do with our process. And That is everywhere, it's everywhere. It's the body's experience. And to That it has given itself entirely, totally, without asking anything – anything. A single aspiration (same gesture, hands open upward), "To be capable of being That, what That wills, of serving That" – not even "serving," of BEING That.

But that state, which lasted for several hours … never had this body, in the ninety-one years it's been on earth, felt such happiness: freedom, absolute power, and no limits (gesture here and there and everywhere), no limits, no impossibilities, nothing. It was … all other bodies were itself. There was no difference, it was only a play of the consciousness … (gesture like a great Rhythm) moving about.

So there.

Apart from that, all the rest is as usual.

(long silence)

But apart from that, the work is becoming more and more exacting: the number of people is increasing a lot, and I see them for a longer time too – everyone has more to say But I very clearly feel (that is, the body very clearly feels) that it's part of the training.

It seems to be like this: the body must hold out, otherwise, too bad, it will be for another time.

All human excuses seem to me like childishness.

That's something strange: all human qualities and faults look like childishness-foolishness. Strange. And it's not a thought: it's a concrete sensation. Like a lifeless substance; all ordinary things are like a substance lacking life-TRUE life. Artificial and false. It's strange.

It's not so much in others, that's not it: it's the inner training. And this true Consciousness, this true Attitude is something so tre-mendous-ly strong, powerful, in such smiling PEACE! So smiling, incapable of getting angry – that's absolutely impossible – so smiling, so smiling … and watching.

(silence)

The special character of this new consciousness is: no halfmeasures, no approximations. That's its character. It doesn't accept the idea, "Oh, yes, we'll do that, and little by little we'll …" No, no, not like that: it's yes or no, you can or cannot.

You know, there's a considerable increase in the people who want to see me, and in the influences when they see me, the effects when they see me (which don't at all correspond to a will or a consciousness or anything – that no longer exists: it works or doesn't work), and seen like that, it's: either you hold out and can do the work, or else, too bad.

That's how it is, you understand.

I first wondered whether this profusion of people was the result of reading the Bulletin (what we published in November), but many of them have never touched the Bulletin, never seen it. So … it must be the action of this Consciousness.

(silence)

It's really like a GRACE, you know, as if: don't waste time – don't waste time, you must do the work, or else …

But this tremendous Power is especially this, a mercy, a clemency! … No, there are no words, we have no words to describe that, it's something … Just paying attention and … it's bliss. Just turning one's attention to that side, immediately it's bliss. And I understand (it made me understand certain things), the stories of people who, in the midst of torture, felt bliss – that's how it is. A bliss.

Here, this is it:

(Mother holds out to Satprem a white hibiscus, "Divine Grace")

February 19, 1969

(The conversation begins an hour late.)

We must take life as a grace, otherwise it's impossible to live.

(silence)

I had things to say, but … I've just seen at least thirty people.

(silence)

I am entirely convinced that things are as they must be, and that it's simply the body that lacks suppleness, tranquillity, trust …. So I can't even say that things grate (they don't grate at all), but … You understand, the work consists in changing the conscious base of all the cells-but not all at once! Because that would be impossible; even little by little is very difficult: the moment when the conscious base is changed is … There is almost a sort of panic in the cells, and the impression, "Ooh! What's going to happen?" And since there are still lots and lots of them … So now and then, it's difficult. It's by group, almost by faculty or part of faculty, and some of them are a little difficult. I don't know (since it's quite new), I don't know if it would be easier if I weren't doing anything? Probably not, because it's not so much the work [to be done], it's not that: it's people's general attitude. It makes for a kind of collective support at the moment of the transition. At the moment when the consciousness that ordinarily supports the cells fades away for the new one to take the place, the cells need ("the cells," I don't know if it's them), but there has to be the support of … (how can I put it?) … in people it gets expressed as the need of the Presence, but that's not what is necessary: it's a sort of collaboration of the collective forces. It's not much, it's not indispensable, but it helps a little, in some measure. There is a moment when there's almost an anguish, you know, you're suspended like that; it may be a few seconds, but those few seconds are terrible. This morning again there was a moment like that …. I remember that at the time of the "darshans," for two days Sri Aurobindo didn't want me to do any work for others (to see them, read letters, reply, all that), but he was here, so it was he who acted as support. Because I see that the work began long ago (in a subordinate and very little conscious way), but now it's in full swing. So the cells feel some slight panic …. Generally, a few minutes' concentration is enough, but it causes a sort of weariness – weariness in the cells, a need not to do anything (Mother points at the clock, which reads I]).

If I hadn't known, if the body hadn't known what it was, well, ordinarily I would have lain down without seeing anyone. But the consciousness was there to say that the unpleasantness of it [the second of transition], the unpleasant consequence of it would have been worse than the fact of being tired.

There were a few very difficult days when Amrita left,[23] because a whole collectivity of people thought, "Ooh, so one can die." There. So that's how it is.

But more and more – more and more – the body has been learning that what happens (what happens every second) is the best thing that can happen given the general condition. It's entirely convinced of that. And it's content to do like this (gesture of self-abandon) and say, "Let Your Will be done." That's all. If it can do that in a very continuous and peaceful way, then things are fine. It's only when it tries to find out why and how and … then things go wrong. It has to be like this (same gesture of self-abandon): "Let Your Will be done." Then it's all right. It doesn't ask to know, only there's the old habit.

At the critical moment (there are critical moments), at the critical moment, this surrender (it's even more than surrender, it's a complete abdication of everything, of its existence and everything) is filled with light and force. That's the Response.

(silence)

Do you have any news?

(Satprem presents to Mother the manuscript of By the Body of the Earth or the Sannyasin, which he is about to send to Paris. Mother's remarks have not been kept.)

(silence)

The body is very conscious of its infirmity – and of the Grace. For instance, there are painful, difficult moments, but it's per-fect-ly aware that it's because of its incapacity to open, to give itself, to change. And a profound joy, VERY CALM, but very vast – vast, you know, the cells feel a broadening. That goes on increasing little by little. It's only when there's a physical pain or something a little acute that the body is obliged to hang on, otherwise … And even that comes from this idiotic spirit of self-preservation (Mother laughs) in the depths of any cellular consciousness – it knows that. It knows it. It's an old habit. But all that, little by little (little by little, but in reality very fast – very fast), is changing.

All the groups of cells, all the cellular organizations have to do their … not "surrender," a complete self-abandon, in complete trust. That's indispensable. For some, it's the spontaneous, inevitable, constant movement; with others, it comes as soon as there's a difficulty; yet others need to be churned a little in order to learn.

So then, the various functions are taken up in turn, in a marvelously logical order, following the body's functioning. It's something marvelous, only … the body is a poor thing, very poor thing – that's very true.

Some even (as I have said) spontaneously repeat the mantra. Spontaneously, the mantra goes on and on being repeated, sometimes with a very great intensity; sometimes there is a sort of … (do you know the English word shyness?), a shyness to invoke the Divine, so strongly That is felt. But it melts- it melts in an awareness, a conscious perception of such a Clemency! Unbelievable, unbelievable, unthinkable, it's so wonderful …. (In its very small human manifestation, that's what has become goodness, but that's a distortion.) A marvel! The cells are in ecstasy before this vibration …. But then, you see and hear this CLAMOR of protest, misery, suffering – it's a clamor all over the earth, and that makes the cells feel a little ashamed.

(silence)

Its way of working (I think I've already told you once or twice) is a sort of storytelling based on experiences, memories, very small dormant things that seemed to be gone, and which awaken for the experience to become concrete. So then, all that unfolds, with the human sensation, human vision, human understanding (even the most spiritual understanding, I might say), and at the same time … this Presence. And then the Presence brings the TRUE understanding …. Something wonderful.

(silence)

The body is aware that That, this Consciousness, knows full well whether it will continue or not. It has never been told anything, and it knows (it has felt the two things equally, as equal certitudes, and with equal acceptance), it knows this is the most favorable condition for the work, so it doesn't ask anything. There are worries around (of all kinds), from an anguish at the idea that it could happen (all around, like that) to (laughing) a haste for the end to come! (That also happens.) But now the body has learned to be ab-so-lute-ly indifferent to those reactions – absolutely. It smiles. It smiles with this benevolent Smile [of the superman consciousness], it has the same smile. And it sees, it knows, it senses where that [the worry or the "haste"] comes from, it's thoroughly conscious. After all, it's very amusing! There's a whole gamut, a whole scale, from fear (a semiconscious, blind fear) to … (Mother laughs) an impatient desire! "Free at last! Free at last to do all the foolish things I want to do! …" It seems there aren't many, but there are some.[24] The two opposites of blind Ignorance coming together. The body has become very conscious: it's very sensitive to what comes from people. It didn't have that before, but now it senses.

It's supported, helped: this superman consciousness that has come helps it a lot, it's through it that the body feels, and that helps it a lot. Sometimes, when someone comes in, along with him (him or her or them) comes a slight acute uneasiness; if the body had felt that before knowing, it would have been painful, but now it can smile and wait to discover why it's like that (Mother gestures as if to trace the vibration that caused the uneasiness). With others, on the contrary, the atmosphere is immediately filled with the presence of this Consciousness (that's new, and very interesting), so then the body feels fine – it feels fine, rested.

There were lots and lots of things with a question mark before: "Why is it like this?" Now it knows, it's beginning to know why – that's amusing. And it has begun to know why since it completely abdicated and lost any eagerness either to go on or to stop (either one or the other); it's like this (gesture of-surrender): "What You will, Lord; as long as You want me to be like this, I'll be like this; when or if You want me not to be, I won't be" – it's completely, absolutely unimportant.

(Mother looks at the clock, laughing)

I am very sorry! I am sorry, but what can we do? … The outer organization is like that.

February 22, 1969

Your mother is fine …. She is very concentrated.

(Mother hands to Satprem the message she has given for February 21, her ninety-first birthday anniversary:)

> "It is only immutable peace that can make possible eternity of existence."

Would you know when I wrote this?

Yes, it was in '65, I think.[25]

I don't remember when it was, but I remember that I wrote it after I had the experience that the immobility of the Inconscient, of the beginning of the creation, is (I can't say a "projection"), is a sort of inanimate or inconscient symbol of Eternity, of Immobility (it's not "immobility," words are worthless, it's between immobility and stability). Here I wrote "peace," but "peace" is a poor word, it's not that, it's infinitely more than peace; it's the "something" (even the word "eternal" gives a limited sense, all words are impossible), the something that's the Origin of everything and the start of the evolution of the manifestation to rejoin the Origin (Mother draws a curve joining the one to the other).

I remember I had this experience … I don't know, I thought I had had this experience at the Playground, but in '65 I no longer used to go there.

I don't know, I feel it was at the Playground, and the experience was as if the inconscient immobility – the Inconscient's INERT immobility – were the starting point of evolution, and a sort of TRANSLATION of this … (what should I call it? It's another kind of immobility too! But an immobility that contains all movements), of this immobility of the Origin, this stability, with the perception that the whole evolution is for that to find That again, with the whole transition (same gesture like a great curve). It was a very clear vision, I remember I wrote it down. And when I read this [the text of the message], the experience came back.

You see, they always speak of a "fall" – that's not it! Not at all. If there was a fall, that was when the vital became a will of independence: that wasn't at the beginning, it was quite some distance along the way … In the ancient tradition, they say that the Conscient became the Inconscient because it "cut itself off from the Origin" – it strikes me as stories told to children.

Strangely, in the silence and in the vision, it's very clear, very luminous, understandable. as soon as you want to say it, it becomes stupid.

But then, in the creation itself as it is now, it's true: the word peace" might indeed be the nearest (although it's not that, it's quite small and restricted, it's not that). As soon as something is disrupted or goes wrong, it's this "peace" that, within, comes as the remedy.

(silence)

Oh, words are useless, I don't know what to do, I don't know if it's because I have too few of them, or because they really … All mental expression seems artificial; it gives a sense of a lifeless coating. It's odd. And the entire language belongs to that region. When I want to say that experience … With some people, I very clearly, very easily make contact in the silence, and I tell them infinitely more things than I could with words; it's more supple, more precise, deeper … I might say that words, sentences, written things strike me as a two-dimensional image (the ordinary image), while this contact, which I can have with people as soon as I stop speaking, adds a depth and something truer (it's not wholly true, far from it, but it's truer), and there is a depth.

(silence)

That's why experiences are hard to express. They're no longer separate experiences that come one after another, it's like a single and overall movement (round gesture) of transformation, and with a great intensity.

In the ordinary functioning of life, there is the sense of "things are fine," which in people is expressed by a sensation of good health, and on the other hand, disequilibrium, disorganization; well, now that opposition appears WHOLLY artificial: there's only a continuous movement, with transitions from one type of vibration to another type of vibration whose origin is (what should I say? It's not "deeper," not "higher," and "truer" gives only one side, it's not that), anyway, "superior" in some way – words are idiotic, quite idiotic. That's how it is, how it is all the time [this continuous movement]. So then, you are drawn to one place or another: it's simply the play of our consciousness. But to an all- seeing consciousness, it's a continuous and overall movement towards … yes, that's it, it's for this inert Inconscient to become the absolute Conscient …. I don't know, I have a vague impression that they've discovered that a certain intensity of movement (that is, what we call "speed") results in a sense of immobility I have a vague impression that I've been told that. But it corresponds to something. What I've called "peace" in the message, that peace … (I hesitate to speak because words are stupid), that peace, what's felt as peace, is a paroxysm of movement, but a general movement – harmonious, general.

As soon as one speaks, it becomes a caricature.

(long silence)

I'll end up keeping silent!

I hope not!

(Mother laughs) But all this is so pathetic!

Later we'll speak in color.

Ah, that would be lovely …

It has reached such a point that when someone says something to me, for instance reads back to me something I've said, I don't understand anymore! … I try my best, but there's the whole intensity of the Consciousness seeking to express itself, and when it's read back to me, the intensity is no longer there, so it no longer makes any sense.

Just this very message, when they read it to me, the experience came back, so I know how it was, and the word "peace" contained so many things! … Now it's no longer there.

What word did I use?

"Peace," yes.

Immutable?

Yes: "It is only immutable peace …

Yes, and the experience was that that same immutable peace (which is neither "peace" nor "immutable"! It's "something"), that same Thing was there in inert unconsciousness. It was so concrete! … And then, the whole curve of the creation for that and That to become apparently one (but they ARE one – they are one). We might say (but it becomes sentences, it's sentences): for that and That to become conscious of their identity But it's a sentence.

(long silence)

The experience was so intensely concrete that as soon as I start talking, it comes down. There (gesture above), the consciousness is clear, but then …

What can we do? We should use photos!

We might make some progress, might we not? (Mother laughs)

February 26, 1969

A few days ago (two or three), Pavitra got a letter from France, from someone who wrote (Mother laughs) that according to a few French people who had visited the Ashram, morals have become quite "lax" at the Ashram and everything is in a pitiful state …. So then, this person sends his "wishes" for "the Ashram's morals to be raised again …."

Pavitra asked me, "Should we reply?" At the time I said (laughing), "Don't bother replying, there's nothing to say" But once he had left, it came (gesture from above), not exactly as an answer to that person, but an answer to a rather common state of mind. It came in French first, in three parts: one sentence, then a whole group of experiences; a second sentence with a whole other group; and a third sentence. The connection hasn't been written down.

(Mother holds out a note to Satprem)

"Never judge on appearances, still less on gossip ….

There. Then there was a whole group … I don't know how to put it; it's not

sentences, but a sort of knowledge that, naturally, your judgments are more or less consciously based on the morality in which you were brought up and the morality of the country you live in. So I wrote:

> "The morality of one country is immorality in another …

That's a fact. And here's the end:

> "The service of the Divine exacts a sincerity in the surrender unknown to all moralities."

That's true, no morality, no religion has that! No one has ever dared to say that to people.

I hadn't noticed it, it's this occasion that made me notice it.

> *You mean that this surrender also entails abandoning all principles of morality.*

Yes, of course. But especially this, that morality has never said, "Don't see things in relation to yourself." It has said, "You mustn't be selfish, you must be good …" and all that, but never has it criticized this sense of a self existing separately from others, nowhere, while the true attitude demands it.

All that came very clearly – it comes as kinds of "tableaux," I don't know how to explain … and so clear! And it kept coming again and again; I tried to drive it away, but it came back again, until I wrote it down. Once I had written it down, it left me in peace.

> *These moralists imagine they're "above," above the fallen condition of "Others," while they're in the same sludge as everyone else!*

(Mother laughs) Naturally! Oh, moralists think they're very superior people.

> *But if you scratch a little, it's not pretty.*

Yes, it's exactly the same thing. * * *

Soon afterwards

The work is going fast ….

For me, things are going fast and going strong, and I would have to note them down constantly … There are difficult moments.

There're too many, too many things, they can't be said.

(Mother seems to speak from far away)

There is clearly a work of change of consciousness (Mother touches her body), and it's going very, very fast, so I don't remember the transitions, the passages ….

It's the sense of the body's ego that has gone away, with a very strange result …. While the experience is there, I might just manage to describe it, but … First the sense of limit, that is, of the body existing as a separate thing, has disappeared; for instance, the sensation that "you" knock against "something else" (I don't know how to explain) has completely gone. And it leaves …

I have no memory at all; I can't keep a memory of something and relate it: I can relate it only at the time of the experience. But it's almost visual, I don't know how to explain (Mother looks at her hands), it's not limited and … impossible, I can't express it.

There is something existing in a constant, permanent way; it's a sort of STATE of consciousness related to the material world …. In the ordinary state, a sensation comes from a precise place in the body, it's noted, recorded somewhere in the brain – now it's no longer like that at all. The sensations … but they're not exactly sensations: it's a certain type of VIBRATION, and it comes from EVERYWHERE, like that (gesture all around); also like this (gesture from the body), but like that, like that … (gesture from every side), everywhere like that. So then, the consciousness … I've tried to see where the consciousness is, and it's somewhere above; it's everywhere, diffused absolutely everywhere, but there's still a center of consciousness somewhere above (gesture above the head), as though it were more compact there; otherwise it's everywhere, diffused everywhere, but it's slightly more compact here (same gesture above the head), compact and stable, like that (Mother closes her two fists in an unshakable gesture), and that's what conveys orders to the body (but all those words are idiotic; when I utter them they disgust me). You understand, that's where the relationship with the Supreme Consciousness is established permanently and constantly – I say "Supreme Consciousness," I've adopted these words so as not to make sentences all the time; I might say "the Divine," but the Divine is so totally present everywhere that … It's not the same thing (gesture above); I can't call it "Will" because it has none of the characteristics of human will: it's not a will "exerting itself on" something, that's not it, it's … IN ITSELF; it's between vision, decision, will, power, all of it together. I don't know. And much more than that. But that's where the center is as far as the body and all that's immediately around it is concerned. And that is … Strange, it's extraordinarily imperative and all-powerful, and at the same time it's the Peace ("peace" is a poor little word worth nothing much), it's perfect Peace and Immobility ("immobility" is idiotic – but how are we to speak?!). And that is there constantly (gesture above Mother).

That's what is taking the place of the conscious will as regards moving the body, for its internal functioning and for its action. And when the moment comes (it takes place gradually, but there's a "moment") for the old functioning – the ordinary functioning – to be eliminated or to disappear and be replaced by That (gesture above), the result is … (wobbly gesture), I don't know if it's long or brief, but there's just a difficult transition. So then the body is caught between … (here or there, on one spot or another, for one thing or another) between the old habit and the new functioning. There's just a transition of anguish. In most of its parts, the body is conscious of the stupidity of that anguish, but … the function or the part or … is seized with panic. Then it takes

a material stillness for order to be restored.

That's a wholly inadequate and stupid description, but I don't know what to do! There are no words. It's an approximation.

And all that takes place within a permanent Consciousness (Mother makes a round gesture), solid, you know, extraordinarily stable! It's everywhere like that.

With a bombardment of intruding thoughts or sensations from others, like a ceaseless little bombardment which is beginning to be clearly perceived as coming from outside. But there's a constant, constant need of purification.

There is something entirely different from what it was only three months ago, entirely different …. For the moment it's still hard to express.

And the two things: the true Perception, and a sort of diminished, slowed down memory of the old way; and in that old way there are … all kinds of undesirable but general, universal things, which are hard to change for that reason, because the sort of "formation" now in the making is foreign, so to speak, to the world.

You understand, through people and things I am always in contact with the same Presence, but if for any reason the way of being of people and things imposes itself [on Mother], the body feels odd, the effect is odd.[26]

I am still right in the middle of a transitional state.

Can you hear me?

Yes, yes!

Right in the middle of a transitional state.

(silence)

(Mother looks at the clock) I think there are some impossible hours!

That's it, I am literally overburdened with work and people. And no Command or Insistence to free myself from it. There's a sort of laissez-faire on the part of this eternal and smiling Peace (immense, rhythmical gesture), very smiling – eternal and smiling, like that …. And a sort of constant demonstration to the body that it's not what tires it, it's not the work, not people, not things, it's not that at all that tires it: it's its own transitional state and its own imperfection – that's it, nothing else. So there.

In this Consciousness, there is something smiling in such peace! … It's absolutely wonderful, it's … Unless one has felt it, one can't understand what it is. It's something wonderful. And naturally that's what is trying to … what is working – working to take control of all these cells.

There's still a lot to be done.

It's odd … (Mother laughs).

March 1, 1969

(The conversation begins forty-five minutes late.)

It's going well, very well, but … No more clock, that no longer exists! What should take place at 8:30 takes place at 10 …. And every day I turn down people, you understand, I turn down lots of them, but they tell me, "You should …"

It's interesting. The Presence is growing constant, and the contact with people is quite interesting, quite outside … Most of the time I don't know who the person is – all external things are becoming increasingly shallow and nonexistent-but the inner reactions are very interesting.

I would have to speak for hours to explain all that takes place. But it's going well.

It's only a good training, as they say in English, for the body. It must learn-it feels, it very clearly feels what goes on in other bodies-but it must learn to know it WITHOUT being affected, and there's a difficult little point to sort out. Generally, I have a sensation and perception of the disorder without knowing what it is, and that's … As soon as I know what it is, I can make the necessary movement for the body not to be affected anymore. But the body must function (this is obvious, it seems more and more certain) without having this sense of personality. And generally, when there is a disorder somewhere, all the rest is affected; you can avoid that, you can isolate what goes wrong, but it's only a beginning, it's very, VERY far from a realization. Only, it's interesting; interesting in the sense that since this [superman] Consciousness has been here, the body has learned a lot of things, a whole lot of things. Really interesting. The body has learned things the mind didn't know (!), so that's very interesting-new things, ways of being, manners of being, internal organizations, all sorts of things.

I would have to spend hours every day to narrate what has taken place if we really wanted to keep a historical record of the path ….

(silence)

Did you have something to say?

(Satprem presents to Mother the manuscript of The Synthesis of Yoga before sending it to a new publisher in France:)

I pray that there may be no difficulties with J.H. and the former publisher ...

We'll see.

Did J.H. have a sort of free hand to do all he wanted?

He came here while Sri Aurobindo was here, and he asked [to publish Sri

Aurobindo's and Mother's works], and Sri Aurobindo said, "Let him do as he pleases," like that! … Everything was all the same to him.

> *I think we should try, because we must free ourselves from this hold. For the moment, anything published in France from Sri Aurobindo and you is in their grip.*

(Laughing) As far as I am concerned, it's all the same to me! We'll see, we're going to see.

> *I think that J.H. is pressuring us, but there's no such thing as this monopoly on an author!*

It's blackmail. We'll see. (Laughing) We'll see!

March 8, 1969

There's a note from Monsignor R.[27] First he asks, "May I request you to ask Mother to assist me these next few weeks in a special way? …
Does he believe in it?!

> *Yes, he does!*

Bah! …
Do you have his photo?

> *Not here.*

Did you show it to me already? … Yes, then it's all right, it's useful to establish the contact.

> *Then he sends another note. In Rome they had the visit of Swami Z, and our friend P.L. had lunch with him (because they took the Swami to see the Pope, he had an audience with the Pope), they had lunch together and, writes Msgr. R., "The Swami declared himself very happy about the audience with the Pope. He was able to give one of his books to the Holy Father, who told him (in English) that he liked India very much, that he thanked him for his spiritual work undertaken for the good of humanity, and encouraged him to pursue his mission. The Pope gave him a papal medal, and even added that he had great difficulty in developing his spirituality owing to his present entourage ....*

Oh, this is interesting! … It's interesting.

There are a few more lines: "The Swami is convinced that if the Pope weren't obliged to remain in Rome to fulfill the functions imposed on him, he would surely go to India in search of illumination."

It's interesting.

(long silence)

This Consciousness isn't working only here ….
It's good.

March 12, 1969

(Regarding the Italian and the German translations of Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.)

I have nothing to say But what about you? Anything?

Just two things: N. (you know, the Italian) asks me to bring this to you-the Italian translation of my book on Sri Aurobindo.

Very well …. What's this? (Mother looks at the cover) What does it represent?

It's from a painting, an Italian painting .... I even wonder if it's not Christ? ... Wait, I'll tell you, there's a note here: "God created man.

Ah! (Laughing) And which one is God?

I don't know!

Have they put photos?

Yes, Mother, they're here.

(Mother looks at the photos, including one of herself)

Me, I have nothing to do in here.

Still, a little! They've also put Auroville ...

Ah, but that has also nothing to do in here!

No, it has nothing to do with the book, I agree.

(A photo of the Samadhi, then another that "has nothing to do in here.")

Anyway, it's for you.

Me, I don't keep any books. Have they put "translated from the French" or "translated from the English"?

Translated from the French.

Then it's all right. Because otherwise, what if someone took it into his head to translate it back into French! (Laughing) It would be very funny to do that once – to go round three or four nations, and from the last one to translate back to the first!

I suppose it goes to the Library, I don't know. Or give it back to him?

He said it was for you. I don't know ... You have enough clutter around you as it is!

Put it on the bed (!)

Then there is also the German translation ....

Oh!

For years C.S. has been battling to translate this book ....

Oh, yes, yes.

It's given him a lot of difficulty.

Has he finished?

Well, he's writing to you. It's been a great battle. He doesn't trust himself enough, he keeps saying, "This miserable translation ... I've done an awful thing ..." But apart from that, full of good will. In a letter he asked me, "Will Mother accept this miserable translation?"

(Laughter) As for me, I don't know German, so …

At any rate, his translation is honest, and that's a lot. Other translators take such liberties …. For instance, they don't want to use the word "supramental," and what they propose to me is enough to make your hair stand on end! But I don't know German – it's the one language I refused to learn! (Laughter) I don't know why, when I was small I said, "No, no, NO!" I learned Italian, learned … I learned many languages, but German I refused! (Mother laughs) I don't know why A child's idea.

Maybe not!

Have you written him that it's agreed for the publication?

Yes, but I hadn't yet told you about it ...

Certainly, you should send him a line saying, "It's all right, Mother

approves!" (Mother laughs)

This poor C.

Poor C ….

* * *

… Since Amrita left, Nolini has had much more work. Because we've had to divide the work ….

Me too, I have a good deal of it!

Ah, it's quite difficult ….

* * *

Soon afterwards

But this Consciousness which has manifested since the beginning of the year, it's VERY active; it has spread about and is very active. You remember, I always used to say (the body used to say, that is) that it was very difficult without someone capable of helping it, and this Consciousness has fulfilled that function, it serves as a mentor – it teaches the body loads of things. Really interesting. Things that the mind didn't know, it teaches the body That way, the body is becoming a little clever!

(silence)

The body consciousness has become individualized and at the same time independent, which means it can enter other bodies and feel quite at ease there. I made the experiment one day ("I made," it wasn't the body that made it, it was "made" to make it, precisely by this Consciousness) of entering three or four people like that, one after another, and of feeling in each one the BODY's way of being: it wasn't at all a vital or mental entry, it was a bodily entry. And that was really interesting. There were three or four people here … perhaps I've already told you?

Just an allusion.

And out of the four of them, there was one in whom the body felt at ease. The habits weren't the same, but … nothing contradictory.

That completely changes the body's attitude with regard to solutions: there's no more attachment or sense of extinction, you understand, since the consciousness … it's the body consciousness that has become independent. And that's very interesting. In other words, in any physical substance sufficiently developed to receive it, it can manifest.

That's interesting.

These last few days, there were elections here[28] (an awful mess), and I was put in contact with all that. (I should say that the Lieutenant Governor here has

very great trust in me, and before it started he came here to get the force – things aren't going too well, anyway they're rather chaotic, but he said, "Oh, Mother is here," which means he feels he is being supported.) So, through him, I was put in contact with all that. And there was a whole series of very interesting experiences …. There was a very acute sense of all the conventional in political parties, because under a single political flag there are the most opposite opinions, each one in the name of the same principle! So it became so clear, so clear! … Generally I wasn't interested, because I always felt histrionics there, but I was put in contact because of the Governor (wordlessly: he didn't tell me anything, but because of him I wordlessly made contact with the atmosphere), and then I saw to what extent it's really an illusion – a complete illusion; politics is something … in the name of the same principle, people do absolutely opposite things! In the name of the same political principle. Everyone is anxious that HIS party should have the upper hand … and it appeared to me that it didn't matter in the least! It was only people's quality of receptivity that mattered, and also their level of consciousness. As far as the party was concerned – anything.

It was a rather interesting study, which was made under the auspices of this new consciousness, and so in quite a general way, and very clearly, very clearly And with the sense of a GREAT power. This Consciousness contains a GREAT power. Especially a psychological power, that is, an immunity to any reaction from outside. That's interesting …. All anxiety, fear, desire, covetousness, all that was a whole world which I had always deliberately kept at arm's length because it didn't interest me, but from this new angle some work can be done.

(long silence)

Did I tell you the miracle that took place? You haven't heard about it? … In Auroville we're going to build a big factory to mill wheat, but something huge (it's to mill wheat for the whole of India!), huge. Machines are coming I don't know from where, huge too. And they chose to land them at Pondicherry because going from Pondicherry to Auroville is easier than from Madras to Auroville. Only, when the ship came and they saw the number and the size of crates, they got terribly scared – it wasn't possible. Here it's a woman, P., who owns the landing barges, and she refused. I had her told that I needed her help and she had to do it (because she had claimed she wanted to serve me, so I took advantage of it!). I told her, "I need your help, do it." She was obliged to do it. For two days, everything went well, but they had kept the biggest crate for the end – a six-ton crate, huge – and no one knew how to do it. They would have needed enormous cranes like the ones they have in Madras, but they don't have them here: they only had two puny cranes, which together didn't even WEIGH six tons! (Mother laughs) And those cranes were supposed to lift the crate from the ship and put it on the barge. There was no other way, only that way. So they tied the crate to the two cranes and started lifting … and the two cranes went like this (gesture of tipping over). There were people below-people looking after the trans shipment – and everyone, including the ship's captain, everyone stood there, terrified. "That's it," they thought, "we're done for, it's

catastrophe." The two cranes went like this (same gesture) … and all of a sudden, they straightened up. No one ever knew how. They straightened up, carried the crate, and it was over.

It was so obviously a miracle – the captain stood almost terrorstricken, everyone. And then, those crates were intended for someone here, M. (of "Aurofood"), to whom I had given a blessings packet the day before the landing, and he had it on him. So he went to see the captain and told him (showing the small packet), "See this, it's what straightened up the cranes."

A very simple man.

It was just stating a FACT, you understand: there was a crowd, so there was no arguing; the two cranes were like this, tilting, and everyone was expecting them to … and they straightened up! (Mother laughs)

The captain met L. and told him, "Couldn't I have one of those … (Mother laughs) little packets!" So L. came to see me. I gave packets – four packets – for him and his men.

It's the first time …. L. told me, "I have seen hundreds of miracles, but this one was so obvious, and of such considerable dimensions (Mother laughs) that no one could deny it!"

It's interesting. I must say there really was a concentration of force, because we were faced with an impossibility (considered practically, it was an impossibility). So there was a concentration.

It's amusing.

And the accuracy of the transmission (that increases the power a lot), the accuracy I credit this Consciousness with. It's this Consciousness that made the power far more PRECISE in its action …. The superman consciousness.

It's interesting.

But we mustn't tell the story, that would instantly look like boasting, it's disgusting! It can go to the Agenda, but …

If only people had trust ...

Oh!

It's tremendous what could be done ....

Yes, exactly You see, A. wrote to me (she's a secretary to the government here), she wrote to tell me the results of the elections [the defeat of the Congress], and they were all desperate. So I saw, I said, "It's absurd, THEY are the ones who attract the catastrophe!" I answered her to keep "an unshakable and tranquil trust …."

That's why in the past it was taught that "all that happens is the effect of the Divine's Will." The way it was put was limited (it's always the same thing: the way things are put causes a restriction or a coloration, or it's shown from a particular angle-the thing loses its essential truth), but I am sure it was said for its psychological effect …. The danger of this teaching is that people slump down and don't budge anymore, they stop doing anything – no more effort of progress, no more effort to do some good work, they remain like that: I don't have to do anything anymore, it's God who does everything!" That's why it can't be put in that way. But it does have an advantage, that of leaving you

absolutely peaceful. And I insist a lot on people having this peace, this tranquil peace – it's COMPLETELY indispensable. I saw (with the help of this Consciousness, in fact), I saw the force of power acting; and when the instrument (that is, the individual or the group) is wholly peaceful and trusting, like that, vitally and mentally still, the force goes through without being distorted – nothing distorts it – and acts with its full power. As soon as there is a human consciousness (either a mental or a vital one, or both) which is agitated, or questions, or has preferences, or thinks it knows very well, or … it makes a sort of whirl-and the Force loses three-fourths of its power!

So we have to use one means or another (people don't understand, they always half understand); as for me, I spend my time telling them, "Be in peace, be in peace …." But of course, they might also become inert, like that …. There's no knowing what to do.

One morning, with this Consciousness I had that experience of power (the true power): how, when it goes through a perfectly static, still, peaceful consciousness, there's no distortion; and how, going through it, it awakens in the individual a sense of power and the collaboration of the individual will. If it is (I saw the two things at the same time), if it's a yogic consciousness with the calm and IMPERSONALITY (that is, without any desire and any preference), then it's STILL MORE POWERFUL, because it's directed towards a precise spot instead of working in a general way – it's directed towards a precise spot, and the action is multiplied. But if, in the consciousness through which the force is to act, there is the LEAST desire, the LEAST preference, or the least recoil … everything is spoilt. Everything is spoilt: it goes like this (gesture of trepidation), and it's over. I saw that, with examples to back it up; not narrated examples, there's nothing mental: everything shown – shown with vibrations. And that's really interesting. It means that in the superman consciousness, with the full impersonalization (that is, no preference, no desire, no refusal, nothing – you are like this [gesture of an immobile Witness]), there will be the capacity to direct the Power for it to act on a PRECISE POINT, and then it will be multiplied in Matter. A multiplication of power, that is, an intensification of power in Matter.

That explains (it's the body which is learning all that, it's really very happy), that very clearly explains to the body why there have been individuals and their purpose in the whole – but those individuals must lose all that was necessary to form them; they must go beyond that and become divine again. Then – then the result will be extraordinary.

It's very interesting.

It also explained the use – the raison d'être and the use, the utilization – of emotions: how all those things which in their "incomplete" state are … seem to be obstacles and things to be got rid of, how, as soon as the consciousness is clarified, union is established, separation has disappeared, how all those things take their place and their full usefulness …. Now I don't remember, but a few days ago I had such an interesting example! I don't remember (that's deliberate, I don't remember anything), but out of a movement of consciousness here (and now the body is very conscious of this presence of the superman consciousness, it's very open and grateful, and very conscious), well,

it saw a movement … something resembling compassion, a keen compassion, but with the emotion the vital feels when it has compassion (what the vital adds, that is); it saw that, and immediately saw the resulting effect and the response. It was someone (I forget who, the memory is deliberately taken away), it had to do with something that had happened to someone; this body consciousness reacted with a sort of moved pity, and that multiplied the power TENFOLD – the effect of the power on the cure – because it was completely impersonal. It was the Power using that [emotion] as a means of action.

Constantly, constantly, it's: learn and learn and learn …. Interesting! (Mother laughs)

There is also quite a clear perception of the individual reaction; for instance, the way faith manifests in people, in different individuals, the coloration it takes, the amount of (what should I say?) ignorance or falsehood added to it, and the amount that remains pure. There's constantly, constantly a work of that kind, all the time. I find it very interesting.

And it is beginning to understand why this is like this, why that is like that ….

This Consciousness has a great attracting power. Now people are coming from everywhere, just everywhere. The other day (yesterday or the day before, I don't know), I saw some Americans who have founded a "group," I think, or a society for the union … (I found it touching), the "spiritual union of religions"! I found it touching. It's an acknowledgment (laughing) that religions aren't spiritual! And that they need a spiritual union. It was very interesting. Good people, oh, very good, and quite a … not an elementary but a simplistic mentality, so it has taken that form. They came to India (because they're also in touch with "World Union"), and they came because they wanted to meet me. First I said, "Oh, there's no need at all." Then I was told they had come all the way to see me, so I said all right. Good people, you know, thoroughly American – good people. They've found a very profound truth, but without knowing it! They speak of a "SPIRITUAL union of religions," which is a declaration that religions have no spiritual life! They aren't aware of that.

It's very, very active; this Consciousness is very active.

Yes, I get a sense of solidity.

Yes, that's right! Something very solid.

That's because it has come to materialize – it hasn't come to … (gesture up in the clouds): it's looking for instruments.

I have great hope in little children.

Some are delightful …. A.F. is delightful. There's another one here, A.P., who wasn't born here but in Germany; he will be one year old in a few days, I am going to see him. But I already saw him before: remarkable. They're so receptive! These are children who, at the age of one, are like ordinary children of at least three or four years in terms of consciousness. So there is hope.

But they're more sensitive than their parents! So the parents have a certain relationship with me, while the children observe, wondering what it's all about – the parents are a bit timid towards me, so I am obliged to put a veil, to keep back. With people, they take something, leave something (they take very little),

it doesn't matter, but with them [the children] I have to be careful because the body is too weak. They are far more receptive than the parents, so it's a little too much for the body. But they're quite interesting.

A few days ago, A.F was here; he came with F., and his father was waiting outside. E told me, "I'll go and fetch him." So the little one was there with her, and she left him to go out, took a few steps towards the door; he felt all alone and was about to rush towards her, when I looked at him – he relaxed, and then stopped. It was remarkable: not a word, I didn't say a word, simply looked at him – he relaxed. He was already rushing out, then I looked at him – everything seemed to relax.

To that point! … Not a word, nothing.

March 15, 1969

(Mother listens to the English translation of "Notes on the Way" for the coming Bulletin, then remarks at the end:)

It's absolutely as if I were wrapped in a layer of cotton wool! … (Laughing) Maybe it's to give me some rest!

(To Nolini:) Isn't it a deadly bore? It's useless, no?

(Nolini, in English:) Oh, no! It's very nice. It's something more than words.

(Mother, in English:) No, truly, I am not fishing for compliments; I sincerely say that it's a bore, no? …

(Nolini:) No!

They will say, "Mother is beginning to drivel."

(Nolini laughs and goes out)

What's new?

(Satprem remains silent, contemplating Nolini's "very nice")

This Consciousness has a fantastic imagination! … It makes me see all kinds of fantastic possibilities regarding what will happen in the future. Like, for instance, for a woman, instead of dying, to be born again in her own child …. Things would be different from what they are now, there would be a capacity to form the child, not with a "material complement," but with a spiritual complement ("spiritual" is a manner of speaking: the complement of

an invisible force), and instead of dying and entering another body, one would oneself be able to form, with the most developed cells of one's body, the being in which one will live again …. Quite an idea, isn't it!

It came very early this morning (it's always at that time), and with all the details, and an extraordinary INTENSITY of life! … You see, in the body certain cells are developing as much as they can, growing increasingly conscious, and instead of disintegrating when the whole becomes inadequate to express the fullness of life, it's INWARDLY that all those cells would gather to form a new body with a matter superior to ordinary matter.

It was so interesting that I looked at it for hours this morning, and in every detail.

But it's precisely the kind of thing that can't be said: it should be DONE. Saying them is absolutely useless! What's needed is to do them.

It came like that …. It comes like a shower! It's strange.

(silence)

Nothing to say? Do you have any news?

Wouldn't you rather have something else to say?

Nothing.

There's a line from my mother. [Satprem reads a letter relating his mother's sudden cure after a cancer had been feared: "My condition suddenly became normal again, and I didn't doubt Mother's intervention ...."]

It's good ….

(long silence)

This Consciousness seems to have brought along a whole new field of possible experiences in the very material field, while doing away with … (what should I say?) a certain number of things that men have declared to be impossible; it seems to have done away with that impossibility, saying, "This and that and that CAN be done." So the horizon has extraordinarily widened.

But that should be lived concretely.

March 19, 1969

(Mother listens to the English translation of the conversation of February 15 – "These cells, other cells, it was life everywhere, consciousness

everywhere ...” – for “Notes on the Way,” then remarks in English:)

It’s just like the bark of something! … Too bad!

* * *

Soon afterwards

Oh, you know, it’s really amusing! It [this Consciousness] has started telling me … It’s constantly giving lessons to the body – not mental lessons: how the body is beginning to live, see, understand …. It’s odd.

There had always been a question mark …. We can conceive that in the supermind, procreation will be unnecessary, because life on earth will last at will, so it won’t be necessary to have oneself replaced because one is going away But what about the intermediary? There often was the question of the intermediary [between man and the supramental being]: “How is it going to take place, how? …” The old animal way … (Mother shakes her head), although Y. is in favor of its continuation! But then, the other day, mon petit, for several hours, there was a whole lived scene (lived in imagination, of course) … but it’s only a partial solution to the problem. It’s incomplete. This question had been asked: “All this work of transformation of the cells, of consciousness in the cells, with the ordinary way [of dying], won’t it be wasted since the body is going to disintegrate? …” Then there came in a very precise, almost concrete manner: there is a way, which is, before dying, to prepare within oneself a body with all the transformed, illumined, conscious cells, to collect them together and form a body with the maximum number of conscious cells; then, when the work is over, the full consciousness enters it and the other body can dissolve, it no longer matters.

But it was … it was really amusing! And the objections of age, possibility, capacity, no longer existed …. If this intermediary method is considered useful (I mean, practical), the possibility is there; this Consciousness was showing the body that the possibility is there. For – oh, for hours and hours – it insisted, it didn’t want to go! It insisted until the body had completely understood. And there is no need of a material intervention: it can be done (that’s known, there have been fully recognized cases), the physical intervention wasn’t necessary, it was replaced by an intervention in the subtle physical, which was sufficient. All that in every detail, with every explanation and everything …. Then, when it was thoroughly done, it was over, the chapter was closed. But it was really unexpected, I had never thought of such a thing! And the way it was presented! It was so concrete and so simple – so simple, so concrete -and all objections were resolved.

So the body said, “Very well, we shall see.” (Mother laughs) We’ll see.

It’s to avoid wastage, you understand, so the cells that are fully conscious remain together in a group instead of being scattered, and do not risk being dissolved too (which can happen).

Then, once it had been clearly seen (not explained with words, I don’t

know how to put it), I said, "Very well, now, we shall see."

Very well, we'll see!

There are obviously certain things that come in corroboration; they are based on certain scientific experiments they're now making, such as birth through an operation:[29] there's no need of a deliberate intervention anymore. So then, it had lost all that morbid, unpleasant side it has in life-all that was completely gone! It was in a wholly different region. That is, a DIFFERENT consciousness, a DIFFERENT way of seeing, of feeling … wholly different. It's strange, you know, all the reactions we usually have towards things … it all appears meaningless. A sort of vision … the equivalent of a scientific vision, but it doesn't have that mental character, it's not like that: it keeps a smile. Everything, everything was seen … in a very curious way, very curious.

So the body really has a great goodwill, it says, "Very well, when the decision is made, we'll see!" But the body itself knows (just like what we have just heard[30]) that there is no intervention of personal effort, personal will – it's not like that, it's … oh, like beautiful music, you know, unfolding indefinitely (gesture like an immense rhythm). it's extraordinary. And all that tension, all of it is gone, entirely.

So then, while the vision was developing, there was the answer to all possible objections, based precisely on the presence of this new consciousness which CHANGES things-but changes things while leaving them as they are! I don't know how to explain.

Our whole way of feeling and reacting to things doesn't exist in this Consciousness, that's what's new with it! There's always a harmonious rhythm (same gesture), and with anything! Even with what we find disgusting (same gesture).

So, we'll see.

(long silence)

Yes, the way of seeing, way of feeling, way of reacting, of doing – completely new, and based on this … I might say, this eternal Smile, like that (same vast, rhythmical gesture, like great wings). And that's completely new. When I see people I haven't seen for a long time (those I see once a year, on their birthdays), now when they come it's completely different: this Consciousness immediately becomes active, it takes its stand between me and the person, like this (gesture like a rampart), and it starts speaking to them, telling them things …. And I am a spectator. I don't speak, of course, I don't say anything, I remain like that, but I see this Consciousness begin to act, telling people … giving them extraordinary revelations. Things I wouldn't say, it tells them (in silence, naturally). And it immediately discovers, it knows what the person's difficulty is, the sensitive spot on which pressure can be applied to bring about change. it's surprising.

I see a lot of people, and I can imagine that while this Consciousness is so active, it's really useful.

(silence)

This Consciousness has become-is becoming – more and more active, and

that began when the body lost the sense of a separate individuality, of the ego. That's how it began. It seems to be the necessary base for manifestation.

It's really interesting.

The division or separation-the sense of separation – is what appears to be vanishing. It appears to be that. There is still simply a sort of old habit in the expression, which no longer knows how to say things; it's obliged to go back to the old way and very clearly feels that it doesn't express anything at all, but it doesn't know what to do.

There are all manner of subtleties, of nuances that were never perceived before. I could give examples, which in themselves are nothing at all, but which are spontaneous and constant, and effortless. I know … "I," I don't know what this I is; it's what speaks, what collects experiences. It's not the body, but what uses or works in this body; yes, it's the consciousness at work in this body, but not like something working ON something else: it's identified with the body, but at the same time not tied to that identification, in the sense that it feels totally free and independent, and yet it's identical – what sense can you make out of all that! … Free, independent, AND identical at the same time.

What time is it? (Mother looks at the clock) Oh! …

I was asked for a message for the opening (I was about to say, the opening of the Olympic games!), the opening of the "season of games." I wrote this (Mother shows a note). I thought it was an opportunity to tell them something:

(Mother reads her text by lamp light, with great difficulty)

> *"Since the beginning of this year a new consciousness is at work upon earth to prepare men for a new creation, the superman. For this creation to be possible the substance that constitutes man's body must undergo a big change ....*

I write almost in darkness, without knowing what I write, and once I've written I completely forget what I said!

> *"It must become more receptive to the consciousness and more plastic under its working ....*

I am not the one who said that, because I don't remember at all!

> *"These are just the qualities that one can acquire through physical education. So, if we follow this discipline with such a result in view, we are sure to obtain the most interesting result."*

I didn't remember at all.

I think it's good to say that to them …. It's becoming amusing, you know! (Mother laughs)

March 22, 1969

Two days ago (not yesterday, the day before), this Consciousness told me something; I said, "Very well," but it went on saying the same thing again and again and again, until I'd written it down! So here it is (Mother holds out a note). And it explained to me why there was "we."

We will strive to make Auroville the cradle of the superman."

Ah … it's important news! (Mother smiles) So then, I said, "Why we'?" It answered, "It's because the attempt will be to get those who will live in Auroville to collaborate."

Then, once I'd written it, it left me in peace, but until I did, it came back again and again ….

It's more and more active. It's active in people: when people come and see me, it immediately starts working and … it's thoroughly amusing at times! Really amusing. It says things, uncovers recesses …. Thoroughly amusing. But I don't speak! It's like this (gesture of inner exchange).

So if you like, put it with the Agenda …. We mustn't use it for the Bulletin, oh no! It's just for the Agenda.

You don't want to publish it?

No, I think it's better not to!

It would be misunderstood.

Oh, it's dangerous.

There would be a double danger: those who don't want it (governments and so on) would try to corner us, and then there are all those who would immediately claim to be supermen! … The two extremes.

March 26, 1969

(Regarding the French translation of two letters of Sri Aurobindo about the Ashram, which Mother wants to publish in the next Bulletin.)

"If anybody in the Ashram tries to establish a supremacy or dominating influence over others, he is in the wrong. For it is bound to be a wrong vital influence and come in the way of the Mother's work.

"All the work should be done under the Mother's sole authority. All must be arranged according to her free decision. She must be free to use the

capacities of each separately or together according to what is best for the work and best for the worker.

"None should regard or treat another member of the Ashram as his subordinate. If he is in charge, he should regard the others as his associates and helpers in the work, and he should not try to dominate or impose on them his own ideas and personal fancies, but only see to the execution of the will of the Mother. None should regard himself as a subordinate, even if he has to carry out instructions given through another or to execute under supervision the work he has to do.

"All should try to work in harmony, thinking only of how best to make the work a success; personal feelings should not be allowed to interfere, for this is a most frequent cause of disturbance in the work, failure or disorder.

"If you keep this truth of the work in mind and always abide by it, difficulties are likely to disappear; for others will be influenced by the rightness of your attitude and work smoothly with you or, if through any weakness or perversity in them, they create difficulties, the effects will fall back on them and you will feel no disturbance or trouble."

Sri Aurobindo (25.238-239), October 12, 1929

"What seems to me of more importance is to try to explain how things are worked out here. Indeed very few are the people who understand it and still fewer those who realise it.

"There has never been, at any time, a mental plan, a fixed programme or an organisation decided beforehand. The whole thing has taken birth, grown and developed as a living being by a movement of consciousness (Chit-Tapas) constantly maintained, increased and fortified …."

Sri Aurobindo (25.227) August 22, 1939

What's the meaning of "Maintained"?

He means that the movement of consciousness never ceased at any time. We didn't have a "movement of creation" and then stopped, and started again: the consciousness consciously re- creates, so to speak, continues its creation; it's not something done that develops from that point on.

Constantly renewed?

"Renewed" gives the impression that there was a stop. It's not that. It CONTINUES to be like that. It's the consciousness constantly at work, not as a sequel of what was there before, but as a result of what it perceives every instant. In the mental movement, there is the consequence of what you've done before – it's not that, it's the consciousness which CONSTANTLY sees what has to be done. It's extremely important to understand that, because that's how it's still working-for everything. It's not at all a "formation" whose development you must look after: it's the consciousness which, every second,

follows – follows its own movement. That allows everything! It's precisely what allows miracles, reversals, and so on – it allows everything. It's the very opposite of human creations. It was like that, it continues to be like that, and it will always be like that so long as I am here.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I have to tell you about P.L.

Oh, I got your note yesterday.

There are important things .... You know that the Pope has set up a "Reform Committee" for the Church, and PL. is on it. For a few months he was asked to go and carry out "opinion polls" here and there (in Portugal, Spain, etc.), so as to study possible reforms. Following those opinion polls, the Committee met in Rome with the Monsignors and Cardinals. And there, PL. came flat out with it all!

Bah! … (Mother laughs)

Because some five or six months ago, I wrote to him a few reflections of yours about Christianity. I wrote him that, developing it (it really came to me).[31] *And then he came out with it all!*

What! Bah-bah!

Here's his letter:

"I can finally write to you with the calm and tenderness that spring from my soul, which is truly reaching out towards Sweet Mother and tuned to her. She gave me a spiritual joy that has not left me since I have known her.

"These last few days, Mother's presence has revealed itself in my being and activities, stronger and more VISIBLE. In the polls commission, of which you know I am a member at the Pope's pleasure, I felt the other day an irrepressible force in my breast: I had to speak out. I knew that my words would cause a scandal in the meeting. The little voice was telling me, 'Now is the time, cry out the message Mother has given you; do not fear, she is with you.' And I spoke, to the great consternation of those present. 'Listen to me, all of you. The only thing that could open up Christianity (because it's closed in on itself, turned towards the past, and therefore immutable, unprogressive: there is the seed of

its own death and decomposition), the only thing would be for it to admit a force from the FUTURE ....' Satprem, do you remember these words? You conveyed them from Mother to me on 26 November '68, the day I sent you that article on the crisis of Christianity. I went on: 'There are new forces and new facts. Someone has said it' (I did not name Sri Aurobindo, following your same letter), 'and has spoken of the SUPRAMENTAL, but the word, the form or terms matter little.'

(There I quoted you again.) 'If only Christianity could admit, for instance, Christ's reincarnation, or a second, FUTURE Christ, it would be saved, its attitude would be open instead of being closed. That is the crux of the whole matter, and beating about the bush, carrying out all kinds of reform and modernization is nothing, it only touches appearances, and unless we touch this center ... But of course, it instantly means heresy! Yet there is the only salvation for the Church, the only thing that really needs rethinking. All the rest is chatter .... We have shut everything up: we are the "depositaries of the faith" – Depositum Fidei! And nothing to add. Does it mean that Christ died without leaving any possibility to add to his message? But we aren't the same men as in Palestine. We have limited the Divine's powers. We have forbidden Christ any expansion. We have locked him up and thrown the key into the sea .....

"The silence was dense, the stupefaction huge. And I went on again: 'But we believe we are the interpreters, and except us none has the right to speak. Nevertheless we are faced with the current phenomenon of anti-establishment protest. The youth is running away from us, our formulas are old, ineffective, we preach without conviction, we demand absurd things, and to have peace, we stick a label of "sin" on all taboos. I know that my speech will be called subversive. In dictatorial or established regimes, those who move forward are suspicious. For twenty centuries we have used the weapon of heresy, and we know the atrocities that were committed in the name of Christ: that was our defense – it was his wisdom to keep power But if Christ suddenly appeared here, in front of us, do you think he would recognize himself in us? Is the Christ we preach the Christ of the BEATITUDES? Our preoccupation is to prohibit opening. And we make fools of ourselves with the pill. But are we also preoccupied with the TRUTH? ... Yet we should read our holy books again, but read them without passion, without egoistic interest; almost two thousand years ago, St. Paul said, "Multifariam, multisque modis olim Deus loquens in prophetis, novissime diebus istis locutus est nobis in Filio" (several times and in several ways God has spoken through the prophets, but now in

these last days he has spoken to us through his Son Jesus Christ ...). Thus God has spoken "in several ways."

I know that a new light has just appeared, a new Consciousness – let us go in search of it. But we shall have to step down from our throne, from our convenience; perhaps to leave the place to others and do away with the Hierarchy: no more Pope or Cardinals or Bishops, but all of us seekers of the TRUTH, of the CONSCIOUSNESS, the PowER, the SUPRANATURAL, the SUPRAHUMAN .....

'Satprem, I left the room and went away ... for a walk in the countryside .... What is going to happen to me? Will they put me on trial? Will they declare me insane, heretic? I am waiting. I am eager to go and see Mother. I am preparing my travel for Easter .... (That took place on Monday the 24th of February.) To this day, no reaction. Has the Pope been informed? I do not know. I have continued with the inquiry entrusted to me. I feel very calm, very strong. I have not spoken about all that to any of those close to me (not even to Msgr. R.). The malefic character seen in dream (Msgr. Z) was present, but he did not react either.

"I wrote to you from Paris on Monday, March 4; then I only told you about my situation, having no time to relate what I have now written. I came back to Rome on the 12th; as I have told you, no reaction, no admonition. I am simply going on with my work. Lacking time, I did not write earlier, and I wanted to see if my situation would change. Nothing. We are meeting again on March 24.

'So I am here, waiting, very much tuned to Mother.

(Rome, March 18, 1969)

(long concentration)

It's good.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Extracts from a letter from Satprem to P.L., following the conversation of November 2, 1968, in which Mother spoke about the future of Christianity. See Agenda IX under that date.)

November 26, 1968

… Thank you for the photos and the interesting article on the crisis of the Church." In this connection, Mother told me that the only thing that could open up Christianity (because it is closed in on itself, turned towards the past, and therefore immutable, unprogressive, that is the germ of its death and its decomposition), the only thing would be for it to admit a Force from the Future. Sri Aurobindo spoke of the supramental, but the form or the terms matter little; if only Christianity could admit, for instance, the reincarnation of Christ, or a second, future Christ, it would be saved – its attitude would be open instead of being closed. That's the crux of the whole matter, and beating about the bush, carrying out all kinds of reform and modernization is nothing, it only touches appearances, leaving this center untouched. But of course, it instantly means heresy! Yet, there is the only salvation for the Church, the only thing that really needs rethinking. All the rest is chatter and papering over the old cracks.

Your photo of Msgr. Z fitted precisely with the vision! Now you have nothing to fear anymore. Simply keep me informed if you notice outer changes in this person ….

The disciple who had the vision wanted me to ask you if you happen to carry Mother's symbol or something of her around your neck? Because he saw you with this symbol around your neck …. He told me that the basilica where the photo of this Msgr. Z was taken had very much the vibration of a haunted place! Poor Church …. You are indeed courageous, dear P.L., and you are silently doing a great and good work for the world.

S.

March 29, 1969

Have you received any news of P.L.?

Yes. You know that he was supposed to arrive today. Then he sends this wire: "Impossible to leave. Letter follows. Situation difficult."

Oho! … I hope they haven't put him in jail.

They can't. But they can put him on trial for heresy.

Yes …. "On trial for heresy"! …

(long silence)

Was it you who told me that the Pope had invited a sadhu from India?

Yes.

But the Pope too is on trial for heresy! Since he told the sadhu that true spirituality is now found in India – so he too is a heretic!

But the Pope is isolated. He told that sadhu that his task is very difficult in view of the people around him. He is isolated in there. He is surrounded by a mafia of cardinals who are attached to power.

What I mean is that the Pope and P.L. are guilty of the same heresy! So if they put P.L. on trial, it's like putting the Pope on trial – will they dare to do it?

But no one knows that the Pope and PL. have some relationship. P.L. has never been able to meet the Pope personally.

He has never been able …

No, never, he has always been prevented. It's a ... rigorous mafia.

(Mother goes into a trance and keeps working inwardly till the end)

Should I wire or write something to P.L.?

I don't know.

(silence)

If they're watching him, they will get hold of his mail. That could put him in trouble. If they do something against him, they have innumerable ways of getting hold of his mail. We shouldn't make problems for him. It's better to wait for his letter.

April 2, 1969

(Since the previous year, Satprem had complained of headaches and eyeaches, which, strangely, would come during the night. Recently, Mother ordered him to stop reading and writing for a month.)

How are your nights?

All right.

They're not better?

Yes, they're better.

Ah! … Are you still suffering?

If I do anything, I soon get a headache.

But you shouldn't do anything! (Mother laughs)

But often some people want to see me.

As for me, I am not giving you any more work.

That's too bad! It's not tiring, on the contrary. What tires me is seeing people.

But is it necessary that you should see them?

I wonder what I should do. Normally, I think that if they come, it's because they're "sent" ....

(Sujata, in an aside:) I don't think so.

I don't know what to do. For a long time now, all sorts of people have been coming to see me. I wonder what I should do: say no? Or accept-since they come, accept?

It's not always useful, is it?

No, once in a hundred times.

That's right.
Just say that you're not seeing anyone.

They've found the trick! They know that in the evening I go to the beach for a walk, so they come there.

Who are those people?

All sorts of people who've read the book ["Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness"].

I know that a few times, people told me they would like to see you. I said, "It's no use, he has other things to do."

At home I said, "No one," because if I receive them at home, I can't work or do anything anymore. That's categorical. But at the beach ... they come.

Just go into a meditation at the beach, and you don't hear anything!

I do that sometimes.

That's the best. Then you'll make a reputation for yourself as a great sage! (Mother laughs) And at the same time you'll get some rest!

They're unbearable! I see some of them here (God knows I see them!), but it's understood that I don't say a word, and when they speak to me, I don't hear anything. So when they see there's no reply, they keep quiet.

Otherwise, there's no way! They burden you with perfectly useless things!

But yesterday I saw one of them, a Frenchman who works in Auroville and who's been very much in touch with the people of this new "pop" music (you know, this new music movement that goes with the hippies). He's the father of A., who was born in Auroville.

Yes, I am going to see him for his birthday.

He came to see me and have me hear this music.[32]

How is it?

Odd ... It's barbarian.

Barbarian.

Barbarian, but my impression was, "The barbarians of the new world."

(Mother laughs) I'll hear a little on the 16th when I see him.

Those who make this music have millions of followers. They are people with a huge fortune, and with cinema, radio, television and everything at their disposal. And they are right in the middle of a revolution.

How?

Yes, as I told you, the barbarians of the new world. The entire old world is swept away. It's really the beginning of something, which expresses itself in a very barbarian way, but which is something. So this boys idea is to try to get in touch with those people and turn them towards Auroville. Because, of course, they have millions and millions of followers – they have a tremendous power (power over the masses). And they have something, but it's barbarian.

I'd be interested to hear some once, so as to know … but I don't need to hear a lot.

That's what I told him.

I need a few minutes of it.

Exactly. He wanted to have you hear it for an hour!

(Mother laughs heartily, silence)

I've often wondered what's the true attitude towards all those people who come and see me ....

You could be in meditation. (Ironically) You'll make a reputation for yourself as a sage!

And when I speak with them, very strangely, there's a sort of warrior in me, and some people give rise to reactions: I feel like striking. Sometimes it's quite brutal, I don't know why. It comes and strikes. With others, on the contrary, I am very tranquil. Some tell Me, "You're hard!" ...

Has it always been like that? It's not since this new consciousness came? Since the beginning of this year?

Last year, too.

Because I've noticed that in this Consciousness there is something like that: suddenly it comes, oh! and it feels like striking.

Especially when I contact mental pettiness.

(silence)

The people who play this music, are they the same who take drugs?

Yes.

Then it must be in the vital.

Oh, it's quite vital, no doubt. But they have the perception that the world is in the midst of a revolution, that we're moving towards a new world, and all the old conventions have to be swept away. There's no conformity of any sort. They're open to everything.

Open like that (horizontal gesture), not like this (vertical gesture).

No, not like this, but with a certain goodwill nonetheless. They're the ones – or a group of the same type, the Beatles – who went to see this Mahesh Rishi in the Himalayas.

And what happened?

This yogi's idea was "transcendental Meditation," and he had them come for a month to his place, in the Himalayas. Of course, after two weeks they were getting bored, they couldn't stand it anymore! And the "Transcendent" has little opening onto the world (!) ... If on the other hand these people were shown what Sri Aurobindo has brought, a yoga open to the world, they would be touched.

The trouble is that all these people take their desires for inspirations. And then … I have this difficulty with Auroville too, that's why I take every

opportunity to repeat to them (they all keep saying that they come to Auroville "to be free"), I answer them that one can be free only if one is united with the Supreme; and to be united with the Supreme, one must have no more desires!

Oh, all that [i.e., desires] was necessary, but … one can't remain stuck there.

(silence)

No news of P.L.?

No.

We have gone a little beyond the times when someone could be locked up …. They can tell him he has "fallen from Christianity," but I think he doesn't care. Or does he?

He would be affected, because he would be unable to do anything for Catholicism anymore.

That would be a pity It would be a great pity But it's the worst that can happen to him.

He has acted with great courage.

(silence)

The night after you gave me P.L.'s news, I sent him … (how should I put it?) a "special delegation of the Consciousness" so it may let him speak just what he should, and as he should. It'll be interesting to know.

It's wonderful, this Consciousness, it has such a way of seeing things! Really … really unique. I could say that my vision and my understanding of the world, of life, of everything, have completely changed, in a widening … Of course, I had worked constantly to get the widening, but this widening has shown itself to be full of something completely new, completely. And there are two things mingled together: one is this sort of understanding and benevolent Smile, which is CONSTANT, whatever may be there, even the most stupid negations; and at the same time, underneath this benevolence (but "benevolence" is a weak word), there's such a power! A tremendous power. Tremendous … As if it were swollen with power. An almost concrete power, I don't know (Mother feels the air) … it's a light, but a light you could touch, as it were: if it goes through your fingers, it's so concrete that you feel it go through. A deep golden light.

In the space of a few days, I had two cases of people who behaved like fools and ninnies (that often happens!), but those two realized it, felt it, and wrote to me accusing themselves of the very thing that had been seen in this light. So that's new. There was one letter yesterday, and another today; one is a Frenchman, the other an American. Both had behaved absolutely like silly fools, but ordinarily they would have excused their behavior with all sorts of good reasons, while both accused themselves: "I've behaved like a fool." That's new.

(silence)

We could say this: if you compare the consciousness, not of ordinary humanity but the higher consciousness of humanity, the consciousness one has when one is a man and endeavors to come into contact with the higher consciousness (the contact one has with it), if you compare that with this Consciousness, you feel that as soon as the human consciousness tried to contact higher things, to purify lower movements, to widen, it used to become … fluid, transparent, ethereal, whereas this Consciousness, with a vision, a perception INFINITELY SUPERIOR to the other, is solid and concrete. And the impression is … it's so strong! I said at the beginning that I felt as if surrounded by a protection [the "rampart"], something solid; well, it's remained like that, with this solidity, and at the same time infinitely vaster, loftier, more understanding …. And, yes, this solidity. And in this something I must call "benevolence" for lack of a better word, there's such an extraordinary Power of Compassion! Something like … almost an intolerance of suffering – of PHYSICAL suffering (it's not much interested in the moral suffering that stems from a moral distortion, it finds it idiotic), the wholly material suffering that comes from the structure and working of the material world: it finds that unacceptable. I don't know how to express it, there's a sort of refusal to accept that …. I am observing (we're still in a phase of observation), and from the experiences I have, it seems to me that this Power can, at least to some extent, transform physical suffering, cancel it. In some cases it's obvious, but it's not a constant fact. I don't know. That's why, for instance, I was hoping, from what I had seen and what took place, that your nights would get better, but … Naturally, I am an extremely imperfect instrument.

They're much better.

Yes, but … That's right, it's still in the world of relative things.

The two states are like this (Mother puts one hand tightly against the other). As for this body itself, it constantly has the experience of an almost miraculous state, but there still remains (is it the memory or habit, or really a mixture?), there still remains the capacity to suffer physically, materially. So it means a lot remains to be done.

There is (for me, everything is now a question of vibrations), there is a certain vibration, which I find it hard to describe because there are no words, but which has to do, as I said, with compassion (I don't know what to call it, but it's very, very intense, those perceptions are very intense), and when it comes, it really has extraordinary power, but … it doesn't seem to have the possibility (Mother suddenly tips over two fingers) of an abrupt change. In some cases, people have been completely … quite relieved, but not cured.

My mother, you did cure her.[33]

Yes, so-so.

But she was completely cured!

Ah, yes (Mother seems to remember), your mother was cured.

I receive unexpected letters from people with whom I haven't been in correspondence, and they give news of cures. But I was referring to the very small circle here …. For Pavitra, it was a miracle even according to a doctor, though he's not a believer;[34] it was a miracle, but … it's not total, that is to say, it's still there with the possibility of resuming. And yet Pavitra has taken the best attitude.

It's like that, you see, it's almost wonderful, and then … That's probably so we don't swell with pride and satisfaction, so we know how much change still remains to take place. Of course, when it comes to the physical (Mother looks at her hands), there's no need for any demonstration, it's obvious! But it's been said and repeated a hundred times: that's what will come last. So …

But the inner change is considerable – considerable. It's considerable: from the point of view of consciousness, it has been the greatest change in my whole existence; I've had many of them, I've worked a lot, but … nothing in comparison with what has taken place since the 1st of January. To such a point that the body feels like a different person …. But it's not enough.

We'll see.

But I want you to be strong and solid …. Act the great sage, it'll be fun! (Mother laughs)

April 5, 1969

Now, what's the news of P.L.?

He writes this:

Rome, March 29, 1969

"When I canceled my ticket for Pondicherry, I felt a spell of giddiness as when one receives a sharp blow to the head and one's balance seems lost .... I was summoned to the Vatican and told to remain at the entire disposal of the Holy Father, who entrusts me with a grave and difficult question concerning the president of the Italian Episcopal Conference: I am asked to solve that problem. The Pope is counting on my skill, and so on. I was questioned about the reasons for my remarks of February 24 (on March 24, I did not open my mouth), for there had just been a bombshell: two young Latin American bishops (from Peru and Chile) had left the Church-the first such cases in history, of course after the well-known and unique case of Talleyrand (for other reasons). They were my fellow students at the Rome University. They are leaving

the Church because of a religious crisis .... Yet they had everything the Church could give: honors, money; one was made a bishop at the age of thirty-three, the other two years ago .... My remarks of February 24 were therefore prophetic. The reason for their running away? I have just said it ....

"I do not feel inclined to go on giving you the detailed chronology of these facts ....

But it's interesting, VERY interesting!

" ... I wanted to leave. But I concentrated very strongly on Mother, and I felt her voice telling me, 'Stay on ...'

Yes.

"... 'You will come later. Continue to be my WORD where you are ...'

(Mother nods approvingly)

"... 'I am with you.' So I canceled my ticket."

It's good.

Oh, you know, I concentrated a lot, but a lot, and I found the Pope extraordinarily receptive – only, imprisoned. That's it, you understand, a rather remarkable receptivity, but … (gesture under a bell- jar) imprisoned in his action. But where he can probably act, he has placed his confidence in P.L. Which means they want to use what he knows rather than try to stifle him. It's adroit. And it can be useful.

Have you written to him already?

No, I was waiting to read you his letter.

You can tell him that it's true I am with him, but very strongly and very consciously.

But that it should have had that effect [the "blow to the head"] is troublesome.

He seems to have pulled himself together afterwards, since he understood you were telling him to stay on.

Oh, was it they who asked him not to go?

They told him to remain at the Pope's entire disposal.

Yes.

Those two bishop's running away really came at the right moment!

It came as evident proof.

* * *

(Then Mother records her translation of a few excerpts from "Savitri," which are to be set to music. Satprem suddenly notices that a corner of Mother's left eye is slightly bloodshot.)

The master of existence lurks in us
And plays at hide and seek with his own Force;
In Nature's instrument loiters secret God.
The immanent lives in man as in his house;
He has made the universe his pastime's field,
A vast gymnasium of his works of might ….
He is the explorer and the mariner
Of a secret inner ocean without bourne:
He is the adventurer and cosmologist
Of a magic earth's obscure geography …
Or passing through a gate of pillar-rocks …
He leaves the last lands, crosses the ultimate seas,
He turns to eternal things his symbol quest;
Life changes for him its time-constructed scenes,
Its images veiling infinity.

(I.IV.66-70)

Isn't it clear?

A car was just passing by.

I'll have to do it again ….

Won't it tire your eye?

What's wrong?

You have a small red patch in the eye.

Red? Inside?
It's new.
Odd … Was it there when you came?

I hadn't noticed, I've seen it just now.

I didn't strain myself ….
Strange, I didn't strain myself.

(long silence)

It's strange ….

Mother, Sujata has noticed that whenever I get a letter from P.L., I always have a headache afterwards.

Oh!

She's noticed it, and it's indeed like that.

Oh! … But this too (Mother points to her eye), I am not sure it's not a result of …

Yes, I wonder if there isn't some connection. Sujata has noticed it, she told me, "Every time you get a letter from P L., you have a headache the following night."

That's it. For the eye too.

I'd seen that; I wanted to be sure, and here is the proof. I immediately wondered if it wasn't a result of …

They want to use him.

It attacks the eyes and the head-with me it's like that.

They are highly skilled occultists.

I'll tell you something: while you were reading the letter [from P.L.], Sri Aurobindo was there, and he told me, "Be careful."

I am always careful, but he probably saw that ...

They're very skilled.

(long silence)

The next time you get a letter (either write to him or get a letter from him), first, invoke Sri Aurobindo and ask him for his protection BEFORE starting. We must be careful. There.

April 9, 1969

How are you?

Ah, it's better. Yes, since last time, I've felt an improvement.

Oh, good.

I think that's what was affecting me for the past year [i.e., those occult schemings]. Because it was always at night that those headaches and eyeaches used to come-always.

At night … it's disgusting!

I think I could resume my work, couldn't I?

No hurry. Do you have some news?

There's a question Id like to tell you about. It's about the publication of Sri Aurobindo's books in France. You know that we sent The Synthesis of Yoga and The Human Cycle.[35] *The woman who looks after those publications hasn't reacted very well. And not because of the translation (which she finds good), but because of Sri Aurobindo and the text itself She rather arrogantly passes judgment on Sri Aurobindo, whom she doesn't understand at all but has sized up at a glance. A sort of arrogance ...*

What has she read?

"The Synthesis of Yoga."

!!! (Mother laughs)

She is an eager disciple of Zen, so she writes that Zen says in one sentence what Sri Aurobindo says in millions of words. She says one could "cut out nine tenths of Sri Aurobindo's text without removing any of its substance" – you see the arrogance![36]

It means she doesn't understand anything.

She doesn't understand anything, but of course she's understood everything!

Is it recently that you got this letter?

Two days ago.

Have you replied?

No.

Don't.

I felt like replying to tell her ... Do you know the thought that occurred to me? It's that we don't need to go and beg all those people to tell them that Sri Aurobindo is great: we can just publish him here ourselves.

But of course! That's my impression.

They disgust me, these intellectuals.

(Mother laughs) Oh, yes!

For the past two days I've been in a state of indignation-not indignation; I feel outraged. I feel like striking at these people.

(Mother laughs) They're idiotic.

But I mean we shouldn't even write to ask them to send the manuscripts back.

My thought was to leave it at that (with an inner action) and not to say anything anymore. It will act naturally: there will be someone who will understand after a year, two years … we don't know. Like that – we should put a force on the manuscript that will let it be put it into contact with someone who will understand, who will suddenly realize: "Oh, but we have this and haven't used it!" After a year, two years …[37] You understand, we close the door to the person who wrote this letter; let her find herself behind a closed door-that's all, silence. And then, we put the Force on the manuscript, and one day it will come into the hands of someone who will understand.

These intellectuals are terrible.

Oh, they're stupid.

It's a fortress. Such conceit ...

(Mother laughs) They're stupid.

It's even very visible in the atmosphere: as soon as people think they're very intelligent, it's FINISHED, they completely cut themselves off from the true light. That's it. They become self- sufficient, so … (Mother laughs)

It doesn't matter, it's better this way: we'll publish it here.

Do I ask her for the manuscript?

Leave it. One day … one day it'll come into the hands of the one who will understand.[38]

* * *

Soon afterwards

In Canada there's a whole movement now. They've just asked me for a message for a Canadian group (Mother looks for a note).

Auroville also, I am constantly telling them two things (hammering gesture): "For those who want to be free, there is only one freedom, that is to be united to the Supreme; and to be united to the Supreme, one must no longer have any desires!" So they're like this (Mother remains open- mouthed). Very amusing!

So I've put the same thing here:

(Satprem reads)

> "A new consciousness is at work upon earth to prepare the coming of the superhuman being.

> "Open yourselves to this consciousness if you aspire to serve[39] the Divine Work.
>
> "To come into contact with this new consciousness, the essential condition is no longer to have any desires and to be wholly sincere."

That's what they must be told again and again (same hammering gesture). I am constantly, constantly impelled to repeat it to them.

There are all the time little incidents with this Consciousness, which are quite amusing, showing why desires are … it really feels they're rubbish. And it shows why; for instance, it shows the body all those little desires it has, and how they prevent the Force from acting. That's very interesting. The body is beginning to understand. It's beginning to feel in an extremely precise and clear way that the MOMENT it's aware of itself-the moment it's aware of itself and of the rest in relation to itself-it falls into a hole; and the moment it's aware of the Force acting-the Force acting, the Consciousness acting – then this (Mother touches the skin of her hands) has no more than a wholly relative reality, wholly relative …. It's like using an instrument for a particular purpose-it's quite like that – but with the immense advantage of not being separate, of feeling like a sort of condensation of the Consciousness. The body is learning well, it sees, it can see that in tiny details, all the time: as soon as it feels it's "something" and the Force is "something else," there's a pain here, a pain there, this goes wrong, that goes awry …. A world … a complex and thoroughly ugly world. And when it has a movement … (how could I put it?), the opposite of condensation, like a dilation, something like a dilation in the consciousness, then limits grow dim, they fade away, everything becomes supple, and pain goes away … PHYSICALLY.

It's an experience the body is given day after day, now on one spot, now on another, now for one thing, now for another, and it goes through all that. You know, it's … absolutely wonderful.

There's all the old habit, which simply has to be conquered. All the old habit which, as soon as there is a slackening, goes like this (gesture of falling back); it's like a rubber band that you let go of, and it all starts up again: you have a pain, you … And the moment the body identifies with this Vibration, everything becomes like a … radiant expression of the Consciousness, and then everything is smooth (I don't know how else to put it), free from clashes or difficulties; then, if you let yourself go like that, it becomes a marvel. It becomes a marvel. Unfortunately, there's the whole influence of the outer world which makes it difficult for the body to be CONSTANTLY like that and makes it tend to fall back into the ordinary way That's why it can't settle in permanently.

The body is becoming conscious as if it had a truth-vision to see all the previous falsehood. All that it did, even when the inner being knew and the consciousness was growing more enlightened and there was a general goodwill … all the silly things done because of that sense of a separate personality, all that is becoming clear, very clear, and with this nascent vision. While it's in

this state where the vision is clear, everything simply becomes wonderful – but it can't last. It can't last mostly because of the constant contact … (gesture around Mother). But even without contact, at night, for example, it can remain in that state for an hour, two hours, and suddenly – one doesn't know what happens – ah! it falls back into the old way, and then … Then you get a pain here, a pain there, a sense of unease … oh, you're disgusted. Then, simply, when you climb back again and all those divisions disappear, then everything is so clear! So clear, so transparent, and so simple! So simple …

Life could be so marvelously simple and beautiful …. Man has really made it idiotic.

I quite understand it was necessary to churn matter, but … the time has come for this to end, for a way out to be found.

The impression is that the visible form is as much (at least as much) the result of how you are seen by others, at least as much as of how you yourself are …. I don't know how to explain that. But there is a way of being which results from the true consciousness and is felt quite concretely, but which is … not exactly in contradiction with, but wholly different from the way you see yourself according to others' vision of yourself …. The eyes are beginning to see in both ways. The old way is partly veiled by the new, and when someone else sees you, you see yourself the way others see you …. It's hard to explain.

That's why something must be found for it to be independent of everybody's influence.

At night, for instance, the body is taller, and it's active, it does things (it's this subtle body that does things, is active and has an existence of which it is wholly conscious), and it's different from this (Mother touches the skin of her hands), but in the subtle physical it's a PHYSICAL body, and it's already something permanent, in the sense that you REMAIN the same, you find things again as you left them (they exist permanently, though they aren't visible with the ordinary vision, but they have a logical and continuous existence). So, there, the form is the true expression – the true expression of the state of consciousness; while here, the form is the result of … (Mother laughs) we could say of all the falsehood spread about in the consciousness.

People who see me at night (those who have this vision in the subtle world) don't see me like this (Mother points to her body): they see me as I am, and they tell me-they say, "Oh, but you are like this, like that …."

But for the one to take the place of the other …?

And this Consciousness can explain wonderfully (not with words: by making you have experiences one side by side with the other). For example, many people say they can't realize the difference between an aspiration, a spiritual effort, and a desire; for them the two are hard to tell apart in the sensation; this Consciousness explains it, and shows you, gives you the one and the other, and the difference – wonderful! Wonderfully exact. Now the body KNOWS, it knows perfectly well the difference – and it's a huge difference-between aspiration or effort, the vibration that makes you become a thing or obtain a thing, and desire. Now the body knows. It knows. It has had such a demonstration in every detail with food …. For a very long time the body has been quite indifferent to food (that's probably the reason), but it has

been given a demonstration with one thing, the relationship with that thing; it has been shown how desire is and how the harmony is that makes the thing beneficent. So as to understand clearly, it has also been shown how total indifference isn't good either – it's not like that, neither desire nor total indifference, neither this nor that, but like this (Mother seems to follow a tiny vibration with her fingertip): in a certain way, with a certain vibration, the thing you take is neutral (that is, it can't harm you, it's neutral); if you take the same thing with a certain vibration, it's beneficent; and then, the body is shown how vibrations of desire are disastrous – all of it in detail. Tiny little things, but so clear, so precise! … It takes place while you're eating, so it's perfectly concrete.

It's a mentor, this Consciousness. It knows, mon petit! It knows loads of things that men don't know!

All that goes on in people, their reactions, their movements … And it's in contact with birds, in contact with flowers – they respond, birds respond very well …. It's really interesting, one could write very interesting things, but there are too many of them!

(silence)

Are the nights better?

Yes, yes, Mother!

Just fall asleep in this Consciousness – just call it, call it … (Mother makes a gesture of wrapping herself in it), it's very comfortable, oh! … It's a kind of golden softness – very comfortable – and the body feels it very clearly.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(We publish here the letter Satprem wrote to the editor of Fayard publishers, as we find it touches – or touched – on a difficulty quite central to the Western mind. Since 1969, things have much changed.)

March 27, 1969

I had felt your reaction. It does not surprise me. It is precisely one of the general difficulties to be conquered. Perhaps the most hardened one (it seems especially localized in France): the intellectual difficulty It is really a veil that blocks one's view and makes one read or understand things on a very narrow range. It almost seems as if people are looking through a slit and catch a thin layer, tiny and bright, and all the rest eludes them: mountaintops are cut off, abysses are filled, and there remains one "pure" line. And if one happens to try and open them to a broader view, the line of sight gets lost in the "mists" or "muggy vapors" you mention. A curious phenomenon …. I do not know if you

trust me, but I will tell you that every sentence of Sri Aurobindo is the expression or translation of a precise experience, and not only is it like a world enclosed in a few words, but it also contains the vibration of the experience, almost the quality of light of the particular world he contacts; and through the words one contacts, or can very well contact, the experience. I tell you, Sri Aurobindo is full of marvels – pure marvels – and I discover new ones every time I read his texts again, I say to myself, "Oh, how well he saw this!" And if there happens to be some haziness, I am sure a discovery remains to be made there. Sri Aurobindo never used one word too much. As soon as he comes to the mentally obvious – what would be for you precisely the starting point of a brilliant development – he cuts off. He smiles and leaves you hanging in midair – oh, he is surprisingly "discreet," as you yourself put it, for a man who wrote thousands of pages!

You have not stepped into Sri Aurobindo. On the other hand, I quite understand if intellectuals so easily step into Zen! But I do not want to compare merits. With Sri Aurobindo, I am content to see and smile …. You have "better understood" my book, you say it has brought you "more than Sri Aurobindo" – but of course! That does not surprise me, I am afraid: I simply entered the regions of the "mentally obvious" he neglected, I climbed down a number of degrees. The "lines of force" you felt are simply the little strings I hung here and there to try and hook people on to the true lines of force that seem to elude them completely, because they see and feel just at the level of the mental slit. But I will tell you again, if you have the least trust in me, that Sri Aurobindo is a tremendous giant and not one word of his is without a full meaning …. Some time ago I wanted to have a music lover (a Westerner nurtured on true music like myself, formed in music) listen to a music of genius composed by an Indian; well, this poor boy could make no sense of it! He could not hear! His musical slit was open at one particular level, and he literally could not hear what was above – a true marvel, immense streams of music flowing straight from the Origin of Music.[40] For him, it had no "structure," it was "shapeless" music – whereas I saw, I could see that marvel, I knew where it was coming from, I could touch that world, and as soon as that high musical tension slackened in the least, I instantly felt that it came down to touch a center on a lower level …. It was the same thing in Egypt. For weeks I lived in an ecstatic state in Upper Egypt; I was with people who were looking at "ruins," seeing beautiful "statues" – while for me those "statues" were living, those places talked to me, those so-called ruins were full of overflowing life ….

So what to do?

Sri Aurobindo often said or hinted that writing, for him, was a sort of concession to the mental world, but that he might very well have done without writing, and that his real Action, in fact, took place in silence. Sri Aurobindo was not a writer, but an evolutionary leaven, a tremendous impelling Force, like the Mother. So we may say that his books, even if poorly understood, or misunderstood, act as vehicles for this Force, and that we should just "take the plunge" and publish them anyhow, until the day that famous mental slit will open, and people will gape open-mouthed. The Work gets done in spite of mental incomprehension, even in spite of mental "comprehension"! Only, it is

a pity that people do not see the beauty of the Play and do not consciously take part in it.

Before one takes a first step into the great Kingdom, I think one must have definitively felt all mental comprehension, all mental illumination, and naturally all mental explanation, to be worthless or inadequate …. For more than ten years I have not read any book, but if I am given one in my hands, I immediately know the level of its vibration, In order to see clearly, one must get out of it, obviously. The same goes for the little individual – renouncing the individual is what you call "saintliness," but it's merely the beginning of Humanity! Does one "renounce" an anthill? – One gets out of it! And it is wide and joyful. We are right in the middle of human infancy.

S.

April 12, 1969

(Mother first reads a few fragments from "Savitri" which are to be set to music.)

In Matter shall be lit the spirit's glow …
A few shall see what none yet understands;
God shall grow up while the wise men talk and sleep;
For man shall not know the coming till its hour

And belief shall be not till the work is done. * * * This transfiguration is earth's due to heaven:
A mutual debt binds man to the Supreme:
His nature we must put on as he put ours;
We are sons of God and must be even as he:
His human portion, we must grow divine.

Our life is a paradox with God for key.* * * But none learns whither through the unknown he sails
Or what secret mission the great Mother gave.
In the hidden strength of her omnipotent Will,
Driven by her breath across life's tossing deep,
Through the thunder's roar and through the windless hush,
Through fog and mist where nothing more is seen,

He carries her scaled orders in his breast.* * * A power is on him from her occult force
That ties him to his own creation's fate,

And never can the mighty traveller rest
And never can the mystic voyage cease,
Till the nescient dusk is lifted from man's soul
And the morns of God have overtaken his night.* * * This constant will she covered with her sport,
To evoke a person in the impersonal Void,
With the Truth-Light strike earth's massive roots of trance,
Wake a dumb self in the inconscient depths
And raise a lost power from its python sleep
That the eyes of the Timeless might look out from Time
And the world manifest the unveiled Divine.
For this he left his white infinity
And laid on the Spirit the burden of the flesh,
That Godhead's seed might flower in mindless Space.

Savitri, I.IV.55-73

* * *

Soon afterwards

> *If you are interested, little K. [aged nine and a half], J.s son,[41] has had a dream .... Would you like me to read it to you? It's about the Pope!*

Really!

> *It's rather odd, because the child isn't aware of anything. He has had a dream which his mother has noted down:*
>
> *"We go and see the Pope. There are lots of people. Mama puts me second in line, and we draw near the Pope. He gives Mama a few hosts in a handkerchief then asks his servant to bring a multicolored alb similar to his, and I see on the Pope's chest Mother's symbol, and at the back a Greek cross (with two equal sides). The servant brings the alb, which the Pope puts on me. Everyone has left. I hear P.L.s voice, but only see a little friend of the Ashram. We go back home, and as we are about to enter, the Pope's two servants arrive. I think, 'Now that I am going to be the Pope in turn, I must be very careful; my entourage and everyone I meet is important. These men may have come to harm me out of jealousy.' Mama opens the door and I see a servant of the Pope already in the room. I go in, caress my dog, and wake up.*

(After a long silence) Are you sure he hasn't heard of anything?

He isn't aware of anything at all, this boy.

It's strange.

Do you know if he has ever seen the Pope?

I don't know. I don't think so.[42]

You don't think so ….

It's interesting.

This little one has a destiny, but it's for years later … What will take place until then, I don't know.

(long silence)

This Consciousness is at present showing this body, making it … not understand, but feel (Mother feels the air) … it's neither feel nor understand, it's becoming conscious of the vibrations that belong (how could I put it?) to destruction, I might say, the vibrations that belong to the process of destruction in the world, and the vibrations that belong to the process of progress without destruction.

Those experiences last for several hours every day, and they make you feel the two sides like that, with a clear distinction, very clear, in what people do, in what they say, in the relationship with events, and also the different states of consciousness (everything takes place in the consciousness, of course, it's not at all -a thought, it's not formulated, I don't know how to explain). And this Consciousness also teaches action in silence – at a distance as well as in the presence. All kinds of things, it's constantly, constantly teaching one thing or another. And not formulated: there are no formulas, it's not thoughts, but states of consciousness. And the relationship between the various states of consciousness: how they dovetail with one another, how they mix with one another, how they can be separated, how … It can't be explained: it can be lived (the body is being taught how to live), but it can't be explained. For everything – everything, all activities.

As soon as you try to formulate it, there comes in that mental element. It's no longer that.

Very, very active. A constant activity of demonstration, of teaching – in action, in life (not mental, not in thought). And as soon as speech, for instance, comes, it takes away the truth of the thing, I don't know … It turns it into literature, as it were.

One can't say anything.

(silence)

Regarding that relationship with the Christian world (we'll know, but …), there is now an impression that they want to use this Knowledge. Instead of rejecting it, they have chosen to use it.

It's better – better that way.

(long silence)

Oh, this morning it was so interesting, so interesting! The difference

between the vibrations that bring about progress without necessitating dissolution, and the vibrations that belong to the old method of dissolution. And constantly, constantly, for each and every thing – constantly. And how they dovetail, how they can be separated … quite interesting.

As soon as it's explained, it's finished, it's no longer that – no longer that, the very essence of the thing is lost.

It's nothing but movements of consciousness.

April 16, 1969

(Mother listens to a few pieces of pop music brought to her by François B., an enthusiastic visitor)

It's very amusing! (Mother laughs)

It's the vital in full revolt against the mind, but it's magnificent! They reject the whole mind. It's interesting, very- interesting!

You get the feeling that if they pushed a little farther on (gesture of piercing above), they would catch something.

> *(François B.:) Mother, a few groups have pushed much farther on. This one [the Rolling Stones] is the most vital of all the groups. But there are others, more open, less rough. They are really ready to recognize you, but they don't know.*

It's clearly a complete rejection of all mental rules, and that's the first step needed to go beyond. There are two or three minutes when suddenly – hop! (gesture of piercing through) you feel it contacts something above.

Is there something else?

> *(F.B.:) A lot more!*

(Laughing) You can give me another piece or two!

("music")

(Mother laughs, greatly amused) It strikes me as a band of children freed from any mental yoke! Very amusing.

It's all right.

> *(F.B.:) I'd like to have you hear something else, another kind. But from the same generation. Something gentler.*

All right … But it's very amusing! There is behind this a mental form that looks like the I-couldn't- care-less of the perpetual Smile! It's strange …. I

mean, that which smiles at the whole life and all its forms, but as if seen and felt by children.

("Music" of a sober kind)

These are more anxious!

(F.B.:) Another piece, if you like?

I think it'll do! (Mother laughs)

(F.B.:) There's a group which sings something rather humorous, and at the end they say, "0 Mother, tell me more, tell me more ... ... It's fantastic! Because the inspiration is so pure, and they really ask, "0 Mother, tell me more ... ...

(Mother laughs)

And these are "Commercial" things, I mean they're there in the public .... Do you think the time has come to contact them?

(Mother has not heard the question)

It's an open door. They must step through the door and go into the future (gesture of piercing above), towards … what has not yet manifested.

(F.B.:) Can we help them?

It opens a lot of doors. All habits, the whole past civilization is as if walled in by mental rules; this music (gesture of breaking through) sends them flying! It strikes me as a band of children crying for something-and the open door.

They must step through it, they must go farther – there are now possibilities that weren't there before, and this [the pop music people] is precisely all that wants to open up so as to receive those possibilities. So a few in the front must be the first to go through and receive what's on the other side.

There.

It's good.

(Satprem:) He would like to put them in touch with the Ashram ...?

All aren't ready.

(F.B.:) I don't want to tell them to come here ...

No.

... but I want to tell them that something is taking place here which is in relation with what they don't have.

Yes. (Laughing) They've broken the walls to go through to the other side! It's true.

(F.B.:) But, Mother, it's the problem of this whole generation ....

Yes.

(F.B.:) And I think we can perhaps give them the information we have. At least show them, give them things to read ...

Reading is still too mental!

But we could also, if you think it can be done, form a little group, or maybe just one individual, or two or three, to go and see them.

That's right.

And speak their language, but to show them there is something else.

Yes, that's right.

Mother, I am – I was – deep in this "Pop" world, and to come here, all I had to do was ... to decide to come. And all I've been able to see or learn since I came here is great joys and confirmations of the aspiration I had before. But there are many like me, who go round in circles and rebel ...

Yes.

And if they are told, "There's this," they're ready to change their action completely ....

Good.

And to become very pure and devoted.

It's good. So you must take up that mission.

(Mother lays her hand on FB.s head)

It's good.

I'll do all I can.

(To Satprem:) Oh, you know, I asked this Consciousness what was needed to receive it without distorting it, and it answered me (Mother reads out a note):

"One must be able to stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness without casting a shadow."

(Satprem:) Without casting a shadow, yes.

That's what it replied.

(F.B.:) That is, forgetting oneself completely?

(Satprem:) Being totally transparent.

But that's all the way up! (Mother laughs)
(To Satprem:) He's leaving for Bombay to do some good work.

(F.B.:) I hope so.

It's very interesting (Mother points to her note): there was the experience of the Consciousness, the light of the Consciousness ….

Very well, here (Mother gives François B. a "blessings packet"), it's to keep in your pocket, always. It's a good means of communication, in the sense that if you hold this and concentrate, I KNOW and I answer. There.

(All this time, F.B.'s wife and their forty-day-old baby were quietly sitting in a corner. Mother looks at the baby.)

Oh, we shouldn't wake this up! … Adorable! Look at this, if it isn't lovely …

(the baby moves its fingers, the three leave)

(To Satprem:) Do you want "patience"?

Yes, Mother!

(Mother holds out a garland of flowers, then continues)

They reject the ordinary control, absolutely, and some are fully in the pleasure of upsetting everything, but now and then you feel something … (gesture of piercing through): "Oh, I'd like … I'd like something else." And that will be ready to receive the new consciousness.

This boy is nice, he has stuff.

It seems he met Y and was captivated by her "ideas" (!) R. was alarmed. So I told him, "It doesn't matter!" That's why I've encouraged him to go to Bombay, so he would free himself from that [i.e., from YJ. He was constantly talking about Equals One, Equals One …[43] Mentally, they're defenseless.

Yes, there are many like that, who are "Captivated" ... by nothing.

Yes.

But it's an open door, really.

This (pointing to her note), mon petit, it was magnificent; it means this Consciousness is working and working … working and teaching – night and day it's teaching the body From that point of view, it's marvelous. And it goes about like that (gesture everywhere). So naturally, some people imagine that all their fancies are the result of this Consciousness ….

One day, I received someone here (it was R., in fact), and the body asked this Consciousness, like that, it asked, "How, how to make sure there is no mixture of all the lower movements with this light?" Then (I was sitting here), there came down a sort of column wide like this (gesture of about five feet), here (gesture in front of Mother), like a column of light. But it came down IN THE ROOM, mon petit! It wasn't "elsewhere" – it was here. To such a point

that I saw it with my own eyes. A light … indefinable, dazzling, but … I don't know, so tranquil! I can't say, I don't know how to explain … so steady, so tranquil. Dazzling. And without any vibrations. And its color … indefinable, in the sense that it was neither white nor golden nor … It was … as if EVERYTHING were there. It can't be described. Wonderful.

Then this Consciousness took my consciousness and went like this (gesture in a circle starting from Mother on her left, going through the column of light, then returning to Mother on her right) …. I felt it [the column of light, when Mother's consciousness went through it]. I felt it, but I didn't see anything [i.e., no shadow]. I didn't see anything, I only saw a slight movement, but … It was like a slight movement, but it was the same light.[44] Then it went through the column, and came back [into Mother]. And then it took RA consciousness (same gesture in a circle starting from R., taking her consciousness through the column, and coming back to R.), it went through, and there was an outline [while crossing through the column of light], an outline, and in the place of the head, it was blue, it had become blue [i.e., a shadow in the light]. That was R.'s effect: an outline. Then it said something to me (wordlessly, but it was instantly translated into words, in English):

> "When you stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness you must not make a shadow."

And with that experience, it was so real and intense! … It said, "That's the condition – the condition." Then, half an hour later, it said it to me in French; it was translated into French.

I gave the text to the person. It can't be published as it is, because it requires a whole explanation (and I think it's better not to publish it, I don't know). It requires a whole explanation. Or else, we could put:

> "To be able to receive the new consciousness without deforming it …

Then the text:

> " … One must be able to stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness without casting a shadow."

Words … if one hasn't had the experience, words are … They don't have what the experience gave – that power. It was so intense, you know! Since then, the body has been constantly "thinking"

Of that: "Don't cast a shadow, don't cast a shadow …." And the transformation of the body's consciousness is taking place at a tremendous speed.

But my eyes were open, I wasn't in trance, I was talking with R. I saw it like that: it took my consciousness … (same gesture in a circle).

Did it envelop you or ...?

No: it [the column of light] was in front of me, like that, between me and R. In front of me, like a layer. Between me and the window. And then, my

consciousness was as if seized and taken through it (same gesture). I looked and didn't see anything [i.e. any shadow or trace], but I felt. I felt: there was a slight quiver [while going through]. Then, to give a demonstration, it took R.'s consciousness inside the column, and there was an outline of the head: the outline was seen, just an outline; overall it had become somewhat gray, but not dark at all. And at the place of the head, it was more blue; it was blue, opaque: the head, the shape of a head, like that – an outline. So I wholly understood what it meant: "When you stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness, you must not make a shadow."

It was an experience given TO THE BODY – L tell you, my eyes were open. I felt the consciousness … (same gesture in a circle). It can't be described, can't be expressed.

Since then, the body has been full of an intensity of vibration, of aspiration, of … And a tremendous will to get rid of all possible falsehood, all of it.

(silence)

It remained for a long time. It remained for at least a quarter of an hour – a long time. And I felt like doing this (Mother rubs her eyes as if in disbelief). It's the first time the physical body has had an experience of that sort, with the eyes wide open. I saw it come down, come down like that, settle down and stay there. And all the cells seemed to be thirsting and thirsting for that – it was wonderful! Inexpressible.

No shadow, that is, no ego.

Yes, it's precisely that. It means no ego.

(silence)

And I understood. I understood to what extent it was a grace – truly a wonderful grace – to have taken away my mind and vital. Naturally, it could be done only because the psychic was in full possession of the body, otherwise … (Mother laughs, showing that otherwise she would have disconnected from her body). Which means the process isn't to be recommended: it was quite radical. But it was wonderful. And I found something in Savitri … something in the fifth Canto (I translated it yesterday and kept it to show you) …. Here:

(Mother takes a roll of sheets and reads:)

This knowledge first he had of time-born men,
Admitted through a curtain of bright mind
That hangs between our thought and absolute sight,
He found the occult cave, the mystic door
Near to the well of vision in the soul,
And entered where the Wings of Glory brood
In the sunlit space where all is for ever known.

(Savitri, I.V.74)

(then Satprem reads out Mother's translation)

Not too great, the translation!

Oh, but it is, Mother.

That's the best I found, but it's not too great.

(silence,
Mother looks at another sheet)

And at one place he says:

He shore the cord of mind that ties the earth-heart
And cast away the yoke of Matter's law.
The body's rules bound not the spirit's powers ….

(I.V.74)

You see, he says the heartbeats stop ….

(Mother looks for the passage, which Satprem reads out:)

When life had stopped its beats, death broke not in ….

That's it! And he says that the mind also stops.

(Satprem reads)

He dared to live when breath and thought were still.

That's it.

Thus could he step into that magic place
Which few can even glimpse with hurried glance ….

When I read it, I didn't know he had spoken of that experience of the abolition of the mind – he did speak of it, and he says the heartbeats have stopped, but that one isn't dead. That's it.

I don't know, when I read it, I suddenly felt he was describing the transition from ordinary life to a supramental life.

I don't know why, but I very strongly said to myself that I absolutely had to show you this.

(Satprem reads out the translation)

I don't know if the translation is very great, but it's the best I could do. (I am slowly translating the whole of Savitri – it'll take ten years!) You remember, we had translated a good deal of it, but it was the end of Savitri; this

is the beginning.

But the abolition of the mind, isn't it the same as the complete tranquillity of the mind?

No.

It's not the same thing.

No.

What can be done to abolish the mind?

No, I don't think it should be done. I think what's necessary is this absolute tranquillity so That may go through without being distorted. The abolition [in Mother] was done because the body wanted to attempt the process of transformation of the cells, and it was already quite old, you see, so things had to go fast. It was for the movement to be swift. But of course, I can see it's risky …

This experience [of the column of light] came so spontaneously, effortlessly, without concentration or anything; and to the very body it was visible like this (gesture, eyes wide open). I couldn't see the window anymore, that table there I couldn't see anymore; I couldn't see: it was here, like this, here (gesture between Mother and the window). As if it were PHYSICALLY here, you understand.

The body is learning very, very small details, very small things, all the time, all the time, night and day.

But just a year ago, I wouldn't have been able to listen to that music. Now … (Mother smiles, amused) … It's strange.

And I didn't just hear: I saw the people, the things, the future, where it was headed – all, all of it together, just like this (gesture of looking): I was only slightly attentive.

But it's strangely fragile at the same time, that's the curious thing. There's a sense of having gone out of all ordinary laws, and … it's hanging in suspense, like that. Something which is seeking to be established.

And extremely sensitive to what comes (the two things at the same time), extremely sensitive to what comes from others, and at the same time, with a sort of extraordinary power to enter into them and work there. As if a whole kind of limits were … (Mother slips the fingers of one hand through the fingers of the other) done away with.

It's strange.

Oh! (Mother looks at the clock) It's very late and we haven't done anything …. Did you have something? No. How are you?

Fine.

Your nights?

All right. I'm going to resume work.

Not too much.

Not too much, you should take the opportunity to … Can you feel this Consciousness? No?

When I concentrate ... I don't know, I find there's something solid.

Yes.

It's changing things. Strangely, they seem to be just the same, and they become very different.

In Canada, lots of people have made contact with this Consciousness. I receive surprising letters.

(Satprem gets up to leave)

I'm not giving you anything to eat-that's disgusting!

No, no! I have all I need.

You really don't need …?

No, no, I need nothing except ...

Ah, I wasn't looking at it from that angle! (Mother laughs)

The body still needs to eat, though here too, it seems … There are all kinds of things ….

Well, everything still seems to be called into question.

April 19, 1969

(Regarding the departure of Amrita, who looked after the Ashram's finances.)

(Laughing) Here are soups!

We're in a dreadful confusion, dreadful!

For years there was a whole side of things, the side of money and all the arrangements, which I wasn't told about, and it was quite fine, I didn't look after it, didn't bother myself with it. Now, they suddenly tell me things (half tell me, and without telling me what used to be done before), and I realize … Everything is in a dreadful confusion, dreadful! Because … I can't understand what they do because I don't know the reason, I don't know how things are arranged.

Now a weight has been lifted, but … They quarrel … oh!

I had things to tell you … but I don't remember – I don't remember at all! On Wednesday, after you left, I realized I had things to tell you, but now I

don't remember – so many things have taken place that I don't remember.

You see, previously, Amrita used to centralize many things. He had organized them, and I didn't concern myself with them; he would only tell me where I needed to intervene, and all the rest was arranged. But now, for the least thing they come to me, and as they don't know what he used to do and how, everything needs to be done. It has caused a lot of difficulty.

Now, I know I have something to tell you, but I don't know what!

(silence)

Everything is in a sort of hubbub. The whole country.

You know there's now a Communist government in Bengal …. It would be better not to record this (Mother touches the microphone).

I can erase it.

So then, there were scenes (I forget the details), rather unpleasant scenes, then a sort of riot, and the army had to open fire. Four people were killed.[45] So the Communist government wants to arrest the four soldiers who opened fire, saying … well, that they did quite wrong. They said that to the head of the army there, who said, "If they come to arrest my men, I will arrest them! I'll arrest the police and put them in jail! …" I found it charming. But I had just seen N.S.[46] – you know N.S., don't you-who had been sent by Indira to ask me questions about what should be done.[47] She had just left when I was told about this other affair. I thought, "How to have her told? …" (because Indira won't know what to do-whether to support the army or the police). Then I said, "If she supports the police, the Chinese are here in two weeks; she must absolutely support the army" So we had to catch up to N.S. (she had just left for Delhi), we had to catch up to her to tell her, "Mother said you should …"

And L. left behind to catch up with the plane.

That's how it is. The previous days I had seen all kinds of catastrophic things. (I didn't know what the situation was.) When I was told, I instantly knew: I saw the Chinese HERE. Yes. It stirred me a lot, a lot. And with HORRIBLE things, horrible.

So I had to send someone immediately to tell her, "For heaven's sake, support the army." It's India's only hope. The army is good, but it's not supported. But that shouldn't be told, because I am not supposed to concern myself with politics, so …

But it seems that in three States the Communists WANT the Chinese to come. That's dreadful. The Chinese, mon petit, you can't imagine what it is …. Horrible! They're horrible. With a cold, terrible cruelty.

So it's been very, very difficult these last few days.

It's almost a miracle: Indira all of a sudden realized (N.S. told me so) that she doesn't have the required knowledge or the required power to face circumstances, so she told N.S. to come and see me and ask me to help her. Then I understood why I had seen all those circumstances – for several days it was all about India, and I saw it was serious, very serious.

(silence)

There was one man here who could have done something: it was the former chief of the army, K.'s cousin[48] – but they sent him to Canada! … It had the result that now the whole of Canada is interested in India! There's quite a widespread and interesting movement there. But they don't want him here. And he was a good military chief …. It's a pity he's gone away. Also, he was in contact with us, and just now …

So that's why: there's constantly the pressure of very serious things.

(silence)

What news do You have? Nothing?

But this increasingly growing Chinese monster, one doesn't see what will be able to stop it.

Yes, that's right.

One doesn't see, except, of course, a nuclear cataclysm. Otherwise, everywhere it only wants to devour.

Yes.

What will stop it? ... Is it receptive to the subtle forces?

(After a silence) There's a man … First, there's our good S.H.[49] here, but there's another man at Shantiniketan; I saw him, I know him, and he always said it was Sri Aurobindo's thought that could save China. But he came here because he wasn't a Communist and they filched all his goods – he gave them; when he was informed, he wrote [to the Chinese government] and told them, "I give them to you; you took them, but I give them to you." That was very good, very clever. So naturally, he is respected. But I don't think he can do much. But his own opinion is that it's only Sri Aurobindo's thought that can save China. China is extremely intellectual; if the Chinese intelligence were captured by Sri Aurobindo's thought, it would be … That seems to be the sole, the only hope.

But Formosa [Taiwan], which is nothing, is wholly with us.

Yes, but that's not much.

It's nothing.

The Soviets were a very great danger, but now they seem … they seem to begin to understand. They're divided among themselves.

But here, it's really a growing monster.

Oh, it's formidable.

(silence)

America is extremely interested in Auroville. Russia is extremely interested in Auroville. The Chinese … nothing, absolutely nothing, no response.

They are … I don't know how to … The impression is of something

stonelike. It doesn't respond.

(long silence)

For … for years, even from the time Sri Aurobindo was here, there had been the vision – an inner vision – that India is the place where the fate of the earth will be decided. So the two opposite possibilities are there. As if it were said that if there were war, it would be over India; that the world conflict … (how can I put it?), the ISSUE would be played out over India. But will the Force of Peace be sufficient to prevent war? There's the whole question. But the whirl of forces is here, over India.

And since this Consciousness came, things have been accelerating.

It has given a great rapidity of movement to circumstances. But then, it's becoming urgent. And … oh, falsehood, duplicity … oh, everything seems to be rising to the surface – it's hideous. Will the … the Force of Harmony and Peace be strong enough to … to digest all that? I don't know.

I thought (there were all kinds of things going on, like pictures of possibilities), I thought it was in the body's makeup, that it was coming out in order to be purified. Now I realize it may have been partly that, but that all those pictures correspond to things taking place at present [in the world]. And if they are true … the things to come are rather catastrophic.

There is always this inner will to … (gesture of pressure to establish peace). As if it were, I can't say a last conflict, but it's becoming … it's becoming immediate.

It's like a conflict between the forces that want to destroy the earth and the terrestrial transformation. if those forces can be checked, can be mastered or rendered powerless, then the earth's progress and transformation will go on soaring up – magnificent! But now … monsters seem to be coming up from every side to prevent that.

(silence)

It's exactly as if we were sitting on top of a volcano: either the volcano must fall extinct, or everything is going to blow up. That's how it is.

Eleven o'clock, oh!

Wouldn't you enjoy to go boating? I told Z to take you along ….

Just like that … a little boating. And I also thought that you wouldn't be pestered by people! They won't find you anymore!

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Account of N.S.'s visit on April 17, 1969. Mother's words were noted down in English from memory, and are therefore approximate.)

1. When N.S. spoke of what Indira said about the troubles she is having

and the difficulties she is facing and that she wanted the Mother's help, strength and guidance, the Mother said She knew very well about all this, and that she was constantly giving Her help and blessings to Indira.

2. Regarding the danger of Communism, the Mother said that Communism is a truth that has been distorted and that when the truth comes out, the distortion will fall off. The truth is that all one's efforts and all one's work should be turned not to the State, but to the Divine.

3. There is only one country in the world that knows that there is only one Truth to which everything should be turned, and that is India. Other countries have forgotten this, but in India it is ingrained in the people, and one day it will come out.

4. We must all recognize this and work for this. India is the cradle of the Truth and will lead the world to Truth. India will find its real place in the world when it realizes this.

5. The Mother asked N.S. to say to Indira that she should decide to become an obedient, faithful and devoted servant of the Truth and the Truth alone, and then nothing could obstruct her. All outward difficulties and even persons trying to upset her position will not be able to affect her, and if they seem to succeed, if she is firm in her faith and in her devotion to serve the Truth, nothing can prevail against her.

6. To be a true servitor of the Truth one must forget all one's personal desires and preferences and have only the thought to serve the Truth.

7. The Mother then said to N.S. personally and hoped that the men present would not be offended, that it is only women who know how to use this Power that comes from serving the Truth.

8. The Mother also said to convey to Indira that she must know that the laws of man cannot stand before the laws of the Divine and ultimately it is the laws of the Divine that will prevail.

9. The Mother said that the new Consciousness that has descended on the 1st of January is very active, and that we have come to a very critical time in the history of the world, and it is most interesting to watch how things are happening. This new Consciousness is preparing for the Superman and so there are big changes happening all around. When the first man developed, the animal had no mind and could not appreciate the evolution. Man has mind and can appreciate the evolution. That is why this is the most interesting time in history. If one can stand in that consciousness and watch the happenings from above, one can see how small and futile they are and one can then act upon them with a great Power.

10. The Mother said to N.S. that She wants Indira to continue in her present position because the Mother is able to work through her as she is sincerely trying to serve the country.

11. The Mother said: "I know the conditions of the country. Even if one person could put himself faithfully at the disposal of the Truth, he could change the country and the world."

12. The Mother said that Auroville is the only hope for preventing a new world war. Tensions are growing and the situation is becoming very critical. But only the Idea of Auroville, if it can become more widespread, can prevent

world war.

13. The children who are born at this time are fortunate.

April 23, 1969

(Mother received Satprem at 11 instead of 10.)

It's frightful, mon petit! … Oh, there were lots of amusing things to tell you, but it's no fun, we're too hurried ….

Oh, you know, Mother, I wanted to tell you one thing: the whole gossip in the Ashram is that you sent L. to Delhi with a message regarding the events in Bengal and telling the government that it should be strong – the whole Ashram knows it!

(Mother laughs) … They were VERY WELL received in Delhi. A. [a secretary to the government] came back and told me that Indira was in conversation for twenty or twenty-five minutes, and that she seemed quite happy. It was a complete success.

But you know, you can't stop them from talking! They can't help it: they're terrible, they'll talk rubbish on any subject under the sun. They even said, it seems, about that poor man, the chief minister[50] of Madras who died of cancer, that I had said he was a very bad man, and that's why he died! That sort of thing, you understand.

Now I've grown used to it. All the rubbish in the world they will tell-it's the whole system that should be dissolved!

(silence)

What about you? How are you?

[Satprem complains about his eyes] ... Otherwise I am fine, Mother.

But don't work too much! (Laughing) I preach laziness!

I had lots of things to tell you, and strangely, my watch stopped; I had no idea of the time, so I asked, "What time is it?" They told me, "It's quarter to eleven." It gave me such a shock (laughing) that everything I wanted to tell you went away! vrpp, like that!

(silence)

But it's interesting, the work has entered an interesting phase. (After a silence) Yes, I wrote something (Mother looks for a piece of paper) …. The

trouble is that once I've noted it, it's gone. And it was … (Mother tries to remember).

Yes, it was someone who wrote to me … I don't remember, it was about "consecration." But I remember that when I answered, I looked, and I saw … (what should I call it?) the curve, but it's not exactly a curve …. You understand, consecration, self-giving, surrender (not "submission"), all that still implies a separate self giving itself. And I saw – in fact, I saw in the body's experience – that the body is on the verge of … it's just in an intermediary state, because all the parts haven't exactly reached the same stage (I don't know why, but that's how it is). So I might say (but this is a simplification), I could say that overall, the body's self-giving is total, the consecration almost total in the sense that there's everywhere an active collaboration, but with an intense aspiration, and at times a moment when it goes like this (gesture expressing a swelling in the cells). I don't know what happens, it's something going on in the cells, and then … there's no self-giving anymore or anything … neither a "consecration" nor "listening to the command": it's a state, a state of intense vibration, with at the same time a sense of all-powerfulness, even in here (Mother pinches the skin of her hands), in this old thing, and … a luminous all-powerfulness, always with this … something in the line of goodness, of benevolence, but much above that (those things look like ridiculous distortions). It goes like this (same gesture of swelling), and static, that is, with the sense of eternity in the cells.

It doesn't last-it lasts for a few minutes at the most; yes, a few minutes, but it comes back. It comes back. it's something COMPLETELY new for the body.

All the time-constantly, all the time-there is the warmth, the sweetness and happiness of a complete self-giving, with an aspiration: "To BE, to be You, not to exist anymore." But there's still a sense of … it's the joy of giving oneself. It's like that, constant. And when the consciousness isn't active, that is, when I don't speak or don't listen or … automatically the body repeats the mantra like that, constantly like that; that's the constant state, day and night, continually. But now and then – now and then-there's a sort of fusion (I don't know what happens), and even that whole joyful aspiration, that whole fervor is transformed into a state … which is, or seems, perfectly still, because … I don't know what it is: it's not stillness, not eternity … I don't know, it's something, a "something" that is … Power, Light, and really a Love which doesn't "give" itself and does not "receive"; a Love which … something (I use this word for lack of others), something like that, but it's That, it's a vibration which is That, a vibration of Power, Light and Love (those are the three words I must use to translate), which is IN this, in the body, everywhere. Everywhere. To such a point that when you leave that state, you wonder (laughing) if you still have the same shape! That's how it is, you understand.

It's new – it began two days ago.

It's not constant. It comes when I am left in peace ([laughing] which doesn't happen often!), when I can melt into the joy of belonging to the Divine (something like that). There isn't even the idea of "being the Divine," it's not that! That seems so silly! The first time I read that, to me it was the height of

egoism: You are the Divine! (Laughing) It's not the Divine who contains you, it's you who contain the Divine, don't forget! … But there is the joy of wholly belonging to the Divine, and suddenly (gesture of breaking away) something takes place … (Mother shows the absence of any more separation, of a "giving" and of a "someone" to give oneself to).

Strangely, as soon as there's the slightest slackening in the attitude, for instance, a second of forgetfulness (what I might call "forgetfulness," that is, the former old habit, the old terrestrial habit of being), the body instantly feels about to be dissolved. And that, strangely, is something … The body is now aware that it can hold together, exist together ONLY through the Lord's Power, not through any natural law – that it knows-and so, at such times, brr! there can come two or three seconds like that: you feel everything, but everything is about to be dissolved.

Strange.

With people, unless (this is rare), unless they are quite unbearable (but that's very rare), with people, this [body] no longer exists: what's there is the Divine Consciousness at work, observing, working, answering, and (laughing) sometimes full of mischief! A mischief so full of goodness, but quite mischievous. And an extraordinary sense of humor.

Well, there you are. So it's all right. In a way, it's all right. I feel it's still … Let's see, let me try to mentalize a bit: the impression is as if the supreme Consciousness had undertaken the work of transformation of the body and were doing it thoroughly, but also without hesitation, without compromise or anything of the sort, and … the question is whether the body will hold out. That's how it is. The body knows it-it knows and doesn't have a shadow of fear, I must say – it's all the same to it: "What You want will be fine." At times it feels a little suffering for one thing or another, a little friction (a pain here or there … some pains aren't too pleasant), and at such times it always says (Mother opens her hands): "As You will, Lord." And within a few minutes at the most, the thing calms down. But it has stopped wondering whether or not it will last, whether or not it will succeed – all that is over, gone: "It's as You will, as You will." It uses those words because we can use only one language, which is quite incapable of expressing things; we don't know anything else, so we use that language. When it says, "As You will," there's this movement of … (gesture of dilation and expansion) what should I call it? … It's like an easing in all the cells – they ease up. They ease up in the supreme Light, in the supreme Consciousness, like that. Then you feel the form is about to disappear, but … (Mother looks at the skin of her hands) it must be the consciousness contained in the cells [that spreads about]; I don't think it's the substance, because (Mother looks at the skin of her hands) so far it has remained as it is! But that [easing] stays there for a rather long time.

But there are no words to express that, because I think … (I don't know whether some people felt it, but if they did, they didn't know what it was because they didn't express it), I think it's new. It's new for the body. It's new. A sort of … as if one were tense, and the tension were easing, easing up … (same gesture of expansion and diffusion). Yes, it's quite like that, as when one is tense, like someone full of tension, and it eases up. Now it's like that for

all the cells. There, enough chatter for now!

(Satprem gets up)

I'll give you the perpetual Smile of the divine Consciousness.

(Mother gives a Champak flower[51])

And roses … here. (To Sujata:) For you too.

April 26, 1969

(Mother first shows a note she has written about religions:)

The attitude to be taken towards religions:

A benevolent goodwill towards all worshippers.
An enlightened indifference towards all religions.

All religions are partial approaches to the one
simple Truth that is far above them.

Then replies to questions from the New Age Association:

In what sense is our Yoga an adventure?

We may say it is an adventure because it is the first time that the yoga aims at the transformation and divinization of physical life, instead of aiming at escaping from it.

Why is faith supremely important in the yoga?

Because we are aiming at something completely new which has never been accomplished before.

What is the power of faith?

When you have faith, you put yourself under the domination of the Divine, who is all-powerful.

* * *

Soon afterwards

You know that L. went to Delhi to see Indira. He brought her a message about the situation up there [in Bengal]. Then, at the end of the conversation, he told her about the new Consciousness, saying she should open to this Consciousness and that it's all-powerful (he repeated it all to me), all-powerful. He even told her, "Even if there is a fire, you can walk through the fire without danger if this Consciousness protects you," something like that. Just when he narrated it to me, they were holding there [in North India] a meeting of the Congress[52] in a big pandal [dais], and the pandal caught fire and burned down! Indira was there, and she walked out unharmed – just when he was telling me about it! It's amusing (Mother laughs).

She is beginning to really have faith.

(silence)

So that question, "Why faith?", it's like asking, "Why does faith have power?"

Basically, it's stupid, isn't it?

(long silence)

There have been queer things … and I thought it may again have been the result of what they're doing there. I was looking, like that (in fact, trying to put the Light and Peace everywhere), when this new Consciousness said something to me (Mother looks for a note) …. It didn't "say," it showed me. It showed me the vibrations of those who want to cause harm (you know how it is there), vibrations, formations, and it showed me that when it is around someone, around a person, those vibrations come and are violently thrown back on the person who sent them. And it also showed me how, when they go back, they take just the form that can affect the person!

It was seen, like that. Afterwards, it made me write (Mother points to her note). I first wrote it without the first line:

"To people of ill-will"

I first wrote without putting any title, then it insisted, it said, "No, you must put it, it's very important."

> "The harm you have caused willfully always comes back to you in one form or another. (said by the S.M. consciousness)"

And, you understand, it's something practical: it was DONE like that; he [Sri Aurobindo] showed me it was like that: "You do like this." So if what he showed me is really now established in the world, it must have extraordinary consequences.

On the mental heights, Buddhism had already said something like that: your thought, your will goes around the world and comes back to you. "Do not think you can do something with impunity," it says, "because it goes around the world and comes back to you." But here, it was … He showed me bad vibrations with their will to harm, he showed how they came, like that, and how, with this Consciousness there around someone, the vibrations hit and went back, they bounced back as if against a wall – they hit and went back. And on their way, they modified themselves so as to take the very form needed to strike the person [who sent them].

That's what I SAW.

Then it made me write that afterwards, as if I were speaking to those people.

Are you referring to the Vatican people, or to the Chinese?

All of them! That's just it, it was … The planes are different. With the Vatican, it's much more mental. With the Chinese, it's very material.

The harm you have caused WILLFULLY.

What I saw seems to be much more effective (that is, with an immediate effect) in the mind than in the physical. in the mind, it appears to be immediate. So it might rather be against magic practices. But it was general: for instance, I don't know if an invading army … Unless this Consciousness gives the other army the power to repel it? I can't say.

I haven't shown this note, haven't spoken to anyone about it.

I get a sense of many ill – wills at the moment – many forces of ill-will.

Yes, oh yes!

But this message of Sri Aurobindo about the Grace has almost been a revelation to me.[53] I thought, "What! There are people who refuse the Grace …." And since then, several people have told me so. It was something almost unthinkable for me.

But the impression is that things are moving fast and a very radical change is taking place – in people too.

This (Mother points to her note) came when I was looking at those actions there [at the Vatican], first; and then here in India, there's a gentleman … a nasty gentleman (I saw his photo), a wicked man who wants to get into the Parliament (he isn't in it) so as to demolish Indira.[54] He's taken that into his head. So she was afraid. She's been told not to be afraid, what she should do, and so on. He hasn't been elected yet (I think the election is to take place next month). But I was looking at that, and it's in response to my concentration that

it came; it came like that: first the vision, then the explanations.

There would seem to be a rage among the adverse forces; they feel that something radical is now going on and want to prevent it at any cost – which is idiotic, by the way, completely stupid …. But we might say it's fine, because they actually give an opportunity … they put themselves in the conditions needed to receive the answer: the backlash.

You know, I saw something last night.

Oh!

I saw an immense sea in a fantastic state of violence, a raging sea with formidable hollows and whirlpools (and a steely light), and beside that, a huge wave, like a mountain, behind which I was, which came and smashed against that sort of raging sea, throwing it all back. Something seemed to fall over-that collision nevertheless sent small bits flying over that mountain and falling back on my head. But I saw that huge mass (I don't know what it was) of force and power, and that raging sea which came and collided against that mountain .... It looked like quite gigantic powers.

But that's the image of what I saw. It has aroused the resistance. But the Consciousness was quite smiling – with an absolute certitude. It was showing me, it was there around someone (an imaginary person), it was around like that, and really with a smile: it came (gesture showing the onslaught of the bad vibrations), and as soon as it touched That, it was thrown back – but thrown back with extraordinary power!

Yes, that's also what I saw. It was thrown back with tremendous power. Yet it was like a wildly violent ocean, and beside that ocean, there was a mountain of "Water" still more powerful than all that violent ocean. It was awesome.

That's it.

And the ocean actually came and collided against that mountain, and was thrown back.

It's exactly like that.

But I got something on the head!

Did it hurt your head?

No, but over that mountain, something came and fell on my head. I saw it. It didn't hurt, I just noticed it.

In this Consciousness there's really an extraordinary power. And it encourages to act – it encourages. Previously, when I was told that someone was ill or there had been an accident, something of the sort, I would merely do this (gesture of offering, both hands open Upward): I would present it to the

supreme Lord, and that was all, I would remain like that (immobile, passive gesture). Now this Force encourages me to take … (laughing) to take the supreme Lord and put him like this (swordlike gesture) on the event. You understand, instead of being like that (gesture of passive offering), it's like this (swordlike gesture). It responds. Strange.

(silence)

But are you better?

Yes, yes, I'm better!

It doesn't give you a headache?!

No! But I feel something relentless.

Ah, yes. Oh, yes, ooh! …

But that's why this Consciousness told me that, it's to … to be, to REMAIN in the Consciousness, tranquil, peaceful, like that (gesture of being enfolded).

But if the forces weren't relentless, things could go on for a long, long time, you understand; this way, the conflict becomes swifter. And that's what this consciousness … That trust is what it wanted to give. We mustn't go out of this Consciousness, you understand. It has power. And a fantastic power.

Basically, this message of Sri Aurobindo is almost this: Do not go out of this Consciousness, do not refuse this Consciousness. It is sent by the Grace, do not refuse it.

(silence)

(Mother gives soup packets to Satprem) Yesterday I received lots of soups, and I thought, "Well, it has come just for him!" (Mother laughs) That's how it is! And for VERY SMALL things, mon petit, everywhere, like that – fantastic, unbelievable. Unbelievable. It would take a long time to tell everything.

But we should keep well – and have faith! (Mother laughs)

April 30, 1969

This Consciousness is truly extraordinary, and with such a sense of humor, you know! … It's educating this body, beginning with sweeping away all moral notions. The body is spontaneously in a sort of adoration, and all of a sudden this Consciousness showed it a big, huge serpent, with two formidable fangs, which was like this (gesture erect in front of Mother). And at the same time it gave the explanation: "The poisoned fangs … It's the Supreme Goodness that invented them, of course …." You know, it was so … It's

irresistible. And this poor body remained like that, a little flabbergasted …. It realized it had never thought of that! It had taken things as they are, the world as it is, it had never thought about that: "How can this exist? How can it? …" (Laughing) It needed a good fifteen minutes to find its poise again.

It's constantly like that. It's a relentless struggle against ALL possible conventions. At the same time, this consciousness seems to inculcate the sense of an irresistible power. Which isn't a personal power, not at all, it has nothing to do with the person; only one must be in accord with the Consciousness that rules the world, and this Consciousness has irresistible power. But it sweeps away all notions – ALL notions – and makes you see the stupidity of the notions you hold together [within the same consciousness], naturally in contradiction with one another. All that. And then, as soon as you are tranquil (after an experience like that serpent: it lasts for one minute, or two, or ten minutes, five minutes-it depends on the case), but once you remain like that, peaceful, there comes a sort of sense of limitless immensity, of … in English they say ease, that is, something extremely peaceful, and at the same time vibrant, in which you feel that everything, but everything, is harmonious, like that-everything. And it's like that in a great intensity of light which tends to be golden (it's not golden, I don't know what that color is, but it tends to be like that), a light like that. Then, if you remain there, everything is fine – EVERYTHING is fine: the body is fine, everything is fine. And as soon as you go out of that state and get into other movements, you see that all, but all is … a world of contradictions, everything is a contradiction: chaos and contradiction. But there, everything is perfectly harmonious.

This poor body, it takes its lessons like that.

So it no longer tries to understand anything. it has understood that it cannot understand; it says, "Very well, let That use me as it likes."

That serpent, you know … Why this vision suddenly? I don't know …. I was in a state in which I was trying to establish a general harmony – probably it was too limited or incomplete or … And then that serpent came.[55] You understand, the universe is the Lord manifested, and so for this body, anyhow, it's perfection, but of course it's unable to understand; and all of a sudden this serpent came, and came in such a way that the body said to itself, "Well! I'd never thought of that" (which isn't true, of course). There are all the theories that explain evil as the action of adverse forces in the universe, but that seems quite childish. And as always it showed something VERY subtle in the play of forces (and how, to try and make it [evil] understood, the notion was born of a "succession in time," which is absurd – in other words, successive creations). And there was something very subtle to show that those poisoned fangs are a defense, not an attack; this consciousness gave proof that the poisoned fangs are a defense, because they existed AFTER the attack – but how to explain that I don't know.

(Mother seems to gaze at a world of simultaneous things, and gropes for words)

At any rate, it was one more decisive turning point in this body's development. It once again felt that all it knew, all it thought it knew, all that

was … rubbish, as they say in English, and that unless you are in this absolutely luminous and tranquil and allcontaining Consciousness … [you cannot understand]. "Containing" still gives the impression of a limit; it's not "all-containing," it's vaster than anything existing. This Consciousness is vaster than the manifested world; there's almost a sort of sensation that there's a vaster Consciousness: the manifested world takes up a certain "place" in this Consciousness (how can I explain?), it's not the WHOLE Consciousness …. (That's probably the body's difficulty in being completely receptive, yet it's for IT to understand ….) And that seems to be the attitude to be kept. Is it an attitude? … – It's a way of being. A way of being. First, there are no limits (but that's an old experience the body has had for a long time), no limits: there's a sort of capacity to identify with things; but that's a consequence, as it were, of the impelling Will (this "central" Will, if I may say so, which impels to action).

And the body is like that … (outspread gesture). It's become so acute, this impression of … The two things (two absolutely contradictory things) have become so intense: one is an absolute incapacity to understand anything about anything, the realization that the thing anyhow eludes understanding; and at the same time, the experience that the limits of power are progressively lessening, fading, receding. This Power … it has become fantastic! Fantastic, this Power.

At the same time, it showed (oh, it's constantly, constantly teaching something), it showed how with people who still have the sense of ego, when they receive a little bit of this Power (that is, when this Power uses them), that causes a sort of panic, and it showed why: the ego becomes tremendous. And that was to show, to make the body clearly understand the necessity of its present state: it has almost no more sense of its existence, as little as possible; that mostly comes back with things that still grate quite materially. But if, at such times, the body can, or has the time to, or knows how to go into this state of … then the difficulty vanishes as if by miracle, in a trice. There was even something to show how, this way (Mother presses her two index fingers together, then slightly lowers the index finger of her right hand), there is suffering – this way, there's suffering – and when it's like that (Mother raises slightly the index finger of her left hand), it no longer exists. (Mother does the same gesture again:) This way, suffering; that way, it no longer exists. So the body may know exactly in which position suffering no longer exists.

That goes on all the time, all the time, night and day, constantly, continuously – one thing after another, one thing after another. I would have to spend hours to narrate it all.

This morning I saw someone, and for ten minutes it was a continuous experience of the manner of working: how the Action takes place …. Someone will be talking to me, and I'll see at the same time the thing as it actually is, and the contrast with what the person is saying – the two things. And none of that is mental: it's a concrete experience …. I'll be given some news (of something that took place somewhere, for instance), I'll be told some words, and at the same time, the thing ITSELF is HERE, and I see the difference between what I am told and what took place. And that's ceaseless, constant …. People come (I see swarms of them, it's frightful, there have never been so many), I see people: I see in front what they think they are and how they want to be seen,

and behind, what they really are – effortlessly, without seeking, automatically. And it's all an effect of this Consciousness …. And then, when I speak, while I speak and try to explain, there's at the same time the difference between what I am saying and what IS …. (Smiling) So that makes speaking a bit difficult!

(silence)

Also, there's a kind of demonstration from the general point of view. Man gives a great importance to life and death-for him there's a great difference, death is a rather capital event (!). And I am shown to what extent the disequilibrium which, in circumstances, results in what people call "death" (which is death only quite apparently), how the two things, so to speak, are constantly there: this all- containing Harmony which is the very essence of Life, and this … division (it's a sort of division, yes, of fragmentation), this fragmentation, this APPARENT, UNREAL division, which has an ARTIFICIAL existence, and which is the cause of death – how the two are interwoven in such a way that you can go from one to the other at any time and on any occasion. And it's not at all as people think, that there needs to be something "serious" – it's not that, it can happen with the most futile thing! It's simply being here or being there (with the edge of her hand, Mother very slightly tilts to one side and to the other), and that's all. So you are here (slight tilt to the left) and remain here: it's over; you are here, and then you are there (gesture in between the two), you are here one second, then you are there: it makes for a life with sufferings and troubles -all kinds of things. And being there (slight tilt to the right) is perpetual Life, absolute Power and … you can't even call it "peace," it's … something immutable. And at the same time, everything is there: this state and that state are both there. And man makes a more or less clumsy mixture of the two things.

But a few seconds of the true state in its purity and there's … an awesome power. Only … it's still far, far away.

But I remember the time when, if there was one minute or a moment in this State, the body would get afraid-not "afraid," but alarmed. That goes back to about … I don't know, a little more than ten years ago. There has been a whole curve. Now, it's the other way around: when the body is in this State, it feels normal-it feels that's the normal state. But the whole makeup of the world still seems to act as a brake, there still seems to be something … And that "something" is what this Consciousness is working on. For it to be established, a change in the earth consciousness must take place.

But the Action is constant.

(silence)

Maybe I had something else to tell you, I don't remember … (Mother looks around and finds a piece of paper) It may be this.

Why do men want to worship? …

(Mother laughs) It's this Consciousness again!

It is much better to become than to worship!

(Mother repeats vigorously) Better to become! Why do men want to worship the Divine? Better to become![56]

It's quite like this Consciousness! It's just like it.

It has an answer for everything, all the time. Now it's become quite active …. I got a letter from Y. describing the activities of all those young people who have come for Auroville (they have a place of their own now, it's the office of =1, somewhere at the back or in front of the Library). They have an apartment where they do all kinds of things, including "improvised dances"; Y. wrote about that (with much praise, besides), and she asked, "But the important thing is to know what Sri Aurobindo and you too think about it?" (Mother smiles ironically) Then this Consciousness (laughing) made me answer her, "Just see to it that it doesn't degenerate …." And it added (I don't remember exactly because it wasn't I who wrote), "See that it remains..." – I forget the words. But mon petit, the irony of it was priceless! And I sent it to her.

Constantly, constantly it says or answers something. It obliges me to write: "Answer this …. Say this …." It has taken the place of the mind, you understand.

It's most interesting.

May 3, 1969

This Consciousness is very interesting. It has (smiling) … it's not scorn, it's a sort of faraway indifference for all human ideas – all conventions, all principles, all moralities, it finds all of that … absolutely grotesque. Now and then, it comes into contact with human ideas (Mother takes a surprised tone of voice): "Ooh! So that's what they think …" It's amusing!

There are two things. Death, it doesn't at all understand what we mean by that, the importance we attach to it – but not at all. And then, money, to this consciousness, is buffoonery: this system of money, the invention of this system, which prevents you from doing anything unless you pull out a banknote, to it, really it's buffoonery. Strange, I suddenly realize that the psychic being (dominating gesture behind) … the psychic being is almost like a witness, it's a witness to the whole evolution of things, and it KNOWS (it understands the deeper reasons, it knows how things are). It's in the body that this Consciousness is so active, and so, every time the body goes on with the little habits from the time when there was a mind and a vital, really it feels it as buffoonery. And the attitude with regard to money is like … Death, food and money: this Consciousness feels those are the three "awesome" things in human life, that human life revolves around those three things-eating, (laughing) dying, and having money – and to it, the three are … they are

passing inventions which derive from a wholly transitory state that doesn't correspond to anything very deep or very permanent. That's its attitude. And then, it teaches the body to be otherwise.

It tolerates food, provided it doesn't take up too big a place and isn't too cumbersome or too important; it says, "Very well, that's the way you're built, too bad for you, you've got to eat." (Mother laughs)

And then, death … Just yesterday (yesterday afternoon), I had an example. An accident took place, have you heard about it?[57] They're really wondering how it happened. As for me, I INSTANTLY saw that there was in the girl a psychic will (which she wasn't conscious of: she only felt an unease), but there was a psychic will to die (why? I don't know, I haven't yet seen why). That was clear.

And how everything was arranged to favor that, it's almost miraculous (you don't talk about it because people will say you're going mad if you call such a misfortune "miraculous"). But habitually, all those who go into the swimming pool have to put their name down when they go out (that's the rule). Yesterday, the man who kept the register had asked to go to Madras at 6, so he wasn't there and no one's name was noted down, and so they didn't know … Things like that. She went to see the group's captain and told her, "I am tired, I don't feel well, I want to go"; the captain said, "Yes, yes, you can go." (Of course, it was foolish not to check that she had left; the captain was busy and just thought, "All right, she's leaving.") The girl was then at the shallow end of the pool – impossible to get drowned there, unless you do it quite deliberately (they found her at the other end). But the pool was full of people – nobody saw anything. You see, everything was arranged just to … force her to die.[58] Every precaution is in place, and not one worked …. And as soon as they told me the news of the accident, as soon as I was told, I immediately looked, and I saw, in the place of her psychic, a peaceful will, like this (Mother stretches out her two arms in an immutable gesture). They were working hard: they worked for hours; first they took all the water out (they know how to do that), they drained the body of the water, then started working-tractions and all that to try to make her breathe again – they worked for hours (they were ready to work the whole night), they did all they could. And the psychic was like this (same gesture), that is, immutable, determined. But she didn't know [that she was going to die]: it came through her vital to reach her, and she felt quite ill at ease, she said, "Oh, I want to go out." So they told her, "Yes, that's right, you should go …." And because she had said that, naturally no one was worried when they didn't see her (no one had put their names down, so they couldn't check); it's only when they found her clothes … She had been under water for over an hour.

This Consciousness was so conscious of the movement in everyone, of every reaction, it was extraordinary! And it's this Consciousness that saw this, that showed me this: a psychic like this (same immutable gesture), like an irrevocable decision. And for this Consciousness, you understand, it's like someone who decides to move to a new house, or to a new room, or even to change clothes …. "Why do you make so much, so much fuss about that?"

I haven't said any of this, because … I haven't said anything to anyone.

(silence)

Last year, you remember, there was a boy who drowned at Gingee:[59] that was with P. [the group's captain]; and this little one, it was with B., R's sister [also a captain]. So I looked: outwardly, they are vitally very strong and very egocentric, which would be the external, material reason that allows the accident to take place-that is, no intuition of other's needs or state: no contact, they're like this (gesture closed in on oneself), but with an inner solidity on which, the psychic was leaning, for both of them [the two captains].

The other one too [the boy who drowned in the pond] wanted to go, but in his case it was very interesting: I saw Sri Aurobindo come and fetch him under water, and Sri Aurobindo said, "He will be born in the family" (he came back in a child), "he will come back in the first child to be born in the family." And this girl, I don't know yet what will happen, but her psychic being WANTED to go (for some reason or other).[60]

(silence)

The strange thing is that when you see things with this Consciousness, the PERFECTION of the organization is so TREMENDOUS that you are … you're almost terrified! Normally, when she went down to the bottom they should have noticed it immediately-they would have brought her up and it would have been over (they know very well how to do that, nothing would have happened).

(silence)

For this Consciousness, apart from a few individuals, human beings are weak. They are weak beings. Highly speculative, imaginative, very highly active in the mind, oh, tremendously active; that gives it a sense of … oh-oh, what agitation! But like that, from the psychophysical standpoint, weak.

Since it began, I've told you several times about this sense of a FORCE, an absolutely unusual force (I am not the only one: all those who are in contact with this Consciousness say they feel a force … an extraordinary force). And it's this Consciousness. But it has a different character: it's a force that sees things differently, wholly differently.

So then, for instance, these two I mentioned [P. and his sister, the two captains], from a human standpoint, you would say they're really insensitive – it's because they're insensitive and too egocentric that the accident took place. In other words, a reproach. In this light, "Oh, these are good instruments, one can lean on them[61] (solid gesture), they won't sag, they're strong enough for one to lean on them." And all that is shown to the body, which is really beginning … (laughing) to know things no body had ever learned before – ever. And to see life quite differently It feels … (laughing) you know, it feels stupid, that is, consciously it's in one way, and then out of atavism, out of construction, it's tied down in the other way. So it feels very silly, very silly But the Consciousness held it (with yesterday's event), it HELD it in its Consciousness like that, present, until it had really understood everything in detail, and once it had really understood, poff! the thing was gone, finished. So

it understands that when something is held like that, it means there's something to understand, it has a lesson to learn, and when the lesson has been learned, when it has understood, seen clearly-once it has seen clearly and it's all simple and very clear – that's it, poff! it's gone, finished (gesture showing the Consciousness letting go of the body), as though the thing were quite taken away That was taking place at night, while I am not disturbed (the night hours are the only ones when I am not disturbed every minute; I can carry on with my work untroubled), and then I saw. And that night was so peaceful, but with such peace! … It's ten rungs above the ordinary material "peace," completely You know, the peace of a psychic will so powerful (Mother stretches her arms in a sovereign gesture), so tranquil … that all our emotions, our reactions, all that absolutely looks like childishness. But the body understands very well (since this Consciousness came it has begun to understand lots of things), it understands that all that [emotions, reactions] was a necessary path to prepare receptive instruments.

It's really interesting.

There are all the vibrations, the little tensions in beings, and this Consciousness shows (it shows very clearly) how that is the cause of disorganizations, illnesses, distortions … that vibration of constant trepidation – a vibration of weakness.

(silence)

There was one thing. This little one, they're going to cremate her now. So they came to me with a tray of flowers to show me the flowers they were going to place on her body And there [with the tray], there was something of the little one – a psychic embryo; it was there, and it made a slight movement … suddenly, a movement of such a deep tenderness. She was like this (gesture in front of Mother, with the tray of flowers), I took a rose, and it was as though I gave it to her in her hand; I gave it and said, "Here, it's for you." And all that, all those vibrations, it was all luminous, lovely, and she (the conscious part in her) was so per-fect-ly happy! …

How can you tell that to the parents? They would say, "You're crazy …"

But that's the FACT, the plain fact: I saw Champaklal come with the tray of flowers, and it [the psychic embryo] was floating above, like that; so when I saw her, I took a rose and … there was something so lovely, so luminous, like that (a very small thing, not a great force or anything), but so lovely, so luminous, so happy, with such a sense of repose ….

And how many times it must happen like that!

Mon petit, we don't know anything! Day after day after day, I am increasingly convinced that WE KNOW NOTHING. We think we know, we think … and we know nothing. We are in the presence of hidden wonders that elude us completely because we're idiots. There.

But with this Consciousness, there is the why of everything: everyone's reaction, why he acts in that way, and … And since it's been there, not once have I seen in this Consciousness a reproach-not once did it reproach anyone. It has explained everything in such a way that it becomes so luminous, so

understanding as to make you wonder, "Why should one reproach anyone? …" Oh, for it, moral notions are something … something ultra-stupid. But I told it (I am still telling it) that they were necessary in the course of evolution to refine matter and open the way to certain forces: if people had been from the beginning wholly satisfied with themselves, they would never have progressed. But now, it's time to see-time to see.

The vast majority of humanity is unconscious (what I call unconscious, that is, without contact with the Consciousness, not CONSCIOUSLY in contact with Consciousness), the vast majority; but for one who is capable of being above circumstances with a clear and precise vision of the why and the how … it's wonderful.

There.

It's what Sri Aurobindo wrote in Savitri: God grows up on earth -God grows-but man … (laughing), the wise man talks and sleeps … and no one will notice it till the work is over.[62] That's how it is. And he knew it.

(silence)

Do you have any news? … Nothing?

Do I have a contact with this Consciousness?

Do you …?

Have a contact with this Consciousness?

(Mother opens her eyes wide) I never even asked myself the question! I took it for granted.

But I can't make out the difference: for me there's always "the force," so ... I can't tell the difference between forces.

No, but I … Mind you, if I hadn't had that experience of January Is', when I felt it come – I felt it, saw it come, it was wholly concrete, like … like someone coming into the room, you understand, that concrete. So that's what made me take notice, otherwise I would have found it to be the normal course of the development. But that experience alerted me; that, and the fact that three people felt it before I said anything, and those three people told me about it before I even said a word. They told me about it while asking me, "What has happened?" That's what I found interesting. But, for me, it was the same thing as for them, there was no difference; I told them there wasn't any difference in gradation – it wasn't that this Consciousness was more intimate with me than with you all: it's the same thing, it was like someone coming in. But a someone … superlatively conscious. That's what caused me to note the fact; otherwise I would have taken it as the course of the development, like you.

And it did that thing … (it was the first time it happened to me …

You see, I was asked, "What is the condition one should be in to fully receive this Consciousness?" So I was here, sitting like this, and the person was sitting where you are (a little more to the side), and I saw with my open eyes the Consciousness (not this consciousness: the Supreme Consciousness) come

down (gesture like a column of light before Mother) … That, mon petit, it can't be described ….

I was like this (eyes wide open), and I saw it come (same gesture like a column) and settle down on the wooden floor like that, about this size (gesture: about five feet wide). All the rest was as usual (Mother shows the furniture, her bed, which she could see as usual), and there was "that" which I saw with these very eyes. Then this Consciousness took my consciousness (revolving gesture starting from Mother's left side, going through the column of light in front of Mother, and returning on the right side): I didn't see anything [i.e., any shadow]. I wondered whether it had gone through the column (yet I FELT it while going through). And then, so I would understand clearly it took the consciousness of the person sitting there and made it go through [the column of light], and I saw a slight form, I saw a blue form in the place of the head …. That was a weakness. For a long while I saw, I looked, then it went away all of a sudden. You know, it's so independent of one's will, aspiration, movements of consciousness – of everything. And like this: visible for this body – on its scale, you understand. Fantastic!

This body was accustomed to having experiences under the psychic's influence, in its adoration for … the Supreme Conscious Truth – in adoration. Its whole joy was there, it was fully satisfied. But since that time, it has had experiences – which the other parts of the being had IN THEIR OWN WAY, but now this way this physical way is so concrete! … So concrete and tangible …. The body can say, "I have SEEN the Supreme Consciousness," like people in the past who said, "I have seen God." – This body doesn't believe in God … it believes in something much better than God! (laughter)

There. Is that all? Do you have anything to ask?

No, Mother.

Nothing? … Mon petit, I can tell you (I don't like to tell things that look like compliments or flattery, that's why I don't say anything, but since you've asked me …). As a matter of fact, I feel that this Consciousness moves about in you without meeting obstacles. It's only materially: the physical needs a slight encouragement to let itself … be kneaded, so to speak, so you may become physically really receptive – but in my case, my body can't say anything, because it too is like that: it has that same difficulty, a pain here, a pain there, this here, and that … all the time small things that … For them to disappear, it has to remember. It's the only thing, it's analogous to you. But the Consciousness moves about (Mother makes a wavy gesture, pointing to Satprem's body), I see it move about, always unhindered – unhindered, like something natural. You understand, it's like something natural: it goes through like this (same wavy gesture), perfectly natural. So it's all right! (Mother laughs)

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Mother's comments, noted down from memory by a disciple, in English, about the teenage girls drowning in the swimming pool.)

P. spoke to the Mother in detail at 1:30 p.m. today about the findings of his inquiry of yesterday's incident. To that the Mother said:

"I can tell you about the result of 'my' inquiry – the inner inquiry. Last night I was busy all the time looking at this incident. I found that it was her soul that took this decision – she was not conscious – but her soul wanted to go … to leave her body. From the facts that I gather from you it seems that there was not enough reason for her drowning – in spite of it her soul managed to leave her body.

"This fact was further supported when this morning Champaklal brought a dish of flowers to be burnt on her body. I saw a pretty little flame in the center of the dish. Generally I do not give any flowers on the dish; I send it as it is. But today I was specially interested, I took a rose and put it on the flame of the dish. The flame grew big and it was glowing wonderfully – it was very beautiful."

May 3, 1969

May 7, 1969

(Mother remains in meditation for a long time)

This Consciousness has started working in people's vital beings. Have you noticed? Some people had big vital difficulties – it's beginning to work in them. It's quite unexpected for me. You haven't noticed?

> *I have an impression that it's more easy, that difficulties are less violent-that one has a greater mastery, if you like. That's my impression.*

(Mother nods her head silence)

And it's taken it into its head to compel me to concern myself with politics, and that bothers me. But if the time has come …

I have the impression that just as it has tried, not exactly to dissolve religions, but to get inside them and remove barriers, it's taken it into its head to do the same thing with politics (if I may say so). It seems to be working to create, not a disharmony, but a sort of … to take away cohesion among people:

cohesion among parties, cohesion among religions. As though this Consciousness were doing that.

It's odd.

(silence)

But you have noticed something in the vital?

Yes … I have noticed … (how can I put it?) the presence of this Consciousness in the vital. Some people I see are almost exclusively in the vital, and there is the PRESENCE of this Consciousness, at work there.

And also I am compelled to intervene (not outwardly, but inwardly) in the actions of people involved in politics.

We'll see.

It's continuing its action of mentor of the body in an absolutely remarkable way That's going on well. But added to that, there are contacts in the vital, and also the obligation to intervene in certain political actions.

We'll see.

May 10, 1969

What's new?

Nothing, Mother.

You know, it's like a stick stirring a pond: everything is coming up … one thing after another, everywhere, in the whole country a rottenness. As if everything, but everything were exposed.

(silence)

People write to me … Previously, all kinds of things were going on downstairs [in the Ashram's offices]; people would speak with Amrita and they would "sort it out"; now, they're writing to me! … I've just heard a load of it, you know … (gesture like a truckload being dumped). I did have a kind of sensation that things weren't right, but I'd never have thought they were like that.

And how are You?

Fine, Mother.

You have nothing to say? … I think I had something, but in the middle of all that I don't remember what.

Oh, but there's really a Grace acting here constantly to maintain … at least

a harmony in appearances, otherwise there are things … And then, this Consciousness seems to be drawn to two things: money and … (Mother runs her hand across her forehead as if she had forgotten). Oh, it's gone – this Consciousness doesn't want me to say it.

Politics?

No.

Politics, yes, it has shoved me right into it! I have been asked to choose the President [of India] who will replace the one who has just died![63] And the best part of the story is that this Consciousness immediately suggests what needs to be done …. We'll see.

But regarding money, it doesn't tell me what it replaces it with. You see, it wants money to be a circulating force. That's perfectly true, but …

(silence)

I had lots of things I wanted to tell you, but … (gesture to the forehead) it's just been driven out of my head and replaced by the whole mudhole in the Ashram![64] (Mother laughs)

But what about you, do you have anything?

Nothing very interesting, no.

What is it?

Someone has sent a photo of the place where Leonardo da Vinci died. Would you be interested to see that?

I know that place, I went there (Mother looks at the photo).

It's the place where he died.

But it's in France.

Yes, he died in France.[65]

It has been said that Sri Aurobindo was Leonardo da Vinci ... but Sri Aurobindo never told me so.[66] *I don't know. Just as it has been often said I was Mona Lisa, but I know nothing about it (!)*

(Mother looks at the photo) That's right. Which château is it?

That of Amboise.

That's it, yes. There's a plaque. I saw a plaque. But who sent it to you? … Anyway, it's someone who thinks it was Sri Aurobindo.

(Mother looks) Yes, I saw this.

It's still a … (Mother shakes her head) a childish way of putting it. You know, like putting one doll inside another, then you take it out and put it into another … It's not like that …

(silence)

You know, it's day after day after day that there's something new; and always the immediate conclusion: I know nothing, understand nothing, am nothing …. The negation of EVERYTHING – all the scaffoldings of the human mind and consciousness … collapsed. And for small things, for big things, for everything. And then, this question of death: "What is death? What takes place? …" To this Consciousness, it's … it's clearly what we might call an "accident," but an accident … that has persisted. And it's now showing how one dies, that is, how the body suddenly comes apart-and how it might very well not have come apart.

And with demonstrations on people, imagine. Someone comes and implores me to die; so the only thing I do, and can do, is to establish contact in a constant and unalloyed way between … (what should I call it?) the destiny of that body and the Supreme Consciousness, like that. And then, all kinds of things have taken place: one left in an hour-died absolutely healthy, you understand. And very recently, I had another extraordinary example: someone comes and implores me to leave; so I put the full Force on him – now he's completely cured! They had brought him to me in a wheelchair, he couldn't walk … now he trots about, he comes all alone! And he's old, very nearly ninety….[67] Another was clinging on; then his daughter told me, "He is unhappy, miserable, can't you make him leave?" I looked, and I saw, tight like this (Mother squeezes two fingers together with all her strength), a black knot there. I told the daughter, "Yes, I don't mind, but I can't cut his head off! (laughing) He is clinging on like this (same gesture)." Two days later, gone!

My method is always the same, of course: full concentration of the Supreme Consciousness on the person, removing all obstacles. It works like this, like that … (gesture of moving about here and there). And it's like a factual demonstration that ALL the rules we have established in our consciousness, all of that is absolutely idiotic. It doesn't correspond to the truth. There's … something. There is something.

Yesterday (laughing), this Consciousness made me see all the wills, or the vibrations (because ultimately it boils down to qualities of vibrations), all the vibrations that bring about anything from the smallest troubles to the biggest catastrophes – it's all of the same quality. And how the physical cells respond. And now and then – now and then – like a reward for the effort: what needs to be done, the true thing. But that passes – it's like a dazzle, but it doesn't last. We are … This Consciousness seems to have to go very fast, because from the point of view of consciousness, we are still quite in a quagmire, and it goes like this (gesture of an irresistible march forward), oh, it asserts itself.

And this poor body … it doesn't complain. It doesn't complain; it goes on, almost constantly with some pain somewhere – and it's in a blissful state. That's in the consciousness of the cells. There is something … Constantly some pain somewhere, but it knows it's because of its incapacity to hold out, that's all – but it has to, it will have to.

It's unbelievable. Unbelievable, it's a story … a story more extraordinary than anything we can imagine.

Why? Why that habit of suddenly coming apart, why? … Of course, it's

not something new that came with man, because it was the same thing with all that preceded him: it would take form, dissolve – take form, live, grow, and dissolve – everything: plants and … The mineral kingdom was more stable by virtue of its unconsciousness (!), but all the rest was like that, constantly taking form, losing form, taking form and losing form again …. Then man made a fuss about it, of course, and a drama. He dramatized it, and because he dramatized it he endeavors … not to get out of it, but to adjust himself – to understand and adjust himself. And when you are in a certain consciousness, it simply looks like foolishness, nothing else. But why? … Is the human body incapable of …? It's not even that, I can't even say that. There are minutes (minutes, it doesn't last), minutes when the body feels it has escaped that law [of death]. But it doesn't last; it's for one minute, then it passes and things are back as they were. But the body consciousness is beginning to wonder why it's like that: Why, why isn't there … a growth in light and in consciousness, an indefinite growth? Why? The body itself wonders why. Also, it's constantly assailed by all the … well, the general corruption; and once in a while – once in a while – a flash of light, lasting … a few seconds: all of a sudden, something else. Something else and … a wonderful consciousness, and then the old routine goes on.

Then, people come with all their thoughts …. Some come, sit down in front of me, and start thinking, "Maybe it's the last time I am seeing her!" Things of that sort, you understand. So it all comes (gesture like a truckload being dumped), and because of that, it's … a bit difficult.

Within, there isn't the assertion of a yes or a no: nothing at all, there's nothing, it's like this (neutral, immobile gesture). There's only a constant Presence. A constant Presence, and it's in this Presence that the body takes refuge. But you know … There are other things [i.e., good ones] that come too, but those other things … there are perhaps … oh, they happen perhaps once or twice in twenty-four hours: all of a sudden, a light that is pure … Like that, something pure, which makes what we might call a minute of eternity That's good. But it's rare.

The body knows a lot, a lot of things about what happens (I think, in fact, about all that happens within its sphere of activity), but it's forbidden to say them. And those things are put in such a way that they can't be said, because the way they're put, they wouldn't make any sense for others. "Don't speak, don't speak."

But the quantity of formations in the earth atmosphere that we might call "defeatist," it's tre-men- dous! You wonder how everything isn't smashed, it's so … Everybody is all the time, all the time shaping catastrophes – expecting the worst, seeing the worst, observing nothing but the worst …. Their reactions … Oh, you know, it's down to the smallest things: the body observes everything. So when the reaction is in harmony, everything is fine; when there is that reaction I now call defeatist, if someone takes an object, he drops it. It happens all the time. There's absolutely no reason whatsoever why it should happen: it's the presence of the defeatist consciousness. Someone takes an object, and drops it; he wanted to do one thing, and he is made to do another.. And if (the body having been aware of it), if it makes the mistake of telling the

person the thing AS IT IS, the person is completely upset! … It happened again two days ago – a very simple thing, you know, that is, just as it is, and the person is completely upset!

But you know, this Consciousness is amusing, it has put this body in contact with, if not all, at least a considerable number of desires that it should die! Everywhere, they are everywhere! It sees that, sees it as it is, but it's not affected at all anymore, it doesn't care in the least. It seems to be fully protected from all the things that come. It doesn't care in the least. Most of the time, they even make it laugh. But it's incredible! … And then, from time to time, a little flame, it's so lovely! And that Presence … That Presence, that Presence … These cells are like children: when they feel, everything, but everything disappears except that Presence; then there is … like a sigh of relief. But outwardly, it's invisible: if the body were suffering, it would amount to the same thing. Generally, when it suffers, it doesn't complain: it calls …. It calls and calls and calls …. And it's quite aware that it's absolutely useless, that if it only knew … how to go into immobility, go into silence, it would be enough. As soon as it does it …

But I am not quite sure (because it hasn't tried to find out), not quite sure that all those pains it feels all over, all the time, aren't coming from … aren't the effect of all the bad wills. They are all over the earth, you know. And most of the time, they're hardly conscious ….

Why is it like this? … Why, why? … Will you tell me why this exteriorization began (not began: it's here, on the earth) with this almost total Inconscient – the Inconscient, this almost total inertia? Why did it have to begin with this? … Why?

The mind has imagined all kinds of magnificent reasons, it builds constructions – that seems like childishness …. Why?

There's the whole side of Buddhism, nihilism and so on, according to which (we can give a translation for children) the Supreme Lord made a mistake! (Mother laughs) He blundered, so … And then we'll help Him get out of his blunder!

There's the other extreme: it's YOUR own stupidity that makes you feel it this way – but then, why do I have stupidity in me, where does it come from?

> *There is no doubt that everything is willed, everything has a meaning.*

Yes, it's certain. It's certain.

That's certain.

And there's … The impression is: we don't understand because we are too small.

But why is this the result, this … suffering and suffering? …

(long silence)

We'll see.

May 14, 1969

(For several days, Mother has been unwell: A "heart attack.")

The movement is accelerating.

It was the turn of the heart, so the doctor forbade me to see people – but that's not possible. The day before yesterday, I was busy; yesterday, I saw a few people … altogether, it gets to be some fifty people! Fantastic.

Yes, it began on Sunday (I saw you on Saturday the 10th, and it began on Sunday). It started with a kind of raging toothache, but it wasn't that …. There's the whole resistance centered here (gesture to the throat and mouth). So it caught on here, and the pain became so acute (and naturally, impossible to eat), then … Naturally, I concentrated, I wanted to know, and I realized all that was the preparation for … (Mother points to her heart).

So it's a bit difficult. There.

But interesting, very interesting.

(Mother remains in contemplation till the end)

I'll speak afterwards, in a few days.

It's extremely interesting, but it's … it touches the very heart of things. In three or four days, that is, maybe on Saturday, or maybe next Wednesday, I will tell you.[68]

May 17, 1969

(About Pavitra's departure. Pavitra was the oldest French disciple; chemist and engineer of the École Polytechnique, he came to the Ashram in December, 1925, after having pursued his quest all the way to Mongolia's lamaseries.[69])

You know that I used to see Pavitra every day, in the evening. He was in a poor state. But I had been forewarned (long ago) that his inner being was waiting for A.[70] to return before it would leave. I don't know whether he

was aware of something in his outward consciousness, but at any rate he had never said anything. But I knew … The day A. arrived, that very day [May 131, just before coming here, Pavitra fell down. He came here with quite a few scratches. I thought it would stop there, but the day after A.'s arrival (I don't remember, I never keep a clear memory of dates), at any rate between the 15th and 16th, at night, after 9 (I didn't look at the time, so I don't know precisely, but I was on my bed), Pavitra's whole individualized consciousness (but not in a form), his conscious, fully awakened consciousness, down to all that can come out of the cells, began to come and enter into me according to the ancient, the very old yogic practice of merging into the Supreme in that way that practice. It came while I was lying on my bed; it began, and it was so material that there was a very strong friction in all the cells, everywhere. It went on for three hours. After three hours, it became … not exactly still, but no longer active. Then, the next morning, I saw A. (it was on the 16 h), I saw A. at about 8:30 (naturally, Pavitra had been in bed since the day before, they had put him to bed), and in the morning, A. told me that just as he was about to come here, Pavitra opened his eyes and looked at him … So I told him, I don't know, but with a yogic knowledge of the process, quite an extraordinary knowledge" (he had never boasted of having it), "his conscious being melted last night and entered my body, this body …"[71] *I told him, "We'll see." But half an hour later, they told me that just as I was talking with A., the doctor declared he had left.*

Have you seen him? I am told he looks very good.

Oh, Yes!

I had first said that he would be buried this morning at 10 o'clock, since the end took place even before the doctors declared it was over, but I had it delayed until 4 …. I can't say he has remained separate [from Mother], not at all, but now and then, for one thing there's his way of reacting; it's quite interesting. And he has brought with him an extraordinary sense of satisfaction! As if, "Ah, at last …" Like that. It's constant, night and day. I wanted to see last night whether something of him would still come, but it was all over, there was nothing more …. It was done as a super-yogi might do it! He'd never boasted about it, I don't even know whether he actively knew it. He did it wonderfully. You know, the stories that are told of those who would have themselves shut in a cave and who would leave like that – that's it.

They didn't exactly pick him up, because he hadn't fallen down, but they found him standing, unable to move. It was after lunch (on the 15th he had his lunch with A.), and immediately after lunch, he asked A. to leave,[72] and wanted to go to his terrace – it took him an hour to go there! It's while coming back from there that he remained like that, standing – he nearly fell down, so they had to carry him to his bed (that was in the afternoon of the 15th), and during the night he did that. So then, I had said he would be buried this morning, that is on the 17th, then A. came and told me he was quite intact, not

stiff (he went to see him with N., who's a doctor, and N. said that was because Pavitra was so thin), so I said we might as well wait till this afternoon. It has been postponed till 4 o'clock. But as for me, last night I saw carefully: there's nothing.[73] Even if there is something, a little consciousness left, it's better to let it go peacefully.

But I wasn't expecting it, I didn't think about it, didn't even know that he knew how to go out like that-it must have been something deep down in him that knew. I didn't even know he knew how to do it. Because the evening before Pavitra left, A. told me what had happened at lunch time, and I told him, "Generally, I don't see Pavitra [at night], it's very rare, very rare, it happens quite accidentally, and it's more symbolic visions than …" I said to him, I don't see him, I don't know, but this night (of the 15 th, that is) I'll inquire to see what it is, in what state he is, and see if he goes out of his body or comes to me …."

There was nothing in a form, nothing. And some time after I'd lain down, it started coming, but then with an extraordinary SCIENCE of the process! And for THREE hours without stop, continuously, in the most steady manner, like that: an action. After three hours, it was as it is now; I felt as if he said, "Now it's over." Only, you never know, of course: there might be some consciousness lingering in the body … I thought it was better to wait till this afternoon, not to shut him up with something in his body.

It has brought to the body consciousness a sort of sense of satisfaction: the appeasement that satisfaction gives. That's there quite concretely.

Did he know it from a previous life, or …? I don't know. Or else, he just didn't talk about it. Because the way he spoke, he didn't seem to know the secrets of yogic processes.[74] It was done with a rare perfection …. Three hours without stop, without flagging – three hours – continuous, continuous. Naturally, I was lying on my bed ….

(silence)

When Sri Aurobindo left, I was standing near his bed (later on, when he was alone, when there was no one left), and all the supramental force he had concentrated in his body (what was left in his body), he passed on to me. I stood near his bed; he had been declared "dead," but all that supramental consciousness which was there came out of his body, slowly, and directly entered mine. It was so material that I felt the friction of the force everywhere, all over. But it was slightly luminous. That was something different than with Pavitra. As for Sri Aurobindo, he … (how can I put it?), he stayed mainly … I found him everywhere: I found him all the way up, absolutely one with the Supreme Consciousness; I found him spread about in many places to see many people and do a lot of work; and I found him (but then, in a precise form, though NOT FIXED – A precise, rather supple form that looked like him, like what we knew of him, with more suppleness, without the fixity of the physical, but quite precise, a form in his likeness, quite in his likeness), I found him in the subtle physical.

There he has a dwelling, he is settled and stays permanently (which doesn't prevent him from being at many other places and …), but there is a Sri

Aurobindo there whom I see almost every night, who looks after the whole work, sees people, and who is almost constantly with me. In the subtle physical, it's a specific place, and very large – huge, you know, he is there, seeing people, doing all kinds of things ….

Apart from that, in Amrita's case, it was something different again.[75] Amrita used to come in spite of his illness, he used to come and see me every day; he would come upstairs in the morning and sit down here, and once again in the evening (you saw how much work it was to climb the stairs). In his case, when he left … The doctor had told him, "You can't go upstairs for a month," and it's after that, later on that day, that he came: he didn't accept, he left his body and came – he came straight to me. But he was IN HIS OWN FORM, more subtle, but precisely defined (Mother draws an outline showing Amrita's form), it was his form, in his likeness. And he remained there, now active and now at rest (he rests more than he is active, but now and then he is still active). It's like … like a shadow, you understand, which is wholly in my atmosphere. And he has stayed there-he stays there, rests there. But in Pavitra's case, it was something else altogether: it's the entire conscious being which gave up … (how can I put it?) its limits, the personal limit and form, so as to identify totally – he entered like that, like a stream of consciousness and force, but very material, very material: it produced a friction, I felt a friction, and for three hours. I had never seen that before, it was the first time – I had heard about it very often (it's often mentioned), that knowledge the great yogis had: they would go like that deliberately.

And it has ADDED something to the body consciousness. In the body's spontaneous attitude, its way of being, I have noticed a slight change; it has added a sort of … stability in the body: a satisfied stability, like that. It's not like something that comes and might go, it's not that: it's here [in Mother]. It has been really quite interesting – and unexpected.

I wanted to be sure that there was nothing left that could make the body suffer, but now I think it's over.

Does it mean that his individuality has been dissolved?

Those notions of individuality, you know … for me, they've changed a lot, quite a lot. This whole morning again … But for a long time, at least for a month, it has become something else.

When people speak of individuality, there's always a sort of at least a background of separation, that is, something that exists independently and has its own destiny Now, as the body consciousness knows it, it's almost like a pulsation of "something" which MOMENTARILY has a separate action, but which, deeply, essentially, is always ONE. Like something projected like this (gesture of expansion), momentarily with a form, and then … (gesture of contraction) it can cancel that form at will. It's very hard to explain, but at any rate, the sense of the permanence of separation has completely disappeared, completely The universe is an exteriorization (same gesture of pulsation) of the Supreme Consciousness; it's our incapacity of total vision that enables us to have that sense of fixity: there is none, it's something like pulsations or … really a play of forms – there is only ONE being. There is only one being.

There's only one, only one Consciousness, only one Being.

Separation is really … I don't know what happened …. And that's what made all the mischief – all the misfortune, all the misery …. For the last few days, this body has gone through a series of experiences (it would be much too long to tell), through all the states of consciousness one can go through, from the sense of the single reality of this (Mother pinches the skin of her hands), of the substance, with all the misery, all the suffering which is the consequence of seeing matter as the single reality-from that to liberation. Hour after hour, it has been a whole work. And this incident of Pavitra's departure has come as an example, as a demonstration.

But even before that, the consciousness of the cells had realized the oneness – the true, essential oneness – which CAN become total … if this sort of illusion disappears. You understand, the illusion which has created all this misery was lived so intensely that it became almost unbearable, with all the horrors and all the terrors it has created in the human consciousness and on the earth …. There have been … dreadful things. And just after that, just after: liberation.

What remains to be lived, that is, the experience that remains to be had, is … the next progress of the creation, of matter – the next step to return to the true Consciousness. That's …

It seems to have been decided that something like a beginning, or an attempt of experience, is going to be made (Mother touches her body).

It's a question of intensity of faith, or of the power to bear that faith gives. All depends on the capacity to go through the necessary experiences.

In any case, all the old notions, all the old ways of understanding things, all that is quite over, it's past.

And all that is necessarily the return path; we had to walk that path and we still have to walk it (though not the same thing), but all the while progressing until we can … until this [the body] is ready to live the Truth. I don't know, the impression is that things are going as fast as they can possibly go; the Consciousness is really making us move forward as fast as possible. It's no longer the time of a drowsiness that drags on.

(long silence)

I can say (and it was almost like a surprise, I mean I didn't know it), I can say that the consciousness that came out of Pavitra's body was a consciousness without ego – without ego. Without SENSE of ego. There was a clear will to merge, a will with an intensity of aspiration, it was fantastic! Fantastic.[76]

> *But by individuality, I don't mean an ego: I mean the "something" that's identical through all lives, the one thing that progresses through all lives. The something that remains the same and pursues its development.*

That's the Supreme.

> *Yes, but there is something that …*

It's the Supreme conscious of Himself …

Yes.

… partially.

Yes, that's it, there is something ...

The Supreme partially conscious of Himself.

... that pursues a line of development.

Yes, that's the process. It's the process that has been used for evolution.

Yes, that's what I call individuality.

That's agreed. It's the process-it has been the process of the creation.

And it's because it was the process of the creation that men have confused it with …

Separation.

With separation: the ego.

But that [the "something" that persists] is obvious. It's there, very strong, in this action of Pavitra's – it was very strong. And in fact, it was free from the illusion of ego and had the full force of That. But that [center] remains! It can't disappear.

(silence)

What's going to happen? I don't know.

Because it [this merging of Pavitra] is very clearly part of the work: there are no accidents, nothing, nothing of the sort (all that has vanished), everything very clearly happened exactly as it had to happen. It seems to mean that "one" is attempting something (Mother touches her body). But what? I don't know …. The body isn't at all worried, it's like this (Mother opens her hands); always this: "What You will, Lord, what You will …." And with a smile and perfect joy – this way, that way, that other way … (fluid gesture, as if to indicate this or that side of the world, or all kinds of other sides) …. Very strangely, it has been given a consciousness that no longer has anything to do with time: you understand, there isn't "when it was not," there isn't "when it will no longer be," there isn't … It's not like that, everything is something in motion. But it's really very interesting. And all, all those reactions, those sensations, those feelings, all that has completely changed – changed even in its appearance. It's something else.

You understand, the states one could be in when one was in the highest consciousnesses – those that were united, were automatically one with the Supreme Consciousness and were conscious of the whole – those states have become the body's natural state. Effortlessly, spontaneously: it cannot be otherwise. So what's going to happen? How is it going to take expression? I don't know …

It's contrary to all habits.

Does this consciousness know what needs to be done on the material level?

I don't know. But the body isn't worrying about that at all, it does what it has to do from second to second, without asking any questions. No complications, no plans, nothing, nothing.

There.

We'll see, it's interesting!

May 21, 1969

(Regarding a photograph that was taken just before Pavitra's coffin was closed and lowered into the ground. Satprem was standing near the coffin, to Pavitra's right.)

No news? Nothing from P.L.?

No, Mother ... There's this [Satprem holds out an envelope].

What is it?

The pension ... [such and such an amount].

Oh! … Doesn't your mother need anything?

(silence)

I saw the photos – have you seen them? Have you been shown the photos? They took some there. I am telling you about it because there was something interesting …. There was a photo with you there (there was A., there was the governor, there was …), just when you were all lowering the coffin. And then … (you know, this presence of Pavitra hasn't merged with the rest [of Mother]: it has remained there very peacefully, he is very peaceful-it hasn't merged), and then, just as I looked at the photo and saw you, there was something like this within (gesture to the heart, like an emotion), I don't know, it was almost like a tenderness, and he was almost happy I can't explain what it is, he was like this: "Oh! Satprem …"

He was really very pleased.

It's curious. I wasn't expecting it: I was given the photos and started looking at them, when I suddenly felt something (same gesture to the heart) … It struck me very much. Because you had asked me, "Is he going to merge?" So even that, even that contact he has kept. Now and then, when someone says something regarding the work, he has his remark to make (I've noticed that), but there, it was very strong, almost like an "Oh!" of joy, you understand: "Oh! Satprem." So I thought, "It's good, since it really pleased him."

I am wondering whether the consciousness [of Pavitra] has been especially preserved intact because it entered here [into Mother], or whether it's always

like that? … Where does someone conscious go? Does he remain here? …[77] I told you, with Amrita, it's a sort of not too precise form; it's always there, now resting, now waking up, but he doesn't seem to be particularly interested in material things. While Pavitra, from what I see, seems to be conscious of them. It's something rather remarkable, I think.

I have seen cases of people who took interest and continued to take interest in what goes on [here], but then they have an independent form. While with Pavitra, it's something else.

It struck me because it was strong, like this (same gesture to the heart).

All these last few weeks, there has been a sort of constant … I can't call it "preoccupation," but a sort of need to know: to what extent and how do those who have left remain conscious of the things they used to do, for instance, take interest in them, look after them (supposing they have the means to do so)?

A case such as Sri Aurobindo's is quite different: it's as if he had been multiplied. He has a constant presence in the subtle physical: he goes about, visits a number of people, and he is conscious of a lot of things, he intervenes in a lot of things, but a considerable number – it has multiplied his action. But that's exceptional.

(silence)

> *I have often wondered about the same thing. I've often asked myself whether on the other side I'll be as unconscious of this side as I am here unconscious of the other side!*

(Mother laughs heartily)

Most people – the vast majority of people – go into a sort of assimilative sleep: all the experiences they had in their lives, all they learned, the consciousness seems to ruminate over that.

In the beginning … (Théon knew a lot of things – I don't know how he came to know them, but I verified them and found them to be correct), in the beginning, the span of time between two lives is very long, and it's a sort of assimilative sleep in which the consequences of what one has learned develop inwardly. Then, as the psychic being is formed and as one grows more conscious, rebirths take place more and more closely, until the time when rebirth becomes the result of a choice: at a precise place, for a specific length of time. And then, depending on what the psychic being wants to do, depending on the action it has to do, the new birth may be near or distant. There, we have all possible differences. But in the formative stage, that's how it is: very distant rebirths. So then, I've often wondered … You see, Théon says there is a psychic STATE in which those beings rest (it's true, there is such a place, I know it), but many people, especially at the beginning of their evolution, are quite tied down to the earth; I have seen quite a few people in trees, for instance. Very often I saw them in trees; often, while following someone [with the inner vision], I saw him enter into a tree; and often, while looking at a tree, I saw someone in it. I saw others who were … oh, people clinging to a place they were interested in: for instance, I saw a man who was interested in nothing

but his money, which he had hidden somewhere, and as soon as he left his body, he went there, settled there, and refused to budge from there! … Incidentally (laughing), it had a curious result: it led people to discover the place! You see, it caused movements of forces, and some people felt it and thought, "Oh, there must be something here."

There was a time when I concerned myself with that a good deal, and I made a good number of discoveries (following Théon's indications); later on, it no longer interested me. And now, quite lately, I have been reviewing all kinds of things, all kinds of things ….

But Pavitra's case, I really believe it's exceptional. It's the first time it has happened to me – with nobody, nobody else before. I told you, when Sri Aurobindo left, for hours he passed on to me the whole supramental force and consciousness he had concentrated in his body. It was immediately after he left. I felt he had called me; I stood there, near his bed, looking at him, and … I saw it, you understand: he passed on to me the force, the whole supramental force he had concentrated in his body, and I felt him everywhere enter like that, with a friction. It lasted for hours. But that's quite an exceptional case, as I told you. But what took place with Pavitra is really … it's really … It's not the same thing: he simply came out of his body deliberately (and not his psychic being: it was as material as he could), and I felt him, felt it enter and enter everywhere, all over my body … And now, if I look within, I can't say I see a form, but … it's not completely fused. And for certain things – certain things that have to do with people, or the School[78] – there's a very clear personal reaction. And then, those photos … I think that's quite exceptional.

I felt something in the brain. You know that since Sri Aurobindo gave me mental silence, it has been absolutely still; it never started up again as before, and the consciousness has been there (gesture above Mother), working from there. But then after Pavitra came here, something (gesture to the forehead) impelled me to ask (I asked what's here, within), "Could I get the mathematical knowledge you had?" I asked him that. And his answer was, "Of course, it would be easy if you set this in motion again!" But that I don't want to do. Anyway …

Anyway, that's how it is, as if I were talking to someone within! How happy he was! I think he loved you very much. He never spoke a word about all that. It has pleased him a lot.

> *I always used to keep back from Pavitra, because he had two sides: the luminous side that I liked, and then a whole other side ... that resembled my father: a somewhat rigid mental side. So I used to keep back, it prevented the contact.*

Yes, he was rigid.

> *He had ONE side like that.*

(long silence)

But the strange thing is that it has given a sense of the complete unreality of death – instantly. And then, this body (laughing) is funny (!), now and then it

asked, "Am I alive or am I dead?!" Like that. "Am I alive or … I'm not sure!" It had a very high fever,[79] it was quite in a bad state, and it wasn't too sure whether it was the one involved! … That didn't last. And, I don't know … all that seemed to be a demonstration to make us understand the secrets of existence. It's strange.

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

Something has changed in the nights too. That is, the last two nights have been extremely active; I went to some places (if I went there before, I didn't stay long) where there were lots of people, but mingled, that is, the so-called living and the so-called dead together. Quite together, and used to being together, and finding it quite natural-but CROWDS of people! Last night, I noticed Nolini there – he was there, he was used to being there – and we arranged things, organized, made decisions …. It seems to me to be in the subtle physical.

I remember that in both cases, yesterday and today, when I got up, I thought, "Well! I told this and that person that I didn't use to see them at night, but I see them regularly!" And to one of those people (in fact it was … who was it?) I said, "Of course, I see you constantly, and we constantly do things together." It seems to have opened in me the memory of a new activity – not "new": a new memory of an old activity.[80]

There is increasingly an impression that our head and our way of seeing are what makes clear-cut limits like that [between life and death, between the ones and the "others"] – but it's not like that! It's all mingled, it's consciousness … (gesture of stirring and mixing) interdeveloping, I don't know. And all that is together.

It's far more interdependent than we think.

(silence)

At any rate, with this departure of Pavitra, one thing has been categorical: if there was in the body the least fear of death, or anxiety, it's com-plete-ly gone. With Pavitra's case, it's completely gone, completely. The impression is: "But … but why do people make such a fuss about that!"

There. it's strange.

May 24, 1969

It's difficult …. The English would say, it's not a joke …. Everything, everything is getting disorganized, everything is disorganized.

It's easy to see that it's getting disorganized TOWARDS a higher organization, that is, a broadening, a liberation – that's true … but nothing,

nothing at all is working in the ordinary way any longer. So the body can no longer eat, can no longer … Sleep, of course, for a long time there hasn't been any ordinary sleep (I don't regret it), but everything, just everything is like this (gesture of upheaval).

(long silence)

It's a very strange sensation: no relationship remains as it was before. Nothing: neither of the body with itself, nor of the body with others, nor anything; it's all … like something that has disappeared. Now and then, you know, it's like a breath of air passing by, a small thing … I can't say how it is – charming. It's not a pleasure, not a joy, it's … a breeze passing by, something quite special – and charming, quite charming. You drink a drop of something, which the minute before was absolutely dull-it's not intense, not violent, not strong, but … charming. The next minute, it's gone.

The body suddenly feels a sense of peaceful and luminous rest, something quite … adorable – the next minute, it feels pain all over.

So everything is like that.

A sort of identification with everything, which is far from being too pleasant (it's not unpleasant either), but … it gives a bizarre impression of life. Everything is like that. One moment, the impression that you don't depend on anything, that you are an expression … (how could I put it? [Mother smiles]) an expression of the Lord, and that you depend on nothing; the next minute, that you are nothing at all, merely a sort of semiconscious movement in the middle of a general semiconsciousness – very unpleasant. It's like that, and all the time like that …. At one time, things become so … (what should I say?) repugnant, almost, that you feel like screaming – and in fact, if you don't keep a check on yourself, you do start screaming. Another time … everything is so peaceful that you feel as if you are entering an eternity So you understand … All that you can do in the middle of all that is to be still!

Then, it comes along with an awareness (not a mental perception: an awareness) of all that people think, all that people feel, all that … it's all oh, so pitiful! It's so pitiful …. As I said, one minute, suddenly there's something absolutely marvelous; and the next minute, it's … So the body, one can't say it finds that very amusing, no, but it … It doesn't rebel in the least, not in the least, it says, "Since it's like that, it has to be like that." Sometimes, now and then, it aspires to get somewhere.

You see the condition.

As a result, I can no longer, I can no longer even …-for instance, previously, when someone told me he had difficulties or was unhappy or … it was very simple, spontaneously I would say, "But just think of something else, think of the yoga, and you'll find peace" – I can't even say that any longer! Because I can't tell people, "Do as I do and you'll be in peace"! It's true that I don't have a single care – not one care. One day (it was yesterday or the day before, I don't remember), everything seemed to go haywire-everything everywhere: everybody, all circumstances, all things – every thing, on the scale of the earth. Not on a small scale, on the scale of the earth. On a small scale: complete disorder; on a general scale: complete disorder. But even that the

body can still see and smile at. But you see, it can't eat anymore, or it throws up all that it eats, or … Complete disorder. I can't say it finds that perfectly all right, but it doesn't find it unbearable; it says, "It's like that, so it's like that." Because there's always, always this, this which doesn't budge (gesture above the head, like an unshakable will), there is always the consciousness of … reaching, reaching the Lord, the Supreme Consciousness … reaching the Lord. This is stable. This is durable. And then: "If all this still has to dissolve, it will dissolve; if it can evolve, it will evolve; if it has to go through all these troubles, which really aren't very pleasant, it will go through them." This doesn't budge (same gesture above the head). And it even comes – when things begin to be troublesome enough, it comes like this: "To be what the Lord wills …. What You will."

There.

So I've stopped speaking – I am speaking just now, but I have stopped speaking because …

And a sort of fluidity (gesture spread all around): either what people have comes here, or what's here goes out there, or … A fluidity like that … which isn't particularly pleasant. It's interesting, even amusing at times-it's funny, comical. But I can't say it's very cheering.

I didn't even know if I would say anything, because it's really not … really not pleasant to say … How long is it going to last? I don't know … There are times when you feel it can't last, it's going to end; and there are times when you feel it can go on like that for an eternity. And then, when it's like that, when there is that feeling … "Why? Why, why all this? Is it really any use to have a manifestation like this, which lasts eternally like this? What's the use? …" If you have the vision of a Beauty and a Joy, a Harmony, then you say, "All right, let's go through the difficulty and then we'll arrive there," but this way, if things must always be as they are … So there.

And then, as I have said, from time to time, for ONE second (not even one second), a joy … something … I can't say, it's neither joy nor pleasure nor happiness, nor any of all that, it's … something adorable-which may be nothing: it may be a taste, or a perfume, or a gesture, and then … it disappears. If the world were constantly like that, it would be a wonderful thing! Wonderful, inexpressibly wonderful, but … But impossible to be all alone like that, it's not possible. It's not possible, there is all that comes from outside (gesture like a truckload being dumped) and which … So if we have to wait till everything is changed … phew!

It's obvious that the creation CAN be a wonderful thing – it seems to be the opposite of that. But how is the one going to change into the other? …

(silence)

The body has reached a state of consciousness in which it knows that death can bring about a change, but isn't-isn't a disappearance (disappearance of the consciousness). And then, that idea the vast majority of human beings have: the repose of death … (Mother puts her hand on her mouth, as if before an extraordinary piece of nonsense). Not even that consolation. For most people, it's the opposite of a repose. So then, there too, but even more acutely and

intensely: "The only, the SOLE hope is … You, Lord, to be You. Let there be nothing but You. Let this separation, this difference disappear, it is MONSTROUS!" Let it disappear. Then, let it be as You will: You in full activity, or You in complete repose – it doesn't matter in the least; whether it is this way or that way, either way it's completely, completely unimportant; the important thing is that it should be You.

There's the absolute CERTITUDE (Mother clenches her two fists) that there's only ONE way out of all that, only ONE – only one, not two, there's no choice, there aren't a few possibilities, there's only one: it's … the supreme Door. The Marvel of Marvels. All the rest … all the rest is an impossibility.

And all that is the experience of this (Mother points to her body), it's not mental, but wholly and completely material.

I see, you know, because people's consciousness is an open book for me (there's no difference, it's an open book), and so I see: in the vast majority of people, when things become really difficult, there is that idea (that sort of idea is always there): "Oh, one day, all that will be over." – What a joke!

(silence)

But why? … Why? … Now and then the body worries: "Why? Why, why all this, why? …" When it sees, when it's in contact with suffering, people, miseries, difficulties, why, why? Why … why?

(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's feet)

Since this Creation can be a marvel identical with the Supreme Consciousness, why, why did it have to go through all this? (Mother draws a circle that comes back to its starting point)

Now and then that comes to it.

But obviously, it's idiotic, because it's useless – it's like that, so it's like that. All the whys will not prevent things from being like that. All that we have to do is to find the way for them no longer to be like that, that's all.

(silence)

I always think of Buddha and all of them: we'll go and merge with the Lord, and then there'll be nothing left! (Mother takes her head in her hands)

So then, for their theory to be credible, they say … (laughing) that it's all an "error." And they don't see the stupidity of their theory: that the Supreme Lord should have been capable of an error … and then should have repented and withdrawn from it!

These people, all these people, the more convinced they are, the more you feel they are shut up in blinkers.

(silence)

But in fact, your body is a symbol of the whole earth.

It seems to be like that.

So everything comes to you to be purified.

Yes, but that doesn't console me, the body couldn't care less!

Yes, but I feel that once anything has touched you, it can't go back into the world as it was before.

It seems to be so; there are constantly extraordinary things taking place. Constantly, all the time, every minute, I hear really extraordinary things.

But that doesn't console the body! … It doesn't have any selfesteem.

Yes, but that serves some purpose.

Oh, yes!

It purifies – it must purify the world.

The body doesn't even worry about its purification …. I don't know how to explain …. It's night and day, ceaselessly, "What You will, Lord, what You will …." You understand, "what You will" in the future, instead of "what You want" in the present, because it's not only like this (gesture inward), but also like that (gesture outward, spread out). "What You will, what You want." That's all. And that's its perpetual state.

(silence)

Because, of course, one very clearly feels how everything is grating.

(Mother laughs, silence)

At any rate (this is very clear), the consciousness striving to help the body in the work has made it understand per-fect-ly well that going away isn't a solution. Even if there was earlier a curiosity to know what the body will be, that curiosity is gone; as for the desire to stay on, that went away long ago; the possible desire to leave when things become a bit … suffocating went away with the idea that it would change nothing at all. So only one thing remains for the body: to perfect acceptance. That's all.

When it doesn't talk about it, it's relatively easier; when it expresses it, it becomes very concrete.

There.

The only thing that really consoles it (but not for long) is the idea, "What you are doing is useful for all; what you are doing isn't for you, a stupid little person, it's for the whole entire creation to profit by it." That's what gives it patience.

But when there are people with, you know, a great goodwill (with perhaps a little ambition) to do some work too, I tell them, "If it comes, take it, but don't pull it to you …." A part of the creation had to do the work for the whole (that's obvious-obvious), and, well, what speaks [i.e., Mother] happens to be at

least a part. There had to be someone. That's good; it's like that, so it's like that; there's no point being … It's like that, so it's like that.

Ah, it's only asking to do the work properly, and that's all.

The body is aware of a very deep stupidity, and it realizes that because of that stupidity, the whole entire universe is the way it is.

And its perfect incapacity to get out of it … It's a question of Grace, that's all …. There are some seconds when everything is so wonderful as to be unbelievable, and then, the next second …

There. It's better not to talk about it.

(silence)

One would like to help you better.

Mon petit, you are helping me as much as you can. It's very good …. There's one thing: you are the only one I can talk to. And that's good. From a general standpoint, I am very grateful for that -you are the only one I can talk to. The others don't understand.

The others don't understand.

I don't know. I don't know what will happen. There are times when things become so difficult that I wonder if the body will be able to hold out, but I would like … I would like people not to put me in a box and shove the body … like that, because it will be aware of it, it will feel it, and that will mean adding one more misery to all those it has had. Let them wait till it deteriorates. I am saying this to you, so you will be able to say it to others if necessary.

Yes, certainly.[81]

It doesn't desire that, it doesn't fear it – things will be as they will have to be, that's all. Only, it would really like people to understand ... to understand the effort it has made, and not to rush to (gesture of getting rid of a burdensome body) shut it in, with a heap of earth above it. Because even long after doctors will have declared it to be dead, it will be conscious: its cells are conscious.

So there, that's all.

I don't know ... maybe ... You know, there's such a long way to go that it appears ... absolutely miraculous. And the other thing ["death"] seems to me more and more idiotic. So I am like this (gesture in between). It's really a queer condition: you're not alive, you're not dead.

Ah, good-bye, petit.

May 28, 1969

(Mother looks a little overburdened.)

I have nothing to say.
Do you have anything, any news?

> *I don't have any news, but there's one thing here. They've found in Pavitra's things the record of an experience he had three years ago, just when his cancer was beginning. Would you be interested to know the text of that experience? ...*

Is it interesting? … As for me, I have nothing to say. I have nothing to say, things are going on …. It's difficult.

> *Yes.*

But anyway …
Pavitra has remained here, not at all mingled; now and then, wholly conscious, otherwise very tranquil. It's good – not a hindrance, you understand …. Now and then, he manifests something, which shows he remains conscious. That's all.
As for me, I am continuing … it's not easy That's all. So I can listen to this.

(Satprem reads out)

Pavitra's experience

Night of February 5, 1966

> *"It is a night of fully conscious spiritual experience, a night of torture and glory.*
>
> *"I walked through large rooms in which beings without communication with outside were living. And other rooms where wretched beings were dragging out a wretched life. They took notice of my presence, which seemed to bring them a ray of light from outside. A few reacted well, with a smile; others fled. A few knocked against me. Then I went into other rooms. The same goal always seemed to justify my presence. For, as I went by, a few showed a sign of hope. But at the same time obstacles, sufferings, tortures of all kinds fell on me. They were not deliberately inflicted*

tortures, but sorts of reactions of ignorance and suffering.

"This work progressively became more and more difficult for me. I moved about with difficulty, walked more and more slowly, as though overburdened, until it finally became difficult I-Or me to find my way ... to escape.

"These experiences seemed to last /Or a long time. When they ended, I found myself in my physical body, surprised that it bore no marks of all that I had just undergone.

"But I slowly began to understand the meaning of all that had taken place. An immense gratitude rose from my heart towards the Supreme, as did an entire self-giving so that His Will "ray be accomplished everywhere.

"I perceived the meaning of the great promise:

'I shall deliver you from all evil, fear not.'[82]

"That promise of victory from the Divine embodied on the earth carried me away with joy.

"I repeat that I was fully conscious for as long as those experiences lasted.

"That is all I have to say."

Is it after this that he fell ill?

It's about that time. That's when he started walking with two canes.

(After a long silence) It would mean that he took upon himself quite a few people's burdens …. So that would explain what happened: on the day he left, a number of people were terribly attacked by things, as if those were coming back onto them; things that had been taken away from them and which were coming back onto them-especially women.

(long silence)

There was in him a being more conscious than lie. That's obvious. It was that same being which absorbed [others' suffering].

So ultimately, it's on the earth, by taking a body on earth, that one can deliver those worlds?

(Mother has not heard)

Those subtle worlds that are imprisoned worlds, it's by taking a body on earth that one can deliver them?

They are worlds of the vital.

That, of course [i.e., taking a body to deliver them].

(Mother goes into a contemplation, at times letting out a moan)

I understand better why he came [into Mother].

It's to escape all those horrors.

Very well.

There's only one solution, the direct contact of the physical with the Supreme. It's the only thing.

There.

But the body's cells … (I don't know whether it's specific to this body; I can't believe this body to be so exceptional), they are ABSOLUTELY convinced, and they keep trying and trying and trying all the time, all the time, for every misery, every difficulty, every … There's only one solution, only one thing: "You, You alone, to You – You alone exist." That's what expressed itself as the illusion of the world in the consciousness of people such as Buddhists and others, but that was a half translation.

The true translation is, "You alone exist, You alone." All the rest … all the rest is misery. Misery, suffering … darkness.

Oof! …

Maybe – maybe if … In Sri Aurobindo's conception, the Supermind clearly escaped all this misery.

There's only That. Otherwise, it's difficult.

Maybe half-measures are no longer sufficient …. I don't know. Maybe the time has come to take a clear stand.

This body has taken its stand. But I thought that … One must be very, very enduring – very enduring – so I wasn't urging others to do it; but that[83] may be saying that perhaps THE TIME HAS COME. I don't know.

Oof!

We'll get out of this.

Yes! (Mother laughs) Of course we'll get out of it.

I would like us to be able to say, "We're now getting out of it"!

May 31, 1969

How are your nights? … The same? Still the same?

(Satprem grimaces)

Two nights ago, I spent more than three hours with Sri Aurobindo, and I showed him all that was going to descend for Auroville. It was rather interesting. There were games, there was art, there was even cooking! But all that was very symbolic. I explained it to him as if on a table, in front of a large landscape; I explained the principle on whose basis physical exercises and games were going to be organized. It was very clear, very precise, I even did a demonstration, as if showing him on a very small scale: a representation on a very small scale of what was going to be done. I moved people, things … (gesture as if on a chessboard). But it was very interesting, and he was interested: he gave kinds of broad laws of organization (I don't know how to explain).

There was art and it was lovely, it was fine. And how to make houses pleasant and beautiful, with what principle of construction. And cooking too, it was very amusing! There were the different manners of presenting a dish; take a fish, for instance, with the different ways of preparing it, and everyone came with his own invention …. It went on for more than three hours (three hours of the night, that's huge). I woke up at 4 o'clock with that (4 o'clock, and I had gone back to bed at I o'clock: I to 4 is three hours – I can still calculate!). Very interesting.

Yet the conditions on earth seem very far from all that ....

No … It was just there, it didn't seem "foreign" to the earth. It was a harmony A conscious harmony behind things: a conscious harmony behind physical exercises and games; a conscious harmony behind decoration and art; a conscious harmony behind food …

I mean that all this looks poles apart from what is now on earth.

Not …

No?

Today was Y's birthday She came, and (smiling) started telling me that the latest scientific discoveries are "absolutely wonderful," that they have found how thoughts are formed and travel from one person to another … (Mother laughs). I couldn't help telling her, "Yes, that's what yogis already knew!"

Well, indeed. Really!

And she also told me that animal psychology can lead us to the knowledge of the superman's psychology.

Good.

There's something true there …. But anyway, it's …

It's seen from below.

So I told her that the whole artistic, athletic, even culinary organizations, and all others, are ready in the subtle physical – ready to descend and incarnate-and I said, "All that is needed is a little soil

(gesture in the hollow of the hand), a little soil to let the plant grow …." I said that to her, "I am telling you because we have to find a little soil to let it grow …." I don't know if she understood!

(silence)

I don't know if this perception is correct, but for several months I have felt that the earth has never been in such darkness. I have a sense of a tremendous darkness.

Yes, yes. But both are there. It's true. A CONFUSION-it's a confusion – a dark confusion, yes. A dark confusion, but that's what Sri Aurobindo always said: the confusion becomes much more intense and dark just when the light is to come. That's correct. It looks like a dark chaos. And especially in this country … terrible, oh, unbelievable things. It's because serious people said them to me (they aren't newspaper gossip) that I am obliged to believe them. There are really dreadful things going on in the government and in the organization – dreadful. Unbelievable. And the Chinese …

But Mother, do you know in the West, the influential books (not only influential, they're read and devoured by all the young) are those of Mao Tse-tung?

Of …?

Mao Tse-tung.

What's that?

… He's the great Chinese, the great Chinese mandarin-Mao Tse-tung.

And what does he say, that man?

That man … says that "Power flows from the barrel of a gun.

(Mother remains silent)

That's what they read in the West. And the latest bestseller is a book titled something like "The Wretched," which is an apology of violence: "Power must be seized through violence." That's what is successful in the West, what all the students are devouring.[84]

Oh, an apology of violence …

A gospel of violence.

That's the vital in full swing.

Yes.

Ooh! That explains all the visions I've had. I thought … I put the blame on my body, thinking this poor body has an unfortunate atavism: constantly dreadful, frightful imaginations – but they weren't imaginations, it was conscious of what was going on …. Oh! …

Oh, what you're telling me is very interesting, because yesterday (these last few days, these last three days), faced with the horror of the perception of things, this body (which is quite the opposite of sentimental, it's never, never been sentimental) started weeping …. It didn't weep materially, but it was … And with an inner intensity, it said, "Oh, why does this world exist?" Like that, it was so … awful, sad, miserable … so miserable and … so horrible, you know, oh! … But it instantly gets the Response- not a response with words, it's simply … like an immensity opening in the Light. Then, there's nothing more to say.

But how can That, that immensity, become this? … I don't know. The question is, "How did That become this? …" That's how it came: "How could That, the Wonder, become this-this hideous, monstrous thing?"

But the process to change this back into That is what I don't know … The process is … abdication (what word should we use?), self-giving (that's not it). But the body felt everything, everything to be so … horrible. There was a very, very difficult day.[85]

And curiously, I knew at that time that it was the exact repetition of the experience Buddha Siddhartha had, and that it was IN this experience that he said, "There is only one way out: Nirvana." And at the SAME TIME, I had the true state of consciousness: his solution and the true one. That was really interesting. How the Buddhistic solution is only ONE step taken on the path- one step. And BEYOND that (not on another path, but BEYOND that) is where the true solution lies. It was a decisive experience.

(long silence)

But what's this creation? … You know, separation, then wickedness, cruelty (the thirst to cause harm, we might say), then suffering, again the joy of causing suffering, and then all disease, decomposition, death – destruction. (All that is part of a single thing.) What happened? … The experience I had was the UNREALITY of those things, as though we had stepped into an unreal falsehood, and when you step out of it, everything vanishes – it DOES NOT exist, it isn't. That's what is frightful! What to us is so real, so concrete, so dreadful, all that does not exist. It's … stepping into Falsehood. Why? How? What? …

But never, never in this body's whole, entire existence, not once – not once – has it felt such a … total and profound sorrow as on that day … Oh, something that made it … (Mother has a lump in her throat). And at the end of it all, Bliss. And then, pfft! it faded away, as if to say, "Not yet, not yet, the

time hasn't come yet." But as if all this, which is so awful, did not exist.

After all, it's probably … probably only on the earth (that I don't know). It doesn't seem to be like that, because for the moon, it's very concretely a sense of devastation. Anyway, there's nevertheless a very strong, very concrete sensation that what's like that, in this Falsehood, is something limited. And unreal. And that we are all in Falsehood and Unreality – that's why things are as they are. And the interesting point was that that escape into Nirvana wasn't the solution, it was only a remedy – a remedy for a time (how can I explain? I don't know) … a partial remedy. A partial and, we might almost say, momentary remedy.

So that's a paroxysm at a certain point. Afterwards comes the long path: one must go on and on with the PROGRESSIVE work of transformation. Then, the next minute, there is what Sri Aurobindo called the supramental being. It's like the transition from the one towards the other.

But how will all this change? I don't know.

> *Yes, the other day, I had a perception (I don't have the gift of vision), but such a concrete perception, that the earth was as if beneath a black cloak-what you call Falsehood or Illusion. It was something COVERING the earth.*

Yes, yes.

> *I felt that, but very concretely: a black coat.*

Yes, exactly

> *Only, it would have to be pulled back FOR EVERYONE.*

(After a silence) I can't say (it's inexpressible), it was something that contained horror, dread, sorrow – and a compassion, oh, intense! … Never, never had the body felt things like that. Besides, that put it in a rather … critical state for a few hours. Afterwards, it was as if everything, everything came-every single thing-with a Smile and a resplendent Light; as if (to put it into children's words), as if the Lord were saying, "See, I am everywhere. See, I am in all things." It was unbelievable- unbelievable …. But there's no communication between the two.

You understand, that was when the body said, "What? Shall we have to go on and on with that? Must we … go on and on with that? The world, people, the whole creation – go on and on with that? …" It seemed … I suddenly understood: "Ah! That's what they expressed as 'perpetual hell'." That's it. It was someone who had that perception.

And all the methods – which we may call artificial, Nirvana included-all the methods to get out of it are worthless. Beginning with the fool who kills himself to "Put an end" to his life: that's … of all stupidities, that one is the biggest, it makes his case still worse. From that up to Nirvana (where one imagines one can get out of it), all of it, all of it is worth NOTHING. Those are different stages, but they're worth NOTHING. And then, after that, when you really have a sense of perpetual hell, all of a sudden … (nothing but a state of consciousness, it's nothing but that), all of a sudden, a state of consciousness

… in which all is light, splendor, beauty, happiness, goodness …. And all that is inexpressible. It comes like that: "Oh, here it is," and then pfft! It shows itself, and hop! it's gone. Then the Consciousness, which sees, imposes itself, and says, "Now, the next step." So it's in the presence of all this that the body had … never, never in its whole life had it felt such a sorrow, and even now … (Mother touches her heart).

Is this, is this the lever? … I don't know. But salvation is PHYSICAL -not at all mental, but PHYSICAL. I mean it's not in escape: it's … HERE. That I felt very strongly.

But the body had a few very difficult hours. And to it, that's always indifferent, it says, "All right," it's fully ready for dissolution or … There was no question of that; there was no question of that, the question was to … know how to receive the Cure. And what is the Cure like? – Inexpressible with our means.

But it's not that it's veiled or hidden or anything: it's HERE. Why? What in the whole deprives you of the power to live THAT? I don't know. It's here, HERE! All the rest, including death and everything, really becomes a falsehood, that is to say, something that does not exist.

Yes, it's a cloak that has to be drawn back.

If it were only that, it would be nothing!

No, I mean that all this Illusion is like a cloak to be drawn back off the earth.

Yes, that's it. But of course, that's it! But is it only off the earth? I don't know … They're going tip there to find out!

All I know, the impression I have, is that it's concentrated here. The concentration is here, the work is here. But it may be … the whole solar system, I don't know.

(silence)

But one can't get out all alone.

Of course! ... Mother, the other day you said something. You said, "The time has come to take one's stand." You said, "The body has taken its stand," but you didn't dare urge others to do it, and you added, "Now the time has come to take one's stand."

Yes, I think so.

But what do you mean by "taking one's stand"?

This, the awareness the body now has that all this is unreal.

If you asked the body, it would say, I don't know if I am alive, I don't know if I am dead." Because that's really how it is. For a few minutes it absolutely has the feeling of being dead; at other times, it has the feeling of being alive. The body is like that. And it feels that exclusively depends on … whether the Truth is perceived or not.

(silence)

What does it depend on? …

(silence)

According to what others say or write or experience, I have seen that what the vast majority of humanity fears the most is this perception of the Falsehood of it all, and all that leads to it. I know people (they've written to me) who just these last few days have had terrible frights, because all of a sudden they were forcibly seized, something was beginning to touch them: the perception of the unreality of life. So that shows the immensity of the path still ahead. Which means that any hope of a solution near at hand seems childishness. Unless … things take place differently.

If things must follow the movement they've followed till now … How many centuries and centuries and centuries there have been …. So the superman would only be one more stage, and after him there would be many other more things ….

> *Every time I think of that, I always get the impression that the only solution is for you to have a glorified body, visible to all. Then everyone would come and see-come and see what the Divine is like!*

(Mother laughs a lot) That would be quite convenient!

> *It would so much upset all their notions ….*

Yes, of course! That would be really convenient. Will it be like that? … That's for sure, I wholly agree! And I would be very happy if it were anyone, I don't have the least desire that it should be mine!

> *Come and see what the Divine is like!*

Yes, what it's like! (Mother laughs)
Oh, you should write that ….
Write it, write that.

(Mother remains "gazing" for a long time, with an unbelievable expression. The clock strikes ….

June 4, 1969

> *There's a letter from PL. He writes:*

" ... My work is the same, there are difficulties in accepting my ideas. I am regarded as a 'crank' (I think so, though no one has talked to me about it, for there is a force protecting me). Yet, things at the Vatican, at the center of the Church, are changing. The struggle of the new forces against the traditional ones is now very strong. If the Pope accepts (his entourage is against it) to go to Geneva on June 10 and take part in the Assembly of Protestant Churches, and asserts there that we are not 'the only ones to possess the truth,' I believe that will be a great step forward. But will he have the courage to accept that other religious movements too are seeking? Or will he remain rooted in the assertion that 'extra ecclesia non est salus,'[86] that the only depository of the Truth, the exclusive owner (!) of salvation is the Catholic Church? ... For the time being, I am on the list of those accompanying him. Mother's assistance will have to be strong on that day ..."

(after a silence)

Religions are an old thing …. Don't you have that sensation?

Oh, absolutely.

Old, very old.

I even feel they're finished.

Yes.

(silence)

My impression is that the next Church to be demolished is the Intellect.

(Mother laughs) Yes!

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Satprem proposes to publish in "Notes on the Way" the text of the last conversation, of May 31, about the glorified body "Visible to all.")

Aren't people going to believe that we've gone mad)?! No?
You think we can publish that? …

I feel we can.

You might ask Nolini? As for me …

(silence)

After you left [last time], I looked a good deal, the whole day long …. There is the sense that it [the glorified body] would be a wonderful solution. When you said it, something all of a sudden became concrete.[87] But with no personal sense in it …. The body doesn't in the least, in the least, have either the ambition or the desire or even the aspiration to become that [the glorified body], but there was only a sort of joy at the possibility that "that" may be – that THAT MAY BE – with anyone, anywhere, anyhow: that that may be. And I looked very, very attentively: not for a minute did it have the idea, "It should be this" (Mother pinches the skin of her hand), you understand? It was, "May that incarnation, that manifestation BE" – not with the choice of one person or another, one place or another, no, none of that was there: it was the THING IN ITSELF which was a wonderful solution. And that's all.

Then the consciousness started observing: if there is nothing in this body even "aspiring" to be that, it shows that's not its work. Then came this extraordinary Smile (I don't know how to explain), like that, which passed by and said … (to put it in a quite childish manner), "That's not your business!" And that's all. And it was over, I didn't concern myself with it anymore. "Not your business," in the sense, "It's none of your concern; whether it's like this or like that, it's not your business." That's all.

But what has become its business, in such an intense, intense manner that it's almost inexpressible, is "You, You, You, You that no word can express: the Divine, to use a word. That's all. For everything: eating – the Divine; sleeping – the Divine; suffering – the Divine … like this (Mother turns her two hands upward). With a sort of steadiness, of stillness – there is a great unification in the cells.

(silence)

This Consciousness … for instance if someone writes and puts a question to me, through this Consciousness I instantly get the answer; and when I write it down, it's this Consciousness that speaks. These last few days I have written a number of answers, and all of them so far AHEAD of all that has been said up till now … The answers are so far ahead of the state of consciousness of the people who put a question that … And that happens spontaneously, effortlessly, just like that (Mother lets her pen flow).

(silence)

Its sense of an individual, that is, separate existence would appear to be closely, indissolubly linked to suffering (I am talking about physical suffering, nothing moral – physical suffering). So then, if the body has one aspiration, that is to melt … to melt not into the whole, but to melt into … into the something we call the Divine, and which is everything – the true whole instead of the false whole. But I can't explain.

The body clearly mustn't be preoccupied with anything; it mustn't be preoccupied with anything, neither this way nor that, neither with progress nor with dissolution – not preoccupied with anything. The state (not the state it

aspires to, it's not that, because it doesn't have any "aspiration"), the state that seems to be … willed for it (I don't know how to explain) is – peace, a receptive peace, that's all.

(long silence)

Can't speak, words are idiotic.

June 11, 1969

(Following a telegram from PL. announcing that he has been "excluded from the retinue" accompanying the Pope to the Geneva assembly.)

It seems to me to be a conflict between the Pope and the cardinals …. Have you got his letter?

Not yet. He simply says he has been 'excluded.

(After a silence) A. has told me that the two preceding popes had made considerable changes. I know that one of the changes was to recognize that life on earth was "purgatory" …. And apparently that was so much ground down and twisted that it all disappeared! Nothing remained.

* * *

(Later, regarding a letter from the Raymonds, friends of Pavitra's and the architects who built "Golconde," the Ashram's guest house.)

Have you seen the Raymonds' letter? … They've written a very sweet letter. In their letter, they write something I didn't know, which Pavitra had never told me; they say that when Pavitra put them in contact with here, it completely changed their lives, the aim of their lives and everything.

Raymond is a great architect. When they came here[88] and built "Golconde," I asked Raymond to prepare the plan for the first Auroville I had conceived (that was when Sri Aurobindo was still alive), and it was magnificent! He didn't leave it here.

But it was an Auroville with, at the center, Sri Aurobindo's house (gesture on a hilltop). Sri Aurobindo was alive, so we had put him at the center.

(silence)

Pavitra has remained wholly conscious, independent. For instance, when I

was read this very letter of the Raymonds, it was Pavitra who listened!

And who had all the reactions …. It's very interesting. It's something quite unexpected …. There are times when I feel a slight inner duality, that is, for example, two reactions to one thing! It's quite funny.

He had an extraordinary goodwill! I realize he really had goodwill, and a sort of modest endurance – never a sense of wanting to pull things to himself ….

(Laughing) I know him better now!

June 25, 1969

(For some time Mother's health has been very upset. Most of her recent meetings with Satprem were spent in silent contemplation.)

… Then there is little S.U. (do you know S.U.?), who isn't too happy with her work and asked me if I couldn't help her make some progress. So I told her, "Read Satprem's book …." She started reading Satprem's book. She told me "If I don't understand something, what do I do?" I said, "If you can't understand, ask me." So yesterday, she quoted a bit of a sentence to me (you know how they do: they take a bit of a sentence and ask you, "Whatever does this mean?!"). I answered. It was a sentence in which it was said that there were two "positions": the materialist and the spiritualist; then you mention me, saying we should take another position, a "third position." She didn't understand (Mother gives Satprem the child's letter).[89]

My answer is prompt. But I felt like saying to her, "Another time, what if you went and asked Satprem?"

It wouldn't have the same effect!

No, but you could explain better! (Mother laughs)

Ah, no!

You can keep this if it amuses you … my comments on your book! (Mother gives her reply)

> "In the world, people generally classify themselves as materialists who believe in nothing but matter, or as spiritualists who reject matter in order to lean on the spirit alone.
>
> "Sri Aurobindo is neither a materialist nor a spiritualist. He

admits both, but wants a matter transformed, divinized by the spirit, capable of expressing the truth instead of constantly denying it."

That's all. So what are you bringing?

I wanted to mention something (I couldn't tell you about it last time), but I have been solicited by Paolo,[90] *who is preparing a documentary on the Ashram for television. He asked to take photos of me, a film, and so on. First I said, "I'll talk about it with Mother." But as it wasn't possible lately, yesterday he finally came down on me with his camera, and I let him.*

He's nice, Paolo, very nice!

Yes, but still, showing myself off ...

Oh, mon petit, and what about me!

Ah, but with you it's different!

Excuse me! It's still worse! (Mother laughs) You understand, this body has a sense of the ridiculous, so it says, "Here, I'm being shown off when I have very little to do (not to say nothing) in this affair." We can't pull them out of their … extreme individualism. What can you do?!

Well, I am mentioning the fact. And then he has asked me to write something: a "manifesto for the youth," which would serve as a backdrop to that whole documentary. That's more important.

That's useful. But it'll give you work.

It has to be brief, but it has to have force and simplicity.

Yes … that's more interesting.
You aren't tired?

No, no, Mother!

(Mother runs her hand over Satprem's forehead)

Then it's all right. He's nice, Paolo, he's generous. We have to help him.
Now here's something else (Mother takes a file out of a pile of letters and various other things). I receive this notebook every two days. Let's see if there's something interesting ….

(Mother reads)

"To be what Mother wants," is that not to be transformed?

Very easy to answer (Mother writes):

"Undeniably.

For everyone: to prepare oneself for this transformation.

For a few: to begin the work of transformation.

"For a very small number: to hasten the process of transformation."

(Mother turns towards Satprem)

Isn't the thought clear?

Oh, yes, it is!

(Mother laughs) I see him every day for a minute or two. He asked me, "Is it possible to have a new birth every day?" I said, "It's possible … if one is capable of it!"

So we'll see his reaction (Mother seems very amused).

(silence)

But you know, this little S.U. (I've never said this; I forget when it was – years ago, she was big as a boot), when your famous Sannyasin[91] came here, he wanted to do a worship to the Mother,[92] and he did one thing … which isn't regarded as very charitable (that individual had a certain capacity): he put into this child an emanation of a higher spirit (which he thought was an emanation of the Mother), he carried out the ceremony, and afterwards (it was infinitely too powerful for the child), he came to me and told me, "I'll send her to you for you to take out the emanation, we can't keep that!"

So he sent me the child.

And I saw that he had put something into her (which was fine, by the way; it wasn't at all a bad thing, it was fine), and for several days, I did the work to see what could be adapted without upsetting the child's consciousness too much, and to drive out what was too strong …. The work was interesting, and I did it successfully, so it gave the little girl a sort of trust in me (naturally I didn't say anything to her, no one has ever said anything to her), but it gave her a rather exceptional trust (she was very small, a tiny thing). Since then, for that reason, I have taken interest in this child. Because there really is an aspiration in her – it has created an aspiration in her being. And that's why I decided to help her, and why I've told you about it …. She had some stuff (he was rather sensitive, your Sannyasin, he felt she was receptive). If he had asked me before, I would have told him, "For heaven's sake don't do that, it's not something to be done!" – He might have upset the child's whole life. But at the time, he had some semblance of trust in me: he came to me and said, "Now this should be taken out" (Mother laughs)

But the child knows nothing, she mustn't know.

It seems that among those Sannyasins and others, it's often done … but it's dangerous.

(silence)

What news do you have? Nothing?

Working at a hastened pace. The body … doesn't complain. It doesn't complain because … There are two things at the same time. It has increasingly and in an increasingly precise way the full perception of its … to use the exact word, its nothingness (that goes without saying, and without even a shadow of regret, because there's the full awareness that it can't be otherwise; in the present state of matter, it can't be otherwise) …. There's an interesting process of development through which the body sees IN DETAIL – in detail, in every detail – how the Force of Consciousness acts, and what … to put things simply, what we turn it into. It's very interesting. For everything, you know, the details of every minute: how the Force of Consciousness acts, and … what we turn it into. With, from time to time, a marvelous key for certain problems, and a chance given to apply the key to see how it works – it works admirably!

But all that … you understand, it's like a few drops in an ocean of work. That's how it is. The work is terrestrial, of course-more and more terrestrial, even the body has a connection with the whole-and therefore rather tremendous. But the sense of limitlessness in regard to the Force (not only the Consciousness, but the Force), the sense of limitlessness is becoming more and more permanent. The scale of the work in proportion with the form [Mother's body] is very perceptible, and perceptible in a very keen way, but there is the sense of the inanity of this form – not even its relative character: almost its inexistence, something like the sense of … a continuing illusion. And then, quite concretely, the wonderful allpowerfulness of the Consciousness-Force; that comes with the impression that so-called "miracles" are nothing at all, a natural working. But you understand, the work has the proportion of the Consciousness, and it has to be done on … (laughing) on the scale of the body. So that gives a sort of perception of an immensity that has to worked out on one point …. I can't express it, it's something inexpressible with words …. But I need to have some peace.

And above all, above all, the chatter of words … For instance, it has become very hard for me to read a letter: there are always at least a hundred times too many words. And it's easy to see it's in the head that it goes like this (gesture of a jumble). But then, here (gesture to the forehead), it has remained mar-vel-ous-ly tranquil and calm and white and … oh, that's really a Grace. It has remained like that. So all those things that come and try to enter – there's no response, they are kept at a distance. And then, the Solicitude, the Care taken to make the thing as easy as we permit it to be-it's wonderful! Wonderful … Naturally, from time to time, one is crushed under the weight of stupidity, but behind, there is nevertheless a benevolent Goodness, smiling and so TREMENDOUS that … nothing matters, no worry There. So …

The body has the sensation of hanging between two states: one which people call life, and the other which people call death. The body feels it's hanging between the two: neither alive nor … (laughing) dead, like that, neither one nor the other. It's between the two. And that's very odd. Very odd. There is an impression (not an impression, it's a perception) that the slightest disorder (gesture of tipping over to the left) would be enough to fling it to the other side, and that this very slight movement "this way" (gesture of tipping

over to the right, into "life") is made impossible by something one doesn't understand. And it takes very little to …

One just has to keep very still.

That's the body's impression: just be very still, always very still, even when things begin to grate with all that comes from outside, all the circumstances – the laggard cells go like this (gesture of grating), ill-adjusted, and one is on the very edge … on the very edge of tipping over: the only thing to do is to stay very still … and then it passes (immense, even gesture) … wonderful! Something like … I don't know … I don't know what to call it, it's wonderful (same immense, perfectly even gesture). And along with that, the constant impression of that Smile, but an all-powerful smile.

And for … for weeks, it acted only on this body, which was in a very concentrated state; since … not long, since yesterday, it has started (gesture of expansion) acting on other people. And then, some entirely unexpected things happen, that is, which were neither planned nor willed nor devised, absolutely nothing: all of a sudden, this Consciousness comes, seizes the person who's here (gesture like a tornado), then through this body [of Mother] does something, and takes the person away in its whirl. Especially today. Yesterday, it was a sort of Force – active Force – which came into the body, not bothering anymore about all that's in a bad state.[93] And this morning, I twice saw this occurrence: I saw (when I say "I," I mean the consciousness there [gesture above the head], which is a Witness quite … like this [immutable gesture], without any reaction, without a shadow of personal will to intervene in the work of this Consciousness; it was simply a spectator), I saw how through this body, the Force came, seized the other person (same gesture of a tornado) and took him away …

That was amusing! They were two difficult cases, two cases in which I really met with a difficulty to be conquered – you could see how it seized the person, oh, like a child playing with a ball. Like that. Extraordinary! Extraordinary. So if "that" comes and settles … I don't know.

We'll see.

It looks as if it's going to become amusing!

(silence)

There is clearly an active Will at work for this body to learn to live in a state in which there is neither life nor death – a state which is something else.

I don't know. I don't know what will happen – the body isn't told what will happen. It's very easy to understand why, moreover: if the body knew in advance what will happen, it would surely do foolish things instead of being very attentive and … simply like that, not just "listening" (it's not a question of listening), but attentive to the Impulsion so as to do exactly what it has to do – what's expected of it, for everything, everything, down to the smallest thing: eating, sleeping, speaking, moving, everything, everything. To be like that all the time, all the time: attentive so as not to do anything but what has to be done.

And (laughing) the body finds it thoroughly funny, absurd, that one could think one is a "person." It has such a strong sense of fluidity! The sense that

whatever isn't fluid is false. It's really amusing.

So there.

Enough chatter for today!

And how are you?

June 28, 1969

Oh, I've received this from little S.U., again in relation to your book:

(Mother holds out a letter)

> *Sweet Mother,*
>
> *What is the idea behind this sentence from the "Adventure": "Unfortunately, the West has too much intelligence to have much clear vision to translate outwardly, while India, too full within, is not demanding enough to match what she lives with what she sees"?*

(Mother smiles and dictates straight off)

> It means that in the West (especially in France), the intellectual development has prevailed over the spiritual development and the contact with higher regions, while in India, the inner knowledge has remained more developed than the intellectual field.

We could put the sentence thus:

> The West expresses more than it really knows.
>
> India knows more than it really can express.

Enough!

* * *

(Then Satprem reads out to Mother the article he has written for Italian television.)

It's for Paolo, for Italian television.

Maybe you could read it to me ….

Does it interest you? … I have entitled it, "The Great Sense.

(Satprem reads)

"This is the time of the Great Sense.

We look to the right or to the left, we build theories, reform our Churches, invent super-machines and go out in the streets to break the Machine that stifles us-we struggle in the small sense. When the terrestrial ship is sinking, does it matter whether the passengers drown to the right or to the left, under a flag black or red, or celestial blue? Our Churches have already sunk: they are reforming their own dust. Our patriotisms are crushing us, our machines are crushing us, our schools are crushing us, and we build more machines to break out of the Machine. We go to the moon, but we do not know our own heart nor our terrestrial destiny. And we want to improve what is-but the time for improvements is past: can one improve rot? …

(Mother holds back a laugh)

"This is the time for SOMETHING ELSE. Something else, which is not the same thing with improvements.

"But how shall we proceed?

"They preach violence to us, or nonviolence. But these are two faces of the same Falsehood, the yes and no of the same impotence: the little saints have gone bankrupt with the rest, and others want to seize power-what power? That of the statesmen? Are we going to fight over the prison keys? Or to build another prison? Or do we really want to get out of it? Power does not flow from the barrel of a gun, neither does freedom flow from the bellies of the dead-for thirty million years now, we have been building on corpses, on wars, on revolutions. And the drama is enacted over and over again. Perhaps the time has come to build on something else and find the key to the true Power? …

It's magnificent, mon petit!

" … So let us look at the Great Sense.

"Here is what the Great Sense tells us:

"It tells us that we were born so many million years ago – a molecule, a gene, a quivering bit of plasma-and we have produced a dinosaur, a crab, an ape. Had our eyes stopped halfway along the road, we could have said with good reason (!) that the Baboon was the summit of the creation and nothing better could be done, except perhaps to improve our simian capacities and create a United Kingdom of Apes .... And we may be committing the same error today in our jungle of concrete. We have invented enormous means at the service of microscopic consciousnesses, splendid devices at the service of mediocrity, and still more devices to be cured of the Device. But is man truly the goal of all these millions of years of striving? – The secondary school for all and the washing machine?

"The Great Sense, the True Sense, tells us that man is not the end. It is not the triumph of man that we want, not an improved version of the intelligent dwarf-it is another man on the earth, another race in our midst.

"'Man is a transitional being,' Sri Aurobindo said. We are right in the middle of this transition, it is bursting forth on every side: in Biafra, in Israel, in China, on the Boul'Mich'.[94]

Man is uncomfortable in his skin.

"And the Great Sense, the True Sense, tells us that the only thing we can do is to set to work to prepare that other man and collaborate in our own evolution instead of going round in circles in the old dead-end humanhood and grabbing false powers ...

Listen, you say, "To prepare that other man," but wouldn't it be better to put, "To prepare another BEING"?

Yes!

" ... to set to work to prepare that other being and collaborate in our own evolution instead of going round in circles and grabbing false powers to rule over a false life.

"But where is the lever of this Transmutation?

"It is within.

"There is a Consciousness within, there is a Power within, the very power that strained and strove in the dinosaur, in the crab, in the ape, in man – it strives still, presses farther on, clothes itself in a more and more perfected form as its instrument grows, and creates

its own form. If we grasp the lever of that Power, it will itself create its new form, for it is itself the lever of the Transmutation. Instead of letting evolution unfold through millennia of fruitless, painful attempts and useless deaths and fake revolutions that revolutionize nothing, we can hasten the time, we can make a concentrated evolution-we can be the conscious creators of the New Being.

"In truth, this is the time of the Great Adventure. The world is closed, there are no more adventures outside: only robots go to the moon and our borders are guarded everywhere-in Rome or in Rangoon, the same functionaries of the great Machine are watching us, punching our cards, checking our faces and searching our pockets – there is no more adventure outside!

The Adventure is with in – Freedom is within, Space is within, so is the transformation of our world by the power of the Spirit. Because, in truth, that Power was always there, supreme, all-powerful, prodding evolution on: it was the hidden Spirit growing to become the Spirit manifest upon earth, and if we have trust, if we want that supreme Power, if we have the courage to descend into our hearts, everything is possible, for God is in us."

It's unfortunate that there can't be another word than "God."

Yes.

Can't we find something else?
It's magnificent, it's really excellent …. Only that word …
(silence) Wouldn't "the ONE" do?

When they hear it, people won't understand .... Or perhaps "the supreme hidden Light"?

But it becomes very small.

It's magnificent, mon petit, you know, it's inspired. There's only the question of that single word. For such a long time I've been there, racking my brains to find a word!

ONE, with a capital 0, when it's written, it's fine, but when it's heard ...

Dieu ["God," in French] is a terrible word. God is an even more terrible word (!) And in Italian, what is it going to become!

(silence) Is "the Divine" too impersonal?

No, we could put, "The hidden Divine" .... Or else, "It was the hidden Wonder growing to become the Wonder manifest upon earth ..."?

Yes, "the Divine," or "the Wonder." But I always think about the translations-since it's going to be translated …. I don't know. Ask Paolo, have him choose between "the Wonder" and "the Divine." Explain the idea to him. In English, it's certain that the Divine is infinitely better than God.[95]

Yes, certainly!

It's a question of keeping the idea without keeping the word!
But it's very good …. Just what needed to be said.

July 2, 1969

(Satprem proposes to Mother a partial publication of the conversations of May 31 and June 4 on the glorified body.)

Don't you think some people are going to imagine they have a divine body? …

July 5, 1969

> *There's some news of P.L. He is a bit discouraged. You know that he had been excluded from the Pope's retinue just as the Pope was to make a speech in Geneva on "Christian unity" with the Protestants. So P.L. writes, "I started writing to you several times, but could not manage to end my letters. After the huge effort made to infuse the sentiments of openness that Mother had inspired me with, just as the Pope accepted to refrain from proclaiming himself as the 'Sole' possessor of the Truth and to put himself at the same level as the other creeds, Reaction had the upper hand and everything has remained as before ….*

That's it.

> *" … At the last minute, the paragraphs in the speech were changed."*

That's it. And that's why they didn't let him go.
It's the same thing going on here, I see it clearly: there was that movement of the Consciousness which wanted to bring about a general progress-and all those who want to pull backward pull as hard as they can.
And they don't even realize what they are doing.

It's so small, so small.

July 12, 1969

The nights are beginning to be interesting! Very interesting, because I have a vision – I don't know where it is, whether it's in the subtle physical (probably so) – a symbolic vision, but active (it's an action), a vision of what's happening, but then … (Mother smiles) AS IT Is, not as people see it!

Things here are always cloaked in a number of clothes, it's never the exact thing, but there, it is the exact thing. Just now … Last night, I had a long activity, and I wondered, "But why am I seeing all this?" A long activity (I'll tell you what it was), and just now, Z was here and started telling me the difficulties they have with the servants …. "Ah," I thought, "here we are, it's my vision, what I saw last night!" And in my vision … You know that here, it's P. who looks after the servants, but in the night, it was Amrita, and Amrita as he is now, not as he was physically (because when he left his body, Amrita came to me, and in fact, he hasn't left me, but he is free: now he rests, now he goes about). Last night, he was very active, and he symbolized R's activity, as if his influence was what guided R But it was … (Mother seems very amused) the symbols were so clear and so amusing, with such an amusing sense of humor! (The nights have really become very interesting ….) Oh, last night, I did gymnastics! (Mother laughs) It was because of that business with the servants: in the end, at one spot a wall was needed as a protection from the servants' invasion, and they had built a small wall (a small wall to protect a doorway); so I entered the house, and when I wanted to go out the other way, they had removed the staircase to build that small wall! So (laughing) there was a gaping hole, and I had to go back down (I was very agile) by clinging to the wall! Things of that sort, thoroughly amusing …. They had put up a kind of big partition as a protection from a crowd of servants who had swarmed into the street, a partition so they wouldn't sweep in here; then Amrita came, opened the partition, and started talking with the people outside! I told him (laughing), "There, you're ruining all our work!"

And then, I go to America, I go to Europe, I go … all the time. I go to some places in India. And all of that is work, work, work – at night. But so living!

The other day, a few days ago, I had a long activity in America where I met people in a meeting, spoke to them, replied to their questions, arranged things; and two or three days later, I received a letter from someone in America who is organizing a boat to come here for the centenary, in 1972 – a woman. And I found her photo again: she is the one I had seen and talked to! … It's becoming interesting.

Not many different things: the greatest part of the night is perfectly still, silent, and WITHIN the Force – within the Force – as if I were lying WITHIN

the Force to let it permeate everything; and then, at a given time (generally at the end of the night), an activity like that one, just one, which lasts for one hour, two hours, with all kinds of details, and extremely precise. So it's beginning to be interesting.

The body participates, you see; I could say that it's the body which dreams, it's not an inner being: it's the subtle body that dreams. It has a very concrete character, with a very SIMPLE symbolism, simple but so clear! It's interesting.

(silence)

Then, the contact with people … I have made it a rule not to speak to those who come, the visitors; I only speak to those I work with, because the body itself feels its consciousness go down as soon as I start speaking. If I don't speak, its consciousness is very … (what should I say?) very even and vast (much vaster than the body), very vast, even, and very receptive without distortion; as soon as I speak … it's not longer that. So I don't like to speak, but I am obliged to somehow, as I speak to you or when I have work to do to organize things. This morning, I had the visit of the Commission sent by the government to see if we are good children (!) and deserve the money … which they are to give us. So that Commission asked to see me. I said, "I agree, provided we do not talk and I say nothing." When I see people … they are transparent, you know, and generally I see what they think, I see what they want, or their impulsion or … – it's very amusing. And I talk to them. I talk to them in the sense that I tell them something inwardly ("I" doesn't know: it's the consciousness that knows precisely what they should be told). Sometimes I know nothing about them; they've just arrived, I see them and give them a speech! I give them a speech, and I am myself surprised: "Well! Why am I telling him all this?" And later on, I learn that it's precisely the person's preoccupations or difficulty or …

Which means there is some progress. There is progress in the consciousness, but not yet in the equilibrium of health; that's very difficult. It has become extremely sensitive and the least thing causes reactions …. We'll see.

(silence)

And what about you? … Nothing? … What do you have to say?

> *I have a feeling that I am less conscious than in the past-in my sleep, for instance.*

Earlier, you always used to tell me that you were unconscious!

> *In the first years, I was more conscious.*

Ah?

> *For instance, during my sleep, I would often wake up in the middle of a meditation, or else I was conscious of being seized by a force and moving on elsewhere things like that. Now there are never any phenomena of that sort anymore .... It's a complete void, or else*

chaotic activities.[96]

(Mother remains silent)

I felt there was all the same a sadhana taking place in my sleep ....

For a time, I used to see you every night, to go to the places where you went (and I would tell you). They are places that have to do with the life of the earth, but which aren't very near, I mean it's a rather subtle vision of things, above the mind; a vision and an action that are above the mind. And I always used to see you there; you had … something like an office, it was an IMMENSE hall (I told you several times), and no walls; the impression was of being in halls, yet there were no walls: one could see outside. And it was always the same place, but with different halls, in the sense that now one would look after one thing and now after another. But you were always there and always busy. There were big cupboards that contained all the "reports," and you were very interested in that. It went on for YEARS, almost every night I would see you there.

But now, I am not going there anymore, so I don't see you. I did see you, but then it was quite different, once in a while like that, as in that vision with Amrita, and associated with a work I was doing.

I no longer go there because … you understand, there's only the body, it's the BODY'S activity; it's interesting: it's the body's inner life. So then, I see you now and then, but it's because of the thing I concern myself with, it's not as it was before.

There, in that domain above the mind, you seem to be there every night: a very constant activity And it's very interesting, it's a place where, so to speak, a number of events to come are decided: changes, events are organized there; but they're organized … as in a management office, you understand – the action doesn't take place there, it's the organization (gesture of vision). The execution isn't visible, it's below.

There was a time when I used to see you very, very regularly, and that was the time when you would tell me that you were completely unconscious! (Mother laughs)

I feel that the key I lack is the key of the physical mind.

Physical?

Physical, yes. If I could get a grip on this physical mind so as to make it work spontaneously on true things rather than work on stupid things, if it worked automatically, then even at night it would be ...

Yes, yes!

But how to do it? I don't know ... As long as I put on it a pressure from above, it's very good, but the second the pressure goes ...

It starts all over again.

It goes on.

Well, yes! It obeys but it's not transformed.

No, not at all. I have to put pressure on it.

That's right.

But how to get hold of it, I don't know.

(after a silence)

Oh, but if it's the physical mind … Because it's the physical mind that's now developing[97] [in Mother] out of all proportions foreseen as possible, while Sri Aurobindo himself thought it wasn't possible; he said it's better to get rid of it, it won't be possible [to transform it]. But I have noticed it can be transformed, because the mind and the vital are gone, so there was a need to replace the mind in the functioning, and this physical mind has developed in quite an extraordinary way. It has become … (what should I say?) far more conscious, first of all, far more organized and methodical in its work. So if it's your physical mind, something can be done – I'll try. I can try to do something at night.

The mind, I can't do anything about it anymore, I no longer have a mind; but the physical mind, I can.

It would have to be touched.

Yes, yes.

A few years ago, for instance, the first time I heard that mantra at the Playground (it was in a film[98]), well, that evening, it had touched me so much that in the night I woke up repeating that mantra.

Oh!

It's something that needs to be TOUCHED. If it were touched and hooked on to the true vibration, well, it would go on.

Yes.

When I used to do that Tantric japa, at night, for instance, I often used to feel an activity of sadhana going on BECAUSE of that.

Oh! …

Because this physical mind had been so much handled and worked[99] that even during sleep something would remain.

Oh, then, it had some effect.

It had some effect.

But why don't you do it again?

But I am done with X.[100]

Yes, but you don't need X.

You mean I should start doing it again for several hours?

Oh, was it written?

No. There were written yantrams, but there was also japa.

Japa? You did japa?

I did japa for … I don't know, for hours every day.

But I told you, the body repeats the mantra (which is also japa) spontaneously, and absolutely without the intervention of the consciousness. It has got into the habit; as soon as it has the least difficulty, it repeats the mantra. So you can obtain the same result.

Of course, but how? It would have to be ingrained.

Yes.

But how?

We'll try.

Should I start doing methodical japa as I used to, or what?

You could try, perhaps simply as an experiment, to see if it has effect. Maybe not as you used to do it, but as I did it, at the slightest activity, or the slightest difficulty, repeating the mantra or the japa. And almost uttering it, you understand.

But Mother, in fact I do it almost all the time.

Oh, do you?

I do it, but … as it is, it's a certain part of my mind, with a bit of psychic, that has to do it.

Ah! …

It's not something spontaneous, it's not INGRAINED in the physical substance, you understand.

But we could try.

I do it out of a will, it's not a spontaneity.

Yes, yes.

A will that has become quite habitual, but a will nonetheless.

Yes. But we can try. What's your mantra?

It's the mantra you gave me, Mother!

Oh, that one! … It's the mantra the body repeats spontaneously I'll suddenly hear it saying it, you understand, so spontaneous is it.

(silence)

Did you give me the photos of your initiation?

Yes.

Do you have them, too?

Yes, Mother.

You have the same photos …. I can't manage to find them again! I had kept those photos with a letter from you which you had written from up there, when you were traveling.

From Benares?

Not Benares, the other place?

Brindavan ... no, I don't know.

A famous place, a place of Krishna, I think.

Then maybe it's Brindavan.

From there, you wrote to me. You wrote me a letter, and in that letter, mon petit, you told me, I have just had an experience." And you had seen me.

No, it was at Benares.

At Benares. So I had kept it separately with the photos. I don't remember where it is. I looked for it, I looked a lot. But it remained downstairs, and downstairs I don't know what they did with it …. In front of the window I had an armchair in which I used to sit; beside the armchair, there was a sort of small partition screen; in the lower part of the partition, I had put a sort of upright drawer (it was a kind of bag, but fastened), and in it, I had kept letters and those photos (I had kept other things too). And everything has disappeared. I don't even know if that contraption still exists ….

It still exists, says Sujata.

(To Sujata:) Will you go and see? If it still exists, will you bring it? That would be amusing. (Sujata goes out)

(silence)

I'll try.

That place where I used to see you was an experience of the higher mind, just above the mind, and since the mind left I have stopped having that experience. But this, here [the physical level] is fully active, fully. I'll try.

(Sujata comes back with cardboard boxes full of old things which Mother starts examining)

Oh, and this … this I must have had for … at least seventy years! (laughter) It's a copper thing that served as a letter opener; it lost its handle, but I kept it and used it …. But there's a mirror somewhere, I don't know where (a mirror with a golden frame, very pretty, a folding pocket mirror); it belonged to my grandmother, who gave it to me; and she had got it when she was … twelve years old. She was given it when she was twelve; she gave it to me and I kept it, and I still have it, which means that it must be much more than a hundred years old! It's downstairs, in the cupboard …. But this is a letter opener. It's, oh, very, very old: I had it in France before coming here, I brought it with me when I came here; I took it to Japan and used it there [to open Sri Aurobindo's letters], and I brought it back here. So it must be … I had it at the beginning of the century – it's much older than you! Do you want it? To open letters …

(Mother gives the letter opener to Satprem and goes on looking through the boxes)

Oh, it's amusing!
This is a pencil sharpener! (To Sujata:) Do you use pencils?

Not much Mother, no.

There are erasers, but they must be so old! …
Is there nothing you'd like to have? … Some old trifle there? … If you find something you would like – but you would have to use it, not to keep it in a corner.

(Sujata) No, Mother, it's fine where it is, with your things.

So the next time, we'll see the papers, I absolutely want to find those photos of you, and that letter.
(To Sujata:) Is there nothing here you'd like? No?

I won't dare to use it, I'll be tempted to keep it.

This I used all the time. It's what I used – take anything!

(Sujata takes a pencil)

Ah, these are good pencils! … Do you want the pencil sharpener? Take it (Mother laughs).
Next time, we'll see the papers, it'll be fun!

(silence)

I remember having seen you not very long ago (I'll have to see that), and it must have been in the subtle physical. So if that's where you want to become conscious, it's easier for me.
It's very interesting, you know! Very interesting … Life stripped of its false appearance!

There are still forms, but not at all the same thing. You know, people are so accustomed to … travestying everything – all that is gone; there, it's gone.

Tell me, what time do you go to bed?

About 10:30.

Ten thirty … So the first time I wake up ("wake up" is a manner of speaking) is about midnight (a little before or a little after), and you're asleep at that time.

Yes, Mother.

So at that time, when I go back to sleep, I'll call you. But don't bother about it. You'll just tell me if something happens. I'll try.

Oh, I see lots and lots of people, I do lots and lots of things. And then I can check:[101] afterwards, without trying, without questioning, I can check; the next day I am told this or that … So I'll try. I wasn't trying because I thought you were still going in the mind at night, in that higher region above (it's just above the mind), and I no longer go there: I go … (gesture all the way up). But I constantly work there, in this subtle physical. And it's becoming increasingly conscious and clear. So I'll try.

Sri Aurobindo is there – he can be seen all the time; he is all the time doing one thing or another, he is VERY active, very active. You would meet him, that would be fine. You never see him at night?

Never, no.

(Mother gestures to put Satprem into contact)

July 19, 1969

(Mother was strongly shaken on Wednesday the 16th and could not see Satprem.)

They have mixed me up (in Delhi and here) in all their political affairs … "mixed me up," I mean they're asking for my help. Some people are discontented and without scruples, and there was some mischief (on Wednesday, when I couldn't see you). I realized it afterwards. But it's troublesome. I haven't told anyone what it was. It was an incredible affair … with no cause, no reason,[102] and when I looked, I saw where it came from.

Anyway, I was in no condition to see anyone. That's troublesome. It's

about their politics – here [in Pondicherry], it's some nasty business, but in Delhi, it's about their president.[103] Anyway, I think they have found someone …. There's Deshmukh (it seems his name has been proposed), and I said, "Very good." Yes, this Deshmukh is a very fine man – if he agrees. I didn't think he would accept, but it seems his name is there.[104] But all that … Well, all that is to tell you why I didn't see you on Wednesday.

But who did "mischief"?

I don't exactly know where it comes from. I can't accuse anyone because I don't know where it comes from. But it's … Once they had tried that on me (long ago, very long ago, when I was downstairs; at that time I don't think we used to see each other often). But they have a trick, a sort of … I don't know what, some trick of magic that causes your body to empty itself completely Generally it kills people. The first time it really shook me, but … This time it was much less strong, but it's the same thing. It stopped all functions, digestion and everything.

Anyway, it's settled.

But there's an interesting thing Nolini showed me yesterday. There's a French lady, an astrologer, it seems, who has the reputation of being very skilled;[105] she has made a prediction based on the stars, according to which in July this year (that is, this month), India would be in a very great difficulty (just what is happening), but she adds that India would come out of it with a great improvement of consciousness …. I haven't seen [her prediction] in detail, I don't know, but it seems she almost announces a sort of change of government …. But the disorder is there, oh, awful! …[106] Everybody quarrels! And some people are without any scruples whatsoever. They are all against the prime minister because she wants to nationalize the banks; she wants to nationalize the banks because she has realized that there's a gang of rich men (whom I know and had been denouncing for a very long time) who monopolize everything and cause general misery – people absolutely devoid of scruples. So then, by nationalizing the banks, she hopes to prevent them from … I told you there's a gang of people (I'd rather not name them) who have money everywhere, and huge amounts abroad. So they have the country by the throat, because they can cause a bankruptcy here whenever they like. She knows it, and those are people no one has ever dared to touch. But as for her, she has found this solution: if she nationalizes the banks, they won't be able to do their mischief anymore. So they're furious – furious. And they have all kinds of means at their disposal ….[107] And through N.S., she is in constant contact with me, asking for help, for an indication, and so on.

We'll see. I was happy with this prediction because … All depends on whether she'll stand firm. If she stands firm, it will be all right. We'll see.

But a few days ago too, I felt there was the beginning of something.

Ah!

While usually those quarrels don't strike me at all. I clearly felt, "This is the beginning of something." That was three or four days

ago, before all these events .... But this thought also came to me, "Won't the Chinese take advantage of the situation?"

The danger is there.
But the internal chaos … already almost exists, you know.
Naturally, the Chinese would likely take advantage of it immediately.

(long silence)

* * *

(Then Mother takes from the table by her side a few letters of Sri Aurobindo which she intends to publish, including these:)

> "The prestige of an institution claiming to be a centre of spirituality lies in its spirituality (Mother laughs), not in newspaper columns or famous people."

This, I know, is about the Theosophical Society. I don't know whom he wrote it to.[108]

> "A sincere heart is worth all the extraordinary powers in the world."

It's lovely.
Then there is this … (Mother shows a note). You know that a Commission came from the government, and when they left, they asked if I could give them something. I gave them this:

> "There is a Supreme Divine Consciousness. We want to manifest this divine Consciousness in the physical life.

* * *

Soon afterwards

There was someone in America whom I would often see at night, a woman. I would go there, talk, and people answered …. Some of those night activities are strange: I feel as if I enter someone, because I speak, people answer me …. And I don't know whom I enter or what it is. But there was someone I would often see: I would see her house, I would see gatherings (there were gatherings), I would see … I didn't know who it was. Then, one day, we got a letter from a woman who said that for 1972, she wanted to get a boat and come

with a group of people in that boat. I replied, and she sent her photo – it was the person I had seen so often and was in contact with! And she is a woman who seems to have authority there (she looks like a rich woman): she has authority, she knows government people and has written to them. She already has a very large group, there seems to be some good work being done in America. Very receptive and full of energy. I still remember that my conversations [with her] were very interesting. And the other day, her letter came (it was the second or third time she wrote) along with her photo, so I recognized her. That's interesting, because … (just then the door of Mother's room slams) the contact was constant: the place is constant, the people are constant, and I see them very often, it's not something just random. She wrote to the government to tell them that they should take special interest in Auroville and do something. And she seems to have authority there.

(Sujata goes and sees who slammed the door, then comes back)

What is it? What happened?

Someone opened this door, then closed it again, and nobody is there!

Gone? … But isn't Champaklal there? …

No, Mother.

Oh, when no one is there on the landing, some people come upstairs and into the room! … (Mother laughs) Once there was a big to-do: it was in the morning and I was seeing people, when suddenly there barged in a very tall man. So everyone rushed to him and took him out. It seems that man had written to me that he wanted to see me, and I hadn't replied, so (laughing) he had decided he would come without reply! … A fairly young man. Afterwards he said (he knew some people here, who told him it was a big scandal), he said, "I don't even know why or how I did W …" He was waiting there in front of the door on the terrace, and M. who had just seen me came out; thinking the man had come to see me, M. told him, "Come with me," and the man replied, "Go ahead, I'll follow you," but instead of following him he came right in here! Then he said he hadn't the least idea how or why he had done it …. So it means there are "formations" waiting there to get hold of people.

(silence)

I have become a little too "public" for my taste …. Yesterday, the whole morning I saw people from the government here. The [Pondicherry] governor comes very often: he comes, sits down, removes his Gandhi cap, then settles there in front of me, and stays for at least five minutes like that [absorbing energies] … like a sponge.

(silence) Do you have anything to say?

Last time, you spoke about the subtle physical-about sleep and the subtle physical ….

Yes.

Then you told me …

Yes, yes, I haven't forgotten!

I must be dense because …

So then?

Well, yes, I am dense!

(after a long silence)

Nothing has happened?

No, Mother. But I have resumed doing japa. Instead of doing my mantra "just like that," I have started doing it again systematically. Before going to sleep, for instance …

Ah!

For about half an hour. I don't know, but anyway I think it's a long process and one has to be patient.

Yes, yes.

(silence)

There's a new phenomenon during the night. One phenomenon was there before, but has grown more precise: it's a place in the subtle physical where those with a body and those without a body are mingled without difference. They have the same reality, the same density and the same conscious, independent existence. There I see … Last night (or the night before, I don't know), there were things like that: Chandulal[109] was there, Amrita too, they met and talked, made plans together, just as they would have done physically on earth. It wasn't the first time they were meeting, and they said to each other, "I'll tell you tomorrow like that, regarding their ideal. Interesting things. There's another … (Mother tries to remember) Ah, yes, Purani[110] also. They go about there. There's an extraordinary likeness to material life, except that you can feel they're freer in their movement. But that's not new, it's just growing more concrete and precise. What's new is what has taken place these last few nights …

My sleep is no longer sleep at all, I don't know, it's a sort of … (gesture as if Mother drew her energies within) withdrawal, that is, I go within, and then I am active. And those people are in that same state. Among them, some are with people who still have a body: it's not just those who no longer have a body. So then, I am also there, and in the same kind of state. But the strange thing is that when I supposedly "wake up" and get up, I go on with something (laughing) that's not physical! You understand, the state of over there goes on, and it's as real, as tangible as physical things; and after half an hour I realize that I have moved about here and done all kinds of things ENTIRELY in that

consciousness! …[111] What's that consciousness? …

It's a very clear, very harmonious consciousness, in which there are no difficulties, and very creative …. I don't know what it is ….[112] This morning it was peculiar: for a half-hour I was literally there [in that world], and I wasn't aware of it! It's afterwards that I wondered, "But … is it physically like this?" There was someone, you understand, I was with someone [in that world], and I wondered, "But is this person physically like this? Is it physical?" And I was standing! … So it's as if the two worlds were … (Mother slips the fingers of her right hand through those of her left hand). Strange ….

The physical appears to be less imperative, less … Previously, there was the impression that, all right, it wasn't a "dream" as people call it, but a more subtle and less precise consciousness, and that the physical consciousness was quite concrete and precise (Mother gestures as if to knock against something). But now this distinction … the other consciousness has become almost more concrete and real than the physical consciousness; the purely material consciousness is more wobbly: the impression of something not too … not too steady – not too steady, it's odd.[113]

That's odd; it's new, it began two days ago.

We'll see.

(long silence)

Maybe a new consciousness is trying to use this body? … It's a new consciousness in the sense that what this body did, its activities, all the events of its life, appear in the memory as COMPLETELY different from the way it remembered them – not that events have changed, but the sense or sensation or vision or understanding of things is COMPLETELY, completely different. Completely different. It finds its earlier state … unconscious to the point of stupidity – for everything, everything. And there is a sort of … strange gap: it now finds its former state of consciousness artificial, untrue, and … incredibly stupid; and then, in the new consciousness, the SAME circumstances have a completely different MEANING – another meaning, they give another sensation.

I think there's something changing in here.

And at the same time, a sense of … (what should I call it?) unimportance, of nothingness, and then the sensation, the perception of the divine Presence, so concrete, so powerful … that sometimes I get the feeling people will break down! (Mother laughs) That's how it is: when they're here I feel as if … (gesture) That so-called "accident" of last Wednesday has had a very considerable effect on the body consciousness: it's now very different. The perception of a Power limited only by … the prudence of an infinite Patience. Like that. And at the same time … well, what we might call "remnants of personality," reduced to a musty and absolutely unimportant state.[114] The two are there together. But it's very difficult …. For instance, they've taken new photos [of Mother], yesterday I saw a number of them: I looked at them as I would look at the photos of someone else – they were exactly like the photos of someone else! And I passed some comments, mon petit! (laughing) I remember the impression I had while looking at them …. Well, I do think I've changed

quite a bit in appearance, too, haven't I? Haven't I changed?

I wouldn't be able to say.

You haven't noticed. Have you seen those photos?

No, Mother.

There must be a big beige envelope there.

(Sujata brings the envelope)

I don't know if they are the ones …. There's a photo taken in profile ….

(Mother and Satprem look at the photos)

You have very different expressions!

Haven't I!

Yes, but you also look very mocking!

One especially …

A slightly mischievous air ...

(Mother searches among the photos)

It's the eyes that I find different.

That photo isn't here, I don't know where it is …. Ah, here it is (Mother shows a photo taken in profile). Don't you find it strange?

Yes, a little ... Yes, it's not the usual thing.

Isn't it?

Strange … Yesterday, they had me sign them (because they made lots of them so as to distribute them), and I don't even know who spoke, but when I looked … (I took the magnifying glass and looked) I said, "Oh … Oh, she is a dangerous person, she knows too much!" It was exactly the impression … like what ordinary humanity feels: a sort of fear of someone who knows too much – because it's true, when people are sitting here in front of me and I look at them, I see what they think, I see what they feel, I see what they want, you understand, all of it. It's not that I try to see: it's more visible for me than the features of their faces. So then, it was like their impression: brrr! let's beware! (laughter)

You look a bit Chinese in these photos.

Very Chinese, very Chinese. But long ago, I saw an old Chinese come into me. It was a man, and an old Chinese ….[115]

Through all these photos it's striking.

Yes. But what's most, most extraordinary is this change of consciousness of the BODY! … You understand, it's as if it were reliving … they are things that have remained in the consciousness because the psychic being took part – they're very clear, very precise; the rest has been erased (it's been like that for a long time). Well, those things were recorded by the psychic being, and the body had an impression, you understand, an impression of its own; now the psychic consciousness is the same, it sees things in the same way, but the physical impression is completely different! … Which means it's the PHYSICAL consciousness that has changed.

These last few days it has become very, VERY clear. It began on Wednesday – from Wednesday to today: Wednesday, Thursday, Friday … It's quite recent.

(Laughing) A dangerous person!

(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees and prepares to leave)

(Mother looks at Satprem) I have a sort of impression that there's going to be a change for you too, for your nights.

We'll see.

July 23, 1969

(The American astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin landed on the moon on July 21. Mother shows the following text which was suggested to her as a "message" for August 15.)

It's Nolini who suggested this text … because of the people who landed on the moon! (Mother laughs) But it's far too personal – I said no. I am just showing it to you, but I told him, "No, I don't want."

> *Q. "I have been wondering whether the Mother has been able to establish a direct connection with Mars or any other far off planet which is probably habitable and inhabited."*

Someone put this question to Sri Aurobindo. So now that people have landed on the moon …

> A. "A long time ago Mother was going everywhere in the subtle body but she found it of a very secondary interest. Our attention must be fixed on the earth because our work is here. Besides, the earth is a concentration of all the other worlds and one can touch them by touching something corresponding in the earth-atmosphere."[116]

January 13, 1934

He tells what I was doing, but I don't like to be spoken of.

They're so excited about this moon! Have you heard?

Yes, but what's so exciting about that?

To hear the voice of the gentleman on the moon …. You hear him as he speaks.

I must say I find all that puerile.[117]

It's childish.

But I also heard the radio …. I got a queer sensation: I went there in a trice, like that (gesture like an arrow darting from the forehead to the moon); when I heard, I went there in a trice because I was told there was a dangerous moment when they were to leave the moon to rejoin the other man who was going around [orbiting the moon] – it seems that was dangerous. I had just been told about it …. At first when I heard the voice, I didn't understand anything he said (it was uninteresting, besides: he said he had picked up a stone, that there were mountains – things like that, quite uninteresting). Then, hop! I was sent off like that (same gesture to the forehead), and I actually FELT that I was going there (I found that amusing), like that, prrt! Off from here, direct.

They're on their way back. But the Russians sent a robot in a machine that went round the moon, landed on it and picked up stones – and it was a robot! They said, "We'll never risk a human life – a robot is good enough."[118]

But the children at the School here were in an extraordinary state of excitement …. So I was asked to say something to them. I said, "I'd better not say anything, because I would say it's big children having fun!" (Mother laughs) It would have thrown cold water on them!

(silence)

And what news do you have?

Well, I have gone once to that subtle physical.

Aah!

You must have called me.

So then?

Then it's all a bit chaotic, but anyway I saw Sri Aurobindo. I saw an image of him in which he told me (he was speaking in French, by the way), "Come, we need to do some physical exercises!" And it was as if he were taking me along for a walk ….

(Mother laughs)

Because there was a crowd there, oh, a crowd of people. And it was a Sri Aurobindo ... not that he was younger, but he still looked very young. And he had ...

He is particular there, you know; he is very particular, with a very particular form. I mean … In fact, he is in his own likeness, but he is ageless.

Yes, ageless.

He is ageless.

But he looked much more agile, if you like, and his skin had a golden red color, golden pinkish red.

Yes.

And a crowd of people.

Yes, I have noticed that … Was he dressed? … Because I have seen him hardly dressed, with a light, a sort of light (here, for instance [gesture]) hiding the lower part of the body: only a light was visible.

I didn't notice, but it seemed to me that he was bare (or at least bare-chested).

Bare, that's it, me too. I have always seen him bare, but he doesn't look naked. And there's a special color, that's right. Oh, so, you went there for a stroll ….

But what disappointed me was that it was all very familiar.

But it is very familiar! It's very familiar, extraordinarily so. With me too, it's like that. Far more familiar than our physical life …. Oh, but then you did go there for real.

I mean I remember having seen Sri Aurobindo fifteen years ago: he came during my sleep and put his hand on my heart-there was such an emotion ... in my sleep I wept and wept .... SOI thought that when I saw him again, I would have that same emotion ....

No!

But not in the least! He told me, Tome, we need to do some physical exercises"! And then it was as if he took me along for a walk.

Yes.

It seemed to be ... "just like that."

Yes, exactly, it shows you really did go there. It's really "like that." As for me, I find it more … familiar, more (what's the word?) simple, you know, than our own life. Our physical life here seems … (Mother puffs up her cheeks). We make a lot of fuss about very little …. Oh then, you can be sure that you really

went there!

But the place where I met him looked a little like your room downstairs ....

That's right!

And it was full of a clutter of things, you know: piles of things here and there ....

That's right.

And a crowd of people.

Exactly, it's correct. People going and coming ....

Yes! There was even one amusing detail: among that pile of things that were there, there were books; then as he went by, Sri Aurobindo took one to see what was inside. But B. was there (you know, the Italian), and told him, "You mustn't touch this without Mother's permission"![119]

(Mother laughs heartily) Oh, this is priceless!

But didn't you see Mridu?[120]

No.

She's there (huge gesture, laughing), just as she was! ... I saw Purani, I saw Mridu, and the other day (I told you) I saw Amrita and Chandulal talking together. That whole place looks like downstairs, but it's not downstairs. So it's the place all right.

Very long ago (very long, a few years after Sri Aurobindo left), one night (because I was already seeing him), I saw him: I had gone to his place, and I found him sitting on a sort of bed ... with a truss: three or four bandages like that on his body! (Mother laughs) So he called me and said (in English), "Look! Look what they're doing with me! Look, they're putting bandages all over me!" So I inquired – and found that they wanted to make cuts in his writings ....

Ooh!

I said, "Be careful! Here is what he thinks of your cuts."[121]

It's like that, thoroughly familiar, but very expressive.

I've had hundreds of visions there, I have them almost every night, and it's always nearly the same. But there's a crowd! And all kinds of people ....

But does one work there? What does one do? What do all these people do?

According to what Sri Aurobindo told me, with those people he is

preparing what will take place on the earth.

Last night (that was the first time), I was in a place (again in this subtle physical), a place as if atop a rather barren mountain, but where people met – there were even kinds of seats. And I was there to see … I don't know who (now I forget), but they were "wise" and "well-known" people of India. It seemed (in my vision) that I was there permanently and that those people had come to see me. And they came from every side: all of India's spiritual sects were represented, and everyone came, sat down, and told me … (laughing) the "virtues" of his creed. It was pricelessly funny! It was … I spent a good while, but I really had great fun! Some wore big turbans and were dressed in white, "very important" people who had had special seats brought for them, and they were quite … (Mother puffs herself up) they swaggered, they looked down on others from their lofty heights! Some were almost completely naked, some were … there were all sorts, and they were all in a big group like this (gesture in a circle). As for me, I was wearing a little white dress, like that, quite plain (the same shape as this one, but in white); I was sitting in a corner, having great fun – but I took up very little room! (Mother makes herself small) It was quite comical. Last night.

A big circle: one group, another group, a third group, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth group … and what fuss they made! It had to be seen.

But it's the first time.

Sri Aurobindo wasn't there – he was as he always is, a little more subtle within me: not with the same density. But not visible.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(As an illustration, we publish here two letters of Sri Aurobindo that were omitted from the "Complete" edition of his works, or simply truncated.)

"In order to remove many misunderstandings which seem to have grown up about his Asram in Pondicherry Sri Aurobindo considers it necessary to issue the following explicit statement:

"An Asram means the house or houses of a Teacher or Master of spiritual philosophy in which he receives and lodges those who come to him for the teaching and practice. An Asram is not an association or a religious body or a monastery-it is only what has been indicated above and nothing more.

"Everything in the Asram belongs to the Teacher; the sadhaks (those who practise under him) have no claim, right or voice in any matter. They remain or go according to his will. Whatever money he receives is his property and not that of a public body. It is not a trust or a fund, for there is no public institution. Such Asrams have existed in India since many centuries before Christ and still exist in large numbers. All depends on the Teacher and ends with his lifetime,[122] unless there is another Teacher who can take his place.

"The Asram in Pondicherry came into being in this way. Sri Aurobindo at first lived in Pondicherry with a few inmates in his house; afterwards a few more joined him. Later on after the Mother joined him, in 1920 the numbers began so much to increase that it was thought necessary to make an arrangement for lodging those who came and houses were bought and rented according to need for the purpose. Arrangements had also to be made for the maintenance, repair, rebuilding of houses, for the service of food and for decent living and hygiene. All these were private rules by the Mother and entirely at her discretion to increase, modify or alter – there is nothing in them of a public character.

"All houses of the Asram are owned either by Sri Aurobindo or by the Mother. All the money spent belongs either to Sri Aurobindo or the Mother. Money is given by many to help in Sri Aurobindo's work. Some who are here give their earnings, but it is given to Sri Aurobindo or the Mother and not to the Asram as a public body, for there is no such body.

"The Asram is not an association; there is no constituted body, no officials, no common property owned by an association, no governing council or committee, no activity undertaken of a public character.

"The Asram is not a political institution; all association with political activities is renounced by those who live here. All propaganda – religious, political or social – has to be eschewed by the inmates.

"The Asram is not a religious association. Those who are here come from all religions and some are of no religion. There is no creed or set of dogmas, no governing religious body; there are only the teachings of Sri Aurobindo and certain psychological practices of concentration and meditation, etc., for the enlarging of the consciousness, receptivity to the Truth, mastery over the desires, the discovery of the divine self and consciousness concealed within each human being, a higher evolution of the nature …."[123]

Sri Aurobindo

16 February 1934

* * *

(The following example, among many others, was deliberately chosen as innocuous, so as to make the intention behind these cuts better understood. The censored passage is italicized.)

"As you say, it is the failure of the right attitude that comes in the way of passing through ordeals to a change of nature. The pressure is becoming greater now for this change of character even more than for decisive Yoga experience – for if the experience comes, it fails to be decisive because of the want of the requisite change of nature. The mind, for instance, gets the experience of the One in all, but the vital cannot follow, because it is dominated by ego-reaction and ego-motive or the habits of the outer nature

keep up a way of thinking, feeling, acting, living which is quite out of harmony with the experience. Or the psychic and part of the mind and emotional being feel frequently the closeness of the Mother, but the rest of the nature is unoffered and goes its own way prolonging the division from her nearness, creating distance. It is because the Sadhaks have never even tried to have the Yogic attitude in all things, they have been contented with the common ideas, common view of things, common motives of life, only varied by inner experiences and transferred to the framework of the Asram instead of that of the world outside. It is not enough and there is great need that this should change."[124]

Sri Aurobindo

9 September 1936

July 26, 1969

(Mother wants to revise with Satprem a few passages of her translation of 'Savitri.')

But now I've come to notice that they cut these quotations, they leave out two lines in the middle – suddenly I'll say to myself, "But it doesn't hang together!" I'll ask, and F. tells me, "Yes, they left out one line, two lines …." So what's to be done?

It's absurd.

Here, all this is ready.

I don't need to see it again: it's for you to see it. It's my translation.

What should I do?

(Laughing) See if my translation is good!

But Mother, listen ... why?

No, because some things might be put in a better way.

Yes, but I'm wary. You know, I have learned that what's thought to be "better" according to literary knowledge isn't necessarily better from the standpoint of the true force.

I quite agree with that.

Listen, basically what you should do is to see (you can see it right away) if you find something you think isn't too good. I've done it "like that"; I can't say I am attached to my translation, not at all, but if you could suggest something to me … (Satprem starts reading out a passage).

As you said, the French might be a bit awkward, but it may be the only way to translate precisely. Sometimes I did it purposely.

Admitted through a curtain of bright mind
That hangs between our thought and absolute sight,
He found the occult cave, the mystic door
Near to the well of vision in the soul
And entered where the Wings of Glory brood
In the sunlit space where all is for ever known.

(I.V.74)

"Brood"? ...

It's the image of a hen brooding on its eggs! "The Wings of Glory" brood on things so they may be realized.

There in a hidden chamber closed and mute
Are kept the record graphs of the cosmic scribe,
And there the tables of the sacred Law ….
The symbol powers of number and of form,
And the secret code of the history of the world
And Nature's correspondence with the soul
Are written in the mystic heart of life.
In the glow of the Spirit's room of memories
He could recover the luminous marginal notes
Dotting with light the crabbed ambiguous scroll …

(ibid.)

(Mother laughs) "The crabbed ambiguous scroll"! …

Is that all?

He saw the unshaped thought in soulless forms,
Knew Matter pregnant with spiritual sense,
Mind dare the study of the Unknowable,
Life its gestation of the Golden Child.

(I. V. 76)

A Will, a hope immense now seized his heart,
And to discern the superhuman's form
He raised his eyes to unseen spiritual heights,
Aspiring to bring down a greater world.

(ibid.)

(silence)

Yesterday, I read another part of Savitri which tells how the king is transformed[125] – those are ALL the experiences my body is now going through! I knew nothing about it (I don't remember that at all), and I seemed to be reading all the experiences my body is now going through …. It's interesting.

There's EVERYTHING in this Savitri!

And to be able to describe those experiences like that, he must have had them.

(silence)

The mystery is always why he left.

Yes.

I remember quite clearly and precisely (I still see the whole setting, in his room) a conversation I once had with him-in what connection, I don't know …. It was … (I forget what preceded, you understand), he told me, "We can't both remain upon earth, one must go." Then I said to him, "I am ready, I'll go." Then he told me, "No, you can't go, your body is better than mine, you can undergo the transformation better than I can do."

And the strange thing is that … It took place just before all his physical difficulties.

But I didn't attach too much importance [to that conversation]; it's only when he left that it suddenly came back, and I thought, "So there, he knew! …" It was … I don't know. It was almost like a speculation, you understand, which he was just mentioning. It was at the time of our moving from the other house to this one,[126] because it took place one day in that room, here [downstairs], and it was before his accident, before he broke his leg.[127] In what connection, I forget. That's gone. But I remember clearly, so clearly, I still see the room and everything, how he was, how he told me, "We can't both remain upon earth." That's all.

But why can't "both" remain?

Ah, that's the question.

Why?

But when he said it to me, I found it so obvious that I didn't even ask him. So it must have followed something, and that something is gone.

Because I remember, I told him, "I am absolutely ready, I'll go." Then he looked at me, and he said, "No, no, your body is better than mine, it can undergo …"

Why? … How many times since then I have asked myself that question.

Yes, one would be tempted to think that with two, one can better support each other ...

(after a silence)

These last few days it came once again; once again I looked and looked, and … (Mother opens her hands, in a gesture expressing that she does not know).

It depended on something, but what? I don't know.

(silence)

I remember another thing, but then much more recent. After he left, long ago, years and years ago (it was not very long after he left, maybe a year or two), I was downstairs, in the bathroom downstairs, and in that bathroom, early in the morning I was taking my breakfast on the corner of a table, like that. Then, while I was beginning to eat, he came and stood there (gesture beside Mother), and he was so concrete that I felt as if … it would take VERY LITTLE for him to become material again. So I said to him, "Oh, you are coming back!" Like that. And then … he answered me, "I'll be with you, but I can't come back materially – I MUST NOT come back materially."

It was so material that I suddenly felt, "Oh, nothing, a mere nothing would be enough … [for him to materialize]."

But doesn't it mean that Your presence here could help him, on day, to materialize in another body?

Yes, yes …. That he said clearly (I asked him), he clearly said, "I'll come back only in a supramental body."

That was before what I have just told you.

So it would be you who would help him to materialize?

Yes, yes.

But there's the big question of that supramental body, I don't know.

Yes, but if it materializes, that's different. It's not the same thing as creating it.

Yes.

If Sri Aurobindo materializes again, but in another body ...

Ah, in a living body …

In a living body, but made of another substance than the physical substance.

Yes, but that's what I said: that substance, when, how, what? …

But on a much lower level, lasting materializations have been made-like those stones that were thrown in the Guest House, for instance.[128]

Yes.

So why couldn't this substance of light materialize in the same way?

(long silence)

The beings who do those materializations (all those mediums) always have a very fat body, and it's a special substance. Those materializations aren't permanent.

That of the stones was-those stones that were thrown.[129]

(silence)

Oh, that reminds me of something: you know that long-haired S.B.? … Dr. S. has just gone to see him – he came back with a ring. I always thought it was some conjuring trick or other, but the Doctor seems to say … he says, "He made a gesture (like a sleight of hand), and he put this in my hand." It may be a materialization.

Yes, but he does that sort of materialization – he does it a lot, that man – but he uses the lowest entities of the vital world; he is a man who has disgusting dealings with lower entities.[130]

Oh?

Yes, whereas this [supramental materialization] is another kind of materialization …. He uses the lowest entities.

At any rate, when the Doctor came back, I SAW: it takes place exclusively in the vital. I am sure of that.

But he does materialize.

He does.

(silence)

In any case, I don't know about all that. It's completely outside my consciousness.

Yes, but that [trick of the ring] is all the way down. This would be another kind of materialization.

(long silence)

We'll see. As for me, I don't know.

(silence)

> *In a childish imagination, we may picture a Sri Aurobindo whose luminous substance grows, develops, and when the time is ready, there would only be a transition to be made.*

That may be. At any rate, that he is in the subtle physical is certain. He is there all the time. But this body knows very well that it isn't endowed with exceptional capacities …. It doesn't delude itself. All it has is a faith ardent, constant, intense, oh! … A faith nothing can shake. But that's all.

It has never had a desire or ambition to work miracles – it's not interested in that. It has seen many miraculous things, but it has always felt it was … the Supreme Lord who was doing all that (which it finds quite natural, by the way). But imaginings … when they come it drives them back, it says, "No, that doesn't interest me." Things people find "marvelous," all of that doesn't interest it. it wouldn't be surprised to see Sri Aurobindo walk in one day – not in the least; but it doesn't have … it feels no urge to do it, you understand! It feels no need to astound people – none at all.

> *Yes, of course!*

We'll see.[131] (Mother laughs)

July 30, 1969

(The "healer" referred to in this conversation will often recur in this Agenda, and will play a decisive role in Satprem's life, in the sense that through a sort of reductio ad absurdum, he will make Satprem suddenly understand who Mother really is.)

Have you heard of that healer? … Someone has written from France, the son of a farmer (I think), anyhow not an intellectual in the least, who by accident became aware that his hands have a healing power. So he writes a very long letter narrating all he did, how he developed himself, and so on, until he came across your book;[132] and when he read your book, for him it was a revelation (he doesn't have a philosophical mind or anything), he said, "Could it be that I am unknowingly following Sri Aurobindo's yoga?"

So he writes to me narrating everything and asking me that question.

How this uneducated man read the book and it was like a revelation! … He says he'd like to come here for a few weeks – in fact he is coming, he has already bought his ticket. It will be interesting.

Yes, surely.

This man … I don't know, I think he is now oldish; he worked in the subway, things like that, but his parents were from the land, they were farmers.

He narrates several of his experiences, strange ones. They don't at all look like those of the usual healers, they seem to be … He seems to have something.

He noticed his hands had a healing effect on himself, by laying on his hands …. According to his letter, that power seems to run in the family, because a niece of his, I think, used to cure animals by laying on her hands.

But what I found interesting is that here is an uneducated man – he had no formal education-who read your book and felt "the Thing."

Oh, but those are much more receptive than the others!

Oh, yes.

(silence)

You know that I sent my "Sannyasin" to Paris, and the publisher of the "Gold-Washer" didn't want it. He found it was "speculations," "abstractions."[133]

Oh! ... Is this gentleman of yours an idiot?

Then F here has read my book (I don't know why I was impelled to give it to her, because I didn't intend to), and she has been very touched, it seems. She has a friend in France and wants to ask her to present it to another publisher.[134]

(Mother nods her head)

What do you think of this 'Sannyasin"?

I think it's all right.
I think your book is very fine.

Do you?

Yes.

Well, I'm glad to hear that!

Of course, your book is very fine! But it's a book of tomorrow, not a book of yesterday. And this gentleman of yours is probably a man of yesterday.

But I am hopeful.

(silence)

I mean, someone who reads this book and doesn't feel anything has to be inwardly com-plete-ly obtuse – it's the mind going round in circles.

But the very strange thing is that for those people ... all that we find abstract and false, they find concrete and true!

Yes.

It's very strange.

Yes, that's true.

It's exactly the other way round!

Yes, exactly, they live in complete Falsehood.

But listen, yesterday, I saw a dozen young men and women who came, I think, from America (they were from various countries), and they'd asked to see me. I said, I am not keen to see them." But they had asked, and L. was moved to pity and brought them to me. Mon petit, if you knew how HOLLOW they were! … Hollow, nothing but words. And what questions they asked me! … "What is responsibility? …" One of the girls asked me, "What's the Divine?"

(They're all ultramodern people, you know, much too intelligent to believe in any godhead! They're far above that.) She asked me with a derisive little air, "What's the Divine?" So I looked at her (Mother looks hugely amused), and told her, "The Divine is the perfection you have to realize."

I had some real fun! … There was nothing more to be said. (Mother laughs)

Yes, there's nothing more to be said![135]

(silence)

In some fifty years, your book will be very famous. But it's ahead of the times. But there may be some people with flair – it's a question of flair: they may not understand anything, but they feel.[136]

(long silence)

I have wondered if we couldn't have in Auroville a publishing house, because Auroville is an international township, and so we could have an INTERNATIONAL publishing house. There would be books in every language. That would be interesting.

Auroville is beginning to be fairly well known in America. There's a lady (I told you about that) who is planning to come in a boat for 1972 – she is very interested in Auroville, she has gatherings and is in touch with the government. It seems to be moving fairly well there. So we could have a publishing house in several languages.

What we should also have is cinema-it has such a tremendous power.

Ah!

We should have a studio.

You know, F told me she saw this book as a film.

Yes, it could well be.

That would be interesting.

Because with cinema, you reach millions of people. And you have everything: you have light, music, colors, faces ... everything!

But it could be done.

Only it means huge funds.

Yes.

But I would enjoy a lot working on a film .... I find it's such a complete means of expression: pictures, music, everything is there.

Do you know Paolo? … He makes films. Why wouldn't you do that together? … He is coming back.

I feel there's an extraordinary means of work there.

Yes.

A book reaches but in a still limited way, whereas a film means millions of people reached all at once. So to make a beautiful, a TRUE film ...

Ah, but this book would make a very good film! You could see that when Paolo comes back, he is used to it. It could start with Italy, it doesn't matter, then it would go to France, and then … It can go everywhere. Yes, here's an idea!

The power of a beautiful picture! ... It sinks in so easily, you can convert so many people-at least open them, open the doors.

Yes, yes.

(long silence)

And what about … what's this thing called? … I can't recall the name: you know, cinema at home? …

Television.

Television …. But it would be better as a film than on television.

Yes, television is very limited. And its public is generally rather vulgar. It reaches a lot of people too, but it's limited.

I am mentioning it because Y's idea is to have television in Auroville (they're working on it). A receiving center, and a transmitting station, so as not to depend on others: a television station in Auroville itself.

But television is quite suited to scientific, technical broadcasts, documentaries, information – on that level, it's very useful.

Yes, but not for literature.

Not for the beauty of pictures.

I don't know, I have never seen it.

It's a very small screen, like this.

I used to like cinema a lot. I always thought it could be used to good purpose.

Oh, yes, it's an extraordinary means.

(silence)

But you could turn your book into a film?

Yes. It requires some work, but it can be done.

My idea is through Paolo, but naturally you should … Paolo could give you technical advice, but you should be the one who does it.

Yes, certainly, it can be done.

I have a feeling that if I speak to him about it, he would do it with pleasure. The movement in Italy is doing very well.

They're far more receptive in Italy.

Ah, it's because they've had painful experiences, mon petit. They know what it means to be oppressed.

Also they don't have that intellectual arrogance – that's French.

(long silence)

Someone has just written from America (I think it's America), they're preparing what they think will be a "revolutionary" film: it's about Hitler, the war, and children! … But it's so old! They don't know how awfully old it is!

This book would have to be made into a film: in Italian if it's for Italy, in French and in English, and then (smiling) we would see … you understand, we would have to make three different films out Of it!

Yes, that would be very amusing!

Just to see …

Well, it would be interesting. In America, in France and in Italy Comparing the three would be very interesting!

As for me, I have SEEN scenes from your book, I have seen them – I always see scenes. Even now, I see scenes … Is it in this book that you write about someone who dreams he has died?

Yes.

I see that. Also the end: I see the end. I see several images. So I would be very interested to know which one would take those images – those images are somewhere in a subtle world.

We'll see to that.

Even if it takes a few years, two or three years, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter.

But you'll have a sequel, won't you?

(Satprem opens his hands)

There has to be a sequel.

Send it to me!

Yes.

(long silence)

* * *

(Then Mother returns to the previous conversation about materializations, and Satprem's note in which he asked, "But Savitri goes into death in search of Satyavan … so Mother is going to bring back Sri Aurobindo?')

I've received your note …. But you know that Sri Aurobindo said he wanted to come back on the earth only in a superhuman body … a supramental body.[137]

(silence)

A host of problems have instantly arisen …. You see, there's a considerable difference between human life and animal life, and there will be a considerable difference between superhuman life and human life (supramental life and human life). But then, IN WHAT SENSE? … Take wholly … practical things: Will they have houses? How will they live? …

We can conceive that food will no longer be needed, that there will be another method of sustenance, but …

No need of houses!

(Mother does not hear and goes on)

Individual life or collective life? A constructed house, or a … spontaneous house?

They don't need houses, they draw back within!

You think they can make themselves invisible?

Yes, they can draw back within.

Ah, that's what came to me, but I don't …

They draw back, and then project themselves, like this [gesture of contraction and expansion].

(Mother approves and "looks")

That's what came to me. (Laughing) It was even … it didn't come as thought at all, it came as FACT – A Sri Aurobindo who becomes visible, whom you can hear … and then (Mother laughs), who disappears! That's wonderful, mon petit! It would be wonderful.

(Mother smiles and keeps looking)

A number of things would have the power to be visible or invisible: to appear just when there's a reason for them to, and to disappear when they no longer need to be there …. It opens up magnificent horizons!

Yes, but it's already like that in the subtle physical.

Yes-yes, but …

Basically, it's the screen between life and what people call "death" that must ... disappear. Because when I say that those beings "draw back within," well, to us they become "dead," you understand? To human beings, it means they're dead. So in fact, there would have to be a passage.

No, no! Because there remains a body you destroy or bury.

Yes, but with this supramental being, in fact no "body" remains: he interiorizes (meaning that to humans he becomes "dead"), or exteriorizes, meaning that to human beings he becomes alive, going from one state to the other at will.

But that's my whole experience, that it's not true, there isn't "life and death."

Well, yes, precisely! There's no such thing. But there's still a veil or a screen between the two states.

But it's NOW still like that – we can foresee a time when the screen is

gone.

Yes! So then, when it's gone, Sri Aurobindo will be able to go from one state to the other.

Oh, that, he would constantly be there, he would constantly appear.

How to pull down the screen?

Ah! …

How to go from one to the other?

(long silence)

We'll see that. It opens up … a whole field of experience.

(Mother remains "looking" for a long time, then suddenly looks very amused)

I've just had a vision … of what a life will be like in which beings of the supramental will mingle with physical life … It will be …'You know, for three quarters of humanity, it will be a terrible panic! Someone appears all of a sudden (Mother laughs), and just when you want to say something to him, ploff! nobody there!

You can picture that …. The brigand about to do his mischief, someone appears … and just when he wants to defend himself, poff! (Mother laughs) nobody there.

A tre-men-dous means of action!

So basically, later on when this life is established, it's only the untransformable residue that will … really be death. And that will go on decreasing.

(silence)

We'll SEE! (Mother laughs)

I have a feeling that doors have opened.

(Mother gazes at the future)

August 2, 1969

I've received a line from P.L. He is arriving on the 8th. He just writes this: "The distress of these last few weeks is slowly turning

into strength and calm .... I confess that I suffered a good deal from my failure regarding the Vatican, but after what you conveyed to me from Mother, everything is growing clearer ..." Yes, I had told him that it wasn't at all a question of outer triumph or failure, that the simple fact of his PRESENCE there acted as a kind of "relay" enabling the Light to enter there-the very fact of his being there. That's what I had told him.

As for me, I'll add something. You understand, they made an attempt to unify all of Christendom, and the Pope went to Geneva to unite with the Protestants – which wouldn't have been so good. That's not the thing needed, because it would have strengthened Christianity – division takes away some of its power. It's the unification of ALL religions that's needed, not the unification of Christianity – they haven't reached that point. So after looking a good deal, I saw it was, on the contrary, a divine grace that it didn't work out.

If you have the opportunity, you can tell him that.

I don't know if he himself is still Christian ….

All that gives strength to Christianity isn't good. Christianity hoped to dominate the earth, and it's this division that prevented its domination. In other words, I don't think uniting with the Protestants would help the general work of unification. And for the time being, they can't in the least conceive of anything else than putting all Christians together.

* * *

Soon afterwards

I am reading Savitri, the second Book, I think, the transformation of the King, his experience.[138] I had read it very long ago, I didn't remember at all, not at all; these days I have been reading it again … and it's like a detailed description of the experience my body is now having! Ex-traor-di-nar-y. When I read it again, I was flabbergasted.

It's absolutely as if my body were trying to copy that! And I didn't remember at all, not in the least …. which would mean that Sri Aurobindo had SEEN the thing – did he see it, or did he experience it? I don't know … And that's what he regards as the supramentalization of the physical being. Do you remember that in Savitri?

I'll read it again.

* * *

Towards the end

Have you seen that healer's letter?

Yes, and I was struck by one thing: the impression of a natural absence of ego in this man.

It looks like that, indeed.

At no point did I feel an "I" in that.

Yes, that's right, it's very interesting. We must have him come.

He said he would come towards September, but that his means are limited and the duration of his stay will depend on financial conditions here.

But here, he won't be asked to give any money, that's all. He won't have to pay If he agreed to show us what he can do, it would be the other way round (laughing), HE would be giving to us!

But when you see-him, you'll understand the kind of force he is in relation with.

Yes. Oh, but I already understand. It's very interesting.
But I'd like to have the physical contact so as to see.

August 6, 1969

(After studying various matters of printing, Mother abruptly asks:)

I'd like to ask you a material detail: have you enough cheese for one week?!

Yes, yes, Mother.

Are you sure? … Because cheese is good for you. If you want more, there's nothing easier …

(Mother peers at Satprem's face)

Ah, it's yes! (To Sujata) Go and ask for a box.

You think of everything!

You know, I don't "think," but things come like this (gesture as if on a

screen). All of a sudden I see, so it must be true, it's not my imagination.

Yet it's not in my consciousness!

Ah, mon petit, I see much more than what you're aware of! (Mother laughs) It's in your subconscient.

Have you some news of P.L.?

No, he is supposed to arrive any day now.

(Sujata comes back with the box) Here! Eat it, cheese is good for you.

If one could be more conscious ...

Yes!

But I don't know how to do it!

(Mother laughs) … Last night, I spent the whole night with Sri Aurobindo somewhere, I don't know where, but there were lots of people. The two of us were alone, but we saw a multitude of people pass by But the peculiar thing is that when I wake up, it doesn't go away! And when I lie down again, it's there, just where I had left it: it goes on. There's no longer a … You know, in dreams, you have a dream, and then (gesture of breaking off to another level), the consciousness you're in suddenly changes, and it's over, you have to make an effort to recapture your dream or the state-but this doesn't budge! It doesn't budge, it's there like this (Mother slips the fingers of one hand between those of the other), all the time: it goes on, whether I concern myself with it or not.

It's rather new.

I no longer feel I am dreaming, you understand: it's an activity I grow conscious of.

But Sri Aurobindo was … it's odd, he looked as if younger. He was happy, and very amused, passing all kinds of remarks – remarks full of humor, you know! – about things and people. I noticed he was … as if brighter, I don't know how to put it.

Last night it was very particular. I no longer have the impression of dreaming, no longer at all. It no longer has anything to do with a dream: it's an activity that goes on and on. If I remain very tranquil, like that, it goes on.

(long silence)

In the end, it's all a question of consciousness.

The body is growing INTENSELY conscious of what responds to the true Influence, and what's still the residue of habit and the universal, terrestrial development (general, terrestrial), very conscious. Sometimes, it's … almost painful, you know, that old way of being.

And at certain times, the vision is almost veiled, as though I were seeing through a veil; at other times it's ABSOLUTELY precise. I can't believe it depends on the eyes.

With some people, when they come I see them absolutely precise; with others, I hardly see, hardly perceive where their eyes are, or their mouth …. It

must depend on something else.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation lasting till the time when Satprem normally leaves)

What did you feel just now?

...

Nothing special?

I always feel the Power, there, present.

It was that world I was telling you about … as if it wanted to ENTER into this world (and there is indeed a great power in it), and, I don't know how to explain … as if it wanted to force its way into this world. And it came … (you know, it comes without the least personal will, I am like this [still, silent gesture]), it comes and IMPOSES itself, it settles with such power. And the relationship with things and people and the consciousness works differently It came very strongly, and you were IN it: you weren't outside, you were in it. So I was hoping you had felt something.

It's always the Power that I feel.

It's like that, yes.

But instead of a transformation as we imagine it, won't it be a sort of invasion by this subtle world, which will pierce the veil, the barrier, and will enter, will manifest in the physical world?

It may well be …. It may well be!

Because a few days ago, I read again a text of Sri Aurobindo with quite a different understanding ….

Ah, what text?

It was a very "Ordinary" text (I've brought it with me), in "The Riddle of this World."

Ah!

And at the end, he says this, which he said many times but which I understand differently: "His [mental man 's] full liberation and enlightenment will come when he crosses the line into the light of a new superconscient existence …." And then he says:

"But in itself this would change nothing in the creation here, the evasion of a liberated soul from the world makes to that world no difference. But this crossing of the line if turned not only to an ascending but to a descending purpose would mean the transformation of the line from what it now is, a lid, a barrier, into a passage for the higher powers of consciousness of the Being now

above it ....”

Ooh! … It seems to be that.

Yes! I understood it differently, but one may understand that ... this subtle world will break the screen, or the barrier, and will be able to manifest physically!

Yes, that’s what seems to want to happen …. Because just now, it was so imperative.

(silence)

The only thing is to know whether the phenomenon will be perceptible only to certain consciousnesses, or perceptible to all? … Just now, for example, I … it wasn’t just felt: it’s a sort of vision, a sort of … as if the atmosphere had changed; and I asked you precisely because I wanted to know whether I alone had noticed it, or if you were …

But I only feel the Power, always.

It’s curious, it’s as if … the nature of images were changing, I don’t know how to explain.

(silence)

And at the end, he says that if this line, this barrier could be turned into a passage for the higher powers, “ ... It would mean a new creation on earth, a bringing in of the ultimate powers which would reverse the conditions here.”[139]

Yes, it’s obviously that. It’s obviously that.

But until now, all that was understood as vague phenomena of consciousness up above, but if it’s a manifestation of the ...

Ah, no, its HERE.

Yes.

But that’s it: it’s something that PRESSES to be manifested. I told you, at night I felt that. And then you wake up and its THERE, it hasn’t budged; you don’t MOVE from one world into the other: the two consciousnesses are together (Mother slips the fingers of her right hand between those of her left hand). The ordinary consciousness seems artificial, and it’s “dominating” – but it’s NOT truer, it’s less true. Last night, it was very, very clear.

It makes for wonderful nights, mon petit! You don’t sleep, yet you are much more rested than if you slept.

But the ordinary consciousness is becoming a bit cumbersome, a bit painful, physically so.

Oh, it's interesting, I think we've caught the tail of something!

Yes, yes, it feels like that!

We'll see! (Mother laughs)

August 9, 1969

UNESCO want to publish a brochure on "tolerance," and they wrote to K. to ask him for a message from me. So I wrote something (Mother laughs), here it is:

> "Tolerance is only the first step towards wisdom.
> The need to tolerate indicates the presence of preferences.
> He whose consciousness is one with the Supreme
> Consciousness meets all things with a perfect equanimity"

They puff themselves up like that, they still think themselves highly superior because they have "tolerance" – and tolerance is looking down on things with contempt.

(silence)

Have I seen you since that experience? … I spent one night (but I forget which), it was strange …. I was with Sri Aurobindo, but a Sri Aurobindo … (how can I put it?) quite joyful, full of liveliness, and slightly more material than what I usually see, as though … not material, but (I don't know how to explain) more precise, and we spent hours working together, seeing things, seeing people, doing things, and so on. But then, the strange part, the peculiar part was that it didn't depend on my body being asleep: it didn't sleep, it was simply quiet; and in the middle of it I had to get up, but when I did, that consciousness and activity didn't cease. It was the ordinary consciousness (that is, the perception of ordinary things, of the room and all that) which was somewhat less precise. It was as if topsy-turvy, you understand. And it remained for a long time, even in the morning, until I was obliged to see people and do things.

It was very particular, it's the first time it has happened like that. Which means that this slightly inner consciousness was more concrete than the ordinary consciousness.

The funny thing is that this ordinary consciousness, these ordinary things, it's not that they fade away and are effaced: they become … like paper! (Mother laughs) Paper, or bark, or … something dry-dry and thin and devoid of true reality, simply like a thin appearance. The sensation is like this (Mother

makes the gesture of feeling something), like paper or bark.

It's the first time it has happened.

And a quite joyful Sri Aurobindo …. It's strange … as if he were very happy at the way things are going.

(Mother remains silent for a long time)

Did I tell you that in Italy a veterinarian has found a cure for cancer? … This man has discovered that goats, the goat species (male and female), never have cancer! They even went as far as trying to make them have cancer, and they didn't succeed. Conclusion: in their makeup, there's something opposed to cancer; they've discovered that something in the stomach (I forget the details), and he made a serum. As he is a veterinarian, he doesn't have the right to give it, but he has doctor friends, and those doctors (a dozen or so) have tried it out – extraordinary cure, without fail. But with a difference: the female goat cures certain cases, while the male cures other cases; it's not the same with the male or the female, they cure different types of cancer (I understand nothing about it). Anyway, he lives somewhere in Italy, I don't know where, and I had him asked if he would like to come here – he has accepted. And he's going to come: there's a whole group of young Italians who want to come at the end of the year for Sri Aurobindo's yoga, and he'll probably come with them, or else he will come with Paolo if Paolo doesn't mind paying for his travel. My intention is to put him in touch with Dr. S., to let them study that together, and if it works well, I'll ask him to stay on. Because you know that S. now has a sort of dispensary in Auromodèle [in Auroville] (there's even a young French medical student who has come and stays there too, he is very happy). So we could open a "cancer clinic," that would be very interesting! Because with S.'s presence here, there's no difficulty – in Auroville he can do what he likes. That would be wonderful!

He is coming before the end of the year. And the other man, the healer, is coming in September … The other, we'll see if he wants to cure some people here, that would be good.

It would straight away give an interesting direction …. "Auroville, the city of healing"! That would be good!

Nature will have to invent other means to get rid of the human surplus!

Oh, there's no lack of means ….

It's frightful!

There would be one way, to make human beings sterile. That would be the best way. And it seems they have already found something; if a woman takes it regularly, she doesn't have a child – a pill.

Yes, but people don't want it.

More and more want it …. Oh, there's still that old sentimental attachment. No, as long as death is there, the sense of the necessity of reproduction is there;

it's the presence of death that makes things like that, like a need. But if death were no longer there …

I don't know about other countries, but here, any deliberate abortion was a crime, that is, punishable under the law-they're now getting rid of that. There are too many people.

When you just look at Pondicherry, it's frightful.

Oh, when they are five, six … up to twelve, mon petit! There are families with twelve children. So it's really too rapid a multiplication.

(long silence)

This Consciousness which has been at work since January insists a lot on the need to become conscious and do things at will: one should be born at will, die at will, fall ill at will – will must be the dominant principle. It insists on that a lot.

I think that would change a lot of things.

(silence)

Just fancy a recollection has come to me … from the beginning of the century. I don't know why, and it won't go away. So, as it won't go away, I'll recount it to you-there may be some reason, I have no idea.

Four of us went on a trek from … I forgot from which place on the banks of the Rhone, to go to Geneva, crossing the mountains on foot, the four of us – two men, two women.[140] We walked on, and when we reached some place at lunch time and were hungry, we ate there; when we reached some place at nightfall, we slept there, and then we went on – it was real adventure. We didn't even know the route, we had some kinds of maps. Well then, once, far from any town or any village, on a mountain road, we arrived at lunch time at a sort of inn – something that looked like an inn, which stood by itself, miles from anywhere. We entered. An old man and an old woman were there … They had a most peculiar look. They were very brisk, very alert-they had a peculiar look. We asked if we could eat there. They said yes. They looked at us, eyed us closely, then let us into a big room, with a table in one corner and chairs around it and also big benches – I don't know what that room was used for. And they had us eat there. They asked us if we wanted – they had a good little white wine – if we wanted some of it. The other three said yes; as for me, I had already stopped drinking alcohol. They said yes, and they drank the wine (it was a light wine), they washed down their food with it. But I didn't touch it. At the end of the meal they said, "Oh, how sleepy we are! We'd like to rest, we'll take a nap."

So they lay down on the benches and slept. Now, I had a pair of shoes that didn't fit me and were hurting one of my big toes: it had caused an inflammation, it was painful, and I wanted to bathe my foot so as to disinfect it. I didn't feel sleepy in the least. I sat down – there was a basin and some water-and bathed my foot …. Half an hour later, the room's entrance door slowly opened, and the old couple came in (furtive gesture) …. I was sitting rather low, so I was hidden by the tables and they didn't see me. They came in on

tiptoe, looked this way and that, and were about to come up to the benches on which the others were lying, when … suddenly they saw me – ah! (Mother gives a start of surprise) They stopped. Then I raised my head, looked at them, and said, "You wanted …?"

"Oh," they were very wily, they said, "Oh, we just came to see if you needed anything." And they went out.

I AT ONCE knew they had come to steal – they had put some drug in the wine and had come to steal, thinking I too was sleeping …. But the picture that has come back was so vivid, as if they held butchers' knives in their hands! …

Why has it come? That's what I can't understand.

Things come when I have something to do about them …. This story is almost … it must have been in 1910 or '12 at the most, that is, more than fifty years ago. Those people were old, they are long dead – so why has it come? What is there in it for me to learn? I don't know … And it has remained LIVING, you know, like a living thing. What was it trying to teach? … Naturally, the presence of the Grace, always – that goes without saying, I don't need to be shown, I know it!

They were far away from anywhere, there was nothing for miles and miles around ….

It was exactly a film scene, and all set to be filmed.

It happened in Savoy, on the French side, in the mountains.

(long silence)

Strange …

August 16, 1969

(Mother had advised Satprem to go for a walk on Auroville's beach so as to get some rest, but as it happened, someone absolutely insisted on accompanying him.)

Nothing interesting … How are you? You went for a walk with F?

Yes, the other day we went for a stroll on the beach.

Yes. Were you absorbed or something?

Why?

I don't know, she told me she felt you weren't there. So I wondered if …

Yes, it's true, I wasn't there. I felt somewhat like ... sweeping

everything away.

(Mother remains silent)

Is it a mistake?

No, not at all! Not at all, she was only afraid that … She asked me, "Is Satprem in good health?…" I think you are!

Yes!

No, that's not how she took it, she was afraid you might be unwell.

No, I mean, is it a mistake to sweep away everything, to make a blank, or what?

Oh, no! … Oh, no ….

I have often wondered if I was wrong in my way of going about it: spontaneously, it's to sweep away everything, make a complete blank, then to turn towards something above, and be absolutely silent and still.

Yes, that's the BEST of all methods, there's none better than that. That's what I do all the time.

And if one didn't do that …! From every side it comes like that (gesture of waves of onslaught). Now they want to force me into politics … and it's an unspeakable mud pit! I've never seen it as I now do, because now I SEE: I see people, things, reactions, what goes on …. It's so disgusting! … Sri Aurobindo had always told me, "We must keep out of politics," and I kept out of it.

From every side they're asking me for blessings … and I give blessings to everyone![141] (Mother laughs) But I warn them, I tell them, blessings TO DO THE WORK. Each of them is asking for himself to be victorious, but "that" doesn't budge. All that I've done (because I have been dragged into it) is to ask for what happens to be the best for the country's future – it has already had enough difficulties! I mean, there were two centuries of servitude under the British: that has left them com-plete-ly rotten. So it's enough. They would need to pull through. Oh … unimaginable, it's unimaginable. The chief of the police here says, "I can't intervene anymore, because now I'll be told that 'democratic rights' allow you to do anything …. If people enter your house" (he says this personally), "if rebellious servants enter your house and I intervene, I'll be reprimanded, I'll be told, 'You have interfered in their democratic rights.'"[142] – They have a democratic right to invade a house! That's what they've turned ideas into! … Which means we're in complete madness.

It was C. who was told that, and C. replied, "All right, but if you no longer have a right to protect people, they have the right to defend themselves; as long as you have the power and the right to protect them, they don't have the right to defend themselves, but if you no longer have the right to protect people, they have the right to defend themselves." Then (laughing) the police chief said, "In that case it would be better if it's not the Ashram boys who defend, because …

And he said, "All right, all right, I'll see to it"! (Mother laughs)

In complete insanity!

In Delhi too, it's complete insanity.

Oh! … Oh … they're voting just now, and from every side everyone has asked me for help …. They're now voting … and what candidates!

One candidate is a respectable man, a fine man,[143] but he has been put there just to cut into the others' power! … Openly. There's no intention to nominate him at all.

No, it's unbelievable … unbelievably rotten.

But what's really at stake isn't the presidency, it's a contest to know whether Indira will be overthrown or not.

Yes, that's right.

And they're powerful, those who want to overthrow her.

Between the two candidates, it's the better one who has taken the stand of wanting to overthrow Indira.[144] He's a man of integrity and goodwill, but he doesn't understand, he doesn't know – they don't understand, they don't know, none of them! But I had him told that I was behind Indira (because he asked me for my help), that I was behind Indira, and he should beware – behind Indira AND WHAT SHE IS DOING. Because what she's doing, she does after asking me if she should do it, and I said yes.

It's this whole business with banks[145] and the swindlers who're there.

I don't know …

I think democracy … Already at the age of ten, I found democracy to be idiotic (there, in France), but anyway … It's idiotic there, in France (but that doesn't matter), but at any rate I don't think democracy is AT ALL, at all an organization in accord with India's spirit – not in the least. And the proof is that it's not at all the collectivity of people that controls things, it's a few scoundrels who push themselves forward, saying, "I represent this, I represent that …"[146]

(silence)

Unfortunately, the new invader would be China, and that … that would be frightful.

(silence)

Anyway …

But you know that in "The Ideal of Human Unity," Sri Aurobindo says in black and white that the next battlefield would be India?

Yes, yes.

That the conflict would take place in Asia, with India as the first battlefield.[147]

Yes, I know very well, we spoke about it together before he wrote it. I know very well.

(long silence)

There's a Chinese in Shantiniketan (I forget his name[148]) who once came to see Sri Aurobindo; I know him, he spoke to me. He is a philosopher. He had properties in China (he lives in India) and gave everything to the Communists, saying, I give it to you so you don't have to take it"! … He told me personally (I was downstairs, long ago, Sri Aurobindo was there[149]), he said to me, "China is a very intelligent country; they would be able to understand Sri Aurobindo's writings, and I see NOTHING ELSE that could save the world from confusion …." Only, naturally, it would have to be in Chinese – that's what S.H.[150] did, he put it into Chinese, but now it's not even printed and can't enter China.

And they're cutting off the heads of all the intellectuals there[151] they're demolishing a whole generation – stupefying a whole generation.

Yes.

(Mother goes into a long concentration)

In the end, I am absolutely convinced that confusion is to teach us to live from day to day, that is to say, without being preoccupied with what may happen or what will happen, just concerning ourselves from day to day with what we have to do. All thinking and foreseeing and devising and all that furthers disorder a lot.

To live almost from minute to minute, to be like this (gesture turned upward), attentive only to the "thing" one has to do every moment-and to let the All-Consciousness decide … We never know things, even with the most general vision; we never know things except VERY partially – very partially. So our attention is drawn to this, drawn to that, but such and such other thing exists, too. And to give a lot of importance to dangerous or harmful things is to give them strength.

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

When one is assailed by the vision of this disorder and this confusion, there is only one thing to do, it's to go into the consciousness in which one knows that there is only ONE Being, ONE Consciousness, ONE Power – there is only ONE Oneness-and all those things take place within this Oneness. And that all our petty vision, our petty knowledge, our petty judgments, our petty … all of it is nothing, it's microscopic in comparison with the Consciousness that rules over the Whole. And then, if one has in the least the sense of why separate individualities exist, maybe it's only to enable aspiration – the existence of aspiration, of this movement, this movement of self-giving and surrender, of trust and FAITH. The faith that there lies the raison d'être of the makeup of individuals, and the aspiration to become THAT in all one's intensity and all one's sincerity … That's the only thing needed.

That's the only thing needed, the ONLY thing; the only thing that subsists. All the rest … phantasmagoria.

It's the only thing effective in every case: when you want to do something, when you cannot do something, when you act, when the body can no longer act … In EACH and EVERY case, that alone – that alone: make conscious contact with the Supreme Consciousness, unite with it, and … wait. There.

Then one receives the exact indication of what one has to do every minute – to do or not to do, to act or to remain still. That's all. Even to be or not to be. And it's the only solution. More and more, more and more this certitude is there: it's the ONLY solution. All the rest is childishness.

And all activities, all possibilities can be naturally made use of it does away with the arbitrariness of personal choice, that's all. All possibilities are there, all, but all things are there, all perceptions are there, all knowledge is there-only, personal arbitrariness is done away with. And this personal arbitrariness seems so childish! So childish … foolishness – foolishness, ignorant stupidity.

I feel, I feel that agitation, like this (Mother feels the air), phew! It whirls about in the atmosphere!

Poor humanity.

(long silence)

There you are.

Here (Mother gives roses).

All that to teach the world to go back towards the Lord, into his Consciousness … Why? Is that why there has been a creation? …

(silence)

But I have a practical problem: every time I make this blank, to tune in above as a matter of fact, towards ... that something, I feel I never get a precise response: there's a MASS of Power, solid, and that's all.

Oh, you never get a response?

It's always the same thing: that Power there, impassive.

Well, well!

Yesterday, for instance, during the meditation,[152] *it was the same thing – it's always the same thing: this massive Thing there, mighty, but which won't say anything.*

But don't you have the sense of … I don't know how to explain because it's neither well-being nor … I don't know how to explain. It's something that … there are no words to express it, but it leaves you absolutely contented.

You feel at ease.

Ah!

Yes, you feel at ease, that's for sure.

Ah, then it's all right, it's all right. All, all the rest is useless.

Yes, but you understand, how to have the true, correct impulse?

But that's BELOW this state.

Below?

It's below.

This state … From experience I know it's the state in which ONE CAN CHANGE THE WORLD. One becomes a sort of instrument (which is even unaware of being an instrument, you understand), which is used for … (gesture showing the flow of forces through the instrument) projecting forces (gesture in every direction from the central instrument). You know, the brain is far, far too small-even when it's very large, it's too small to understand; that's why there is this blank in the mind. And the "thing" takes place.

So then, you realize that for the purposes of the very small life you represent, it takes place automatically, and it simply makes you do every minute what you have to do, without … without calculation, without speculation, without decision, without anything, like this (same gesture of flowing through the instrument).

I've had the experience, but then a personal one, that if something in the body is upset (a pain or an unease, or something not working as it should), when you've gone through that state, the pain goes – it goes, it vanishes. Sharp pains, you know: completely vanished, you don't even know how! "Ah, it's gone," like that.

And in the contact with people and the contact with the things of life, the simplicity of a child. That is, you do things without … above all, without speculation.

With those workers, for instance … You know that the workers (not the workers, the servants) sent me a threatening letter three days ago (have you heard about that?); a threatening letter (in English) telling me I had to receive them and discuss with them their working conditions, or else they would wreak havoc on August 15, yesterday The letter was read out to me. I was like this (gesture turned upward), and there simply came … (ah, I forgot: they also wrote that if I didn't reply, they would conclude the letter hadn't been given to me, that I hadn't seen it, and they would start their agitation). So it came like that-no thought, you understand, completely blank, like that – it came, I took a piece of paper, and I wrote (in English), I have received your letter and read it …" and then, "If you have the slightest fear of God, keep quiet." The letter was sent – they didn't do anything, not a move.

It's like that, you see, I always try to be in the state you describe, like that, WHATEVER HAPPENS, and always – always, without exception – if something needs to be done, I am made to do it.

I can't say anything else, that's how it is.

And I've noticed that at different moments, with different people, I am made to act very differently, and the experience is itself very different – again,

all of it like this (same gesture turned upward, immobile).

Only, one must have reached a state in which, naturally, there are no more preferences or desires or disgusts or attractions or anything – all that is gone.

And above all, above all, no fear – above anything else. Of all things that's the most needed.

I generally don't talk about it because … because I think it's given to everyone only when he is ready.

It has to be spontaneous, natural.

Voilà, mon petit.

August 20, 1969

(The Vatican disciple has arrived in Pondicherry)

I saw PL…. There are two things, first a personal one, then a more general one. He said the last time he saw you, after leaving you he went to the Samadhi, and there he suddenly had an extremely sharp pain in the lower abdomen. But he said it was very strange because it didn't feel like an ordinary pain: it didn't stop him from walking about, but it remained centered there – a sharp pain.

As for me, I am afraid those people there may have cast a spell on him.

You think it's that? ... I don't know; when he said that, I felt it was one of the lower "centers" that was touched by the Light.

(Mother shakes her head) And did that pain stay long?

I don't know, for maybe fifteen or twenty minutes.

And then gone.

It was after seeing you, while he was at the Samadhi.

I think those people are quite capable. of casting a spell.

Yes, but you being here, it shouldn't have the power to touch him.

Ah, no, it's not like that! It's done consciously against … not against him, but against what lie receives here. So it changes his personal sensation (they're very skilled at those things); to his personal sensation, the sense of Ananda, of … (it's not quite a "joy," it's really the Ananda of the presence of the Force) is turned into pain. That they know how to do. For the very sensation.

Because it's well known that in a general way, when the Light touches the lower centers, sometimes it provokes this violent sensation.

Yes … But it didn't hurt him; I mean he felt in pain, but it didn't hurt him.

It didn't, it had no physical effect.

Yes, that's right.

You see, if there were nothing in his mental or vital or physical makeup to respond to those people's force, he wouldn't have felt any pain – but there's necessarily something. And that's what made him feel it as a pain, whereas it's not a true pain.

Certainly there is still something in him that can get afraid (that I saw), and its enough. It acts as a link.

Is he going back, or staying some more time?

He is staying for a few weeks.

Then I'll see him once more, because I'd like to try and do something.

The day before that incident, lie had a vision (I don't know if there's any connection). He was with me, we were walking together on a mountain road; I was holding his hand. Then, after some time, he felt tired; he said to me, "Oh, I am tired." But I was holding his hand, and I told him, "Come." We walked on in that mountain, then once again he said, "You are going too fast for me, I can't follow you." Again I told him, "Come," and pulled him along. Then we reached the top of that mountain, it was all in light, and there was a sort of precipice. And it seems I hurled him into the precipice- without any violence, any movement of' passion: I simply flung him into the precipice. And he went down-he told me, "It wasn't a fall, it was rather a descent; I wasn't at all going to crash down at the bottom: I was just going down." And he saw my eyes at the top. He felt no passion, no violence, nothing of that sort in me, but simply, quietly, I hurled him into the void.

It means his mind is affected.

Affected?

Yes, by them.

(long silence)

I'll see him one more time.

Shall I go on?

Yes, yes.

He told me he felt he was going to be excluded from the Vatican this year.

Oh!

He's had that sensation. He said, "They will do it as they usually do; they generally give you a promotion somewhere: they might, for instance, nominate me bishop of [such and such a country]." Then he would be driven out of the Vatican. But when something of that kind happens, you are put "under the Holy Office," which means you cannot talk to anyone and are obliged to answer with yes or no. "If this situation comes," asks PL., "what shall I do? Should I fight it out to assert my place at the Vatican, because they must give me the reasons for my exclusion" (he can openly challenge their intentions), "or should I accept, get caught tip in the meshes of a post such as that of bishop [of such and such a country], with, at the same time, a rather widespread sphere of action-should I accept that? Or what should I do in that case?" His sensation is that he is going to be excluded from the Vatican this year.

Officially, is it the Pope who does it, or the cardinals?

It's always on the cardinals' suggestion. It's not the Pope who does it, it's merely put to his signature.

No, but I mean …

No, no! I don't think the Pope has anything against P.L., but there's a small clique around him which manipulates things and imprisons him.

Yes, that's it, he is imprisoned.

Yes, PL. told me, "He is imprisoned.

What's his post at the Vatican?

He is on the tribunal that rules on all divorce cases and so on. It's called the "Rota," and it's the highest ecclesiastical tribunal.

And what is he there?

I think there are six judges, and he is one of them.

It's better he doesn't stay there.

It's better? ... Should he accept a "Promotion" elsewhere?

Yes. It doesn't matter. Are those people paid?

Yes. They're playing all kinds of nasty tricks on him, by paying him less, in fact; they play all kinds of dirty tricks to try and drive him away.

It's better he goes.

Should he go on his own authority, or wait for the time to come?

No, let him wait.

(silence)

That's the first lesson one must learn in order to do the true work: not to have any self-regard. Things must roll off you without affecting you. That's VERY IMPORTANT.

(silence)

Are bishops free to do what they like? I mean, can they travel?

Yes, yes.

They can?

Yes, they have great independence. Of course, they must refer all religious decisions, but otherwise they are very free.

In their private lives.

Yes.

If they do that, it will be good.
He just has to stay still.
Is there something else?

Yes, he has had a vision of a much more general order. All of a sudden he had the sensation that the Pope was dead. It was the same atmosphere as at the time of Pius XII's death and John XXIII's death: "The Pope is dead." Then all the cardinals met in a conclave closeted to elect a new Pope as usual. And they couldn't manage to elect a new Pope; time was passing, but they couldn't manage to elect a new Pope-the Pope was dead, but they couldn't elect one. Then, suddenly, on the Vatican fell a bomb – all the cardinals were crushed, the whole Vatican was crushed by that bomb. And all at once, he saw that bomb turn into a sort of golden sun, or golden ball, and out of all the Vatican's museums (which had been crushed-those places where there were Michelangelos and all those treasures), there came an army of rats!

(Mother laughs)

... Rats and "malformed" beasts, he told me. Out of all those treasures of the Vatican, there only came rats all over the place .... And at the same time, there was the sensation of those few hundred millions of faithful who were there, wondering, "What are we to do? What are we going to do? ...

It's interesting.

(silence)

Are the Popes always elected from among the cardinals?

Always, yes, from among the College of Cardinals.[153]

(long silence)

There have already been two more Popes than what had been predicted.

Really?

The last two: this one and the preceding one. We'll see.

August 23, 1969

Yesterday I saw Y. She told me what she wanted to do: her new method of education …. It was rather amusing! … It seems there is in a box the miniature reproduction of as many things of the earth as can be represented: humans, animals, objects, houses, and so on. All that is mixed together in a big box, on a sort of table, and the big and small children are put there, all of them together, and given a fixed time (I think): they have to make something out of the objects on the table – absolutely free, they do what they like. And it seems that according to what they do, the way they use the objects and assemble them, you can tell their character … As an illustration, she told me they put someone there (she didn't tell me who), apparently a sage, a sage who knows about the existence of yoga, and the result of his work was this: a Red Indian taking aim to shoot another, the second Red Indian taking aim to shoot another, and the third Red Indian taking aim to shoot another-four like that, in a row. Then the last Red Indian, the fourth, taking aim to kill a lion, and the lion rushing at a deer to kill it …. There's his tableau! And he told them that was an image of life ….

According to that, they are sure of knowing his character! (Mother laughs mockingly) I found it prodigiously amusing!

The sage must have played a good joke on them (!), he must have pulled their leg and they didn't realize it, they took it seriously … They seem to have asked him what it was, and he said, "This is life …." We see it this way, but it's the other way round: it really begins with the lion running after the deer, then the Red Indian coming to stop the lion and shooting at it, then … I found it very amusing!

She is convinced that it's the way to discover someone's character.

But all that seems to me very superficial.

Absolutely!

Absolutely. But naturally, all they do is superficial. They don't even know the existence of a depth. Or if they are told about it, they deny it.

> *No, but those who organize that and are supposed to know the existence of a depth, do they believe that through such a game they can reach a depth?*

I don't think they believe so. I think they consider they have reached the height of mental development.

It's for the education of children, taken very small. They are left free in a place, they do what they like-absolutely free, with all they need at their disposal. So those who spend their time fighting are said to have a fighting character! (Mother laughs) Some remain all alone, others come together – from all that their characters are determined. So she wants to do that in Auroville. I told her, "How are they prevented from injuring themselves or having serious accidents?" She said they should be put in a place where they can fall without hurting themselves – I found it a bit flimsy! But anyway, there's the idea. She wants to have that garden by the sea. I asked her (laughing), "How will you prevent them from getting drowned?!" She replied, "Oh, we'll put a barrier in the sea to stop them from going too far." (She's already chosen the spot, near F's hut, they even want to appropriate one of the places F has bought: they'll put the children there.) I said, "There are sharks in the sea." So they're counting on their barrier to stop the sharks – it will have to be strong! … These people seem to me to be living in their imagination.

And they're so convinced that they know that you have nothing to tell them. Now and then I tell a joke just to see – oh, brrr! …

> *What strikes me in it all is that I find it very old.*

(Mother laughs)

> *There's no lever of the future in there.*

No, nothing. Nothing.

And to crown it all, who's going to live there and watch over the children but A. – A.!! A. is the one who has learned in Switzerland this new method to describe people's characters, it's he who brought it back, and it interests him … furiously I just said to Y., "I hope there won't be any accidents." Then she told me, "Oh, later, when we have enough money, we'll make a garden in Auromodèle, and then we'll do it with all the necessary precautions." I thought they should rather wait …. But to get money, they have to do something (that's how it is: you must start doing something, and afterwards you're given the money to do it) …. Me, of course, I don't say anything (Mother crosses her fingers on her lips). I've named her "responsible for the direction of education in Auroville" (Mother laughs heartily). She told me, by the way, that she wants to have a bank account in the name of "Auroeducation" – do you know why? Because those young Americans who came here on a visit (did you hear about

them?), a dozen or so … I saw them all: quite ordinary people. They asked me, "What's responsibility?!" … Things of that sort.

Yes, you told me about them.

Well, those young people all went to see Y, and she showed them what she wanted to do – Y. says they were so ENTHUSIASTIC and said, "At last we've found what we were looking for!" Then one of them (they're twenty- or twenty-two-year-old girls) told her, "Give me the number of your bank account so I can send you my contribution." Y had never dared to hope for such a thing, she told me, "Imagine, they're going to send me money! …" "Oh, very good," I said.

They all seem to me like children.

Yes.

Anyway, we'll see!

I don't want to intervene, I want to see. Now and then, I send a collective note, like that …. But I don't intervene.

Yes, what I look on with curiosity is YOUR way of acting with Auroville.

MY way?

Or of not acting, I don't know!

Does it surprise you?

No, no, but I try to understand!

Aaah! You don't understand? …

Maybe you want to lead them to the end of their foolishness ... or maybe their foolishness is at the necessary present level?!

But mon petit, their foolishness is the height of intelligence in the world! … Don't you know what the world is like, have you forgotten?!

Now and then, I see.

(Mother laughs) From time to time I have news through Z, he tells me the outer conditions – frightful! … Take UNESCO-UNESCO is a leading association, you know, and they haven't gone beyond "tolerance"!

Have you forgotten how things are?

Not quite!

(Mother laughs) Not quite …

Now and then I do see some reactions. I realize people don't understand …. Several times I tried to say certain things as I feel or see them, and I saw I had caused a dreadful scandal ….

(Mother laughs heartily)

As if it were an attack on their life!

Yes, oh! … And you know, if you ask Y (it's truthful people who told me), if you ask her, she says, "The Bulletin belongs to the past," "Sri Aurobindo's teaching belongs to the past." While they're in advance. And they're so convinced of it! … She's chosen M. as the god of her new creation, so you understand …

(silence)

What I do now is to … (Mother crosses her fingers on her lips) … because this Force, this Consciousness is there (gesture of pressure), and it's working, I see it work, and it uses all that wonderfully, so as to … put people (gesture against the nose) in front of themselves. There's a place ("Promesse" and "Auro-orchard," all that area which is concerned with agriculture), with French people, Swiss people, Italians (even Indians!), and they're all busy quarreling … all the time. From every side they complain to me, asking for my support. So it's prodigiously instructive. As for me, I stay like this (Mother crosses her fingers on her lips), and now and then I let a drop fall. The Xs, for instance, would regularly, once or twice a week, send me a complaint against the people living there (now some, now others, all of them in succession). The first time, I didn't say anything, but after a while (laughing), I simply said (I don't remember the exact words, only the meaning) that the true consciousness needed to live in Auroville is to look at one's own faults first, before complaining about others' faults, and to mend one's ways before demanding others should mend theirs (I put it in a more … literary manner). And I sent it. Since then, silence, complete silence: I no longer exist – I don't go and give support to all their little quarrels, so I no longer exist.

But that's a way of kneading the dough …. They will have either to change or to go – without telling them anything, without having to tell them anything, with the pressure of the Consciousness alone. Either they will have to change, or they will be compelled to go.

It's not a method particular to this person (Mother points to herself): it's the method of this Consciousness.

I very clearly see the way in which it works: it puts a pressure for all that resists in someone's nature to come to the surface and manifest, and so the ridiculous or wrong side of the thing becomes conspicuous, and it has either to go or to … I've noticed that. It's its way of working.

But in fact, with this pressure, you realize that people are always ten times more stupid than you thought – they themselves know nothing about it (but that's the habit: one is generally very unconscious of one's own stupidity), but even when you thought you were conscious of what they're like, you weren't even remotely aware of what they're like!

(silence)

I didn't say anything to Y, except one thing: "I hope no children will get

drowned." That's all. Nothing else. Then what a face she made …. I think the thought had never occurred to her, she'd never thought of that possibility!

(long silence)

You know that the [presidential] elections have taken place, and that there were three candidates. Among the three, one[154] had seemed to me the most apt to give India her true place among the nations of the earth – I was immediately told that it was phantasmagoric and quite impossible. I didn't insist. They told me, "Here are the three candidates" (I told you last time), so I had only one solution, only one way, that was to concentrate – concentrate with an aspiration – and ask for the best to happen for the country. That's the message I sent to Delhi; I said to them, "I have received the assurance that what would happen would be the best for the country" (in the present conditions).

Thus there was one man of worth – and no chance; another man, very old,[155] and a third man,[156] upright and capable, with some qualities, but a little behind the times, that is to say, clinging to the past, and quite appalled by the decisions Indira had made.[157] So officially, he was against her way of governing …. That man sent me his photos, asking for my blessings; I wrote, "Blessings" on one of the photos,[158] gave it to L. and told him (you know that he left for Delhi), "While you are there, if you see the possibility, meet that man and give him the photo, saying, 'Here, Mother sends you her blessings, but she warns you that she stands behind Indira's way of acting …."' I don't know what happened, but on the day of the election I was like that, with No active thought, simply, "The best for the country, the best for the country" – and it's the old one who made it! …[159] Not only did he make it, he also sent me a telegram to thank me! So you understand, it precisely shows where things stand. That's how it is ….

Actively, outwardly, I would never have been able to say, "Choose this man." I only said, "The best for the country." I don't know why or how, because … because, mon petit, our human consciousness is SO SMALL! Even when we identify with the general Consciousness, we feel so small, so microscopic in comparison with the true, all-containing Consciousness. We can't contain all! Even, even when we identify with this Consciousness, we become like this (gesture showing emptiness at the forehead level), absolutely silent and still, with only a luminous Vibration, IMMENSE, you know, infinite, and an infinite power, too, but … (same gesture to the forehead) no translation of any sort, nothing like a thought. So then, if we want to intervene between That and circumstances, we are OBLIGED to make mistakes, we can't do otherwise! So the only way is to stay like this (still gesture, turned upward). That's why I am like this, silent. You told me, I don't understand your way of acting in Auroville …": it's nothing but that. It's because our thought limits, opposes – even, even the vastest consciousness, you understand, is only a TERRESTRIAL consciousness, a terrestrial consciousness, and … it's very small. Very small.

And very small especially from the point of view of consequences, of the sequence of circumstances (Mother draws a curve), of how this will bring about that-we don't see. So one must be like this (gesture turned upward), and

simply let this Consciousness act …. And there was the result: it is the third man who made it. I found it quite amusing. Quite amusing. I thought, "There you are!"

In my vision (I can't swear it's supramental, but at any rate it was much above a mental vision), I chose one man [Deshmukh], and everyone giggled, telling me it was an impossibility – it was the one thing that could make India immediately great. Immediately it gave India a place in the world, which was her true place. Everyone found it profoundly ridiculous. So then, I was asked to choose from among three candidates, and the most obviously incapable of the three was chosen as … as the man who would help the most in India's development and blossoming. There.

After that, you only have to keep quiet.

You know, this telegram … (Mother looks for it and hands it to Satprem).

"Deep gratitude for blessing. I am always at thy service."

V. V. Giri

He was elected, and this telegram was sent immediately: the time coincides …. Don't you find it interesting?

Yes, very.

(silence)

It's after noting a considerable number of such facts that I began being like this: simply bringing, almost by force (Mother brings down her two arms with force), the Supreme Consciousness in contact with the earth. That's all.

(silence)

F. told me there was a piece of land by the sea where you'd like to have a hut?

Oh, you know, it's just a manner of speaking!

Never mind! As soon as she told me, I answered her, "Well, we'll find a way." We'll try to get the land. Luckily it's not too near their future kindergarten!

There's a small bit of dune or hillock there, which is very lovely.

Ah!

So we happened to sit there, and I said, "Oh, it would be nice to have a hut here … …

But it's not yet ours.

But Mother, I have no idea or even desire …

Yes, oh, I know very well, it's simply as you say: one feels a current

passing by and says, "Oh, it would be nice …" – Why not! (Mother laughs) We constantly have- to do something – as long as we are here, we have to do something – so better do the things that put you in contact with the most harmonious current!

But I must say that from the standpoint of action (not even merely material action, because I have almost no material action left, so to say), but of invisible action, with this Consciousness I have learned a LOT, quite a lot. It has … our means are very childish, and, you know, it has such a wonderful sense of humor, a way of making people face their stupidity, which is really … really charming. And I see it constantly, all the time, for very small things, for big things, for a country's politics or the organization of a house – all the same thing. And with a delightful irony – and so benevolent: no sense of reprobation, no … The idea of evil and sin and all that – prrrt! all gone.

It's only the pressure of the Consciousness on the inconscient and then, in people, the measure of the resistance or of the receptivity. it's like that. In some people (and not always the apparently bad ones), there's such resistance! … It's like … like iron. While others …

It's going much faster. Things are moving fast just now.

We'll see, we're going to see! … (Mother laughs)

August 27, 1969

They've found a paper I wrote soon after Sri Aurobindo's departure.

I already told you part of it, but this is the full paper. It's dated …

(Mother hands the paper to Satprem)

January 26, 1951.

But it's very private.

(Satprem reads out the text)

(This note is about a person physically close to Sri Aurobindo, who tried to destroy Mother and separate her from Sri Aurobindo. In fact, it is clear and understandable that the darkest shadow is right under the light, and that he or she who comes to do the divine work must take on himself or herself the whole burden of the Opposer. Thus is it near Sri Aurobindo and Mother that the greatest adversaries will be found. That also explains Mother's departure and the ensuing murky situation in Auroville and in the Ashram. For obvious reasons we will not publish Mother's note or the long

conversation that followed in its integrality, but only a few brief extracts, insofar as they illustrate the problem," or perhaps the mystery, of Sri Aurobindo's and Mother's departures, for they have one and the same reason.)

Naturally, this mustn't be published, but it's to be kept.

But what role did she play?

She went as far as to tell him that I was betraying his work – everything and anything conceivable.

But didn't Sri Aurobindo try to intervene?

Never.

That's surprising .... It's surprising, this nonintervention of Sri Aurobindo's.

Never – never.

He had this conviction so strongly, "It's the Supreme Lord who does everything." So … it must be like that.

But in my small consciousness, I find it astounding that such a ridiculous, insignificant being as this piddling woman could have had such power!

But there was a great Asura behind her![160] There were the adverse forces behind. The woman herself was nothing, but she was very receptive to those forces.

And he didn't want to break her?

Oh, he didn't want to. He was all compassion, goodness, patience ….

Twice I saw him get angry with her – twice. But he instantly got a grip on himself.

(silence)

A sad story, but anyway … Afterwards, I saw, I understood. Now I know. From the point of view of the work, it was … it was what had to happen.

I never said anything, Sri Aurobindo never said anything – all that I wrote is this (Mother points to her note), I never said anything.

(silence)

The small human individualities act as instruments, that's nothing.

But by yielding (because in a way he yielded), did he win a greater victory over that Asura?

Oh, yes, infinitely greater.

That's what eludes me.

Infinitely greater. And he didn't leave the work, you understand; he has never left me, never left the work. The amount of supramental force he had accumulated in his body he passed on to me – and I received it. The rest went into the subtle physical, where he has done the whole work. And he said, I will take on a body again only when it is a supramental body."

(silence)

It was … monstrous, you understand …. I didn't say anything, I never said anything …. Yes, once, she was so awful that I made her leave Sri Aurobindo's room, and she was so dreadful that I gave her a slap. And when I came back, Sri Aurobindo told me, "You ought not to have done it … …

It was … It is the highest, the most-the most sublime way, one might almost say, of exhausting the hostile force.

(long silence)

Ah, here …

(Mother takes a note near her)

There's a druid (laughing), a still-existing druid, from Brittany, who has written a letter to F. saying he had heard about Auroville from friends of hers and wants to come. He says, "I am poor, I am not bringing anything" (he is married, he and his wife intend to come together). He writes that he will bring a book; a book by one of his friends, who has had "the economic and financial vision" of the world. He will bring it – he says it's a revelation – for it to be used in Auroville. So in my answer, I intend to tell him, "Here is the basis on which Auroville is established …"

(Mother hands her note)

> "Money is not meant to make money …

I wrote this in English very long ago, and sent it to America: it caused a revolution! Most people were indignant that one might think such a thing!

> " … Money is meant to prepare the earth for the new creation."

So we'll see the druid! … That makes the fourth person: we have a healer of cancer coming; we have a healer pure and simple coming; we have … (Mother tries to remember) ah, yes, a Persian inventor who has made "extraordinary inventions" for education (he sent a paper), especially for children's education; he is coming in September. …

All that will be very amusing!

Yes, at least we'll have variety!

But the druid said he is penniless, so we'll send him to R. [Auroville's

architect], who might be able to arrange something ….

He has studied all religions, and … (laughing) stopped at druidism.

He is Breton.

Yes, I guessed so!

He regards that book by his friend as a very precious gift (I don't know whether it's published or not), as a revolution. So I prefer to send him this note in advance, because, I don't know what's in that book, but if it's a similar idea, I want him to know that we had it before!

(long silence)

This (Mother points to the magnetic tape) must be destroyed.

Yes. It's a problem which ... which I don't clearly see, this problem of nonintervention. To what extent should one intervene, and when can one intervene? Or must one always let things alone?

One has the right not to intervene only when one is constantly – constantly and intimately – united with the Supreme: when one is the REPRESENTATIVE of the Force, of the supreme Consciousness. That's all. Otherwise, one must intervene. And he had that sense to the utmost, you understand, it was with him that I learned not to intervene.

Otherwise, it's the play of forces, and it's NECESSARY to intervene. But there, if one is like this (still gesture, turned upward), then it's the Supreme Power that comes. Then …

It's a frightful ordeal.

Yes … yes – to see if we were capable of doing the work!

(silence)

It was the most powerful means of purification that can be imagined …. That I know …. To such a point that even physically, the least, the slightest possibility of reaction was over.

I told you, the only thing I once did, and I found it a disgusting weakness, was to slap her.

So there.

(Mother gives Satprem and Sujata flowers of "Sri Aurobindo's compassion")

August 30, 1969

Things are beginning to come for Auroville (Mother points to several written notes); there are many, many others, but there is above all the internal financial question: I would like there to be no money within Auroville (we would have to work out something), I would like money to be retained only for relations with outside. But that I haven't written; I wrote something else (Mother gives a first note). This I have told you several times:

"Auroville wants to be the cradle of the superman.

Then, this one:

"Auroville,
the free international township.
No army, no police ....

Bravo!

"... They are replaced
by a battalion of guards,
consisting of
athletes and gymnasts."

Oh, all this is splendid!

It's for now. It's to be done now.

Yes, no army, no police. Oh, yes!

And then (Mother points to a third note), this is for entry, because there's a port in Auroville, so naturally entry is free, but conditional: we have no borders, no walls, we're overflowing in India, so I can't impose my law to the whole of India (!), but it will be replaced by a control at the port: we'll let in only what can be consumed within Auroville – so as not to be used as a clandestine entry for a deluge of free goods.

(Satprem reads)

"No customs, but permission to import granted only for goods meant to be consumed in the town."

That' all.

Yes, to avoid smuggling with the rest of India.

Yes. If people were honest, it would be fine, but they aren't!
No police and no army.

Yes, that's fine!

So it gives physical education a deep raison d'être: people capable of stopping fires, saving drowning people and so on. There needn't be many: if there were five hundred of them, it would be enough for the entire town, in little groups going about like that.

Dr. S. also has some ideas to replace jails (because we don't have jails, and we can't dump all the dishonest people into the rest of India! That wouldn't be nice). Prisons and old people's homes would have to be replaced with something …. It's being studied, something has been found. It's going to be interesting!

And one last thing: a place where all the children could be kept when their parents don't want to look after them, or don't look after them properly. And all of it with no possibility of accident or flight – but no prison or hospital, none of that sort of thing.

It's being worked out.

(silence)

North of Pondicherry, there are places by the sea where nothing could ever be done (they're constantly flooded), but there's a way to make use of them, so I am trying to get the government's permission to occupy it all. If we can get all of it, then we can have a free port, a free airport, an airfield (but more inland), also cultivation based on the new methods of irrigation with sea water, and naturally the transformation of sea water – but they've found something to transform sea water into drinkable water (Mother takes a brochure by her side). It's French, I think, and an economical method; it's very interesting. It's under way, and if we wait for a few more years, they'll have perfected it quite well.

(long silence)

I spent a good part of the night (almost the whole night till 3 in the morning) with Sri Aurobindo, and he not only showed me and explained to me, but he himself WAS what he was showing me: he was preparing himself for the new creation. And last night he told me, he showed me how this or that thing would be, how the body would be. I remember that when I woke up, he was lying down on a bed, I was kneeling beside the bed, looking at him, and while he was that new body, he at the same time explained to me how the superman's body would be (the supramental being).[161] And it was so living that even when I woke up, it remained – I can still see it. But the details … (how can I put it?) the memory doesn't have the precision that enables it to explain (I don't know how to put it). I still have the vision … it had a color … it wasn't casting rays of light, not that, but … and not luminescent like an object, but with a special luminosity which had that light … a little like Auroville's flower (but it wasn't like that, it looked perfectly natural). He was showing me his body; he was lying down, and showing me his body, saying, "Here is how it is." The form was almost the same, with some … I still have

the memory there (gesture in the atmosphere), but I don't know how to explain …. Lately, I had been wondering, "It's odd, we don't at all know how it [the new body] will be." And I was saying to myself, "There's no one to tell me." Because this Consciousness that came, it acts through the consciousness, but not so much through the vision. So then, I had that last night. For a long, long time I was with Sri Aurobindo, a long time, for hours. It has entered the consciousness, it will come out again one day But I kept the memory of the last thing: I saw myself, I was in two places at the same time (and maybe I too wasn't quite as I am, but that didn't interest me: I was looking at him, who was lying down and explaining to me), and it was … it was the same thing as a luminescent body, but it wasn't luminescent, it was … if I am not mistaken, it was the color of this sari (Mother points to Sujata's sari), something like that.

Orange?

No … It's a pink with a golden glow, you understand. So the two are seen together, like this (gesture of fusing together).

(long silence)

It's amusing …. I am trying my best to give a direction to the government here, and Indira is very open, but then the mass of the population says, "She has become a Communist!" while the Communists say, "It's a bourgeois government!" It's quite amusing, because it shows the exact attitude of the two parties towards Sri Aurobindo's ideas!

(silence)

What are you bringing me?

I had yesterday a long and interesting conversation with a nineteen-year-old boy who took part in the "May revolution" in Paris;[162] *he was one of the students' Communist leaders …. He read that little text I wrote, which I called "The Great Sense," in which I try to say the true sense of things, which is neither in violence nor in nonviolence, but "something else." He is a Communist, but he was very moved, he was deeply touched and called everything into question. So I tried to explain to him what you once told me, that idea of a silent, immobile revolution:*[163] *hundreds of thousands of students who refuse, who don't move and say, "We've had enough of degrees, enough of the present structure of society, enough of being engineers or doctors or anything – we want something else.*

Did he understand?

Yes, he understood. It sank in, it was like a sort of revelation.

Ah!
Was there a lot of violence in France?

Yes, that revolution, which at the start was really moved by a divine

force, was immediately spoilt by violence. So I explained, "If you want the future, well, you have to use the means of the future. And the means of the future isn't guns, it's inner means-the inner power. If you want something else, well, call that something else.

Yes.

"And it will answer ...." It was very amusing, all his structures were blown away ... in simplicity.

That's right.

Before the simplicity of the thing.

Yes, that's right.

Ah, I had an experience like that (I don't know if it was this morning or yesterday morning or in the night, but anyway). For some time, I was in a consciousness in which the separate individuality no longer existed, but the principle … (how should I Put it?) the particular principle of each individual persisted in the universal Consciousness. And then, mon petit, everything became so marvelous! … It lasted maybe for an hour, a little more or a little less, I don't know, but anyway long enough to … (Mother smiles), I mean, to lounge in it. There was no more, NO MORE separation, that had disappeared, but a certain … (how to explain?), almost like an outlook; each individual's outlook (not just the outlook, but at the same time the stand in action – "stand," that is, the part of the action initiated by that outlook), that persisted. It persisted in the One – no separation. And then, each thing has its own place with the whole marvelously effective. At the same time … I can't say, words are impotent. At the time of the experience, I remembered a sentence of Sri Aurobindo in which he said that in the end, the Lord is only a child at play (you know it, he put it in a certain way[164]), and I understood WHY he used those words, it was … it was something … which our language obviously can't formulate, but to LIVE in that, to live that is … you understand, it's the impression of so, so perfect an omnipotence, so harmonious, and at the same time, yes, so harmonious that it's all smiling. It's inexpressible. Inexpressible. I had the experience, then it went away It got mixed up with the daily work.

And I remember … It's interesting because while I was in that state, I remembered the question you'd asked me about Pavitra, whether the principle of individuality persists; so something in me said to you, "Now you see, it's like this!" (Mother laughs) I remembered your question, I said, "It's like this, there is NO MORE separation, but … but this marvel of complexity remains – the marvel of a complexity." And the impression is that everything, but everything that is has its own place, but when it's in its place, then it's perfectly harmonious.

Oh, it was … it was a real revelation.

I think all those experiences are part of the consciousness of the supermind, the superman (what name will he give himself? We don't know).

It was this morning, after my night with Sri Aurobindo, and it was there (Mother points to her bathroom). I was doing something else, but it doesn't

matter in the least – the marvelous thing is that those experiences don't demand that all the rest should stand still! They come, you can go on doing something, and at the same time you see yourself doing it, it's quite funny … It was this morning (not long ago). I had a beginning of it yesterday, then the night's experience, and then this morning …

Well, that's worth living.

The impression is, "Yes, this is life! This is something." All the rest is … All the rest, even the body, constantly feels as if it's knocking against obstacles: lack of understanding, unresponsive things. It constantly feels it's knocking about like that, and then, there you are this (vast, all-encompassing gesture).

Well, a being who lives constantly in that state … And I saw, I told you, I saw: the body was doing something else, that's no hindrance – no hindrance. You see, I was even able to remember something you had said. All of it together.

Maybe that's how the superman will be? …

(silence)

He will have a power to change life.

September 3, 1969

For two days, I've had a sort of retrospective vision of the horrors of life … as though seen with the new Consciousness. And the odd thing is that you wonder how it was possible to go through all those horrors ….

It began with a sort of thoroughly repellant perception of people's condition from the standpoint of consciousness – of the darkness and of this so narrow sort of egocentric vision. That was the beginning, and then the Consciousness seemed to be telling me, "Oh, but don't worry, it's much better than it was before!" (Mother laughs) And it showed me everything like that (gesture as in a film), oh! … it was so frightful that I wondered how it could have existed.

The state of mind of the people who burned Joan of Arc, for instance.

Charming …

(long silence)

This coming month, it seems there is going to be a real invasion of the Ashram …. Some people are coming (the healer, the druid, etc.), then Indira wants to come, then there is the education minister who's gone askew and expressed a sense of horror at the Ashram – she asks him to come! … So we'll have an invasion this month of September.

(long silence)

(Mother laughs) … Today, in relation to someone, I had quite an amusing experience …. You know, on the earth there were first those huge, hideous beasts (I don't know their names, anyway, real monsters, those that had pachyderm skins). Then I had the vision (as though I were there) of a first bear, but much bigger than a bear (much bigger than today's bears), and with a BEAUTIFUL silky fur (Mother caresses the fur). It was sitting-sitting by a lake, in a sort of … almost of contemplation, very peaceful, with the impression of a great strength, but a very peaceful strength, not a combative one. And those great beasts, like …

Dinosaurs?

Yes, all those beasts came from every side and looked at that

(Mother stares wide-eyed), almost with respect and admiration; it was very odd, like something marvelous they had never seen …. You know, it was extraordinary, and so, so vivid, so real! And God knows I didn't think about it – I saw. I looked at that, and the sort of admiration of those beasts for this extraordinary animal …. A silky fur (Mother feels it), very silky, a thick fur – a heavy, thick fur, golden brown. And it was a female. She sat like that, peaceful, as if conscious of her superiority!

Very amusing.

And then, I realized that there ALREADY was an atom of consciousness there – a consciousness that was to become the psychic being. That's what made her so peaceful and so … self-assured. And that was to evolve into man's consciousness. That's what was really interesting.

It was much, much bigger than a bear as we know them, but because of that [the peaceful air], all the others were around like that, they came from every side and stared with wide admiring eyes! It was really amusing.

I just saw that this morning in relation to someone for whom this is the first incarnation (!) And all those stories … you know, the theosophical stories, I've always thought they were cock-and-bull stories, but that was … not a thought, nothing at all: the person was here, seated next to me, and she went into a very deep meditation; I looked (she had her head here [near Mother's knees]), I looked, and suddenly I lost all contact with the present life, and I found myself there and saw that. And I saw it for a long while, not in a flash: a long while, several minutes. And I saw it moving: it was living, it wasn't a picture – I saw them move, come, arrive from every side of the lake, or crossing the lake! … And it was like a big mass, with a beautiful fur shining in the sunlight – it was as lovely as can be!

And already there was an atom of consciousness.

Interesting.

Basically, it's the whole mental path which is ghastly and rotten.

Yes, yes!

Yes, especially this unconscious cruelty, oh! …

(Mother goes into a long contemplation, then opens her eyes and speaks in

English:)

The day when you come is the only day when I can sit quietly here-the other days it's a constant, constant, constant …

I have nothing to say.

September 6, 1969

I told you that Indira was to come, but the President [Giri] is also coming, on the 14th ….

> *It's strange, from every side people seem to be as if driven to come here ....*

Yes.

* * *

Later

There's a curious thing: most people are afraid of the invisible, to such a point that when someone is dead (someone they loved when he was alive), they don't want to see him after his death!

I've had one more example today It's a woman who was murdered; I immediately took care of her psychic, it went away there. But a part of her vital stayed on, and she stayed on with them [the family]. I thought they would be happy – they were scared! … It's a curious thing. So I said, "Oh, it's very simple (laughing), I'll take her with me, like that …." You know, I have a crowd around me – it's not cumbersome in the least.

I don't understand. What is it? … I don't understand, because even when I was small and knew nothing (I didn't even know it really existed), I was never afraid of invisible things …. Why? … Someone without a body is less cumbersome than someone with a body – someone with a body takes up room, needs room; someone who's not alive doesn't take up any room, he may be there without hampering in the least …. So is it only the appearance people love – the body? … Strange.

But I've had hundreds of examples. Someone who, eight days earlier, was friendly with a person; the person dies, and eight days later, when he sees her in his dream, he drives her away brutally! …

It happened several times.

It's strange.

Maybe because they're scared of misleading appearances – things of that sort? But one should be able to feel the difference … (Mother feels the air).

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding Satprem's brother, who is beginning to take interest in the yoga.)

I must have seen your brother lately, because two nights ago, I think, Sri Aurobindo met someone and explained something to him, and in French; the person was surprised, so I said, "Oh, but Sri Aurobindo knows French very well!" He was explaining in French (I saw, we were on a road), and I am pretty certain it was your brother.

But it was really interesting: there was an overall vision of things to be learned, and we were on a beautiful road, quite a smooth road, and Sri Aurobindo said, "No, see, you have to climb that" – it was a steep path going up, a path of black, gluey soil (one wondered if one's foot wasn't going to slip at every step), as difficult as could be, and he said, "See, that's what you have to climb; when you reach the top, you will truly see." I was there, saying to myself (he was speaking to someone, I didn't notice who it was, but now I think it must have been your brother), I said to myself, "It's strange" (because I didn't think Sri Aurobindo felt that way), "It's strange; so then, one should never be afraid of difficulty …" It went on for a long time, but it struck me a lot. I still see him, I remember, I saw Sri Aurobindo next to someone who was taller (your brother is tall, isn't he?), and he spoke to him, explained, then showed him the path; I saw the path: a path of quite a disgusting black soil, going up almost sheer, it was difficult. And he said, "That's it, that is what you must climb, and at the top, you see – at the top, you have the vision."

In the morning, I wondered who was the person Sri Aurobindo spoke to, and now I clearly see it must have been your brother. Sri Aurobindo spoke in French, so your brother said, "Oh, you speak French," and I said, "Oh, but Sri Aurobindo knows French very well!" (Mother laughs) It's amusing.

September 10, 1969

I have nothing to say.

My body is going through extraordinary experiences, but they can't be told …. It's as if it were shown how, in all sorts of circumstances – innumerable circumstances – how one goes towards death and how one goes towards life: with everything, everything, you understand, every part of the body, every

organ, every activity, one after another – impossible to tell. One can't talk about it.

It's interesting.

But this body was built in a curious way, because every time it's in external contact with wickedness, that is, the will to hurt, the will to destroy, the will to cause harm, it doesn't understand, and that gives it … you know, like a kind of child's sorrow: "How can that be? …" And I see that it's used for a certain work, but …

(silence)

There is also a whole little teaching of every minute with regard to the different ways of receiving sensations (of the body, of course), like the teaching you are given when you do the yoga: the attitude with regard to all thoughts, reactions, feelings, all those things; you are taught to have the true attitude (all that is the past). Well, the body is given the same teaching in detail: the attitude to be taken with regard to every sensation: every sensation – every event, everything that happens, every contact. It's a painstaking work, in details. And it's accompanied by a general attitude; but the general attitude, the body has taken it, it's a settled thing – it's the working out, that is, the painstaking work of every minute …. It's not interesting. It's only the body that finds it interesting; even then, it's not fascinated – it's something painstaking, a painstaking work. The reactions to the attitudes in action – not what people say, not that, only their gestures, their attitudes, all that. How to have constantly the true bodily attitude.

It's a long, painstaking work, without … without anything fascinating.

* * *

(Then Satprem suggests the publication of the conversation of August 16 in which Mother says that the "Only solution" is to be in a state of inner stillness that does not seek to know or foresee, and to let the Force flow through the instrument; then, automatically, what has to be done is done, what has to be received is received.)

I don't think, however, that it can be recommended to everyone to be in that state.

Yes, I do understand. But it can still point to the state one should aspire to.

Yes, but … It's very good for me because I lead a quiet life, because I don't move, but for someone who acts? … It's not quite the same thing. Especially about "not foreseeing": in life you do one thing to bring about another, and yet another, and yet another … like that (gesture of indefinite ensuing). As for me, I don't move, so that's why I don't need to do that …. I put it in practice constantly, more and more precisely (for instance, with all the government matters), and it's very good because things shouldn't be done with an AIM in

view: one must do like this (Mother brings down her two arms as if to bring down the Force), and the consequence will come afterwards. But can someone do that if, for example, he is responsible for a group or an administration or …?

What I wouldn't like is … (silence) I don't know.

(long silence)

It obviously depends entirely on what one receives – everything is possible, I wouldn't like people to think there's only ONE sort of thing to be received. I don't know if what I said makes it clear that one might receive anything.

Yes, you say above all that one shouldn't have either desires or fears or preferences, and so on.

That's obvious.

But of course, you don't say that all kinds of things may come.

You understand, if the [true] state is perpetual, it's enough, but Words are impossible.

(silence)

Too bad! (Mother laughs) We'll give it.

September 13, 1969

RL. has seen something. He thinks what he's seen is me, but in fact it's his own mental projection, I think. Anyway, it expresses clearly enough the problem he is facing …. Basically, the thought that troubles him is to know whether he would do a better work by leaving the Church than by staying within it. That's the problem he has been somewhat mulling over, because, for instance, next month in Rome, all the bishops are meeting in a synod, and on that occasion, a number of priests who are recalcitrant or refractory or rebellious, let us say, want to meet in Rome and hold a sort of anti-synod to publicly prod the Church towards a more revolutionary path. So the thought crossed his mind …

To join them …. No.

As for me, I answered him that you'd asked him to be quiet.

Yes, that brings the level down quite a bit.

After that, he had a vision, and he imagines it's me he saw, but I

don't think so at all .... It was on the seashore, a rather desolate and rocky landscape, and there was a sort of cave, a huge cave opening on the shore. From that huge cave there came out monks: a crowd of dark monks wearing cowls and black robes, who came out of that cave in a desolate and windswept landscape – it was dark, sinister. He saw that and felt like running away. And just when he felt like running away, he saw in the crowd someone who was me, dressed like a priest, the only one in the crowd with a luminous face, and I told him: "You see, one must stay here to bring the light into here." I said to him, "As for me, I would stay on until I became a bishop."

It can't be you.

Of course not! But anyway, since I am somehow the "ideal" representation of his quest, he must have projected me into that. And I supposedly told him, "See, one must stay here to cast the light on this religious crowd."

I don't think the time has come. I have looked a great deal …

I'd need a practical piece of information, I don't know if you can give it to me …. Either way, there's only one thing (whether he stays in there or comes out of it), either way he can do useful work-not in the same manner, but he can do useful work. As for me, I want him to choose the way in which he is safer – you know, I don't trust those people in the least, I know they're capable of ANYTHING. So either way, they can do as much mischief as they like – perhaps he knows which way he will be safer, by staying on or getting out? I don't know … Staying on may be a protection, it may prevent them from doing certain things; getting out may make him less "detestable" to them, that is to say, they may expel him and leave him alone.

But he says, "If I am expelled and get out, I lose all power, I can't do anything anymore." And that was precisely the object of his vision: it's by staying there that he can bring-light. That's his problem. "If I get out, I can't do anything anymore." And he told me that all those priests who got out to try and make the Church progress have been expelled by the Church and no longer have any power.

Naturally they've been expelled by the Church! But the Church isn't the whole world.

My fear is that he may still be very much Christian without knowing it, he may be under the impression that Christianity is the most important thing.

Yes, but he can't do any more for Christianity, that's the thing.

Ah, certainly not!

Yes, but deep down he keeps that desire of doing something for Christianity-of bringing the light in there.

Then he must stay on! It's obvious: if he still has that idea of "doing something for Christianity," he must stay on – what will happen will happen!

But he takes it as a sort of work given to him by you.

And I answer that either way, I can use him. Either way, I have work for him.

I'll tell him that. Because it's symbolic: he wanted to flee from that place, and it's when he was going to flee that suddenly he saw my face in that crowd.

Yes. There's clearly (maybe not yet so very consciously), but there is in him a will to stay on, I think.

Yes, I feel so too.

But those priests meeting in Rome, they're going to be excommunicated, no?

Oh, they're already more or less excommunicated, their churches have been closed ....

Oh! …

But they're a small minority, made of people who are generally rather intelligent-intelligent people, mostly-and the press and the whole world are there, ready to exploit the affair.

They take advantage of it. Yes, I am afraid it may only be an "intelligent" thing. Like what took place at the beginning of Protestantism. An INTELLIGENT thing, you understand: a mentalization of the opposition.

Yes, I don't think there are any mystics in there – they're basically Neo-Protestants.

Yes. But I can't say, I don't know them.

But that's it, in fact.

But this Pope, he can't last very long if he has a cancer … Me, I know someone who can cure cancer! … It would be fun to cure the Pope! That would put them all in a … oh, you can't imagine how annoyed they would be! (Laughter)

This Pope, in good health, would be a very useful help to the work – but they'll never let him be treated and cured. Those people are crooks, all of them.[165]

(silence)

But P.L. isn't a clergyman, is he?

Yes, yes, he is a priest.

He's a priest …. Oh, I didn't know. But he doesn't wear a robe?

He must be doing it there.

Oh, he's a priest …. Those priests wear the same dress everywhere, don't they?

Now they've modernized all that, so they wear pants and a short neck, Protestant fashion – those are their great "reforms"!

(after a long silence)

Then he must stay on.

(silence)

Is it the cardinals who nominate the Pope?

Yes.

And from among themselves.

Yes.

Is it obligatory?

Yes, always.[166]

And P.L.'s friend, the cardinal, which place is he the cardinal of?

He isn't a cardinal, I don't know what he is, he is called a "monsignor." But he is a man with a huge fortune, "Crores." He has a gift for attracting money. So he founded charities or social organizations with all that.

Oh, he isn't a cardinal.

No, but he is a friend of the Cardinal of France, I think.

Is he "forward" or "backward"?

He's a fine man, but he is old.

Do the cardinals always live in Rome?

They live in their own countries. There's one cardinal for each country.

I thought they were all in Rome!

No, no, they often come to Rome. At the time of the Pope's death, all the cardinals meet in a conclave, and now and then they have meetings, but they don't live there, except for a few who are part of the Pope's entourage.

People from the country.

I think so, generally.

And the ambitious ones.

Normally, there's one cardinal for each country.

Is there a cardinal in China? … (laughter)

September 17, 1969

I've written something for Auroville ….

> "The earth needs a place where people can live sheltered from all national rivalries, all social conventions, all contradictory moralities and antagonistic religions. A place where, freed from all those slaveries of the past, human beings will be able to wholly dedicate themselves to the discovery and practice of the Divine Consciousness that wants to manifest.
>
> "Auroville wants to be that place, and offers itself to all those who aspire to live tomorrow's truth."

Now things are in the habit of coming like this (Mother brings down her two arms), and they keep pestering me until I've written!

Once I write, it's over.

Then the President[167] went there [to Auroville], in the afternoon, at the time of leaving, he said, "It is a work of God…" He felt something.

We'll see. Maybe we'll get somewhere – "maybe" surely.

* * *

I saw P.L. before he left, he looked a bit … Did he tell you anything?

> *I saw him at length and told him what you said. He looked quite reassured and appeased. I told him you wanted him to stay quiet, not to mix with those refractory and other groups, to stay quiet and not to draw "their" attention. He looked quite reassured.*

He was very concentrated, like someone who feels he is leaving for something important.

But I looked: he has all his hair! Aren't they tonsured anymore?

I don't know ... I think it's falling into disuse.

He even has lots of hair! (Mother laughs)

Ah, I misled you. You asked me a question (twice, in fact) whether the Pope had to be elected from among cardinals. But in fact, there is no law saying that the Pope must necessarily be elected from among cardinals.

Ah!

He's elected by the cardinals, but not necessarily from among themselves, there's no such law: they may choose an outsider In fact, in the thirteenth century, a well-known Pope, Celestine V, was elected from among mendicant monks.

Ooh! …

And five months after he was nominated, he abdicated – causing a scandal unique in the history of the Church-and his successor had him imprisoned straight away. Later on, by the way, he was canonized .... But in actual fact, since then the cardinals have always elected the Pope from among themselves.

They're too scared!

But there's no law. They can even elect a layman, and in that case, rapidly give him priesthood, then nominate him bishop, archbishop, and so on ....

But they aren't free at all.

Not at all, they're in a prison. The example of Celestine V is quite symbolic. But P.L. told me one thing (which struck him very much, besides): the first act of this Pope, when he was nominated, was to go and bow before the grave of Celestine V, the only Pope who abdicated.

Well, well! …

I saw a photo of the Pope doing a full pranam [prostration] on the Mount of Olives, at a place where Christ stood ….

But I told you that I met him twice: once before his nomination and once after. We spoke, and those conversations were really interesting. The second time, before leaving, he asked me, "What will you tell your disciples?" (I told you that.) Which shows he …

I remember, I was struck by my own answer. I told him, "I will say that we were in communion in our same love for the Supreme."[168]

Strange … We'll see.

PL. tells me he is a very anxious man: he spends sleepless nights cudgeling his brains; he is impelled to carry out reforms, then at the last minute he'll go back on his decision. Two or three times he made a decision to take a step forward, and every time he took a step backward. In fact, he is surrounded, imprisoned by very

powerful people. He must be in torment, this man.

We'll see.
What do you bring?

There's something that's not at all part of my role here near you, but I think it's urgent and I should tell you about it. It's about G.

Ah!

Yes, he is struggling with death. He came to see me and explained everything. For two years he's been fighting against heart attacks. He has never told anyone about it, he has immense trust in the Grace. He told me, "I've had wonderful experiences in which I called Mother, Mother came, and in a moment the danger was repulsed." (That recurred several times.) He told me, for instance, that he read the February Bulletin a hundred times over and found in it an immense help, precisely where you speak of the descending Presence that makes everything disappear as if it were unreal. But anyway, he has reached a point where his body has become very weak. So he's written a letter to you:

(extracts from the letter in English)

"Since about two years my health is not normal. Not only in abnormal condition but it is so serious that struggle is going between life and death. It began with a little pain in chest and an uneasiness in the heart. After some time it slowly affected the whole body so much that many a time I feel as it will collapse just now. At such moments I only call Mother and Her Grace and as soon as I do it everything becomes all right and quite normal.

I never consulted any doctor or tried any treatment. Even I did not let the people around me ever know about it, as I believe, from my childhood, that such attacks should not be brought in words .... Sometimes, things happened very inexplicable, as more than two times I felt some force entering in my body to bring its end at once. But as I was always ready to face it with the call for the Grace every time it was forced to leave me enveloping with Grace. One night (mostly attacks come at night) I saw a woman aged forty or forty-five with dreadful face declaring, 'I am Death and have come to take you. Now you cannot escape.' But I do not know how it happened that I got up and sat in my bed, challenging her with the Call of Mother and Her Grace. On this, the woman laughed making her face at me and to my surprise I heard her laugh with my physical ears and saw her with my physical eyes. But Mother,

she disappeared in no time as soon as Grace's presence was there and I found myself again in full strength, surrounded with Grace and Grace only. In this struggle I also have the experience of my real 'I' in the heart of the Mother with infinite strength. I found Mother's Presence – no, Mother Herself – hours and hours with me (behind or front). Also I saw Mother in Her quite young body, so much different that for a moment I could not recognize Mother but Mother took me in Her Lap with immense Love ... ...

(after a long silence)

This woman, did he see her with open or closed eyes?

With wide open eyes.

Then it's in the subtle physical. Did she look like someone he knows?

I don't know.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

I'll see …. We'll try …. In a few days, ask him to come and see you to tell you how he feels.

September 20, 1969

Have you seen this?

(Mother holds out a note)

> Auroville is the ideal place for those who want to know the joy and liberation of not having any more personal possession.

It's the last thing that has come. "Personal possession" in the singular: I mean the sense of personal possession.

(silence)

Your healer has arrived, I am told.

Yes, this morning, I think.

So I asked A. to bring him to you – you're the one he has come to see.

Me!

Yes, of course (laughter), the author of your book! … No, you can speak with him and see. You'll tell me how he is …. I put him up at "Castellini" because there's a large garden – I hope he'll be comfortable there. But you'll see, you'll try to make him tell a little what he is seeking by coming here.

What he is seeking.

That especially Also, there are people here who don't want doctors or medicines, and I'd like to try – if he intends to do something here.

In fact, I think he'd rather need to be protected, because as soon as people hear he's a healer, everyone will rush to him.

Ah, but I haven't told everyone.

But the word will get about!

We'll have to protect him there, we mustn't let people, that would be dreadful.

He should just say that people can come and see him only with Mother's permission.

Yes, that's right. But it depends on the gentleman, and that's just what I'd like you to see – whether he is a man who needs to be protected … or who needs to be calmed!

His photo gives an impression of someone very solid, not impassioned.

Yes.

But of course, he mustn't be too mentalized either, so ... I don't know what he will understand.

Oh, you know, there in the West, everyone is mentalized.

But he 71 understand better on a subtle level.

Yes.

(silence)

But this thing – healing hands – don't you have it too? … Because A. told me that when he has some pain, he just has to put his hand and concentrate – and it goes away. As for me, I've been doing it for … (I was going to say for centuries!), even when I was small I used to do it. I always found it something quite natural.

But concentrate in which way? You apply your hand, and then? You call ...

You apply your hand and concentrate on … what you conceive to be a

higher force – or a Force of Harmony, or a Force of Order. Like that. You apply your hand, and you feel it flow through, like that, and enter.

I think every human being has it in potentiality. At any rate, I always found it a perfectly natural thing. And when you develop it, it develops as anything else. Of course, when it takes on miraculous proportions, it's different.

But it's very instinctive. I don't know, even when I was quite small, if I had a pain somewhere, or a toothache, I would do it – and when you're very small, you don't have any thought in mind – I would do it just like that (Mother presses her cheek), and it would relieve.

I'll try!

Yes (poking fun at Satprem).
What do you bring?

I should first give you news of G. I saw him this morning, he told me that since I spoke to him he has been feeling better, much better. Afterwards there haven't been any more attacks in the night.

Ah!

And he says that since then, he has been feeling a little above his head as if Sri Aurobindo were "pouring" something into his body, something that enters his body and is very material, he says.

Yes. That corresponds to something I did. It's good.
Do you see him regularly?

No, never! ... When he wrote that letter, he wondered, "Whom am I going to give it to?" Then, apparently, my image came to him before his eyes. But I never used to see him.

He did very well, in any case, he made no mistake!

But he says, "Since I stopped meeting Mother, I have been obliged to make do as best I can within." And he added, "Very often, when I have difficult, material problems to be solved, I concentrate, I call Mother, and suddenly 171 see white hands come, as it were, and they start sorting out everything. So when I see those hands come, I feel sure that everything is going to be sorted out!

Oh, that's fine, very fine.

He feels that material, concrete help. When he has problems and turns to you, it gets sorted out.

But I don't know why people don't feel this concretely! This New Consciousness is thoroughly concrete, mon petit. Thoroughly concrete.

It's a lack of vision. One does feel the Force, but one feels it's ... spread out, general.

But it Is like that.

But is it particular too?

Yes, both. It's particular to the point that it gives precise suggestions for a very small thing. At times it comes and obliges me to say a word, or makes me take an attitude with regard to something – very small things, which, in the consciousness of the being, are quite unimportant. But this Consciousness finds it amusing! It plays with everything like that, all the time.

It's very useful: sometimes, when I forget where I kept a piece of paper, it tells me. It says, "Here." It's really very interesting! And most of the time, it's this Consciousness that makes me write, especially with regard to Auroville.

But I told you (did I see you after I saw the President?), I told you that when the President was here, suddenly this Consciousness started pressing on my head: "Say this." I didn't feel like speaking, so I kept quiet. Then the pressure became so strong that I started perspiring all over! So I made up my mind and spoke. And it was over. It was … Without the Force in it, it's a platitude, but at the time, it had the power of a revelation, you know, when it made me say …

(Mother tries to remember)

What did I say?

"Let us work ..."

Ah, it was in English – that's it (I was trying to remember in French!), "Let us all work for the greatness of India." You understand, it's a platitude – it became a revelation. I notice this: when it makes me say something and I see it later with the ordinary consciousness, I find it such a platitude! Or something perfectly obvious, or which isn't worth saying. But when it descends, it takes such a force! And it HAS a force (Mother brings down her two fists).

It has told me all kinds of things like that; it told me, "If this person" (Indira, for instance), "if this person had said this" (in her meeting, when she is in difficulty), "everyone would have been won over." And it's such a compact Power that you feel as if you could cut slices out of it, you understand, so material it is! It's a rather deep golden color (rather deep when it comes like that), and then it goes like this (gesture of pressure on the head), you feel it might very well crush you (!) And it has an extraordinary action on people.

On that day, it was really remarkable.

Yesterday, I had the visit of the Vice-President[169] – an intellectual. I am told he is a very remarkable lawyer, a man of law, and he's read Sri Aurobindo's books, he regards himself as a disciple of Sri Aurobindo. He came from Delhi with his whole family specially to see me. He came: the Consciousness didn't manifest in the very least – nothing. It was like that (impassive, outspread gesture). Like that, still, nothing, absolutely nothing … That's curious. He gave me books to sign (he had just taken or received them, I don't now), a book by Sri Aurobindo, my photo …. Anyway, he behaved like a disciple, he had brought his whole family along and the whole family expressed a lot of devotion and so on – nothing. I don't know if it was there, but it didn't manifest: it was like this (same impassive gesture). It's curious.

But it feels the way people are, because did I tell you what the President said while leaving?

Yes, in Auroville: "It is a work of God.

Yes.

This Consciousness is very interesting! I'll see how it behaves with our healer … With the Persian, the Persian inventor who was here (he's leaving today), it behaved quite well. It wanted me to give him "blessings," it was very active. With other people, nothing – it ignores them. It's quite curious.

But to correctly perceive what "That" wants, one has to be very pure.

Yes. And ABOVE ALL without any mental preferences: it's mostly the mind that stands in the way Material desires, things of that sort, it doesn't care, but mental ideas, rigid conceptions, oh! … It doesn't seem to be touched by that, it's not interested.

It's very hard to know what comes from the true source and what's an old reaction from our makeup.

Oh, no, mon petit! Oh, no! It's … it's as if you told me that alcohol is like milk, you understand! (Mother laughs) No.

For example, I see all kinds of people who come and see me; well, I never know if my reaction is the true one, or if it's simply something coining from some makeup in me .... I try to be as tranquil as possible, and to see what comes ....

Yes, that's it.

But is what comes really "that," or is it ...

But is the head silent?

Oh, yes, there are no ideas in my head.

Ah! Then it's fine.

But I fear old reactions above all. Ideas, no, there aren't any.

Then …

But old reactions.

(after a silence)

When I take your hands like this, here, do you feel something?

Ah, of course!

You do?

There's your Power.

Well, mon petit, it's like that: you feel That enveloping you.

Oh, but that I feel constantly-with varying degrees, but I constantly feel the Power. But I never know if it's the True Thing .... I REALLY aspire to do the True Thing, I aspire to ...

As for me, I have trust. I have trust in your reaction.

(Satprem opens his hands)

With the Consul's wife, for instance, it was perfect! It was just what was needed.[170]

I don't know why, sometimes I am impelled to be quite brutal ... Why? I haven't the least idea.

But you can see: if you are impelled to be very brutal but feel no … (what should I say?) no displeasure or repugnance or … of course no anger, and on the contrary, a constant feeling of unchanging goodwill, even, like this (immutable gesture), with a will for the best. When it's like that, when within your consciousness there is that thing which is really to work for the Lord alone (to put it as simply as possible), not, "Oh, what an idiot!" or "What a fool! What a wicked thing to say!", nothing of all that, but the same even goodwill, then if one is compelled to say something stem, it's good. It's if there were some vital STIR at the same time that one should beware, but when there's nothing …

(silence)

Do we have some work to do?

There's the Bulletin: the "Questions and Answers."

Is it worth publishing?

Oh, yes, certainly! Certainly.

(Mother laughs)

They're FINE, these Talks.

Are you taking up the old ones again?

Yes, of 1953.

(Satprem reads out the Talk of August 19 which first deals with the power of stones. Mother comments:)

Some stones can contain a force of protection. That's remarkable, mon

petit! You can accumulate in a stone (amethysts especially) a force of protection,. and the protection ACTUALLY protects the person wearing the stone …. That's very interesting, I experienced it. I knew someone whom I'd given such a stone (an amethyst) full of a POWER of protection, and while he wore it – it was wonderful; then he lost it, and almost met with a catastrophe …. Especially amethysts: the power of protection.

(Then in the same Talk, a child asks Mother the difference between what she calls "the Divine" and what people call "God." Mother puts off the question until later.)

Did I reply?

No, you didn't.

Oh, good!

You didn't say the difference. Would you say it now?

Maybe … though it doesn't like to be formulated in words: it instantly becomes very small. Not now! (Mother laughs)

(Then Satprem reads out this very beautiful passage:)

> "Human beings have the sense of their limitation, and they are under the impression that in order to grow, to increase, even to live on, they need to take from outside, because they live in the consciousness of their personal limitation. So, for them, what they give leaves a hole which they must fill by receiving something …. Naturally, that is wrong. And in truth, if, instead of being shut up within the narrow limits of their little person, they were able to broaden their consciousness to the point of not only identifying with others within their narrow limits, but also to break out of those limits, to go beyond, spread out everywhere, unite with the one Consciousness and become all things, then, at that point, the narrow limits would vanish – but not before. As long as you have a sense of narrow limits you want to take, because you are afraid to lose. You spend, and you want to get back. That's why, my child! Because if you were spread out in all things, if all the vibrations that come in or go out expressed the need to merge in everything, to broaden, to grow, not remaining in our limits but breaking out of them, eventually identifying with the whole, you would have nothing to lose anymore, because you would have everything. Only, you don't know, so you cannot do it. You try to take, to accumulate and accumulate, but it's impossible, you cannot accumulate: you must identify. And you want to get back the little you have: you give out a good thought, and expect some gratefulness; you give out a little of your affection, and expect

> to be given some …. Because you do not have the capacity to be the good thought in everything, do not have the capacity to be the affection, the tenderness in everything. You feel like that, all cut off and limited, and you are afraid of losing everything, afraid of losing what you have because you would be diminished. While if you are capable of identifying, you no longer need to draw to yourself. The more you spread out, the more you have. The more you identify, the more you become. And then, instead of taking, you give. And the more you give, the more you grow."

What year was it?

1953, Mother ... sixteen years ago.

That was the condition of my mind, it was full of light – it's gone away, but … At the time, it was very useful!

But all this isn't just the mind!

It's an enlightened mind.

It receives.

I mean that the Force expressed itself through the mind, while now … You know, Sri Aurobindo had said that the physical mind (that is, the body-mind) was hopeless-he had tried. And I am sure that as long as the real mind is there, this body-mind doesn't budge, doesn't progress. But since the mind was driven away, this one has slowly, slowly, slowly started forming and forming … and now, it's beginning to express itself. And it has NONE of the other mind's difficulties; for instance, it doesn't have the sense of its superiority in the least: very modest, just like the body And always, with the least thing: the need to learn – it knows it knows nothing, needs to learn everything, and it's constantly open, like that. With any new knowledge, it doesn't have … it doesn't "put on airs," you understand.

(silence)

While you were reading, it just had one or two GREAT emotions – emotions that make you take a leap forward.

It's moving, this text, there is much in it ....

(silence)

I'd like you to see the healer and tell me about him; then I'll have him come – because I don't speak; after a conversation one can get something out of people, but as I don't speak, it won't do: they stay put, and when people don't speak, most of the time they put on a nice little shell!

That was the interesting thing, I told you: with the President, "that" opened up; with the Vice- President, nothing – because it was an intelligent man.

It's very interesting!

Yes, I am quite convinced that the greatest fortress is the intellect.

Yes, yes ….

I am convinced of it.

Because it gives people confidence, it makes them believe that they know.

September 24, 1969

So did you see this healer?

Yes, I saw him.

Tell me.

I am very much struck, I must say. First of all, to put things physically, the first time I saw him, I remained with him for three and a half hours-he didn't stop talking ….

Oh!

But the extraordinary thing is that usually, when I am with people, after half an hour I am exhausted – after three and a half hours (I didn't budge, didn't stop looking at him), I was as fresh as a daisy! And so full of energy that I didn't sleep the whole night! And I spent three and a half hours listening to this man …. Yesterday evening (I was tired, Id had a rather heavy day), I spent only half an hour chatting with him – I was as fresh as a daisy.

Oh, but he's first-rate!

I was quite fresh, as I am not after resting …. But Id like to mention one thing: I saw him BEFORE he came to Pondicherry. The day he reached Bombay, I had a sort of vision I didn't understand: I saw an enormous white horse, huge, but massive, like an enormous plough horse: not beautiful, but with an awesome massive power. A huge white horse. And when I saw him here, I thought, "But here's my white horse!"

Yes, surely.

A plough animal, you know, not beautiful but awesome.

And what does he say?

> *He's come here with a question-not a mental one .... But I should perhaps tell you the stages of his discovery. As you know, he discovered experimentally on himself what was going on. So he sought to understand: he bought books, went to see so-called "healers." The first people who taught him were "Spiritualists." They told him, "Use a pendulum." He used a pendulum to detect diseases, and it worked very well. Then, after a time, he thought, "But this isn't reality." And then his Pendulum stopped working! Afterwards, he went to see someone else, who told him, "But you should do magnetic passes." He was taught how to do it, and it worked very well: with his fingers he could feel the organs that were out of harmony (because, for him, the key word is "Harmony" or "disharmony"). Then, after a while, he said to himself, "But this isn't reality either." And nothing worked anymore.*

Oh, it's very interesting!

> *He thought, "But I have nothing left, neither a pendulum nor my hands nor anything ...." And all of a sudden he had a revelation: "You have nothing left because you no longer need anything!" Then he began, and he noticed that when his thought met with someone's thought or call, it was done in a split second. For instance, one day a woman sent him a wire in Paris: she had given birth and had a torn perineum. He got the wire, thought, and said, "She's cured." The next morning he went and saw her: the perineum had healed .... Another extraordinary case: a woman was dying in the fifth month of her pregnancy, dying of meningeal tuberculosis. The hospital was helpless, they brought her home. In reality, she didn't want her child. He went and saw her several times, and one day, she had terrible convulsions and died in his arms. Then, he says, "I had a sort of prayer at the bottom of my heart, I said, 'But this woman hasn't followed the law of love, it's right that she should die, but why should this child in her die? ... '" He had a sort of prayer. And five minutes later, the woman came back to life in his arms. She opened her eyes and said, "I am cured." She was indeed cured, but unable to move anymore. Two weeks later, she gave birth to a child, who was not only normal but viable and full-grown, which means that in those fifteen days, the gestation had accelerated and the child was just as full-grown as a nine-month-old child ....*

Five months old …

> *Yes. Then the woman died the day after giving birth, and the child is now seventeen, I think .... He told me, "That's how it is: there is NO' power,' it doesn't exist – there is That, the Harmony; everyone has the capacity to call this Harmony, and It acts. And It acts in a*

second, instantly .... But then, he told me, "Here is my question" (as far as I can express what he said) .... Basically, he is aware of quite an extraordinary Power-though I should say I didn't feel a shadow of ego in this man, there's no trace of <347 ego .... He read my book, but that didn't teach him things, it only confirmed some experiences .... This man spoke to me for more than three hours, and apart from you and Sri Aurobindo, I have heard no one speak like him. It was a sage who spoke, a living experience that sprang forth, there wasn't one thing he said you wouldn't subscribe to: those "great Forces of Harmony" that must be embodied on earth, brought down on earth ... It was really a sage who spoke, and those were your words, Sri Aurobindo's words.

That's what A. told me; the first day when he received him, he told me, "I thought I was listening to you or to Sri Aurobindo!"

But the surprising thing is that when he spoke to me, it wasn't his mind that spoke: it was a living experience that sprang forth, that's what was extraordinary! ... He said, "I have the experience of the transformation, the experience of cellular regeneration .... I know from experience that there is intelligence, there is divinity deep down in the cells – I know all that, but it has to be embodied. Something has to be done." So here's his question ....

What does he want to know?

He is conscious of this Power, but he says one needs to have the TOTAL vision, the vision of TOTAL Harmony. Because, he says, it's all an equilibrium, a wonderful harmony, and we mustn't cause any disequilibrium, we must obey the Law, follow the Law of Harmony, but it's a TOTAL Law, of course, and we mustn't make any mistake. "I need the total vision," he says. "Take the Ashram: it's a center of light where there is total harmony; then there's a circle around it, Pondicherry, which is already darker ...

Very dark!

" ... and less receptive; so you can't bring the Ashram's law into that obscurity without causing a disequilibrium; you can only bring part of it, or something that can be adapted to that darkness. Then there is a third, still darker circle, to which it's still harder to apply the law of total Harmony-so how to find out what one has to do depending on the particular point? How to know the right law, the total law? ..." He says, "I don't want to cause any disequilibrium, I want to obey the Law .....

A. told me you asked to come with him on Saturday?

It's not that I asked, I just thought it might be interesting for him to try and put himself his question to you.

The interesting thing would be to know what he feels when he sees me.[171] That would be interesting …. I'll see him tomorrow the first time, but it would be good if you brought him on Saturday. I don't think he'll speak tomorrow.

> *I told him, "Mother doesn't speak." He said, "But of course! It's not words I need, expressing is useless; what I want is the vibration, the experience." He understands silence very well.*

Then we'll see. In that case the result might come on Saturday.

> *Because it would be interesting if in front of you he tried to formulate his question outwardly ... He understands quite well that evolution has reached a point where things must accelerate and those Forces of Harmony must be brought into the world, but basically, he feels such a power in him that he wouldn't want to act arbitrarily: he wouldn't want to "break the equilibrium," but to "follow the Law." And for that, total vision is needed .... He told me, "The miracles Christ worked, for instance (there is no such thing as 'miracles,' by the way), all that I can do, but if I did it, with the means of communication of modern science, it would immediately be known the world over, and something of that sort could strike a 'great blow' to the ordinary mind which only believes in the truths of matter." He asks, "That would be a means of action, but should I do that? ..." His problem is one of action ....*

What is he doing now?

> *Right now, for three days he has been fasting; he's stopped eating. He said, "I'll go and see Mother like this, without having taken any food." So for three days he has been taking nothing but water ... The wonderful thing is that there isn't an atom of mentalization, it's all an experience that springs forth. And all that you've said, all that Sri Aurobindo said, he has experienced ....*

> *He is conscious of the "Moment" in the History of the earth, he feels all that. So he wants to participate in the Work.*

(after a silence)

What is it that speaks in him, then? Is it his mind or his physical mind?

> *I think he's inspired. Because the first day, when I spent three hours and a half with him, the first hour (he's very slow to get started), it took a long time, he was groping for words, trying to express himself clearly. Later on, I tried to drive him into his experience, and it started flowing. What he said was beautiful, it sprang forth like that, spontaneously. It was really inspired .... And at the same time, so moved, because for the first time in his life he can talk about these things with people who understand him. He*

told me, "No one understands me – but here, everyone understands me." So it comes out, it springs forth.

I'll see him tomorrow. But I think it would be better to tell him it's only a first contact and won't last long, because tomorrow I have a list long like this – every day it's the same! And on Saturday he'll come back with you, he'll stay for some more time.

(long silence)

How old is he? Do you know the year of his birth?

No, Mother, he must be about sixty-five.[172]

How old was he when he noticed that?

He noticed it when he very nearly died, that is when he was about forty-five.

Oh, as late as that!

When he was at a complete loss, he was cured in twenty minutes; so that suddenly started him off in quest of the True Thing.

So some twenty years ago ….
Did he tell you in which year it happened?

No, but I can ask him.

Ask him.[173]

So, to sum up his question: "To accelerate the movement without causing any disequilibrium," and "to apply the Law without making any mistake" – that's what he wants.

September 27, 1969

(A.R., the healer, enters; Mother gives him a red rose.)

(A.R.:) Thank you ... I come to you as a child thirsting and hungering for Truth, Justice, and the Knowledge of spiritual laws. Please give me this nourishment that is the knowledge of the laws,

so I may serve the Divine in the most perfect universal Harmony.

(silence)

(To Satprem:) Did you tell him that I don't speak?

(Satprem to A.R.:) Mother doesn't speak.

If he has something to say, he can do so.

(Satprem:) What is the central question that preoccupies you?

(A.R.:) The central question ... The central question for me, with regard to past experiences, is to understand the Law – to understand it perfectly, not imperfectly, that is, not empirically, so that by fulfilling the conditions of the Law, we may re-create the same phenomena.

(Satprem:) You spoke of a "block" somewhere?

(A.R.:) Yes, exactly, the block is just that .... Ill give an image: when you know a law perfectly, you can't be in breach of the law; but if you know it imperfectly, you risk a fine at any moment.

(Satprem:) Mother, it's the knowledge of the Law that he would like to have, so as not to make any mistake.

But I don't know any "law"! … I don't know what he calls the "law" – I don't know any laws.

(Satprem to A.R.:) What do you call the "law"?

(A.R.:) The Law ... I think that if in deep meditation one realizes union with the Divine according to the right rules, every time you have the same meditation for the same cause, you must certainly obtain the same result.

In the manifestation, no two minutes are alike, it's a continuous movement; so when you come into contact with the Divine, what you collaborate with is the Truth of that Movement. That's probably what he calls "the Law."

(A.R.:) That's right.

In the manifestation, it's the Consciousness that expresses itself. And if you identify with it, this Supreme Consciousness, this Divine Consciousness is what makes you act. But as I understand it, the "law" he refers to is a mentalization of this Movement, and that's not necessary – what's necessary is the IDENTIFICATION of the consciousness …. It's a question of words.

(A.R.:) Exactly, I fully agree with Mother. But the problem remains in spite of this explanation. The question mark subsists, because, of course, I've had numerous opportunities to experiment with it – it's something I frequently realize-and yet the results are different, I mean that one doesn't get the result one might have hoped for, which seems (I say, seems) really normal in the circumstances.

(Satprem to A.R.:) You mean, when you want to cure someone?

(A.R.:) Yes, that's it.

(Satprem to Mother:) Mother, he says that when he wants to heal, for instance, there aren't two systems, there's only one: he goes into a deep, intimate communion with the Divine, and lets That come through ....

Yes, that's right.

(Satprem:) So he wonders why, in certain cases, the result isn't obtained?

But that's because on the supreme level it's decided that it shouldn't be obtained! It's a partial consciousness that has the idea that whatever he does, the result should always be the same, but it's not like that!

(Satprem to A.R.:) Yes, it's not like that. It's a partial consciousness that tells you there must be a result, but in the total Consciousness ...

(A.R.:) I had always taken it like that too, but I wanted a confirmation of it.

(Satprem to Mother:) That's how he had taken it, but he wanted a confirmation. Because, for example, he has the case of a man whom he knows intimately and who has become a paralytic. He put all his heart into curing him, and he says he feels the Forces entering this man, he finds him receptive ...

But he isn't cured.

(Satprem:) He isn't cured. He has even given me the photo of the man, and he'd like to understand why, in this instance, he doesn't get cured.

(Mother looks at the photo)

Does this man have faith?

(A.R.:) Well, in the beginning he didn't, but his faith has been

growing.

It's because for everyone, what happens is the BEST thing to lead his individuality towards the goal – the goal of consciousness – and if he has faith, the action takes place in an even more precise way, and, we might say, even more rapidly. So in this case, it would mean that his paralysis helps him go faster towards his goal.

(A.R.:) Thank you.

(meditation)

Has he anything to ask?

(A.R.:) Yes, Id like to ask if you think it's good to carry on with this path of healing?

Oh, yes!

(A.R.:) Do you think it's a momentary limitation?

It's not a limitation, even the pettiest work isn't a limitation! It's only a means of expression; but it doesn't limit the possibility, that is to say, if one is capable of doing a general Work, it goes on CONSTANTLY, without a material occupation. I mean that the real Work is done like this (radiating gesture), in silence.

(A.R.:) Thank you.

(Mother gives a photo and A.R. leaves)

I don't know … since the day before yesterday, when I saw him, the whole body has been very, very much shaken. I mean, difficult to eat, all kinds of things …. I feel it's an acceleration of the Work, but … There's a strange (what should I call it?) … fatigue. You see, I never used to use my head, it was always full of Light, and I could do anything without getting tired – but it's as if this Light within (Mother points to her head) had gone. So the head is painful. It's empty, it hurts. And … I don't know … maybe it's an acceleration of the transformation – that's how I TAKE it, you understand – but it's difficult.

He speaks of it, too, he speaks of this transformation "from the tips of the toes to the roots of the hair," as he says, and he wants it to go fast.

Yes, it must be that.

(Mother goes into a meditation)

And how are you?

I am better now than before.

Ah, better … It did you good?

To the body, yes. I don't know, when my body is near him, it's full of energy ... But this man is fine, Mother, isn't he?

I don't know how to put it …. My only contact with him is a receptivity: he takes and takes and takes, absorbs and absorbs and absorbs ….

But I don't at all feel that he draws anything from here (Mother points to her body or to herself), it's … I might say there's the Presence (vast gesture everywhere), and so it's all the time like that. But what I am wondering about is why my body is in this state? … I told you, I WANT to take it like that, as an acceleration of the work, and it seems to be true, but … it's very difficult. You see, for months and months and months, the work never used to tire me; now, all of a sudden, I'll feel exhausted – the body It has difficulty eating, and a constant impression … of nausea. At the same time, if I concentrate and am careful, I feel the Presence as usual. But as I said, all this (Mother points to her head) is empty – almost painfully empty.

(silence)

Not at all, not at all the sensation of something that shouldn't be here or that I should reject – absolutely not. The consciousness is like this (immutable gesture). So I say to myself that it may be that instead of following this body's natural rhythm, the Movement is hastened.

When I asked him your question, whether seeing you made a difference between before and after, he added this (with great simplicity, moreover): "It must make a difference for Mother too.

(after a silence)

I constantly feel nauseous, which points to the insufficiency of material forces.

But that's strange, because in my case, when my body is near him, it's full of energy.

Yes, that's right, and that's why I am asking you. So it would really be a hastening in the work of transformation.

To such a point that the first time, I had so much energy that I didn't sleep all night!

Yes … I don't know … it must be that.

(Mother remains "pensive")

October 1, 1969

Did F tell you what the healer said to her? … They met yesterday or the day before, and he "confessed" to her. He told her he came to India in the hope of finding a place where he could be left alone for a few weeks or even a few months, because he has found the way of healing everything, except a hernia he has, and he would like to be left alone so as to find a way to cure his hernia. Then F told him, "But you can be left alone right here." He replied, "Oh, but if I am asked to cure, I can't refuse." So it might be better to stop sending him people … but he would have to move to a new house and be alone somewhere. He should be asked if it's all right with him.

This is how things took place: the other day, the man who does the cooking with F. at Tout ce qu'il faut was running a high temperature, he was quite run down. F said, "I'll go and bring A.R." She brought him-in five minutes he cured him. And that's when he spoke to her. So you could see with him. If we don't send him anyone, no one will go. If he thinks this place is beneficial to his quest, we'll manage to find some spot where he can be left alone.

How about you? You're fine, you've slept (!)

Yes! ... But the effect of this healer, the effect of acceleration you felt in your body – nausea and all that-did it work out or ...?

Yes, (laughing) I worked it out!

As for me, when F told me that "confession" of his, something came just then, I concentrated, and I had F. say to him that I had done what's necessary [for him to be cured], that now he only had to rest. But it can wait for a few more days, there are still two people I'd like him to see … If I were him, I would stay here (!) because he is REMARKABLY receptive to the Force; so if he stays here, he'll be able to get cured – yesterday I saw he could very well be cured. I did what's needed, it's up to him to receive it – I don't need to see him for that.

How about you, are you fine?

Yes, yes!

R. had some difficulties after meeting him, and so had M.! … I think it's all come back into place.

Difficulties? Physical consequences?

Yes.

As for me, I've always felt his contact as something very beneficial.

It depends on … what one needs.

But it doesn't matter. For me, it has given me a lot of work, because I had harmonized the body's transformation with the requirements of the work, and I had managed to find a harmony thanks to which I was never tired. With him, both the times I saw him, for several hours afterwards I felt a fatigue I hadn't

known for years. I had to work a lot. But now it's all right.

But I tell you, cases like the man who had a temperature he cured in ten minutes. And that doesn't surprise me.

Well, I find this man touching.

Yes, he is touching.

It's good he said that – that he'd come to India almost with the certainty of finding a quiet place where he would be able to concentrate until he finds the way of curing his hernia; he said, "It's the last thing; all the rest has been cured, this alone is left."

That's only incidental, because the true reason for his coming to India is really the questions he asked you the other day.

Yes … As for me, I think he can be cured quickly. I don't know the condition of his hernia, it depends (some are bad), but if it's an ordinary one, it can be cured quickly.[174]

* * *

(Then Mother listens to the Talk of 26 August 1953 about Love)

Sujata would like to ask you a question.

(Sujata:) Mother, this Force of Love that comes – sometimes it comes, one feels, you know, one truly loves – why can't one keep it constantly?

One should be able to keep it!

(Sujata:) I think so too, one should, but one doesn't manage to keep it.

Mon petit … it's constantly here! Constantly, whatever the body may be doing – whether it sees people or looks after itself or sleeps – it's always, always there, conscious, vibrating.

I say, "It can be done" – but it's a fact. Only, what's needed is … the general obstacle is that most people's physical consciousness is very dark; it's made only of needs, desires, the most material reactions, but what's needed is to awaken in the cells the love for the Divine, and once they love the Divine, it's like that all the time: it doesn't budge anymore – doesn't budge. It's even FAR MORE constant than any vital or mental movement: it's like this (Mother clenches her two fists), it doesn't budge anymore. The cells are constantly like that, in a state of love for the Divine.

That's what is remarkable in the physical, it's that when the physical has learned something, it never forgets. Once the cells have learned that, learned

this self-giving, this offering to the Divine, and this NEED to offer themselves, it's learned, and it DOESN'T BUDGE ANYMORE. It's constant, twenty-four hours a day, ceaselessly, day after day, changelessly; even when something goes wrong (you have a pain or something), the first movement is this: it's to offer it, to give it – spontaneously. The higher consciousness doesn't intervene, it's spontaneous: it's the consciousness contained in the cells.

It's the vital and the mind that are like this (zigzagging gesture), unsteady Especially the vital, which is interested in all kinds of things.

Naturally, the two are interdependent: the ego must be abolished – the RULE of the ego must be abolished. Generally, people think it's not possible to abolish the physical ego; not only is it possible, it's DONE, and the body continues, it keeps on walking-it hasn't gone! (It had a difficult little moment … a little moment.)

Now these cells are wondering how one can continue to exist without this movement of adoration. They're like this, everywhere (gesture of intense aspiration), everywhere. It's very interesting.

All those difficulties one has with the inner development when one deals with the vital and the mind, the return of old things and all that, here [in the body] it's over, it's not like that.

October 8, 1969

(Regarding a letter from the healer in which he asks Mother if he could contact the Indian government and obtain its collaboration to spread the "Spiritual message" as he understands it.)

I got a letter from A.R. You should read it ….

I am absolutely convinced that he can't do ANYTHING with the government, absolutely nothing. But just to please him, I arranged a meeting with N.S.[175] and she accepted, but she had something else to do and couldn't be there. Did he tell you anything?

> *He didn't mention it to me, but he did tell me that he would like to reach all the least mentalized classes. He says, "Here, many more people than we think are ready, and they aren't hampered by the mind. A lot of work could be done."*

Yes, of course.

> *"But," he says, "I don't know the language, so what can I do?*

He can't do anything. And mentally, they have everything one could have!

Even then, there are swarms of preachers. As for me, I am convinced that mentally he can't do anything.

It would be more like a work of service, healing everywhere, that sort of thing.

Yes, that's it. But he doesn't realize what he's saying! What he writes me people here would find childish.

The only difference is that it would be a living testimony.

Yes, that's his strength. But I find him much more useful and powerful when he says nothing than when he talks – when he talks, of course, you see … Yes, it's very useful in Europe, but not here. Here, people are saturated with preachers.

It's an invisible and silent action that's needed.

Yes … If he cured people, then he could have influence. But I've been wondering if he shouldn't rather withdraw to cure himself [of the hernia].

Then you really should tell him, because I know this man, he'll never decide that himself – he doesn't feel it possible to take care of himself and stop serving others. If you tell him ...

I could write him a line.

* * *

Then Mother takes up various notes:

This is the message for the New Year [1970].

"The world is Preparing for a big change.
Will you help?"

And this … the other day, I gave Indira four messages.

Was she receptive?

Yes. I didn't speak; she stayed here for fifteen minutes without saving a word. Then N.S. came in and she asked me a few questions. But these (Mother points to the notes) I had received before: one after another I received them.

"Let India work for the future and take the lead. Thus she will recover her true place in the world."

"Since long it was the habit to govern through division and opposition.

> "The time has come to govern through union, mutual understanding and collaboration."
>
> "To choose a collaborator, the value of the man is more important than the party to which he belongs."

It seems it was just what she needed to hear! But now it's always like that; when it comes in that way, I am sure that … I gave it to her without saying anything; I put it in an envelope. And N.S. said, "It's just what she needed to hear."

> "The greatness of a country does not depend on the victory of a party, but on the union of all the parties."

(Mother points to another note)

The Pondicherry radio asked me for a message to be put up in their office, so I gave them this – and they put it up!

"Teach your listeners to love the Truth.
This is a work worth doing."

(Mother laughs) They put it up, that's what amuses me!

(Mother starts writing her note to the healer)

> "The time seems opportune for you to make your last conquest over illness, and to do that, you need some rest in a solitary place. Everything can easily be arranged. Satprem will explain."

His contact is good, you know.

Yes. S.'s child is no longer in pain at all, he's quite fine.

His reflection about the Ashram is that there is here a privileged substance, with a knowledge he has never seen anywhere else, but which lacks intensity and energy, and also practice.

Practice, yes.

They take life as it comes.

Yes, because they have an easy life.

That shocks him: not to do the work with all that's here!

That's because their life is too easy If they're asked to make the slightest effort, they rebel.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding Sujata's question about love in the conversation of October 1st.)

Last night I had a very interesting experience …. I had a long vision – an activity – which I didn't remember because I didn't pay sufficient attention, but at the end, there was someone (that was certainly symbolic), a tall black man. It probably wasn't a human being, it must have been the symbol of something in my life, or something in the life of the people I've lived with, or even the symbol of something I've been fighting against in life. And then, after a lot, quite a lot of goings-on, I had withdrawn into a small place with a few people (those I always see, who are always there), I was there with them when that black man, or that black BEiNG … There was no roof; it was a small place with walls, but without a roof (it was in the subtle physical). So that black being came, ripped off a huge piece of wall (the wall was built with big bricks), a huge piece of wall, and from above (he was above me), he threw it at my stomach …. I felt it. And at the same time, I heard a thunderclap was there a thunderclap last night? … Just one. Early in the night?

I don't think so.

You don't know … I saw a flash of lightning outside before going to sleep, so I thought maybe … But I am not sure; the thunderclap too may have taken place in the subtle physical …. It fell like this (Mother strikes her stomach). I felt it fall (Mother smiles), I smiled and said, "He can't!" (Mother laughs) And it didn't hurt me in the least! Then he left. And it was as if to teach me … I looked, wondering, "How could I receive it?" Then the answer was so clear: it was to teach my body that it can be attacked but won't feel anything.

I felt it, but it didn't hurl! And there's no trace. And there's nothing – there was enough to crush you! (Mother laughs) And there was nothing. The body was tranquil, tranquil, tranquil …. It woke me up, and I wondered if I'd been hurt, but there was nothing. And where it fell, I saw it, I felt the shock – I felt it, that's what woke me up: a shock and a sort of weight, and a gap in the wall as big as a door. So then, the body's reaction, but instantaneous (that is, without reflecting or anything), instantaneous, was … "Oh, Lord," like this (Mother opens her arms upward), smiling. Not at all frightened or … Then I took a good look and wondered, "Am I hurt anywhere?" There was nothing …. Because I kept the two together: the state of vision and the physical state at the same time; in the state of vision I wanted to know whether I'd been hurt (it hadn't done anything), and in both states the reaction was the same, like this (same gesture, arms open), with a smile. So it shows that … the thing is really done.

Later this morning, when I was fully awake, I wondered, "How could I get that? How could that being do it?" (Because it did take place, I received it! [Mother laughs] He wasn't stopped from doing it.) Then the answer was very clear: it was for your body to learn that it's really and effectively protected, even if something takes place.

It was interesting.

That black being, I see him very often …. It must be the symbol of the

force opposed in the world (not only on the earth but in the world) to the Action I have been given to do. He is associated with my body. A tall, tall black being, all black ….

There was a long story This morning I still remembered; now I don't.

But it was interesting. It's the first time such a thing has happened to me; it's the first time someone has managed to harm me in the subtle physical – he didn't harm me, but he pulled off his attack.

(silence)

But it's odd …. For instance, when the body received the thing (there was a shock), not for a minute did it have … (fear, there's no question of it), but not for a minute did it say, "Ah, what a disgusting thing to do!" – nothing, nothing, the SAME smile, everywhere ….

That's the point it has reached, you understand: a sort of awareness that whatever happens happens by the divine Will, that it's ALWAYS for the best, and it's only human stupidity, lack of understanding, shortsightedness that make us say, "Oh, what a misfortune! Oh …"

It's all MARVELOUSLY arranged.

When the body is aware of that, then it's fine …. It's far from having reached perfection – to begin with, it's … I don't know if it's being transformed, that's not visible, but at any rate its functioning depends on the higher Consciousness, it no longer depends on the ordinary mechanism (that's taking place gradually). Well, even in the middle of that, there's a sort of smiling trust as a result of which, even when there's some pain, some discomfort, it doesn't matter – it doesn't matter. There is the sense of this Divine Presence, always, everywhere, every moment. That doesn't go away.

(silence)

Oh, you know, we think we're very intelligent, but … (laughing) how poorly we understand! It's like a little piece cut out of the Whole, so we no longer see anything.

Now it's beginning to be better.

(silence)

Has it made your nights more conscious?

A little, now and then.

I often see you.

October 11, 1969

(Mother first translates into French the messages she gave to Indira, in particular: "The value of the man is more important than the party to which he belongs .... The greatness of a country does not depend on the victory of a party, but on the union of all the parties.

Do you know that there's a passage from Sri Aurobindo that says exactly the same thing? ....

Really!

I wondered if we couldn't publish it too: "Men of free minds and free habits are too strong of soul to be the slaves of their party feelings and too robust of mind to submit to any demand for the sacrifice of their principles on the altar of expediency. It is only in a servile nation unaccustomed to the habits of freemen that party becomes a master and not an instrument.

This is fine! Where was it?

In an article entitled, "Party and the Country," in 1908.[176]

Oh, long before I met him. That was when he wrote in newspapers ....

* * *

So, what do you have to tell me?

Instead of going to the beach to cure himself, A.R. [the healer] went to Thiruvanamalai.[177]

It's tomorrow that he is to go to the beach.

I forget who met him at the post office just before he left, but I was told, "Oh, he was excited." – Him get excited! It's quite surprising, he was excited.

There's nothing to see there.

Ah, yes, it's M. who met him. He asked M., "How is it that Maharshi let himself die of cancer?" Then M. told him that when he was still alive, someone asked him why he allowed the cancer, and he replied, "Oh, the very body is a cancer ...." So it seems that A.R. was indignant.

With good reason!

(Mother laughs)

I saw him, this Maharshi ....[178]

Did you?

I spent half an hour in meditation there, then I had enough and left. You understand, one bathed in ... it was peace and peace and more peace – and so what? ... I found it quite insubstantial. To me it had no material meaning.

Ah, but the aim was to withdraw from Matter. The aim was to withdraw here (gesture of drawing all energies upward) and reject Matter, like all illusionists, you understand. It's the continuation of Buddhism, too.

(silence)

So is it tomorrow that he goes to the beach?[179]

Yes. He told me, "My worry is that it may take a long time (if it succeeds), and I have a limited time in India." I replied, "But why should it take a long time? ..."

(Mother remains silent)

I also told him you had "done what was necessary,"[180] but it didn't seem to enter his consciousness.

Oh, he's very much like this (Mother gestures around her head to show that A.R. is shut within his realization).

Do you know that I got angry?

(Mother laughs)

I often told you that when I speak to people, at times something seizes me, and I speak bluntly. Well, all of a sudden, it got hold of me; and yet, I really feel affection for this man.

What did you tell him?

It was about the government. You know that he wanted to see people from the Indian government, and I conveyed to him your message saying that there was nothing to be done with those people. Then he insisted, saying, "Mother says, but I think," and again "I think," and again ... Then anger began seizing me and I told him, "Listen, for fifty years now Mother has been here working with people of India, don't you think she knows things a little better than you do?" I got a little angry, and all at once I planted my finger in the middle of his chest and told him, "Mister A.R., there's one thing you've missed, it's the understanding of who Mother is."

So that's what made him agitated! (Mother laughs heartily) Poor man! …

Oh, I am sorry. I felt sorry because I really like this man.

And what was his reaction?

He was very nice, I must say. He told me, "But I have come to understand; if there were nothing to understand, I wouldn't have come here." He was very nice; it's me, I don't know what got hold of me, it came like that.

(Mother laughs) It's this New Consciousness.

You think so?

That's how it is, yes! I told you, I had arranged for him to meet N.S., and it didn't work out.

But then, I had a perception afterwards. Because when this man speaks, I always feel the Truth speaking, always, I really feel it flows like a spring; but when he told me about that business with the government of India, I felt it wasn't the Truth speaking (that's in fact why I started feeling angry), and I suddenly perceived it wasn't he who spoke, it was probably the mental formation of those "Divine Life Society" people who sent you a letter of recommendation for him. I feel it's their mental formation.

That's right.

There's nothing to be done with those government people. They are fully in Falsehood, that is to say, they govern with Falsehood. They haven't yet renounced falsehood, so …

Yet this Indira is nice, she does what she can. You saw her, didn't you? …

I took great care not to go into that crowd.

She does what she can.

(silence)

Have you anything else?

There's some news of P.L.

Oh, tell me.

A rather discouraged letter, because he's the victim of all sorts of harassing machinations at the Vatican ….

Oh, yes …. You know, between you and me (don't tell him), after he spoke,[181] he was in GREAT danger, and it gave me work for several days – a long time. I worked and worked and worked to make it impossible for them to do … something radically nasty He had a narrow escape. It was almost miraculous that they didn't get rid of him – they're very skilled for that. So …

(Satprem reads P.L.'s letter)

Give him this (Mother hands a "blessings packet") and tell him it's a symbol of my constant presence.

You told me that two bishops had resigned – have they been excommunicated?

I think so, but ...

(silence)

Two or three days ago, I read an Aphorism of Sri Aurobindo's (you might know it). I forget the words, but he says that Christ came to purify humanity but didn't succeed, and he said he would come back, but this time, holding the sword of God …

> 169 – Christ came into the world to purify, not to fulfill. He himself foreknew the failure of his mission, and the necessity of his return with the sword of God into a world that had rejected him.

I was asked what's "the sword of God" (!) I said it was the irresistible Power.

(silence)

Oh, a few days ago I was told a frightful story – what depths humanity has sunk to … it's unbelievable. Have you heard this story of the slaughter of baby seals?

When seals are born (a certain species of seals), they're all white, and they remain so for a few weeks, then they lose their hair and turn gray-gray or yellowish, like their fathers and mothers. And as it's the fashion to wear all-white fur coats, some people … It's organized by some trader or other: seals gather at the time of giving birth, there's a place there, in the North, on an island, where they gather in their thousands, and each mother gives birth to a single child. So those people go there in boats, fully equipped, and when the seals are born, they kill them – thousands of them at one go. It takes ten or fifteen skins to make a coat …. And they slaughter them. But then, for the carnage to be cheap (you understand, it shouldn't cost too much), they club the animals on their heads, then with big butchers' knives they skin them on the spot-skin them while they're still alive ….

That is to say … it seems they shriek, you know, they aren't dumb. It seems it's …

What happened is that a television reporter went there without knowing what was happening (he went there for something else), and he came upon that. He was so horrified, you know, so disgusted that he resolved to make it stop. And for maybe two years, he has been campaigning all over the world – through television and all sorts of means – for people to intervene. There was a strong pressure on the prime minister (it's in nor-them Canada and northern Norway, I think, on perpetually frozen islands), and they obtained from Canada's prime minister (charming people!) that instead of clubbing the baby

seals supposedly to death, they would throw diesel oil on them, because that asphyxiates them fast …. But people found it too costly (such unbelievably low depths, you know!), so they went to the prime minister and asked him to lift his ban – and he did it! He allowed them to be slaughtered like that …. It seems the mothers (they've just given birth, you see, they're suckling the pups) try to defend them – so to prevent them from seeing what goes on, they put out their eyes …. Well, when I was told that, I saw a humanity sinking into … an abyss of ignominy.

Then they brought cards to me (they're preparing a new movement), cards with big photos – those little ones, if you knew how sweet they are! And intelligent! They're first-rate. And I saw the photo before knowing anything of the story; I looked and said, "Oh, what a lovely little one!" I instantly saw: receptive, admirable, an admirable kid! So there are photos of those little ones, there's a portrait of the crook who arranges the whole thing, a portrait of the reporter, and cards with the portrait of one of those little ones, with at the top, in French and in English, "Let baby seals live." Like that. And a place for one's name and signature. And at the back, a place to add something if one wants to. They asked me if I wanted to sign. I said yes. There was one card addressed to Norway's fisheries minister, one to Canada's fisheries minister, and one to Canada's prime minister. So I put my stamp: "The Mother, Sri Aurobindo Ashram." I didn't add anything, I left the sentence and signed. And we'll send them.

But when I was told that … Why, why? … And those women who wear that … all those animals' suffering, all those animals' horror, their terror-they wear all that on their backs. And it doesn't give them nightmares! … Unbelievable.

It seems the fashion is to go dancing wearing a stole made of two or three skins of those poor beasts ….

People are getting insane!

Of course, up there [in the North], that [kind of savagery] is there. It's only ONE example, one sort of epitome. But this IGNOBLE consciousness is everywhere on earth …. I saw it like that. But it's one thing that has as if crystallized to awaken the reaction.

Oh, those little ones …

Seals are highly evolved animals, they aren't among the unconscious ones. There was one on the cover, with eyes staring at you like that, it was delightful! …

(silence)

So this affair put me in contact with all that. It's the sign that it's going to go away.

Yes.

It's in Switzerland that they started the movement (the reporter was Swiss), and it's Z who told me the story. Z told the reporter she was returning to India, and he gave her the whole bundle of cards, saying, "Oh, if India protested, it would lend weight."

(Satprem has Tibet in mind, but remains silent)

It's not so much for those poor little ones, because they have a special protection (all that's conscious in them is like that, cherished). It's the ignominy of humans …. They must become conscious of their ignominy … They find it quite natural.

> *This world is revolting from one end to the other. There's nothing – I would keep nothing of this world, nothing.*

(Mother laughs)

No, this isn't revolting (Mother lays her hand on a bouquet of roses near her). This is … a really and truly beautiful adoration.

> *Yes, without humans, it's quite fine.*

Oh, it's the humans, because even animals aren't so disgusting.

> *Not at all.*

A beast like a tiger or a lion kills only when it's hungry. But to make money – this is to make money … With the women, it's unconsciousness; I am sure the vast majority of those who wear that, if they were told, "You're wearing on you the skin torn from a living and shrieking animal," it would give them nightmares – the vast majority. Very few would say, "Why should I care!" Very few.

But the brutes are the ones who're getting rich.

(silence)

There's a story that took place many, many years ago, but because of the baby seals it's come back to me. One of K.'s relatives (her aunt, I think) died of cholera (I knew her, she'd known me before, then she left for somewhere or other, she caught cholera, and died). After some time, one night, I forget where I was, but I suddenly found myself surrounded by a huge crowd of people who were shouting and protesting; then she came out of that crowd, came to me and told me, "These are all those who died of cholera, they've come to ask you WHY it's like that …." It struck me much, really very much, because, you know … It was swarming with people, a huge crowd, in the middle of the night, like that, and she came towards me and said that to me ….

Naturally that's only ONE misery among so many others. Only it's a very brutal misery, which strikes in a very brutal way that's why … And when I was told this affair of the baby seals, I suddenly remembered how I found myself there, with those thousands of people saying, "Why is such a thing allowed? … Why is it allowed?"

(silence)

It's what Bharatidi always said; she always used to say: "The Divine is the greatest culprit, He's the one who allows all those horrors!" (Mother laughs)

She said that once when we were preparing a play to be staged here[182] (I don't know if you were there). There was the "chief of the mountains" and the "chief of the valley," and then an incarnation of the Divine. The two chiefs were quarreling; the incarnation of the Divine came, and when he tried to stop the fight, they killed him. When they killed him, all of a sudden they woke up to the awareness of the horror of what they had done, owing to the fact of the killing. You see, night fell when they began fighting, and the Incarnation came between them to stop them, but they didn't see him and killed him …. The story was like that, we staged it. We gave out the roles and so on-we had got the play through Bharatidi. So she was there, and she told me, "But the Divine is the greatest culprit! It's quite natural that he should suffer, since He's the one who allowed humans to be like that!" (Mother laughs)

Ah! …

(long silence)

Those baby seals, I was preoccupied with them one whole night. So then, the first action (naturally, the Force went there instantly), the first attempt was to ask the seal species (the consciousness of the species) to change their birthing ground, to go to a place where people can't go, a place hard to reach (they've been going there because it's less cold for the young). So I don't know … it would be interesting if it succeeded …. A strong pressure for the seal species to act on the animals and drive the mothers to go elsewhere, to select another spot unknown to people (at least for a year or two, enough time to react).

But the interesting thing (it's obvious, but …) … for those capable of rising to that Consciousness, it's an interesting experience to have: as soon as you go beyond the region of even the highest human consciousness, once you are above, all spirit of revenge and punishment ABSOLUTELY disappears – absolutely It's impossible to feel it. It's … it seems to be a false way of reacting: instead of healing, you perpetuate the vibration, only changing its direction.

But up above, it's absolutely imperative: it doesn't exist, it's impossible.

(silence)

We need time ….

October 12, 1969

(From Satprem to Mother)

(The full text of the following letter regrettably disappeared, only the last part of it was found. The healer told Satprem that what he found near Mother was "the same thing" as elsewhere, the same immutable, eternal, changeless "That." Satprem tried hard to make the healer feel that there was nevertheless something else near Mother-perhaps because it was the very question that troubled him – and in his letter he asked Mother if he did well to write thus to the healer.)

"… your journey in India. I pray from the bottom of my heart that you may not pass it by. In your solitary retreat, I hope you will be able to open to Mother, who will open for you the door of the Secret."

I hope I did well and that Your Grace will be with him.

With love,

Satprem

(From Mother to Satprem)

It is quite good.

The Grace is always with you, you know that. You have given A.R. the possibility of being conscious of it too.

Tenderness and blessings.

Mother

October 15, 1969

(Heavy rain poured down on that day.)

We've brought too many Europeans here, it changes the climate!

Do you have anything to tell me? … Me, I have nothing, except quarrels, stupidities, conflicts … all sorts of stupid things …[183]

(there follows a long affair which will remain unsaid)

I must say that anyone other than you would find it crushing to have to deal with all this confusion.

(Mother laughs) I find it hard to realize, that is, to understand or explain (it enters my consciousness with difficulty) that people, when they are in front of me, could dare say something untrue …. In the past, it seemed impossible to me, but from experience I've learned (!) that they do it. How they do it, I don't know …

And that's not the only thing, there are many others.

But they do it ingenuously. If they had a will to deceive me, I would know it instantly, but they do it ingenuously – they deceive themselves.

They see things like this (Mother makes a twisting gesture), never straight …. But when one isn't constantly led – exclusively led – by the higher Consciousness, one does it almost automatically: a slight "this way" (same gesture of twisting), without knowing it, without premeditation.

That [the twist], I saw it in the past. It became impossible only when nothing came either from here (gesture to the head) or from here (the throat), or here (the heart), or here (the solar plexus), or … It comes like this (gesture from above), then it's impossible – but only then.

(silence)

It's clearly a time of transition.

* * *

(Later, Mother gives Satprem the following note which was given to seven or eight members of Orissa's parliament:)

> "Socialism like all political parties belongs to the past and must be surpassed if we want to serve the Truth."

The most comical part – that is, the most extraordinary-is that they all agreed! I thought they were going to be furious …. They all said, "Oh, this is fine, we'll adopt it ….

Their conviction wasn't very deep!

October 18, 1969

Today is Durga puja …. I have a lion under my feet, you know!

(the cushion under Mother's feet)

Pull it …. (Laughing) It's nice! It keeps still.

So what are you bringing? … Nothing. Today it's not very late! …

Haven't you anything? … Neither have I, except for news of A.R. He is in his hut and says he is very fine, but he's worrying a bit: "Wouldn't I be more useful if I saw people? …" I had him answered that he himself had said he needed to be alone. He had two hernias and cured one (he told you all that), and deliberately didn't cure the second because he got it into his head that

when he has the true consciousness, it will heal on its own …. Theoretically it's true, but … Can it be realized in one lifetime? I don't know. As for me, I saw that if he brought it back inside (it can be done), it would heal. But he refuses to do that – what he is asking is almost a miracle …. So he had me asked through F. if he shouldn't rather start seeing people again. I said, "That's exclusively HIS business, it's for him to know what he wants." Not "what he wants": what he MUST do – receive the Order and do what he must. Me, I can't say anything. I gave him the physical conditions he wanted. When you told me about it, I saw (I saw, I concentrated), I clearly saw that if he brought his hernia back inside, it would heal. But he refuses to do that. So I don't know anymore. You see, what he says is theoretically quite true, but … But …

He himself has worked several miracles on others.

Yes, he did, he can do it. It's possible; I tell you, theoretically it's quite possible – we'll see.

But what sort of realization is he lacking?

I don't know. He had me told that he wanted to be able to say, I am."[184] And the "I" is, I think, the Consciousness (I don't know if he has a notion of the Divine or of a "supreme Harmony" or what, I don't know – maybe he himself doesn't know). That's what he wants: to be able to say, "I am …." For me, the process is … I say there's nothing impossible, but I much prefer the process, "You are." You understand, let the "I" disappear.

But this man doesn't have an "I."

He has one. He's extremely generous and disinterested, but he has one.

Yet I never felt he said, "I heal.

(after a silence)

I have a strong impression that what he wants to pull … He says, "The Divine is in everything," and he wants to say, "I am the Divine." From the (how should I put it?) yogic point of view, from the point of view of discipline, I found it much preferable to say, "You are" rather than "I am." Do you understand the difference?

I do understand.

And that's because he still has very strongly the sense of an individual body.

But since this body stopped having the sense of its individuality, very spontaneously and naturally it has been, "You are" – all the cells, every cell: You are.

For the cells, there's no "I."

Only, everyone has quite conceivably his own path, which is why I didn't tell him, "Don't do this." I took great care not to say that.

Yes, because after his realization, he has been very influenced by the teachings of the Swamis, for whom it's always, "You are That."[185]

They're wrong.

That is to say, for the entire old Indian yoga, the body is something untransformable, and therefore it's a momentary necessity that will disappear; while for Sri Aurobindo, the body is transformable, and the minute it's transformable, instead of thinking of itself as an individual, it thinks of itself as the Lord. And, you know, I guarantee that it's spontaneous, natural, and ... blissful. While the idea of a separate person is a painful calamity.

I was with A.R. when he meditated here ... his body is still ONE body.

But he has the realization of "That."

Yes, yes, in a certain way.

And that's why (because he is very conscious of the Divine Presence), that's why I said, "Don't ask me what you should do: it's in your body that you must find out." I can't say, because … because the Divine realizes himself differently in everyone – otherwise there would be only one person!

I don't want to give him any advice at all, I absolutely refuse to do that.

What I find remarkable in his case is the way in which he has EMBODIED his realization, because it's really not something he has cross-legged in meditation: he is solidly full of this Consciousness. One feels it, I mean. That's what I find rather extraordinary.

(after a silence)

But here in India, that stillness comes from contempt for the body: it must be nullified as much as possible. Its very existence must be nullified. And that's precisely what Sri Aurobindo rose up against, saying, "No! The body must PARTICIPATE in the experience." So naturally, A.R. is convinced that the body must participate in the experience, that's why he has the right attitude. But to be convinced, he wants to realize NOW the consciousness that will be the consciousness of what Sri Aurobindo calls the Supramental. That is to say, to BE the Divine, without distinction between the body and the rest-to be the Divine ….

If the time has come for that, it's very good – that's why I don't want to intervene. But I don't know, I don't know if the time has come for that …. There are moments when the body is thoroughly convinced – moments when it seems impossible that the time might not have come – but at other moments, it

gets completely veiled. And that comes from the fact that despite everything, the awareness of the mixture is becoming very clear. Which means that the realization is partial; it's partial, fragmentary. And for a very simple reason (there's no arguing): it's because somehow or other, the appearance will have to change. This body has capacities – that's visible-it has capacities which many other bodies don't have, but it's still uncertain, not established, not complete. So in this transitional period, there will certainly be one who will get through to the other side, that is, who will reach realization – there has to be a realization at some point, you see. Well, it must be … In any case, with A.R., the attitude is good, so there's nothing to say. But as he isn't developed mentally, that's where a mixture of influences remains[186] – that's where. It's not in the body, it's in the mind. And I don't want to replace that mixture with a …

(Mother gestures to show an authority imposing itself) …. All that I can do is to give the necessary atmosphere, and that's that.

I got a letter from N.S.[187] in which she said she was almost desperate to have missed the appointment I had given her with A.R. But I am not sure … [that it wasn't just as well]. She says that instead of the time she had been told, she arrived an hour later because she had been somewhere (I forget where), had got completely drenched, and had to change her clothes; she sent word to A.R. requesting him to wait, but when she arrived, he had left. So she doesn't know whether L. didn't get her message, or didn't convey it. And she writes me that at the first opportunity she would like to come and see him …. I had her told that for the moment he had withdrawn, but that as soon as he resumed his activity, I would let her know. But I didn't tell A.R., because …

> *For her own sake I wish N.S. meets him, but I don't at all wish he should start expounding to her his great plans for the conversion of India![188]*

> *That, of course! I can certainly guarantee that the time hasn't come!*

> *I hope he won't drive N. S. into ... useless things.*

That's why he didn't meet her! … You see, all that takes place takes place PURPOSELY. We find that very hard to understand, but … one begins to understand it here (Mother points to her body), and when I was told they hadn't met, I thought, "It's very wise, this isn't the right time."

> *Yes, I think so.*

That's why I told N.S. I would let her know. So we'll see.

> *But with this man, I feel I am in front of a secret which I, for one, would need to realize and understand.*

Yes, yes.

> *That's the impression he gives me: he holds something that I would*

need.

Yes. And what has enabled him to "hold" it is that the mind isn't developed. The proportion of the mind in the combination of the being is sufficiently … poor not to intervene.

It's like that. For a PERFECT realization, the entire being must be illumined; but for an initial realization, it's probably easier for a body that doesn't have a highly developed mind. Since he came here, I've looked a good deal, and I am fully convinced of it. That's why he … You see, for us who have gone up to the highest degree of mental potentiality, it's through that highest degree that we went beyond – it's when the mind realized its highest degree that it abdicated – and that's very good for the integral realization, but generally the body is too accustomed to obeying the mind, not supple enough to be transformed. That's the reason why my mind was sent away …. But that's not a process which can be … recommended to others. Because nine people out of ten would die.

The mind?

If the mind goes away.

Do you think I would die?

Mind and vital.

Ah, yes, the vital, I understand, but if you took my mind away ...?

No, mon petit! I refuse to do it! (Mother laughs) It must … it must abdicate.

It hasn't abdicated, my mind?

Yes. Abdicate and fall silent.

I have the impression of a missing link between "Something" I very clearly feel up above, something concrete, and then this reality I live.

That's very material.

But I have the impression of something missing, a link, something ...

Not a "link" …

It's more a passivity that would be missing. Everything is too active.

And for the Force to be able to go through rapidly so as to reach the body, a GREAT passivity is needed. I can see that: every time there is a pressure so as to act on some part of the body or other, it always begins with an absolute passivity, which is … the "perfection of inertia," you understand? What inertia imperfectly represents – it's the perfection of that …. Something with no activity of its own – which is VERY difficult precisely for those who have a

great mental development, very difficult. Because its whole life long, the body has worked to be in that state of receptivity to the mind, and that state, which is what brought about its obedience, docility and so on, is what needs to be abolished.

How can I explain? … The development through the mind is a constant and general awakening of the whole being – eve.n the most material being – an awakening as a result of which there is also something that's the opposite of sleep. But to receive the supreme Force, what's needed is, on the contrary, the equivalent of stillness – the stillness of sleep, but an ABSOLUTELY CONSCIOUS sleep, absolutely conscious. The body feels the difference. It feels the difference to such a point that … for example, at night I lie down and I am like that, for hours I remain like that, and if after a while I drop into ordinary sleep, my body wakes up with a dreadful anguish! Then it slowly goes back to that State. That anguish, I feel it from time to time – it goes away instantly as soon as the body recaptures the true attitude, which is a state of stillness, but absolutely conscious. "Stillness," I don't know how to explain that …. It's almost the opposite of inertia in stillness.

That's what now makes me understand why the creation began with inertia. So then, we had to recover that state (Mother draws an immense curve) after going through all the states of consciousness. And that's what has given us … (laughing) for us, it's a fine mess! But when it's done deliberately, it's not a mess any longer.

For me, the difficulty I very often come up against, is a need of activity in the aspiration, too.

Yes, yes.

I feel I shouldn't stop being actively aspiring. Often I could very well let everything be like that, motionless, but ...

Yes, but then the aspiration comes.

I feel the need of activity in the aspiration.

Yes, it's to counteract inertia. It's because we still have a legacy of inertia.

But then, what's to be done in that case? Let everything spread out, or else ... persist in this active aspiration, which is really intense?

It's hard to say because I am convinced that everyone has his own path, but for this body, the path is to have that active aspiration.

To have active aspiration? Yes, but then it's not that stillness anymore.

It has found the way, it has understood how it can be done.

The two together, the union of the two?

Yes, they are together. That's what it has managed to get: a complete stillness and an INTENSE aspiration. And it's when stillness is left without

aspiration that it falls into a dreadful anguish which instantly wakes it up. That's it, you understand: an INTENSE aspiration. And it's absolutely still, still within, as if all the cells grew still …. That must be it: what we call intense aspiration must be the supramental vibration. It must be the divine Vibration, the true divine vibration. I have often said that to myself.

But if even for five minutes the body falls into the state of inertia – stillness without aspiration – it's woken up by an anguish as if it were about to die! To that point, you understand. For it, stillness is … Yes, it feels that the highest vibration, the vibration of the true Consciousness, is SO INTENSE that it's … it's the equivalent of the inertia of stillness – with an intensity that's not perceptible (for us). That intensity is so great that, for us, it's the equivalent of inertia.

That's what is now being established.

That's what made the body understand (because now it understands) the process of the creation …. We could almost say that it began with a state of perfection, but an unconscious perfection, and that the creation must pass from that state of unconscious perfection to a state of conscious perfection, and in between is imperfection.

Words are stupid, but you understand.

(silence)

You know, the impression is of being on the very edge of understanding. But it's not at all a mental understanding, not at all (we've had that one, but it's nothing; it's nothing, it's zero). It's a LIVED understanding. And that the mind can't have – it can't. The impression is that only the body – receptive, open, at any rate partially transformed – is capable of having the understanding; the understanding of the creation of what we call the creation: why and how, the two things. And it's not at all something thought, not something felt: it's something lived, and that's the only way to know … It's lived. It's a consciousness.

You know, when that understanding comes – it comes, and it does like this (gesture like a luminous swelling), it comes like that, then it fades away, then it comes back, and then again it fades away; but when it comes it's so evident, so simple that you wonder how you could manage not to know it!

Some more time is needed …. How much time? I don't know But the notion of time, too, is quite arbitrary.

We always try to express our experiences in the old state of consciousness, that's the misery! We think it's necessary, indispensable – and it's stultifying. It's a terrible hindrance.

(silence)

And all, but all that people have said, all that they've written, all that they've taught is only one way of putting things. It's only trying to make oneself understood, but it's impossible. And to think (laughing) how much people have fought over such relative things! …

(long silence)

Looking at what happens from one day to the next, the body's experience is like this …. In a certain way, at certain times, it's in the consciousness of Immortality, and then, out of influence (also out of habit now and then), it falls back into the consciousness of mortality, and that's really … For it now, as soon as it falls back into the consciousness of mortality, there's a dreadful anguish; it's only when it emerges from that, when it enters the true consciousness, that it passes. I understand why some people, yogis, spoke of the unreality of the world, because, for the consciousness of Immortality, the consciousness of mortality is an unreal absurdity. And it's like this (Mother slips the fingers of one hand between the fingers of the other, showing an alternation between the two consciousnesses). So now it's like this, now it's like that. And the other state, the state of Immortality, is immutably peaceful, tranquil, with … like lightning-fast waves, so rapid that they seem still. It's like this: complete motionlessness (apparently) within a tremendous Movement. But then, as soon as the other state comes, it's all the ordinary notions that come back, that is to say … really in its present state, that gives it the anguish and suffering of a falsehood. But it's still like this (same to-and-fro gesture) ….

The only, only way out that is effective is in fact self-abandon, surrender. It's not expressed in words or idea or anything, but it's a state, a state of vibration, in which ONLY the Divine Vibration has value. Then – then things get back in order.

But all that, the moment you talk about it …

But note that it's constant: it happens in the night, it happens in the morning (mornings are generally very difficult), and then there are other times when … (immense, even gesture, with a smile) there are no more problems – all problems are over: no more problems, no more difficulties, nothing anymore.

(silence)

There's a background (it's mostly that), a background of unconscious Negation which is still behind everything, but everything; it's still there everywhere: you eat or breathe – you receive that Negation …. For everything to be transformed, it's still a colossal work. But when you are on the "other side," as we might call it (it's not "sides"), in the other state, it seems so natural that you wonder why things aren't like that, why they seem so difficult. And then, as soon as you're back to this other side, it's … (Mother takes her head in her hands) … The mixture is still there, undeniably.

Truly, the ordinary state, the old state, is consciously (meaning it's a conscious perception), it's death and suffering. And then in the other state, death and suffering appear to be … absolutely unreal – there you are.

The body seems to be very highly conscious of … (what can I call it?) a sort of stupidity. Yes, a sort of enduring and stupid goodwill. It's very conscious of that. And it's led to understand that this state was indispensable for the work to be done, that someone who … (naturally, the least bad will is out of question), that without this sort of … (it's not unconsciousness), this sort of ignorant simplicity (something like that), without that, endurance would become very difficult.

It doesn't ask any questions, but now and then, it's conscious of its state of mediocrity, and so, quite naturally, it wonders how it happens to have been chosen to do this work? And it clearly appears to be a sort of goodwill arising from its sense of insignificance …. The least sense of capacity and worth takes away all endurance. But it doesn't have that at all, so that enables it to go on.

Did I tell you the story of that child who came here? … That child came, holding this (Mother points to a small yellow bird on her table); he thought it was a swan: it's a goose, of course, but he thought it was a swan, and he gave it to me very nicely, saying, "It's You." I saw in his thought that he was convinced it was a swan, that is to say, the soul. But then, I saw with my own eyes that it was a goose (Mother laughs), and I said, "Yes, it's true!" (Laughter) and that was precisely … Oh, I'm keeping it, it's precisely that – a goose (Mother laughs).

So there.

Here (Mother gives a flower of Transformation): the right one.

You too.

(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

No impatience. That's the main thing: no impatience.

A trusting patience.

Ultimately, for everyone all is as well as it can be. It's always the old movements that get impatient …. Of course, when you see the whole, impatience was certainly created to counteract inertia – but it's over, that time is past.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Questions from the healer to Mother)

> *(A.R.) I had two hernias. I cured one and kept the other deliberately, for what I seek is the greatest opening of Consciousness a human being can obtain. If my Consciousness widens sufficiently, my hernia and the illness of my [paralyzed] friend will automatically heal. The day when I wake up without any trace of illness, I will have on my body the proof that my Consciousness has opened wide. What I want is to be able to actually say, "I Am."*

Theoretically it is true, but that is clearly his own affair. Let him go through his experience. One has no right to intervene in any way.

> *(A.R.) I wondered if I might not be more useful to Mother, to Her work, than by being here, meditating the whole day?*

No, I don't see things like that. One must have total suppleness towards the Divine Consciousness in oneself. Insofar as one lets it express itself all alone, it is this Consciousness that has one do things.

> *(A.R.) India needs water. What is necessary is to obtain harmonious waterfalls, according to the law of harmony, which will bring a sufficient amount of water for vegetation, but without causing damage. I think it is feasible. If it is not feasible, nothing is. But should one do it? Should one, for instance, divert a storm? ... All one has to do is ask. So should one ask the Divine Force to act one way rather than another?*[189]
>
> *In any case, the Divine Force will only do what it wills, and it is the Divine Force Itself which, in him, aspires to divert the storm.*

October 22, 1969

How old are you going to be?

> *Forty-six.*

Oh, you're still a baby!

> *I have some white hairs.*

Really! … Me, I haven't one! … It's strange, not one.

It's because of this (Mother points to the little goose on her table), I told you the story …. The mind doesn't work, so I don't get tired!

> *I have a lot of work to do with my head, nonetheless.*

I no longer do any.

> *Yes, but as for me, I have all the books to prepare! ... It's necessary.*

Of course.

> *So it must be on purpose.*

Yes.

But now, you see, people have made it a habit to ask me for a message on every occasion, and lots of people write to me, asking for answers. So I remain

like that, and almost instantly (except in a few rare cases), the answer comes like this (gesture of descent). And if I don't feel like writing, it persists and persists … and won't let go of me until I've written! Once I've written, it's over! To such a point that I don't even remember what I've written.

I'd like to learn the knack!

(silence)

I don't think there's a knack.
I can't even say that I made effort to get that, not at all.

October 25, 1969

(The following conversation came in connection with two letters sent by the young Indian disciple who accompanied A.R., the healer, in his solitary retreat.)

October 21, 1969

Mr. A.R. asked me if I had finished reading the "Notes on the Way" again. As for me, I asked him if he had found something after his studies of these last two days. Then there was a stream of words. He said:

"I haven't learned anything new. All that she [Mother] says I have known for twenty years. The very basis of my experience was the transformation of the cells, that was my starting point. According to what Mother writes, I think she only began this experience two years ago, and I understand she has now completed it. So for me, all that she says is true, correct, and it cannot be otherwise. Only, unlike her, I did not go through every stage of the experience in detail, right to the end. My method was direct straight, all the way up; I cut out all those stages and visions on the way, because otherwise I could not have done what I did. You understand, I couldn't attempt those details, because if I had, I would have lost my aim, I would have missed my realization. For her, it's all right, because she was educated. She knows philosophy, metaphysics, science, and what not! Moreover, she had the good fortune of meeting Sri Aurobindo. I would like to meet him. But as for me, I was all alone. So I had no option. I don't regret it. I came here

because I knew there was here someone who spoke my language. I got confirmation of my experiences, and I provide confirmation to her experience. That's right. One might say that we have gone hand in hand into our experience-we are on the same plane. That's how I understand it. I don't know what she thinks of me, she didn't tell me anything. I wanted to talk with her, but I don't think she is inclined to speak much. So! ...

" At any rate, she told me she would help me; in that case, something is surely being done. The seed you sow today doesn't grow the next day. We must wait. It may take time."

* * *

October 24, 1969

What I am going to write will interest you, I think. It followed a long talk yesterday evening.

Subject: Mr. A.R.s mission in this life.

He told me he was acquiring such a force that he could face any obstacle, and will thus be capable of asserting in front of people the power of the divine force. "I first want to become absolutely sure that I can manifest this force at any time and against any obstacle. Then I will show people, in a crowd of a thousand people, through a practical demonstration, by calling ten or fifteen sick people among them and curing them with this force. Then they will perforce be convinced that there is indeed a Force that can do anything. But for that, I must be ready. For eighty percent of the people will be against me, and to convince them I must be really strong, well armed and sure! Once I am ready, no one will be able to stop me. All governments and religions will collapse. I will write to the Pope, asking him what they are preaching now. What did Christ tell us in the Gospels! He told his apostles to go and heal the sick and drive demons away. What are the priests and the Catholics doing today?"

I asked him, "Are you sure that is your mission?"

"Yes, I am sure. I have known it for a long time. And I am preparing myself for that. The day is not far off To do that, one must first be as strong as Christ."

"But don't you think it's much better to seek the Divine for Himself than to seek Him for some power, even the power to assert his existence? My do you want to give proof every moment? And is it necessary to demonstrate it through healing?"

"Of course you are right, there, when you say that one should seek the Divine for his own sake. For you people, it's easy to understand since you are bathing in this atmosphere here. But for the Western man, a proof is needed, he wants to know what he will gain! The easiest and most striking thing to demonstrate is healing. There. It's really quite simple. I don't know if you understand it. Christ, too, did the same thing!"

* * *

Have you seen brother A?...[190] He has changed a lot – a lot. He's incomparably better than before. He went to stay with Buddhists, it seems. He was supposed to go to Vinoba Bhave's place, but I don't think he stayed there, because he is coming from a Buddhist monastery.

But he remains as Christian as before, doesn't he?

I don't know … He doesn't want to go back to France, because he says he would be "troubled" there! He will go to a monastery in Greece, then he says he would come back here …. But he's changed a lot. A lot.

And the other … [the healer], the other is very amusing!

Is he?

He's very amusing! (Mother laughs) If it were an ordinary consciousness, what presumptuousness! But in him, it's a sort of spontaneity. It's very amusing. But the two of them [A.R. and brother A.] have got along well enough; they said they would meet, they've arranged to meet each other … I forget where.

It's amusing.

But what do you think of this "miraculous mission" in the world?

(Mother laughs) If he succeeds, it will be interesting. That's what I think.

Is it an illusion, or is it a promise? I don't know … You see, for his hernia, it was rather interesting, because when you told me about it, I concentrated, I looked, and I saw the Force come, I saw that if he brought his hernia in, it wouldn't come out again-which is already miraculous. But he says it must go in by itself, without any intervention! … That's … it's much farther on the scale. If it happens, well, I'll bow down.

I don't know, we'll see.

I don't know, but I rather feel it's an illusion, this idea of striking a "big blow" at people's minds by working miracles ….

Oh, yes. That's impossible. It's childishness.

Yes, so it seems to me.

Especially here, where so many people have worked so-called miracles.

He wants to do it in Europe.

Oh!

In Europe, with television, radio, and by stirring the masses with spectacular cures.

Babah! That's childishness.

Well, yes! So it seems to me.

Let him just do as he likes.

It's not miracles that can convert humanity.

No.
No. But it's because he has no culture that he thinks that way.
Now, it may happen! After all, I'm not quite sure that Christ didn't work miracles.

Yes, he did.

Ah, that's what we're told – we weren't there! (laughter)

What shocks me a bit is this idea of doing "better than Christ" .... My impression is that what needs to be done is something ELSE altogether!

(Mother laughs) Oh, yes.

(silence)

But it seems Christ himself said he would come back "with God's sword" – which means it's no longer the same thing at all. As for me, I never believed: I had a lot of difficulty, it's Sri Aurobindo who made me believe in the physical reality of Christ; I always thought it was some story people told- they took hold of just anybody and built a story around him. But Sri Aurobindo believed in it. He said it was an Avatar – a partial Avatar.

(silence)

But what Id like to understand is basically the kind of power he has-what kind of realization does this man have? What kind of power – is it a supramental power, or what?

All that I can say is that out of all the people he treated here, he didn't cure one – with all of them the trouble came back. And to my vision, it's because, here, only those who MUST be ill are ill.

So it can't be a supramental power.

(silence)

He asked to see me today I will see him. Naturally, I won't say anything, and if he speaks, I won't listen to him. But I'll try to SEE.

According to what he says, and according to what I've seen so far, he has the impression of a Harmony higher than the creation, which hasn't yet fully manifested, and which would manifest through him …. There's something true there, except that instead of manifesting through a person, this Harmony is trying to descend on earth. I saw that; I think that where he is childish is when he takes it as something personal – that's all. That's my impression. But that this Harmony is trying to descend and would certainly make it easier for the new creation seems to me correct.

Success in the world always depends on a … (how should I put it?) a diminishing and a personifying of things. For instance, for me there would be nothing surprising to his working miracles, because something which, to a consciousness-an enlightened consciousness, the Truth- Consciousness – is a logical consequence, becomes miraculous to an unenlightened consciousness. So for him to make a name for himself as a miracle-worker wouldn't be surprising in the least. He may be destined to become …

It's amusing! (Mother laughs)

He has the very ingenuousness (the ingenuousness of ignorance) thanks to which he doesn't have a mind that looks and smiles. He is wholly in his conviction – it's a condition good for people, they haven't gone beyond that.

We'll see.

All those supermiracles are NOT convincing.

Oh, no, not at all! Not at all.

Not convincing. It's a sort of super-conjuring trick, and once it's past, it's past – it hasn't changed anything within.

No.

So what is he going to do there? ... I feel he's going onto a painful path, this man. He is going to fall into the lions' den.

You understand, he didn't see the light here. He remained shut in his realization.

Exactly! That's in fact why I would have liked to see him BEFORE he meets you.

No, no! No, it's amusing, mon petit! We must let things unfold and see! (Mother laughs ironically) You can see him AFTER. As for me, I am keen to see him before – you would put something in him … No, no! I want to see him.

Because, Mother, what he will do, what he does in front of you (or in front of anyone) is to dart up, catch hold of his "thing, and there you are, he pulls it.

But I can go above it!

Yes, but then he will take it as something "from above"!

Ah, but that doesn't matter! (Mother laughs) It doesn't matter, mon petit! It's very amusing (Mother laughs more and more) …. You know, to receive the Illumination OF THE TRUTH is such a grace – I don't know … if it's really meant for him, he will get it, and that's what I want to know If he doesn't get it, it means that … (Mother makes a vast, rhythmical gesture) he is part of the immense Play.

(long silence)

He is coming today I said he should go and see you after leaving from here, that way you will be able to feel whether … whether something has been shaken.

Yes, let him come and see me after leaving from here.

He is coming around 3:30 – I won't keep him long. Ah! … He hasn't learned to sit on the floor, has he?

Yes, he can do it, Mother.

With this hernia, maybe it's not ...

If his back is supported, he can. At home I had him sit on the floor.

Oh, then it's all right.

But with the back supported ….

(silence)

As for me, I understand very well how it takes place: there's a certain (I don't know if it's a realization), but something that is there [gesture above], you catch hold of That, and you can catch it while prostrating yourself before a stone, while prostrating yourself at the Samadhi, while being in the street and everywhere, and it's THE-SAME-THING.

Yes, yes.

And it's irrefutable.

Yes, exactly.

So if he is in front of you and catches that, it's "the same thing" again!

(Mother laughs)

But I am convinced that the first time I saw him, for him it made no

difference: he was completely shut in his own creation. It did go in, but he didn't feel it was something new … You understand, the subtlety of the discernment comes from a refinement of consciousness that isn't within everyone's reach. The subtlety of the discernment.

> *To me, what's mysterious is that one may have the divine consciousness and yet not see. How can it be? Because he has a divine consciousness, that's certain. But how can he not see?*

(After a silence) As I see him, it's because he needs the thing to be manifested through a personal consciousness. A "personal consciousness," I mean someone [Mother] who is "conscious of bearing the Divine," who feels, I bear the Divine," you understand? When that isn't there (the Divine is there, that's all, but there isn't I am the Divine"), he can't feel. And I'll go farther: I don't think there are many Europeans or Westerners who can feel it. Indians, it's because of atavism. But all those who are westernized cannot feel any longer. They need the sense of the person, the person who says, "I am," you understand. But this body … (laughing), the body has gone beyond the stage where it says, "I am"! The very idea makes it laugh.

That's why.

> *Yet I, for one, feel a difference. For a very long time I racked my brains trying to understand. I said to myself, "When I touch That up above, it's the same thing, always the same thing" ... until the day I asked myself, "Let's see, what's the difference when I am with Mother and when I am alone with That?"*

Did you feel the difference?

> *Well, then, I understood something (that wasn't long ago).*[191] *My impression was that when I am with you, it isn't something I catch up above, but rather something that comes FROM WITHIN.*

Ah!

> *As if I were seized from within ...*

Yes, yes.

> *... and everything were lighting up from within.*

Yes, that's it! That's right. It's exactly that, it's correct.

> *It's not something that drops down onto my shoulders.*

Yes, that's right. But it's the raison d'être for this (Mother touches her body), for the presence here. It's so things may be … from within – not a miraculous descent.

> *Yes, that's the difference.*

But then, in his case, he felt even more convinced, you understand? He felt

[in front of Mother], yes, quite comfortable. That's why I told you that the physical ego hasn't gone …. He found it quite natural – he must have felt very comfortable!

(silence)

The state now is such that when the body FEELS ITSELF (feels itself, that is to say, is aware of being a body), INSTANTLY there's a discomfort, whatever the condition. Even when it feels in a state of adoration or aspiration or … it's accompanied by discomfort. And only when there's no more awareness at all of its separate existence does it feel comfortable. So then, the normal state is silence, stillness, but … (the image isn't correct – how can I explain?), you see, the Presence, it's not that it flows through, but when it radiates like this (gesture), radiates through an activity, then everything is fine and there's no more at all the sensation of "this [the body] through which": this through which the Divine flows – there isn't. It's like this (immutable gesture), still and nonexistent, without any self- awareness, aware only of … the Divine Action, like that. Then everything is fine. And the minute there's even a slight impression of the Thing flowing "through," discomfort comes. You understand, it has become a very acute state.

See, I might say (it sounds like literature) that in a certain state, in that state in which it no longer feels itself and only the awareness of the Divine remains, there's the sense of an Immortality, of Eternity; and if there's the least sensation of "something in which" the Divine manifests, it absolutely becomes the sense of death – you instantly become mortal again. And acute, you know, acute like that. But then, it's very subtle, because … the sensation (sensation or perception or feeling) of "I" has completely disappeared, all the time, all the time-really so, completely; it's the "something," the something which is still a little different, and that becomes terribly painful – the body is perfectly at case only when it no longer feels itself.

It's hard to explain, but that's how it is.

(long silence)

It must be that …. There are innumerable layers of consciousness. The development (the universal development) has progressively enabled us to become conscious of each layer; the more developed one is, the more one perceives the differences between layers. And it's only when one is conscious of ALL the layers of consciousness and when they form nothing but a unity (but a unity conscious of its multiplicity), it's only then that what's in the deepest depths … the Supreme Consciousness can manifest fully. And in bodies, there are still layers that aren't fully conscious; there are still layers that remain as a residue of all that preceded: the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, all that. So the whole fully conscious part of the cells is fully illumined, but … Besides, one just has to see (Mother shows the skin of her hands, visibly untransformed) …. It has become EXTREMELY sensitive, the slightest shock causes a … It has become extremely sensitive …. It appears not to have the same "density" … but the appearance is exactly the same. Those who have an inner vision see something [another form of Mother], but that's only because

they have the capacity of inner vision. So that's it [i.e., the residue]. You understand, in the consciousness of the cells, there is the consciousness which is "internal" to the cells, so to speak, and which is fully, fully conscious, but there's something that remains like this (Mother gestures to show a crust-like covering the residue). So then, that work a man like A.R. hasn't done, you see: it's a sort of hazy general consciousness. He himself is conscious of something "stronger than his body," and which "uses" his body, it seems to me …. In the world, it's very useful and can give birth to all sorts of things. But he isn't ready for the transformation, you understand – himself, his body. He has a sort of inner certitude that it CAN be, but … I don't know … unless the Lord wants it to take place that way; that would be amusing – really, I would find it very amusing!

Because he speaks of a work of transformation of the cells.

He speaks, yes.

But then, what exactly does he mean?

(Mother laughs) Of course, it's true!

But I told you, I made the experiment when I saw him: when he left, at the time of leaving, I wanted to touch his hand to know – but I touched a HAND, you understand? I touched a HAND (Mother feels a hardness), there was HIS hand – I didn't touch the Divine! I touched a hand …. And I think he feels the Force acting THROUGH his hand.

Yes, for him, it's always a "descent," it's not something radiating from within. It's a Force that descends.

Does he always have that impression?

That's the impression I, at least, have with him.

That's the impression I have too. When he sat here, I saw the Force descending, descending, descending into him, but there was still a gentleman named A.R. sitting there!

It's not at all something radiating from within.

No.

But the consciousness there (gesture above Mother) is very conscious that these (Mother touches her hands) aren't hands! (Mother laughs) Try as you might, they aren't! It may be a refined body, but they aren't hands. And when I sit here, like that, when this body is sitting and someone is there, it's no longer conscious of itself; it's not at all conscious of a Force flowing through it, no longer conscious of itself – there's the Divine Presence acting. And it becomes conscious of the other's receptivity, of the action of this Force in others, all of it – and this (the body) no longer exists.

But it's only a beginning.

It's a beginning.

What will happen? …

(silence)

All that is conscious in this [the body] has only one … only one movement: let there be no difference anymore. That's all. And no impression at all to "pull" from here or there, or to "rise" up above – it's not that: no difference anymore.

And the difference is becoming increasingly painful – much more painful than an illness (it's not the same sort of thing: it's a sort of inner anguish).

(silence)

So you'll see him this evening, after his visit (Mother laughs ironically).

* * *

(That evening, then, Satprem saw A.R., and after a difficult discussion during which Satprem tried to open A.R.'s eyes, he sent Mother the following letter to give her an account of what had taken place. Satprem was in front of irrefutable Monism – which does not see what is right under its nose.)

October 25, 1969

Sweet Mother,

Near you, A.R. says that he only feels a difference in intensity of the same Thing. I tried to explain to him that it was not quite "the same thing," but he irrefutably says that there is only ONE Thing with varying intensities, and that you only let That flow through more purely than others do. And as we spoke of Avatars, he said: "There cannot be a difference between an Avatar and a realized Yogi, or if there is a difference, it means that the Yogi isn't truly realized."

In short, we both turned round an indefinable difference – which may be the Grace.

And in the end, he was not too happy with me …. I am sorry. I have the impression of having miserably failed.

Your somewhat puzzled child,
with love,
Satprem

(Mother's reply)

Satprem, my dear child,

What A.R. calls me (the mother) is this physical body, and it is a fact that he receives nothing from it. Whether he knows or feels it or not, he receives everything from above, not from within his body.

Today, I observed carefully: the Presence descended in him, in an impersonal form, continuously while he sat in from of me; nothing went

directly from this body to his. He stayed here for a shorter time today than the first time, but the experience was the same. When he left, I took his hand to see if I would feel anything particular, but like the first time, I felt nothing, gave nothing, received nothing.

What he says about the avatar and the yogi is logically true.

But there may be a secret beyond men's understanding … except and only if they wholly abdicate their humanity

Do not be "puzzled" and you will feel the wonderful smile that rules over everything.

With you always,

Mother

October 29, 1969

(The conversation begins an hour late.)

It's awful!

> *It's a pity for the Agenda, because when at 11 you've seen so many people ... How many times you told me, "Oh, I think I had something to tell you, now it's gone ..." It's a pity.*

Yes, but the whole of life is like that. I try and try, but everyone comes – for birthdays, for visits, for And yet I don't take everyone. It's become frightful.

I want to do one thing: twice a week, the days when you come, I'll refuse to see people.

I'll arrange something, because it's beginning to be impossible. I can't do the work in these conditions.

* * *

(Then Mother listens to the English translation of the "Notes on the Way" proposed by Satprem, the conversation of August 16 in which Mother spoke of the need to make a void and wait for the Command from above.)

I think people will find it incomprehensible, they'll all fall asleep!

(To Nolini, in English:) What do you think, they can understand?

> *(Nolini, in English:) Understand does not matter, it is all right! ... I tell to my class always – when I read Mother's things, to the class I*

say, "Don't try to understand, try to feel what is there – don't understand. The understanding if it comes it's all right, if it does not come, don't worry. Try to feel what is there."

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding Satprem's coming birthday, and his last meeting with the healer.)

I've tried to see what I could give you …. I don't know. Don't you need anything? If you do, tell me …. What? Is there nothing of which you'd say, "Oh, if I had that …"? Don't you ever say that to yourself?

No.

You're wonderful!

No, no, I just have all I need!

How old are you going to be?

46.

Babah!

(silence)

It seems I've raised torrents with A.R.?

Poor man, he wept …. But in the end, I think it did him good.
He's leaving in a few days.

It's very hard to know what one should do.

Yes.

(long silence)

One can't know. As for me, I am convinced that one can't know, that one must be like this (Mother opens her hands upward). What I've said here [in the "Notes on the Way"] is true: one must be like that, and then … let the Consciousness act through oneself.

That's what I tried to do. Don't you see any error in that?

No! For me, that doesn't exist.
Seen from a distance, I am convinced it did him a lot of good. At the time, it was very hard.

But I was impelled to speak to him like that because I did like this man!

Yes.

If I had been indifferent to him, I would have said, "Yes, yes, very good," and that's all.

Yes. One doesn't know The body here is beginning to understand thoroughly that one must be like this (gesture upward). The one most important thing is to have one's consciousness CONSTANTLY turned towards … towards the Perfection we must manifest. That's all.

With the understanding we have, it's IMPOSSIBLE to know. Our vision is too small.

> *That's what I try to do, and what I pray you give me, Mother, it's to do the True Thing.*

Yes, that's it. That's what I wanted to give you tomorrow … if I can. But it's not "me," you understand: ask above and you will have it.

November 1, 1969

(The conversation begins with a record delay of an hour and a half)

It's becoming a bit difficult ….

What do you have to tell me? … Your last meeting with A.R.? He didn't tell you anything?

> *He remains as he is. He said, "Id rather get killed on the spot than change my policy"! And in the same breath, he says, "I want to find, I want to find, and if I don't find, it means the Divine doesn't want me to." So he wants to find, but doesn't want to change ....*

I'll tell you something …. The last time he came, I had him sit down and I thought, "We'll see." I started the meditation as usual, it was very good and he received – the same thing as before. It was exactly the same. Then I invoked (because it was the day of the pujas), I invoked the four Aspects of the Mother. They came. Two of them stood on one side of A.R., two of them on the other side. Then I waited. And after a while, I saw him lower his head, and … suddenly, he started coughing[192] (which he had never done). Then I stopped. But I didn't ask anything, I gave him a … consolation letter, and then this message I had given the other day:

> "It is in the silence of complete identification with the Divine that true understanding is obtained."

I gave him that without saying anything and let him go. I said "good-bye,"

he shook my hand like this (!) and left.

Then, I'd asked F to give him the booklet The Mother, but when she came to his place, he was already in meditation with a number of people (they were all holding hands). So we don't know at all what his reaction was. All that I know is that the day before he left, A.R. and Z made the trip together, and she asked him what the result of his stay here was, what he had learned. He replied, "Oh, it's too early to know, I'll know later."

That process of holding hands in meditation is the process you use when you want to circulate vital forces …. I did that with a group in 1910. And as soon as I came here, all those things seemed to me to be … not the true Thing. And yet he is open and receives the Force VERY WELL. But as soon as there's something else, it no longer works. So there.

But at the same time, he says, I want to find"!

Yes, it's like that.

And as soon as I wanted to touch his construction a little, it caused a dreadful drama!

Yes, that's it. He wants to find, but he wants to find WITHIN his construction.

We'll see. It will keep on working! (Mother laughs) We'll see.

I hope it'll be better next Wednesday![193]

November 5, 1969

(The conversation begins an hour and a half late.)

To tell the truth, I don't know what to do …. On Wednesdays and Saturdays, I keep things to a minimum, that is to say, I turn down more than half the people. And this is how it is. And the other days, sometimes I keep working till noon. It has become …

Yet I start early But the requests [to see Mother] come to me through at least one, two, three, four … eight people: each of them brings requests. So there would be only one way, that's to have several bodies!

I wanted to tell you something amusing. You know that I haven't played [music] there for two years – impossible. The other day it was Sunil's birthday, and he told me, "Oh, you should play something to me for January 1st." I said, "I'll try."

I went there, sat down, and my hands started playing. For a few minutes, I didn't hear a single sound of what I was playing! Then, little by little, the

sound came, and I played for some ten minutes. And it came all by itself, as if I had last played yesterday! … So I complimented my body! I said to it, "It's fine." I was happy because I thought, "It hasn't lost" – it was easier than the last times I played! It came like this (dancing gesture), it was having fun finding the notes.

And someone played, I don't know who – not someone human. It consoled me somewhat! (Mother laughs)

It was better than the last time,[194] because there was no idea that I COULD do anything, the body was certain that it couldn't do anything at all, that it must have got out of the habit, but once I found myself seated, the hands started playing ….

It seems to be more and more, "What You will I do." That's the body's attitude. The body says, "What You will I do."

So from that point of view, it's not going backward: it's going forward.

As far as organizing is concerned, I've lost control – I've lost control, everyone has taken control! … I've given up saying "I want," completely.

And I clearly see that everyone is harassed, the requests come by the twenty, twenty-five, thirty at one go. So we cut down on that as much as we can. And I had positively said (I insisted, and I repeat it at every opportunity) that on Wednesdays and Saturdays, I don't want to see many people …. I said, "I have work to do, I can't."

But I do understand: everyone is harassed. They bring me piles of requests – I turn down as many as I can.

There's something to be found.

What if I called you early?

> *Whatever is convenient to you.*

There's no "convenience" for me.

> *Yes, there are conditions: these conversations, as I understand, can really be what they should be only if you have a minimum of really empty time when you aren't pressed by anything, so you can go into an experience.*

That I can do any time.

> *Yes, but still there's a minimum ….*

No.

> *Because how many times have you told me, "Oh, I had something to tell you, now it's gone away," how many times!*

No, those were experiences that no longer seemed to me worth saying. No, that's not it – the state is immutable, mon petit, twenty-four hours a day.

> *Yes, the state is unchanging, but to express your experience you need a minimum of availability. When you are harassed at 11:30, it's clearly not the right moment.*

No, if I had something to say, I would say it. See, I've told you the story of Sunil – I would say it. No, what I have to say isn't … There's a curve, and at the moment, there are some very, very contradictory things present and active: an increase of trust and a decrease of trust – both at the same time.

I get some very impertinent letters from people asking me why I did this or why I did that (I'm absolutely indifferent to it: when I read that, I laugh – it's all the same to me), but I see, I see the atmosphere: there's a progression of trust and dependence, a very rapid and great progression. And there is at the same time … all the little egos which rebel and are furious! But it's very good because it comes from the Pressure of the Consciousness that wants things to be … open.

For instance, some people had rancor for a long time, without saying anything – they are forced to say it. That's how it is. There's a very strong pressure for the transformation. And naturally, that's why I am flooded with people …. Because there's one point on which I don't yield, it's the hours of so- called sleep; from 8 at night till about 8 in the morning, it makes twelve hours during which the inner work can be done, and that I don't want to touch. Of course, twelve hours is a lot: it's half of the day So the other twelve hours, it's an avalanche. But I am holding on to that, because those are the hours when the most important work is done. (It's a little less, it's really like that between 9 and 5 in the morning, rather; that's really when the work is concentrated on the transformation.) It's not that the rest of the time is a denial, not at all: that state of consciousness is immutable. Basically, I don't think there are many minutes, even in a day's twenty-four hours, when the body isn't conscious of the divine Presence – that's how the body is. But the daytime hours are spent in action, they're for others; the night hours are for its own transformation.

So these hours of action are like that …. Every day, I see at least three or four people whom it was quite unnecessary to see; so that's noted, but it's not a lot; for most people, something is done, it's really something getting done. It stirs, you understand – it stirs. At times, there are even quite astonishing things.

So what should we do?

Only, I'd like … I said, "There are only two days a week when I ask to have at least one quiet hour so as to do some work …." I don't know what I should do. I cut down as much as I can, but it keeps coming and coming all the time. And many things that should be done aren't done.

I don't know what to do. I'd really like … I consider it should be at least one hour, a minimum of one hour, twice a week. I made that resolve long ago.

I could fix it an hour earlier, but then all the people would be waiting and pressing.

It's not for myself.

I know.

It's more for what we do that I find it sad.[195]

Yes, I know very well.

It's noon.

November 8, 1969

(The conversation begins ten minutes early. Mother hands a "Transformation "flower to Satprem.)

Would you like one?

Yes, it's necessary!

They're pretty … Only one is necessary: all the way down, this one (Mother gives the flower, laughing).

To you (to Sujata) I give four.

There.

But does it get done independently of our effort?

Something is done, that I know. Something is done.

The Pressure is very strong, and some people even take it to be discomfort. I made the experiment on my body: the moment of the change of authority – you know, it goes from one authority to another – is always difficult, and if one isn't aware one can take it to be the sign of an illness, you understand, the beginning of an illness. I have noticed that with many people here, in the Ashram, it's like that. They think they're ill – it's not that, it's the uncertainty … it's the cells which no longer know whom they must obey. So if there is the conscious Pressure, it's over very soon. But I've seen things … If all those things were told in detail, they would truly look like a multitude of small miracles; it's not that, it's quite simply that the Consciousness is working, but instead of stretching over a very long time, it gets done very fast. It starts as a great pain here or there, something completely disorganized, but if one remains very still and calls the Consciousness, then … it melts, it disappears – but "just like that," in a few minutes. I have that all the time, the experience takes place four or five times a day Yet, there's still a lot of work to be done. And the appearance (it's perfectly obvious) will be the LAST thing to change, it will take perhaps much more time than the inner change.[196]

At the last attack, I stooped, and it hasn't gone (at one point, I even thought that when A.R. came, he might be able to do something – it didn't do anything at all … the time hadn't come). Then, quite recently, two or three times, there came the consciousness of straightening up – I was able to straighten up quite well, but … it came as if to tell me, "See, this is how it will take place." Then it

left, because the time hadn't come yet. It left.

The visible change seems to be meant to be the last, and … God knows when it will come.

The inner change is being made. But for those who aren't aware, it's deceptive, because it may even begin with a rather strong pain.

The physical consciousness (if we can call it "consciousness": the consciousness contained in the cells-not deep down, but the consciousness that makes the cells function) is accustomed to effort, struggle, misery, defeat … so accustomed-that's quite universal. In people, it's only their mental consciousness (and often, when they are more advanced, their vital consciousness) that holds out; but their physical consciousness tends to foresee catastrophe, so accustomed it is: the end, you know, that end which for centuries and centuries was inescapable …. It weighs down. It's very difficult. It takes a very slow and constant work to replace that sort of habit … of defeat, basically, with a … It mustn't be a will, it must be a faith; there must be faith. So then, for that faith to settle, first the cells must be wholly, completely surrendered, that is, constantly turned towards the Supreme with … "Let Your Will be done," whatever it is. "It doesn't concern me, it's not my business: let Your Will be done." So when that is well settled, little by little the true consciousness can come; the true consciousness that truth is Harmony, truth is Progress, truth is Light, truth is … Then, little by little, it comes. But it's a long work.

Only, as I said in the last "Notes,"[197] what is learned is learned, there are no more fluctuations. But, of course, there are lots of cells. Scientifically, do you know how many?

No, it must be billions.

Yes, something like that. And one feels them: some vibrate and are luminous, but they're swamped in the mass ….

I told you last time that when I was at the piano, I noticed that my hands were very conscious, that is to say, extremely receptive, they found it perfectly natural-there was no connection with the body consciousness, they were moved by the higher Consciousness …. The hands have had a special education. But you understand …

And there is a part, the part of the body most in contact with outside (Mother touches the region of the mouth and throat), this part, this center which is in contact with outside, all this … oh, it's difficult, very difficult. Now and then with an aspiration, there is a beginning of change, and then it causes a sort of catastrophe! Choking and coughing and … horrible. Then I am obliged to calm things down – and wait. It has to take time. The organism wouldn't have the power to withstand the disorder that creates.

Moreover, Sri Aurobindo told me straight out, he said to me, "We can't hope it will take less than two years.

Two years?

Two hundred years! We can't hope it will take less than two hundred years. He said, "Normally, it should take three hundred years." He himself had begun

it, of course, and he knew – he knew very well, I saw it when he left: the consciousness which came out of his body and straight into mine … quite a lot of it! Yet that didn't prevent him from being ill.

It's a big task.

But this Consciousness is very active. And it's active to make one conscious; so one with a bad character gets a still worse character, and one who is wicked gets still more wicked! That's how it is. And one who is sensitive gets still more sensitive. That makes life extremely difficult, extremely …

It's obvious that time – time, that sort of work of Nature which seemed to be a ceaseless waste of time and of everything – may have been a charity It was so as not to upset things! I SEE that. I see it: you understand, confusion is growing increasingly acute, difficulties increasingly difficult – naturally, the consciousness is clearer and clearer, it's very clear, oh, very clear … That's really interesting. I'll look at someone, I'll hear a work, I'll be told some affair, and instantly the complete picture is there (gesture as a film just before Mother's eyes), along with everyone's impressions; and if I am very quiet and attentive, the consequences, what's going to happen.

(silence)

I told you that I did what Sri Aurobindo had done, that is, being absolutely passive, with the aspiration – living ONLY in the aspiration to unite with and manifest the Divine: the ONLY occupation. But then, I saw that life was getting more and more disorganized![198] So I decided that on certain points, what I saw as being the true thing, I would impose. And I must say that the Power is really powerful!

(Mother laughs) See the result![199] I decided. I was expecting more resistance, but there was none. We'll see if now it continues …[200]

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding the English translation of "the Great Sense," a text written by Satprem.)

> *I wrote it for Italian television, but then, they're under the control of the Vatican, so they didn't want it.*

It's very, very, very good. We must print that.

For the English, I'm not absolutely sure of myself, which is why I want someone else to see it again, but in the last analysis … Because the connection with Sri Aurobindo is constant, so I can ask him. And more and more, he lets me know English accurately But languages are evolving a lot: French is evolving, English too, a lot. And the strange thing is that languages are moving closer; instead of moving away from each other, they're moving closer. There's a world language being prepared somewhere – not here, somewhere.

Sri Aurobindo used to say that frenchifying the English form improved it, while on the contrary, anglicizing the French language diminished it. The

French language is clearer. But it's a bit rigid, it needs suppleness.

(silence)

I am not surprised they didn't take it [The Great Sense], it's a fighting work.

It's for the youth, that's where it must go; it's for those who aren't satisfied and who seek something.

November 12, 1969

(Mother looks for some filler for the next Bulletin.)

I have something here:

> "In life the most precious things are among those you do not see with your physical eyes."

(Satprem translates into French, omitting "among")

No, I didn't say "are those," I said "are among those," because there are also the worst things!

Could we also put something brief from Sri Aurobindo?

(Satprem reads)

> "Every truth, however true in itself, yet taken apart from others which at once limit and complete it, becomes a snare to bind the intellect and a misleading dogma …

Oh, this is very good.

> " … For in reality, each is one thread of a complex weft and no thread must be taken apart from the weft."

We must put it!

* * *

So …

You have nothing to ask? Nothing to say? …

What about you?

Work at an accelerated pace.

I feel very harassed.

Harassed?

Especially in the subconscient.

Oh, me too! Oh, there's a general revolt. But the consciousness of the "how," that is to say, of what must be done inwardly, is growing more and more clear and precise. But everything, absolutely everything seems to be going awry – people, things, everything. Not a day passes when I am not told four or five hair-raising stories … and some take place here. At the same time, the consciousness is clear, clear, increasingly clear.

But I can't see what has the power to dissolve that, because in the waking consciousness one is more or less ... I won't say luminous, but anyway, striving towards the Light; then you close your eyes and fall asleep-three minutes later you're being chased and fighting against things .... Why is it like that? What can dissolve that?

Oh, is it like that?

Yes. What can dissolve that?

The Supreme's consciousness, the true consciousness.

Yes, but then you feel as if you close your eyes and are someone else, and that's that.

(Mother gasps for breath)

It's true, I spent years and years and years changing that – that is, having the consciousness remain conscious the whole night.

But it takes a very long time.

Do you do a concentration before going to sleep?

Oh, always. That's the surprising thing, in fact.

What's the nature of it? Vital or mental?

I feel it's vital .... Last night, for instance, there was a huge ship on which I was a stowaway, or ticketless, and I spent I don't know how many hours running from one place to another to hide, chased because I had no ticket, or because I had no right to be there, chased and pursued. What world is that?

The vital.

And what ship is that? ... Society?

But it's very interesting, tell me!

(after a silence)

You see, all movements of evolution – all of them, on whatever plane they may be – all movements of evolution are expressed as a means of transport: ship, train, car, anything. So then … were there lots of people on the ship?

Yes, a lot.

Was it a big ship?

Yes, it was a big liner.

Then (laughing) it's surely that! It's collective evolution, as it is according to the laws of ordinary nature, and what you represented there was the higher knowledge wanting to change the pace, change the course of the ship. It's very clear. And of course (laughing), you know the ways of the world: it doesn't want to be troubled! So you had to hide.

Oh, yes, I was chased, I ran from one cabin to another, looking for some corner or the other to take refuge.

Yes, that's it.

It's very tiring.

Only, if in your sleep you remained in touch with the supreme Consciousness, instead of feeling chased, you would probably have felt that you WANTED to be there, that you were not wanted and were hiding so as to do your work. It's simply a nuance in the sensation, you understand? But this image … oh, how many times it's happened to me!

Me too, several times.

Yes, and places with a huge crowd that wants to attack you. But then, when you remain like that, in contact, you have the sensation of this Consciousness guiding you away from all ill wills.

It's very interesting! It's a very correct image. That's how they are, those who show the way.

They're assailed.

Assailed, yes, literally.

It's in the vital, but if the vital keeps contact, then you can see that you are assailed, but you know you are fully protected. So then, you do what's necessary so as not to be found, but you don't have a sensation of threat.

Yes, those things will change only when … when the world changes. But right now, it's fully in revolt, oh, as if something had been thrown into it which caused a seething furor everywhere.

Because even during the day, without any reason, at times I have the feeling that everything grates, that I am ill at ease or unwell.

And yet, in my clear consciousness, there's no ground for it.

Yes, that's right. But recently (quite recently, once yesterday, and once last Friday), I had that sort of … (what's the word? I don't know what they call it, but he thinks[201] it's a "disease" – I said, "I have no diseases!") … it's the nerves, the nerves which are nervously attacked by others' nervous atmosphere – it results in almost intolerable sufferings. Since I settled here, I had never had that, it was Sri Aurobindo who took it away from me (I had explained it to him: it had happened to me when I went back from India to France, and it was rather serious). But since I came here, never. And it came back the other day through someone who was here and who caused it. Yet that someone doesn't know at all and has no CONSCIOUS ill will. And yesterday again, with someone else, it was the same thing. So I had to … put the Lord on the nerves forcefully – it took me more than half or three quarters of an hour to succeed in restoring order. Then I said to myself, "Goodness! The battle is getting serious."

It's a "disease." They call it a disease of the nerves: all the nerves are sensitized and suffer terribly. When I first had it, I could no longer eat, no longer sleep, no longer move, no longer …

And that was because …[202] I had done something mad: I went back to France after leaving my psychic being here; so it seized me as soon as I was far enough from the atmosphere; as soon as I entered the Mediterranean, it began. And it was very serious.

Now and then, there were attacks like that, but when I came back here, Sri Aurobindo drove it away com-plete-ly (that was long ago). It's only last Friday that it came, and yesterday … I hope it won't recur.

But that's the battle …. It's like what's happening there for P.L.: everywhere it's a battle. Especially in the vital, especially, still more than in the mind; in the mind, there's a movement of understanding, but in the vital … a rage, you know, a rage.

We must hold out. That's what I said to myself: we just have to hold out, there's nothing else to be done.

And the only way is … you understand, it's to cling to the Supreme Consciousness (Mother clenches her two fists), and to cling to such a point that It alone exists – not to be directly conscious of the surrounding ill will. That's very important. You see, there is NOTHING but the Supreme, all the rest doesn't exist, isn't true. Like this (same gesture with clenched fists). So then, one must do like that, hold on like that, as if you stood on a peak surrounded by attacking waves.

You understand, the consciousness can no longer feel – it sees, it is aware, but it can no longer feel, that's over. But the physical is still … I thought that was over, but it can still feel.

It's vital ill will, everywhere. It makes people unpleasant, angry, with reactions …

We only have to hold out, that's all – nothing to be done, there's nothing else to be done.

(silence)

If we aren't capable, then everything has to be done all over again!

(silence)

It's the possibility for the physical cells to bear out the physical transformation. That's why … that's why there is death! (laughing) When one can't bear up, one dies.

It's not a joke, you know. But it's interesting.

It's interesting because, I remember, I had already been doing the yoga; I already had an experience greater than most people have when I had that difficulty with the nerves (it was in 1915), I remember how it was and how I held out. And it has come back after … 1915 and now it's 1969, that is to say more than fifty years later. And I really felt the difference in my body, really. The first day it came (I should tell you that it's one of the pains regarded as hardest to bear), when it came, the only … there was nothing but, "Ah, You." That's all. Like that. And clinging like this (same gesture with clenched fists), not moving anymore. Those are pains that prevent you from breathing, prevent you from moving; they're extreme, all the nerves go awry; well, before, I knew, I would call, but I was somehow (at least partly) identified with the pain, whereas this time, the reaction wasn't one of suffering – the suffering was there, but no reaction of … oh, what might be expressed as that wonderful "self-pity" people always have. Well, that was completely gone, there was only, "Ah! … You, You, You, You, You …" And there was a pressure on the person who was there – who by the way wasn't aware of anything, neither the other day nor yesterday (the first time, it was a woman; yesterday it was a man): they didn't notice anything.

But I said to myself, "Well, well, things are getting serious!" The vital world has started rebelling.

That's it: before going to sleep, you should concentrate with the will – an obstinate will – of being completely identified with the Supreme Consciousness, like this (same gesture with clenched fists), whatever happens. So the circumstances will be the same, but instead of that discomfort at being chased, you see everything with … you see how the Consciousness is with you to help you in all circumstances. Then it becomes very interesting. Very interesting.

Are you tired when you wake up?

Generally, yes.

But I take it as a good sign! (Mother laughs) It means you're doing well, things are doing well!

Good!

November 15, 1969

The other day we were looking for something to "fill a gap" in the Bulletin, and they brought me this (Mother hands a text), it's from Sri Aurobindo.

> "Sri Aurobindo is in no way bound by the present world's institutions or current ideas whether in political, social or economic field; it is not necessary for him either to approve or disapprove of them. He does not regard either capitalism or orthodox socialism as the right solution for the world's future; nor can he admit that the admission of private enterprise by itself makes the society capitalistic, a socialistic economy can very well admit some amount of controlled or subordinated private enterprise as an aid to its own working or a partial convenience without ceasing to be socialistic. Sri Aurobindo has his own views as to how far Congress economy is intended to be truly socialistic or whether that is only a cover, but he does not care to express his views on that point at present."
>
> *April 15, 1949*

It's interesting.

> *It would seem it's all coming out now, it's now that it's beginning to show itself.*[203]
>
> *Yes, it's an answer to now.*
>
> *It seems there are many things written in his own hand, in which he says, "Sri Aurobindo says"; that's how he refers to himself: Sri Aurobindo says.*
>
> *Yes, I've seen that several times too, it struck me. I wonder why?*

It's so as not to put "I" – I think that's why It's so there's no sense of "I" in there. Or else, it's the Consciousness which, through him, says, "Sri Aurobindo says," because they asked Sri Aurobindo, and the Consciousness answers. That's how it is. It means they are things that directly come from above.

(silence)

Have you brought anything special? … Me, I have nothing, except a very small thing, which is that last night, for the first time, for about two hours continuously (I was simply as I always am, like that, quiet), the Force … I seemed to be like a sponge. I don't know how to explain: it's not that it was coming "from above," or like this (horizontal gesture), but it was coming in – I was like a pipe – and then going out ceaselessly, ceaselessly … For one hour,

the Force, with an intense golden color, went out like that, and then spread over the world. It's the first time I have felt it physically – I felt physically. And it had such extraordinary power! And this [the body], it was as if I were … a water tap or a pipe, you understand, but it didn't come from a precise spot: it was as though I were immersed in it, and, through me, it flowed and flowed (gesture through Mother and spreading out everywhere). It went on for more than two hours early this morning, that is, between one and four (I don't know exactly); my impression is that it lasted for more than two and a half hours like that. And I saw the Force. The body only acted as a way to touch the earth – the Force came, then it went out and spread. And it went … I saw that, I saw it go towards all those who call. It was directed by a wholly conscious consciousness, while I was … quiet, (laughing) I just was the pipe!

It's the only thing I had to say.

It's the first time it has happened physically, it was physical.

(silence)

Are the nights better? Have you had any dreams?

Nothing particular.

Nothing after what you said [last time]?

No ... I only had a dream with A.R.

Oh! … Me, I've NEVER seen him at night, not once. And your nights, are they good?

Yes, Mother, not very conscious, but it's all right.

Good.

I have an impression that there's a pressure for things to move fast. And the physical nature has been accustomed to regard discomforts as something to beware of, other-wise … Through observation, I've noticed that many discomforts have a precise purpose, in order to act on a particular thing and make it change. I told you about it last time. Since those two occurrences [of nerve pains], it hasn't come back at all, and I've had proof that it brought about a considerable change in one of the persons; the other, I don't know yet, I haven't seen him again ….

In other words, the physical is a little timorous by nature. But now it's learning – it's learning.

It also has a sort of distrust for anything new in its functioning, which means that if the functioning we regard as "normal" is changed, it has a distrust, it wonders whether … I don't know if all physical bodies are like that, but I notice that with others, the least of those things I now have all the time, brr! they make such a fuss! As though they were going to fall very sick. So I think it's rather widespread. At first I started scolding this body a lot, telling it, "You're a coward!" (Mother laughs) But, poor thing, I think that's quite widespread.

Now its spontaneous attitude, whatever may happen (whether good, bad,

difficult, anything), instantly: an aspiration, a call, an expression of trust, which isn't put into words but is really … "May Your Will be done" – and luminously. And I have the impression things are moving fast – they MUST move fast.

(silence)

From the point of view of the attitude towards circumstances and others' character, there's that wonderful atavism of ours, which is so "natural" that we don't even notice it, and now … For years I've looked and looked, and well, you know, when you were born into the bourgeois middle class, you're awfully bourgeois! And you don't even notice it! (Mother laughs) It's so ridiculous! … Here, with the Indians, I've noticed that they have the atavism of their caste; even when they have deliberately left their caste, they still have that atavism. That's how I began to see. And then, I realized it was exactly the same thing with me! You were born into the middle class and you're awfully bourgeois, awfully – ridiculously!

It goes away in a smile.

It's in the relationship with others. I don't know if it's the same thing in your "bourgeoisism": a sort of distrust of the adventurer.

Oh, yes!

That's it – what isn't "solidly accepted." I saw that. But now, it's over. Now one can see all that and smile – it's all gone. In ACTION, I mean (in thought it's a very long time since it's been out of question), it's in action, in one's way of acting with others – there, one can catch oneself in the act! … That's the amusing thing.

(silence)

And Auroville is a great Adventure.

I see how it's being organized, it's really interesting, really interesting.[204]

Have you met the Persian?

No, I haven't seen him.

He isn't an intellectual.

What does he want to do?

He's an inventor, a man of action – I might say, an "inventor-adventurer," but I won't: he's still here! (Mother laughs) But it's really interesting.

But what does he want to do here?

Oh! … He wants to "help" in the creation of Auroville. He already has a society, "Auroville International," and he is going to start his action – he's traveling here and there. He's a man who knows four or five languages, and he has the mind of an inventor. It seems his invention … some engineers here saw it and said it was remarkable, so … As for me, I can't judge. It's for these machines (Mother points to the tape recorder), it's a transformation of

receiving and recording machines. I don't know, but others told me it was remarkable. He likes to organize, but he is … as I said, he loves adventure, it's in his temperament (after all, inventions are adventures, and that's how he is). So he's already founded a society called "Auroville International" with members in Europe and its head office in the United States … the whole outfit. As for me, I watch and have great fun! In appearance he's very surrendered and devoted, but … For the moment, I don't have proof it's anything other than a "necessary appearance." But he's nice and a man of real goodwill … but I see him with a plume in his hat!

So we'll see.

Did he react to the reading of the "Great Sense"?[205]

Oh, he did, he has "savoir-faire," mon petit (!) He said, "It's very beautiful" – in a tone a great conviction! But ... I don't know, I didn't see him enough later on to see whether it had changed his point of view I think it made him shrink back a little, I noticed he inwardly reacted. And what I saw was that it has made him a bit cautious towards me! ... Maybe it made him feel I could see through him! (Mother laughs)

But he is among those people who really aren't bourgeois from the standpoint of money, that is, who don't have much notion of personal property. So then I caught myself (that's how I caught myself!) .... I myself made an effort to reach the viewpoint that money is a force that must circulate and must not be a personal property. In the consciousness, everything is fine, but the body has its old habit, and it observed the state in which this man is: for him money is a force that must circulate, go where it has to go, it doesn't belong to this or that person – so it [the body] first had this reaction: "Oh, watch out, he's an adventurer." (Mother laughs) I caught myself, I said, "See, you preach, and when someone does as you say ...!" I found it very amusing. But I saw how he is enthusiastic about the idea of Auroville, and it seems to be quite sincere, he even said it's what he has been looking for for a long time. So he goes about it "fair and square" .... He was a minister in Persia, but there were revolutions in Persia and he left, he is in America. But he's a man who's used to earning money.

I really caught myself there, I had some real fun. I said to myself, "See, you've come across the man who understands you!" (Mother laughs) It's funny, you know!

This Auroville is going to be a very interesting experience.

At first glance, Auroville isn't made up of people burdened with morality!

Oh, no! … Ah, we have many little Aurovilians, lots of them, but you know, among them some are absolutely remarkable from the point of view of consciousness; they're tall as a boot, mon petit, and they're conscious! It's splendid.

A few days ago, I held a Tamil baby in my hands, he was as big as this, like a doll (delightfully shaped, with exquisite tiny feet), and with this child I wanted to make the experiment: I took him on my lap, and I put the Force – you should have seen the transformation of his expression! His eyes aren't open yet, but a blissful peace seemed to come over him. I thought, "Let's see whether he's asleep or conscious." Then I touched his foot – he started, which means he wasn't asleep at all. Wonderful! A wonderful expression …. I know another one who isn't yet two years old, but, mon petit, his way of seeing and acting is that of a five-year-old child! So something is happening nevertheless. And the last experience is a woman (she came with the "caravan"), who had a first child in France: she suffered for thirty-five hours to give birth. She gave birth to another one here (the day before yesterday, I think): one hour and without suffering. An hour later, when it was over, she was up and about! So she said, "That's Mother, because I don't know how it's done!"

Something is happening.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation during which Satprem feels a very powerful creative force.)

I often think of another creation which would serve this new world a little.

What creation?

Well, I don't know ... The aspiration to bring down something in writing since I have nothing else- which would help this new world.

Yes, that would be good.

But what? I don't know.

Oh, if you could crystallize … (how should I put it?) the intermediary; crystallize the next step, to give those people something they can see, they can … They're in a … a great confusion.

This thing you've written [The Great Sense] is already very good, but there should be something else again.

It will come if you …[206]

But I don't know under what form!

Ah?

Things can be said in a psychological way, as in "The Adventure of Consciousness, "psychological and reasoned, or else they can be said in a more poetic form, that is, in the form of a novel or a play or a poem – I don't know.

Poem? Have you ever written poems?

No, never! ... I don't know what form.

(After a silence) It will come, it's going to come.
There was a very strong presence just now.
It will surely come.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Mother's latest notes about Auroville)

Who took the initiative of Auroville?

The supreme Lord.

Who is participating in the financing of Auroville?

The supreme Lord.

If one wants to live in Auroville, what does it mean for oneself?

Striving towards the supreme perfection.

In order to live in Auroville, must one be a student of yoga?

All life is a yoga. Thus one cannot live without practicing the supreme yoga.

Will family life continue in Auroville?

If one has not gone beyond that.

Can one keep religion in Auroville?

If one has not gone beyond that.

Can one be atheistic in Auroville?

If one has not gone beyond that.

Will there be a social life in Auroville?

If one has not gone beyond that.

Will there be compulsory community activities in Auroville?

Nothing is compulsory.

Will money circulate in Auroville?

No, it is only with outside that Auroville will have money dealings.

Who will be the owner of lands and buildings?

The supreme Lord.

In which languages will teaching be given?

In all languages spoken on earth.

October 8, 1969

* * *

Will a day come when there will be no more poor people and no more suffering in the world?

That is absolutely certain for all those who understand Sri Aurobindo's teaching and have faith in him.

It is with the intention of creating such a place that we want to found Auroville.

But for this realization to be possible, everyone must make effort to transform himself, for most of the sufferings of human beings are the result of their own physical and moral errors.

November 8, 1969

How do you think there will be no more suffering in Auroville – as long as people who come to live in Auroville are men from this same world, born with the same weaknesses and the same faults?

I never thought there would be no more suffering in Auroville, because men, as they are, love suffering and call it, while at the same time cursing it.

But we will endeavor to teach them to truly love peace and to try and practice equanimity.

It is involuntary poverty and begging that I was referring to.

Life in Auroville will be organized in such a way that that will not exist – if beggars come from outside, either they will have to go or they will be hospitalized and taught the joy of work.

November 9, 1969

What is the fundamental difference between the Ashram's ideal and Auroville's?

There is no fundamental difference in the attitude with regard to the future and the service of the Divine.

But people in the Ashram are regarded as having dedicated their lives to the yoga (except naturally for the students, who are here only for their studies and

who have not been asked to choose in life).

While in Auroville, the goodwill to carry out a collective experience for the progress of mankind is alone sufficient to get admitted.

November 10, 1969

November 19, 1969

This morning about 8, I could have told you many things ….

There was a day when many problems came up, following something that took place … then this morning (at the end of the night)

I had the experience which was the explanation. And for two hours, I lived in an absolutely clear perception (not a thought, a clear perception) of … the why and the how of the creation. It was so luminous, so clear! It was irrefutable. it lasted for at least four or five hours, then it settled; little by little the intensity and clarity of the experience diminished …. And also, I have just seen lots of people, so … now it's hard to explain.

But everything had become so limpid! All opposite theories, all that was down below (Mother looks down from above), and all explanations, all that Sri Aurobindo said, certain things too that Théon had said, all that, as a result of the experience, found its own place and was absolutely clear. At the time I could have told you, now it's going to be a bit hard.

You understand, many things Sri Aurobindo had said remained … in spite of all that one has read, all the theories and explanations, something remained (how can I put it?) hard to explain (it's not "explain," that's very small). For instance, suffering and the will to cause suffering, all that side of the Manifestation. There was indeed a sort of foreknowledge of the original identity of hate and love, because they went to the two extremes, but for all the rest, it was difficult. Today it was so luminously simple, that's it, so obvious! … (Mother looks at a note she wrote) The words are nothing. And I wrote with a pencil that writes badly …

I don't know if you can make out these words. They represented something very precise for me; now they're nothing but words.

(Satprem reads)

Stability and change
Inertia and transformation

Yes, those things were obviously identical in the Lord. And especially this: the simplicity of that identity. But now, it's nothing but words.

Stability and change
Inertia and transformation
Eternity and progress

Unity = ...

(Satprem cannot decipher)

It's not I who write, I mean it's not the ordinary consciousness, and the pencil … I don't remember what I put.

(Mother vainly tries to read)

It was the vision of the creation: the vision, the understanding, the why, the how, the whither, everything was there, everything together, and clear, clear, clear …. I tell you, I was in a golden glory – luminous, dazzling.

You see, there was the earth as representative center of the creation, and there was the identity of the inertia of the stone (of what's most inert) and … (Mother again tries to read)

I don't know whether it will come.

I remember that around 7:30 this morning (that's when I wrote) I called you in thought, I said, "If you were here, I could tell you." It was a VISION.

(Mother remains concentrated for a long time)

I might put it this way (for the convenience of expression, I'll say "the Supreme" and "the creation"): In the Supreme it's a unity that contains all possibilities perfectly united, without differentiation. The creation is, so to speak, the projection of all that makes up that unity, by dividing all opposites, that is to say, by separating (that's what was caught by those who said that creation is separation), by separating: for instance day and night, white and black, evil and good, and so on (all that is our explanation). All together, all of it together is a perfect unity, immutable and … indissoluble. The creation is the separation of all that "makes up" this unity – we might call it the division of the consciousness – the division of the consciousness, which starts from unity conscious of its unity to arrive at unity conscious of its multiplicity IN UNITY.

So then, this route is what, for us – for the fragments – is expressed as space and time.

And for us as we are, each point of this Consciousness has the possibility of being conscious of itself AND conscious of the original Unity And that's the work now being accomplished, that is to say, each infinitesimal element of this Consciousness, while retaining this state of consciousness, is now recapturing the total original state of consciousness – the result is the original Consciousness conscious of its Unity AND conscious of the whole play: all the innumerable elements of this Unity So for us, it gets expressed as the sense of time: going from the Inconscient to this state of consciousness. And the Inconscient is the projection of the primeval Unity (if we may say so – all those words are completely stupid), of the essential unity unconscious of its own Unity – that's the Inconscient. And this Inconscient is growing increasingly

conscious in beings who are conscious of their infinitesimal existence and AT THE SAME TIME – through what we call progress or evolution or transformation – who manage to be conscious of the original Unity.

And that, as it was seen, explained everything.

Words are nothing.

Everything, everything, from the most material thing to the most ethereal, EVERYTHING was included in it, clear, clear, clear – a vision.

And evil, what we call "evil," has its INDISPENSABLE place in the whole. But it would no longer be felt as evil the minute one became conscious of That – necessarily Evil is that infinitesimal element looking on its infinitesimal consciousness; but because consciousness is essentially ONE, it recaptures, regains the Consciousness of Unity – both together. And that's what, THAT IS WHAT has to be realized. It's a marvelous thing. I had the vision: at the time, there was the vision of THAT …. And the beginnings (is it "beginnings"?), what they call in English the outskirts, what's farthest from the central realization, becomes the multiplicity of things, also the multiplicity of sensations, feelings, everything – the multiplicity of consciousness. And that action of separation is what created, what constantly creates the world, and what at the same time creates everything: suffering, happiness, all, all, all that was created, through its … what we might call "diffusion" – but it's absurd, it's not a diffusion: we live in the sense of space, so we say "diffusion" and concentration," but it's nothing like that.

I understood why Théon used to say that we are at the time of "Equilibrium." That is to say, it's through the equilibrium of all those innumerable points of consciousness and all those opposites that one recaptures the central Consciousness …. All that one can say is stupid – just while I am saying it, I see how stupid it is; but there's no other way It's something … something SO CONCRETE, so true, you understand, so ab-so-lute-ly … THAT.

While I was living it, it was … But I might not have been able to say it at the time. This (Mother points to her note), I was obliged to take a paper and write it, but I don't even remember what I put …. The first thing written was this:

Stability and change

It was the idea of the original Stability (if we may say so) which, in Manifestation, is expressed as inertia. And the unfolding is expressed as change. All right. Then came:

Inertia and transformation

But it's gone, the meaning is gone-the words had a meaning!

Eternity and progress

Those were the opposites (those three things).

Then there was a pause (Mother draws a line below the triple opposition), then a Pressure again, and I wrote this:

Unity = …

(three illegible words follow)

That was the much truer expression of the experience, but it's illegible – I think it's deliberately illegible. To be able to read, one would need to have the experience.

(Satprem tries to read)

It seems to me there's the word "repose"?

Ah, that must be it. Repose and …

(Mother goes into a concentration)

Isn't there "power"?

Ah, yes! "Power and repose combined."

Yes, that's it.

I am not the one who chose the words, so they must have a special force (when I say "I," I mean the consciousness which is there [gesture above]). It's not this consciousness, it was something exerting a pressure and forcing me to write.

(Mother copies her note)

Stability and change
Inertia and transformation
Eternity and progress

Unity = power and repose combined.

It's the idea that these two, combined, restored that state of consciousness which was trying to express itself.

It was on the scale of the universe – not on the scale of the individual.

I draw a line between the two to express that they didn't come together.

I remember, I had written the two ("power" and "repose") and this [the equals sign] to express that they were together, then the word "combined" came.

This should be put in the Agenda.

But often when you speak of this supramental experience, you say it's a lightning-fast movement, and at the same time as if completely still. You've often said that.

But you know, most of the time, after having said it, I forget.

> *You said, a vibration so rapid that it's imperceptible, that it's as if coagulated and still.*

Yes. But it was really a Glory in which I lived for hours this morning.

And then, everything, all, all our notions, all of them, even the most intellectual, it had all become like … like childish pursuits. And it was so obvious that the impression was, "There's no need to say that!"

All human reactions, even the highest, the purest, the noblest, it all seemed so childish! … There's a sentence Sri Aurobindo wrote somewhere, which kept coming back to me (one day, I forget where, he wrote something, a rather long sentence), and in it, there was, "And when I feel jealous, I know that the old man is still there."[207]

I read it more than thirty years ago maybe – yes, about thirty years ago – and I remember that when I read jealous, I thought, "How can Sri Aurobindo be jealous!" Then, thirty years later, I understood what he meant by being jealous-it's not at all what people call jealous, it's quite another state of consciousness, which I saw clearly And this morning, it came back: And when I feel jealous, I know that the old man is still there. This morning, I understood. Being "jealous," for him, isn't what we call being jealous …. It's this infinitesimal fragment which we call the individual, this infinitesimal parcel of consciousness, which puts itself at the center, which becomes the center of the perception. And then it perceives things coming like this (gesture to oneself) or going like this (gesture away from oneself), and all that doesn't come to it gives it a sort of perception that Sri Aurobindo called "jealousy": the perception that things go towards diffusion instead of coming towards centralization. That's what he called being jealous. So then, he said, "When I feel jealous" (that's what he meant), "I know that the old man is still there," which means that that infinitesimal fragment of consciousness can STILL be at the center of itself: it's the center of action, the center of perception, the center of sensation ….

(silence)

But I could note (that's the time when I wash up, when I take my breakfast, write the "birthday cards" and all that), I could note that all the work could be done without the consciousness being altered. That's not what altered my consciousness: what veiled my consciousness was seeing people; that was when I began being here and doing what I do every day: projecting the divine Consciousness on people.

But it has come back … (what could I call it?) on the fringe, I mean that instead of BEING in it, when you asked me I began perceiving it. But the sensation is no longer there – there was nothing left BUT THAT, you understand! There was nothing left but that, and everything, everything had changed – in appearance, in meaning, in …

That must be the supramental consciousness, I think that's what the supramental consciousness is.

But one can very well conceive that for a consciousness vast enough and rapid enough, if I may say so, capable of seeing not just a bit of the trajectory but the whole trajectory at the same time …

Yes, yes.

… everything would be a perfection in movement.

Yes.

"Evil" is simply fixing one's vision on a small angle, so one says, "This is evil," but if one sees the whole trajectory … In a total consciousness, there is obviously no evil.

There are no OPPOSITES. No opposites – not even contradictions, I say, no opposites. It's that Unity, it's LIVING in that Unity And it's not expressed in thoughts and words. I tell you, it was … a limitless immensity and a light … a motionless light, and at the same time a well-being … without even the appreciation of a well-being.

Now I am convinced that's what the supramental consciousness is.

And necessarily, necessarily, it must little by little change appearances.

(long silence)

There are no words that can express the magnificence of the Grace: how everything is arranged for things to move as fast as possible. Individuals are miserable insofar as they aren't conscious of "that," as they take a false position with regard to what happens to them.

But what's difficult is the thought that every instant, it must be … it IS perfection.

Yes, that's right.

Every instant, it is perfection.

Every instant there's nothing else! When it was there, there was nothing else.

And yet, I tell you, that's the time when I am materially very busy – I wash up, I take my breakfast, write cards – all that was being done, and it didn't disturb in the LEAST; on the contrary, I think I did things better than usual …. I don't know how to explain. And it wasn't like something "added on": it was perfectly natural. Only, with differences like this one: I write cards, and at the time of writing them (they prepare for me notes with the names, dates and so on), I am generally obliged to ask who the person is (there are very few whom I know in the multitude of cards I write); this morning, I didn't ask anything: I knew. That's the difference: I didn't need to ask, I knew what I had to write, and that was it, without any question.

Life as it is can be lived in that consciousness-but then one lives it well! … One doesn't need to change anything: what needs to be changed changes by itself quite naturally.

I'll give you an example. For a few days I had difficulties with Z and there was a sort of need to exert a pressure on him so he would rectify a few of his movements. Today he made at least four or five mistakes (they weren't perceptible, in the sense that I didn't have a sensation of them: it was taking place there, like that, some distance away), but he was conscious of them in a COMPLETELY different way from usually, and he admitted it (which he never did before), and in the end he said he was changing (which is true). And all of it not only without one word, but without one movement of consciousness: simply the Pressure. So there. That's a proof …. Everything would be done automatically, like an imposition of the Truth, without any need to intervene: simply remaining in the true consciousness, that's all, it's enough.

There.

But then, despite everything, the body retained some slight consciousness of its needs all these days (though it's not concerned with itself – I always said it isn't concerned with itself, not interested), but that's what Sri Aurobindo said: "I feel I am still the old man." This morning I understood that, because it was no longer there! You see, that sort of very calm perception, but still of what "goes wrong" (a pain here, a difficulty there), very calm, very indifferent, but the thing is still PERCEIVED (without becoming more important) – even that, prrt! gone, completely swept away! …

I do hope it won't come back. That's really … that's what I understand to be a transformation! You are conscious in a golden immensity (it's wonderful, mon petit!), luminous, golden, peaceful, eternal, all-powerful.

How did it come? … There are really no words to express it, that sense of wonder towards the Grace …. The Grace, the Grace is a thing that exceeds all understanding in its clear-sighted goodness ….

Naturally, the body had the experience. Something took place which I won't tell, and it had the true reaction; it didn't have the old reaction, it had the true one: it smiled, you know, with this Smile of the supreme Lord – it smiled. That remained there for a day and a half. And that difficulty was what let the body make the last progress, let it live in that Consciousness; if everything had been harmonious, things might have dragged on for years – it's wonderful, you know, wonderful!

How stupid people are! When the Grace comes to them, they drive it away, saying, "Oh, how horrible! …" I'd known that for a long time, but my experience is … a bedazzlement.

> *Yes, each thing is perfectly and marvelously what it must be every instant.*

Exactly.

> *But it's our vision that isn't in tune.*

Yes, it's our separate consciousness.

The whole is brought with lightning speed towards the consciousness that will be this Consciousness of the point and of the whole at the same time.

(long silence

Mother completes the copy of her note)

There, I'll write today's date.

Today is the 19th.

19 November 1969: supramental consciousness.

The first descent of the supramental Force[208] was on a 29th. And this is on a 19th. The figure 9 has something to do with all this …. There are so many things we don't know!

(silence)

I had already had, partially, the experience that when you are in that state of inner harmony and nothing, no part of your attention is turned to the body, the body functions perfectly well. It's this … self-concentration that upsets everything. That I've observed many, many times …. You really MAKE YOURSELF sick. It's narrowness of consciousness, it's division. When you let things work on their own, there's … there's EVERYWHERE a Consciousness and a Grace that do EVERYTHING so that EVERYTHING may go smoothly, and that imbecility is what constantly upsets everything – oddly enough! Self-centered imbecility, that's right: what Sri Aurobindo called the old man."

It's really interesting.

November 22, 1969

(Satprem gives his pension to Mother)

You give money just like that! But don't you need any?

No, no, Mother!

Here it's an abyss, money goes away like …

I have something for next February: I "received" certain things regarding money and what's going on there, in Delhi.[209] The government is shaky; so far, things are all right. Everything tends towards the dissolution of the Congress, but that was foreseen and willed. But then, the Congress president[210] is on one side and the prime minister is on the other, each looking at the other … Anyway, I think things will work out. But all that is mostly because of money: the most powerful party against the present government, against Indira, is that of financiers. They're furious. So then, in this connection, I took up again what I had said long ago:

Money is not meant to make money,

money is meant to prepare the earth for the new creation.

And I added this (it's already gone to Delhi):

> The men of finance and the businessmen have been offered the possibility to collaborate with the future, but most of them refuse, convinced that money is stronger than the future.
>
> Thus, the future will crush them with its irresistible power.

I wrote it in French before putting it into English, but in French, I spoke directly to the financiers:

(translation)

> To financiers and businessmen
>
> You have been offered the possibility of collaborating with the future, but you have thought that the power of money is stronger than that of the future. And the future will crush you with its irresistible power.

But that's a first version, I intend to rewrite it. In English, I put most of them refuse …"

The French is more combative.

A little too combative. Some have accepted to collaborate, so I wouldn't like them to say I'm going on announcing catastrophes for them!

Yes, obviously, it's a bit threatening.

Yes, too threatening. We'll translate the English.

(Mother translates into French)

Now, something else. These days, I am writing a lot of notes about children's education. I have been asked, "What should we do? …" Some children are wicked, with a wickedness … really unbelievable inventions, they [the teachers] don't know what to do. So I wrote a lot of things, but among them, one, I think, is important:

> "A child must cease to be wicked because he learns to be ashamed of being wicked, not because he fears a punishment ….

That's the first step. Once he reaches it, then he can progress one more step and learn the happiness of being good, the joy of being good. But that I didn't write.

> "In the first case, he progresses; in the second he goes down one rung in human consciousness.

"Fear is a degradation of human consciousness."

I think that's very important. Because EVERYWHERE, people are convinced that punishment is what … Horrible!

I get multitudes of questions of that sort – it's I who gives them to me, and I write in her notebook. I don't know what she'll do with it …. There are some things I'd like to revise; for instance, sometimes I use slightly easier words for her to understand – we could put the true word instead. But for that, I'd have to revise it.

I could see it, if you like?

But I dare not ask her! I don't know if she would give it to me.[211]

* * *

Soon afterwards

What you said last time [on the supramental Consciousness] might be used for "Notes on the Way"?

(Mother opens her eyes wide) I don't know … I don't know.

I've just learned that others are beginning to feel. Do you know Dr. V? He was the head of the hospital here for a long time. He got very interested in A.R. [the healer], very interested, and I think that hastened something in him, so that for a few nights he's had "phenomena" which I've, myself had lots of times, but I knew what it was and wasn't alarmed. But he's a doctor (!) and was a little alarmed. It's a sort of discomfort with the heart – it can't be called a pain: it's a discomfort, followed by intense perspiration. I had one this morning again – maybe because I was trying to see what's going on in him (I was told about it yesterday, and I tried to see if it was that). That may be why I got that, I don't know. It may be because there was still something …

I told you several times, the organs are "supported" in their functioning by the forces of Nature, and in this process of transformation, the forces of Nature are withdrawn and replaced with the divine Presence. But you understand, there comes a moment when there is a gap [between the old functioning and the new] – it may be imperceptible, but still it has an effect; a moment comes when there is an anguish. And then, some things are only partially transformed; so one part, then another part, then yet another part are taken up in succession, and since the heart is a very important thing, I am convinced it takes place very slowly. As a result, one often experiences the same thing, more or less strongly. The calmer one is, the more trusting one is, the more one is in the true attitude, and the less strong it is – the consequences are less strong. But still, there is a consequence, and he was taken by surprise, he didn't know what it was.

But it interested me. What A.R. said, "To be entirely governed by the divine Consciousness," appealed to him a lot, it's an approach he understood.

He must have tried, and that's the result. I saw other people who had pains, but that one is more "alarming." Others have pains here or there or … but when it touches the heart, people start being more alarmed. But in several cases, I saw that this Force doesn't act only here [in Mother]: it acts in others. And always, always, the moment of transition (it may be very brief, or it may take some time) is a bit … difficult. One needs to be forewarned.

I've seen that everywhere: the moment of transition in other functionings is sometimes unpleasant, but not so alarming; there [with the heart], people are generally … they're a bit scared! He is a very strong man, he wasn't afraid; he sent me a line asking me, if this was the sign that he must go, to prepare him to go as he should.

But that has happened to me any number of times. If one isn't afraid, it's nothing.

(Sujata:) Mother, why does it happen at night, most of the time?

Because one is lying down!

(Satprem to Sujata:) Have you felt something at night?

(Sujata:) Last night I had the same thing, and I perspired.

Because at night, you're resting and passive, that is to say, more receptive. During the day, one is more active, less receptive.

Trust, you know: being aware that it's a higher intervention – trust first of all. Then, perfect surrender: "What You will" – let the body, in full sincerity, be ready for anything. And then, that sort of perfect peace that comes from surrender: one is like this (Mother opens her arms). Those are the best conditions.

One should avoid emotions and all those things.

But the more sincere one is – the more sincere the body is – the more it's truly ready for anything: it has given itself entirely and … what will happen will happen, that's all. And it's really like this: "What You WILL, what You will I shall do, whatever it may be – I am not even asking to know." Then it's in peace and things go fast enough.

Anxiety brings about a vibration which isn't good.

(silence)

That's how it is, one thing and another, one thing and another … But then, there's the old way which is less and less strong, and the new which is stronger and stronger. In other words, the one is the whole sense and consciousness of instability, uncertainty, fragility -impermanence (it's really something devoid of any true solidity); while the other is the sense of Permanence (Mother stretches out her arms) and … progression without fall, like that, in something that's vast and … such a powerful movement that it's immobile, giving a sense of immobility So one is like this (gesture of swinging from one state to the other).

This morning, I remembered what I told you last Wednesday (not

remembered what I said: remembered the STATE I told you about). And then, the body was like this (gesture of intense aspiration), oh, saying, "This Consciousness, this Consciousness, this Consciousness …" It wanted it, you know, intensely, and there was such a clear perception of what prevents it from being there …. What prevents is a "concentric" vibration, a sort of concentric vibration, meaning that instead of being like this (Mother opens her arms), in an infinite Eternity, things are seen in relation to oneself. That's what prevents.

(silence)

One must really reach the state in which … one doesn't care about living and one doesn't care about not living: absolutely indifferent – it's not indifference, it's a … what should I call it? A peaceful and … unquestioning acceptance. And above all, above all, no alarm.

You see, the movement of surrender is a preliminary movement (the movement of surrender is total and constant), well, it's a preliminary movement; there's another movement in which one no longer has anything to surrender! It's like that, it's quite natural.

(silence)

I see lots and lots of people, and the body notices that even those with the best goodwill don't understand – a total and general incomprehension of the condition it is in.

And then, some really amusing things all the time, all the time, every minute …. For an extremely long time it hasn't felt offended anymore, an extremely long time, but there was still a time when it would see, perceive incomprehension as a ridiculous thing or … an ignorance. Now that's over. Now … For a long time, every time it used to ask, "Ah! What do You want me to learn?" Now that too is past. Because as soon as something comes (what Sri Aurobindo called the old man), something left from the old personality, which shows up like that, the body doesn't need anything to see the truth instantly: it appears profoundly ridiculous.

* * *

Soon afterwards

Did you have something to ask? … Nothing to say? … No? … What? (Mother laughs)

> *I was wondering about what you told me some two weeks ago. You spoke about writing a new book. And you said it should "crystallize the next step, the intermediary ..."*

Yes.

> *I was wondering in what direction that book should be: would it be*

a book about you, as I wrote the Adventure about Sri Aurobindo?

Oh, no, not about me! Please, it makes my work so much more complicated when people think of me.

So would it be simply a sequel to the "Adventure of Consciousness," but more developed? What should it be?

If it could be a vision of what will be – I would like you to have that. A vision of the next step.

Very far ahead, one does see the possibility (as you yourself said) of a "materialization," but between now and then, there is something …. Lately I've discovered a great deal of things while looking in that direction. I saw (I don't know if I noted that, I think I forgot to write it), I saw that with most people who have children almost without wanting it, "just like that," for them it's a sort of … (naturally, many women desire to have children, but without even knowing what it means), for the VAST majority of educated people, that is to say, whose heads have been stuffed full of ideas about the faults one mustn't have, the qualities one must have and so on, all that they repressed in their beings, all the bad, pernicious instincts, it all comes out [in the child]. I remembered (I observed and saw), I remembered something I read very, very long ago; I think it was by Renan, he wrote somewhere that one should beware of parents who are good and very respectable, because … (laughing) birth is a "purge"! And he also said: observe carefully the children of bad people, because those often are a reaction! So then, after that, after my experience, when I saw, I said to myself, "But that man was right!" For people, it's a way of purging themselves. They throw out of themselves all that they don't want. There are some children here … horrid! And that's it, you wonder, "How come? Their parents are very good people …." It's very interesting, because it gives the KEY of what should be done – by showing you what shouldn't be done, it gives you the key of what should be done.

In that case, this "prenatal education" Y speaks of isn't a falsehood after all. It's something that may be true.

The children, those who are a few months old (as I said, those who were born in Auroville) are remarkable-they're remarkable. I thought it was just one case, but in all those I've seen till now, all of them, a concentration of consciousness.

That little Tamil was a marvel.

So in sum, what should be written is the making or the preparation of the Superman?

Yes, yes, exactly Exactly Have you seen this (Mother points to the just released booklet, "The Great Sense")? This is going to be very useful – so a sequel to it, you understand?

Yes, but still in the form of a book?

Yes, yes.

The development of consciousness that leads to …

A book … it could be a story, that I don't know. But then people wouldn't take it so seriously!

It would be the same genre as the "Adventure of Consciousness"?

Ah, you know, it's a growing success.

Yes, my publisher wrote to me; he says it's picking up and wants to reprint it.

Ah!

He writes, "The press hasn't said a word about your book, yet it's selling well!"

It's not the press! (Laughing) It's the consciousness! Ah, no, your publishing fellow must understand that it doesn't belong to the past, that all the methods of the past have become worthless.

In America, the book has a tremendous success.

Yes, one feels quite evidently the consciousness that's behind this book and touches people, because all of them have the same reaction: all of them, everywhere, at all levels, the more intellectual as much as the less intellectual.

Yes, as in A.R.'s case, for instance.

On the other hand, the "Sannyasin" appears to be lost ….[212]

Lost?

I don't know.

You know, I'll tell you very frankly: it's very interesting, but it made me sad.

Why?

Why I don't know.

The "Sannyasin"? What made you sad?

The book, what you read me …. It's very interesting, I was very interested, I felt very comfortable, but then there was a sort of … it's something that puts you (I don't know why) in contact with the whole part of the atmosphere that pulls you out of life – Buddhism and all those things, the whole nihilism. It puts you in contact with that: the flight out of life. And it's not intellectual, it's not the ideas, not the words, not the facts, it's … What is it? I wondered a few times what made the book catch on to the nihilist atmosphere of Buddhism? That's what would explain … It's not that people don't like it, but … it's a non-creative force that acts. Why? I don't know.

But what this book tried to say, to show, is in fact the transition beyond that.

Yes, but … Perhaps people aren't ready? Now, I didn't read it in full, so I can't know. You only read me a few passages. But it's not so much the words, you understand, it was the vision.

But since I read you those passages, I rewrote it. I wrote the book again after I read it to you.

You didn't show it to me, that's it. But when F took it up, I for one felt it was going to succeed.[213]

Ah, then we just have to wait.

(long silence)

Don't you feel in you the soul of a prophet?

I feel in me the soul I'm given!

(Mother laughs) I'd like a beautiful prophetic book.

It's there somewhere: what's going to take place here is ALREADY there somewhere. It's not in a region where one "sees," it's … (gesture showing the world of consciousness).

My impression is that you can write it.

(Satprem opens his hands)

We'll see.

I'll try to put myself in the atmosphere.

Yes – no! I've just seen: it's all right! (Mother laughs)

November 26, 1969

(The whole time is spent in meditation.)

Nothing to say …

Every time I try to look at something, it goes away like this (gesture into the infinite).

(Mother goes off into meditation again)

Did you feel anything particular yesterday [at the darshan]?

I felt it wasn't quite as usual, but I don't know what.

In the morning, I had the experience of an awesome Force which came, weighing on all things. That's also what others felt the whole day long. A force … most people told me, "A joyous force." But as for me, when I went there [to the balcony], the difference was that the body was more conscious of … its state of transitory uncertainty.

(Mother goes off again)

I am almost as if forbidden to speak.

November 29, 1969

I have news of the healer – not from him, indirectly First, N.S.'s husband said that A.R. went to see her several times, and he writes, "She is completely cured, free from pain anywhere." He said she would write (she was very busy – they're terribly busy there at this time). We'll wait for her letter to see whether it's continuing.

The second thing is T. from Calcutta: he said A.R. was coming to Calcutta and had asked him to put him up along with HIS GURU! … It seems he's found a guru ….

Good!

So T. didn't like it much, he told me, "The guru, I don't feel like receiving him." I said, "Receive him and tell us who he is" – so as to know who this famous guru is, what he is like.

It's strange, he has a complete absence of discernment.

Yes, that's my impression, he has no discernment.

Between his body and above, there's nothing-nothing between the two.

Yes, it's the intermediary levels that are missing. He has no discernment. So it may simply be someone with a considerable vital force which he felt …. That's just why I'd like to know who it is. I told T. to see and write what this famous guru is like.

But you know, I had a very strange dream with A.R. some two or three weeks ago. One night I met him, and I went to him very affectionately; it seemed to me he was affectionate towards me too,

and I was as if pressed against him, or he had pressed himself against me. Then at one point I felt he was uttering a sort of mantra, which had an increasingly powerful rhythm .... It was very odd, the vibration of that mantra, it was like something being hammered with an increasingly powerful pace. And as I felt that, I was at the same time conscious that it was a mantra to "exorcize demons ...." The second I felt that, I called the Force. I called the Force and said OM .... And then I became much taller than him and made this gesture [Abhay[214]]: let him be in peace. And everything stopped.

(Mother remains silent)

Exorcize demons ...

That's what he's taken into his head. He wrote (I don't exactly remember through whom or how or what), anyway there was a letter from him (I think it was addressed to me, but I don't remember) which was read out to me, in which he expressed regret at what took place between him and you, and in that letter he said (those are the few words he used), "Now I know who he is ..." That's all.

Who Satprem is?

Who you are. I didn't ask, that didn't interest me in the least! But with your dream, it becomes amusing!

Exorcize a demon .... It's on me he was doing it!

Yes, that's right.

On me!

(Mother laughs)

[Slightly worried:] Is there a demon?

(Mother laughs more and more)

A demon, that's what got into his head. It didn't interest me to find out who he thought you were – I felt it was some nonsense from someone who only sees the surface of things. That's all. It didn't bother me, I didn't insist. But with your dream, it becomes interesting!

But as soon as I became aware of it (I became aware of it as of something serious), I immediately called the Force and instantly became taller than he.

Yes, of course – of course! But it was a piece of nonsense, naturally, a

stupidity … Someone tells you something unpleasant, so that someone is a "Hostile." I remember the time when everyone used to become "Hostiles"!

So that's why, with what I saw, his complete incapacity of discernment towards people (an absolutely complete incapacity), that's why, when I was told he had a "guru," I said to myself, "What trap has he fallen into, poor man!" Because there's no lack of tricksters with those little powers of the vital that greatly impress people.

So he's going to Calcutta and I've asked I to write and tell me right away who that gentleman is and give me his name.

> *But you know, in the end, the impression I get from A.R. is that the man has a Christian atmosphere.*

Quite possible.

> *He's outside religion, but he's more Christian than Christians. He's haunted by Christ, the idea of doing good to others, of working miracles, healing people – the man has a Christian atmosphere. And of all atmospheres, for me that's the most unyielding. They're untouchable, these people.*

At any rate, my impression is that he is absolutely ignorant – IGNORANT – and with the simplistic mind of someone undeveloped. So that prevents him from making a distinction between quite an ordinary vital power and the true Power.

We'll see …. But in a case like N.S.'s, I know it's because I told N.S. to see him, that's what did the whole thing [N.S.'s cure].

I know that every time I saw him … It was a strange thing: I saw him three times, and every time the parts of the body that weren't yet sufficiently … (how should I put it?) permeated with Force, and which therefore were capable of going awry, with him those parts always did go awry. I would see him, and they would start going like this (grating gesture). So it would take me a few hours of concentration to have them keep quiet; I had managed to have everything keep quiet until the gradual transformation, but there, it was beginning to do silly things, to want to express itself. So I said no.

All three times.

The first time, it was much stronger because I wasn't on my guard; the other two times, it was very little because I was on my guard and I observed – but I saw that the tendency [to disorder] was there.

It isn't a very good sign.

We'll see (Mother laughs) if the poor fellow has fallen into the clutches of … Anyway, it'll be a lesson to him.

> *Ah, he does make us understand the need for an integral yoga.*

Oh, yes.

* * *

(Mother searches among her papers.)

I have something here:

To listen is good but not sufficient,
You must understand.
To understand is good but not yet sufficient,
You must act!

(Laughing) I sent that to America.
Then they brought me extracts from Sri Aurobindo for the next Bulletin.

(Satprem reads aloud)

> "Knowledge, when it goes to the root of our troubles, has in itself a marvellous healing-power as it were. As soon as you touch the quick of the trouble, as soon as you, diving down and down, get at what really ails you, the pain disappears as though by a miracle. Unflinching courage to reach true knowledge is therefore the very essence of yoga. No lasting superstructure can be erected except on a solid basis of true Knowledge ….

That's just for A.R.! (Laughing) You'd think it was written for him!

> … The feet must be sure of their ground before the head can hope to kiss the skies."

(Letters on Yoga, 24.1394)

(Satprem reads another extract)

> "The supramental eye can see a hundred meeting and diverging motions in one glance and envelop in the largeness of its harmonious vision of Truth all that to our minds is clash and opposition and collision and interlocked strife of numberless contending truths and powers. Truth to the supramental sight is at once single and infinite and the complexities of its play serve to bring out with an abundant ease the rich significance of the Eternal's many-sided oneness."

(The Hour of God, 17.35)

That's my experience now.

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

A.R.'s example is a very clear demonstration of … why there was a mental development in the world – indispensable.

Once you have had the full mental development, you can say, "Yes, I no longer need it" – but not before.

> *There's a small humorous detail: in "The Adventure of Consciousness" (which he read), regarding mental silence, I wrote somewhere (I even put it in a footnote): "Obviously, we wouldn't recommend mental silence to a peasant of Brittany, for instance"! Because mental silence is quite fine once one has come to the end of the curve.*

Yes, that's right!

(long silence)

A rather interesting phenomenon has taken place …. The vital and the mind had gone away, and when the Consciousness worked in the body, it reconstituted a vital and a mind WITHIN the body itself. And that's very interesting, because the body has taken extreme interest in learning lots of things: it has asked questions about external things, mathematical things, all those things that specifically belong to the mind. And it has learned them very easily – the PRINCIPLE of those things has been learned very easily. It immediately felt it needed to learn them.

It's interesting.

Only, its approach isn't the same. It's as if-curiously, as if the Force were from above downward and not from below upward, in the sense that the direction in the body is the same as when the Energy or Force descends into the body to use the organs; it's the same thing: it's the Force, the Consciousness that uses a certain power of understanding. It's like this (gesture from above downward), the origin isn't in the brain. Always, the Consciousness is always there (gesture above the head), even the consciousness that makes the body function. Only, the body felt it needed that, the power of mental analysis.

But it came as an IMPERSONAL activity, quite impersonal, there is no sense whatsoever of even an individualization of thought, you understand? That's not there. It's … like an instrument being used. An instrument of organization, that's really it.

Yes, that's it, it's exactly that: it's not at all an instrument of knowledge, not at all (Knowledge is up above, constantly), it's an instrument of organization and work-organization, the body has grown very conscious of the lack of organization in things and people. And that's very interesting: how an activity ought to be organized, how thoughts ought to be organized in the brain, how … everything, everything. Especially in that line, and that's very interesting.

Ultimately, mental power is really a power of organization: each thing in its own place, and the TRUE relationship between things.

(silence)

Life is really something very interesting.

(silence)

But I think the world is moving fast, because at the start of the century, the union of religions (that is to say, the perception and understanding that all religions are an aspect and expression of a higher truth), that was an almost new thing to get accepted; now

… it's old, it's past. Now it's an extra- and supra-religious perception that imposes itself as being indispensable. The religious spirit is below; at that time, it was still above. Which means things are moving fast.

For instance, I am quite certain that if Sri Aurobindo wrote those Aphorisms now, he wouldn't put the word God where he used it (he used the word God almost everywhere). He wouldn't use THAT word. God, for man, really means religion …. I don't know how to explain, it's a sort of sensitivity somewhere that rebels-the word is false, as it were. It has almost become the symbol of an incomprehension.

Still now, I am giving explanations for these Aphorisms, and in almost all of them, he uses the word God – he wouldn't put it now.

(long silence)

Do you have anything?

> *I do feel a bit burdened by all mental activities …. In a way I don't complain because it's my work, it's what I have to do. But on the other hand, I clearly feel it's something that comes in the way.*

But you can be silent, can't you?

> *Oh, yes, quite so.*

So then, that's all you need.

> *Yes, but in practice, the whole day long I'm taken up with mental things.*

Well, what about me with people? It's far worse! (Mother laughs) I CONSTANTLY feel as if I were almost … buried under prayers, entreaties, requests – ALL of them for personal things.

It's like that, it's like a mass around me.

And everyone is there, comes … I no longer feel this (Mother points to her body), I no longer feel it, but I SEE, I see it like this (enveloping gesture), and I see the difficulty for everyone to pierce through that in order to … get to something true. That's what they expect of me, of course. So then, when they're here (it's uniform and general), it's as if I were clinging to the Supreme Consciousness and … pulling it like that, onto the person who's there, without uttering a word. And then, the interesting thing is that this Consciousness is there and it sees, it sees the reactions, and from the reactions of the people, I know the way they are: in which state, at which level.

But in your case … it's your mission, you understand. I don't know how to explain. I always, always see you in direct and constant contact with … with this Consciousness expressing itself; so when it reaches the mental level, you're as if … arranging pawns on a chessboard. I've looked very, very often:

it's indispensable, it's an indispensable work, and extremely useful. Naturally, my body, too, might say, "If instead of seeing all these people I were all the time like this (gesture huddled in the Lord), working to hasten the transformation, it would be very pleasant!" For you too, it's like that, but we're here to do something. That's it. And it's a certainty, a certainty because several times when things became critical, I have told the Lord, "There, it's for You to decide – whether to stay on or to go … and rest blissfully." And the answer has ALWAYS, always been the same: There's work to be done.

We are here because we were sent to do the work, and as long as work is necessary, we must do it. When it's time for the work to stop, we will be free to go … and rest blissfully

It's IN THE WORK ITSELF – I see that – it's in the work itself that the other work, the individual work of the body's transformation, is done; if we were concentrated on this [the body], we would probably upset many things. It's better to … It's by doing the work as we should that the body is put in the condition necessary for it to benefit from the …

> *As for me, my impression was that mental activity acted as a "buffer," if you like, and prevented ...*

No, no! No. This mental activity is what the Supreme Lord is expecting of you. That's it. That's it. So then, instead of being an obstacle, it's THROUGH this activity that the work on the body is getting done. You understand, the only truly individual work is the work of the body; well, for you, it is done through your work, just as for me it's done through my work. The whole thing is simply to be like that, aware that it's not a hindrance – this work is what is expected of this body, that's all.

I am sure of it because for you I've looked several times: it has always been the same identical answer. I am sure of it.

In the eternity … it's just one moment! (Mother laughs)

(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

It's always that, the same answer: a YES, you understand; ALL is well, all is well, all is well … as it must be, as soon as one is in that. All is well as it must be. There. All the time. That's all.

December 3, 1969

Every day there are two girls (almost every day) who ask me questions, and I answer them. Some answers would be really interesting to have …. I don't know what I should do to get them. Naturally, they're personal questions, but I answer in a general way.

It's beginning to rise. The effect of this new Consciousness (it's taken a year) is that things are beginning to rise.

* * *

(Then, regarding the forthcoming "Notes on the Way" in which Mother speaks of her experience of the supramental Consciousness-the conversation of November 19.)

What I said about the supramental consciousness, is it clear?

I think it's very clear!

Because when I spoke to you, I wasn't in it, it was only a memory.

But it's clear, I could read it to you.

We'll see.

How to express that? … What I lived was that there was NOTHING but this Consciousness; now … it's not a memory, it has stayed on – it has stayed on, but it's veiled, so it expresses itself THROUGH the usual consciousness which is there (gesture above the head). The usual consciousness is there. And this Consciousness really has an interesting effect on the body, because in this body, with the elements that were there, it has built a vital and a mind. Now I've found that the body feels as it used to feel before, that is to say in full possession of its faculty But the mind and vital are no longer independent in the sense that they do as they like – they are under the complete control of the Consciousness. Then the body still has spots of timidity, but it's beginning to recapture the state it was in before …. It's a very slow and long work, but … I don't know how long it will take, but once it reaches a certain perfection, the body will once again be capable of many things it had lost because of that [the departure of the mind and vital]. It wasn't a physical deterioration, that's what deprived it, and it's beginning to slowly, slowly come back.

We'll see.

But it's a long and slow work.

(silence)

Formerly, they were the body's masters, so that's what was needed: they had to go away It was through them that the psychic and all the rest used to work – now, that's over: it's direct. But then, the body's possibilities are multiplying again – intensifying, multiplying.

Now, I am all the time (I don't know, at least ten times a day) asked questions, and the answer comes instantly, like this (gesture of descent), with an ease I never had before. All it takes is a few seconds of attention, and it comes. And the answers are much bolder – something that touches an inner truth and isn't bothered by external reactions. The words are much bolder than before, much clearer … Sometimes, when I write them, I say to myself that it

would be amusing if you could see them – most of the time it's quite personal things, but the form is interesting.

Couldn't we ask those two girls for your answers-not their questions but your answers?

I'll see …. It's not just them: there are lots of them every day It's scribbled on letters.

December 6, 1969

(Satprem reads out to Mother the conversation on the supramental Consciousness, which he proposes to publish in the next Bulletin.)

I know many people who will read it with … but it's not enough.

Not enough, how do you mean?

I mean there are lots of people who won't understand a word of it.

No, no, I don't think so.

I don't know … Nolini will have to be consulted.

As for me, I think it will impel people to make an effort.

(Mother laughs) Unless they say, "It's lost all meaning!"

No, it can't be, because anyway there are things that are too full of evident meaning!

Really-really, it's the same to me: either yes or no. I'd like the two of you to decide, you and Nolini.

I think we should publish it. Even if a few things elude them, some points are very clear and will open up horizons for them.

(long meditation)

Did you feel anything particular yesterday [during the December 5 meditation]? … The pressure was so strong! Stronger still than on the 24th.

December 10, 1969

(Mother first writes at one go a message for the start of the new school year.)

One must have lived
what one wants to teach.

To speak of the new consciousness,
let it penetrate you and reveal
its secrets to you. For only then
will you be able to speak of it with competence.* * * To
leap into the new consciousness,
the first condition
is a mental modesty
sufficient to be convinced that
all one thinks one knows is nothing
in comparison with what remains to be learned.

All that one has learned externally
must be only a foothold
enabling one to rise towards higher knowledge.

* * *

(silence)

The training of the physical consciousness is continuing at an accelerated pace, very accelerated. The body has some slight difficulty in keeping its equilibrium. It's as if it were getting blows from every side! (Mother laughs)

Inwardly, it's quite fine. Outwardly, for these last three days things have been very difficult, so it's been a bit tired – formerly, it no longer knew fatigue, it no longer knew what it was. But that didn't last: as soon as it had a moment when it could concentrate and get back into the true attitude, that went away And the progress (gesture like a leap), oh, it's quite out of proportion with the effort. The effort is quite small and the progress is big. One can see that clearly.

And then, with other people (close ones, people in a close relationship), it's the same thing too, the progress is by leaps and bounds-it shakes up the house a little, but it's by leaps and bounds. With some, like Z for instance, it's very conscious, she's very conscious. Long ago, she had an accident to her leg, and

that leg is slightly weaker than the other, there's a possibility of trouble. She's noticed that as long as she is in the right attitude, she no longer feels ANYTHING; there's nothing anymore, it seems completely gone. As soon as she falls back into the ordinary consciousness, the pain comes back …. She's had innumerable experiences. I found that very interesting. Others too.

It's really interesting. Really interesting because it's clear in a perfectly limpid and obvious way that its NOTHING BUT A STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS. When you are in the consciousness (that is, the consciousness which grows truer and truer: not something at a stop but a consciousness in ascent), when you are in that, all goes well; as soon as you go out of it and fall back into the old unprogressive consciousness, or progressive in a very slow and invisible manner, then the disorder comes back. And that's like a lesson given in a perfectly clear and evident way.

It's really interesting.

The body is learning – it learns very fast.

(silence)

(Laughing) It always says to itself, "We're really poor devils!" That's its actual impression I We who are so proud of being human and conscious and capable of being something else than a thinking animal … we're still all the way down in comparison with … with what has to be conquered – not even the first step of the ascent.

We think we're doing well, we give ourselves a little pat of encouragement! … That's really the impression: we're poor devils! (Mother laughs)

(silence)

Certainly, a great step will be taken when it becomes natural for man to seek to perfect himself instead of expecting perfection in others …. That reversal is at the basis of all true progress. The first human instinct is, "It's the fault of circumstances, it's people's fault, it's … See how this fellow is, how that fellow is, how …" And it goes on indefinitely. The FIRST STEP, the very first step is to say, "If I were as I should be, or if the body were as it should be, all would be perfectly all right for it." If, to make progress, you wait for others to do so, you can wait indefinitely.

That's the first thing that should be spread everywhere.

Never lay the blame on others or on circumstances because whatever the circumstances may be, even apparently the worst, if you are in the true attitude and have the true consciousness, it doesn't matter in the least for your inner progress, not in the least – and I'll say, including death.

That really seems to be the first lesson to be learned.

(silence)

Do you remember where Sri Aurobindo wrote (I am translating freely) that to facilitate progress, the notion of sin was introduced, but man immediately (laughing) saw sin in all others-he never saw it for himself! … Sri Aurobindo's sentence is charming, but I don't remember.[215]

(long silence)

Have you seen the message for the New Year? (Mother looks for a paper)

"The world is preparing for a big change.
Will you help?"

It's amusing, N.S. [a minister in the Indian government] wants to make greetings cards (she has to send out a number of cards for the New Year), so she wants to make a card with, on this side, my message, and on that side, her New Year greetings! She wants to send that. Amusing!

I feel 1970 is going to be better than '69, no?

I think so.

I feel there will be a real change in '72. A considerable change.

Everywhere, all over the world, from the most unexpected places, we get letters from people who follow and understand, who expect … Canada is quite shaken. Even in Norway, in Sweden, lots of people in Italy, many in Germany; in France … it's beginning – a little bit! (Mother laughs) In the U.S.A., it's good, it's working well, and in Canada it's doing well. Even in Japan there are people ….

December 13, 1969

I keep receiving almost daily some Aphorisms of Sri Aurobindo, which I had completely forgotten. There are really quite interesting things …. Some of them give me the exact impression of a clothing (we might say an intellectual clothing, but it's not that, it's from a higher mind, but it's mentalized, that is to say, accessible to thought), a clothing of the experience I had of the supramental Consciousness, in which the difference between good and evil and all that looked like childishness, and Sri Aurobindo expresses it in those Aphorisms in a manner accessible to intelligence. Only … those who understand don't understand right! Because they understand below.

Do you remember those Aphorisms? … In one he says, "If I can't be Rama, then I want to be Ravana …" and he explains why It's that series.[216]

(silence)

I have the name of A.R.'s "master." I told you he has a guru ….

(Mother looks for a scrap of-paper)

"Sitaram Omkarnath."

I don't know him at all …. He isn't well known, at any rate.

Ah, L. went to Delhi (he even met A.R.), so I asked him about N.S.; he said she was relieved a lot, but not cured. That's what everyone here had, the same thing: a relief, but no cure.

Yes, for all those in contact with you, it's a different case.

Yes. But I can see, that's what Sri Aurobindo also had: there is a certain power that comes from the contact with the supramental forces, which Sri Aurobindo had, and which I have experienced (when I said, "He takes things away as one would do with one's hand," and nothing remains), but it's not cured, in the sense that out of weakness one lets the ailment come back. I clearly see that, I have the same experience now, but … that's not what I call "cure"; and I clearly see that to cure, something else would be needed. Something else would be needed. Ultimately to put it quite tritely, one can cure only if the disease isn't necessary to the individual's development.

One can give the body an indication of the direction it should follow in order to be cured, but … ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it won't do it.

Yes, people call them miracles, but to me, they are incomplete miracles! … In all the transfers (what I call "transfer of power"), at the time of the transfer, there is in the body a sort of disequilibrium, and if you aren't VERY attentive, or if the disequilibrium is a bit stronger than usual, it results in a pain. If you make the mistake of taking the wrong attitude, the pain turns into an illness. But with the true attitude, the pain can be taken away in a few seconds – that experience occurs almost every day, which is to say that I've had it hundreds of times. And for others, it's the same thing – you can do it for someone else. But all that you can do is … to teach the body the way to cure itself-but it doesn't learn! (Mother laughs)

(silence)

There's a practical problem there: one can see that one would like to do away with certain movements because one realizes there's a flaw, but one doesn't know how to do it. Should it be done from above? ... One puts the light on it every time such a movement comes, and then ...

It depends on the kind of movement, mon petit, in which part of the being and the kind of movement.

I am convinced that every difficulty is a special problem. We can't make a general rule.

The other day, for instance, you said that birth is a purge ...

(Mother laughs)

You remember, you said that with people who have repressed everything, it comes out again in the children.

Yes, Yes!

And you said it gives the key of what shouldn't be done.

Yes.

So Id like to know what's the key to the cure WITHOUT REPRESSION. Because usually, as a matter of fact, one puts the Light, and the wrong movement sinks below.

Ah, yes, that's the general rule. What's needed is the opposite! Instead of repelling it, to offer it. It's to put the thing, the movement itself, to CAST it into the Light …. Generally, it squirms and refuses! But … (laughing) it's the only way. That's why this Consciousness is so precious …. You understand, what caused the repression is the idea of good and evil – a sort of contempt or shame at what's regarded as evil – and so one goes like this (gesture of repelling), one doesn't want to see it, doesn't want to let it be. What's needed … The first thing – the first thing to be realized is that the infirmity of our consciousness is what creates this division, and that there is a Consciousness (I am sure of it now), there is a Consciousness in which that doesn't exist, in which what we call "evil" is as necessary as what we call "good," and if we could cast our sensation – or our activity or perception – cast it into this Light, that's what cures.[217] Instead of repressing or repelling it as something one wants to destroy (it can't be destroyed!), one must cast it into the Light. I had in fact several days of an experience which for that reason was very interesting; instead of trying to drive far away from yourself certain things (which you don't accept or which cause a disequilibrium in the being), instead of that, accept them, take them as a part of yourself, and … (Mother opens her hands) offer them – they don't want to be offered, but there's a way to compel them. A way to compel them: the resistance is lessened to the extent that we can lessen in us the sense of disapproval. If we can replace that sense of disapproval with a higher understanding, then we can do it. It's much easier.

I had a whole baggage which remained like that, of things I did when I was young; it remained like that (gesture on the side), and in fact, after that supramental experience, I was able to gather all of it, and all of a sudden, it got entirely clarified, I understood everything, and … it evaporated. Things I had been dragging along for a very long time – I didn't want to know, you understand, didn't want to have anything to do with them anymore – and then it was all over. It melted, it was clarified like … Well, it was in its place.

I think that's it. All, all the movements that pull downward, we must put them in contact with the higher understanding.

Only, it's obviously beyond the mind. Because I said just before that those Aphorisms of Sri Aurobindo were an expression intelligible to the intellect, but it still diminishes; it diminishes, it's no longer that dazzling light of a wordless understanding-THAT is where, that is where things can be arranged.

Even when you explain them to yourself, they get diminished. We should say nothing: it's as if … (laughing) applying a coat of distorting paint!

(Mother suddenly picks up a desk pad near her and writes an answer to a

letter she had read at the beginning.[218]*)*

Is it readable? Because I'm not sure, I don't see clearly.

(Satprem reads)

> "It is an excellent time to read, meditate, and, little by little, go into a receptive silence that will enable the higher Consciousness to enter the body in order to transform it."

It came like that; that's how it takes place: all of a sudden, brff! and it stays on, it won't go away until I've written. It's amusing!

It's amusing because it doesn't correspond … (I can't say "to what I think," because, to tell the truth, I no longer think) to my experience, but to the OTHER person's need. The answer is dictated FOR the other person. Words, expressions, the turn of phrase, the presentation vary completely according to the person it's written to. And this consciousness [of Mother] which is there (gesture above) has nothing to do with it at all. It just receives. It receives, and then it comes down and goes like this (hammering gesture) until I've written! It won't go away until it's written down. That's very amusing …. That way, one can do a lot of work without getting tired!

I'd like to take a leaf out of your book!

Here! (Mother gives her hands, laughing)

Because, even in a mental silence (I am used to always writing in mental silence), but still, even in that silence, I am wary of old formations or reactions coming and expressing themselves in the silence.

Ah, yes.

I am afraid of that.

Yes, of old things rising up again. But don't you feel it comes from above?

I feel the Force is there and it comes down.

Well, so then?

Well, yes, but later on, after I've written certain things, I wonder if …

Ah, it gets mixed.

I wonder if I should have said that.

But then, that's the mind's intervention.

I don't know.

It happens to me too. Sometimes I write something, send it, and afterwards I remember what I wrote and say to myself, "Gee! I shouldn't have said that! …" And later on, I realize it's quite fine – it's the reaction that's a mental reaction.

> *That's happened to me several times. The other day, for example, I had to write to C.S. [a German translator] – he'd written me some … very often he writes unacceptable things, but I don't say anything; and the other day, I wrote a rather strong letter to tell him, "What does that mean?" But afterwards, I said to myself, "No, you shouldn't budge," and I didn't send my letter … What's to be done? I don't know.*

That, mon petit … (silence)

> *It's difficult.*

Yes …. But when you turn above or aspire, or when you're like that, open to the Supreme Consciousness, is it concrete?

> *Oh, yes, it's solid.*

It's concrete? What's needed … You understand, there's only ONE way, it's for the ego to go away, that's all. That's the thing. It's when, instead of an "I," nothing remains there – completely flat, you know, like this (immense, even gesture, without a ripple), with a sort of … not even expressed with words, but a very STABLE expression of, "What You will, what You will." (Words become very small.) Really with a concrete sensation that this [the body] doesn't exist, it's only "made use of," as it were, and there's NOTHING but That. That which goes like this (gesture of exerting a pressure). The impression of That, this conscious immensity which (Mother stretches out her arms) … You eventually see it, you know ("see" it, it's not a vision with pictures, but a vision … I don't know with what! But it's very concrete, much more concrete than pictures), a vision of this IMMENSE Force, this IMMENSE Vibration pressing and pressing and pressing … and then, the world wriggling about underneath (!) and the thing opening – and when it opens, that enters and spreads.

It's really interesting.

It's the only solution, there's no other. All the rest is … aspirations, conceptions, hopes … it's still the superman, but not the supramental. It's a higher humanity that tries to lift its whole humanity upward, but … it's useless. It's useless.

The image is very clear of all this humanity clinging and climbing, striving to catch like that, but actually not giving itself-it wants to take! And that won't do. It has to nullify itself. Then something else can come, can take its place.

The whole secret is there.

For instance, the whole side (all that here, in the Ashram, Y represents) of this humanity that wants to FORCIBLY seize things and lift them here (gesture to the level of the forehead) …. It's interesting (there's no denying it, it's interesting!), but it's NOT THAT! It's not that! All those possibilities must be

exhausted for something in humanity to understand … that there's nothing but this (Mother opens her hands in a gesture of surrender). There. And then, to let oneself be flattened until one disappears.

Ultimately, that's the most difficult: to learn to disappear.

(silence)

Very well, mon petit (laughing), we'll get there!

December 17, 1969

I've had a revelation.

Ah!

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

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

It came like this, imperative (Mother laughs):

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

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

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

The sequel was like this ….

(Mother takes another note)

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

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

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

There.

In English, I put it like this:

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

And then:

> This centralisation produced by Nature is mechanical and it must be replaced by a willed centralisation. * * *

Then … (Mother takes other notes) I am continuing the answers to the Aphorisms, and yesterday … (those Aphorisms of Sri Aurobindo are extremely interesting, I had forgotten), yesterday T. asked me a question (because in those Aphorisms, Sri Aurobindo speaks of courage and love, meanness and selfishness, nobleness and generosity[219]), so she asked me, "Could you give me the definition of these words?" At first, I thought it wouldn't come, but all of a sudden it came. So I noted it down, it's interesting.

(Mother reads)

> COURAGE is the total absence of fear in all its forms.

It shouldn't be understood mentally, it should be understood like this (gesture above the head), because the words have a very vast meaning, as vast as possible, very universal.

> LOVE is self-giving without asking for anything in exchange.

I repeat, it's not at all on this plane (gesture below), because it was … the exact definition of divine Love as it acts.

Then the two dark things:

> MEANNESS is a weakness that calculates and … (laughing) demands from others the virtues one does not have.

> SELFISHNESS is to put oneself at the center of the universe and to want everything to exist for one's own satisfaction.

> NOBLENESS is to refuse to make any personal calculation.

> GENEROSITY is to find one's own satisfaction in the satisfaction of others.

Those things come in an imperative way – I don't try, I don't call. Even,

after I read the questions, I said to myself, "Oh, I'm not going to answer this" – and poff!

* * *

(Then Mother listens to a few texts from Sri Aurobindo, in particular this one:)

> "Certainly, when the Supramental does touch earth with a sufficient force to dig itself in into the earth consciousness, there will be no more chance of any success or survival for the Asuric Maya."

(On Himself, 26.472)

October 18, 1934

It's interesting because the Asura is now thrashing about just like someone who expects to disappear. That's interesting ….

December 20, 1969

(Mother gives Satprem a Champak flower.)

Do you know what it is? … It's the "divine psychological perfection." So someone asked me, "What's divine psychological perfection?" – A smile in any circumstance …

> *Good …. You know that I went to the Madras airport yesterday to bring my mother here. Every time, I really feel as if I had entered a world ... I don't know ... another world. Another world. Really, I've never had in my life that impression to such a point, as if entering a nonhuman world, I don't know what world that is – like a dream world, a world devoid of existence, false, empty.*

Mechanical.

> *Yes, with dressed little puppets moving about. It's ... nonexistent.*

Yes, that's right, there's no inner consciousness.

It's painful, almost.

Yes.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother looks at some old letters.)

It's from Y. She'd like to see me, wouldn't she?

Yes: "I would really like to see you and look at certain things through you."

(Mother laughs a lot) … She always wants to convince me that what she does is perfect, but …

It goes to the "corner."

(Mother points to the place where letters to be filed are piled up)

I've asked them to start a school at "Auromodèle."

Who will look after the school?

There's a French woman who was a primary school teacher (I was told she's nice, I haven't seen her), and then an Indian woman (whom I saw) who wants to teach in Auroville, and she's fine, I mean her mental attitude is good. So the two of them will start (laughing): there are five children!

Some interesting people have come to Auroville, people who are really seeking something …. So I leave them to stew there and we'll see what comes out of it!

(silence)

Do you know K.S., the former prince of Kashmir? He has founded a sort of "committee for Sri Aurobindo's centenary." He's very active and they want to found … an "institute" or something to "study Sri Aurobindo's works" and to "put them into practice" from a governmental and international point of view. He first thought of founding it in Delhi – I said, "Fine." But there was a big movement for it to take place here, in Auroville …. There are two things they want to do in Auroville: that institute, and in 1972, they want to launch an Indian satellite for "communications," and they've nearly decided that it will be launched from Auroville and will be called Sri Aurobindo …. And then, I already told you about a boat that will leave from America also in '72 – Sri Aurobindo's Boat. They're trying to do something ….

But as for me, I try not to be mixed in too much because … as soon as it touches the Manifestation, it becomes as you felt there [in Madras], and then it's so ridiculous that as soon as it enters my consciousness, it starts a trepidation. So I prefer to stand back.

* * *

I'd like you to take the responsibility of the Bulletin.

(various details follow)

In those Aphorisms, T. always asks me, "What does Sri Aurobindo mean?" or "What does Sri Aurobindo want?" So I am like this (passive gesture), and he answers me. And it's really amusing: he answers JUST the sort of things she can understand.[220] That's what I always find marvelous! All the time I lived with him, I was in a state almost of wonder at that suppleness – extraordinary suppleness – as a result of which, with everyone, he seemed to use the person's own mind to answer him! That was really marvelous. The standpoint, the attitude, the words, the turn of phrase, everything was what the other was able to understand.

That's why apparently there seem to be contradictions, but it's only an appearance.

(silence)

With the passing by – very brief passing by – of the true consciousness, the supramental consciousness, there has been in its wake a certain … it's between an attitude and a vision in the body (the physical being), and it no longer sees things in the same way at all, the reaction is completely different. That has made a difference …. For those few hours, there was nothing but that consciousness, it was wonderful; now there is … what has been formed. But the inner attitude, even in the physical consciousness, is changed; there is a sort of vision of things, a POSITION: the position with regard to the world, the creation, is changed. It's no longer the same – no longer the same. And then, a sort of clearsighted sensitivity for all that comes to … to be done or said or decided (it comes from people and circumstances) ….

How can I put it? … I have refused to be a prophet. This Consciousness which is there (gesture above) feels that in order to be a prophet, one must … coagulate things. That's giving them a sort of fixity or hardness (how can I explain that?), yes, a fixity they don't have. Things are seen (they're seen all the time, constantly), but it takes some time (what, for us, is expressed as "time") between the vision and the execution (Mother draws a downward curve), and if one is in the true consciousness and the true vision, what was there like that (fluid gesture above) can be changed. You understand, the whole creation is in a movement of such tremendous rapidity that it's imperceptible for the physical consciousness, but between the moment when things are seen (gesture above) and the moment when they get expressed materially, a change takes place. And if one is very careful – very careful and (what should I call it?) very objective – there is time for a transformation. And it's that habit of fixing things that prevents the rapidity of the world's transformation. So then, to prophesy is a way of fixing things, and … the consciousness refuses to do it, it wants to allow things their full suppleness so they may change every

moment.

Unfortunately, here on earth, everything becomes like this (Mother clenches her two fists), coagulated, and that's the falsehood of the creation. But we shouldn't help it!

Otherwise, when there are problems to be resolved, I see them: they come and stay and keep at it until the solution is found. And that's really interesting. For each and every thing. That is to say, to put it in a very ordinary language, all the people who think of me or count on me ("me," you understand what I mean, "me" isn't this [Mother points to her body]) and who expect the solution to their problem, it all comes to me con-stant-ly, night and day, night and say, along with the solution. But it's not mental, and therefore not fixed; it's a supple thing, ever changing; so if you prophesy, you fix one moment – and you spoil everything. Whereas if you let things … All the time, people want you to prophesy, to tell them: "This is how it will be." I obstinately refuse to do that! We must keep the true attitude and let things-allow them their ascending fluidity.

There's no more "big" or "small," "important" or "unimportant," all that is …

Sometimes, very small things that the mind regards as complete-ly insignificant have a more intense light than "big" problems, things the mind regards as problems of importance: problems of government, for example, of relations with other countries; sometimes it's more … insubstantial than very small things that appear to be nothing. All that is linked to the total movement of the creation towards … towards the true awareness.

That has become the constant, constant way of being.

(silence)

It's very interesting. The first effect of every new progress is a more total and complete perception of the incapacity we live in in ordinary life. That's the first result, because one begins to feel, see, sense, perceive how things should be, and so … (gesture of a gap opening abruptly). It's really the effect of the Grace if it's graded and apparently slow, because any rapid movement would produce such a … despair at the opposition between the two that one couldn't bear it. The body is growing increasingly conscious of its infirmity, its incapacity; the clearer the consciousness becomes, the more conscious the body grows, so one must be very careful because it shouldn't topple over.

(Mother suddenly turns to Sujata)

Have you received the box of marrons glacés? No? … (Mother has the box brought) It's pretty! At least the box is.

You'll take some, won't you?

Not for me.

Oh, listen, you aren't reasonable!

Eating is tedious!

No, all those difficulties are given me precisely to … it's not to encourage me to eat!

No, there's an experiment taking place, to find out the way from the old method to the new, and then … The body knows nothing. It knows nothing, it's absolutely ignorant – no experience, it knows nothing, it only has goodwill (Mother opens her hands). It doesn't even know … It has (laughing) a certain number of sensations of what takes place, which aren't always very pleasant, and that's all, it doesn't know. It doesn't know the effect: how, why, all that …. So then, it goes without saying that it's part of the things demanded: the body has to eat. But to what extent and how? … The transition: how to effect the transition? The pace of the transition, the mode of transition? … It knows nothing. This poor body cannot say anything because it knows nothing; all that it thought it had learned for ninety years has been demonstrated most clearly to be worthless! (Mother laughs) It's been shown that it has everything to learn. So it's like that, goodwilled, but absolutely ignorant. So what it tries to do is to be attentive to the least indication – but the indications are … not very clear.

It has become like this: when it puts something into its mouth, it expects a yes or a no; and it's observing that it absolutely depends on its attitude, that if it doesn't attach any importance to what it's doing, things generally go smoothly enough (that is, if it's busy with something else), but then it doesn't learn anything! So it doesn't know.

It has reached the point where all the things that are accepted and obvious (from a very young age one is accustomed to things taking place "just like that") have become absolutely unreal and fantastic! All the things that are beyond arguing, that are self-evident – unreal and fantastic. At times, it wonders how, how a gesture can be made? … You understand, the whole functioning, all, all of it is called into question.

So one must take care that things don't go too far (Mother, laughing, makes a gesture of tipping over).

(silence)

Your mother is thinking of you!

December 24, 1969

Sujata has discovered the photo of A.R.'s guru. Here it is.

(Mother looks at the photo) What does he wear on his head?

He has his "jata,"[221] and a sort of plume or peacock feather in his hair.

(Laughing) He looks like a good man. He must be a simple man.

He's seventy-eight, and his mission is to keep wandering about India, giving initiation to whoever wants it. His method is very simple, he says one just has to repeat the divine Name: "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama, Hare Krishna ..." It's enough to purify.

Hare Krishna? … He does look like a good man!

Yes, he looks nice.

Yoga for simple souls! It's good, I am happy with A.R.'s choice. Yes, he's a good man …. A.R. must be feeling a sort of warmth (gesture to the heart), and he's happy. (Laughing) We're too high up for him!

* * *

(Mother gives her message for Christmas)

Greetings to the new Light.
Let it grow in all hearts.

* * *

Soon afterwards

In his Aphorisms, Sri Aurobindo used the word God everywhere, which we translated as Dieu ["God" in French] ….

And the word Dieu now evokes unacceptable things in people's minds. So I am embarrassed. Even Divin, you see … In English, Divine is fine because it's not God (!) But in French, Divin sounds like Dieu! Yet it's the only word, because otherwise, "truth" is partial, "consciousness" is partial, and anything we may use is partial.

Yesterday I got a line from M.H. (quite polite, besides) asking me why marriage, which was forbidden in the Ashram, is now permitted since people are marrying and having children …. That must be some gossip, or else he saw some of the pregnant women in Auroville. But I sent him my explanation; I told him that if it were true that marriage is now permitted and children are born here, I would simply say, "It's because the Divine so willed it." (Which is a way of telling him that it's a very ordinary consciousness that asks that question.) But then, when I wrote, I put the word "Divine" because I didn't know what else to put …. Afterwards, I told him how things are, that they're not at all that way, but that in Auroville people have children; in my reply I even wrote that Auroville's maternity home had been created for all those who

want their child to be a world citizen! (Laughing) And there are lots of them!

But at the time of writing "the Divine" … What's to be done? What should we say? … It's a convention, but words … In one of his Aphorisms, Sri Aurobindo said that atheism is necessary to counterbalance religions which had caused so much damage! …[222] And that's why using the word "God" is unfortunate.

Often I say "Truth," often "supreme Consciousness," but I am perfectly aware that it's not the thing. "Divinity" too … The Ancients said That – but Ça in French? …

> *It can be used, but not everywhere .... The rishis said, "The Vast" [Brihat].*
>
> *(after a silence)*

What might possibly best render the impression is "the supreme Divinity," because that's not too … I don't know how to put it. Everything has a mental stamp, you can't help it.

> *But the broadest word is still "consciousness," "the Supreme Consciousness."*

Yes, but "the Supreme Consciousness" is perfect when we're talking about the creation; the Supreme Consciousness is precisely what created, but (laughing) there is what's beyond!

> *Beyond, it's "That.*

Yes.

> *We can often use the word "That," with a capital T.*
>
> *(Mother nods her head)*

In India's languages, they have this OM … which is a marvel. You know what they say? That OM is the totality of the sounds of the creation perceived by the Supreme; He hears OM as a call to Him – as an idea, it's magnificent! As a symbol, as a … Only …

> *And as a power! Not only as a symbol, but as a power.*

Oh, a tremendous power – tremendous. The first time I heard it … The first time I heard it … There was a certain Bernard who had spent a year in India, in the Himalayas, and he was visited by yogis whom he didn't know (he lived in a hut in the Himalayas, all alone). One yogi came to see him; he didn't say anything, he just sat by his side and then left. And that yogi simply told him, "OM …" Then he came back to France, recounted his experiences in India, and he said that. Me, I knew absolutely nothing of India at the time, and when he uttered the word OM … (Mother brings her arms down), it came: a Force like this, my whole, entire body, everything vibrated in an extraordinary way! It

was like a revelation – everything, but everything started vibrating. Then I said, "At last, here's the true sound!" Yet I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, neither what it meant nor anything.

(long silence)

I forget who it was, I forget if it was a Russian or an Englishman, but he was well known: the creator of materialism in the world (I don't remember who it was). And you know what he said? … He said (I forget in what language), "I thank God for having made me an atheist-for having created me an atheist! …"

I found that charming. I read it in English: "Thank God, he made me an atheist!"

* * *

Towards the end

One small thing. This body has become very, very sensitive. If someone comes displeased with something I did or said (I don't know what kind of thing, but it has happened with three people with whom the contact is ordinarily quite good) … It's something quite recent. This (Mother points to her forehead) is silent, there's nothing, no perception, and then, all of a sudden, all the nerves (the body's nerves) are as if tortured. And it comes from the person who's there – and who shows all the signs of devotion and so on, absolutely no external sign, no spoken or direct manifestation: all the nerves are tortured. That illness I had in France when I left India and went back – it's the same thing [now], only, extremely acute. Then, when the person is gone and I go within (either alone or with other people who are here), it slowly dies down and goes away.

It's the exact indication of people when they are displeased (displeased with what I said or with what I did, or with the way the Divine treats them through someone else, or …), and it's their displeasure which causes that. People with quite different characters, all three of them, quite a different position, quite different thoughts …. So I wondered: is this really the action of what's conventionally called the "adverse forces" through people?

I am studying that.

It's unexpected; I know they are coming, but I don't expect it at all to be that way, it doesn't correspond to anything at all-suddenly, bah! babah! … (gesture of pain) And when they go away, it calms down; when I concentrate in the true consciousness, then it dies down and the nerves recover. That's what is called "neuritis," it's the nerves that are sick.

I had it in France, because when I went away from here, I left my psychic being here, so that was the result …. It's something … it's an influence that cuts off, that must cut off the body from its contact with the Divine, probably It's under study, you understand. I wasn't saying anything about it because it's

still under study But the first time it happened was rather long ago, more than a month ago;[223] the last time was yesterday – three times it has happened. Three absolutely, absolutely different people: different in character, in occupation, in everything, in relationship too.

It will yield the secret of something. *(Laughing)* I am studying it.

December 27, 1969

Do you have anything to say? …

I am so immersed in so many practical or material things ….

(Mother laughs)

One feels a bit swallowed up in Matter … no?

These last few days, I've rather had the impression of being surrounded by a TOTAL incomprehension – but I'm used to that! But it had become so acute; I've received questions, reproaches, anyway, all kinds of things …. It was like a spirit of incomprehension rising up everywhere, and I felt it was rising deliberately because the time had come to do something …. "Why is this done? Why is that done? Why are things like this? …" And most of the time, based on tendentious information or incorrect observations.

(silence)

In spite of this sort of apparent engulfment by problems and practical work, is some yoga or something done, even if outwardly we are so absorbed that we don't feel we are doing something?

Oh, but now, the whole being (the body has understood this very clearly), the whole being knows that EVERYTHING comes to make you move forward as fast as possible, everything: obstacles, contradictions, incomprehensions, trivial occupations, everything but everything is to make you move forward. It's to touch one point, another point, yet another … and make you progress as fast as possible. If we don't look after this Matter, how is it going to change?

It's very clear, it's perfectly obvious that all objections, all contradictions only come from a superficial mind that sees nothing but the appearance of things. It's precisely to warn the consciousness against that, so it isn't deceived by those things and may see clearly that they are wholly external, superficial, and that, behind it all, all that is done is like an advance as rapid as possible towards … the transformation.

(long silence)

Intelligence at its higher level very easily understands that it knows nothing and is very easily in the attitude required to progress, but even those who have that intelligence, when they deal with material things, they instinctively feel all that is quite well known and based on established experiences. So there, one is vulnerable. That's just what is being taught to the body: the inanity of this present way of seeing and understanding things based on the good and the bad, good and evil, the luminous and the dark … all those contradictions; and the whole judgment, the whole conception of life (material life) is based on that – it's to teach you the inanity of this base. I see that. The work has become very acute, very persistent, as if with a will to go fast.

Even the practical part which thought it knew how to live and knew what needs to be done and how it should be done, even it must understand that this isn't true knowledge, it isn't the true way of using external things.

(silence)

There are some amusing things …. This Consciousness which is at work, it seems to be constantly "teasing" the body; it constantly tells the body, "See, you have this sensation; well, what is it based on? You think you know, but do you really know what's behind?" With all the small things of life, every minute. So then, the body is like this (Mother opens her eyes wide with astonishment), saying to itself, "It's true, I don't know anything!" But its reply is always the same, it says, I don't pretend to know – let the Lord do as He pleases." That's the way it is. And then, there is this (if we could get hold of it permanently, it would be fine): the nonintervention in the Lord's work (to put it quite simply).

(silence)

There is a FACTUAL demonstration – through the experience of every minute – that when you do things with this sensation of accepted wisdom, or accepted knowledge, of an experience that has been lived and so on, how … "false" it is, if we may say so (or deceptive, at any rate), and that there is something ELSE behind, which uses this (as it uses everything) but isn't at all tied down to or dependent on this knowledge or what we call the "experience of life" or anything of that sort. It has a much more direct vision, much deeper and farsighted, much wider and much more forward -which no external experience gives …. But that's a modest development, not flashy, which can't "show off" anything: it's a very small thing of each minute – each minute, each second, each thing. As if there were constantly something showing you the ordinary way of living, of seeing and doing things, and then … the true way Both like that. For each and every thing.

To such a point that the attitude towards certain vibrations gives you total well-being, or can make you quite sick! And it's the same vibration. Things like that, bewildering. And every minute it's like that – every minute, for everything.

Yesterday, I heard Sunil's music (and it was so interesting because of that).

It's very fine, his music, and then this Consciousness showed me how … You see, the consciousness here takes a certain attitude, and it has the whole joy and harmony; the thing remains the same, but then … (Mother makes a gesture of a slight tipping to the left) a very slight change in the attitude of the consciousness, and it becomes almost unbearable! Experiences of that sort, all the time, all the time … to show you that in reality, only ONE THING matters, it's the attitude of the consciousness: the old attitude of the individual being (Mother makes a gesture of contraction into oneself), or this (gesture of expansion). Probably it must be (to put it into words we can understand) the presence of the ego and the abolition of the ego. That's it.

And then, as I said, for all the most ordinary activities of life, there is the demonstration that if the presence is tolerated (certainly in order to make you understand what it is), it can actually throw you off balance from the standpoint of health, and that the only remedy is the disappearance of the ego – and along with it, the disappearance of the whole discomfort. For the things we regard as the most indifferent, the most … It's for everything, just everything, all the time, all the time, night and day.

But then, added to that is the complication of all the spots of incomprehension and discontent, which express themselves (gesture as of a truckload being dumped on Mother), as though they were unbridled and were coming out into the open. So all that pours down at the same time so that … the experience may be total in every field.

It's like a practical demonstration, every minute, of the presence of death and the presence of immortality, like this (Mother tips her hand slightly to the right and to the left), in the SMALLEST things, in all things, the smallest as well as the greatest, constantly; and constantly you see … whether you are here or there (same gesture tipping to one side or the other). As if every second you were led to choose between death and immortality.

And I clearly see that the body needs to have a serious and very thorough preparation to bear out the experience without … without any vibration of alarm or recoil or … so it may keep its constant peace and smile.

(long silence)

There are things … most unbelievable.

As if, in each thing, you were made to live the presence of opposites, so as to find … to find what is when opposites are joined instead of running away from one another, they join. It produces a result. And that's in practical life.

December 31, 1969

(Mother gives presents for the New Year and a few copies of "The Adventure of Consciousness" in Italian.)

This is Italian …. I have several of them, do you want any?

Oh, you know, Mother, I don't know many Italians …. You used to know Italian a little in the past, didn't you?

Oh, I knew Italian very well in the past. I learned so much of it ….

(Mother gives other presents … a musical pen, which she plays!)

Of course, it has a strange sound …. Do you want to play?

In Italy, the book [The Adventure] is having a lot of success, a lot: Italians are coming in large numbers ….

You know Paolo, have you seen him? He's nice.

He is nice. As a matter of fact, I have something in this connection. Yesterday I had the visit of Paolo and N., both of them, and Paolo explained to me a sort of inspiration he had about Auroville. I found it very beautiful, very good, and important. So I told him, "You must absolutely tell Mother about it directly." So when could you see Paolo?

Will I hear him? Because the difficulty is that people don't know how to speak; they speak too fast, and I can't follow.

Tell me what he wants to tell me!

I'll take the bloom off the subject.

Doesn't matter!

He says that for a few years, energies in Auroville have been scattered: they are egoistic, everyone wants to build his own little hut, his own little story, or, at best, hopes to build a supercity, which will only be an improvement on all the existing cities of the world. In this Auroville, an axis, a center is missing. What's missing is … a unification of the consciousnesses around a center, an axis. So he said that in the past, they built pyramids, they built cathedrals, and around those symbolic constructions, consciousnesses could unify …

(Mother nods approvingly)

… and rise and purify themselves. Well, what should be built in Auroville is an axis, a center, a symbolic temple of the new world we want to create, and all the consciousnesses should unite in the

construction of this pyramid of the new world, or this temple of the new world-which will at the same time help to bring down what must express itself there.

It's very good, that was the first idea: there was the center, and the city was organized around it. Now they're doing the opposite! They want to build the city and put the center afterwards ….

And that's why it doesn't work, he says: we should begin with the center; if we don't we'll achieve nothing.

That was my first impression. But how to have R. [Auroville's architect] understand that? I don't know. Because it was R. who changed it; it's he who wanted to begin with "Auromodèle," that is to say, with trials and attempts.

So the result is that everyone is concerned with his own little story and his own little hut, and there's no "cement," there isn't the Thing that would bind them together and would lift them above themselves and their little stories.

Theoretically, he's perfectly right.

Oh, yes. And curiously, when he spoke to me about that, I almost saw it, I saw. He's a boy who could "pull" it down.

Yes, he has the power.
But why doesn't he meet R.?

He asked me, 'Should I speak to R. about it?" Because he says it's a problem: "If I'm the one who speaks, R. will withdraw or will …" So I told him, "No, don't speak to R., speak to Mother, and she will say what has to be done."

I'll see R. tomorrow, I can tell him. Paolo is an architect, isn't he?

You alone have authority over R.

Yes … no, if I tell him, "Do it," he won't say no, but he won't do it! … He has to be convinced …. All that I can do is to tell him that I am aware of the idea, that I fully approve of it and ask him to see Paolo and work it out with him. But I think Paolo has a power of conviction in him.

Yes, when he spoke to me, at any rate, I felt the inspiration and the "thing" which was really to come.

It Is ready to come! As for me, I've known it for a long time. It's there (gesture above), waiting.

Well, he has a contact with that.

Yes, yes.

When he spoke, you felt he had touched the true thing. While the others' only thought is to attract millions and do propaganda they

do things completely upside down.

I think Paolo and R. have never met so far, have they?

Yes, they have. But you understand, R.'s viewpoint is a very materialistic viewpoint.

Oh, yes.

I'm afraid he may say straight away, "Oh, why is he meddling?"

Ah, no! If I tell him, he won't say that ….

You're the only one who can ...

No, I must be the one who speaks to him.

Yes, Mother, because they're putting the cart before the horses, they're doing things upside down.

(after a silence)

I am afraid they may not even have the land. That's the difficulty Because the center of the city has been fixed, but there's still a large part of the center which, I think, belongs to the government, so they're trying to negotiate so as to have it.

(silence)

R.'s idea is an island at the center, with water around, running water which will be used for the whole water supply of the city; and when it has flowed through the city, it will be sent to a plant, and from there to irrigate all the cultivated lands around. So this center is like an islet, and at this center, there is what we first called the "Matrimandir" – which I always see as a very large hall, absolutely bare, you understand, and getting a light from above: it should be so arranged that the light from above gets concentrated on a spot where there would be … what we want to put as the center of the city We first thought of Sri Aurobindo's symbol, but we can put anything we like. Like that, with a ray of light constantly striking from above – revolving and revolving … to follow the sun, you understand. If it's done well, it would be very good. And then, below, people would be able to sit and meditate, or just rest, but there would be NOTHING-nothing except something comfortable below so they can sit without getting tired, probably with pillars acting at the same time as backrests. Something like that. That's what I always SEE. A hall with a ceiling high enough to allow sunlight to come in as a RAY, depending on the time of the day, and fall on that center which will be there.

If that is done, it will be very good.

So then, for the rest, it's the same to me, they will do as they like. They first thought of building a dwelling for me, but I'll never go, so it's no use, it's quite unnecessary. And to watch over the islet, it was agreed there would be a small house for H. who wanted to be there simply as a guard …. Then R. had

arranged a whole system of bridges to link that to the other bank. The other bank would be entirely made of gardens all around. Those gardens … we thought of twelve gardens (dividing the distance into twelve), twelve gardens with each of them concentrated on one thing: a state of consciousness with the flowers representing it. And the twelfth garden would be in the islet, around (not around but beside) the "Mandir" with the tree, the banyan which is there. That's what is at the center of the city. And there, there would be a repetition of the twelve gardens around, with the flowers arranged in the same way … There are now two Americans here, husband and wife, and the husband studied there for more than a year the art of gardening, and he came here with that knowledge. So I asked him to start straight away preparing the plan for the inner garden: they're working on it.

But then, the answer is always the same: "We have no money!"

> *But Mother, what I think, and what Paolo too has put his finger on, is that if these ... say, twenty or fifty Aurovilians sincerely unite their hearts in the construction of this pyramid or temple of the new world, it will ATTRACT money, the millions.*

It should.

> *It will come. What's needed isn't to "look for millions," it's first to unite the consciousnesses around something.*

Yes.

> *That's the key to the millions.*

You'll explain to Paolo all that I have said …. That way we would have something really very fine.

But of course, what's needed … There are material difficulties: for this islet, we need water – naturally, otherwise it's not an islet! To have the water, we must transform it – there isn't enough underground water.

> *Not enough water?*

There is water, but it's enough for one or two houses, anyway not enough to create a permanent flow. We would need transformed sea water. In Israel they have found a way to do it economically (we even have brochures on this), but you understand, economical for a city, not economical for an individual! So then, we'd need to have water to make this islet, that's the difficulty.

> *But before building the islet, we can begin building the "temple" itself ... Begin by lifting a pebble.*

Yes, we could do that.

> *That's the important point, it's for people to take a first pebble in their hands, put it there, and unite in that-because they'll never unite through their huts and little stories.*

Yes, that would be much better.

Oh, yes, certainly!

Naturally, logically, or psychologically rather, it's an error to build around first, and the center afterwards.

Of course!

How to make him understand that? …

Since we want to create "something else," the least we can do is to trust something else.

Yes. I'll speak to R. about it tomorrow and I'll ask him to see Paolo. I think that to a certain extent, Paolo can help bring in money, if he is interested.

Good.

So then, build even before it's an islet.

(silence)

For the outside of this sort of temple, R. had thought of a big lotus. But then, the inside, this play of light, I don't know whether it will be possible with a lotus shape?

If the two of them could collaborate … If they came together and one of them were always here – one of them, now one, now another, so there would always be one of the two here – with a single plan made by them, things would go much faster, a hundred times faster.

And it would seize people's hearts.

Yes.

This idea of a ray of sunlight … whenever I look, that's what I immediately see. A ray of sunlight that could come at any time of the day – it would be so arranged that it would come all the time (gesture following the sun's movement). And there would be something there, a symbol, which would be at the same time upright, so as to be seen all around, and lying flat, so as to receive the full light – what would it be? … And let it not become a religion, for heaven's sake!

Yes.

(silence)

You know that I am in contact with a few Ethiopians (I think it's the country that has remained the most Christian all over the earth). There's a boy who's a secretary in the embassy in Delhi (Ethiopia's embassy), and he's quite taken, quite, and then … (laughing) it was his birthday two days ago, and he came with a gift …. Something in wood (in ebony), big like this, with my photo on one side, Sri Aurobindo's photo on the other side, and in between … a silver cross. And on the cross, at the junction of the two branches, there was on one side my symbol, and on the other side, Sri Aurobindo's symbol …. What's in his head?! …

Horrible!

And naturally, as soon as I saw him, he put that on my knees …. It was big like this.

As soon as I saw him, it instantly came (gesture of massive descent), like that, like an answer to the will to transform Christianity And it was so powerful, there was such a powerful vibration that I felt it was BEING done ….

The cross is the symbol of transformation, you know: Matter (transversal gesture) penetrated by the Spirit; and the junction is the transformation. A tremendous Force came, like that, for this cross to become truly … the flower of transformation.

But I didn't tell him anything! And he himself doesn't know, I mean, he never thought about it, it's instinctively that he did that.

He wrote to the Emperor about Auroville, and there was a reply Did I show it to you? (Mother looks for a piece of paper) It's all the way at the bottom ….

> *"I have written to my Emperor Haile Selassie I, about Auroville International Township aim, and Ethiopia to be the second country to support this idea. He has written me a good letter. In his letter he has appreciated and admired your work very much. I wish you to bless him for peace of mind, good health to live long-peace for his people."*

They don't commit themselves too much! Anyway, there's a goodwill.

(Mother puts the letter near her, under a pile of files)

I keep all that near me because it keeps the contact.

(silence)

That the Force is now at work is without a shadow of doubt. And there is such a great … (how can I put it?) a very active will: NO RELIGION, no religion, no religious forms. Quite naturally, people immediately … So that's why I have left them very free. That was why I didn't insist on building the center first, because that's in fact the cathedral of old, the temple of old, the whole thing of old (Mother makes a gesture of taking firm root), and then everything gets organized around that: a religion – we want NO religion.[224]

Yes, but we can "pull down" something other than religion.

But we don't pull it! It's the people who have it. They're very small, they need a religion, or at least they think they do.

They need … – I see that, I've received letters again, to which I reply … (Mother vainly looks for other papers near her) It comes every day ... And Sri Aurobindo wrote wonderful things on the question …. Very recently (yesterday or the day before), I answered a question about an aphorism of Sri Aurobindo's in which he said that atheism was NECESSARY because of religions and all their misdeeds.[225] I was asked a question and I answered that also.

People are still very small.

But an interesting sign: from Northern Europe, from Sweden and Norway and Denmark, some priests have written to me; one of them is the head of a church, another is the head of a convent. They write to ask and say that they want to collaborate so as to get out of … It's very strong up there. One or two of them have sent me their photos, asking me to help them. And they do some work, they do work for Auroville there. It means that …

But even our children have such stupid reactions! One girl here wrote to me because I had mentioned to her that the Consciousness had descended on the earth, concentrated on the earth in order to help men prepare for the transformation. She asked me, "How come men have been left unhelped for so long? …" It's enough to make you howl in despair! They've had their education here and they still ask questions of that sort! … I had to control myself so as not to tell her, "My poor girl, (laughing) what a half-wit you are!"

(silence)

Who would be able to find the way of realizing that? … Because there's no lack of sunshine there (of course, on some days the sun is hidden, but still, there are many days when it shines) …. It should be so arranged that from any side, any angle, the ray should fall [on the symbol]. It's a question of geometry.

You can speak with Paolo, because if he had an idea …

When he spoke, I felt he could pull that down.

Yes. And that's what is needed: something, a symbol – we'll find what's needed, we'll see – like an altar, obviously, but … what? A symbol which would directly receive the light from above, and laterally at the same time.

And no other windows, you understand. All the rest in a sort of half-light, and then this light like … That would be fine, it can be very fine. I'd like someone who could feel that. I don't know at all whether R. is capable of feeling that, but Paolo is.

If it were well realized, it would be very interesting for people. It would be a concretization of something …. They'll start saying it's a religion of the sun! (laughing) Oh, you know, I'm used to hearing all, ALL possible nonsense!

(silence)

R.'s idea and the idea of the people around him is to have industries capable of collecting money for Auroville, so …

They're wrong, they're wrong!

It means that instead of allowing the thing to be done fast, it will take centuries.

And it means the starting point is the old idea and the old principle.

Yes.

The starting point should be something else.

It's out of a fear of religions.

It could very well be done not as a religion but as the symbol of the new world.

Yes … We need someone who understands that – maybe Paolo will understand.

Yes, certainly! And he would have the capacity to convince people, I think.

(silence)

Yes, I'll see Paolo. It would be better if he comes on a day when you're here, because I am afraid of not hearing him …. It disconcerts them a lot when they have to speak loudly. So next Saturday, for instance? And tomorrow I'll speak to R. about it, that is to say, I'll tell him to see Paolo who has excellent ideas, and anyway to work it out with him.

It's very simple, after all: we'll try to have R. understand and create a collaboration. R. won't say no to me – but he won't do anything (!) That's how it is, you understand. But anyway, if he can do it, if they can work it out and agree, then it will be very good, there won't be any difficulties. But if he can't, then Paolo will have to be here while R. is away, and we'll just have to do it! … You understand, that's how it is for me! (Mother laughs) Because R. has enough work (he has a tremendous amount of work). It's not that we are taking work away from him, it's that if he refuses to do it, we'll do it, that's all.

I'll see if they can agree.

Now for me, things are no longer exclusive, not at all. I very clearly see the possibility of using the most opposite tendencies AT THE SAME TIME … with some slight deftness, that's all. It's not exclusive, I don't say, "Ah, no, not this!" No, no, no: everything, all of it together. That's what I want, to succeed in creating a place where all contraries can be united.

That …

Unless we can do that … (gesture in a circle), it just goes on and on, we go on and on.

It's good. Yes, I understand: the thing is to build the center, even if we can't make it into an islet.

Maybe Paolo will be able to convince R. I'll speak to him tomorrow, to start the New Year.

There.

So I wish you a happy New Year.

(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

This time, we're moving to a new decade. We must shake off all that (Mother makes a gesture over her shoulder)

Wholly new and very small … so as to be able to grow.

[1]The disciple of the Roman Curia (see Agenda IX).
[2]Italics denote words spoken or written by Mother in English.
[3]Strangely, this year 1969 will be simultaneously marked by a general appeasement in international relations (few years have been so "peaceful" since World War II) and by the surfacing, around Mother, of a general wave of bad will and darkness. As though the safety valve were there. This is the year when the "haste [in the disciples] for it to be over" Mother will soon mention will begin to manifest. Nineteen sixty-nine is the dark turning point … and luminous at the same time.
[4]Hymenantherum, small yellow daisies.
[5]Origanum vulgare, marjoram.
[6]At that moment, Satprem also thought that something similar must have taken place at the time of the hominids, a descent similar to this one, so that humans now regard their mental acquisition as the blossoming and natural fruit of their own human efforts.
[7]Three of the best French publishers rejected Sri Aurobindo's works or did not reply …
[8]A collection of "spiritual adventures" (in the plural) in which Sri Aurobindo might have found a place amidst drugs and psychedelia.
[9]The famous École Polytechnique in Paris.
[10]A renowned French writer (1885–1972).
[11]See Agenda II of August 5, 1961.
[12]Jain sadhus or monks cover their mouths with a patch of cloth so as not to swallow microbes.
[13]Mother sometimes uses "lie" to designate this consciousness.
[14]"It would seem that the most compelling, evident aspect, which probably will be the first to manifest – probably – will be the aspect of Power more than the aspect of Joy and the aspect of Truth. For a new race to be established on earth, it would necessarily have to be protected from the other terrestrial elements so as to survive, and the protection is in the power (not an artificial power external and false, but the true Power, the victorious Will). We may therefore think that the supramental action, even before it becomes an action of harmonization and illumination, of joy, of beauty, will be an action of power, so as to give protection. Naturally, for this action of power to be truly effective, it would have to be founded on Knowledge and Truth and Love and Harmony; but those things could manifest – visibly, little by little – once the ground, so to speak, had been prepared by the action of a sovereign will and power." (Questions and Answers, December 18, 1957.)
[15]He = the mentor.
[16]This publisher too will eventually shy away.
[17]It will come out three years later.
[18]Tirupathi or Sripathi: the master of wealth (or husband of Lakshmi – the goddess of wealth – that is to say, Vishnu).
[19]During the meditation, Sujata noticed that Mother opened her eyes for a moment, and according to her, they were absolutely Sri Aurobindo's eyes. And Mother spoke in English when she emerged from the meditation.
[20]Eleven years later, in February 1980, Satprem will complete his Mind of the Cells.
[21]We publish in addendum R.'s notes on Auroville's organization.
[22]In fact, the idea did not materialize.
[23]On January 31, 1969. Amrita was the person in charge of the Ashram's finances. Bharatidi's departure (on November 7, 1968) appears to have acted as a trigger, for it was followed by Amrita's, then Pavitra's (on May 16), then Satyakarma's (Mother's cashier) …. This calls to mind Satprem's vision of Sri Aurobindo, several of whose toes had been cut off, that is to say, several people. See Agenda VIII of July 5, 1967.
[24]There will be more and more. Three months later, on May 10, Mother will say, "A considerable number of desires that it should die. Everywhere, they are everywhere!"
[25]It is adapted from the conversation of June 14, 1965. See Agenda VI, p. 127.
[26]This undated handwritten note of Mother, found later, puts the problem in clear terms: "When, through those around me, the outer world tries to impose its will on the rhythm of inner life, the result is a disequilibrium which the body does not always have the time to overcome."
[27]P.L.'s friend. P.L. is the disciple in the Roman Curia.
[28]Local elections, which ended in rout for the Congress and victory for the DMK (a Tamil party which was at the time seeking autonomy for the state of Tamil Nadu).

[29]Mother may be referring to artificial insemination.
[30]Conversation of 15 February 1969: "There is something wholly independent of our aspiration, our will, our effort … wholly independent. And this something appears to be absolutely all-powerful."
[31]We publish in Addendum extracts from this letter.
[32]It was by the Rolling Stones.
[33]There were fears of cancer.
[34]It is a cancer. Unfortunately, there will be a relapse.
[35]Sent to Fayard publishers.
[36] "This heap of sentences which could be divided by ten without cutting into their substance."
[37]The first volume of The Synthesis of Yoga will appear in France in 1972, coincidentally in April, exactly three years later.
[38]As a curiosity, we publish in addendum the letter Satprem wrote to this editor of Fayard publishers before receiving her letter about Zen and Sri Aurobindo.
[39]Mother first wrote "collaborate with," then changed it to "serve" and made a few other minor corrections.
[40]Unfortunately, this spark of genius was soon extinguished.
[41]K's mother is a friend of P.L.'s. Both mother and son stay at the Ashram.
[42]Satprem later learnt that the boy had seen the Pope two or three times in audiences (when he lived in Rome, where P.L. was looking after him).
[43]"=1," the review edited by Y.
[44]The "slight movement" is Mother's consciousness going through the column of light, which means that Mother's consciousness had the same color or the same light as the column's.
[45]Incident at Kashipur.
[46]A minister in the Central government, and, at the time, a friend of Indira Gandhi.
[47]We give in addendum an account of N.S.'s conversation with Mother.
[48]K. is a disciple.
[49]A Chinese disciple.
[50]Annadurai.
[51]Michelia champaka, cream yellow ("Supramentalized Psychological Perfection").
[52] Meeting of the All-India Congress committee at Faridabad (U.P.).
[53]Message given for the April 24 darshan: "The best possible way is to allow the Divine Grace to work in you, never to oppose it, never to be ungrateful and turn against it - but to follow it always to the goal of Light and Peace and unity and Ananda."
[54]A former minister of the Central government, S. K. Patil.
[55]Mother may mean that the "poison" is a weapon not to cause "harm," but to break the "harmonious" limits within which one was going to shut oneself.
[56]Later Mother added: "It's out of laziness to change that people worship."
[57]A teenage girl drowned in the Ashram's swimming pool in the presence of her whole group.
[58]Let us note that the girl's sister, who was very close to her, should have accompanied her to the swimming pool, but was away on that day And when the girl's body was taken to the hospital and put under an oxygen tent, after two minutes the oxygen was exhausted and there was none left in the whole hospital.
[59]It was three years ago, in a pond, during an outing. See Agenda VII of 17 December 1966.
[60]See in addendum Mother's comments to a disciple regarding this "accident."
[61]Let us note that P. and his sister are both very muscularly solid.
[62]Savitri, I.IV.55.
[63]Zakir Hussain, who died on May 3.
[64]Pavitra is dying – perhaps we should say, dying from it.
[65]Leonardo da Vinci left for France in 1515, and died there in 1519.
[66]A disciple once put this question to Sri Aurobindo: "is it true that the same consciousness that took the form of Leonardo da Vinci had previously manifested as Augustus Caesar, the first emperor of Rome? If so, will you please tell me what exactly Augustus Caesar stood for in the history of Europe and how Leonardo's work was connected with his?" Sri Aurobindo replied: "Augustus Caesar organised the life of the Roman Empire and it was this that made the framework of the first transmission of the Graeco-Roman civilisation to Europe-he came for that work and the writings of Virgil and Horace and others helped greatly towards the success of his mission. After the interlude of the Middle Ages, this civilisation was reborn in a new mould in what is called the Renaissance, not in its life-aspects but in its intellectual aspects. It was therefore a supreme intellectual, Leonardo da Vinci, who took up again the work and summarised in himself the seeds of modern Europe." (Life, Literature and Yoga, p. 6, July 29, 1937)

[67]He is a doctor who some time ago had peritonitis and refused to be operated on, perfectly aware that it meant certain death – but death did not come. None of the doctors at the hospital where he had been taken was able to explain the miracle.
[68]Let us note that two days later, on May 16, Pavitra left his body.
[69]Pavitra left some very interesting memoirs of his conversations with Sri Aurobindo and Mother in 1925 and 1926, which unfortunately were barbarously mutilated (with whole pages torn away, almost a third of Pavitra's notebooks) by his closest collaborator, under the pretext that it would be "better left unsaid." We shudder to think what would have been the fate of this Agenda had it come into the hands of those same "collaborators." As Mother remarked in Agenda V of October 14, 1964: "They cut out and remove all that bothers them and leave only what suits them." Thus invaluable treasures disappeared. (See Sri Aurobindo, Conversations avec Pavitra, Fayard, 1972.)
[70]A. lives in Paris.
[71]As a matter of fact, Mother looked quite surprised when A. told her that Pavitra had opened his eyes.
[72]Because he did not want to show A. the difficulty he had moving.
[73]No more consciousness left in the body.
[74]We are convinced that Pavitra had learned many things in Mongolia's lamaseries, where a highly advanced occult science was practiced.
[75] Amrita left his body on January 31, following a heart attack.
[76]It may be noted that Pavitra was suffering from cancer. The cancer had miraculously been checked, then suddenly regained ground.
[77]Mother means "here, conscious of the things of the earth."
[78]Pavitra was the School's director and the Ashram's general secretary.
[79] Pavitra had a very high fever before leaving his body. Might that be what Mother felt in her body?
[80]Mother already has spoken several times of this place where the "dead" and the "living" are together, without difference: see Agenda III of 12 October 1962 and Agenda VIII of 6 December 1967.
[81]Satprem was still under the illusion that he could "say" something.
[82]Bhagavad Gita, 18.4.66.
[83]"That" seems to refer to the difficulty of the present situation, but Mother may also be alluding to Pavitra's departure.
[84]The book is The Wretched of the Earth by Franz Fanon, whose central theme is "Violence alone pays" (quoted in The Indian Express of May 30). An extract: "The practice of violence binds men together as a whole, since each individual forms a violent link in the great chain, a part of the great organism of violence which has surged upward." The book is prefaced by Jean-Paul Sartre, who says even more explicitly, "Irrepressible violence … is man recreating himself." It is "mad fury" through which "the wretched of the earth" can "become men." "To shoot down a European is to kill two birds with one stone … there remains a dead man and a free man."
[85]On Thursday 29th May. On the 30th, too, mother received no one. This is probably the course of experience that began a little before Pavitra's departure (see conversation of May 17).
[86]"No salvation outside the Church."
[87]As a matter of fact, at the end of the previous conversation, Mother remained "gazing" for a very long time with an expression that had to be seen to be believed, and Satprem felt something like a cataract of luminous power coming down.
[88]In 1937-38.
[89]"I like Satprem's book which You gave me. But I have two difficulties. The first is with the words. There are some words whose meaning I do not know. And the second is that some passages are not clear. Here is one: 'What we may call with Mother a third position, a 'something else' we tenaciously need, we who are neither narrow materialists nor exclusive spiritualists.'"
[90]An Italian film maker, architect and painter.
[91]The Sannyasin who initiated Satprem.
[92]Mother is referring to a special puja or Tantric ritual (kumari puja) during which the officiant brings down certain forces – an emanation of the Mother – into a very young girl. This was on October 20, 1958.
[93]These last few days, Mother has been "in a bad state."
[94]The famous Boulevard Saint-Michel in Paris, in front of the Sorbonne university, which was the scene of the students' revolt in May 1968.
[95]Satprem finally left the word "God."
[96]To explain Satprem's repeated complaints better, let us add that for the first five years of his yoga, he used to have an extremely conscious sleep, almost from beginning to end, on various planes and with the perception of the transition from one plane to another or from one body to another and the memory of his activities on every plane. Then everything abruptly disappeared. it took Satprem almost ten years

to understand that this "disappearance" was deliberate and meant to compel him to do the sadhana in the physical, otherwise he would have indefinitely continued with the "experiences" of the inner planes.

[97]It would seem that these last few years Mother often spoke of the "physical mind" when she meant "body-mind," as though the terminology were not quite fixed (which is hardly surprising when one is "in it"). Thus she will soon say twice, "The BODY is repeating the mantra …"

[98]A film on Prahlad played at the Ashram's Playground, on 27 April 1956.

[99]By six or seven hours of japa (repetition of a mantra) every day.

[100]Satprem's former Tantric guru.

[101]Mother means she can afterwards check the correctness of what she saw.

[102]Violent vomiting, probably the result of some magic.

[103]All parties, including the Congress, are divided over the choice of a new president of India: Indira proposes V. V. Giri, who will be elected, while the "old Congress" proposes Sanjiva Reddy, who will become president in 1977.

[104]C. D. Deshmukh will withdraw his candidacy.

[105]Madeleine Montalban.

[106]A split within the Congress Committee between "rightist" and "leftist" elements. Finally, the prime minister, Indira Gandhi, took away the finance portfolio from Morarji Desai, the deputy prime minister, and declared her intention to nationalize banks (which she did two days later). This will lead to a scission in the Congress, and this same faction will overthrow Indira in 1977.

[107]Including Tantrics experts in black magic.

[108]In fact, the text of this letter was given truncated to Mother. Sri Aurobindo was referring to the Ashram and not to the Theosophical Society. Here is the full text of the letter: "Queer idea all you fellows seem to have of the 'prestige' of the Asram. The prestige of an institution claiming to be a centre of spirituality lies in its spirituality, not in newspaper columns or famous people. Is it because of this mundane view of life and of the Asram held by the sadhaks that this Asram is not yet the centre of spirituality it set out to be?" (Nirodbaran's Correspondence with Sri Aurobindo, vol. 2, p. 1105. Even in the Centenary Edition – 26.380-381 – the last sentence was omitted.)

[109]Chandulal is the engineer who built Golconde. He left his body in November 1945 … twenty-four years earlier.

[110]Purani left his body in December 1965.

[111]Mother described a similar phenomenon two years earlier (the story of a golden watch). See Agenda VIII of August 30, 1967.

[112]Also in 1967, about the story of a diplomat's son killed during the war who had merged with Pavitra, Mother said, "It's a knowledge of the CELLS' consciousness." See Agenda VIII of March 7, 1967.

[113]Could it be the transition from the physical, material consciousness as we know it to the cellular consciousness in which there are not two "sides" – one of "life" and one of "death" – but something else?

[114]Mother is referring to her own body.

[115]Could it be the old Chinese who gave Mother delicious food, then said, "I have no path"? See Agenda VII of 11 February 1966.

[116]When she read Sri Aurobindo's answer, Mother remarked, "This answer is very interesting, because it touches the heart of the problem."

[117]More explicitly, a month earlier, in a text written for Italian television (The Great Sense), Satprem had said, "We go to the moon, but we do not know our own heart nor our terrestrial destiny."

[118]Their probe, Luna 15, crashed on the moon.

[119]Let us note that B. is a new, young disciple whose work is to keep that room downstairs clean.

[120]Who was Sri Aurobindo's cook, and round as a barrel; she left her body seven years earlier, in September 1962.

[121]Numerous texts were nevertheless censored in the so-called "complete" edition of Sri Aurobindo's works (the "Centenary Library"), in particular letters about the Ashram. As an illustration, we publish in addendum two of those censored letters, to make the intention plain.

[122]Emphasis is ours.

[123]The rest of the letter was published in the "complete" edition of Sri Aurobindo's works, joined to another letter of August 1934. See Vol. 26, Sri Aurobindo on Himself, p. 95. It is, moreover, impossible to overemphasize the disfigurement of Sri Aurobindo's letters under the pretext of a "subjectwise" classification, some letters having one bit published under one subject, another bit published under another subject, and yet another elsewhere – a classification into the mind's little pigeonholes. As Mother said, "Three or four bandages on his body."

[124]See Letters on Yoga, 23.904.
[125]The World-Soul, II.XIV.
[126]In February, 1927.
[127]On November 24, 1938.
[128]In 1920.
[129]Some disciples (Amrita for instance) kept them for several years.
[130]In this connection, the reader will read with interest (when they are published) Pavitra's records of evening talks with Sri Aurobindo, in particular the talk of 12 May 1926.
[131]This same afternoon, Satprem, struck by a sudden thought, wrote the following note to Mother: "Following this morning's conversation, I have suddenly thought, 'But Savitri goes into death in search of Satyavan … so Mother is going to bring back Sri Aurobindo'?" Mother seems to have replied to the person who brought her the note, "Something of the sort."
[132]Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.
[133]"All that is the most vital and important for you will appear to be abstractions and speculations." A friend of Satprem's in the same publishing house gave him this explanation: "Were you writing about Vietnam, the Black problem, LSD, the Third World or Marcuse, we would a priori be interested, even if we disagreed with you. But capital letters frighten us. Social peace is a topic; Peace isn't."
[134]Gallimard, who will not reply.
[135]Among the questions, there was also this one: "What should be the goal of our life?" Mother's answer: "Materially speaking, to be shrewd. Spiritually speaking, to be sincere." (!)
[136]Four years later, at the end of 1973, when Mother left her body, the French publisher Robert Laffont will take this book for publication.
[137]For a long time Mother at times confused "superhuman" with "supramental," but she clearly means the latter and not the former.
[138]Book Two, Canto XIV, "The World-Soul."
[139]"The Riddle of this World" (July 1933) in Letters on Yoga, 22.31.
[140]Hohlenberg, the Danish painter who did a portrait of Sri Aurobindo, seems to have been among them. Mother already alluded to this trek in a Playground talk of May 5, 1951.
[141]Mother is referring to the candidates in the ongoing presidential elections. The strange and amusing part is that Mother gave her blessings to two candidates: V.V. Giri and Sanjiva Reddy; by some quirk of communications, Sanjiva Reddy was to receive them only … eight years later on 13 July 1977, the very day on which he was elected president, after V. V. Giri's successor. (See The Hindu of July 14, 1977.)
[142]Because since the 1965 attack on the Ashram, the Ashram boys have a reputation for being "solid."
[143]C. D. Deshmukh, who will withdraw.
[144]Sanjiva Reddy, who will be elected president in 1977.
[145]The nationalization of the banks decreed by Indira has caused the Congress to split into two opposing camps (the "old Congress" and the "new Congress"), each one fielding its own presidential candidate.
[146]In an undated note, Mother once wrote, "Democracy was necessary and useful a hundred years ago, but now we must go beyond it if we want to take a step forward towards a new creation."
[147]"It would be fairly safe to predict the next great human collision with Asia as either its first field or its origin …. The possibility of a stupendous world-conflict would arise dwarfing anything previously experienced." (15.367 & 567)
[148]Tan Yun-shan.
[149]He came for the darshan of November 24, 1939.
[150]A Chinese disciple, a painter.
[151]The "cultural revolution."
[152]Of August 15, on Sri Aurobindo's birthday.
[153]There were exceptions, as we shall see later (on 13 September).
[154]C. D. Deshmukh.
[155]V. V. Giri.
[156]Sanjiva Reddy.
[157]The nationalization of banks.
[158]That is the photo which Sanjiva Reddy will only receive eight years later, precisely when he was elected president in later elections.
[159]V.V. Giri, aged 75.
[160]See Agenda 1, 26 March 1959.

[161]Mother actually said "the overmental being." This confusion will often take place, probably because Mother found this vocabulary quite cumbersome. But this next being clearly has nothing to do with the overmind or the world of the gods.
[162]In May 1968, the student uprising in France.
[163]See Agenda IX of 22 May 1968.
[164]"What is God after all? An eternal child playing an eternal game in an eternal garden." (Thoughts and Glimpses, 16.381)
[165]The same thing could be said of those who are today claiming to be the "proprietors" of Sri Aurobindo, Mother and Auroville. it is an eternal story repeating itself, at Pondicherry or in Rome-but this time, perhaps, the story's ending will be different. [Note of 1981.]
[166]This is not always the case, as Satprem learned afterwards. Thus in the thirteenth century, Celestine V was chosen from among mendicant monks, but five months later he abdicated, probably in disgust. He was jailed by his successor (and later canonized!). In fact, although no rule demands that the cardinals should elect the Pope from among themselves, it is always the case in practice.
[167]On the 14" morning, India's President Giri met Mother. On that occasion, Mother told him, "Let us all work for the greatness of India."
[168]See Agenda V of December 2, 1964.
[169]G. S. Pathak.
[170]Satprem sent her packing bluntly, telling her, "You are a poor little thing" (!)
[171]This is precisely what was going to be a revelation for Satprem and a decisive turning point in his own understanding of Mother.
[172]He was born in April, 1904.
[173]In fact this power had been there ever since he was born, for his diseased mother noticed that her suffering increased when he was not present, and decreased when he was at home. He is the thirteenth child in a family of peasants.
[174]The healer gave the following replies to Satprem's questions: "I have not come to India to cure myself, but to put myself at the disposal of the Force and to learn. I don't feel inspired to stop curing people so as to look after myself, and I don't want to make an arbitrary mental decision to stop. Moreover I never 'decide' anything: I do what I am asked to. if Mother asks me to stop and to cure myself, I will do it." He also explained that he had already healed the hernia he had on his left side; there remained that on the right side, which he had purposely allowed to develop so as to have the experience. It was now as big as his fist (a peasant's fist). It was the "last barrier," he said, "after that, nothing will remain impossible."
[175]N.S. is a disciple of Mother's who accompanied Indira Gandhi during her visit of October 6, and who holds a minister's post.
[176]In Bande Mataram of 24 April 1908 (Cent. Ed., 1.875).
[177]Where a South Indian sage, Ramana Maharshi, lived; he died of cancer in April 1950.
[178]In 1948 or 1949.
[179]To a secluded hut, so as to attempt his "last conquest" over illness.
[180]When Mother heard that A.R. had that hernia and wanted to try and cure it, she had concentrated on him.
[181]During the meeting of the committee to reform the Church. See conversation of 26 March 1969.
[182]The Sage, staged in December, 1953.
[183]Last night, Mother vomited every twenty minutes. Yet she worked as usual this morning. It feels as if the enemy is drawing closer to the center.
[184]See text in addendum.
[185]Tat tvam asi.
[186]That is what Satprem had vividly felt: a gap between A.R.'s living experience and his mentalization of it, as if he were seeking to shut the ocean within a graduated thermometer.
[187]A friend of Indira Gandhi, and a minister in the Indian government.
[188]One typical example of the "mixture of influences" Mother was referring to.
[189]As a matter of fact, it started raining as it had not rained for eighty years.
[190]A Catholic monk who had come to the Ashram a year earlier. A.R., the heater, met him, and it was after this meeting that A.R. began speaking of his "healing mission."
[191]That was in fact a great turning point in Satprem's life: the experiential understanding between the great "That" and the "something else" that flows through Mother. It thus took Satprem fifteen years to come close to Mother …
[192]Which means something he could not "swallow."
[193]Mother means not so late as today.
[194]Two years earlier.

[195]Satprem, and perhaps the world, will have much more opportunity to be sad in the following years - Mother had given up saying, I want" ….
[196]It seems almost certain that Mother meant to say the opposite: much less time. Let us recall that she once said to Satprem, "In the end, it's nothing – a mere breath and it will be done."
[197]Conversation of October 1: "When the physical has learned something, it never forgets, that doesn't budge anymore."
[198]Like these conversations which began an hour and a half late.
[199]This conversation began at 9:50.
[200]The previous state of things was to return on the sly.
[201]"He thinks," that is to say, the doctor looking after Mother thinks.
[202]That was the time when, in France, Mother spent nights walking through gardens full of snakes (Richard's atmosphere).
[203]Indira Gandhi has just been "expelled" from the Congress by a group of politicians opposed to her nationalization of banks.
[204] See in addendum Mother's latest notes about Auroville.
[205]Mother had given him that text.
[206]The following year (nine months later to be precise), On the Way to Supermanhood will drop down on Satprem.
[207]Mother is probably referring to this aphorism of Sri Aurobindo: 25 – "When I pine at misfortune and call it evil, or am jealous and disappointed, then I know that there is awake in me again the eternal fool."
[208]On 29 February 1956.
[209]Indira Gandhi has just been expelled from the Congress by the syndicate of financiers.
[210]Nijalingappa.
[211]As unbelievable as it may appear, Mother did not dare to ask her own disciples, knowing the storms that would give rise to. Thus Satprem could never recover the notes written by Mother. Even the words changed by Mother herself were later reintroduced.
[212]The manuscript has been in Paris for a year.
[213]It will take another four years, then for some fifteen years this unfortunate Sannyasin will fall victim to an unscrupulous Indian "publisher" who will use Auroville's name as a cover for his own affairs.
[214]Abhay: ritual gesture meaning, "Be without fear."
[215]Aphorism 68 – "The sense of sin was necessary in order that man might become disgusted with his own imperfections. It was God's corrective for egoism. But man's egoism meets God's device by being very dully alive to its owns sins and very keenly alive to the sins of others."
[216]220 - "Men talk of enemies, but where are they? I only see wrestlers of one party or the other in the great arena of the universe." 221 – "The saint and the angel are not the only divinities; admire also the Titan and the Giant." 222 – "The old writings call the Titans the elder gods. So they still are; nor is any god entirely divine unless there is hidden in him also a Titan." 223 – "If I cannot be Rama, then I would be Ravana; for he is the dark side of Vishnu." (Rama is a divine incarnation, whereas Ravana is the incarnation of a demon.) Mother gave this comment on the last of these Aphorisms: "It means that gentleness without strength and goodness without power are incomplete and cannot entirely express the Divine. I might say that the charity and generosity of a converted Asura are infinitely more effective than those of an innocent angel."
[217]When Satprem later published this part of the conversation in the "Notes on the Way," Mother added the following comment: "In this Consciousness where the two contraries, the two opposites are joined, the nature of both changes. They don't remain as they are. it's not that they are joined and remain the same: the nature of both changes. And that's most important. Their nature, their action, their vibration are wholly different the minute they are joined. it's separation that makes them what they are. Separation must be done away with, and then their very nature changes: it's no longer 'good' and 'evil,' but something else, which is complete. It's complete."
[218]A letter in which a disciple said he had some spare time between 1:00 and 3:00 p.m. and asked the best way to use it.
[219]230- "Courage and love are the only indispensable virtues; even if all the others are eclipsed or fall asleep, these two will save the soul alive." 231 – "Meanness and selfishness are the only sins that I find it difficult to pardon; yet they alone are almost universal. Therefore these also must not be hated in others, but in ourselves annihilated." 232 – "Nobleness and generosity are the soul's ethereal firmament; without them, one looks at an insect in a dungeon."
[220]Which is why the whole last part of Mother's "Comments" on the Aphorisms is very succinct.
[221]Jata: twisted hair coiled in a heap at the top of the head.

[222]240 – "Atheism is a necessary protest against the wickedness of the Churches and the narrowness of creeds. God used it as a stone to smash these soiled cardhouses."
[223]On November 12, see the conversation of that date.
[224]Thus after Mother's departure, Auroville's "proprietors" soon declared they were a "religious" institution, adding spiritual imposture to financial fraud. Not a single voice rose from the Sri Aurobindo Ashram when those people dared to declare in India's courts that Sri Aurobindo's teaching was "religious." (In 1982, a bench of judges of India's Supreme Court finally rejected this, basing themselves on Sri Aurobindo's own writings and several conversations from Mother's Agenda, such as this one.)
[225]240 – "Atheism is a necessary protest against the wickedness of the Churches and the narrowness of creeds. God uses it as a stone to smash these soiled card-houses." 241 – "How much hatred and stupidity men succeed in packing up decorously and labelling 'Religion'!" Mother recently commented on these two aphorisms thus: "As long as there are religions, atheism will be necessary to counterbalance them. Both must disappear to give way to a sincere and disinterested search for Truth and a total consecration to the object of this search."

Mother's Agenda
Vol. 11

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1970

The World is preparing for a big change.
Will you help?

Mother

(Later, Mother commented on this message thus:)

That big change is the emergence upon earth of a new race which will be to man what man is to the animal.

The consciousness of that new race is already at work on the earth to enlighten all those who are capable of receiving and listening to it.

@

January 3, 1970

(Continuation of the conversation of 31 December 1969 about Auroville and the Matrimandir.)

Mother, I told Paolo [the Italian architect] to come, he is waiting outside.

Yes.... There is an interesting thing.

For a long time I had been feeling something, then we spoke about it the other day, and I SAW I told R. [Auroville's architect] about it, I asked him to see Paolo, and I also told him that I had seen what should be done. Naturally, he didn't say no, he said yes to everything, but I felt he wasn't too keen.... But here is what happened. I clearly saw – very, very distinctly saw, which means it was like that, and it still IS like that, it's there *(gesture showing an eternal plane)* – the inside of that place [the Matrimandir].

Maybe you should tell Paolo about it?

Tell him right now?... All right.... I'll speak more easily if I am alone with you.

Fine, then, Mother.

I could describe it. It came like this. It will be a kind of hall which will be like the inside of a

column. No windows. Ventilation will be artificial, with this kind of machinery *(Mother points to an air conditioner),* and just a roof. And sunlight striking the center; or, when there is no sunlight (at night or on overcast days), an electric spotlight. The idea is to build right now an example or a "model" for a hundred people or so. Once the city is built and the experiment is made, we will make a BIG thing of it – but then it will be very big, for one or two thousand people. And the second one will be built around the first, which means that the first will go only when the second is built.

There's the idea.

Only, in order to tell Paolo about it (and if possible, if I see it's possible, to tell R. about it), I wanted to have a plan. I'll have it made – not myself, I can't do it anymore; I could have done it in the past, but now I don't see clearly enough. This afternoon, I'll have it made in front of me, and with that plan, I'll be able to explain really well. But to you I simply wanted to say what I have seen....

It will be a tower with twelve facets – each facet representing one month of the year – and the top, the roof of the tower will be like this *(Mother makes a gesture showing something like this:)*

Then, inside, there will be twelve columns – the walls and twelve columns – and right at the center, on the floor, my symbol, with, above it, four symbols of Sri Aurobindo joining in a square, and above a globe. A globe possibly made of a transparent substance, with or without a light inside, but the sun will have to strike this globe; so, depending on the particular month or hour, it will be from here or there or there *(gesture showing the sun's course).* Do you understand? There will always be an opening with a sunbeam. Not a diffused light, but a beam that will have to come and strike the globe. That requires technical knowledge for its execution, and that's why I want to make a drawing with an engineer.

But inside, there will be neither windows nor lights, it will always be in a sort of clear half-light, night and day: during the day with sunlight, at night with artificial light. And on the ground, nothing, except for a floor like this one [in Mother's room], that is, first a wooden floor (wooden or something else), then a sort of thick rubber foam, very soft, and then a carpet. A carpet covering everything, except for the center. And people will be able to sit anywhere. The twelve columns are for those who need a backrest!

But then, people will not come for "regular meditations" or anything of the kind (the internal organization will be taken care of later): it will be a place for concentration. Not everyone will be allowed in; there will be a time of the week or the day (I don't know) when visitors will be allowed, but anyway without mixture. There will be a fixed hour or day to show the visitors, and the rest of the time only for those who are serious – serious, sincere, who truly want to learn to concentrate.

So I think that's good.

It was there *(gesture of vision above),* I still see it when I talk about it – I SEE. As I see it, it's very beautiful, really very beautiful. A sort of half-light: you can see, but it's VERY peaceful, and with very clear and strong beams of light on that globe (the projected, artificial light will have to be slightly golden, it shouldn't be cold – it will depend on the spotlights). A globe that will be made of plastic or I don't know.

Crystal?

If possible, yes. For the smaller temple, the globe won't need to be very big: if it were this big *(about one foot),* it would be enough. But for the bigger temple, it will have to be big.

But how will the bigger temple be built? Over the small one?

No, no, the small one will go.

Oh, it will go, another one will be built.

But the big temple will be built afterwards, and then on a huge scale.... The smaller one will go only once the bigger one is built. But of course, for the city to be completed, we must allow some twenty years (for everything to be in order, in its place). It's the same with the gardens: all the gardens that are being prepared are for now, but in twenty years, all that will have to be on another scale; then it will have to be something really really beautiful. And I wonder what substance that globe should be made of, the big one?... The small one could be made of crystal: for a globe this size *(gesture about one foot)* I think it will do. The globe will have to be visible from every corner of the room.

It shouldn't be too high above the floor either, should it?

No, Sri Aurobindo's symbol doesn't have to be very big, it has to be this size....

Ten to twelve inches?

At the most, at the very most.

So it would be more or less at eye level.

At eye level, yes, that's right.

And a VERY peaceful atmosphere. And NOTHING, nothing but big columns.... There remains to see whether the columns' style whether they will be round, or themselves with twelve facets ? But TWELVE columns.

And a roof with two sides?

Yes, a roof with two sides so as to get sunlight. It will have to be so arranged that rainwater can't get in. Something that needs to be opened and closed every time it rains won't do, it's not possible; it will have to be in such a way that rainwater can't get in. But sunlight must get in AS A BEAM, not diffused. So the opening will have to be limited.... It requires a clever engineer, who knows his job really well.

When would they start?

I'd like them to start immediately, as soon as we have the plans. But there are two questions: first the plans (workers can be found), and then money.... I think it can be done with this idea of building a small specimen ("small," well, it's a manner of speaking, because to hold a hundred people easily it will still have to be big enough), a small specimen to begin with. While building the small specimen we'll learn, and we'll build the big one when the city is finished – that won't be right now.

I told R. about it, and the next day he told me, "Yes, but it will take time to prepare." (I said nothing of all I've just told you, I just spoke of doing something.) Afterwards I had a vision of that room, so I no longer need anyone to see how it should be – I know. What's needed is an engineer more than an architect, because an architect It has to be as simple as possible.

I told Paolo what you had seen, that large room, empty, without anything. It touched him a lot, he in fact could see that large empty room. He understands quite well. So "empty" simply means a shape.

But a shape like a tower, but (that's why I wanted to have a sketch to show) twelve

regular facets, and then we need a wall that's not straight, a wall slightly like this *(gesture of a slight slope),* I don't know if that's possible. And inside, twelve columns. So we'll have to find a way to capture sunlight, so that at any time of the year sunlight can get in.... We need someone who knows his job well.

As for the outside I didn't see the outside; I didn't see it at all, I only saw the inside.

I wanted to explain to Paolo once I would have the papers, it would be easier, but since you called him

(Sujata goes out and comes back with Paolo, who comes in with a garland of pink "Harmony." Mother gives him an orange hibiscus – Auroville's flower – looks at him, and starts speaking:)

Since we decided to build that temple, I have seen – I have seen the inside. I have just tried to describe it to Satprem. But in a few days I will have plans and drawings, so I'll be able to explain more clearly. Because I don't know at all how the outside is, but the inside I know.

(Paolo:) The outside comes out of the inside.

It's a kind of tower with twelve regular facets representing the twelve months of the year, and absolutely empty.... Only, it will have to hold one to two hundred people. So, to support the roof, there would be inside (not outside, inside) twelve columns; and right at the center, the object of concentration.... And with the sun's concentration, all year round it will have to get in AS A BEAM (not diffused: it will have to be so arranged that it can get in as beams); then, according to the hour of the day and the month of the year, the beam will revolve (there will be some device at the top) and it will be directed onto the center. At the center, there will be the symbol [of Mother], then Sri Aurobindo's symbol supporting a globe. A globe which we'll try to have made of a transparent substance such as crystal or A large globe. Then people will be let in in order to concentrate – *(laughing)* to learn to concentrate! No fixed meditations, nothing of the sort, but they will have to stay there in silence – silence and concentration.

(P.:) It's very beautiful.

But the place should be absolutely as simple as possible. And the floor in such a way that people may be comfortable, without having to think that it hurts here or there!

(P.:) It's very beautiful.

And in the middle, on the floor, my symbol. At the center of my symbol, we'll have four parts (like a square), four symbols of Sri Aurobindo, upright, supporting a transparent globe.

That was seen.

So I'll have small plans prepared by an engineer, simple ones to show, and then I'll show you when they are ready. There. And we'll see.

As far as the walls are concerned, they will probably have to be in concrete.

(P.:) The whole structure can be in reinforced concrete.

The roof will probably have to be sloping, and at the center there will have to be a special device for the sun.

(Satprem:) You said that you saw the walls with a slight slope.

Either the walls or the roof will have to have a slope – whatever will be easier. The walls can be straight with the roof sloping. And the higher part of the roof resting on the twelve

columns. And on top, the device for the sun.

Inside, nothing. Nothing but the columns. The columns I don't know, we'll have to see if they will be with facets (like the whole thing), twelve facets, or simply round.

(P.:) Round.

Or simply square – that has to be seen.

Then, on the floor, we'll have something thick and soft. Here (are you comfortable when you are sealed?... Yes?), there is first a wooden floor, then that sort of rubber, and above, a woolen carpet.

(Satprem:) With your symbol?

Not on the carpet. The symbol, I first thought it should be done out of some solid material.

(P.:) It has to be in stone.

The symbol everything will be around it, of course. The symbol will not cover everything, it will only be at the center of the space – *(laughing)* people shouldn't sit on the symbol!... It will be at the center.

The proportion between the symbol and the whole has to be seen carefully, in comparison with the height.

(P.:) The room will be rather large?

Oh, yes, it should be. There should be a sort of half-light with those sunbeams – the sunbeam should be SEEN.

A sunbeam.

So, depending on the hour of the day (the hour of the day and the month of the year), the sun will go round. Then, at night, as soon as sunlight has vanished, we'll switch on spotlights which will have the same effect and the same color. Night and day the light will remain there. But no windows or lamps or things of the sort – nothing. Ventilation through air conditioners (they're set inside the walls, that's very easy).

And SILENCE. No talking inside!

It will be fine.

So as soon as my papers are ready, I'll call you to show them to you.

(P.:) Very good.

(To Sujata:) Give me a rose for him.

(Mother gives two red roses, Paolo withdraws)

I didn't ask him if he had seen R. because R. is quite in nowadays' "practical" atmosphere.

Good, it has to start off!

That's what I have learned, in fact: the bankruptcy of religions was because they were divided – they wanted you to follow one religion to the exclusion of all others. And all human knowledge has gone bankrupt because it was exclusive. And man has gone bankrupt because he was exclusive. What the New Consciousness wants (it insists on this) is: no more divisions. To be capable of understanding the extreme spiritual, the extreme material, and to find to find the meeting point where it becomes a true force. And it's trying to teach that to the body too, through the most

radical means.

The trouble *([laughing]* I say "trouble"!) is that in people it expresses itself as disorders. People close to me for the work fall "ill." One of them is at the nursing home, the other is in difficulty. And depending on their receptivity, I must find a way to make them understand that they shouldn't worry, that it's not an "illness," but the body's resistance. The body [Mother's body] has learned that at its own expense!...Its constantly like that: if you are in the true position, everything is fine – provided you don't observe yourself, don't keep observing, "Oh, the body is like this, or like that, it feels this way or " As soon as you pay attention to it, as soon as the consciousness is turned to it, something goes wrong. It goes wrong. One has to be like this *(gesture turned upward).* And then, there is something that KNOWS all the same, something that knows, but without observing (I don't know how to explain). And you can see that as soon as the consciousness of the cells takes the true attitude, the thing that manifested as a disorder no longer manifests as such: the nature of the manifestation changes – how?

Not only that, the "may Your Will be done" (without worrying in the least about what it is, what that Will may be, in other words an acceptance of anything in advance) is replaced in a strange way – a strange way – by something that has nothing to do with thought and less and less to do with vision, something superior which is a kind of perception – a new kind of perception: you KNOW. But that has already come for a few seconds. Now and then it comes, and then the old habits start up again. It's above, far, far above thought, and above vision. It's a kind of perception: there is no more differentiation of the organs *(Mother touches her eyes, her ears).* And it's a perception yes, which is total: it's at the same time (if you want to explain it), at the same time vision, hearing, and knowledge. A perception something that is a new type of perception. So then, you KNOW. It replaces learning. But the moment you want to bring it to the plane of learning, it's over, you lose contact.

All that is certainly the consciousness of what Sri Aurobindo called the supramental:[1] the being to come after man. How will he be? I haven't yet seen I haven't yet seen that. I did see, I did have perceptions of the superman, the intermediary being, but you clearly feel it's only an intermediary being. What will that being be like who will come after the superman? I don't know.... Because we are still much too human; when we visualize the Supreme Consciousness in a form, the Supreme Being and so on – the Supreme – we tend to give it a form similar to the human one, but that's our old habit.... I saw that future being (I saw it many years ago): it was clearly a far more harmonious and expressive form than the human one, but there was a likeness, it was still a human form, that is to say, with a head and arms and legs and Will it be that? I don't know. There will necessarily be that as an intermediary – necessarily. There were all those kinds of apes which acted as intermediaries between the animal and man.... But lightness, invulnerability, moving about at will, luminosity at will – all that goes without saying, it's part of supramental qualities, but Oh, yes, also clothing at will: it's not something foreign added on, it's the substance that takes on certain forms.... All that I had seen, and I told Sri Aurobindo about it, and Sri Aurobindo himself gave me certain demonstrations (I see him sometimes and he shows me). He simply said what the intermediary step will be. But all descriptions are worthless. And when I see him at night (sometimes I spend hours with him), it's so natural and spontaneous that I am not even observing, "This is like this, that is like that..." – no. In the morning, with a concentration, the impression remains very strong, but as for the details as we here understand them, you can't say.

Similarly, that sort of thing (Sri Aurobindo too calls it "perception"), that perception which replaces vision and all the rest is very strong at night. It's hard to say.... You have an impression of it when you wake up, but not the capacity; the full capacity is not there.

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[1] On 27 May 1970, Mother will take up again and comment upon this part of the conversation.

(silence)

On a practical level, I'll try to make R. understand. But I saw, it seems to me that we should do When R. is here, he looks after "Auromodel," the practical side, all that (its quite necessary, it's very good), but for this construction of the center, I'd like Paolo to do it, and so I'd like Paolo to stay here when R. is gone: let Paolo be here when R. is away, and with Paolo we could do that. Only, I don't want either of them to feel that it's one against the other (!). They must understand that it's to complement each other.

I think Paolo will understand.

But R. will take it as an encroachment on his responsibilities?

Maybe not, I'll try. I'll try.

No, when I told him we had to build the center – that I had seen it and it had to be built – he didn't object. Only he told me, "But it will take time." I said, "No, it has to be done right now." That's why I am getting those kinds of sketches made by an engineer, so as to show him, because it's not the job of an architect: it's the job of an engineer, with precise calculations for the sunlight, very precise. It has to be someone really skilled. The architect will have to see that the columns are beautiful, the walls are beautiful, the proportions are correct – all that is quite all right – and also that symbol at the center. The aspect of beauty is for the architect to see, naturally but the whole aspect of calculations And the important thing is the play of the sun on the center. Because it becomes a symbol – the symbol of the future realization.

(Mother remains concentrated)

The step forward humanity must take IMMEDIATELY is a definitive cure of exclusivism. That's what is, in action, not only the symbol but also the effect of division and separation. They all say, "This and not that" – no, this AND that, and this too and that too, and everything at the same time. To be supple enough and wide enough for everything to be together. That's what I keep knocking myself against at present, in EVERY field – every field.... In the body too. The body is used to, "This and not that; this OR that, this or that " – No, no, no: this AND that.

And of course, the great Division: life and death – there you are. Everything is the effect of that. Well (words are stupid but), overlife is life and death together.

Why call it "overlife"?! We are always tempted to lean to one side: light and darkness ("darkness," well).

Ah, we're quite small. One feels so small.

***

(Soon afterwards, regarding Mother's comments on Sri Aurobindo's "Aphorisms," Satprem suggests a different word.)

There's a word that doesn't seem right to me....

Oh, you'll find lots of them, mon petit! That's what I told you once.

Yesterday again, I wrote something in a letter to D., and as soon as the letter was sent, I said to myself, "No, that's not the way you should have put it, it's this way...." Because I do it hurriedly and with a mental activity next to me [in those around Mother]: it doesn't express itself with noises but it's there, and that makes it difficult for me to catch "the thing." Then it

comes afterwards [when people have left].

That's why I said I would have to see those comments again.

We could see them together.

(silence)

Another aphorism yesterday But when I read those *Aphorisms* with my present experiences, I see that Sri Aurobindo knew all that. He had caught it there, he was there, and words that appear odd or not quite comprehensible to intellectual understanding, even the highest, have a meaning. Yesterday all of a sudden, "Oh, that was it!" [what Sri Aurobindo had seen]. For instance, in one of the aphorisms I readjust yesterday, there was the word "perception," and I remember that when I translated it [many years ago], I thought, "Perception, what does he mean?..." Now, I understand wonderfully! It's something that has nothing to do with our senses: neither sight nor hearing nor – perception. He put "perception." And "perception" is an excellent word.[1]

Moreover, for the time being, I only read the translation; if I saw the original again, it might be even more striking.

(long silence)

You know, now, when I am put in contact with all the things I said in the past (yet I did my best) I so much feel it's like words of ignorance – all of them based on choice and opposition: this and not that, this and not that, you approve and disapprove.... That's it. And now it looks so stupid! And so narrow – so narrow. What's admired in people who have been regarded as saints (saints, especially saints) is refusal: refusal of almost everything, except of God *(Mother holds a single finger erect heavenward).* And everything, from the highest thing – one's approach to the Divine – from that down to the most material – the body's functions – everything from top to bottom is just the same stupidity: this but not that; this but not that; this in contradiction to that; this in opposition to that.... All morality, all social rules, the whole material organization of the world is based on division. And it seems more and more evident that that will be the FIRST thing – the first – which the higher being (which Sri Aurobindo called the "supramental being"), the first thing that being will want to abolish.

Now I understand why he said "supramental"; instead of saying "superman" he said "supramental" because superman is Whereas for that being, the very basis of his existence is different; instead of being based on division, it's based on union. Man talks a lot about union, but he doesn't have the least idea what it is.

Its very interesting.

And this body feels so clearly that it... it no longer belongs here, but it's not yet there, so *(Mother makes a gesture in suspense)* in appearance it's something completely absurd, with apparent weaknesses that human beings scorn, and *(laughing)* awesome forces that human beings cannot bear.

It's curious.

But then, it's not realized, not concretized, not expressed: it's like this *(same gesture in suspense).* So it has become something wholly absurd.

(silence)

What men used to call "difficult," "complicated," now the body, when it's in presence of

[1] Aphorism 261: "Perceive always and act in the light of thy increasing perceptions, but not those of the reasoning brain only. God speaks to the heart when the brain cannot understand him."

"that," of that unknown pressing to be expressed, several times it says, "Ah, it was easy before, when one thought one knew!"

Now it knows it knows nothing.

@

January 7, 1970

I found some old papers....

(Mother points to a few notes)

But first, yesterday I received *Aphorisms,* two of them, and suddenly *(gesture of descent)* Sri Aurobindo came and wrote – in French. Afterwards, I didn't even remember what he had written. I only said (since it was he who had written) that I would like to have the text right away. They brought it to me yesterday evening so I could show you.

(Mother holds out a sheet of paper)

> 271 – He who would win high spiritual degrees, must pass endless tests and examinations. But most are anxious only to bribe the examiner.
>
> 272 – Fight, while thy hands are free, with thy hands and thy voice and thy brain and all manner of weapons. Art thou chained in the enemy's dungeons and have his gags silenced thee? Fight with thy silent all-besieging soul and thy wide-ranging will-power and when thou art dead, fight still with the world-encompassing force that went out from God within thee.

(Mother's comment:)

> "Truth is a difficult and arduous conquest. One needs to be a true warrior, a warrior who fears nothing, neither enemies nor death, for, despite all opposition, with or without a body, the fight goes on and shall end in Victory."

If you knew how COMPACT with golden light it was when it came! And I did not remember at all what was written.

But that's almost triumphant!

Isn't it? Oh, there was an atmosphere of triumph. The atmosphere was so dense, you know. I only had the impression yes, that impression of victory, of ABSOLUTE certitude: all possible doubts were gone, all weaknesses were gone, it was all like that. Afterwards, I said to myself, "But what did I write?..." I had forgotten. Then I read it again (they brought it to me yesterday evening), and when I read it again, I said, "Oh, that's it!..." I had forgotten.

It was so much the true consciousness, in which death does not exist: What is it? – Nothing. That was the impression while I was writing, as if he had suddenly made me enter

a world of truth in which this whole world of illusion and falsehood no longer had any force.

I felt that very strongly, very strongly, and afterwards I said to myself, "What did I write?" When I read it again in the evening, I thought, "Oh, that's it!"

It's interesting.

It's irrefutable.

Yes, that's how it is, there's nothing to be said. Do we keep it for August 15 [Sri Aurobindo's birthday]?

Why not give it on February 21 [Mother's birthday]?

But then, without signature?... I can't sign "Sri Aurobindo" – it would look like a forgery! So without signature.

But why not sign yourself?

Myself it's just this *(Mother pinches the skin of her hands).*

That's an idea: I'll give it as a message.

***

Then, while sorting out papers (this is much less interesting), I found a few things....

(Mother holds out a first note)

Why do men want to worship? It is much better to become than to worship.[1]

(Mother laughs) I remember that, I wrote it long ago....

In April '69 [on the 26th].

Some people wrote to me letters and did all kinds of things to express their adoration and so on, and I felt so clearly that it's out of a LAZINESS to change that they worship! *(Mother laughs)*

Another one:

If you want to find your soul, to know and obey it, stay here at any cost.

If that is not the goal of your life and you are ready to live the life of the great majority of people, you can certainly go back to your family.

That's good, too. There are so many who ask, "Why stay here?..." I thought it could be useful. And the last:

To people of ill-will
The harm you have caused willfully always comes back to you in one form or another.[2]

Below there is a note: "Dictated by the S. M. [superman] consciousness."

Yes, it's that Consciousness which, one day I remember, I was thinking, "Why be attached to things like that?" Then it answered this and insisted until I had written it.

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[1] Italicized words or sentences are spoken or written by Mother in original English.
[2] See *Agenda* X of 26 April 1969.

The harm you have caused WILLFULLY (that is, the will to harm, the will to destroy) always comes back to you, always.... And let me add that this Consciousness DOES it – its doing it: I SEE it. Quite unexpected things.

Many people have had a movement of anger, a movement of willfully causing harm – it comes back to them.

Do we put it in the February Bulletin?

As you like. For the *Bulletin,* you're the judge! *(Laughing)* No, really and quite sincerely, nothing in me has an opinion anymore – nothing anywhere. Because I see that everything can be presented *(Mother turns her hand to all sides as if to show countless facets)* this way, that way, or that other way.... So

Moreover, strangely, once something has been decided, a force immediately comes to support it.... But I am not saying that, because people would take advantage of it! I am saying it for us. I entrusted the *Bulletin* to you, and I see: once its decided, the Force comes and gives its support – I'm not saying that so you become negligent! But that's how it is. It's very interesting.

It's very interesting, things become I don't know concrete. Things that were like this *(ethereal gesture),* what's called the "realm of the spirit," are becoming concrete, material.

And when there's just a movement of ill will (people who are dissatisfied with what the Divine has done for them, even about a very small matter), when they are in front of me, they don't even have to say anything: suddenly all my nerves start hurting horribly – then I know. It's happened three times already.[1] And they are people who apparently have goodwill. Yet it's enough: the presence of that force, even in just one detail, is enough for all the nerves to start hurting.

T.F. has prepared a big scenario for a film (it's remarkable). She has read me half of it (really remarkable), and she's just read a description of the vital world, of life.... Mon petit, it's certainly beyond the human consciousness: it's the consciousness of a vital being that can write that – it gave me a fever. It's gone; now it's completely gone, but it gave me a fever. And I didn't feel any discomfort, nothing: I just admired, saying to myself, "Goodness, it takes some skill to describe that" (it was unbelievably accurate, you understand, certainly beyond the human). And she herself told me, "Oh, but I gave you a fever!" And its true, I had a fever. Now it's gone, its all over.

Things are like that, you understand, they become real.

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(About a disciple)

... You are too good for him.

(Mother smiles)

For me, to every sin mercy.

But is there mercy for total egoism?

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[1] See *Agenda* X of 12 November and 24 December 1969. We may be touching here the central physical difficulty which was to become Mother's agony. It was not the "problem of the transformation," but the problem of the disciples.

Yes, oh, yes! That's just it!...

@

January 10, 1970

(Despite its minor character, we publish the beginning of this conversation, as it reveals some of the difficulties Mother had to struggle with.)

... And this is a translation: someone who was here (he's gone now) translated it. Its probably not worth much, I don't know. I don't know whom I should give it to. When you have nothing to do

> *Mother, the problem is that we can't get the translations published at the Press, things aren't moving. I have five books by Sri Aurobindo ready, and nothing is moving.*

They can't manage to do their work.

> *But then, they make promises and never manage to keep them.*

Oh, that's troublesome. When A. was here, he worked out a program with them, and he saw it was

> *It's gone. I have, fully ready at the Press,* The Bases of Yoga, Lights on Yoga*,* The Human Cycle*,* The Ideal of Human Unity*, and your* Questions and Answers *of 1958 [all in French]. I have those five volumes ready and waiting.*

Put that down on a piece of paper for me. The next time I see Z [the manager], I'll tell him.

> *But then, Mother, if you have a chance, tell him that when I ask him for something – and ask him in writing again and again – he ought to understand that it's because I feel it needs to be done and he should answer my question, shouldn't he?*

It's because they don't know what to say....

> *No, Mother, it's a very simple matter: three times I wrote to him, "Send me the proofs for the cover of* The Synthesis of Yoga*," and he didn't do it.*

I think this poor boy has no authority there. That's my impression.

> *Yes, but then, if the thing is printed with any mistakes, what am I to say? It's my responsibility!*

Yes, and it would be better to We can try to tell him In the past, I used to see him once a week, so I had a little more control. Now I only see him once a month; maybe I

should resume seeing him more often....

Maybe, yes?

As for him, he was very happy when I stopped seeing him

(Satprem opens his eyes wide)

because I was putting a pressure!

It's discouraging!...

(Mother laughs)

I can't understand why after writing someone three times, "Send me those proofs," he doesn't do it! And not only he doesn't do it, but he answers me with a lie: "It has been approved by you"! I don't hold it against him, Mother, he's very nice

(Mother laughs) but incapable! What I can do is to ask him to send me the proofs, and I'll pass them on to you! Then he'll find that he's obliged to do it!

***

I found the *Cosmic Review* [of Theon] again, it's quite amusing!... I've kept it to show you. They made some "rules and regulations" for the members of the Society, it's very funny! People must be very nice to each other!... And among the rules there is one saying that one must not recognize personal gods.

(Mother holds out the file to Satprem)

"Cosmic philosophy admits no personal god...."

Whether it admits or not, they exist anyhow!... *(laughter)* It's amusing. I don't know where to keep this, you can keep it.

I think we should keep it.

Can you keep it?

Yes, Mother, we should keep it, and one day, for the sake of history, all this might be worth publishing.

Yes, that's right: from the historical point of view, it's amusing.

We must keep it very carefully and publish it one day as a document.

Yes, that's right.

***

Soon afterwards

Then I have a letter from Paolo....

I'll see him this afternoon.

I told you that I saw the central construction of Auroville.... I have a plan. Would you like to see it?... There are three scrolls there *(Mother unrolls the plan while explaining):* There will be twelve facets. Its a circle. And, at the same distance from the center, twelve columns. At the center, on the floor, my symbol, and at the center of my symbol, there are four symbols of Sri Aurobindo, upright, forming a square. And atop the square, a translucent globe (we don't yet know what substance it will be made of). Then, from the top of the roof, when the sun shines, a ray of sunlight will fall on the globe (only there, nowhere else); when there is no sunlight, electric spotlights will shine a beam (ONE beam again, not a diffuse light) just there, on the globe.

Then, no doors, but after going deep down one comes back up into the temple; one goes under the wall and comes back up inside – it's again a symbol. Everything is symbolic.

And then, no furniture, but first a wooden floor, probably (like here), then over the wooden floor, a thick foam rubber, and over it, a carpet, like here. We have to choose the color. The whole thing will be white. I am not sure if Sri Aurobindos symbols will be white I don't think so. I didn't see them white, I saw them with an undefinable color, between gold and orange. A color of that sort. They will stand upright, carved in stone. And a globe not transparent but translucent. Then, at the bottom [of the globe], a light will be projected upward and will enter the globe diffusely. And from outside, rays of light will fall onto the center. No other lights: no windows, an electric ventilation. And no furniture, nothing. A place to try and find one's consciousness.

Outside, it will be something like this *(Mother unrolls another plan)....* We don't know if the roof will have a pointed shape or Very simple, very simple. It will hold about two hundred people. So then, Paolo's letter?

> *Very sweet Mother,*
>
> *I saw R. on Sunday, he came to my room and. we had lunch together. With love I arranged beautiful flowers for You and R. You were with us. We spoke a lot. I felt R. like a brother.*
> *I told him that Auroville cannot be born like any other city (urban, social, economic problems, all of them to be seen later). The starting point must be "something else." That is why we must start with the Center. That Center must be our lever, our fixed point, the thing we can lean on to try and leap to the other side – because it's only from the other side that we can begin to understand what Auroville should be. And that Center must be a form manifesting in Matter the content that You can transmit to us on every plane (occult included). As for us, we should only be the open and sincere means through which you can concretise that.*
> *Then I told him how I felt the need for all of us to approach all this while living the experience inwardly and unitedly – people from the East and the West – in a vast movement of love, because it is the only "concrete" possible for building "something else"....*

What he says is fine.

> *... And that Center can give us that love right now, because it's the love of You!*
> *I told him that, on the practical level, we could begin with a moment of silence, gathered together, try to make a complete blank, and in that blank, with everyone's aspiration, bring down the signs for the beginning. But all of us united and together, especially the more spiritually advanced – the Indians.*
> *R. agreed entirely. He said we should really do that.*

(Mother nods her head)

I'll see Paolo this afternoon to give him this plan. Because that's just what I saw.
We'll do it in white marble. L. said he would go and get the marble, he knows the place.

The whole structure in white marble?

Yes, yes.

But Paolo told me one tiling which I felt to be correct. He said, We'll build this Center, we'll put all our heart and aspiration into it, into this Center

Yes, yes.

And over the years, it will get more and more "charged"....

Yes.

So this Center should be definitive, we shouldn't remove this temple to build a larger one later on.

I said that to calm people who think we need something huge. I said, "We'll begin with this, and then we'll see," you understand. I said this Center should be there until the city is completely built, and afterwards we would see – afterwards we won't feel like removing it!
Because a lot of people thought of something "huge."

But Paolo says that from an architectural standpoint, it's quite possible to extend the thing from outside without touching what's already built.

Oh, yes, it's quite possible.
You see, R. asked me, "And then, what are we going to do afterwards?" I said, "Well, we'll think about it afterwards!..." – That's the trouble, they don't know they don't know that one must NOT THINK. As for me, I wasn't thinking about it at all, not at all – one day, I saw it like that, as I see you. Even now, it's still so living that I only have to look and I see it. And what I saw was the Center and the light falling on it, and then, QUITE NATURALLY, while observing, I remarked, I said, "So that's how it is." But it wasn't "thought," I didn't think, "Twelve columns and twelve facets and " I didn't think any of that: I saw.
It's like those symbols of Sri Aurobindo.... When I speak of the Center, I still see those four symbols of Sri Aurobindo joined at their angles, like this, and that color strange color I don't know where we'll be able to find that. It's an orange gold, very warm. And it's the only color in the place: all the rest is white.

Paolo said he would inquire right now in Italy, at Murano where they make large crystals, whether they can make a one-foot globe, say, in crystal.

The exact size must be on the plan, it should be written there.

They have big glassworks there.

Oh, they do marvelous things there. Isn't the size of the globe written there?

Two feet four inches.

It could be hollow. It need not be solid, so as not to be too heavy.

(silence)

He's fine, Paolo.

Yes, Mother.

That underground passageway into the room People will enter some thirty feet away from the wall, at the foot of the urn. The urn will mark the starting point of the descent. I'll have to choose the exact direction.... Then, later on, the urn might very well be INSIDE rather than outside the enclosure. So perhaps we could simply have a big wall all around, and then gardens. Between the surrounding wall and the building to be constructed, we can have gardens and the urn. And that wall will have an entrance (one or several ordinary gates), so that people will be able to move around in the garden.

Then there will be certain conditions to be met before one is allowed to descend into the underground passage and emerge into the temple.... It will have to be a bit initiatory: not quite "like that," not just anyhow.

(silence)

To R. I said, "We'll see that in twenty years!" So that kept him quiet.

But the first idea was to surround that with water, to have an island so that people would cross the water to reach the temple. It's quite possible to have an island...

(silence)

Is that all? Do you have anything else?

No, Mother.

Is your mother well?... I wanted to give her flowers. Here I have flowers for you, and also for Sujata – where is she?

Sujata?... She's here!

Here, behind my back? *(laughter)*

No, right next to you!

(To Sujata:) But we need roses for his mother.

It was to you that Baron [Pondicherry's last French governor] said he wanted to be buried in my woolen blankets! *(laughter)* Yes, it seems he was cold. S. looks after him, and she wrote me that he would wake up shivering; she asked me, "Could you send him a blanket or two?" It seems there was in the meditation hall one of those big wooden trunks full of magnificent woolen blankets! So I sent him two. I only said, "Provided he doesn't carry them away with him because he's quite capable of taking them!" *(laughter)* Then he told F. he was, oh, so happy: "I'll ask to be buried in these blankets"! *(laughter)*

@

January 14, 1970

I have a question to ask you for the Bulletin. It's about this note in which you said: "Why do men want to worship? It would be much better to become than to worship."

(Mother laughs)

Could we add to this the comment you made last time? You added, "It is out of laziness to change that people worship."

It's true. But it's harsh! *(Mother laughs)* Do you think we should?

(silence)

But then we should add: "One may not worship ONLY on condition that one changes." – Many want neither to change nor to worship!

@

January 17, 1970

What did you want to tell me?

I had a visit from Paolo and N.... There are two things. But first, there is the plan for this Center – to be precise, of the outside of the Center.

The outside, I didn't see anything. There is a sketch by L. I didn't see anything at all, I am open to all proposals. So then?

He explained something I found very beautiful and would like to submit to you.... As a matter of fact, when you spoke of that Center, you said, "I don't know whether the walls will have a slope or the roof." You seemed, to hesitate. Then Paolo said he received a kind of inspiration and saw something very simple, like a big shell with one part emerging above the ground and another part buried underground. He drew a sort of sketch which I'd like to show you.

Did he see R. also? Because R. had two ideas, he came to see me with two ideas, and I told him which of the two I liked better. But nothing is decided yet. R. has to draw a sketch of his ideas. So I'll see what Paolo says and then I'll tell you R.'s ideas.

(Satprem unrolls a plan) So you see, this is the outside, which would simply be like a shell. The inside is exactly as you saw it: that big bare carpet, and the ball at the center. What determined Paolo's inspiration is that you said one would have to go underground and then to reemerge inside. So he had the idea of going deep down through a spiral staircase here, which would climb back up, and once here, there would be a series of staircases fanning out in every direction (in the lower part of

the shell) and ending inside the temple itself. Then, the whole lower part would be in black marble while the higher part would be in simple white marble. The whole thing is like a big bud, you see, as if growing out of the earth.

Are you sure he hasn't seen R.? Because R. told me, "I want to have a big circle; the inside is exactly a semicircle, and the other semicircle would be underground." He told me almost the same words.

Because Paolo told him his own idea.

Oh, Paolo told him! Oh, that's why

It's like a bud emerging from the earth.

Yes, yes, that's the first idea R. told me, almost identically with the same words. And his second idea was a pyramid: leave the temple as we said and have a pyramid. But I also thought of a pyramid, and I told him, "I thought of a pyramid...." He said he would make the two plans and we would see. But if it agrees with Paolo's idea, it's very good.

But R.'s idea, in fact, is Paolo's idea.

Yes, that's right.

So when one reaches the top of the "stem," there are a number of staircases in every direction, so that one can emerge into the temple on any side. The center is absolutely bare, and all around is a sort of footbridge where one emerges from the depths: that's where all those staircases end. And everything bare. There will just be that big carpet bordered from corner to corner by kinds of footbridges. It will appear to be hanging. All white and smooth. Then there was the question of the twelve columns: Paolo said he felt the twelve columns were still an ancient symbol that wouldn't go very well with the shell, and instead, he suggested to have symbolically twelve supports, twelve bases of columns that would act as backrests.

Oh, but the columns serve a purpose, because atop the columns we will have spotlights to light up the Center: there will be light day and night; during the day we'll manage the opening, but once the sun is gone, we'll turn the spotlights on, and from atop the twelve columns their rays will converge onto the Center.

But Mother, if the purpose of the columns is only for the spotlights, those could also be fixed on the walls?

The columns aren't near the wall, they are here, just halfway between the Center and the wall.

Because he saw that space in the center all bare, with just the symbol at the Center and that big, smooth carpet, without, any break caused by the columns. But instead, big blocks – twelve big blocks – signaling the place of the columns and also acting as supports. Twelve big blocks about two feet high.

It makes no sense.

A symbolic sense? Because you did mention those pillars acting also as backrests for people who would want to sit.

Oh, for their backs.

So he said that each of those twelve blocks could, for instance, be in a different matter, as a symbol: twelve different materials.

As for me, I saw columns.

On the outer walls, we'll organize the general ventilation, which will be electrical (without windows), and atop the columns, there was light – I saw the columns, I can't say. I clearly saw the columns.

Well, then, I'll tell him.

As for the gallery all around, I don't know that I like it a lot.... I didn't see it: I saw the walls bare, without windows, also the columns, and then the Center. I am sure of that because I saw it, and saw it for a long time.

Does the shape of a shell suit you?

In the sense that its a perfect circle: half above, half below.... That's all right.

Only, we'll need to arrange something for the sun.

Yes, N. is familiar with the problem of lighting through prisms, because to catch a sunbeam we'll need prisms. He said he would solve the problem quite easily, he's looking into it. A few prisms will simply be put at a number of places, and they'll catch just one sunbeam.

There must be ONE beam. I SAW the beam.

That's right, with a prism, the beam will be seen. Then there will be a number of geometrical openings to follow the motion of the sun.... But inside, on the wall, the twelve facets will be reproduced.

Yes, yes.

And this [Satprem points to the circular gallery] was in principle the entrance points where one emerges from underground.

I don't know if it's good to multiply the entrance points like that.... There will be a practical problem to be solved: if there is a single entrance with a very severe watch there, it's all right, but if there are several entrance points and not enough light, there will be catastrophes.

No, no, Mother, outside there will be a single entrance, but when one reaches the base of the shell and climbs up again, there would be that multiplicity of entrance points. Outside, there is only one way down, which ends here, at the foot of this spiral staircase.

(silence)

He thought of this footbridge all around because he said the all-white carpet at the center would stand out better, as if-floating separated, instead of being stuck to the wall.

I didn't think it would be "stuck to the wall," there was always a space to circulate around

the wall.

So that's the space, with a number of footbridges on which people would emerge. And that idea of bareness was also what made him remove the columns.

What I don't like is the idea of footbridges, because the walls were straight from top to bottom, in while marble.

Oh, but the footbridges aren't high, they're about one foot above ground.

Then it's all right.

Besides, he said the carpet could come up at an angle, cover at an angle those footbridges, or rather this space for circulation around.

That's quite all right.

(silence)

All right, then. So they have to agree. But it must be half done already, since R. told me about the idea. If I had known it was Paolo's idea, I would have said yes straight away. But it will be worked out. It's all right.

So I'll tell him to work on that basis.... The only question that remains is the outside: should a void be left around the shell to make the descent of the shell clearly visible? Otherwise, if the gap is filled, it will simply look like an hemisphere placed on the ground. For the shell's descent underground to be clearly understood, he thought there should be an opening all around.

I don't know. I told you, I haven't seen anything for the outside, so I don't know.
But that will be dangerous. People might fall.

Or else, we could have a sort of moat with water all around, transparent water that would make the descent of the shell clear, for instance?

Yes. Yes, that could be fine.

There's also a question of measurement. According to the plan, you gave 24 meters [78 feet 9 inches] – 72 meters on each side of the globe. But could some more distance be kept for the outer circle? The plan has 24 meters in diameter and 15.2 meters [49 feet 10 inches] in height.

Oh?

He asks whether these proportions could vary: keep 24 meters for the base of the carpet, but with the possibility, for example, of keeping another two or three meters on each side for passages?

Where would the walls be, then?

The walls would be here [Satprem points to the outer side of the circular passage].

It's the walls that should be 24 meters apart.

He says that if those passages are to be there, 24 meters wouldn't be quite sufficient.

(silence)

The height, too, is in question.

The question was in fact that it should be a perfect circle.

If it's a perfect circle, then the height should be half the distance between the walls.

Yes.

(long silence)

What would really please me is if they could agree with each other and present me with a project of the two together. That way, it would be easy to execute.... I mean, if R. has adopted Paolo's idea, why couldn't they see together how to execute it?

Yes, that would make things simpler.

Oh, much, much simpler!

(silence)

What will happen under there?... *(Mother points to the underground part of the shell)* All that is mental. When you have a big dark underground, what's going to happen in there?... What's going to happen? – Lots of unspeakable things. Humanity isn't transformed, we shouldn't forget that! And all kinds of people will come.... Even if there is a control at the entrance, you can't stop people from going to see, and what will happen under there?... That was my first objection when R. told me, "We could build magnificent underground passages!" I asked him, "That's very fine, but who will control what will take place under there?"

I thought the descent was your idea?

My idea was a rather short descent emerging here *(Mother points to the only opening of the original plan).* A rather short descent: not a big underground passage like this.... But it's possible, it's a question of control, that's all. Only, between an underground passage with room enough for two lines of people (one going up and the other going down) and emerging here, and a huge underground passage like this one, there is a big difference! And now he wants it all black on top of it!

In black marble, yes.

Yes, so then? It means one won't see very clearly. So what will take place in there?

The underground passages aren't in the shape of narrow passageways: there is a spiral stairway, and when you reach the top of the spiral, it branches out into a series of open staircases, hanging like footbridges. It's not closed, it's all suspended.

Won't there be accidents?... Oh, there's no lack of hallucinated people who might break their heads on the ground.... You see, it's a little too mental to my taste, I mean that from a mental point of view it's very attractive, but in vision

The idea is primarily the collective construction of this underground passage as a symbol....

(long silence)

We'll see! *(Mother laughs)*

(silence)

At any rate, they should get together. Then I will see. I'd like to have the two of them together with their paper. That would be very good.

Because the one doesn't tell me it's the others idea – he presents it as his own (!), and the other doesn't tell me he spoke with the first!...

But he didn't have an opportunity to tell you.

No, but you mentioned it because I said it to you.... But I know. So, you understand, we work for "human unity," and the workers don't get along!

And I clearly see, I clearly see in each one what's like this *(twisted gesture).* It's not that I am surprised, but My logic is this: "Yes, it's very good, you are all very nice, you work for human unity – at least be united!..." Do you understand?

But I am sure that Paolo would be only too happy to get along with R.

But you surely understand that if R. has adopted Paolo's idea, it means he admires Paolo's intelligence, otherwise he wouldn't have. So why one side like this and the other side ? We don't want any more of those petty things.

But when Paolo showed me this plan, I felt something very beautiful. I'll tell you what I felt: I felt I was witnessing the birth of Auroville.

No, that's not true.

The material birth, I mean.

Yes, yes, I understand, but that's not true.

(Mother goes into a long concentration)

We'll let the dust settle. Because, you understand, to accept those changes I must be sure that the origin of the inspiration is of the same quality as mine.... For the execution, I know very well that we need people who know the job and do the work, but for the inspiration, I must be sure that the origin of the inspiration is AT LEAST as high as mine.... And I am not sure, because I saw so clearly. With Paolo's ideas, I saw the mixture straight away. His ideas are all mental ideas, I can assure you because for me that's very easy to see. Well, all of them bring along the same MIXTURE as with anything that's done in the world. And so what's the use of doing that over and over and over again?...

Something bothers me. Entering underground is very good, but that huge underground?... *(Mother pulls a face)*

(silence)

We'll see. Let it settle down, and we'll see.

And for the upper part, do we keep this idea of a shell, or should it be studied further?

Shell The idea was a sphere. Why a shell?

A "shell," anyhow a round, spherical shape.

An eggshell is oblong, not spherical. The egg is really somewhat like a spinning top; so the upper part would be broader and the lower part narrower, with only the staircases.... That's quite possible.

Give me a piece of paper *(Mother draws an egg while explaining).* So here, all the way down, there would only be the staircases.

Like this, yes.

His idea was to reproduce Brahman's egg – you know, the primeval egg – so that the temple would represent the primeval egg.

But then how is it. Brahman's egg?!

I don't know.... Like an egg, I suppose!

An egg always has its base narrower than the top. So if we conceive of an egg like this *(Mother draws)* and the base to be the staircase, a spiral staircase climbing up to the temple For instance, seven stairways.

Seven instead of twelve.

And here *(Mother draws a horizontal line across the "egg"),* its 24 meters, and only 15.5 meters high. So this way it's correct.

24 meters for the entire width or for the carpet?

No, the walls must be straight, they cannot be curved. I saw them straight.

Straight, and higher up, rounded.

From what I had seen, the columns were higher than the walls, and that's why the roof was sloping. And it was on top of the columns that the electric lighting was placed.

And the widest point of the egg would be here *(Mother draws a line at the level of the carpet).*

At ground level.

Yes.

And you spoke of seven openings?

Seven stairways.

And then, an underground passageway leading to the base of the egg, from where the seven stairways begin. That's possible.

In other words, the inner walls of the temple should be straight.

That is, for the outside, to the eye the shape can be rounded, but inside, the wall has to be straight.

A straight wall, and over it a dome.

Yes, a dome over the straight wall. But the dome can be the egg's dome, and I thought that the point at which the dome meets the walls would be over the columns.

Twelve columns.

And here, for the outside, they can prolong the wall in a rounded shape, like this *(Mother*

draws).

There would even be the possibility of having a space between the outermost and the innermost walls. Keeping a space here. It's to be decided.

You mean, in addition to the 24 meters?

Yes, that's settled: the 24 meters end at the walls.

And the openings for the seven stairways?

I'd rather have them outside the wall.

Yes, it would be better because that would leave more space for the Center.

Oh, yes, and the inside would be much clearer. The sight of all those staircases didn't appeal to me. Even one I didn't like, but seven While outside, it's fine.

So, a passage outside.

The passage outside.

Yes, as in India when you go around the temple.

Yes. So that's all right.

And the seven stairways start directly from the base of the shell without that "stem" coming up from the bottom?

That's up to them. Below, its the same to me. Whether they want a stairway like this or a stairway As long as it's not too steep.

(silence)

(To understand which Auroville – and above all which Aurovilians – Mother is referring to here, it must be said that almost all the first newcomers, with a few remarkable exceptions, made up a rather heterogeneous group seeking holidays of sorts on an exotic Riviera and dragging behind themselves a number of unsatisfactory habits. That is what Auroville's enemies later based themselves on to spread all kinds of mischief. It took a few years for the situation to settle and change completely, and for most of the undesirable elements to go away on their own, while fresh newcomers brought a truer aspiration.)

What else do you have?

There is the second part of the problem.

Oh, what is it?

N. and Paolo realized that if Auroville or the construction of this Center is left to Auroville's people as separate from the Ashram, it will never work: the true force will never be there, those who are there aren't receptive enough to do the work. If there is that break between the Ashram and Auroville, it will never work, it will be one more "construction" but not something new. According to them, the only hope is for that Center to be built not by Aurovilians but by all the Ashram people,

without distinction between Aurovilians and non-Aurovilians; for the whole force to be united in the construction of this Center, rather than abandon the Aurovilians to an outer break. Just as the disciples built "Golconde" [a guest-house at the Ashram], in the same way all the disciples should build Auroville's Center, without outside manpower.

At Golconde there was outside manpower.

Anyhow with as little as possible of the outside element, so it may be a work of consecration. Otherwise, they told me (N. especially), Auroville's people are all full of arrogance and incomprehension, they see the outside of things. The force of the people here should be mixed into it. If the Ashram people do not mix with them, do not breathe the force into it, it will never work.... Right now, Paolo told me, Auroville as it appears from outside looks like a necropolis.

(Mother laughs)

It is the "living" fruit of egoism. The only saving thing would be for the Ashram people to come in and do the work, and for the others to be absorbed in that, otherwise

(after a long silence)

But at the Ashram, we have three centers doing building work: there is P. who looks after the maintenance of houses, A.S., and L. A. S. isn't equipped for that, and moreover he is too busy, because he doesn't have just building, he has all the cars and all those lands; now I consider he is fully occupied and he does his work well, so if we tried to give him too much, he couldn't do it well anymore. As for L., he is very interested and even said he would take care of bringing the white marble; he would himself go and choose it. He is very interested and if I told him to do it But that wouldn't be better.

But that's not what he meant, he didn't mean at all a problem of construction: he meant the problem of having the disciples work with the Aurovilians.... N., as an engineer, would look after the construction with the money collected, but the whole manpower would have to be provided by all the Ashram people mingling with the Aurovilians. That's the idea.

That's not possible. All the Ashram people young enough to work are working, they all have their occupation.

He saw a sort of rotation, each giving, for example, an hour a day, or a day a week. Because otherwise

They'd be only too happy! For them it would be an extraordinary amusement! I have more difficulty preventing them from dissipating their energies than I would have trying to get them to do some work! For them it would be an amusement.

Because he says that if there isn't the inner force of the Ashram people mingling with the Aurovilians, the Aurovilians will remain what they are. There is a break between Auroville and the Ashram.

As for me, I don't find it sufficient.

The break?

Yes.

Well, then !

I don't find it sufficient. It's not at all on the same level. The people here

(silence)

You just have to imagine I were gone.

Bah-bah!

Just imagine that and you'll see, you'll soon see what will happen.

Well, it's the only hope.

If they come and tell me, "YOU have to take the responsibility," ah, then I would say, "They are quite right." That's quite different. They have been beside the point. It's not that.

But, Mother, I think that's what they mean, isn't it? (Mother laughs)

They don't think clearly! It's a muddled thought.

When they say that all the disciples here should take part in Auroville s construction, as was done for Golconde, they mean that you are the one who gives the disciples the impulse to come and participate in the work. That was the idea. But you say there should be a separation on the contrary – no mixture.

(Laughing) If you knew things as they are!... Auroville people bring drugs here, they bring all kinds of things.

Yes, yes, I know – I know, Mother. That's why he says the only hope is

Is for them to go and catch all those things there!

He says, "Otherwise, there is no hope."

Oh no, he doesn't know! It's all in the mentality, all in the mind. They don't know. WHO knows? It's only when one sees. There isn't one who sees.

It's all thoughts and thoughts and thoughts – you can't build with thoughts.

Can the elements in Auroville do the work?

I am working and working *(gesture of kneading)* to gather the energies that can do the work. And there has to be some sifting there.

Yes.

(silence)

But you understand, they speak of physical work, and for physical work there are only the young ones at the School – all the ashramites have become old, mon petit! They are all old. There are only the young ones at the School, and those are not here to become ashramites, they're here to be educated – it's for them to choose.... Many of them, many want to go to Auroville. So that would mean the Ashram's education going to Auroville –

there are many of them. But give me names: who can go and work with his hands?

But, Mother, the only possibility is for you to SAY; and then, tomorrow I'll go and spend two hours in Auroville picking up baskets [of rubble]!

(Mother laughs) Mon petit, you're one of the youngest!... Can you picture me telling Nolini, "Go and work"!

Oh, but that would pull all the others along.... Anyway, that's N.'s and Paolo's idea.

(Mother laughs) Poor Nolini!

(long silence)

If you knew how many letters I receive from so-called Aurovilians, saying, "Oh, I want to be in peace at last, I want to come to the Ashram, I no longer want to be an Aurovilian." So there. It's just the opposite: "I want to be in peace."[1] There you are.

(silence)

As for me, you know, I don't believe in external decisions. Simply, I believe in only one thing: the force of Consciousness exerting a PRESSURE like this *(crushing gesture).* And the Pressure keeps increasing.... Which means it's going to sift people.

Otherwise, there would be no solution, because, you see, in the past (just some ten years ago) I used to go about and see things.... But that's over. It wasn't a decision I made, I didn't at all think it was over, it's not that at all: it was something that COMPELLED me. You understand? So I said all right. It's not incapacity: this body is extremely docile, it does everything it's asked to do; if it were asked to go out, it would manage to go out. It's extremely docile. But that's how it is, there is a Command: NO. And I know why....

So, you know, I only believe in this: the pressure of the Consciousness. All the rest is all the things people do; they do them well or not so well, it all lives and dies and changes and gets distorted and – all the things they've done. It's not worth it. The power of execution has to come from above, like this, imperative *(gesture of descent).* And for that, this *(Mother points to her forehead)* has to keep still. It shouldn't say, "Oh, we don't want this, oh, we want that, oh, we must do this " – Peace, peace, peace, He knows better than you what needs to be done. There.

And as not many can understand, I don't say anything: I look and wait.

I LOOK.... For instance, I am given a piece of paper as you just did when you gave me that drawing, I look like that, and I very clearly see the part in the paper that's the result from above, the part that has got mixed, the part... Like that. But you don't go and say all that! – Moreover they wouldn't believe me.

(silence)

I understand very well – very well – why Sri Aurobindo didn't say "superman," why he said "supramental." He didn't say "superman" because he didn't want it to be "an improved man," that's not it. He said supramental because He said, leave all this.

Supramental – SUPRA, you understand?

These last few days, I saw the photos of those who went to the moon.... Have you seen

[1] As a matter of fact, most of those lazy elements came back from Auroville to join those at the Ashram.

them? Did you see how decked out they were?

Yes, I saw.

Ah so they've become machines.

That's right – robots.

Yes, and then *(laughing),* the Russians said, Why not send robots, it's not worth sending men!... That's the point.

(silence)

You see, N. has spent his time speaking ill of R. as much as he could, saying all his plans are bad and his work couldn't succeed. R. has spent his time saying, "N. has ruined all my work!" And another says, "This fellow " and this fellow says, "That fellow " and they are all like that! So I see in a definite way that IF the work is to be done, FIRST they have to overcome all this mean, petty humanity. They "see," they have "ideas" (they have lots of ideas), they have ideas and they see; others see other things and have other ideas, and then, "Oh, that's worthless, my idea is the right one...." They're all like that! And my whole action is like this: a PRESSURE on them to make them abdicate their little person. Until it abdicates, the work CANNOT be done.

As a matter of fact, they seek all kinds of reasons so as not to see the true one.

We need phew, a little air!

The body – this body – is undergoing a discipline, you know, oh, terrible.... But it doesn't complain, it's happy, it asks for it. And it sees how we are full of VERY SMALL THINGS that are ceaselessly hindering the action of the Force. Well, the first thing is to get rid of all that. We must be like this *(gesture of surrender, open)* and receive the Force. Then all inspirations will come, and not only inspirations but the MEANS of execution, and the TRUE THING. Otherwise

And since not all of them are quite ready, I do what the Consciousness does: I apply the Pressure and say nothing – I wait *(Mother laughs).*

(silence)

If you knew all that takes place, you'd find it very funny.... The whole side of agriculture, same thing; the whole side of education, same thing; everywhere the same thing.... The international side, same thing: everywhere, everywhere, Man *(Mother inflates her cheeks),* Man puffing himself up....

FIRST they must understand: abdicate. Then we will see.

Do I convey your message to them?

Oh, no, mon petit! Poor things, they will be terrified!

Do you think so? It would do them good.

Oh, no, no, they'll be in a tizzy. The Pressure is the best thing. Because they don't understand what you think, they don't understand what you say: they understand what they have inside their heads. They change the meaning of the words.... Like what happened with A.R.,[1] remember how he took it as a personal attack.

[1] A. R.: a healer, thirteenth child in a family of peasants, who came to see Mother in 1969, and who was badly shaken by Satprem.

Yes, that's true! That's true, I noticed it: they take it as a personal attack.

Exactly. But everywhere that's the difficulty: the person first. So that spoils everything.

You speak the truth objectively as you see it, and it's as if you were attacking them!

Attacking them, yes. So we must wait and wait till they are ripe – a lot of time is wasted, you understand. It's better not to say anything: apply the Pressure. Oh, I am pitiless! *(Mother laughs a lot)*

So what do I do in the middle of all these people?

You can tell them that... In fact, R. spoke to me (it was the same thing with other words) and I didn't say either yes or no, I was waiting because I wanted to know how others saw the thing. So now I have seen, I see that they agree. If they can agree, the work will go faster! So there. Objections of detail don't matter because you start with one idea and end with another – you progress a lot in between. So it doesn't need discussion, it's only Only, try to put your energies together so as to start sooner, that's all! *(Mother laughs)*

What's the time?

Oh, it's very late, Mother, half past eleven.

Oh!...

@

January 21, 1970

(Mother listens to the English translation of the conversation of 13 December 1969, in which she spoke of a cure "without repression": "What causes the repression is the idea of good and evil.... The infirmity of our consciousness is what creates this division." Mother added that one has to "learn to disappear." Satprem had proposed the publication of a few extracts in the "Notes on the Way.")

Is it the end?

(To Nolini, in English:) You think it's all right? It won't create a great confusion?... I am not sure.

They're going to feel quite lost.

(silence)

(Satprem:) You go to the heart of the problem – to the heart of all problems.

Yes, but *(Mother laughs)*

People have a thousand and one difficulties, but there is only ONE difficulty; there are a thousand and one facets but there's only ONE problem. It's clearly put here.

They're going to be terrified!

(silence)

What should be said is that in this Consciousness where the two contraries, the two opposites are united, the nature of both changes. They don't remain as they are. It's not that they unite and remain the same: the nature of both changes. And that's quite important. Their nature, their action, their vibration are completely different the minute they unite. It's separation that made them what they are.

Separation must be done away with, then their very nature changes: it's no longer "good" and "evil" but something else, which is complete. It's complete.

(silence)

It's on the borderline all that is on the borderline.... When will THE Thing come?... I don't know.

@

January 28, 1970

(Satprem first reads out to Mother his preface to the second edition of Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness*. We publish it here to give the temperature of the times.)*

> *"The age of adventures is over. Even if we go to the seventh galaxy, we will go there helmeted and mechanised, and we will find ourselves exactly as we are: children in the face of death, living beings who are not too sure how they live or why, nor where they are going. On the earth, as we know, the times of Cortez and Pizarro are gone: a single Machine hems us in, the trap is closing. But, as always, it turns out that our darkest adversities are our best opportunities, and the obscure transition is only a transition leading to a greater light. That is why we are pushed to the wall and faced with the last exploration left to us, the ultimate adventure: ourselves.*
>
> *"The signs abound, they are simple and obvious. The most important event of the sixties is not the trip to the moon, but the 'trips' on drugs, the great hippie migration, and the student unrest throughout the world – but where will they go? There is no more room on the teeming beaches, no more room on the bustling roads, no more room in the ever-growing anthills of our cities. The way out is elsewhere.*
>
> *"But there are many kinds of 'elsewheres.' Those of drugs are uncertain and fraught with danger, and above all dependent on outer means – an experience ought to be obtainable at will and anywhere, in the marketplace as in the solitude of our room, or else it is not an experience but an anomaly or slavery. Those of psychoanalysis are limited, for the moment, to a few dimly lit caves, and above all*

lack that lever of consciousness which enables us to move about at will, as our own masters and not as helpless witnesses or sickly victims. Those of religion are more illumined, but they too depend on a god or a dogma, and above all confine us within one type of experience, for one can be a prisoner of other worlds as much as of this one – even more so....

Yes, yes.

"... In the end, the value of an experience is measured by its power to transform life; otherwise, we are before an empty dream or a hallucination.
"Sri Aurobindo leads us to a twofold discovery which we urgently need if we want not only to find a way out of our suffocating chaos, but also to transform our world. By following him step by step in his prodigious exploration – his technique of inner spaces, if we may say so – we are led to the most important discovery of all times, to the threshold of the Great Secret which is to change the face of this world, namely, that consciousness is power. Hypnotized as we are by the present 'inescapable' scientific conditions in which we were born, we seem to find hope only in an ever more enormous proliferation of machines, which will see better than we do, hear better than we do, calculate better than we do, heal better than we do – and finally perhaps live better than we do....

(Mother laughs)

"... We need to know that we can do better than they, and that this huge Machine which is stifling us can collapse as quickly as it came into being, if only we are willing to seize the lever of the true power and descend into our own hearts as methodical, rigorous and clearheaded explorers.
"Then we may discover that our splendid twentieth century was still the Stone Age of psychology, that with all our science we had not yet entered the true science of living, the mastery of the world and of ourselves, and that there open up before us horizons of perfection and harmony and beauty compared to which our superb discoveries are like the roughcasts of an apprentice."

It's very good, very good it's magnificent. That really has a dynamic force.

***

Soon afterwards

Not last night but the night before, for the first time I saw – it was the first time – Sri Aurobindo drive the car. He was driving the car, I was there right behind him, and then the whole world seemed to be there. But between me and Sri Aurobindo, that is to say, between the world and Sri Aurobindo, there was what looked like one of those screens at the front [a windshield], but it was a mat so that one couldn't see through. I myself could see, but the others couldn't, and I saw Sri Aurobindo at the wheel, and he was the one who was driving. He was ageless, with an extraordinary power, and a MASTERY in the driving, extraordinary! And it was as if he were beginning to drive the world.

I said to myself, "How come ?" It's the first time. I see him almost every night, but always busy, going here and there, doing this or staying still or seeing people, or apparently doing nothing. But here, he was driving the car – it was the car of the world – and there was

a screen so people wouldn't see it was him.... The whole, entire world was at the back, and people didn't know, but it was driven with extraordinary sureness and speed.

When I woke up, I had the impression that something had really changed.

It's obviously the coming of the centenary [in 1972].... Still, there was a screen, but he was the one who was driving.

Now I understand my vision.

It was that force, that power in him it was tremendous.

(silence)

It was a rather peculiar night.... An old friend of Amrita's died in the night: Ganeshan. I didn't know. And it was

How can I really explain?... The body, the body consciousness was the consciousness of a dying body, and at the same time with the perfect knowledge that it wasn't dying. But it was the consciousness of a dying body, with all the anguish, all the suffering, all those things, but there was the knowledge that it wasn't this *(Mother points to her own body)* that was dying. And it lasted a long time: it lasted all night – he died very early this morning. Afterwards, I knew (only a few hours afterwards, when I was told that he had left), then I understood.... That man was very ardent in his devotion and he had long known that he was going to die; his sons had proposed to take him away for treatment – he said, "No, I want to die at the Ashram, I don't want to leave the atmosphere...." And I understand why, because you see, the consciousness was there helping him all along, he instantly had the reaction this body [Mother's] would have, you understand? Which means he died in particularly favorable conditions. My body was like this *(gesture of surrender)* and saying, "All right. Lord, it's as You will, I am quite ready." At the same time, it perfectly had the knowledge: "But you aren't dying!..." Like that.

But that's how it was, it said, "Very well, if You have decided. You have decided...." And it knew. I can't say it spent a good night, no![1] But the consciousness was very, very, very conscious, oh!...

So then, when it [the body] was told in the morning that that man had left *(laughing),* it laughed, it said, "Oh, so that's what it was!..."

But it was interesting. And it's after this (I forget at what time, but probably when it felt it was over or was going to be over – at any rate the intensity of the "operation" was past) that I immediately had that vision: the body entered its usual rest, and the next thing, I was in that car – that world car driven by Sri Aurobindo... And so, so TRULY clear, living, real – extraordinary!

(meditation)

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[1] That night. Mother vomited several times.

January 31, 1970

Someone wrote to me from France that he had tried everything, that everything had failed, that he is quite desperate and So I answered this:

> It is when all appears to be lost that all can be saved.
>
> When one has lost trust in one's personal power, one must have faith in the Divine Grace.

It's useful for many.

It has been said I don't know how many times, but it always seems necessary to repeat it.

(silence)

So the old system of personal property is collapsing in the world. Only, as usual, it collapses in a disgusting manner.... Here, they've set up a spying system all over the country, a repugnant espionage, for people who send money from one place to another so as to make more money. Me, I don't care, because I don't do anything, but I know that some people here do it. And I wouldn't want us to get into trouble.

S. was denounced because she has money (I don't know what precisely, I don't even understand this business), anyhow that money went to a friend in America, who sent it to her so she could have it. Then some people came to ask her for explanations. But everything look place quite decently.... Anyway, I mean that even the Ashram is under suspicion.

So if someone ever confides something in you, tell him to be careful.

The people who came to see S. told her they were from the [All India] Radio, can you imagine! (Despicable little fibs of the sort, full of lies.) They came and told her they were from the Radio; naturally, she received them, answered them, and then they asked some questions: "Did you receive money? From whom? How? " So of course, she answered the truth. Then she wrote to me. I gave her letter over to C. and told him, "What on earth is all this about?" He said that a few people here have been troubled like that.... And they have a spying system everywhere so as to catch people who do that.

I just can't understand it, besides. What harm there can be in receiving money from here rather than from there, I don't know! What can be wrong in that I just don't understand.

But in India's constitution there was an article stating that personal property could in no way be taken away, in other words affirming the right to personal property. Now they'll remove it, they will say that "in certain cases" it can be taken away. So you understand

It's obvious, I know it: it's past, it will go – personal property is the past. Only You see, the Russians said it was the State that replaced the person, and then *(laughing)* what happened with the State? – It's the State that has grown rich at the expense of everybody else. Now they are back-pedaling. But the other countries, without having the common sense of benefiting from the experience, want to follow the same blunder....

But no one has yet dared to say: money is a force and belongs to nobody, but it must be used by the most disinterested and clearsighted person (or persons) in the country.

> *We haven't come to that point yet.*

Far from it! It will lake a few hundred years – maybe not so much.

(silence)

It's very simple, they dare not tell you, "You have no money anymore, it's not yours," but they prevent you from spending it as you wish, where you wish – you no longer have that right. You no longer have the right to use it as you like; it's not taken away from you, but you can't use it. So what use is it?

(silence)

But there is an EXTRAORDINARY satisfaction, really a tremendous satisfaction in being able to say, "Me, I have nothing – nothing." *(Mother laughs)....* Once someone (Sri Aurobindo was still here) complained about the "luxury" I lived in, and Sri Aurobindo replied: "The Mother does not regard the dresses she wears to be her personal property, but they are lent to her so we may have a pleasant-looking Mother (!) and if she were to leave her post, she would leave her dresses too!" *(Mother laughs a lot)*

Life is fun, let me assure you!

(long silence)

Do you have news of your book?[1]

No, Mother.

That person who was supposed to look after it hasn't sent any news?

No, no news. I don't quite know what attitude I should have with regard to this book. Not that I worry, but I think about it. I wonder whether it's guided?

You know, mon petit, MORE AND MORE and in an ABSOLUTE way, I SEE – I see, I feel that EVERYTHING is decided.

Everything is decided.

And each thing has a raison d'être – which eludes us because our vision isn't wide enough.

You understand, if it were otherwise, life, existence, anyway the world, would have no meaning.

Yes.

It's it's a sort of absolute conviction. And I SEE it, you know, it's something I see. How could I put it?... That conviction, I am now paying for it! The body, in its transfer of authority (what I call the transfer) goes through difficult moments, really difficult, and then, seen with the ordinary vision, it would make no sense because difficulties appear to increase with what we might call the "conversion," but to the true vision (when you are IN the true vision) it's what is left of Falsehood that is the cause of all unpleasantness (what's still mixed). Even quite materially (morally, it's been conquered for a long time: with the disappearance of desire, ALL torments disappear and are replaced by a perpetual smile, absolutely sincere – not willed, but effortless, natural and spontaneous), but what I mean is PHYSICALLY, materially: discomforts and difficulties and all that. It's the same thing. It's the same thing, but one is less ready, you understand; matter is slower to be transformed, so there is more resistance.

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[1] *By the Body of the Earth or the Sannyasin,* which has been waiting in Paris for a year. Curiously, the day before, Satprem wrote a line to Mother to ask her, "Is the fate of *The Sannyasin* guided by Sri Aurobindo ?..." But he did not send his letter to Mother and simply took it with him in his file, without saying a word about it.

The only solution, every minute and in every case, is *(gesture of surrender):* "What You will." In other words, the abolition of preference and desire. Even the preference not to suffer.

> *But what's hard to understand is that this Consciousness I can understand that it guides everything in the immensity and eternity, but does it guide everything down to the smallest detail? That's the*

In the microscopic.

> *In the microscopic.*

That's just what I was seeing, I understand why. This morning the problem was there: the individual consciousness, even very vast, cannot realize, that is to say, cannot concretely understand the possibility of being conscious of everything at the same time. Because that's not the way it is. So it finds it difficult to understand that THE Consciousness is conscious of EVERYTHING at the same time: in the whole, in the totality as well as in the smallest detail. That

> *Yes, it's difficult.... But it's comforting!*

Ah, that makes you very peaceful, very peaceful.... The other day I told you that the body had had the experience of dying without dying, and it was useful in that the body said, "Well... it's all right."

Accept without... (what's the word?) without effort – ADHERE. Then it's over. The entire old illusion of disappearing with the body's dissolution, it's a long time since it went away, of course, and now the body itself is quite convinced that even if it were scattered like that [in "death"], that would widen its field of consciousness.... I don't even know how to explain because for the consciousness, this sense of the personal and the need of the personal has vanished.

I clearly see, the body clearly realizes that it's only its own resistance – its resistance to the Truth – that makes it possible for it to suffer. Wherever there is complete adherence, suffering disappears instantly.

(silence)

But it's the same thing for countries and nations: it's the same change of authority. Instead of personal authorities, there will be a divine authority, and the same change of authority causes the unspeakable chaos we live in – because of the resistance.

(long silence)

The nearer a part of the being (any part) draws to the moment of the transition, that is, the more ready it is for that transition, the more sensitive it becomes. And then, when you reach the point where you can go beyond the stage of problems and see with the universal vision, problems take on, to the personal sensitiveness, a most intense acuteness. I had noticed it before, and now it's recurring for the body. It's acquiring a terrifying sensitiveness, you understand. People who don't know why things are like that really get terrified.... The possibility of discomfort, of It's the same thing with problems. Only, for those who KNOW and who have understood, it's the opportunity of making the last progress, of doing this *(Mother opens her hands upward).*

Basically, what still has the illusion of being something separate must dissolve. It must say to itself, "Its not my business, I don't exist." That's the best attitude it can take. Then it goes into the great Universal Rhythm.

(meditation)

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February 4, 1970

(Mother looks tired.)

Do you have something to say?... Neither do I.... I have nothing at all.

Are you tired?

Not that. Its difficult.

(Mother goes into a long meditation which lasts the whole time)

More and more, the sense of the uselessness of all one says, especially that.
All words are an approximation – an approximation.

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February 7, 1970

(We will never know how or why, but a perceptible change in Mother's condition can almost be dated from that day.)

Someone has given me a fantastic cold, I cough and cough and cough. The whole day yesterday, I was unwell.

I feel as if we are going through a storm.

Oh!... Oh, it's worse than a storm.

(silence)

Ill wills, denunciations, the government is alarmed. I have been told to beware of someone you know a marquis.

Oh, yes, I know.

Do you?

Yes, they've been pursuing this man. For ten years, they prevented him from entering India. He is blacklisted, suspected of

Spying?

No, no, smuggling.

Oh, all right. I find spying disgusting, but I don't care about smuggling!

But the best part is that there's no smuggling! The thing is that ten years ago, he bought from the Nizam of Hyderabad a magnificent palace which was used by the Begum, a very beautiful palace. It aroused jealousies and they harassed him out of it, anyway a loathsome affair. So they heaped all kinds of accusations on him, and for ten years they prevented him from returning to India.

Oh!... They told me to beware, as if they were doing me a "great favor"!

What a nerve!

I answered, "I saw this man, I found him fine!" *(Mother laughs)*

I know him very well, they've suffered a lot, especially his Indian wife, whom for ten years they prevented from returning to India.

They're stupid.

So they've been blacklisted and they can't extricate themselves from this affair. Wherever they go, they are followed, spied upon, undressed and searched at airports – it's infernal.

I'm glad I told you about it, because one thing I don't like is spying, I don't care about the rest. And that's precisely what you can't find out, because even while denouncing they take great care not to say anything. I simply answered, "I saw this man, he is very fine."

But he's a true marquis, a knight.

He is a gentleman.

What I'd like is for him to be freed from this thing weighing down on him.

But governments are the slaves of their red tape.

(silence)

This morning I was much better, and then it fell back on me *(gesture like a truckload being dumped)....* It will pass.

Yes, one does feel a tension, the atmosphere is a little difficult.

There is a rage somewhere.

Yes.

Exactly like something raging.

The trouble is all those people who bring me this.... I'll manage to put things more or less back in order, and then brrf! they'll dump another truckload on me, and it all comes back.

(silence)

Materially, the people of the [French] Consulate are set against us, and they've succeeded in getting into the Ashram an old lady who does "charitable works" and wants to take S. away to keep her company I told S., "If you can convert her, go and come back with her" (she was to come back in six months), "come back in six months after converting her...." Very rich, a very rich lady who's wasting all her money in "charitable works." It seems they have kinds of homes where they distribute clothes and food, while putting on airs – horrible, horrible.

Yes, charity is a horrible thing.

Oh, for me it's a horrible thing. It's a way of puffing oneself up. So I told S., "If you can convert her " She is very rich *(laughing),* it would be quite useful!

But you said that the Consulate is against us?

Yes, she is a friend of the Consulate.

I think the Consul's wife never forgave me for what I told her.

Oh, but they're ACTIVELY against us.... They've accused us of hospitalizing or anyway receiving those hooligans who came recently, who take drugs and all that – there's a whole band of them putting up at *Parc a Charbon,*[1] and they say we had them come.

But, Mother, I find those "hooligans" much better than all those consuls!

(Mother laughs)

At least, something there has become emancipated (in a certain way).

Yes, but not all are really fine.

Of course, there's a bit of everything. But there's nothing worse than people shut up in their righteous certainty.

Oh!...

(silence)

But it has touched from here to here *(Mother points the top of the chest, throat and nose):* all that's in relationship with people. It was as if full of knots, there were difficulties; so the time has come when it had to be clarified. That was quite all right, I felt the Work, but then it has been made worse with all kinds of things which didn't exactly "fall" on me, but which were brought to me. It has become a bit difficult.

It was from here to here *(same gesture),* what's in relationship with the world. It was still here this morning.

So it began with the nose, the throat, and then it came here *(chest),* coughing and coughing and coughing....

Anyway, I am happy with your marquis. That business was getting on my nerves.

(silence)

[1] One of the Ashram's guesthouses.

It's the same thing: now they are hypnotized with this business of "exchange." It comes from the collective imbecility which has accepted all those rules of exchange – it should never have been subjected to rules, because, naturally, the minute there is a rule, it's meant to be broken. And then, everyone does it on the sly, oh!... I got a letter from a man (I didn't get it directly, it came through someone), a man who offered, if I gave him the dollars I receive (I receive a good deal of them – not a huge lot, but still, regularly enough), if I gave him the dollars, he offered to give me eleven rupees a dollar, sometimes twelve.... I didn't answer. But then, they're all there, watching whether there's anything to It's disgusting.

The man said, "I don't do it for everyone, I give the regular ten for one, but FOR YOU I'll do it" (!) You know, it didn't have a pleasant smell. I said, "Yes, so people can say, 'The Mother does it' – thank you very much!"

Basically, its the pleasure of cheating more than anything else – one or two rupees more, what does it matter? It's nothing. You EXCITE people – when you tell them it's "prohibited," they're instantly eager to do it.

Oh, please *(pointing to the tape recorder),* you must erase that because it's dangerous!

(silence)

Still, I felt there was something.... What?... Ah, the *Aphorisms....* Have you read yesterday's?

On the anarchic state?

Yes! It's fine, isn't it?

(Satprem reads)

> 320 – The anarchic is the true divine state of man in the end as in the beginning; but in between it would lead us straight to the devil and his kingdom.

And what do I answer to the previous aphorism?

Ah, yes....

> 319 – Governments, societies, kings, police, judges, institutions, churches

Yes, he put everything into it: religions and police together!

Yes, it goes together!

I was delighted.

> ... laws, customs, armies are temporary necessities imposed on us for a few groups of centuries because God has concealed His face from us. When it appears to us again in its truth and beauty, then in that light they will vanish.

And what did I answer?

You said:

> "The anarchic state is the government of everyone by himself. "And it will be the perfect government when everyone is conscious of the inner Divine and obeys Him and Him alone."

I'll write, then a sequel will come, but I don't have the time to note it down.

Someone from Auroville wrote to me that he thought he had come here to obey no one but himself (or words to that effect), but he noticed there are rules and laws. And he said, "I am not going to do any of this; I am a free man and refuse to do this." This was reported to me, naturally,[1] so I wrote to him (I don't remember): "One is free only when one is conscious of the Divine and conscious that it is the Divine who makes decisions in everyone, otherwise one is the slave of one's desires, one's habits, of all conventions...." I sent him that, and he kept quiet.

That's what I wanted to add here [to this aphorism]. We should say: One is free only when it is the Divine who makes decisions in each of us, otherwise men are the slaves of their desires, their habits, of all conventions, all laws, all rules.... And the more they think themselves free, the more bound they are!

(silence)

What do you have to say?

Have you been told that recently in France, some six or seven students have set themselves on fire?

What?!

Yes.

Set themselves

... on fire, and they died.

How horrible!

Seventeen- or eighteen-year-old boys.

Oh!...

Students.

It's the latest fad – here also they wanted to do the same thing.... What's that?

A protest against this suffocating society.

How horrible.... In France?

In France.

(silence)

Do we know what was in their minds?... Because I said this to myself: if what I know, for instance, the fact that death really does not exist, that it's a very small difference (people think it's a huge difference – it's a very small difference), but if people were to know that too soon, A LOT OF THEM would go away....

So I'd really like to know what was in the minds of those boys who went away? Whether

[1] One of the most irritating practices in that Ashram was the compulsive habit almost everyone (at least among those who had access to Mother) had to "report" to Mother, as in a boarding school. As if they had nothing better to do. And Mother would "absorb."

they knew, whether they were boys with a spiritual life or ? Because, of course, the first stage once one knows that... if one knew that death really isn't such a total difference as people think, if they knew what it really is without having the inner realization of self-giving, all those who felt hurt would say, "I'm going! "

All at once I understood that, and I said to myself it's an infinite Wisdom again, an infinite Grace that man does not know – does not know what death is, he thinks it's the end.

That would be interesting to know.

As far as we've been told, the students who have reacted are from a very average milieu. One of them said it was in protest against the slaughter in Biafra....

Where?

In Africa. One entire African tribe (the Ibos) has been half annihilated with the complicity of the English, the Russians, these and those others and so on.

Why?

Because they wanted to secede.

That's incredible!... No, I am not aware of what's going on.

Those territories used to belong to the British, they were unified under the thumb of the British, and when the British left one whole tribe wanted to secede and the other side tried to prevent secession with weapons from Britain, weapons from Russia, weapons So little by little they have been crushed. The only country which did protest is France.

Ah!

Anyway, there's a whole political affair which isn't very pretty. But in the mind of one of those students, it was to "atone for the slaughter in Biafra."

Oh!...

In fact, it is a protest against this society this false society without future.

Yes, what's going on on the earth is really ugly.

Yes, it's ugly.

(silence)

A few days ago, I had the visit of a woman from Vietnam (I think she is from Vietnam), whom I had already seen many years ago. So she came back and saw me. She sat down in front of me (a small woman, short and plump, very sweet), and she said, "I have come because we have been at war for twenty-five years...." And there was such sorrow in her atmosphere, it was oh, so pitiful! "For TWENTY-FIVE YEARS we have been at war," she told me, "so I have come: can we hope for peace?..." And I felt *(Mother closes her eyes).*

(silence)

That's it: they are so proud because they go to the moon, and they're slaughtering each other on the earth.

(long silence)

There are many things I understand now.... When I am in the terrestrial consciousness, there are GREAT waves of something so miserable, so such a pitiful sorrow.... It comes in waves. Then, if I am perfectly quiet, still, doing nothing, in response to that the Force descends like this and enters, penetrates into it. And it does a lot of work.

That atmosphere is full of an anguish that so much calls for a response, and so it comes, and after (sometimes it takes a long time, hours) but it penetrates, it spreads. But I don't always have the time. In the morning especially, I always see lots of people (Wednesdays and Saturdays[1] are the two days when I've done away with it, but even then I'll see some twenty people before you!), and that causes a dissipation of forces. So that's the form it takes *(Mother points to her throat):* increased disorder. Otherwise, when I am alone, that is at night (it's only at night), when I am like that, lying on my bed, then then its all right. But it's the anguish of the world! Now I understand (I am not aware of what goes on), but it was so dreadful! I felt, I said to myself, "What is it? What's going on that can cause this?..." People themselves are so unconscious. Did I tell you the story of those poor little seals?[2]

Such unconsciousness! If they could only feel a little the suffering they inflict on others, it might make them stop (?)

So it's this part *(Mother points to her throat, coughing),* it's in relationship with the world.

(long silence)

This traveling from Inconscience to Consciousness has been going on for a long time – but how much longer will it have to last?... It's at bottom it's a horrible thing.

But I understand one thing, it's that there should be EITHER the Supreme Consciousness OR inconscience; it's the transition between the two that's horrible: a half consciousness is still worse.

(long silence)

The sort of artificial harmony the body lives in is due almost entirely to the unconsciousness it lives in, and as soon as a little consciousness comes in, it throws everything off balance; if too much comes in, the body can't bear it anymore. I see that now.... So, on a tremendous scale ? I remember, I had two or three nights *(Mother shakes her head inexpressibly).*

(silence)

A few people here fell ill suddenly and unexpectedly, and some of them were conscious: they wrote to me that they suddenly became conscious of "something else" – something they didn't know – and it was in the imbalance caused by their illness that they suddenly caught that.

There's a VERY STRONG action. But, of course, people expect everything to go smoothly according to their conception, and then they are surprised: how come this divine Consciousness is at work and there are so many difficult or painful or unexpected things?... – They don't understand. But this body understands very well! Not for one minute has it complained. It hasn't even not for a second has it put the blame on others. It only said to itself, "Poor thing, you still have quite a lot of this old Disorder."

Oh, a lot remains to be done.

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[1] The two days of the week when Mother sees Satprem.

[2] See *Agenda* X, 11 October 1969.

(silence)

And then, I get letters (from children) asking me, "Why? Why has the Supreme Lord allowed things to be like this?..." That's what I receive most often.

But as soon as there is a TRUE CONTACT it's over.

Then there are those who said (I forget who, in what religion), "But God does not suffer!..." *(Mother laughs)* So that made people still more furious: "Yes, HE doesn't suffer; he makes us all suffer while HE doesn't!" *(Mother laughs)* Maybe he finds it amusing!

I remember that poor Bharatidi (she was a rebel), once, long ago, we prepared together a play to be staged, and one day she told me (we were with all those who were going to play), "To think that God sees all this and tolerates it!" *(Mother laughs)* I told her, "Maybe he doesn't see it as we do!"

I found it amusing because she was a very intelligent woman. But that *(Mother laughs).*

(silence, Mother coughs)

What time is it?

Twenty past eleven.

Already I was going to propose a meditation, but it's too late.

(Mother takes roses) Here, today I'll do this way....

(Mother gives the yellow rose for Sujata together with the red rose for Satprem)

(Taking Satprem's hands:) My hands have no cold!

@

February 11, 1970

(Mother coughs, her voice is quite hoarse.)

I'm not well. Impossible to speak. Have you received the *Aphorisms*?

> 324 – "Freedom, equality, brotherhood," cried the French revolutionists, but in truth freedom only has been practised with a dose of equality; as for brotherhood, only a brotherhood of Cain was founded – and of Barabbas. Sometimes it calls itself a Trust or Combine and sometimes the Concert of Europe.
>
> 325 – "Since liberty has failed," cries the advanced thought of Europe, "let us try liberty cum equality or, since the two are a little hard to pair, equality instead of liberty. For brotherhood, it is impossible; therefore we will replace it by industrial association." But this time also, I think. God will not be deceived.

(Satprem reads out Mother's answer)

> "For the moment still, liberty, equality, fraternity are nothing but words loudly proclaimed but never put into practice yet. They cannot be, so long as men remain as they are, governed by their ego and all its desires instead of being governed solely by the One Supreme and supremely Divine."

And I added:

> "Liberty cannot be manifested until all men know the freedom of the Supreme Lord. "Equality cannot be manifested until all men are conscious of the Supreme Lord. "Fraternity cannot be manifested until all men feel equally issued from the Supreme Lord and 'one' in His Unity"

It appears impossible to humanity, but it will probably be possible for the new species.

Another thing *(Mother holds out another note).* I can't see clearly.... It was a young girl who was terribly troubled by other's opinions, so I answered her:

> "The Supreme Lord's opinion
> alone matters. "The Supreme Lord alone
> deserves all our love
> and gives it back a hundredfold."

(silence)

I'm not well *(Mother holds her head in her hands).* My head, never in my life has it been like this. I hear noise inside and

It began this morning, it was full of something which I don't know what it is. And people are pressing and pressing and pressing – how many! I've never seen so many.... Yesterday morning I was almost cured, I thought it was over, and then I saw people till half past twelve. So after that

Do you have anything?... Then I won't speak.

(long meditation)

I'll see you on Saturday, I hope it will be over.

My head has never been in such a state.... The consciousness is very clear, very clear.... Strange.... My head feels as if it's this big *(gesture),* as if it had become huge.

(silence)

One [French] embassy attaché came, dined at the Consulate with R. and F. and Baron [former governor of Pondicherry]; it was his daughter who came at Auroville's inauguration to put soil from France. So he asked all sorts of questions and was very interested. A new ambassador is coming, he is hoped to be better....[1] The previous one was quite anti-Ashram. But the new one is hoped to be better, this attaché came for the new ambassador.

@

[1] An ongoing hope.

February 18, 1970

(Since early February Mother has been coughing a lot. On the 14th, Mother was unwell and could not see Satprem. The following conversation is very important as it marks the visible beginning of a conflict that might be called "medical" and was going to assume acute proportions with every passing year.)

I've never had such a cold in my whole life! Last night I had a kind of physical nightmare!... Never in my life have I had such things.... I can't say I was quite asleep, but How can I explain? It's a mixture between something that tries to find its true inner remedy, and the Doctor who says that if I don't take medicines it'll go on "for months"!

Yes, they always say that.

So

Oh, but it would take hours to tell it all. It's certainly in the material world. So then *(laughing),* last night, suddenly I saw two tall figures with human shapes, but all gray and you couldn't make out eyes or nose and so on. They had a human shape and all gray; they were the two "doctors" (what doctors I don't know), and they were discussing. My body was on the bed (though I think I wasn't sitting, yet I wasn't standing!), and they were discussing together but without words. It looked like kinds of beings in a lower vital world, *huge,* tall beings – tall, strong, formidable. Then one of them, in his demonstration, pointed to my heart with his finger, and his finger touched – I let out a scream! A physical scream!

I wasn't happy.

Never, never, never touched, never. Once, I had a very high fever, 108°, it was tremendous (it didn't last long, a few hours); I had caught that when I went to a gathering of workers doing a puja or something.[1] I had caught a fever. But Sri Aurobindo was there. And I saw, I saw all the beings of the most material vital charging *(gesture of onslaught on the body).* I remember that, it was in Sri Aurobindo's time (quite a long time ago). I saw them, and I said to Sri Aurobindo, "So that's what gives people dreadful nightmares." They would draw near (they would try to), and on touching Sri Aurobindo's presence around me they would draw back, then they would come back again and would be repulsed – it lasted the whole night. But last night, it wasn't that.... Naturally, Sri Aurobindo wasn't there physically, and I saw those beings. The main thing is that when that being in his demonstration touched me with his finger, it made me scream – I screamed materially.

Yes, he touched you.

Ah, yes – he was ABLE to touch me.

All that because of the "doctors."

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[1] *Ayudh puja or* "festival of arms." On a similar occasion, when Mother was seriously attacked, Sri Aurobindo had to write the disciples a letter in which he said, "The Mother has had a very severe attack and she must absolutely husband her forces.... It is quite out of the question for her to begin seeing everybody and receiving them – a single morning of that kind of thing would exhaust her altogether. You must remember that for her a physical contact of this kind with others is not a mere social or domestic meeting with a few superficial movements which make no great difference one way or the other. It means for her an interchange, a pouring out of her forces and a receiving of things good, bad and mixed from them which often involves a great labour of adjustment and elimination and in many cases, though not in all, a severe strain on the body" (November 12, 1931, Cent. Ed., 25.315)

Yes, they pretended to be doctors.

Ah, materially one isn't well protected, otherwise things wouldn't be like that.... Materially I am protected only when I am not asleep, wholly concentrated and absolutely still, without speaking to anyone, in contact with nothing around and only wrapped, as it were, in the divine Presence. Then it's fine. But things are far from being like that! *(Mother coughs)*

(silence)

You can put it in the *Agenda,* but we shouldn't speak about it. In the *Agenda,* yes, but not otherwise.

(long silence)

> *But you know, Mother, several times I had that sort of "medical dream" in winch a kind of doctor comes under the pretext of curing you and hurts you terribly, or else tries to operate on you, wants to torture the body in order to operate on you. So in the beginning you are quite submissive, you say, "All right, I have to be operated on," and then finally the consciousness returns and you reject that so-called doctor. It's happened often to me. A being who claims he comes to cure you: a "doctor."*

I think that's it, I think there are beings from the vital who use who use what's left of unconsciousness in doctors.

(silence)

But once it happened to Sri Aurobindo: at night – once at night – he screamed. And afterwards he said it was in the material world: beings from the most material vital, but which are in the earth atmosphere, not in the vital atmosphere.

It may be vital entities that are the residues of dead people – it's possible. But it may also be kinds of half materializations of beings from the vital itself: beings from the vital.

But my whole life I've had that sort of white light – not transparent white, white like like WHITENESS, you understand. That light, which is extremely intense. Never, never did they come near – they couldn't come near that. There was only that night when I had a fever (it was I think it was in 1918, something like that no, in 1920[1]), but then, I had caught the fever with people. Otherwise, never, never could they come near.

@

February 21, 1970

(Mother is ninety-two. She receives Satprem after the collective meditation. Before she speaks, Mother looks at him for a long time with an indescribable expression.)

[1] Mother may be thinking of the epidemic in Japan in January 1919, during which she very nearly died, while the fever caught during the festival of arms was in 1931.

The body has received a gift this morning.... This morning, truly the Supreme Lord has taught it to be entirely His, and it was so wonderful!... The whole night – the whole night and morning – there seemed to be an absolutely concrete demonstration of how to be perfectly His.... Never, never had the body felt like that. Naturally, it's perfectly aware of what "grates" still – which is in fact why there are traces (they are just traces) of that famous attack,[1] but...

The absolutely concrete experience for the body, it had it the whole morning, and the conclusion came during the meditation.

It's a bit difficult to define – words diminish a lot. It resembles what we call "peace," but it's luminous, with such an impression of (what's the word?) ease, well-being something It's not turned this way *(gesture to oneself),* it's turned that way *(gesture outward),* and that's what makes it so hard to explain. It's not in the body, in itself, that it finds its well-being, it's a well-being *(gesture in every direction),* a sort of radiating well-being, and so yes, something resembling a certitude – there's no more "anxiety" is quite out of the question ("question" is quite out of the question!...), but it is it's more what we call positively well-being and certitude. Something inexpressible. It's so vast (in the body, that's the point), so vast Really it was like an offering for today.

The whole day yesterday, the attack was very strong, as if to see whether the body would bear up. But it kept its trust and calm certitude (that it had the whole day long), and then it became something that was it, but It's hard to explain.

Did you feel anything? No?[2]

Yes, I did!

It was the tail of the meditation, as it were.

(silence)

Yesterday, it was really like a test to see if the body would bear up, if it was capable of going out of itself – it has behaved very well (especially during the night, that was good).

It's so All words are very small.

Extraordinary!... *(Laughing)* It's really been given a gift!

***

(On that day, Mother gave the following answer to a question asked by one of the Ashram's associations:)

What is the change the world is preparing for? How can one help it?

A change of consciousness. When our consciousness changes, we will know what the change is.

The change does not need our help in order to come, but we need to open up to the consciousness so that it may not come in vain for us.

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[1] Mother is still coughing a little.

[2] At the beginning, while Mother was looking at Satprem.

February 25, 1970

It has become very interesting, but one can't speak *(Mother coughs)* and it's better not to speak.

Very interesting.

I spent the whole of last night with Sri Aurobindo, but with a WORLD of explanations. He made me understand lots of things, but quite well, extraordinary. And practical: on the present state of things.... Shouldn't speak, that's why I am coughing, it's on purpose (!)

It's extraordinarily interesting.

(silence)

A demonstration in detail of the difference between the two consciousnesses.

(silence)

Among other things and in a quite practical and positive way, he explained to me that the cause of all illnesses, all disorders, all conflicts, here in the material world, is that the two simultaneous movements (one is the movement of duration – what we could call Stability – and the other, the movement of transformation), the two movements in the original Consciousness are only one and not in contradiction; and I was shown how (not with the thought: with the consciousness), here, they are separate, and that's what is the cause of death. It's because they can't be in harmony – they don't KNOW how to be in harmony: they can, but they don't know. One is the movement of transformation, the other the movement of stability. When they are not in harmony, or not in harmony where they should be, it causes a break in equilibrium and the being dies – things die, everything dies because of that. But put that way, it makes no sense. It's the experience of the thing which is given.... And this also, the cough and all that – all of it, everything – it's so simple! So obvious once you have the experience.

We could say (almost) that if the two find their equilibrium of simultaneous existence, it re-creates the Divine.... He is in us, but not in harmony.[1]

(silence)

At least four hours with Sri Aurobindo last night.... Oh, extraordinary, extraordinary – showed everything, explained everything.

(silence)

Have you received yesterday's aphorism, the latest one?... I'll read, and then Sri Aurobindo will make me write. So I started writing on a prophetic tone! Have you seen it? I seem to be speaking to someone....

No, I have the one of the 23rd, the day before yesterday.

What is it?

Sri Aurobindo says that "the soul is naked and unashamed,"[2] and you are asked, "Isn't the soul always pure?" So you reply:

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[1] This experience seems to be the continuation of the one Mother spoke of in *Agenda* X of 19 November 1969: "Unity = power and repose combined."

[2] Aphorism 350 – "Only the soul that is naked and unashamed can be pure and innocent, even as Adam was in the primal garden of humanity."

"The soul wears no disguise, it shows itself as it is and cares nothing for people's judgement, because it is the faithful servant of the Divine whose home it is."

No, that's not the one. I wrote like this, "You are " *(Mother tries to remember),* anyway I don't know whom I speak to ("you" is singular), to humanity or the human being, I don't know.

But this one is fine: "The soul wears no disguise...." That's fine. It was so concrete how the human (especially mental) consciousness ALWAYS wears a disguise: you have to appear like this, you have to appear like that, you have to give this impression, you have to have that appearance – a disguise.

(meditation)

@

February 28, 1970

(Mother is still coughing.)

The work in the body is going on at a quickened pace, but it's not easy... But very precise, very accurate. I told you that I spent a whole night with Sri Aurobindo, and he explained to me all that's going on for the body, in detail....

It's difficult.

The state one used to find natural now so much feels like a state of perfect imbecility, so and everything one used to lean on now feels like nothing at all. So it's difficult.

Things it's so interesting! We always think that certain things are dangerous (certain illnesses, for example, or certain disorders) and others are insignificant, and then it's shown in an absolutely irrefutable manner that it doesn't at all depend on this, that all absolutely depends (to put it intelligibly) on what has been decided, on what the Supreme Lord has decided. With the slightest thing, an absolutely insignificant trouble. He can stop the body's functioning, while something regarded as incurably serious passes off without importance. And it's demonstrated in practice.

There are troublesome moments. Because mental convictions, mental constructions help the body a lot, and now it no longer has any, so it no longer has that facility. For instance, when you have a mental faith – what's called faith – it helps you a lot, because it remains without budging through all difficulties but that's not there anymore! It's only the Consciousness, but then the Consciousness *(smiling)* the Consciousness makes no fuss. The Consciousness doesn't talk nonsense, it doesn't tell you stories at the desired moment in order to help you – it's like this, as it is *(gesture like an immutable presence),* in its absolute simplicity and sincerity. So you see very well, you know very well, but

The body sees very well, it also sees that its sensations are evidently almost made up, which means that they don't really correspond to the truth – but *(laughing)* that doesn't help it much!... At times it really feels ill at ease.

It has become so conscious of its own imbecility that... the first effect was to say, "It's

hopeless; it has to dissolve for something else to take the place." And then there's always that Smile looking on here, making no fuss.... So so it tries to be still.

You see, it has gone beyond the stage of imbecility where you say, "Why are these things like this?" – It sees clearly, sees very well why they are like this. But things are so vast, so general that It's difficult for the body consciousness to remain in that state of universality all the time.

(silence)

To make a sentence (because all this looks like sentences), it's knowing that one lives in a falsehood, knowing what that falsehood is, knowing, in flashes, what the Truth is, and yet being unable to

. adjust the two. And seeing why. Because there's a whole path to travel so this falsehood can abdicate before the Truth, can be transformed into Truth, and in a TRUE way – not arbitrarily but truly. So that requires all kinds of experiences, adjustments, and for us here, it means time, it needs time. It can't be done instantly. And when the body sees, when it becomes conscious of its imbecility, it would like, it aspires for that to disappear instantly, so things grate.

Ah, it's not easy.

(long silence)

The body isn't told anything positively – clearly, I mean precisely – neither that the transformation is possible nor that it's impossible. So it's like that, it sees what a tremendous work this is, what difference there is between what it is and what it ought to be, and at the same time, without knowing whether it will be capable of doing the work or not. What's expected of it? It is told what's expected of it from one minute to the next; that it's told very clearly, so it does it, and so at times it can let itself go *(Mother stretches her arms in the Great Rhythm),* and then things are fine, but... But there is life and all the necessities of life, and each thing is a problem.

(silence)

In its state of ignorance (a general ignorance), when the body wants to persist, it (what shall I say?) PASSIVELY accepts to persist as it is; but in its present state, it CANNOT accept to remain as it is, it has too much prescience of what must be, so there's a sort of need to remain – a need to remain but without remaining, you understand? Things become in a constant and almost total transformation.

(long silence)

Oh, last night, I think, or the night before (I forget which), I gave you a demonstration of the condition you are in. Now I don't remember a single word.

A pity!

It's a pity. Oh, and it was so clear, I told you, "But see " It was so precise, seen in this new Consciousness. I told you, "So there " But it was good. I told you, "See, you have no reason to be worried, things are fine!" *(Sujata laughs)* That I remember. And I explained to you why you aren't conscious when you're awake.

It's a curious thing. When I am in that state, I am not asleep yet I am not awake; it's neither one nor the other. It's a sort of new state I have; whether I am in my bed or sitting in my armchair makes no difference. It's a certain state I go into, in which I know things in such a clear way, and then (as I did with you) I explain them. Then when I go out of that

state, pfft! finished.... It's curious. Nights are very short – very short – yet when I go to bed, its hardly nine, I think, and I get up at 4:30, which is a long time. Yet it's very short. You understand, I don't sleep the way people do (but not at all), and I am not awake. It's something else. And then, things are evident, very easy to understand, I can explain them (as I explain them to you), and it's a perfectly natural phenomenon – there was no surprise at meeting you (it wasn't "meeting," you were there), and I told you things. And then, pfft! finished. Suddenly I'll cough or have a pain here, there, and then you fall back into this ordinary imbecility.

Sometimes it's like that when I am simply sitting there, in my armchair.

But then, the funny thing is that I hear very clearly, see very clearly, but it's evidently not with these senses because, for instance, right now I don't hear well and don't see clearly. But at such times And I remember that I do things; for example, when I am with Sri Aurobindo at night, it's with that consciousness; now, materially, my body is stooped – at night it was perfectly normal! Yet I don't sleep! What is it? I don't know. There's something there.... Is it possible?

And I don't go out of my body.... Or is this body replaced by another? – I don't know.

And everything is different.

@

March 4, 1970

(After reading the following aphorism)

> 135 – All disease is a means towards some new joy of health, all evil and pain a tuning of Nature for some more intense bliss and good, all death an opening on widest immortality. Why and how this should be so, is God's secret which only the soul purified of egoism can penetrate.

Yes, yes *(Mother nods approvingly),* that's what I am doing right now. And one has be really persevering.

It's not to compliment myself, but I think it's not easy! Because as long as it's vital or mental, it's nothing – nothing at all! But when it becomes physical it's more difficult! *(Mother laughs)*

This aphorism remains wholly, entirely true.

(Mother goes into a contemplation then gives Satprem a red rose)

This is "all human passions turned to the Divine," and this *(Mother gives a pink rose)* is the Response.

@

March 7, 1970

I wanted to tell you first that Nolini had a very interesting experience. That was yesterday. He hadn't been well for the past day or two: he had spells of dizziness, could hardly walk, anyway rather miserable. Then, suddenly (he had to go to the bathroom and had to walk, but his steps weren't even steady), suddenly there came into him, "All this is because your physical consciousness doesn't have trust: it doesn't believe, doesn't have trust." Then, ALL AT ONCE, he felt something as if seizing him, and everything went away! He was perfectly fine, and it remained like that. He knew very well that in his physical consciousness there was doubt and all the old ideas – he swept it all aside and found himself perfectly fine. It happened in the morning; I saw him in the evening, and he was perfectly fine. That's interesting.

There, that's all I wanted to say.

Things have become very acute, I mean over great things, over small things (all that, that sense of the important and the unimportant, has faded a lot). And for the physical, the work has become very acute, but then things have been made worse here by the fact that the pressure of the Consciousness arouses in people a whole quarreling spirit. So everyone is now quarreling! And I very clearly see that it's the pressure of this Consciousness – what resists in them rises up. And what disorder here....

I am looking, I'll see what will happen.

I would need (because I myself can't take an active part, it's not possible), I would need a very energetic man, very, VERY open to the Consciousness, and at the same time VERY calm, capable of resisting this current – a kind of current of storm.

But anyway, things are moving, you understand, they feel as if everything is aroused, they're no longer asleep and half inert, and that's

Health too is like that. The body will feel quite fine, and suddenly, as soon as some old movement comes back, ah things will grate and cry, oh!... But the consciousness (in the body, I mean) is growing clearer and clearer, more and more precise.

The consciousness isn't an idea, it's a sort of yes, a state of consciousness, an awareness of the Divines sole existence, of the sole Reality, and when it's there, everything becomes wonderful (physically, materially). There are moments full of an intensity of harmony quite exceptional. But then, when things grate, mon petit, they grate horribly!

And I get letters by the dozen: entreaties from people in all possible difficulties, physical difficulties (the most incredible physical difficulties), and then moral, material, external difficulties, inner difficulties – everything seems raging.

> *I had an odd dream, which may be related to that.... I don't know, I was with you, and Sri Aurobindo was there (though I didn't see him).*

Ah!

> *No, I didn't see him, but he was there. Then, suddenly, you fell ill, or anyway you were lying down, and Sri Aurobindo told me (I didn't see him, but he told me), "Mother must take cold meat and cold vegetables!..." And it was as if he sent me on an errand to the person who needed to be told.... So I left, went this way and that, and I came to R.'s place, Auroville's people, in a very dark and crowded room....*

(Mother nods her head)

And R. shouted there, "Silence!" He had a very dark face, you know, almost blackened, and he shouted "Silence" in this room. Apparently, it was those people whom I had come to tell that Mother had to take cold meat and cold vegetables!

(Mother laughs) Whatever can it mean?... Haven't you had a sensation of what it means?

I had an impression that those people were terribly heated and were making you sick, and so they had to give you some cold food!

(Mother laughs)

But then, a very dark world.

Very dark.

Oh, what a confusion.... But I don't know why, at night I am very often connected with Auroville's people, and it's as tiring as can be, you know.

Oh, that's strange.

Very often.

But it shows you have something to do there.

Yes, but to tell the truth, it doesn't interest me![1]

(Mother laughs) It's because they all read your book.

Yes, they came to ask me if I would speak on the radio – I said no!

Oh, *(Mother laughs)* I wasn't told that, otherwise I would have replied!

But more and more, quite a few come from there [Auroville] to see me.

Yes, lots and lots of people read the book; it's having an enormous action.... I constantly get letters from people who say, "I have read *The Adventure of Consciousness,* it's been a revelation" – constantly, constantly. And the book is beginning to have a lot of effect in the U.S.A. and in Canada. So naturally, it gives you tiring nights!

(silence)

But my impression is that this Consciousness has swept away all social conventions of good manners, good upbringing, so of course, all those who don't have very deep roots behave like ill-mannered children (!)

(silence)

In the body (in the cells, the body consciousness), there is constantly a great battle between all the materialistic ideas and the true consciousness, and the result *(grating gesture).* In the space of a quarter of an hour, everything starts grating – you have some pain, you're ill at ease, everything seems about to be torn apart, with dreadful contradictions – and then, with the pressure of the true consciousness, suddenly pfft! everything vanishes in a minute, and it becomes a marvel. But then, it's not a stable thing: the struggle goes

[1] As a matter of fact, Satprem started taking interest in Auroville only after Mother's departure, when he saw that Mother's work there was in peril.

on.

But it's really interesting.

(silence)

We just have to bear up, that's all! *(Mother laughs)*

@

March 13, 1970

(Satprem had written Mother a rather cross letter because she had been told some malicious gossip about him, just as she had been told – to what end we do not know – that his friend, the Marquis B., was a "spy." Satprem understood nothing of those jealousies and was surprised that Mother could even listen to such tattle. In fact, Mother did not actually "listen" but worked on all the elements that came to her. That was her "sordid battlefield," as she called it. Those sad incidents are only the sign that the atmosphere around Mother was becoming strange.)

Satprem, my dear child,

I do not believe what Udar tells me, nor what anyone whosoever tells me. The Lord has given me the power to see things as they are; and I do not judge.

Our relationship is of such a nature that it cannot be altered by such childishness.

So till tomorrow, in peace and joy, so that the last clouds may disperse.

With all my tenderness and my blessings.

Signed: Mother

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March 14, 1970

(Regarding the latest Aphorisms commented on by Mother.)

382 – Machinery is necessary to modern humanity because of our incurable barbarism. If we must encase ourselves in a bewildering multitude of comforts

and trappings, we must needs do without Art and its methods; for to dispense with simplicity and freedom is to dispense with beauty. The luxury of our ancestors was rich and even gorgeous, but never encumbered.

383 – I cannot give to the barbarous comfort and 'encumbered ostentation of European life the name of civilisation. Men who are not free in their souls and nobly rhythmical in their appointments are not civilised.

384 – Art in modern times and under European influence has become an excrescence upon life or an unnecessary menial; it should have been its chief steward and indispensable arranger.

As long as the mind rules life with its overweening certainly that it knows, how can the reign of the Divine be established?

385 – Disease is needlessly prolonged and ends in death oftener than is inevitable, because the mind of the patient supports and dwells upon the disease of his body.

This is an absolute truth!

386 – Medical Science has been more a curse to mankind than a blessing. It has broken the force of epidemics and unveiled a marvellous surgery; but, also, it has weakened the natural health of man and multiplied individual diseases; it has implanted fear and dependence in the mind and body; it has taught our health to repose not on natural soundness but a rickety and distasteful crutch compact from the mineral and vegetable kingdoms.

Admirable!

387 – The doctor aims a drug at a disease; sometimes it hits, sometimes misses. The misses are left out of account, the hits treasured up, reckoned and systematised into a science.

388 – We laugh at the savage for his faith in the medicine man; but how are the civilised less superstitious who have faith in the doctors? The savage finds that when a certain incantation is repeated, he often recovers from a certain disease; he believes. The civilised patient finds that when he doses himself according to a certain prescription, he often recovers from a certain disease; he believes. Where is the difference?

To conclude, we might say that the patient's faith is what gives medicines the power to cure.

If people had an absolute faith in the healing power of the Grace, perhaps they would spare themselves quite a few diseases.

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(Mother's voice is quite altered. She sounds more and more out of breath, as if her voice had to cut across great distances.)

(To Sujata:) We'll do that tomorrow – tomorrow morning?

(Sujata:) But tomorrow morning, Mother, you have lots of engagements.

But it's every day like that, mon petit! It's it's absolutely frightful. There are only these two days, Wednesdays and Saturdays, otherwise I've cut out everything; even *birthdays* I see them in the afternoon. On other days, it starts at 8 in the morning and ends at noon. It's infernal.

So come tomorrow at 9:30 is it all right?

(silence)

(To Satprem:) Have you seen the latest *Aphorisms'?*

Yes, on diseases and doctors.... But here in one aphorism, Sri Aurobindo has one little sentence which I find admirable; he says, "Machinery is necessary to modern humanity because of our incurable barbarism...."

(Mother nods and remains long silent)

Today I got the news that L.D. had left.[1] She had undergone a very grave operation (there was a cancer), she had recovered, returned home, she wrote me a letter in which she said, "I am better and better " and then, gone. I got the news this very day. Like that.

It's like R., the same thing: a relapse. And it looks so much like It's this effort against, yes, what Sri Aurobindo calls barbarism *(Mother makes a gesture covering the whole earth atmosphere).* It seems to be I don't know if it's a refusal or an incapacity to emerge from the mental construction. And the action of this Consciousness (how shall I put it?), it almost pitilessly shows the extent to which the entire mental construction is false – everything, even apparently spontaneous reactions, all of it is the result of an extremely complex mental construction.

But this Consciousness is pitiless.

We are born in that, and we find it so natural to feel according to that, react according to that, organize everything according to that, and the result is that the Truth passes you by.

Its in the very organization of the body.

So then, the Action seems to impose itself with an extraordinary power, and in a manner that appears (appears to us) pitiless *(Mother strikes her fist into Matter),* so we may learn our lesson.

(long silence)

I remembered the time when Sri Aurobindo was here.... You see, the inner part of the being used to enter into a consciousness that felt and saw things according to the higher consciousness – they were quite different; then, when Sri Aurobindo fell ill, in fact, when there were all those things, first that accident (he broke his leg[2]) then the body, the BODY used to say constantly, "Those are dreams, those are dreams, it's not for us; for us bodies, this is how it is...." *(gesture underground)* It was frightful.... Then all that left. It left completely after so many years – all those years of effort – it left: the body itself would feel the divine Presence, and its impression was that everything necessarily had to change. So then, these last few days, that formation which had left (a terrestrial formation, of all

[1] A very faithful American disciple.
[2] On November 24, 1938.

mankind, which means that those who have the vision or perception of, or even just the aspiration to, that higher Truth, when they come back into the [material] Fact, they are in front of this dreadfully painful thing, this perpetual negation by all circumstances), that formation, from which the body had completely freed itself, came back. It came back, but when it came back, when the body saw it, it saw it AS ONE SEES A FALSEHOOD. And I understood how much it had changed, because when it saw the formation, its impression it looked at it with a smile and the impression: ah, an old formation now devoid of truth. It was an extraordinary experience: that thing, its time is over. Its time is over. And this Pressure of the Consciousness is a pressure for things as they were – so miserable and so petty and so obscure and so apparently inescapable at the same time – all of it was *(Mother gestures above her shoulder)* behind, like an antiquated past. So then, I really saw – saw, understood – that the work of this Consciousness (which is PITILESS, it's not concerned whether it's difficult or not, probably not even much concerned about apparent damage) is for the normal state to cease to be this thing which is so heavy, so obscure, so ugly – so low – and for the dawn to come you know, something dawning on the horizon: a new Consciousness. That something truer and more luminous.

What Sri Aurobindo says here about diseases is just the point: the power of habit, of all constructions, of what appears "inescapable" and "irrevocable" in diseases. With all that, experiences seem to multiply in order to show in order for one to learn that it's simply a question of attitude – the attitude of going beyond beyond this mental prison humanity has locked itself in, and of breathing up above.

It's the BODY'S experience. Before, those who had inner experiences would say, "Yes, up above, that's the way it is, but here " Now the "but here" will soon cease to be. This tremendous change is what's being conquered, so physical life may be ruled by the higher consciousness and not by the mental world. It's the change of authority.... It's difficult. It's hard. It's painful. There is some damage done, naturally, but... But truly, one can see – one can see. And that's the REAL CHANGE, that's what will enable the new Consciousness to express itself. And the body is learning, it's learning its lesson – all bodies, all bodies.

(silence)

That was the old division made by the mind: "Above, things are very fine, you may have all experiences and everything is luminous and marvelous; here, nothing doing." And the impression that when one is born, one is born again into the "hopeless world." That explains, by the way, why all those who did not foresee the possibility of things being otherwise had said, "Better get out of here, and then " All that has become so clear! But this change, the fact that it's NO LONGER inescapable, that is the great Victory: it's NO LONGER inescapable. You feel – feel and see, and the body itself has experienced – the possibility that soon, here too, things will be truer.

There is there is really something changed in the world.

(silence)

Naturally, for things to be truly established, it's going to take time. That's the battle going on. From every side, on every plane, there's an onslaught of things coming to say outwardly, "Nothing has changed" – but it's not true. It's not true, the body knows it's not true. And now it knows, it knows in what sense.

What Sri Aurobindo wrote, in fact in those *Aphorisms* I see right now, is so prophetic! It was so much the vision of the True Thing! So prophetic!

(silence)

Now I see, I see how his departure and his work so so immense, you know, and constant in this subtle physical, how much, how much it has helped! How much he has *(Mother gestures as if kneading Matter)* how much he has helped prepare things, change the structure of the physical.

All the experiences others had had of making contact with the higher worlds, used to leave the physical here as it is. (How should I put it?...) From the very beginning of existence up to Sri Aurobindo's departure, I lived in the awareness that one may rise, one may know, one may have all experiences (and one did have them), but when one came back into this body it was those for-mid-able old laws of the mind that ruled everything. So then, all these years have been years spent preparing and preparing – freeing oneself and preparing – and these last few days, it was ah! the body PHYSICALLY noting that things had changed.

It has to be *worked out,* as they say, realized in every detail, but the change IS DONE – the change is done.

Which means that the material conditions, which were elaborated by the mind, FIXED by it *(Mother clenches her fist tight),* and which appeared so inescapable, to such a point that those who had a living experience of the higher worlds thought one had to flee this world, abandon this material world if one really wanted to live in the Truth (that's the cause of all those theories and beliefs), now things are no longer like that. Now things are no longer like that. The physical is CAPABLE of receiving the higher Light, the Truth, the true Consciousness, and of man-i-fest-ing it.

It's not easy, it calls for endurance and will, but a day will come when it will be quite natural. It's only just the open door – that's all, now we have to go on.

(silence)

Naturally, what was established hangs on tight and defends itself desperately. That's the cause of this whole trouble *(swarming gesture in the earth atmosphere)* – but it has lost the battle. It's over. It's over.

(silence)

It has taken this Consciousness[1] a little more than a year to win this Victory. Naturally, as yet it's visible only to those who have the inner vision, but its done.

(long silence)

That was the work Sri Aurobindo had given me, that was it. Now I understand.

But it's as if from every side – every side – those mental forces, mental powers were rising in protest, violent in their protest, so as to impose their old laws: "But things have always been this way!..." But it's over. They won't always be this way, that's all.

(long silence)

Something of this battle was going on in this body these last few days.... It's really very interesting.... From outside, coming from outside, there was an effort to give the body experiences so as to force it to note for itself, "No, what has always been always will be; you may try, but it's an illusion." Then something would come, a nice little disorganization in the body, and it would respond with its attitude: a peace like *(immutable gesture):* "As You will, Lord, as You will...." – Everything disappeared as in a flash! And it happened several times (at least a dozen times in a day). Then – then the body begins to feel, "There you are!..." It has that joy, that joy of the lived Marvel.

[1] The "superman consciousness" which came on January 1, 1969.

Things are not as they were, NO LONGER as they were – things are no longer as they were.

We have to struggle on, we need patience, courage, will, trust – but things are no longer "just the way they are." It's the old thing trying to hang on tight – hideous! Hideous. But it's not like that anymore. It's not like that anymore.

There.

(silence)

This too: how far, how far will the body be able to go? There too, it's PERFECTLY peaceful and happy: it will be as You will.

(long silence)

All the rest looks so old, so old, like something that belongs to a dead past – which is trying to come back to life, but it can't anymore.

And all, all circumstances are as catastrophic as they can be: troubles, complications, difficulties, everything, just everything goes at it relentlessly like that, like wild beasts, but it's over. The body KNOWS that it's over. It may take centuries, but it's over. To disappear, it may take centuries, but it's over now.

This wholly concrete and absolute realization that one could have only when going out of Matter *(Mother brings a finger down),* it's sure, sure and certain that we will have it RIGHT HERE.

(Mother looks at Satprem for a long time, then takes his hands)

It's the fourteenth month since the Consciousness came – fourteenth month: twice seven.

(silence)

Is today the 14th?

Yes, the 14th.

So it's interesting.

How he has worked since he left, oh!... All the time, all the time....

(silence)

It looks it looks like a miracle in the body. The disappearance of this formation really looks miraculous. And everything becomes clear. We'll see.

(long silence)

Things have moved relatively fast.

(silence)

Good

Does it mean that all the human consciousnesses that have a little faith now have the possibility of emerging from this mental hypnosis?

Yes, yes, exactly. Exactly. Exactly.

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March 18, 1970

(Regarding the latest Aphorisms and the English translation of Mother's comments.)

393 – We ought to use the divine health in us to cure and prevent diseases; but Galen and Hippocrates and their tribe have given us instead an armoury of drugs and a barbarous Latin hocus-pocus as our physical gospel.

399 – Man was once naturally healthy and could revert to that primal condition if he were suffered; but Medical Science pursues our body with an innumerable pack of drugs and assails the imagination with ravening hordes of microbes.

400 – I would rather die and have done with it than spend life in defending myself against a phantasmal siege of microbes. If that is to be barbarous and unenlightened, I embrace gladly my Cimmerian darkness.

401 – Surgeons save and cure by cutting and maiming. Why not rather seek to discover Nature's direct all-powerful remedies?

402 – It should take long for self-cure to replace medicine, because of the fear, self-distrust and unnatural physical reliance on drugs which Medical Science has taught to our minds and bodies and made our second nature.

In fact, very often the answer comes to me in English because it comes to me from Sri Aurobindo. When I read, I listen, and then he speaks. And then I am the one who translates while writing! I translate into French. But I could write it in English at the same time.

Yesterday again Have you read yesterdays aphorism?... But yesterday, he was going at the doctors with a will! So I said, "For people spontaneously not to need medicines, nature must change." It's too old a habit.

What did I say?

(Satprem reads)

"No external measure can enable us to react against the harm caused by mental faith in the necessity of drugs. It is only by emerging from the mind's prison and consciously soaring into the light of the spirit that, through a conscious union with the Divine, we will be able to let Him give us back the balance and health which we have lost.

"Supramental transformation is the only true remedy."

(silence)

I've had this experience for several months now (especially since the start of the year) that the "shift" of the consciousness – instead of the consciousness being in the ordinary state, if you shift it (I am referring to the body's consciousness), if it's directly tuned to the Divine, in a few sometimes seconds, sometimes minutes, but in a few minutes, the disease absolutely disappears. And if you just do this *(Mother slightly tilts one finger to the left),* if you go back even a little, it instantly comes back. But if you keep your consciousness at the right place, it's gone.

That's an experiment I've made more than a hundred times, even with something like toothache (which is hard to cure), even sharp pains at one spot or another. That's the experiment made by the BODY. The body knows.

(long silence)

It's very interesting because it's an experiment it has made in every detail and at every stage.... The first thing it found was not to think of the disease, not to be concerned with it. That's the first stage. Afterwards, it found that when it was occupied with something else, the pain was greatly lessened. Later on, it had the experience that if someone comes near it, someone who knows you are in pain, it comes back! All that is very, very interesting: lots of small observations of every minute. And finally, it had this repeated and absolutely convincing proof that as soon as it concentrates on the Divine, as soon as it makes contact (because it FEELS, it has the sensation in the cells), as soon as it concentrates (without being concerned with the diseased point: it's better not to be concerned with it), the pain totally disappears, to such a point that... At such times (those are things that cause pain, so the first effect is not to feel the pain), at times, in the beginning, the body would ask for the Intervention and there would be an effect, but there was the sense of a struggle, a resistance (something of the sort): it would take a little time. But when the body succeeded in concentrating WITHOUT DEMAND, you understand (simply giving itself), on the Divine, then it would stop thinking about the pain, the body itself stops thinking about the pain, and after a certain time, it realizes it's completely vanished! – It stopped thinking about it and it was gone.

That experience has been repeated HUNDREDS of times, for all kinds of different things.

(silence)

There must be a condition in which the possibility of accident disappears. But that that I don't know.

Those would be the natural conditions of supramental life.

So, necessarily, since it's taking place in the body, the very constitution of the body must change – it will have to change. How? That I don't know yet.

It's in the direction of Matter's perfect obedience to the Consciousness (the higher Consciousness); to the present experience, it's the divine consciousness, but it's very probably what Sri Aurobindo called the supramental consciousness. Because there must be *(gesture in gradations)* an indefinite ascent.

It's a consciousness in which the sense of ego completely disappears, it does not exist. There isn't "a person" in front of others, you understand, receiving and sending influences – it's no longer like that at all. It's a general play of forces *(Mother makes a vast, fluid gesture)* in which everyone spontaneously plays his part.

Several times the body has had that experience. It remains in that for a long time. Now it's almost... that relationship with things and beings (the old relationship) is on the verge of becoming a memory. It's no longer no longer natural.

(long silence)

I don't know how to explain.... There's something radically changed not only in the body's consciousness, but in its functioning. For the moment it's still hard to explain.... You see, the image of being at the center with things coming towards you and everything being in relationship with this [the egocentric center] is an old thing that went away long ago. But there were still

(silence)

It's not quite that, but somewhat: all the cells seem to be attuned – attuned to something higher than they, even in space, but which they feel as being their center. But a center not like this *(Mother gestures onto herself)* and not (what's the word?) localized; it's neither here [the body] nor above, nor It's not localized. Yet the cells' impression is that the Force – the impelling force or will-force – emanating from "that" spreads out *(gesture fanning out downward)* to enter into the body And (this is interesting) the body feels it's more DIRECTLY in relationship with "that" and, through it, that acts on others, on those around – but it's not "others," it's The body has sometimes even had the impression that some of those things ["others," those around] are closer to it than others.... It's very hard to explain.... But it's spontaneous. You see, the difficulty is that in order to express it, I have to start thinking it, while it's spontaneous: it's a sensation, not a thought.

For instance, at night when I am alone, at times there's the impression of a disorder or an anguish somewhere [in "those around"], and then, the body's remedy (it clearly feels it comes from outside towards it – but "outside" isn't the word, it's a distance I don't know how to explain), its sole movement of remedy is to rush into this luminous center – it's not to "attract" something to it, it's to rush into that.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation, then smiles)

There was here beside you, and very (how can I put it?) very visible and clear, what you were in a previous life. A head – I could have drawn it.... A shaven head, very large, with a longish chin and a thin nose. Yet, strangely, it's absolutely you.

But a color the very fair Indian color (the Indian color, that is, without any pink at all in it), large eyes like this, about twenty-five to thirty years. A head slightly bigger than yours (slightly, not much). But VERY CLOSE to you, I mean closely united.... A large forehead – large, a very large forehead. And the head like it makes a pear-shaped head.

He was meditating, then at a certain point he looked at me: the gaze was wholly luminous.... He looked so close, so close – you understand, I didn't go far or deep: it was there. It's odd.

Didn't you feel something?

But my impression was that it wasn't a new fact – as if he were there very constantly.

It's amusing. I almost seemed to see with these [physical] eyes!

The head is a little bigger than yours – not much, a little.

And it looks like you! *(Mother laughs)* This *(gesture to the forehead):* large.

He looked settled there, not on a visit: settled.

What kind of help is he bringing?

It's a being who has done a very intensive yoga. It's a relationship with the higher consciousnesses. But very he must have been very highly ascetic.... This [matter] wasn't what preoccupied him: he was wholly in the relationship with the Consciousness – very, very concentrated.

My difficulty in distinguishing forces or influences is that it's always translated as an intensity of force in me, so I don't know how to untangle: it's always "force," you

understand, intensity.

Yes, and his must be VERY intense!

And he was smiling. Smiling as if in a very happy experience. But ALL WITHIN. Probably not very interested in the outside.

He must have been a sannyasin. Besides, he had he was naked, there was just a small piece of cloth visible, but an orange cloth.... He was the color of very fair-skinned Indians.

And at one point he looked: his eyes were very beautiful, the gaze was very beautiful.

A very intense aspiration.

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March 21, 1970

(The beginning of this conversation took place in Nolini's presence.)

Have you received yesterday's *Aphorisms*?... Nolini might have something to say....

> 407 – I am not a Bhakta [lover of the Divine], for I have not renounced the world for God. How can I renounce what He took from me by force and gave back to me against my will? These things are too hard for me.

(Mother laughs) So T. asks me what he means. Then, there is another.

> 411 – After I knew that God was a woman *[laughter],* I learned something from far-off about love; but it was only when I became a woman and served my Master and Paramour that I knew love utterly.

What exactly does he mean? Do you know when he wrote that?... I replied to T.:

> "I cannot answer because as long as he was in a body, he never told me anything on this subject.
> "If someone knows the exact date when he wrote it, that may give some indication.
> "Nolini may be able to tell you when it was written or whether Sri Aurobindo told him anything about it."

(To Nolini:) Do you know?

(Nolini:) At the beginning, when he came to Pondicherry [in 1910].

At the very beginning.... But then, what does he mean when he says, "When I knew that God was a woman"!

(Nolini:) He always used to say that Krishna and Kali were one and the same being. Ramakrishna, too, once became a woman: God was Krishna and he became a woman; for a long time he had that impression.

Naturally, for me, the answer is this sense of humor! *(Mother laughs)*

(Satprem:) Yes, you write to T., "Sri Aurobindo had the genius of humor and one only has to admire and be silent."

That was my first reply, but after that, T. asked me, "Why exactly did Sri Aurobindo put it that way?..." It depends on the date when it was written.

(Satprem:) It looks like the same experience as Ramakrishna's.

(Nolini:) At the time he used to sign letters not "Sri Aurobindo" but "Kali."

Oh!

(Nolini:) Yes, always.... All the letters he wrote to Motilal were signed that way.

But the way he puts it!... *(general laughter)*

***

Soon afterwards

This morning, for HOURS I had (the BODY – the body) this experience that nothing exists except the Divine. And then, the two are like this *(Mother slips the fingers of her right hand through those of the left).* But for hours The discomfort about very small things[1] is much greater than in ordinary life, and the well-being is wonderful, and the two are like this! *(same gesture indicating a close fusion)* One needs to be very, very, very still. It's bearable only in an inner peace.

For the body it's bearable only when the time has come for it to be convinced that the Divine is the only Truth; then it's fine.

Because it knows that the discomfort, however intense it may be, is sure to pass. So its at peace.... That's what I have learned.... It began yesterday evening and lasted the whole morning – in fact, until you came, but it's still there.

(long silence)

Yes, this Consciousness seems to be intensifying all things so as to make them more perceptible: all the circumstances of life. Fantastic affairs, fantastic!... Unbelievable. Diseases, misunderstandings, quarrels, everything but everything has become acute, so acute, as if to really force people to see them.

(silence)

One funny thing: a woman who was here (she left) wrote a letter which came in an envelope (an envelope that came in the mail with stamps and postmark from Geneva): a letter abusing the Ashram for the way she was treated here. At the same time (that letter came yesterday), this morning, a wire from Bombay thanking me for her stay! I mean, a

[1] Mother's cheek is swollen by a dental abscess.

telegram full of gratitude, saying, “I am leaving on Saturday for Geneva” (that is, today). And the letter from Geneva came earlier – yesterday – while the telegram reached today!... *(Mother laughs)* Impossible to understand. And there was the date on the telegram, of course. And the same names. The one full of abuse, the other full of thanks!... It’s not the only example – this one is more recent, which is why I mention it.

There is clearly a will to upset all our so-called habitual knowledge.

(long silence)

Ah, it will have to take a long time yet.... But things are going as fast as possible. Only, there is a lot of work.

@

March 25, 1970

Things continue to be very difficult. They’re getting more and more complicated and difficult, and at the same time, the power is growing greater and greater, it’s even surprising.

But, for people who like peace and quiet *(laughing),* it’s troublesome!

Do you have something? Have you brought something? Nothing to say?

There’s a letter from the marquis, that friend of mine. He is asking for your help....

What for?

To change his life and get rid of all his material and financial problems there.

I thought he was very rich?

But he wants to get rid of everything.

Oh!... Let him give it to the Ashram! *(Mother laughs)*

He has a lot of money sunk in lands, castles and so on, and lie says, “I could leave all this in the hands of a financial organization and see what happens, or should I look after it myself, sell it all off, and then come to the Ashram?”

(after a silence)

If he comes, he must come with money, because the situation here is critical. We spend three times more than what we have, so It’s a sort of constant miracle. And the expenses keep increasing. This morning, D.[1] told me he cannot go on. That’s how it is. And then, the government is raising taxes in a proportion of one to ten – ten times more. So everything is

[1] D. looks after the dining room and provisions.

like that. And we are faced with a hole. So I can't take new people anymore, except those who can not only meet their own needs but also help the Ashram a little.

Things are very, very, very difficult.

(long silence)

What we may call the "reign of money" is drawing to its close.

But the; transitional period between the arrangement that has existed in the world till now and the one to come (in a hundred years, for instance), that period is going to be very difficult – it IS very difficult.

Industries were the great means of earning money – now that's quite finished. All profits are taken by the government. Or else, we had here small industries which had been freed from taxes on condition that they give 75% of their profits to the Ashram – now they have changed their laws and it's no longer 75%, it's all of it.

"To the Ashram," you mean to the State?

No, no! To the State they give everything; but earlier we had obtained that those at the Ashram would be freed from taxes on condition that they give 75% to the Ashram; now the 75% has been changed into all of it. Which means that all the industries here must give all their profits to the Ashram, or else they are taxed.

Well, that's not so bad!

(Mother laughs) Yes, but it's a sign of the times! For them it's not so bad, because with me *(laughing)* there are always ways and means! But there are other organizations.... Most people start an industry to earn their livelihood – now they can't. They can't because personal expenses aren't allowed.

But this fact of personal expenses "not allowed" has been there since the beginning. I remember, long ago, my mother had started I forget if it was a henhouse or something of the sort, because she wanted to increase her income a bit, so (that must have been some fifty or sixty years ago). She was very simple, not complicated; she opened her business and would sell her hens, her eggs and so on: she would spend the money personally and look after all her affairs.... Until one fine day *(laughing)* when she was asked to give accounts! She narrowly escaped a severe punishment because she had used that money for her personal expenses – she didn't understand!... I found it very amusing. That was at least fifty years ago.

You understand, I find it an odd frame of mind. You work – what for? Normally, you work to earn your livelihood – it's not legal. You must work, but the business isn't personal at all! You have no right to draw your own expenses on the industry you yourself started!

The stupidity of the world is unrivaled. So naturally, this has to end, it cannot last.

How? What will it become? I don't know. Naturally, their calculation (the government's calculation) is completely wrong: they are ruining the country more and more! So they really are in a critical situation. But it's a long time since people started discovering that all those taxes are simply the ruin of the country, nothing else.... Almost all the industries in the North [of India] are about to close, almost all of them. So

They do many totally useless things. All that will disappear, but...

I am in contact with a bit of everything: people come and see me; everyone comes and complains, tells me about the miserable state of things: those in power, ordinary people, everyone. And I see, things are becoming impossible. How are people to live? They don't know. Because money was chosen to be the basis – money – so naturally, the attempt was to earn it. Now that doesn't work any longer. You can no longer earn money,

and you can't have money constantly without earning it, so what do you do? – Everything needs to be changed.

In Russia they tried to make the government responsible, but that... *(laughing)* what happened was that those in the government filled their pockets and misery spread everywhere. So, as they don't have much imagination, they want to go back to the old way of doing things. But that's not it: they must go a little farther.

Either divide the earth into lots of small bits, each bit up against the other, or else We need a world organization. But by whom? It should be by people who have at least a world consciousness! *(Mother laughs)* Otherwise it can't work. So there are going to be a hundred very difficult years, very difficult. Afterwards, maybe we'll emerge towards something....

(silence)

What this man [the marquis] writes you here, lots of people are like that! Lots of them have written it, people from every country. They're exasperated by the way things are. They say, "No more personal property!", but as they don't have much imagination, they haven't found the way yet.

(silence)

A system of "coupons for hours of work," and a scale of the quality or degree of the work done.

Where is that practiced?

I don't know, in my imagination!

Oh, that's you. Yes, of course, that's very good!

Something based on the work.

Yes.

Coupons for hours of work. Then if a coolie's coupon is worth one, an engineer's may be said to be worth five, for instance. That's all.

That would be a whole organization to be worked out. We'll need we'll need something like that in Auroville.

Based on the work.

Yes, an activity That work could be defined as an activity with a collective usefulness, not a selfish one.

(silence)

The difficulty is the appreciation of the value of things. You understand, that requires a very wide vision. Moneys convenience was that it became mechanical.... But this new system cannot become quite mechanical, so For instance, the idea is that those who will live in Auroville will have no money – there is no circulation of money – but to eat, for instance, everyone has the right to eat, naturally, but On quite a practical level, we had conceived the possibility of all types of food according to everyone's tastes or needs (for example, vegetarian cooking, non-vegetarian cooking, diet cooking, etc.), and those who

want to get food from there must do something in exchange – work, or It's hard to organize in practice, on a quite practical level.... You see, we had planned a lot of lands around the city for large-scale agriculture for the city's consumption. But to cultivate those lands, for the moment we need money, or else materials. So Now I have to face the whole problem in every detail, and it's not easy!

There are some who understand.

You see, the idea is that there will be no customs in Auroville and no taxes, and Aurovilians will have no personal property. Like that on paper, it's very fine, but when it comes to doing it in practice

The problem is always the same: those given the responsibility should be people with a universal consciousness, of course, otherwise Wherever there is a personal consciousness, it means someone incapable of governing – we can see how governments are, it's frightful!

(long silence)

There's something very interesting on a psychological level: it's that material needs decrease in proportion to the spiritual growth. Not (as Sri Aurobindo said), not through asceticism, but because the focus of attention and concentration of the being moves to a different domain.... The purely material being, quite conceivably, finds only material things pleasing; with all those who live in the emotive being and the outer mind, the interest of the being is turned to for instance, things of beauty, as with those who want to live surrounded by beautiful things, who want to use nice things. Now that appears to be the human summit, but it's quite what we might call a "central region" *(gesture hardly above ground level),* it's not at all a higher region. But the way the world is organized, people without aesthetic needs go back to a very primitive life – which is wrong. We need a place where life where the very setting of life would be, not an individual thing, but a beauty that would be like the surroundings natural to a certain degree of development.

Now, as things are organized, to be surrounded by beautiful things you need to be rich, and that's a source of imbalance, because wealth usually goes with quite an average degree of consciousness, even mediocre at times. So there's everywhere an imbalance and a disorder. We would need a place of beauty – a place of beauty in which people can live only if they have reached a certain degree of consciousness. And let it not be decided by other people, but quite spontaneously and naturally. So how to do that?...

Problems of that sort are beginning to come up at Auroville, and that makes the thing very interesting. Of course, the means are very limited, but that also is part of the problem to be solved.

(long silence)

The conditions to organize – to be an organizer (it's not "to govern," it's to ORGANIZE) – the conditions to be an organizer should be these: no more desires, no more preferences, no more attractions, no more repulsions – a perfect equality for all things. Sincerity, of course, but that goes without saying: wherever insincerity enters, poison enters at the same time. And then, only those who are themselves in that condition can discern whether another is in it or not.

At present, all human organizations are based on: the visible fact (which is a falsehood), public opinion (another falsehood), and moral sense, which is a third falsehood! *(Mother laughs)* So

(silence)

Ah! Have you read the latest answer to the *Aphorisms*?

Your experience of "God"?

Yes, I am not sure I was very clear.... I'm not yet convinced it can be published!

She asks, "What does Sri Aurobindo mean by 'the joy of being God's enemy'?"[1] *So you reply:*

"Here too, I am obliged to say that I do not exactly know because he never told me.
"But I can tell you about my own experience. Until the age of about twenty-five, I only knew the God of religions, God as men made him, and I did not want him at any cost. I denied his existence with the certitude that if such a God existed, I detested him.
"Around twenty-five, I found the inner God, and at the same time I learned that the God described by most Western religions was none other than the Great Adversary.
"When I came to India

Oh, here we should say how long afterwards.... I was twenty-five, and I was born in 18 78.

It was in 1903.

And I came to India in 1914. We should specify that. It's around 1903 that I had the experience of the inner Divine.

"When I came to India in 1914 and I knew Sri Aurobindos teaching, everything became very clear."

I don't like to speak of myself. Only (that's something I don't know: whether my body will be preserved or not – I have no idea and it doesn't interest me), it seems to me that it could be useful only if this body is gone.

Oh, listen!

(silence)

Not gone – changed.

Oh, changed is it possible?

Well, if it's not possible in your body, how will it be possible in other bodies?

No I don't know. For man, it seems established that his progress is made from birth to birth, with very fleeting intermediary births, forms that aren't perpetuated. So it may be that some people, with a body somewhat... (what shall I say?) developed or advanced, could now have children who would themselves have like this *(snowballing gesture),* and then those intermediary stages would disappear.
I don't know.

[1] Aphorism 417 – "Thy soul has not tasted God's entire delight, if it has never had the joy of being His enemy, opposing His designs and engaging with Him in mortal combat."

You see, there is this fact that existence itself needs to depend on something material, which naturally brings back every time an old recurring difficulty. That question of food All that is under observation at the moment (a very minute observation, which I might almost call "scientific"), and, well, the cells are conscious of the divine Force and of the power that Force gives, but they are also conscious that in order to last as they are, even in a state of transformation, they still need this complement of something coming from outside – with that, every time you swallow a new difficulty.... All that I said on the [change of] functioning is increasingly proven, but there is this thing [food] that remains, and that means stomach and blood and all the rest With that, can we conceive (I don't know), can we conceive something that works in this way yet without deteriorating? Something capable of constant progression? (One can last only if the progression is constant.) Is this capable of progress?... For the moment, it's like this *(gesture hanging in balance).*

All that was automatic has almost disappeared – which has caused a great reduction from the standpoint of capacities; it's replaced by a consciousness with a certain power, which didn't exist previously: that's an improvement. But all things considered, well, if I take the ordinary stand, I can no longer do what I used to do when I was twenty, quite obviously. Perhaps I know a hundred thousand times more than I knew, but... This body, the body itself knows: it feels, it's capable of knowing all that it didn't know then. But from a purely material standpoint... *(Mother shakes her head, pointing to her body's incapacity).* Could it come back? I don't know. There's a question mark there. I don't know.... And it could last only if the capacities came back; as Sri Aurobindo very wisely put it, who would want to go on in a body that keeps losing all its capacities?...[1] You know, sight isn't clear anymore, you don't hear clearly anymore, can't speak clearly anymore anyway you can't walk freely, you can no longer carry a weight – all kinds of things.

Would this, as it is, THIS *(Mother pinches the skin of her hands),* would it be capable of being transformed by the Force? Can it be done? – We'll know when it's done and not before!

As for me, I find it quite possible.

Obviously, logically you are right, because the healing capacity is there; so if one has the healing capacity, there is the capacity to remedy wear and tear. Obviously.

But all possibilities are there! It's only the question of Matter having to adapt to the infiltration of another force.

Yes.

But the day it's really adapted...

Well, yes, that's the whole point!...

What's the obstacle?

CAN Matter do it?

But of course, surely it can! Surely it can.

That's the question.

If the Spirit wants, it can. If the Spirit sees the time has come, it can. There's no

[1] Aphorism 376 – "... Who would care to wear one coat for a hundred years or be confined in one narrow and changeless lodging unto a long eternity?"

reason why not.

That would be interesting to see! *(Mother laughs)*

Yes!

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

For the body consciousness that remains conscious when the body is asleep, the world as it is is dark and muddy – always. That is, it's always a half-darkness – you can hardly see – and mud. And that isn't an opinion or a thought: it's a material FACT. Consequently, this [body] consciousness is already conscious of a world that would no longer be subject to the same laws.

The cells are quite, absolutely convinced that... (I'll put it in the simplest way) the Lord is all-powerful, you understand? Only, what they're not convinced of is whether He WANTS *(laughing)* it to be this way or that, that is to say, whether He wants the transformation to be done in an already existing body, or in stages.

But then, in stages means centuries and centuries....

Yes, naturally!

But it seems that the TIME has come, doesn't it?

There's an absolute refusal to answer.

Oh, I very well know why! Because (how shall I put it?... I must put it in a quite childlike way) physical matter is lazy so *(laughing)* if it were sure, it would let itself go!

But the one thing the body has conquered (almost totally I may say) is, no more desires, no more preferences *(immutable gesture).* It's replaced by "Only what You will." Doesn't choose, doesn't say "This is better than that" – what You will.

That's the natural and spontaneous state.

(silence)

Very well *(laughing),* we'll see!

No, I don't think so.

What?

I don't think so. Because, otherwise, it would really need centuries and centuries and centuries.

Yes. But centuries, that's nothing for the Supreme.

Yes, of course.

For him, it's

But still, the world has reached such an acute state of suffering and pain that

Yes.

The time has come for ONE body to change itself sufficiently to give a concrete hope to humanity.

Yes, yes Even if only, perhaps, as an example.

Yes, perhaps, but not only that, because the day that Power would have entered your matter so totally, you would have the possibility of passing it on to other bodies that were ready.

Ah, but the possibility already exists. I have constant proof of that – extraordinary proof.... You know, little miracles take place all the time, all the time.

(silence)

Its clear that there will be ONE moment when the thing will occur.

@

March 28, 1970

(Mother holds a note out to Satprem)

This is what I sent for the conferences of the *New Age Association.*[1]
They asked, *"Is the aim of life to be happy?..."*
So I replied:

> "That is just putting things topsy-turvy. "The aim of human life is to discover the Divine and to manifest it. Naturally, this discovery leads to happiness, but this happiness is a consequence, not an aim in itself. And it is this mistake of taking a mere consequence for the aim of life that has been the cause of most of the miseries afflicting humanity."

What do they mean by "happiness"!

Yes! Everyone thinks it's his or her personal little happiness, and that's the cause of the whole misery.

They did put *"to be happy": "Is the aim of life to be happy?"...* That's AMAZING! And that's just what has distorted things, it's the source of everything. "Me, I am happy if I kill someone – so let me kill someone"! *(Mother laughs)*

Yes, they always put the little person at the center.

Yes, always, always!

(silence)

What have you brought? Nothing?... There are the latest things from Sri Aurobindo, do you have them?

On the four stages of pain?

[1] An association of students from the Ashram.

421 – There are four stages in the pain God gives to us; when it is only pain; when it is pain that causes pleasure; when it is pain that is pleasure; and when it is purely a fiercer form of delight.

You answer:

"If Sri Aurobindo refers to moral pain, whatever it may be, I can say from experience that the four stages he speaks of correspond to four states of consciousness that stem from the inner development and the degree of union with the divine consciousness obtained by the individual consciousness. When the union is perfect, there only remains the 'fiercer form of delight.'

"If he refers to physical pain endured by the body, the experience does not follow so clearly defined an order, all the more so as union with the Divine most often causes the pain to disappear."

Yes, that's my experience, that's what I told you. I don't know whether he was actually referring to physical pain?... How does he put it?

"... A fiercer form of delight."

That experience I had it in 1912 (1912 or '13, I don't remember), in Paris. I was in Paris. Once, I had an anxiety about someone who was to travel to Paris and arrive at a certain time; time was passing and passing, and the person didn't arrive. Then, at one point, I had a sort of anguish, I wondered what had happened. And that anguish suddenly You see, I was already conscious of my psychic being (I had been for a long time), and that anguish suddenly became extraordinarily intense, and it made *(bursting gesture)* like fireworks – a marvel! So I understand what he means by *"a fierce form of delight."* But it was purely psychological, it wasn't physical.... 1912 or '13.

But physically, the body's whole experience now is that it only has to to give itself unreservedly, to abandon itself totally to the divine Presence, and the pain, any pain at all, disappears.

That I said the other day.

It's not at all that it turns into something else: it disappears. And on a physical level, it's more important because, along with the pain, the CAUSE disappears too. Which means that the disorder that had occurred is dissolved, it no longer exists. That's why I don't think Sri Aurobindo is referring to physical things, because in the physical, experiences are different.

Psychological or inner things, even sensations (sensations about events, not about the body), have a fluidity, they're quite different in character. Things of the body have a sort of (what shall I call it?) maybe a concrete stability or fixity, I don't know. For example, if you have a pain somewhere (say in the heart or lungs or some pain), it corresponds to something within, something that happened, a disorder, and the pain (when you are in a tranquil state) corresponds to what we might call the "situation" of the cells, so when the pain disappears it means the cells are back in place – it doesn't mean that the disorder is continuing but you no longer feel it, that's not it. So it's not the sensation you have that changes, it's the material FACT that has changed. And that I find much more marvelous: the contact with the true Force puts things back in order.

Yet, usually with physical things, one feels it takes a little time to

But that's because the cells are not used to surrendering, to giving themselves. Once the

cells are conscious and give themselves, I have noticed that things can go really very fast. But it may depend on the kind of disorder; I suppose, for instance, that a broken bone may need some time to be repaired.

I once broke this little bone *(Mother points to the little finger of her left hand).* Sri Aurobindo was there and I told no one except him (especially no doctor). I didn't bandage it, didn't do anything, I just kept it straight. There was even a time when I could feel the knitting of the bone (it made a slight lump, as it always does), but that too disappeared. But it took I don't remember exactly (that was long ago, he was there), but I simply took care not to move my finger (it was the left hand), and it knitted together without bandage or anything, like that, relatively fast, and without leaving ANY trace. It was broken.

It was broken, but the bones hadn't moved apart. I could feel the fracture – a month later it was over (I forget exactly how many days). And broken obviously means something very concrete!

But I don't know if, for instance, in the body's present state, it wouldn't happen much faster. I don't know. But now, it's a thoroughly conscious and almost "methodical" work, I might say, which is inflicted on the body so that one part after another, and all the parts and all the groups of cells may learn true life.

(silence)

But there is one thing.... In what he wrote, in what he told me, Sri Aurobindo seemed to take as a sign of the transformation the constant presence of Ananda [bliss].... And that was one of the things I told him about: the being manifesting in this body, and consequently the body (because even from a very young age, the body had tried to surrender to the inner being, not to remain independent), in the body itself, there had never been either the feeling or the need, or even the intent of living in Ananda. Since it was very small, the body was built with I might put it like this: "the will to do what had to be done" – to be what it had to be and to do it. When it was very small, the object of the surrender was not known, but the minute it knew it, for it that was very definitive.... You understand, the first contact (as I said) was the divine Presence in the psychic being, and so, the minute it became a fact – a patent fact, there was no arguing, the experience was perfectly conclusive – from that minute, the body had only one idea left (not even one idea, one will), to be what THAT wanted it to be.... Now, for it, it's beyond any possible discussion: it's like this *(gesture hands open),* simply attentive and anxious to do what the Divine wants it to do, and it tries more and more not to feel any difference. That's beginning – it's not yet there everywhere. In many parts of the body, there is only ONE thing left: there is not the Thing that wants and the thing that obeys, it's no longer like that – only ONE Vibration. It's beginning. But it doesn't expect it to result in a sense of delight or Ananda or In fact, it's quite indifferent to that. It was born and formed quite indifferent.

I said that to Sri Aurobindo. *(Laughing)* He looked at me and said, "There aren't two people like you on earth!" *(Mother laughs)* Because, he says, people may overcome the need to be happy (not "be happy," that doesn't mean anything), anyway the need of satisfaction, of Ananda, but for it to be spontaneous ! Like that, effortless.

No merit! It was quite natural.

That's why that famous question ["*Is the aim of life to be happy*?"], for the body itself, it's such an obvious thing! If it were told, "You were born to be happy " *(Mother stares in surprise),* it doesn't understand!

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(Soon afterwards, for a message for April 24, Mother asks Satprem to look for a quotation from Sri Aurobindo. Satprem proposes this:)

> "There is nothing that can be set down as impossible in the chances of the future, and the urge in Nature always creates its own means."

It's interesting.... That's precisely the change of consciousness that has taken place in the body's cells: if they are told, "Nature will find the means," it leaves them absolutely indifferent – their impression is that it's the Divine that DIRECTLY kneads Matter. That's the object of what I call the "change of power": to substitute the divine, direct Power for the power of Nature. And the cells no longer have that (I can't find the word in French) that *reliance* at all.

Trust?

It's not quite trust, it's "relying on." They no longer rely on Nature to do things: they have a conviction and a faith, and even an experience (a fragmentary one) of the direct Influence of the Divine.

It's when Nature does things that it takes time, it's Nature that needs time.

(silence)

Is there something else?

> "Whatever the way may be, you must accept it wholly and put your will into it; with a divided and wavering will you cannot hope for success in anything, neither in life nor in yoga."

That's very useful, yes, very useful! Most people are like this *(vacillating gesture).* Do you have others?

> "To know the highest Truth and to be in harmony with it is the condition of right being; to express it in all that we are, experience and do is the condition of right living."

Oh, but this is very good! We'll take this. It's good for everyone.

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(Then Mother takes up the French translation of the above quotation and spends a long time looking for a word for "right." Satprem reads out several unsatisfactory translations from a dictionary.)

The French language is very literary and mental, isn't it?

Yes, it's very rigid.

Rigid, yes.

They're beginning to wonder what Auroville's language will be.

I think it will be a language that will *(Laughing)* The children are setting the example: they know several languages and make sentences with words from every language, and it's quite colorful! Little A.F. knows Tamil, Italian, French and English; he is three years old,

and *(laughing),* it makes a fine muddle!

Something like that.

It's like the Americans. Their language the English say that have totally spoilt the language, but the Americans say that the way they speak has more life. That's how it is.

This little A.F. is sweet.... And very amusing. The day before yesterday, it was his mother's birthday, so I received her. He was quite upset because he didn't come, and he had said, "I will see Mother – tomorrow I will see Mother." So yesterday, the whole morning long, he told everyone, "I'm going to see Mother, I'm going to see Mother...." He came here – Z told me he was here, I said, "Go and fetch him." *(Laughing)* She went, and he said, "Oh, I don't need to see Mother anymore!" *(laughter)* Probably he had felt the Force in the atmosphere.

So they gave him a flower and he left.

I think these children have a much greater inner sensitiveness – much greater. There are little ones like that... (about that age, two, three, four). One came with his parents, they brought him; I didn't particularly pay attention to him (I found the little one sweet, that's all). Afterwards, when he left, he said, "I'm not leaving this place. I want to see Mother, I'm not leaving here." And he asked, he said, "I want to see Mother every day"!... He came back and sat down (all the family members came, received flowers, left and so on), but he remained quietly seated at my feet. He didn't move, he was quite satisfied. And strangely, it's not because I pay special attention to them, not at all. Not at all.

One child, the other day, brought me flowers. I gave him a rose, and then he went to the other family members: he wanted to take their bouquets to give them to me.... He came back, sat down, looked at his rose for a long time, and then he came and gave it to me as if it were it was so clearly, "This is the best I have, so I'm giving it to you!" *(Mother laughs)*

I gave it back to him.

They have something more, already.

(silence)

People who speak Esperanto wrote me an official letter to say how many they are (a considerable number), and that they would like their Esperanto to be Auroville's language.... There are lots of people who speak that language, lots. Everywhere, I think. I got that letter two or three days ago.

But Auroville's language, let it just be born spontaneously!

Yes, spontaneously, naturally! Ah, we shouldn't intervene. For the time being, I write birth certificates in French.... And when there is a central organization (which will be like a town hall or a municipality, I don't know – anything), if passports are given, they will be citizens of the world.... So everywhere people will start saying, "They're a bit mad," and then in a hundred years it will be natural. I remember the beginning of the century (of this century, before you were born), and now there has been a tremendous CHANGE!

(Satprem prepares to leave, lays his forehead on Mother's knees, she takes his hands)

This morning for two or three hours, I had a curious experience (the body). Once it had the experience that each (what could I call it? It wasn't a person, it was like an individualized aggregate), each aggregate had its own essential way (not as it is now, as it IS or ought to be), its own way of understanding and manifesting the Supreme, the Divine, and that was what made its own individuality, its particular way of being. And all those ways put together were roughly a reproduction of the total Divine – but each way has to understand that it's only ONE way and that all other ways are just as true as itself. But it

was the body which understood that! It felt it very clearly, for several hours. ONE way And then, it was so amusing, because *(laughing)* it said, "Yes, yes, as for me, I am the way that wants EVERYTHING to be harmonious!" It said that, repeated it again and again: "I am the way that wants EVERYTHING to be harmonious...." It understood, it understood that; it didn't bother it in the least that there should be millions and billions of other ways – that was ITS way.

Everything, but everything should be harmonious – harmony, harmony, harmony. Something (words are very, very dry, very hollow) something – a vibration it knows well, a vibration which, for it, is the expressed combination of Love and Harmony. But "love" is small and "harmony" is small. The two together (along with something else) make up its way of being in the universe.

That was very amusing. Really very amusing.

It understands very, very well – very well – that all have the same right to existence and must Everything is hardly capable of expressing That which must be expressed.

It was the body, not the mind – strangely, it has a sense of reality that isn't mental or vital or emotive or anything of the sort. It's something else. Very, very concrete.

It's odd.

The body was happy, very happy! It says, "Yes, this is it, this is it!" As if the Lord had told it its secret. It said, "Now I know, now I know this is it." And everyone – everyone and everything – everyone, each of these billions all of it. But they don't know! *(Mother laughs)*

The body is amusing, you know! As an experience, it was amusing.

Harmony, love. But... what people put into these words isn't the thing – it's not the thing.

(silence)

It's after reading all these *Aphorisms:* that makes it work a lot.

What should be my way of being?

Ah, it's for you to find it! Oh, that's the only way it's amusing. I think I know, but there it's no longer the body that knows *(Mother makes a gesture above).* No.... You have to find it. *(Mother laughs)*

@

April 1, 1970

T. has asked me questions regarding the death of her brother, N.J.[1] It seems that a few months before his death, he knew he was going to die, and he said, "But I will come back in the Ashram." And his sister used to see him. I told her, "When he died, I know I led him to the place of rest – he may have come out of it." And when she told me about it, I concentrated a little, and one night, I saw; I saw him come back: he was in the body of a

[1] A young instructor of physical education who left his body a few years earlier.

two- or three-year-old child. But I haven't seen him here – I don't know where he is.

(silence)

There's a very curious *Aphorism* I saw yesterday. I don't know when he wrote that I simply wrote at the bottom: "Nothing to say."

I don't know, it's strange.... An aphorism in which he speaks of "enjoying Nature as one enjoys a woman's body"! *(Mother laughs)*

> 428 – What is the use of admiring Nature or worshipping her as a Power, a Presence and a goddess? What is the use, either, of appreciating her aesthetically or artistically? The secret is to enjoy her with the soul as one enjoys a woman with the body.

Have you seen my answer?

Yes: "Nothing to say."

Nothing to say, yes.

There is another one in which he says, "I did not know whom I loved more. Kali or Krishna " (I am commenting, not quoting exactly), "... till I realized that to love Kali was to love myself, while to love Krishna was to love myself and someone else too...."

> 427 – I did not know for some time whether I loved Krishna best or Kali; when I loved Kali, it was loving myself, but when I loved Krishna, I loved another, and still it was myself with whom I was in love. Therefore I came to love Krishna better even than Kali.

What exactly does he mean? I don't understand.... He writes as if he felt identified with Kali more than with Krishna. Yet (and he told me so) there was something of Krishna in him.

So I would have liked to know if all those things were written at the same time, or years apart?

Nolini seems to say it was at the beginning.

Yes, it was at the beginning.

At a time when he used to sign his letters "Kali" [around 1912].

Oh, there was a time when he used to sign "Kali"....

He always signed his letters "Kali": the letters to Motilal,[1] *for instance.*

Oh, I never saw that, I didn't know. So it was at that time.

(silence)

It was certainly long before I came [in 1914].

(silence)

Did I tell you the vision I had here?... I've had many, but there is one It was after the War was declared: between the time when the War (the first War) was declared and my

[1] Motilal Roy, a disciple from Chandernagore with whom Sri Aurobindo corresponded between 1912 and 1920.

departure. There was a rather long period: the War was declared in August [1914] and I left next February. Well, between the two, one day while in meditation, I saw Kali enter through the door – Kali of the vital, naked, with a garland of heads – she danced into the room. And she told me (she stayed like that, a little distance away), she told me I don't remember the exact words, but: "Paris is captured" or "Paris is about to be captured" or "Paris is destroyed" – something of the sort, anyway the Germans were advancing on Paris. And then, I saw the Mother – the Mother, that is to say how does he call her? Maha

Mahashakti.

Huge!... You see, Kali had a human size, but she was huge, up to the ceiling. She came in behind Kali and stood there, and she said, "NO" – simply, just like that *(in a quiet categorical tone)*. So I *(laughing)* In those days, there was no radio, we would get the news by wire; so we got the news that the Germans were advancing on Paris, and at the same moment (that is, the day I had my vision), at the corresponding moment, without reason they were struck with panic, they turned back and went away.... It was just the same moment.... They were advancing on Paris; so Kali came in, saying, "Paris is captured." And then She came *(Mother brings her hand down sovereignly):* NO.... Like that. It really was remarkable, because I was simply sitting there, looking. And it happened in front of me.

I told Sri Aurobindo about it, he didn't say anything. It was he who would get the news. And later on, in the afternoon, he told me, "Here's the news...." It seems they were suddenly seized with panic; they thought, "It can't be" – there was no one to oppose them, the way was open, all clear, they didn't encounter anyone or anything, so they said to themselves, "It's a trap." And *(laughing)* they ran away. They turned around and left.... That was really interesting.

(silence)

I never heard Sri Aurobindo tell me about those things [Kali and Krishna]. I know there was something of Krishna – he told me so and I saw it; it was what I saw, and he confirmed it, he told me. There was even a day when he felt Krishna IN him, and then (he hadn't withdrawn yet at the time, he would see everyone: he saw people, that was when he would see Pavitra and the others[1]), and then he called everyone,[2] sat in the verandah of that house [above the Ashram's entrance], sat there, had me sit beside him, and called everyone. Then he said, "I have resolved to withdraw from activity; she will be your Mother and will " He named me officially. Then he withdrew to his room. As for me, I worked in what is now "Prosperity".... But at the time, he felt Krishna in him – that's why he withdrew.

Couldn't he have continued in activity with Krishna's presence?

I don't know.

I don't know.... I never asked him questions, to tell the truth; I would never ask anything: I listened to what he said.

(long silence)

That was the time when I remained without eating for ten days, just to see.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

I spend my nights – almost the whole night like that: I don't sleep, and time goes by so

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[1] That was the lime of the *Evening Talks,* between 1923 and 1926.
[2] On November 24, 1926.

fast!... Sometimes I have visions.

(Mother plunges back)

@

April 4, 1970

It's sixty years since Sri Aurobindo arrived at Pondicherry....

(silence)

Do you still get the *Aphorisms*?... I don't remember having read those things.... Clearly, he wanted to break rules and conventions at all costs.[1]

I strongly felt that was what resulted in the European attitude: that mixing of sex and yoga and all that.... That [sort of aphorism] must have been indispensable at the time, but now I feel we have gone beyond, or at any rate that we are going beyond.

(silence)

Do you have anything?... No questions, nothing to say?

There is a note from G., if you'd like me to read it.... He says:

"Mother,

"My health problem [serious heart attacks] has led me to reveal many hidden elements in the body, like Mother's love, grace, and Mother herself with me.... My body seems no more at the mercy of old beliefs. Thus, my confidence in the body is increasing more and more day by day, and I feel and see clearly that the body can throw away any kind of difficulty in it by coming in the contact with Mother's love and grace. One day, I asked Mother from within not to allow more such attacks which bring me almost to a condition of collapse every now and then and, Mother, it never came afterwards since about ten days!..."[2]

(Mother remains silent)

Yes, he told me he was very struck to discover practically that "laws" don't hold up, so-called laws disappear.

(silence)

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[1] Exactly what aphorism Mother is referring to is not clear, perhaps this one: 446 – "Errors, falsehoods, stumblings!" they cry. How bright and beautiful are Thy errors, 0 Lord! Thy falsehoods save Truth alive; by Thy stumblings the world is perfected.

[2] Original English.

For quite some time lately, for weeks, night and day there has been a sort of demonstration of all that remains mixed in the body: old influences, old vibrations, old and in the new way. So then, when the new way is pure, without mixture, there is still in the body consciousness *(Mother shows surprise)* a sense of marvel at something that still appears impossible.

It gives the distance between what is and what must be.... But at times, all, all consequences of the old way of being suddenly seem erased – only, it doesn't last.

(long silence)

Once you told me that you had seen Sri Aurobindo supramental on his bed....[1]

Yes, yes.

Was there an "extra" element there, or something that isn't there now, or not yet there?

There was a luminosity. The substance was not radiant but... I can't say "luminescent" because it was a golden color, but like luminescent bodies: it was a kind of golden mist coming out of his body.

What I meant was: is it an element (I who don't see anything), an element not present now, or not yet present, or what?

My impression was yes, I might say that the proportions in the combination of matter weren't the same.

That's something I very often wondered about as far as bones are concerned – how will it be?

There is obviously a suppleness, a flexibility and a plasticity that are impossible for our bodies as they are. So as long as there is inside this sort of rigid framework, how can it be plastic?

But it was in Sri Aurobindo?

I SAW him like that – I didn't touch him. He was luminous and the impression was one of plasticity Only, he isn't physical, so in the subtle physical that's the way it is; but in the subtle physical there are no bones.

The transition between this and that is what's difficult.

(long silence)

Basically, it's having a permanence without fixity. Until a new species was conceived of, it was thought that along with fixity there was death and dissolution, and there was no notion of something that would be permanent on earth BUT without being fixed.... We can't say it's impossible, because everything is possible, but it means something very different in the combination of matter. Once you said, you told me that one would become visible or invisible at will – but that means a very great plasticity.

(Mother shakes her head and plunges in)

And

(Mother shakes her head again and plunges back for a long time)

1 See *Agenda* II of 15 July 1961.

We have a long way to go.

(very long silence)

Do you have any indication?... But it's mental, no? The body is quite incapable of saying anything.

The impression I have is that this subtle body, which is already supramental or supramentalized, could materialize by using

But how? That's the question – how?

By using the material body as a support.

(Mother remains silent for a long time)

When there is no more "mixture" anywhere, as you say, then the fusion will be possible.

Maybe.

The body (when I go into contemplation like that), there is a moment when the word "anguish" is too strong, much too strong, but the impression is of being on the verge of the unknown – the unknown, the something. A very, very odd sensation.

Almost constantly, it really has a very at least a very odd sensation of being of no longer being this and not yet being That. There.

(silence)

Inexpressible.

But it's quite strange; there's absolutely no fear, there's no acute sensation (no acute sensation), and there is something Well, the most precise I might say is: it's a sort of new vibration. It's so new that... you can't call it anguish, but it's the unknown. A mystery of the unknown. But there's nothing mental about it, of course, it's just in the sensation of the vibration.

And that's becoming constant. So there is the awareness that there's only one solution for the body, it's total surrender – total. And in that total surrender it realizes that that vibration (how can I explain?), that vibration is not one of dissolution, but something what?... The unknown, completely unknown – new, unknown.

Sometimes it's struck with panic. And it can't say it's in pain much, I can't call that suffering; it's something quite extraordinary. So, for it, the only solution is to disappear in the divine Consciousness. Then everything is fine.

But the body knows it's not that [i.e., dissolution]. You understand, it's something it doesn't know. For a time, it thought there were certain influences or certain actions or certain and now it realizes it's not that at all. The thing doesn't depend on influences, doesn't depend on events, doesn't depend on action, doesn't depend on its something.

So the body's sole remedy is, so to speak, to snuggle up in the Divine: what will happen will happen.

Yes, the "other thing" must be so much "other" that for the body it must be like death!

It's the equivalent, at any rate. That's right. It's the equivalent. But *(smiling)* it doesn't confuse the two. It doesn't confuse the two, it KNOWS this is not what people call death.

(silence)

It's a funny life, at any rate.

Yes, it's a funny-adventure!

Oh, yes! *(Mother laughs)* Oh, yes.... And all things other than the purely material, all psychological, moral things, all that seems so childish!... "Oh, what fuss you make about nothing! Wait till you know how it is THERE" *(Mother points to the body).* That's all.

Yes *(laughing),* I think that's the great adventure!

Very well.

The body spends hours repeating not with words, but with all its will *(Mother clenches her fist),* "To be nothing but You, to be nothing but You, to cease existing, to be nothing but You...." Like that, it's so intensely like that oh!

And it very well knows that this "You" isn't the Supreme, but to it, it's the Supreme for the time being.

We'll see! *(Mother laughs)*

(silence)

Everything is becoming like that, EVERYTHING. The change of sleep is what took place the most easily, but the whole work, all, all that I do – speaking has become a very difficult thing, very difficult my voice doesn't come out anymore, it's as if someone else speaks, you understand?

What time is it?

Quarter past eleven.

After some time, I will be able to say certain things, but Do you hear when I speak?

Yes, yes, Mother, very clearly!

(silence
Mother moans now and then)

Later Later.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

I will soon have a dangerous contagion, you know! *(Mother laughs)*

@

April 8, 1970

(Regrettably, Satprem did not preserve the recording of the following conversation, perhaps feeling too acutely the negative appearance of Mother's difficulties, although that very negativity was the condition of the experience. At the beginning of the conversation, Mother makes a fair copy of a text to be reproduced.)

My eyesight has gone down a lot these last two days.

(silence)

There's a difficulty.... I am beginning to be unable to eat, so Things are becoming difficult.

Is it the consciousness or the body?

It's I don't know. I don't know what's going on.

(silence)

The body seems to be straddling *(gesture between two worlds).* Naturally, it still has all the old habits, so that makes for it makes for a queer thing. It's only the consciousness that's clearer than it has ever been. Consciousness of what goes on in people But speaking is a difficult thing, very difficult, and the sight is *(Mother shakes her head).*

(long silence)

Don't know.

(long silence)

It really is a very strange condition. Very strange. You know, this whole base, from automatism to all the things one does out of habit, is (yes, there's an enormous quantity of things one does automatically) it's gone. So that's difficult.

(silence)

It's especially, especially the question of eating, because for an extremely long time (many years) there has been no interest in food, none at all. Its taken only its taken with a certain knowledge of what is needed, but that's all. Well, now, it's almost difficult to swallow. Especially that: very difficult to swallow.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

There is also a difficulty breathing. Breath is is short.

(silence)

What's going to happen? I don't know. *(Mother laughs)*

But the Power is more and more massive, I feel.

Yes, yes. Oh, and at times Listen, yesterday I saw a boy who'd taken a wrong turn (he is in Auroville). He'd taken a wrong turn, had rebelled and didn't want to do anything anymore. Anyway So I wrote him to come. Every Tuesday, they come from Auroville, four of them. He came with them. He came in closed, blocked. I said absolutely nothing, I

looked at him, simply looked *(gesture).* After a few minutes, brrt! everything melted. And then he expressed it.

Without saying anything, not a word, simply Such things take place all the time, all the time. It's odd, the body acts as an intermediary *(gesture radiating through the body),* like that, simply like that.

(silence)

But I am constantly out of breath.... I don't think there's any disease, I don't get that impression. On the contrary, I get the impression that certain things are rather getting better (oh, nothing very spectacular, but some things do get better). But there are two difficulties: one is breathing – short, very short – and the other is eating.... Drinking, I can still drink.

Don't know.

And I would really like not to reach a condition where I'll be asked to see a doctor, because they can't understand....

Did I give you flowers?

@

April 11, 1970

(Regarding a text of Sri Aurobindo about the difference between occult powers and the supramental realization.)

"The physical Nature does not mean the body alone but the phrase includes the transformation of the whole physical mind, vital, material nature – not by imposing Siddhis [occult powers] on them, but by creating a new physical nature which is to be the habitation of the supramental being in a new evolution. I am not aware that this has been done by any Hathayogic or other process. Mental or vital occult power can only bring Siddhis of the higher plane into the individual life – like the Sannyasi who could take any poison without harm, but he died of a poison after all when he forgot to observe the conditions of the Siddhi. The working of the supramental power envisaged is not an influence on the physical giving it abnormal faculties but an entrance and permeation changing it wholly into a supramentalised physical. I did not learn the idea from Veda or Upanishad, and I do not know if there is anything of the kind there. What I received about the Supermind was a direct, not a derived knowledge given to me; it was only afterwards that I found certain confirmatory revelations in the Upanishad and Veda."

11 September 1936
On Himself, *26.112*

Exactly what does he say will take place?

> *"... The working of the supramental power is not an influence on the physical giving it abnormal faculties*

No, it's not that at all!

"... but an entrance and permeation

Oh, yes.

"... changing it wholly into a supramentalised physical."

(silence)

At any rate, in my case (I don't know whether all cases are similar), the trouble is that... In life's ordinary condition, the body has a sort of stable base as a result of which it isn't uncomfortable, it can be quite busy with other things while remaining neutral: its existence goes unnoticed, and it doesn't require a continuous attention in order to be in a favorable state, let's say. In ordinary life, normally you live while being as little concerned with your body as possible; it's an automatically functioning instrument. But in this present condition [of Mother's], the minute the body's attention stops being wholly turned to the Divine, relying on the Divine, it becomes VERY miserable. That's the So then, when it does nothing, it's concentrated; when I see people, it's also concentrated – all that's quite fine. But the whole rest of the time, if it's not ACTIVELY concentrated, it's enough to make it feel quite miserable.

Then it becomes terrible.

Almost all night long, there is a concentrated rest in the Divine and that's very fine, but at times the body still slips into something resembling sleep, and then it becomes so miserable!... Dreadful.

I don't know if this is special to it, but the atmosphere *(Mother feels the air around her)* is full of the most absurd suggestions.... All that disappears only when it's ACTIVELY concentrated. That's the way it is most of the time, but still there are moments For instance, at mealtimes it's very difficult, as if each mouthful had to be consciously taken as an offering, fully conscious of the Divine. Otherwise, it won't do at all – I can't eat, can't swallow.

I don't know if that's special to this body or if it will be the same thing for all bodies.... Naturally, it's fully aware that this is a transitional period, but it's very difficult.

(long silence)

Now and then, for a few seconds, there is perhaps a "specimen" of what is to be, what will be – when, I don't know – it lasts a few seconds. That's wonderful, but

(long silence)

Speaking has become very, very, very difficult (I mean the material fact of speaking).

How are your nights?... The same?

Yes I don't know. It's quite unconscious.

But do you sleep?

I feel it's very light: the least noise instantly wakes me up.

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

It's very hard to explain. It's a very strange impression, as if one were on the edge – but on the edge of what? I don't know. Something *(Mother shakes her head).*

(Mother goes back into a contemplation till the end)

It could last all the time, you understand, there's no reason for it to change. It's all the time like that. What time is it?

Twenty past eleven.

If you want to make me talk, you must come with questions, otherwise it's not possible.

You think I should come with questions?

If you like!

My feeling, when one is in front of you, is that... [Mother laughs] it all melts.

Yes. If it's enough for you

It's a curious situation. The being isn't at all turned in on itself: there's nothing, it's like this *(Mother stretches her arms into the infinite).* It's like this. Maybe that's why: it receives forces but doesn't keep them, they hardly enter at all [into Mother], it's like this *(gesture of a continuous flow through Mother and spreading outward),* all the time. All the time like that. So if I am told about something, it makes a point *(Mother pinches a point in space between her two fingers),* a point of concentration for a moment; otherwise it's all the time like that *(same gesture of continuous flow),* all the time. It goes like this, like this *(same gesture of "outward" flow).* It feels – the body feels forces coming, but... it doesn't even feel them going through, doesn't feel it's giving them, not at all, it's like that *(same gesture of spreading).* It all goes through without through what, one doesn't know Very nonexistent. Very nonexistent. And then, if the body starts being conscious of itself or of something, it's MOST unpleasant, a discomfort....

I have noticed that with receptive people (I see people, lots of them), with receptive people, it starts flowing and flowing and flowing like that. And nothing else: no thought, no not even sensation. But the strange thing is that if the body becomes conscious of itself... it doesn't suffer, that's not suffering, but something which is an inexpressible discomfort.

(Mother holds Satprem's hands for a long time, looking at him)

Tell me one thing.... Did you feel you were receiving or giving?

I felt filled!

Ah, good.... Then that's it. That's my ideal condition. At such times it's perfectly fine. That way, it's fine. Do you understand?

Yes, I think that's it: I don't feel I [exist] it's limitless, you understand, that's the strange thing. This *(Mother points to her body)* is quite artificial.

Then it's good, no Mon petit

Yes, it's

(Mother laughs)

... it's the Divine which is there!

(Mother laughs a lot)

... And the curious thing is that I don't at all feel it comes from one place. On the contrary,

it's a concentration: a concentration here, as if *(laughing)* as if an expanse of something were pushed through a hole! *(Mother draws a small circle between two fingers).* You understand, that's how it is!... Yet, it's not limited, but it's it's a movement like this *(gesture of a flow through Mother).* So it's pointed [at a person or the word]. It's pointed.

But that's the ideal state! *(Mother laughs)*

@

April 15, 1970

There seems to be a more and more powerful Pressure, and all difficulties are arising *(gesture of rising from below).* People quarrel and oh!

And it's not just here, it's all over the country. And I am told it's all over the world.

You know, it's like a Pressure *(gesture of implacable descent),* so everything rises.

(Mother's voice is husky)

A dozen letters everyday, from people imploring for help.... Everything is becoming difficult.

Things will probably have to become still more difficult.

It looks like that.... Only, it's just at breaking point.

Russia and America have reached, they say, the "balance of terror."

It's frightening.

(Mother plunges in)

I am unable to speak. I can maybe just answer a question, but I can't speak.

What can one do?

What can one do?...

(Mother goes back into a contemplation till the end)

It can go on indefinitely!

Every time I try to ask myself a question, or to ask you, I feel it's futile – it melts away.

Yes, that's how it is.

The only thing is to be like this [gesture with hands open].

(Mother laughs)

Then it's fine, very fine....

Yes.

But the impression is that there's nothing else to do.

(Mother smiles and goes elsewhere)

I think it will be better if you bring questions.... I have difficulty speaking, but I can speak.

@

April 18, 1970

(Mother's voice sounds increasingly frail. This conversation perhaps contains the key of everything.)

So, have you brought any questions today?

Yes, Mother; there are also a few from her [pointing to Sujata].

Start with yours, then she will speak.

I don't know if it's a "question," but I don't very well understand the working of the subtle physical, or the relationship between the subtle physical and the material physical. For instance, you say that Sri Aurobindo is in the subtle physical, working to prepare the new world

Yes.

... and that we too, at night, through a part of our being, often work there to prepare what is to come. How?...

Listen, your question comes at the right moment. Last night, for the first time – really the first time – it wasn't a dream, I wasn't asleep, yet there was a whole story (which I am going to tell you), and I was absolutely convinced at the time that it was something going on here (maybe not in that form, but in a similar form). Then I realized that nothing had taken place here (outwardly at least, there was no sign of it).... Giving the names bothers me; I won't tell the names, it doesn't matter. But the names were there, the people, all of it PRECISE, as it is here.

I forget how it started, but I was very ill, seriously ill, and my body wasn't asleep, yet wasn't awake (that's a fairly normal state now: I'll be absorbed in a consciousness, which I think is the consciousness of the subtle physical; at least I was there last night). So then, I was very ill, but I knew it wasn't this body (but it was this body's consciousness), it was a family at the Ashram, and the father was seeking help, looking for a doctor (all the details with such precision!...). And while that was going on, the body said to itself, "So I am identified with this person, since he is treating this person (me, that is); and since I am identified, I must do in this person what needs to be done." Then I concentrated and called

the forces of the Lord, and treated the person. All that down to the last detail. It lasted for two hours. At the same time, I saw people who were extraordinarily interested in the event, looking on; for instance, among them, not to name him, there was Nolini, bent over like that and looking *(Mother opens her eyes wide)* to try and understand what was going on. Which means it was taking place in a world that had the full appearance – full appearance – of the material world, but in which people were conscious.

I'm not recounting all the details, but my body FELT the battle of the illness. And at the same time it knew it wasn't its own body, you understand? It was like that, a very complex, very precise consciousness, with a great force. And all of it going on at the same time – I wasn't asleep.

This morning I expected to be told that something very serious had taken place in that family (there are three sick people in it, three women), that something had happened to one of them. And nothing has happened!... But that was a FACT, I mean it was lived in every detail, with an absolutely clear consciousness, and it was in the subtle physical. But... but I tell you, I felt, the body felt very, very ill. Yet at the same time, it knew it was someone else's illness. And it took the attitude, it said, "This is taking place so I take the necessary attitude for this person." And all of it fully conscious. It took the attitude and kept it like that for two hours.

There's only one possibility: it happened during the night, when those people were asleep, and they didn't realize.... You understand, this body's impression is that it has saved someone's life.

> *Yes, you haven't been told about any mishap because you prevented the accident from taking place.*

I don't know about the end. I "woke up," came back to the ordinary consciousness. At one point I had to get up, and it rather was a relief for the body, because it was suffering. Afterwards, it didn't suffer anymore. But that was because the work was over.

> *Yes, nothing took place in the physical because you stopped the thing in the subtle physical.*

Quite possible. But it's Never, never have I lived so totally in the subtle physical, fully conscious, WITHOUT SLEEPING (I was lying on my bed), and it lasted for two hours. Things were as real, as precise as they are here.... And the same will: it's not another will, it's the same; it's the divine Will through the psychic working in this body. So it acts there or here without difference. In other words, whether I am in this subtle physical or in the material physical, it's the same will, the same psychic will that acts – the SAME, exactly in the same way. Which means that I don't know what the difference is. There's a difference it's thin, you don't feel it's something thick or heavy: it's thin. That union between the two, between the subtle physical and the material physical, is taking place all the time – day and night and day and night. The work is You might almost say that there is an attempt to substitute one for the other.

And, you know, the faces, expressions, gestures, movements, words – as precise, as precise as they are here. It seems to be a response because I asked (it was yesterday, I think, sometime yesterday; in fact when I sit like that, as I was with you the other day, the two worlds are fused *[Mother holds the fingers of her right hand between those of her left hand],* you can't feel the difference), I asked Sri Aurobindo whether things are as precise and exact; so he told me yes, he answered yes, but said I had to experience it. And I had that experience last night, quite unexpectedly. It was around three in the morning (between two and three).

So then, I saw this morning one person from the family in question, who could have been one of those seriously ill – she didn't mention anything, didn't say anything.... So maybe it began in sleep for her and the action [of Mother] was enough to cure her without her realizing it. It's possible.

You understand, it's the kind of consciousness that says, "My body is suffering," but it wasn't my body, it was someone else's body. It said, "I am suffering, but I know it's not me, it's the suffering of one member of this family" (I didn't try to find out which), "and that's why – it's because I must do what I would do in my own case." And I did it, it lasted for two hours.

It's the first time. It's like that every night, but fleeting, it comes for one detail, for a moment; the rest of the time I am in perfect Peace. It's the first time I've had an action of this sort. And I was so ill (!) that I wondered (while it lasted), I wondered if I wouldn't be left with something physically. That's why, when I felt I had to get up, I thought it was also deliberate; I got up and I realized – nothing!

But it gives indications (more and more often, day after day, experience after experience), indications of the extent to which the intervention of this Will (which we call divine Will) through the psychic (or even direct, it depends on the case), to what extent it's all-powerful. And it exclusively depends on This Will is always active for perfect Harmony – yes, perfect Harmony as we can conceive it. There also, in this conception, there is the knowledge that that too will progress, that once that harmony is manifested, then the work will begin for another perfection, which for the moment eludes us. That, too, knows.

More and more, there's a sort of not exactly fusion [between the subtle physical and the material physical], but how should I put it?... For everything to hold together, this way of being of the material consciousness continues (the material, physical consciousness), but in it a permeation takes place (it really is a permeation), which doesn't drive away the other, but... at length, it will probably transform it. It doesn't drive it [the material consciousness] away, but it's there and it dominates – at times it doesn't dominate, it's the other one that does; and so, depending on the case it changes external circumstances (its hard to explain).

It changes external circumstances?

External.

Ohh!...

External. That permeation certainly intends (but this is probably a long way off) to effect a substitution, you understand? This subtle physical is working *(Mother gestures as if wearing away a dividing wall)* to take the place of the other one, but not through elimination – through transformation. But I can see (as I perceive the two at the same time, I can see very clearly) that it's a tremendous work.

And it takes away some of the fixity: our physical is not only fixed, it's crumbly, and the subtle physical takes away that crumbly character: wherever it would break, now it bends, you understand? Wherever it would crumble, it's fluid, it becomes *(Mother makes a fluid gesture).* It's very strange. It's hard to explain.

I asked myself that question, I wondered, "But how? How is it going to ?"[1] So, with these experiences, I see. But, of course, it's a colossal work....

The body [Mother's] has certainly been chosen as a field of experiment for some reason, which must be a reason of plasticity of the substance (I don't know). There may be a

[1] Mother probably means, How is the transition going to be made?

reason, but in any case it's a fact that it has been chosen to make the experiment. Because the experiment is under way: it starts with the more subtle, and you can see that it goes *(Mother makes a gesture of progressive descent into Matter).* For months and months it has started with the more subtle, and then, VERY slowly and progressively, it has descended into a more material field. Last night, it was really remarkable.... One would have been unable to say, "This is the subtle physical, and that is the material physical." It was *(Mother holds the fingers of her right hand tightly in those of her left hand),* it was surprisingly one within the other. You don't get the impression of TWO things, yet it's very different – it seems to be a modality rather than a difference (I don't know how to express it), a modality that comes exclusively from the consciousness. It's a phenomenon of consciousness.

In last nights experience, it was everything at the same time: the body felt, acted, it was conscious, it observed, decided – everything, just everything at the same time. There even was I don't know, I didn't have a vision of Sri Aurobindo, but I had the sensation of his presence (that often happens: at times I'll see him and he won't speak; at other times I won't see him but I'll hear him, he'll speak to me – the laws are no longer the same), and he made me notice, or rather I noted that although the body was suffering a lot (the situation was critical, you know), there wasn't the shadow of a fear in the body. Then he told me, "Yes, it's because it is able not to be afraid that you can do the work."

The absence of fear is really the result of the yoga for so many years – for half a century.

It was like this *(gesture, hands open),* offering its suffering, all the time like this.

(silence)

After last night, I have every reason to think that the work is very, very active – very active.

> *But on the level of the earth, how do things take place? For instance, you say that Sri Aurobindo, yourself and a number of us are working in this subtle physical to prepare the new world: how is the permeation of this subtle physical made?*

But in that way.

> *In the same way?*

In that way. THAT is the work – the permeation.

> *But is it taking place terrestrially?*

Yes.

> *In everyone.*

Yes, oh, I get letters from people who have astounding experiences, quite out of proportion with their degree of intelligence or development – astounding experiences. They themselves are astounded. Experiences very different from one another, but I know them all. I know them to be experiences of the subtle physical. People whom I know or not write to me (they come here, or they have read your book, or they have heard of Sri Aurobindo or), and they describe it as I might describe it myself, that is to say, with the full knowledge. And they know nothing! It's quite astounding, oh!...

> *Yes. And then, when you are in that subtle physical consciousness, the laws change – you can change the material law if you are in that consciousness.*

Yes, it doesn't at all work in the same way.

I mean that

Mon petit, great care has been taken not to mentalize this thing. And that's probably very useful.

The consciousness is VERY active – a consciousness wide awake to the SMALLEST thing – but the mental description *(Mother shakes her head).* Now and then, out of the old habit, I ask a question like that, a mental question, and I always receive the same answer: you mustn't mentalize.

It instantly brings back the old way.

I mean, once or twice I had such an intense perception that it's almost an experience, even if it's merely mental, that in a certain state of consciousness, all physical laws collapsed....

Yes, yes.

Truly they had no power.

Yes, that's quite true. They have no meaning.

No meaning, that's right.

They have no meaning, to such a point that I remember one thing last night: suddenly I saw a functioning, and I said to myself, "Oh, if we knew this, HOW MANY THINGS – how many fears, how many combinations, how many would crumble away, would lose all meaning!" It was what we see as "laws of Nature," "ineluctable" things, it all was absurd, an absurdity!

Yes, and I felt it as something flimsy, like a thin film, something without Those awesome laws were something very flimsy.

Yes, yes!

You could almost have blown them away.

Yes, that's right. Yes. With the true consciousness, it crumbles away.

(silence)

Several times like that, when people tell me they feel as if in front of an ineluctable law, "There is this and this, and therefore that is inevitable," the answer is always the same: IF YOU WANT IT SO!

You are the ones who decide it's ineluctable!

(silence)

This morning, when I realized there was no trace (after that, the body was rather better than usual), nevertheless it was a bit surprised, and it said to itself

(Mother is abruptly cut short)

Ah, this is not supposed to be said.... That was an extraordinary experience.

It amounted to this: "Yes, to you the world is still this way because you WANT it this way; when you no longer want it this way, it will be the true way." Then But the "you want it" isn't with the idea of the small ego's will, of course, it has nothing to do with that. It's probably a there's a position to be changed, a position of the consciousness to be changed.

(long silence)

But I had the clear knowledge that what I was conscious of last night is something taking place all the time, but I am not aware of it because so as not to increase the burden of consciousness. Right now, from an ordinary standpoint, for an ordinary human being, the number of things that are conscious at the same time [in Mother] is something tremendous!... And it's without fatigue, effort, difficulty, it's NATURAL, but many more get done consciously and without being relayed to the center of consciousness so so it doesn't get too much!

There is also this well-known thing: according to the concentration of the consciousness, the value of time changes. That's perpetual and constant. The same circumstances, the same everyday little events I am made to feel with the ordinary consciousness, and then three or four different consciousnesses – and their value changes. It goes from a long, interminable time to a second. Which means a demonstration of the unreality of time as we perceive it here – that's every day, all the time.

There is a Force acting At least I think, I feel it's the Force, because it acts through the will (but it's deeper or truer or higher or whatever than the will). For instance, if I am not "supposed" to say something, instead of its going through the thought, "Mustn't speak, you mustn't speak" – I just can't speak anymore!... All sorts of things like that. The functioning is direct.

And the body is taught to learn how it should be. The way it eats has completely changed. For speaking too, it's the same, completely changed.

At times, the body feels such a great strength that it gets the feeling it could do (it feels, it clearly sees, the hands are strong), a strength of a different quality, but much greater than before. And at other times, it can't even hold itself upright, and for a reason which isn't It no longer obeys the same laws as those that keep us upright. So And all that takes place in a single day!...

(silence)

Ah! *(Turning to Sujata)* Ask your question.

Mother, is there a "Mother of Ignorance"?

What do you call a Mother of Ignorance?

I had a dream in which I seemed to meet someone who was the Mother of Ignorance.

Possibly.... It's possible, oh yes. Mon petit, EVERYTHING is possible, and not only possible: everything is. But everything isn't on earth, of course. You understand, there are many worlds, many regions – there is nothing that is impossible and that isn't: if a thing is possible, it means it exists somewhere.

Logically, there has to be a Mother of Ignorance.

(Satprem to Sujata:) What did the Mother of Ignorance do?

(Sujata:) In my dream?... I had a long dream, and towards the end, I met her. I had to go through a place, and I told her, "I must go to the Light, to the Mother of Light."

(Satprem:) And then?

(Sujata:) Then the dream vanished.

(Mother did not hear) You met her, she spoke to you?

Yes, Mother, she spoke to me.

So what did you tell her?

(Satprem:) She told her she wanted to go to the Mother of Light.

Oh, *(laughing)* and then she left!

(Sujata:) But she was there as if

She were governing.

Yes, Mother, as if she were governing.

That's right.

What are those regions?... There are any number of regions. There are unimaginable things. But where is that? I don't know.

(Satprem to Sujata:) Tell your dream.

(Mother continues)

It must be a region intermediary between the most material physical, vital and mind. There's everything imaginable, you can see the most extraordinary things. And that's how it is. Strangely, even, you have a power there: one drop of truth has a tre-men-dous power in those worlds. With a single movement you can change lots of things. Only, of course, you also create them in the same way: the contrary movement, the movement of ignorance (all the movements of ignorance in the world) create things all the time. That is to say, it means shaping things, or making them active, or having them act.... Only, it's a reality which which is impermanent, to begin with. Ultimately, very few forms – forms or thoughts – have an eternal reality: all that *(Mother makes a gesture of perpetual recasting)* is constantly moving and changing.

I remember the first time (that was very long ago, more than sixty years ago), the first time I asked, "But why do we die? Why do we live to die? – That's idiotic!" Then I was made to understand that all that we see as "forms" is *(same gesture in perpetual movement).* It's our clenched little consciousness; a clenched consciousness which makes it all appear a "momentous" phenomenon: we are small, we grow big, and in the end, we dissolve. But everything is like that *(same gesture),* everything is like that! There are very few things – very few – that are eternal. They have a different quality. It's the first experience you get when you contact that which is eternal: it has a different vibratory quality... And then, that will to make this last *(Mother points to her body),* this which is made, entirely made of wrong movements – wrong movements and constantly in movement, constantly changing, constantly *(same gesture)....* As Sri Aurobindo said, "You want to make your body and everything around it last as it is?" – No, thank you! *(Mother laughs)* To last is, in fact, to become conscious, fully conscious in the eternal world.

(silence)

He knew all that, Sri Aurobindo.... Have you seen the latest *Aphorisms*?

On laughter?

(Satprem reads)

478 – A God who cannot smile could not have created this humorous universe.

(Mother laughs)

476 – When will the world change into the model of heaven? When all mankind becomes boys and girls together with God revealed as Krishna and Kali, the happiest boy and strongest girl of the crowd, playing together in the gardens of Paradise. The Semitic Eden was well enough, but Adam and Eve were too grown up and its God himself too old and stern and solemn

Oh!... *(Mother laughs)*
... for the offer of the Serpent to be resisted.

Truly admirable!

(silence)

(Turning to Sujata) So next time, if you see her, just tell her, "Your time will soon be past."

(Sujata:) I simply told her, "O Mother of Ignorance, it is to the Mother of Light that I want to go."

And it was enough! *(Mother laughs)*

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April 22, 1970

So, have you brought questions?

(Laughing) No!

And you?

(silence)

Outwardly, sick people, difficulties, complications.... Very difficult very difficult... It has almost come to look like a relentless fury.

The only thing is Sri Aurobindos *Aphorisms,* which are more and more amusing. Have you received them?

(Satprem reads)

483 – Sin is a trick and a disguise of Krishna to conceal Himself from the gaze of the virtuous. Behold, O Pharisee, God in the sinner, sin in thyself purifying thy

heart; clasp thy brother.

"Sin in thy heart," it looks like Isn't it a joke? Is the word "sinning" or "fishing"?! [1]

It's "sinning"!

In French, it's hard to distinguish!

But this one is wonderful:

482 – My lover took away my robe of sin

Oh, yes, it's wonderful! And when he takes away the robe of virtue!...

... and I let it fall, rejoicing; then he plucked at my robe of virtue, but I was ashamed and alarmed and prevented him. It was not till he wrested it from me by force that I saw how my soul had been hidden from me.

Ah, that's admirable. Admirable.

But T. [a disciple who asks "questions" on the *Aphorisms*] sends me four or five of them at one go, without space to answer each so I only answer the last one!

It would be good to say, "Let our robe of virtue fall so we may be ready for the Truth."

That's one of the things being constantly done – oh, it's been like that for a long time, it's a long time since the body has been free from this illusion of sin and virtue, a long time. It finds it quite quite ridiculous!

And then, in the contact with people I hardly know who the people I see are (just about), so I see them without a thought, you understand, as they are, and AFTERWARDS I ask, or I am told about them, and *(laughing)* I realize that most of the time, if a contact is made (when I see them, a contact is made, a receptivity), it's with the people most scorned by others, people who outwardly behave like real boors! Just recently again I had an experience like that.

One of the things hardest to bear is obviously self-righteous indignation. You know, people tell me what's going on (everyone tells me some story), and the vibrations hardest to bear, those that cause a *(gesture of unpleasant friction)* are those of self-righteous indignation.

Now, I have to say one thing: when people come to see me (people whom I don't know, not those I see all the time), all those visitors, it's the best part of them that comes out. Several times I had contacts with people and the impression that something can be done, that they have a receptivity – and afterwards, those people misbehave, they cause disorder or trouble for others! But when they are in front of me, they're not the same. They feel it, they feel it's something else becoming active. But it's the Presence that *compels;* then they go away, and they behave very badly, they quarrel, they It's very difficult!

I see people from Auroville in rotation (once a week), in fact to try and work on this material, and it's really interesting (people I don't know: every time I am brought one or two or three new ones; some stay on, and others come in rotation). I said, "Those who want a bath of silence can come in turn," and not a word is spoken. It's really interesting. Well, there are people there who behave like and despite everything, they feel that what they are here is superior to what they are there. But the others would need to have a lot of patience!...

(silence)

[1] The two words are similar in French (*pécher*, to sin, and *pêcher*, to fish).

What do you have to ask, or to say?... There is no need to “ask” – tell me something.

How can one make conscious contact with this subtle physical?

That, mon petit, I have no idea, because I never did it deliberately! *(Mother laughs)* It came on its own.

Now, very strangely, there are times when both are there, and then A good thing I keep quiet (it’s only to you that I speak), otherwise people would surely say, “Mother is taking leave of her senses!” *(laughter)*

For instance, there is a region (I went there exclusively for a time, a few months – I don’t remember, maybe a little more, maybe a year), a region where there are many scenes from Nature, like fields, gardens but all behind nets! There is a net of one color, another color And it has a meaning. Absolutely everything is behind a net, you are as if you moved about with nets. But it’s not a single net, it depends: for its form and color the net depends on what’s behind. And it is the means of communication. You understand, it’s lucky I don’t speak because they’d say I have taken leave of my senses! And I see that with my eyes open, during the day, can you imagine! So I’ll see my room, for example – I’ll be here, seeing people – and at the same time I’ll see one landscape or another, and it all changes and moves about... with a net between me and the landscapes, like that.... The net seems to be (how can I explain?) what separates this subtle physical from the ordinary physical. But what does this net represent? I don’t know... You see, there is no mentalization, there are no explanations, there’s no thought, no reasoning, all that is clearly done away with. So, in fact, I see

The sensation isn’t the same either. Our way of feeling on the physical level isn’t there, it doesn’t work that way.... It’s more like a sense of proximity or non-communication, or indifference; but things belonging to the indifferent world do not show themselves when the dual vision is there.

(silence)

Nights are very peculiar. And precisely because all that isn’t mentalized, it’s hardly possible to describe or explain.... But this subtle physical very concretely has the sense or feeling or perception (I don’t know) of the divine Presence – the divine Presence in all things, everywhere. So then, this body is one might say, partly this way and partly that way *(gesture of oscillation between two worlds)....* That was one thing I asked this morning: how (the body asked itself), why, how, how is it that, having this divine perception almost constantly (because, as I told you, that consciousness is in the process of being established), how is it that the body feels this anguish? – It lives in a sort of constant anguish. So what’s that anguish?... And there are no explanations or But just when it asked that, there was something like Sri Aurobindo’s manner, so full of humor, as if it were he (but not visible), telling me, “Look carefully: in this anguish, there is Bliss.” And this morning, I was sitting on my bed about to get up, and there was this kind of I can’t call it suffering, but it would be more like a discomfort, I don’t know, as if at the thought of the whole day ahead (but “thought,” it’s not a thought: it’s as if the day were weighing down), and while I was feeling that discomfort (I had to make an effort to get up and resume activity), at the same time, there was something laughing deep down, all the way down, and saying, “But!...” And it was in bliss. But then, the body has been (that was part of its formation) very careful to maintain commonsense – not to go off its rocker.... You feel you are just on the borderline, you know: one very small movement like that, and *(gesture of dissolution).*

The body was used to commonsense, practical sense – and that, prrrt!... seems to be crumbling away So there is a sort of What saves the situation is that I say to myself (I SEE – I don't know how to explain – I see it's people's reaction: in front of this, people quite naturally feel you're taking leave of your senses), so I say to myself, "What do I care! What do I care what they think of me – whoever it may be, I couldn't care less." The body couldn't care less (it's been a long time since the rest stopped caring, but the body). Then I see in my memory certain expressions of Sri Aurobindo's, certain smiles in front of perfectly reasonable attitudes and the ridiculousness of those reasonable attitudes becomes patent. I live in that all the time.

It's (I don't know how to put it), it's like this *(tight gesture, one hand pressed against the other):* in one attitude (but not a willed, devised attitude, not that: its spontaneous), in one attitude, you are per-fect-ly at ease – everything is peaceful, normal; then, things remaining the same, there is beside that (not even beside, not inside or I don't know how to explain, it's simultaneous), there is a slight anguish. And that anguish is constant – maybe it's the anguish of a dying way of being, I don't know, but it makes for a strange situation.

But then, everything becomes simple when someone is there, receptive, that is, comes without thought, without simply like a sponge that absorbs. Then the Presence becomes concretely perceptible, quite so. Things are exactly the same, but the Presence is concrete and quite not only perceptible: it imposes itself. Then things come to a halt, there is a stabilization – and everything becomes perfect.

But it depends a lot – I mean, it STILL depends – on peoples receptivity... And these last few days, I've had the impression, or something like a perception, an impression of an AWESOME Power! The Power that would seem capable of bringing a dead man back to life, you know. An awesome Power that uses this [the body] without conscious identification, but quite, quite naturally, without as if there were no resistance. It's a natural state, and it's neither this nor that nor that, it's it's EVERYTHING *(gesture showing an immense movement)* which which acts according to circumstances.

Usually I don't say anything (it's the first time I've said that), because there is still a sort of memory of what was [in the past], something remaining conscious that if those things are said quite simply as they are, then the impression people would get I don't know. The body doesn't care, but something is watchful – I see that "something" as a person (whom I don't know, besides) watching over my body and over circumstances, and stopping me from doing certain things so there may be no catastrophes.

It's an impersonal person, I don't know; there's no personal relationship with it, but it's someone whose responsibility is to see to this body's well-being, and especially to its relations with others, because the body has reached the point where it really couldn't care less.

Some curious things. Some people are quite well-disposed and even, I might say, full of affection, of care, and I don't know, I can't explain, but certain things have to remain as they are and there should be nothing to disturb those people – but the body is quite unconcerned about that. The conscious, active being is turned only to the supreme Consciousness and exclusively concerned with doing what this Consciousness wants it to do, and so there are, as it were, people (or someone) whose responsibility is to see that things can be understood in the transitory state we are in. There.[1]

[1] Seventeen years earlier, on 20 May 1953, in the course of a talk at the Ashram's Playground in front of the gathered disciples, Mother had asked this question: "Is it possible for one body to change without something changing in those around it? What will be your relationship with other objects if you have changed so much? Or with other beings?... It seems necessary for a totality of things to change,

(silence)

But with people, when I am told about a circumstance, when someone (directly or through someone else) tells me some difficulty, some circumstance there comes the clear, precise vision of what needs to be done, and it doesn't correspond to any thought, nothing at all (once I have said it, generally I don't even remember what I have said). And downright practical: this must be done, that must not be done.

Ordinary life, the ordinary way is as if projected onto a screen (it's not at all within, it's), and constantly the disorder of ordinary life is as if shown – insubstantial, but perceptible. And if there were something [in Mother] still open to that, or even (let's put it very simply), if there is something still open, the result is a fact: a discomfort, or quite unpleasant things – more and more it's beginning to be unreal and unable to touch [Mother] but you can't be sure.

It's a life which, described in detail, would be absolutely the life of [a madman]. Luckily, I still appear to have some common-sense! *(laughter)*

But I don't talk about all that.

(At that precise moment, Satprem strongly had the following thought, which he almost told Mother: "If a caterpillar's vision were suddenly changed into a man's vision, it would clearly mean a bursting of its whole logic.")

(long silence)

And you *(to Sujata),* do you have something to say?

Very often, afterwards when I am in front of you, I feel...

I can't hear.

After Satprem leaves, I come and do my pranam.[1] *Then, in front of your gaze, my true inner being seems to come to the front.*

Yes.

And curiously, I have the sensation of a force of... Do you know the Ganges, the goddess Ganga? I feel an affinity with her.

With the river?

With that goddess.

Well, that's strange!

(silence)

This identification [with the Ganges] is the power of vital plasticity. Probably there are in that way families of beings.

(Mother plunges in)

Do you get a special sensation when you have that? Do you feel something special?

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at least in certain relative proportions, so that one may exist, go on existing...." That may well be the whole problem.

[1] Generally, when Satprem leaves at the end of the conversation, Sujata remains alone with Mother for a few moments.

(Sujata:) Right now, it's as if very interiorized, and at the same time with the inner being in front: both at the same time, like that.

Yes.

(Mother plunges in again)

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April 29, 1970

(Mother has had several heart attacks since the April 24 darshan. Satprem could not see her on the preceding Saturday.)

The darshan day was chosen for the transfer of the heart. I thought I would be unable to go to the balcony. But I went just the same. So then, the day after *(Mother looks quite shaken).* And it's not over.

Interesting.

Nothing pleasant to tell.

What about you, do you have questions?

I wonder, when those transfers take place in one part of the being or another, it's not just the consciousness that changes, something in the substance changes too, doesn't it?

It's almost in the functioning.

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(Then Mother sorts out old papers, and finds Satprem's letters from Ceylon, as he was about to become a Sannyasin. Those same letters disappeared again after Mother's departure.)

I had some papers which have disappeared too since I came upstairs: a birth certificate I don't know whether the papers were burned in France (some town halls burned their records during the War). It was in the 9th [district of Paris].

I think the house no longer exists. It was 60 or 61 boulevard Haussmann,[1] and it was in the 9th.

(silence)

We're going to have to give Auroville people some identity object. Yes, it has happened that some people came and settled on Auroville s lands without asking for anyone's permission, and suddenly we find ourselves faced with a man or a family.... So it's

[1] It was 62 boulevard Haussmann.

beginning to be troublesome. Because it's very scattered.

(silence, Mother asks for a glass of water)

I am so thirsty! Terribly thirsty all the time There is something in the throat.... I told you it's the difficult spot – it remains so. It's given me quite a bit of trouble.

(silence)

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There are things really interesting things.

Strangely, you might say there are numbers of miracles, that is, things that contradict all habits, but they hide, they veil themselves – but as for me, I see them.

You know that in the night that followed the darshan, they found Rishabhchand...[1] For almost a year he had asked me to leave. So, when he asked me to leave (he asked quite in earnest: he was suffering a lot, quite miserable), I did what I always do: I presented his request to the Supreme Lord and said to Him And then, he didn't leave. He recovered. He recovered and for some time he was much better. But his will to go remained. So then, on the day of darshan (I think he saw me, I don't know), he disappeared from his room, and they found his body partly on the shore, partly in the water. As it was a public place, the police asked for an autopsy, and it was done: there wasn't a drop of water in his stomach, which means he didn't drown. And it does seem, according to what people say, that he didn't drown (but I didn't see the body, so I am not absolutely sure), but one thing is sure, it's that he left his body, and another thing is sure, it's that he did not kill himself.... He went out before 4 in the morning (they don't know at what time – sometime in the night). At 4 they realized he had gone out. No one heard him leave. And he died, obviously but he did not kill himself. So what happened?... He had a bump at the forehead: he fell down.

There was a kind of hole. He must have fallen down and hit a rock.

But were there rocks there?

Yes, Mother, in front of the Distillery they are piling up tons of rocks.

Oh, it was in front of the Distillery!

It's not clear, because he was found on the sand, a little farther. But the face had been hit.

But he didn't drown, I am sure of that. It's a so-called "accident," which means he left You understand, he was really imploring to go, and he went out – he must have been guided where he had to go.

But then, I should tell you that some people are telling very stupid stories on Rishabhchand's departure.

Oh, what do they say?

[1] An old and very faithful disciple whose body was found on the beach. This is the continuation of the series that began with Bharatidi, then Amrita, Pavitra.... Rishabhchand was the author of *Sri Aurobindo – His Life Unique.*

Well, they say he committed suicide.

But that's not true!

And then people like C., for instance, in their ignorant goodwill, say, '"Well, some yogis do have a fall like that, at the end of their lives...." It's stupid!

Yes. But they told me too, that's how they broke the news to me! They told me that Rishabhchand had "committed suicide." There was in me a categorical NO.... I didn't say it. I didn't say, I waited; because if I had said something, they would have I didn't say anything, I waited. Then they told me that the police had demanded the body, and later on they said, "Well, the police found there wasn't a drop of water in his stomach." So he didn't throw himself into the water. And it was the only thing he could have done.

But Mother, they went to the extent of going to find little Astha[1] *in her sports group, and they told her, "Aren't you ashamed, your grandfather committed suicide, aren't you ashamed!"*

Oh!...

And then, in the Ashram, people say They're stupid. And C. in the lead, Mother!... All that is ignorant.

I comforted the little one (because they came), and Munnu [the elder granddaughter] asked me no, she didn't ask me anything, but there was a question in her eyes, so I told her, "He's all right, my child, don't worry." Then she questioned me, and I said, "He's quite all right, he didn't kill himself" – I'm sure of that.

But I found it was it was all guided so wonderfully! It was (how can I put it?), to make myself understood, I prayed: I prayed that if it were really possible, well, let him be helped to leave. And that's what was done (but I had done it the previous time).

It came just at the right time.

He had completed his work; you see, the first time when he asked to leave, he hadn't completed his *Life* of Sri Aurobindo, while this time he had completed it – he had nothing more to say.

And also he had seen you.

He had seen me on the darshan day. He didn't choose any other day.

(Sujata:) Has he come to you [after his departure]?

Not in a form. I had an impression Just when he left, I had (I didn't know anything about it, I was in my bed – I don't sleep, of course), but I had a strange vision. I was someone (and afterwards I thought it was he, I was with him – I say "I" because that's how it presented itself in the night, but I knew it wasn't me: I knew it was someone else). The Lord had asked me to come and meet Him atop a mountain; so I went there, but I didn't want others to know (let me add one thing: it was in the night, just when the thing was taking place, which means that even physically, materially I didn't know anything). I went to the meeting place, but I didn't want others to see me, so I went to the top of the mountain and I couldn't see the Lord. I said, "How? He is there and I don't see Him, how? He is hiding well." And finally: "Now it's time, I can no longer see Him...." And I went back down – I went back down, I met people and didn't want them to stop me; then I had some difficulties, I saw

[1] Astha is nine year old.

people, and then I felt as if those people, the mountain and everything were fading away, fading away more and more.[1] And then, when the thing had faded away, it was time for me to get up, which means it was 4:30.

I was very preoccupied by that vision. Preoccupied, I wondered, "What can it be? What can it be, someone whom the Lord had asked to come and meet Him but who could not see Him?..." Then a few hours later, they told me (told me with the usual brutality), "Rishabhchand killed himself last night."

"What?"

Then they explained: "His servant came, entered his room, and found Rishabhchand wasn't there. No one had seen him go out, and the servant found him drowned on the seaside...."

I didn't say anything, I strongly felt, IT'S NOT TRUE. Then afterwards – long afterwards – they told me about the police and how, finally, he was half in the water, half on the shore, and with a blow to the head. Then I understood. I understood that the Lord had asked him to come and meet Him *(Mother gestures as if taking Rishabhchand by the hand),* had him leave his house. But in his consciousness (my "dream" must have stopped at the point where he physically lost consciousness), in his PHYSICAL consciousness, he could not see Him. Then it became clear!

You know, I found that so marvelous! Because the experiences I have now I never had such precise and concrete experiences, because these are experiences of the body. I had that experience, and when I got up in the morning, I wondered, "What on earth can this mean?..." I knew it wasn't me, but I couldn't know who it was. I knew it wasn't me. "The Lord asked me to come and meet Him, I went to meet Him, and I could not see Him " – his body left, and he saw Him.

Very interesting! I haven't told anyone, I am only telling you.

I found it... You know, when I had the material proof that it was true, that he didn't drown himself but died of an accident but an accident that wasn't an accident: he was led by the hand, "one" led him to the place where he banged his head.

It's a magnificent thing.

The Lord asked him to come and meet Him, and he got up – he got up, feeling it was the Lord calling him; he left his room and went to bang his head on the rocks – the Lord led him.... It's pretty, no?

And as I was identified with his physical consciousness, I felt the anguish he must have felt: "The Lord asked me to come and meet Him, but I cannot see Him...." And he didn't want to be seen: "People must not see me, people must not see me...."

And then (this is something I haven't said to anyone), on the darshan day, at ten o'clock, I gave the meditation lying on my bed. I did the meditation, but lying down, because the doctor had come and *(laughing)* he looked rather frightened, he said, *"Oh, the heart is weak, the heart is very weak"* and fanciful! So it was he who told me, "You must lie down and keep still." So I lay down and gave the meditation. But after meditation brrr! there were a few very, very difficult hours. Only, I asked, I wondered, "Why just today, when I have to go to the balcony [for darshan]?" And it was like this: "But you'll go! You'll go." Just when I was to go, it was the thing [the attack] was so strong that the sight too was blurred and I no longer knew whether I was standing or where I was (it wasn't too great). Then I went to the balcony: I stayed for ten minutes – I didn't even know it! I didn't even know I had stayed for ten minutes, I thought I had just gone and come back. So there.

That too is miraculous.

But I know that this body's life (what can I say?) yes, this body's life is a miracle.

[1] Rishabhchand must have left his body at that point.

Which means that if it weren't what it is and the way it is, and arranged as it is, anyone else would be dead.... But then, if you knew *(smiling)* how it becomes The body is conscious (and things aren't hidden from it: it's not led up the garden path, it's allowed to see things as they are), so then this is the way it is, it says, "After all, it would make a difference mainly for others! For me " Only, you understand, they are still in this kind of illusion of death because this [the body] disappears; and even this [Mother's body] no longer quite knows which of the two is [true]!... For it, the truth should be Matter – well, even about that, it isn't quite sure *(laughing)* what that is! There is the other, the other way of seeing and feeling and being – another way of being. And this [the body] is beginning to wonder It knows that the old way is no longer that, but it's beginning to wonder what it [the new way] will be like, that is to say, the way of perceiving, the relationship with things: "How will the new consciousness relate with the old consciousness of those who will still be humans?..." All these things will remain what they are, but there will be a way of perceiving them, a relationship It comes it's strange, it comes like a breath of air – a breath of air – and then it disappears again. Like a breath of another way of seeing, another way of feeling, another way of listening. And that's something drawing near, as it were, and then getting veiled. But then in the appearance [of Mother's body], in the appearance it's *(Mother makes a chaotic gesture).* Yet, quite visibly, I am not ill, but at times it's very difficult. Very difficult. And then, several times I've had both [ways of being] at the same time.... So *(laughing)* the body says to itself, "Well, if people knew the way you are, they'd say you're quite insane!" *(Mother laughs)* And it laughs.

It's not afraid. It's not afraid....

It suffers; sometimes it suffers with a very a strange kind of suffering! A very strange kind of suffering. But then, how everything is wonderfully arranged! In the *Aphorisms,* there are all those things of Sri Aurobindo about the unreality of suffering, and it has come just at the right time! [1] I said to myself, "But how wonderfully arranged it is!" It just came to tell my body, "Don't worry!..." The duality [suffering and bliss] is so, so concrete that my body is it groans, literally groans as if it were suffering terribly, and at the same time it says to itself, "Ah, this is bliss!" And it groans! You understand, the two are like this *(fused gesture).*

It depends on a little something that looks like an act of will – but that's not it. That's not it. I really don't know it's something new.

The body groans, and it says, it says to itself it's suffering, then a little something occurs (but I don't exactly know what it is; it looks more like an act of will, but that's not it), and there's no more suffering, yet it's not at all what we call "bliss" – we don't know what it is it's something else. It's something else. But extraordinary. New, completely new – completely new. So all this is blurred, as it were, imprecise, it's like something taking place in a nebula, which is not this and not yet that.

(silence)

It's no longer, no longer visibly no longer the body consciousness as it was. No longer: the relationships are no longer the same, the way of hearing, of speaking (speaking is very difficult, it takes a considerable effort). And it isn't yet oh, it's on the way to

[1] On April 23, Mother received aphorism 494: "I used to hate and avoid pain and resent its infliction; but now I find that had I not so suffered, I would not now possess, trained and perfected, this infinitely and multitudinously sensible capacity of delight in my mind, heart and body. God justifies himself in the end even when He has masked Himself as a bully and a tyrant." Mother commented it thus: "This is the very lesson the Supreme Lord is trying to teach the body He is transforming." Then on April 28, Mother received aphorism 500: "Suffering makes us capable of the full force of the Master of Delight; it makes us capable also to bear the other play of the Master of Power. Pain is the key that opens the gates of strength; it is the high-road that leads to the city of beatitude."

something, but it's not there yet.

(long silence)

But the presence of the Grace is an absolutely marvelous thing! Because as I see things, the experience as it is if I were not given at the same time the true meaning of what's taking place, it would be endless agony – it's the old way of being which is dying.

Naturally, there is the whole yogic preparation, but the body is you know, it's a constant miracle! People couldn't bear it for more than a few minutes, and it goes on and on and on....

It began exactly on the day of darshan.

Once or twice, the body was offered to go back to the previous condition – it refused. It said, "No, it's EITHER this, or else leaving."

That's why it's going on.... How many days is it since the darshan? 24, 25, 26 today is?

The 29th: six days.

It didn't seem so long! That's another miracle: I thought it was three days.

(long silence; then Mother looks at something with a smile and shakes her head several times)

It's it's FAR MORE marvelous than we can imagine – everything, everything

(long silence)

It's difficult difficult to say precisely. We think that this, this appearance *(Mother points to her body)* is to the ordinary consciousness it seems to be the most important thing – it's obviously the last thing that will change. And to the ordinary consciousness, it seems to be the last thing that will change because its the most important: that will be the surest sign. But it's not that at all!... It's not that at all.

The important thing is this change in the CONSCIOUSNESS – which has taken place. All the rest is a consequence. And here, in this material world, it appears the most important to us because it's everything is upside down. I don't know how to explain.

For us, when this [the body] is able to visibly be something different from what it is, we'll say, "Ah, now the thing is done." – That's not true: the thing IS DONE. This [the body] is a secondary consequence.

What time is it?

Eleven thirty-five, Mother.

Oh!... Is the doctor here?

Yes.

Oh!...

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May 2, 1970

I have something for you *(Mother points to a written note).*

It was two or three days ago, it came imperatively like that, in connection with some business. They have gatherings in Auroville, at "Aspiration"; I think it's meditations, or something of the sort, I don't know. One of them came and put my photo; so another rushed to his room and came back with a cross!... And he said, "Well, if you put a photo of Mother, I'll put my cross." They told me that story. They told me, because the one who put the cross had come to see me with the others (they come once a week, a few of them, four or five), but I didn't know. He came and sat in front of me.... I found him a rather inquisitorial air (I didn't know anything, you understand), and after they left I asked who he was. Then they told me he is a Catholic, and they told me the story.[1]

Afterwards there came a whole series of things. But I must say there's literally an invasion there (at different places in Auroville) because it's not watched over, some plots of land are free, and at the center especially, some people have settled there, and there are constantly people who come and settle without asking for permission. So there was a thought to have a "badge" for those who are really Aurovilians *(Mother shows a specimen of badge).* For a few days already they've been thinking of organizing that: during the first year they will have a sort of identity card, and afterwards, if things are fine at the end of the year, you're given the badge.

But what came to me is this *(Mother points to her notes).* It's not over

(Sujata prepares to bring a lamp for Mother to read)

I don't need light, I don't see clearly anymore.

(Satprem reads)

> "Auroville is for those who want to live a life essentially [religious] but who renounce all forms of religions whether they be ancient, modern, new or future.[2]

Mother, excuse me, but why didn't you put "spiritual" instead of "religious"?

I am not sure yet.

It struck me as strange!

Yes, I saw that!... Maybe it's better to put "spiritual." I'll see.

> "... It is only in experience that there can be knowledge of the Truth. "No one ought to speak of the Divine unless he has had experience of the Divine....

That's the important point.

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[1] A few months later (October 21), Mother gave Satprem this note written to a French disciple, which seems to fit well with the story she has just recounted: "I am told that you intend to distribute a reproduction of the portrait you did of me. It would be better not to introduce in this gathering anything personal that might suggest the atmosphere of a nascent religion."

[2] The next time, Mother omitted the words "forms of" and simply left "all religions."

"... Get the experience of the Divine, then alone will you have the right to speak of it....

You understand, we could put "spiritual," but

"... The objective study of religions will be a part of the historical study of the development of human consciousness....

I place religions below, in the mental realm.

Well yes, exactly!

In the mental realm, and it was a "subject of study."

Strangely, two days ago it came to me almost like an experience: religion is the mental world.

Yes, yes! It's a mentalization, an attempt to mentalize what far exceeds the mind.

"... Religions make up part of the history of mankind and it is in this guise that they will be studied at Auroville – not as beliefs to which one ought or ought not to fasten, but as part of a process in the development of human consciousness which should lead man towards his superior realisation."

So then, "Programme" [Mother laughs]:

Programme

Research through experience of the Supreme Truth.

A life divine but NO RELIGIONS.

That's fine!

Oh, very fine! It's only the word "religious" there, it bothers me.

Then we'll take it out!

Because you do say, "No religions."

No, I took "religious" in the other sense, but it will always create a confusion.

It has taken on such a false meaning.

Yes. I'll explain: I did not want to put "spiritual," first because in French, the word *spirituel* has a different meaning [i.e., witty], and then because people living a "spiritual" life reject Matter, while we do not want to reject Matter. So that would be false.

I admit that "religious" isn't a good word, because it immediately I used "religious" in the sense of "a life essentially occupied with the discovery or the search of the Divine." There are no words in French, and it's not "spiritual."

"Divine"?

We have to find a word – we could put this:

"Auroville is for those who want to live a life divine "

Yes, "a life essentially divine," yes. "Divine," that's vast, Mother.

(silence)

Is that all?... There was so much, I didn't note everything.... It was day before yesterday, I think, the whole day was taken up like that in the experience, and I felt it was the revelation of Auroville's true goal, and that THIS was what had to be told, and THIS is what *will select the people,* the Aurovilians. The true Aurovilians are those who want to make the search and discovery of the divine. But, as I said, not through mystic means: it's in life.

That too should be said.

(Mother writes)

"Our research will not be a search effected by mystic means. It is in life that we wish to find the divine."[1]

(after writing her note,
Mother runs her hand over her eyes)

It's a very strange thing: as the Lets see, there are two ways of putting it. One is: as the natural sight and hearing decrease, the others grow. But I think its much truer to put it the other way round: as the what shall we call that hearing and sight?

"True"? Or "superior," in any case.

Superior. Let's say "superior," because "true," they may not be the supreme truth.... As the superior hearing and sight develop, the material sight and hearing fade away.

All manners of speaking seem to me not quite true.

With certain people or a certain kind of occupation, for instance, my experience is that the let's call it the "next way," dominates: the next way of seeing, the next way of hearing. And then, any intrusion of the old way instantly decreases the perception. Which means that the ordinary sight is as if behind a veil, and then the veil grows thicker. But if the circumstances, the people or the work allow me to go more completely into the new consciousness, the perception grows clearer and clearer.

The body has understood that, it has been led to understand: it isn't worried about the decreasing sight or hearing, and it notices, it realizes that the more this way, the ordinary way, fades away, recedes, the more the other one increases – provided I make no effort to retain the ordinary way. If I naturally let go, then that's how it is.

Any effort to retain the old way has become it brings about a discomfort, an almost intolerable discomfort. Whereas a trusting acceptance of the conditions gives a sort of yes, I don't know, it can't be called "well-being," it's a trusting peace.

But now, it's no longer just sight and hearing: it's everything. Speaking becomes increasingly difficult.... Eating is very difficult: it's a mixture of something going on quite easily, without your noticing it, or else a struggle against a GREAT difficulty. It's only now, because I want to say it, that I observe it and try to express it, otherwise there is no mental activity.

Those things have imposed themselves.

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[1] Let us note that Mother wrote "divine" with a small "d." Later she added this sentence: "And it is through this discovery that life can really be transformed."

(Mother plunges in)

Shall we put a title to these notes on Auroville?... For instance, "Auroville's Stand on Religions"?

What about "We Want the Truth"?... I use the word because no one in the world would dare to say, "We don't want the truth"! *(laughter)*

For most people, that's how it is: "What WE want is the truth"! *(laughter)*

I showed R. the "Programme" *(laughing),* and his hair stood on end: "But but people can't tolerate this now!" – Ah

So then, Aurovilians must want the Truth WHATEVER IT MAY BE.... They call "Truth" what they want, while they must want the truth whatever it may be.

(Mother writes her last note on Auroville)

We want the Truth.
For most men, it is what they want that they label truth.
Aurovilians must want the Truth whatever it may be.

I put "Truth" with a capital "T." *(Mother laughs)* Because, to tell the truth, that's not the word. It is: "We want THE DIVINE." But then they instantly start arguing! So it's better to put "Truth."

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May 6, 1970

(Mother is unwell again. She has difficulty speaking and is very short of breath.)

I'm not well. I can't eat anymore, and
When I stay lying down, it won't do, but when I stay in concentration like that, it can do.
So if you want to remain like that

(contemplation)

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May 9, 1970

(These last few days, Mother's physical condition was serious.)

Did you get yesterday's aphorism?

No, they didn't give it to me.

Oh?... It was like this *(Mother tries to remember):* "The strangest experience of the soul " I don't remember.

Yes, it's this one:

> 507 – The strangest of the soul's experiences is this, that it finds, when it ceases to care for the image and threat of troubles, then the troubles themselves are nowhere to be found in one's neighbourhood. It is then that we hear from behind those unreal clouds God laughing at us.

So then, yesterday I wrote (I forget the words), "But when You want to transform the IMAGE into Your likeness, what happens?"[1]

Something like that. And I got the answer last night!... Two activities of the subtle physical. Oh, I'll tell the first *(laughing):* I killed someone point-blank!...

Oh!

The second vision was more personal. Then I understood: it's because the very body, the very consciousness (physical consciousness) is full of all those falsehoods and all those illusions and all those preconceived ideas, and when that is gone, then the Lord can manifest in there.

It was it was LIVED, and it was a stunning realization, mon petit!

This [the body] isn't quite well yet – there's a lot to be done, but I felt I had tipped over to the right side.

It was simply wonderful!... Wonderful.

And you know, it's simply a movement like this *(gesture of slight reversal or tipping over)* and I was really miserable, you might say (I mean on the purely physical level: nausea and everything imaginable, CONSTANT, constant), and then it went like this *(same gesture of slight reversal):* a bliss For the BODY.

That experience which one has, or used to have in the consciousness (vitally, mentally, all that), when you have that experience once, it's over, you are free but there remained the body: miserable, you know, it suffered frightfully (it wasn't violent but worse than that, constant), and then, just this *(same gesture):* bliss.

I have difficulty keeping that, because all contacts bring back the old consciousness – I don't know anyone in this condition. When I am very quiet

But it wasn't like last night, it wasn't so complete, so total. There is still the memory, and then the impression that the body has tipped over to the right side. You understand, it was it was doing what they all do – disintegrating and getting disorganized. The impression that that seems to be over.' But it's not THAT yet, it's only But it was wonderful.

You know, ordinary sight – gone; ordinary hearing – gone; capacity to work *(Mother*

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[1] Lord, when You want the image to change into your likeness, what do You do?" The next day, the disciple to whom Mother had sent this reply wrote back: "I did not understand what you wrote yesterday." Mother replied again (on the 9th): "What Sri Aurobindo calls 'image' is the physical body. So I asked the Lord what He does when He wants to transform the physical body, and last night He answered me by giving me two visions. The one was about the liberation of the body consciousness from all conventions regarding death; and in the other. He showed me what the supramental body will be. As you can see, I did well to ask Him! 1. Still, in the afternoon, the doctor did a checkup which showed a blood pressure of 120 and a pulse rate of 70.

makes a gesture of writing) – gone. And it can ONLY come back in the true way, when But I've had the proof that EVERYTHING can come back WONDERFULLY. The question is

I have understood, the body has understood – it has understood, it has had the experience. What will come next? We'll see.

I wanted to tell you that.

That's the thing, you understand, that's the thing, and the body is capable. Yesterday when I read that aphorism, I said to Sri Aurobindo, "But you said that the body, too, would change; here [in the aphorism] its the 'image' that one sheds when one goes back towards the Truth, but you said the true Truth is that things would change HERE. " – *I challenged [him], yes!* And I had that answer. Two what we might call two "dreams," but I don't dream anymore. Those were two activities of the subtle physical *(laughing),* extraordinary!

But whom did you kill?

I don't know, it was it was someone I liked very much! I liked him very much *(Mother laughs)*! I don't even know whether I knew who he was. And there was no reason! There was no reason, it was I think I shot him with a pistol (it didn't matter at all, the man didn't look unhappy!), what mattered was the GESTURE, the ACT, it was the ACT that mattered.... I was full of affection and tenderness for him, and then I killed him. I didn't know that man, but he was young – maybe he was a symbolic type, I don't know. I don't know. And the impression on the old consciousness was You see, I knew it was night, I knew it was an activity of the night (all of it FULLY conscious), and I even said to myself *(laughing),* "Still, that's something I wouldn't do awake (!)" Then I very clearly heard Sri Aurobindo's voice answering, "It's not necessary!" *(Mother laughs)* The whole thing could have been quite comical.

(a disciple comes in to repair the tape recorder which is malfunctioning)

What's wrong?

They're repairing the machine, we've had some trouble with it.

Oh *(laughing)* maybe it didn't want it to be recorded!... It doesn't matter, it's just the same to me! Just the same.

(silence)

How can I explain it to you?... I had the same objectivity we have when awake: I was fully awake, I didn't sleep, it wasn't a dream. Objectivity: I saw the fact and then I reasoned over it – a completely, completely new consciousness.

Now I know what this new consciousness is, and I say so positively (I mean it's the body that speaks, and it knows it positively – yesterday it was asking). So its attitude is like this: "Now I know, and it's for You to decide whether whether I am capable of having it, or if it's only to show me." We'll see....

One thing must change materially, that is this body's consciousness. Something must change (can it change? I don't know), something must change in the constitution – can it be done? I don't know.

(silence)

For the ordinary consciousness, it looks like another vibratory mode – it's not that.... Obviously it's the CONSCIOUSNESS, but... So it's something that must change in the vibration for the Consciousness to manifest WITHOUT DISTORTION.

And then, distortion is what creates a misery, you know, which now the body finds frightful. When that disappears, it gets transformed: it's a bliss.... All that in this, here [the body]: nothing, not a thought, not even a I might say no sensation on the vital level – it's only the kind of sensation in this [the body].

What has the Lord decided will be? I don't know.... The body doesn't know.... It will be as He wants.

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

There were two activities. The first I can't recount, because, naturally, it can't be used. But the second vision was like this: I was walking around naked, but DELIBERATELY naked from here to there *(gesture from the top of the chest to the thighs);* here *(above),* there may have been clothes. I was DELIBERATELY showing myself to certain people, and I had near me someone, always the same person: the physical Mother. She is the physical Mother, the image or the symbol of the physical Mother. She was with me, and I was wearing, except on the exposed part...[1] *(Mother breaks off)* Ah, and that part I was showing was sexless, that is to say, neither man nor woman: there was nothing; and its color was a little like Auroville's color [orange], like that, but vibrant, that is, as if not luminous, but with a sort of luminosity. So then, the Mother wore a large cloak, like a large veil over her whole being, with that same color, and she told me, "See, I have put it on because I've accepted it – to tell you that I've accepted it."

That was the second "dream."

The rest of my body also wore a fabric not a fabric: it was something like that [like the cloak]. But that [nakedness] was DELIBERATE; you understand, it was an act of GREAT importance. So those two persons [to whom Mother was showing her body], I don't know who they are, but they seemed to be men. I don't know who they are (at night I knew them very well, but awake I don't know who they are). And it was as if to tell them, "Here, this is how it is; look, THIS IS HOW IT IS." They were taking it very scientifically, besides.

But the main thing was this Nature.... A little taller than my body.... For years, every time I have seen Nature, it's this person I've seen; to me, for years she has been Nature. And it's not a "relationship," but like my mother who might be my sister, or my sister who might be my mother, like that (things aren't quite clear-cut, words are worthless). She is tall, a beautiful woman, and she is very, very simple, very simple, and quite awesome. But with me, like a little child. She went around with me, and she said, "See, I've put on your dress, I've put it on to tell you that it's accepted – I've put on your dress." And its color was the same as that of the skin [of Mothers exposed part], it was something like skin, and the dress was exactly the same color. It also had a slight luminosity like that, something as if "efflorescent."[2] The skin too was "efflorescent." And that was the point: no sex, neither man nor woman – no sex. It was a form like this *(Mother draws a svelte figure in space),* a form resembling our body, but sexless: the two legs joined together.

It was pretty.

Those two "dreams" were evidently the representation of the two big difficulties of the human consciousness – but completely overcome, they no longer existed. So then, all those human feelings (the feeling of horror, of fear), all that was absolutely nonexistent, it was all bliss.... In the first "dream," as I said, there was an intense love, and in the second a dignity, you know, a superior dignity.

It's interesting.

Death was the first, and the other was the second.

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[1] Except there, Mother was wearing a cloak, as she will mention later.

[2] Mother probably meant to say "luminescent," although "efflorescent" has its own tonality.

That was the true consciousness.

And it was my BODY that had it, not the psychic being or the higher beings (there, those things have been quite familiar for a long time), but the BODY, the very body, THIS, this, this.

That gave it such a peace!...

Those are the two things that must be mastered. What we call death, which is – it doesn't exist. Yes, I must add to the first dream that I killed him, but he was still moving! I had killed him point-blank, but he kept on stirring.... I think I shot him with a pistol (though it made no noise and there was no), but he kept on stirring very well. And he didn't in the least hold it against me!... You understand, it was the image of the unreality of the falsehood of all those things.

But the second thing, I had always asked, "How is it, the supra-mental body? I'd like to see it." Well, I saw it, I saw my body, how it will be. It's fine! *(Laughing)* It's fine!... It's a body not very different, but so refined! So such a refined thing! None of all those movements – those crude movements – none of those simply ordinary human movements can exist there: the two can't be together; when there is the one, there can't be the other. That's the whole point, it has to be done, clarified – nothing should remain, except except the divine bliss.

(silence)

I see her, I still see Nature.... Her hair is I don't know, its color isn't the same as that of our hair: it's like all colors together. And she has her hair as I do, always *(Mother shows the bun at the back of her head);* always, she has always had her hair as I do, and always hair with no I don't know, it has all colors together. And she has a long, tranquil face.... Ageless, neither young nor old; I don't know, ageless. And an extraordinary power in the face.

(silence)

It's the MATERIAL Nature, the physical Nature, the material physical Nature, and she said, "I've put on the dress, I've put on YOUR dress – I've put on your dress to tell you that I've adopted it."

It means that material Nature has adopted the new creation.

@

May 13, 1970

R. asked me to say what we mean by religion....

(Mother holds out a letter)

Sweet Mother, the notion of religion is most often connected to that of the quest for

God. Should we understand it in that perspective alone? Aren't there today, as a matter of fact, other forms of religion?

I had written something BEFORE I received this question. It came in English:

(Mother holds out a note)

> We call religion any concept of the world or the universe which is presented as the exclusive Truth in which one must have an absolute faith, generally because this Truth is declared to be the result of a revelation. Most of the religions affirm the existence of a God and the rules to follow to obey Him, but there are also Godless religions, such as socio-political organisations which, in the name of an Ideal or the State, claim the same right to be obeyed.
>
> Man's right is a free pursuit of the Truth with the liberty to approach it in his own way. But each one must know that his discovery is good for him alone and it is not to be enforced upon others.

And also this:

> In Auroville, nothing belongs to anyone in particular. All is a collective property.

I have difficulty speaking....

***

Didn't you have something to ask?

Yes, I would have a few things.... There are two things. First, on the mental or vital planes, there are means of correspondence: you have a mental or a vital body, and you can develop those bodies. But this subtle physical, how do you develop it, how do you consciously make contact with it?

(after a long silence)

As for me, I didn't do it on purpose, so I don't know! In fact, I rather FOLLOWED Sri Aurobindo there, because before he left his body, I don't remember having had much contact with this subtle physical – I may have had some, but it didn't strike me. But it was since he started being there and I met him daily

But we have a body corresponding to that world, don't we?... I mean we, for instance, we human beings, do we have a body corresponding to that world?

Some have a body in the subtle physical, oh yes!... Oh, yes.

But not everyone?

For some it's fluid, that is, uncertain, but some do have a body.... I think people develop their subtle physical in the course of life.

Yes, and I'd like to know how it can be done, in fact.

How its done? That's what I don't know, because, I tell you, it came spontaneously.
But it's very similar [to the material world].... Only, there doesn't seem to be the same

laws of (how do they call it?), what they said is the result of attraction to the center of the earth?

Gravitation.

Yes, there doesn't seem to be the same laws of gravitation, because you can move about like this *(Mother gestures with a finger, as if bounding from one point to another),* through the will. You don't have to walk or *(same gesture).* The consciousness and the will have a far greater power than in the material physical.

There's a greater fluidity, but still you find things again [from one visit to the next]: you find things again and with changes, you understand? They are things that exist independently of our will.

(long silence a peacock lands on Mother's terrace)

I'm not much use! *(Mother laughs)* You understand, I myself have everything to learn there.

It clearly can't depend on the mind or the vital....

(Mother shakes her head)

But does it depend on the psychic or on an aspiration in the body?

My own impression (it's an impression more than a certainty) is that there is a more subtle part (that's where Sri Aurobindo is *[Mother raises her right hand slightly]),* a part that depends on the above, that is to say, the higher consciousness and the psychic; then there is a part that tries to take form in the body *(gesture of connection between the two or of descent of the one into the other),* that is, a way of being of the cells that would be the beginning of a new body, but that's when it happens, it's a bizarre sensation. A bizarre sensation. The very body feels as if it's dying – something, it doesn't know what it is. And it's rather hard to bear. It's only a state of intense faith that enables you to bear it. As if the one were being changed into the other.... As if what is were trying to change into something else. But that's it's hard to bear. You really have to be in a state of intense faith to go through the thing; it expresses itself as something resembling something wholly new, so it resembles a discomfort.

It's almost a constant state now for my body. Only at very rare moments does it suddenly "Aah!..." *(gesture filled with wonder).* When those moments come, it's wonderful. But they're very rare.... Sometimes a day goes by without even one. That state [of "discomfort"] used to be more frequent during the day, but now it's beginning to happen at night. Last night, a good part of the night I spent like that, and then I was able to be in peace only because my whole body was *(gesture of surrender)* saying to the Lord, "Your Will, Lord, Your Will, Your Will...." Like that.

(silence)

So then, with hearing and sight, at times it's as if on the verge of fading completely; and at other times it becomes very, very clear – very clear. And with no apparent reason. Sometimes I'll see things quite distinctly, and other times everything will be through a veil.

With hearing it's the same thing: sometimes I'll hear very distinctly, while at other times I can no longer hear.

It must depend on the truth in what you see or hear?

Maybe, but it especially depends on Yes, it may be that. But it also depends on the body's own state.

(long silence)

Did you have something else?

> *Yes, as a matter of fact, the other question was to know what this "next way" of seeing and hearing is like?*

Ah!...

(after a silence)

It depends (that I know), it EXCLUSIVELY depends on the consciousness, that it to say, the extent to which the consciousness is awake.

Generally, it comes like that, that discomfort I mentioned; so, immediately, the body surrenders – surrenders as if saying (it doesn't say, but anyway it's as if): "If it's death, well, may Your Will be done." You understand, total surrender. So then, when the surrender is (if it's more or less effective, I don't know), sometimes a clarity comes, an understanding, a SELF-EVIDENCE of everything – a truly remarkable state. But it doesn't last. The least thing disrupts it.

(long silence)

I know.... The body feels that if it could surrender TOTALLY – have no independent existence, no personal effort, no personal will insofar as that's possible, everything is fine. But this is a tension and a fatigue that are becoming absolutely unbearable, so Generally, that's what brings about death, it's the fatigue of the tension of life. Last night again, it was like that.... It's becoming so, so strong that I I was like this *(gesture of surrender)* and the body gave itself in order to (how can I put it?), we can't say to "disappear," but like this *(gesture of fusion and surrender).* So I was lying on my bed as if I might say I can't say "ready to die" because there was no will either to die or not to die, but it was like this: without resistance, absolutely without resistance. So then, what happened? I don't know, hours went by, and then I woke up – it isn't "sleep," yet it was something like sleep.

Last night.

In the morning, it wasn't more difficult than usual – it wasn't much easier, but not more difficult than usual.

Whenever the body manages not to think about itself (I don't know how to explain this, because it's not a "thought"), not to be conscious of itself, then things are better.

(silence)

I feel that a work is taking place there, below *(Mother touches her body),* and a work is taking place in this way *(gesture a little higher with the right hand, and below with the left hand, both hands parallel with a space between them),* and then between the two, it's it's not yet. So then, what's going to happen between the two?... This *(the right hand, above)* is the subtle physical, and this *(the left hand, below)* is the material physical, and then, between the two, there is a confusion or something that's not ready or

(long silence)

Did you have anything else?... And you *(to Sujata),* do you have anything?

Mother, on Friday morning I saw you, you called me, you showed me the wall and you told me, "Look, those two pictures will become real."

And then?

Then I started wiping so it could take place without difficulty.

What?

(Satprem:) She started wiping and cleaning the wall so the picture would come out without difficulty.

Oh!...

(Mother smiles)

And did something come out?

(Sujata:) There were two pictures.

(Satprem to Mother:) Later on, you spoke of those two visions you had: the image of death (when you shot someone point-blank), and the vision of your supramental body.

Was it the same day?

The previous morning.

Aah!

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

There was around you, like that, one of those like a Hindu temple, but a small one.... Hindu temples, you know? Simply like that....

@

May 16, 1970

(Mother's voice is quite husky.)

No voice.... But it doesn't matter.... Can you hear me?... If you have questions, you can ask them.

Things feel as if they're grating and difficult.

Yes, yes.

(long contemplation)

I can remain like this twenty-four hours a day. Eating has become a problem....

(silence)

Sometimes one catches a glimpse of the heroism it takes to do the work you're doing....

(Mother laughs) The body is enduring enough, I can't complain. If there were a certitude, if, for instance, Sri Aurobindo said, "This and this and this is like this," then it would be very easy! But what's difficult is You see, you are surrounded by people who think you're ill and treat you as such, while you know you're not ill. But everything, everything is shattered disrupted.

Now and then, rarely – rarely – now and then there is bliss all of a sudden. It lasts a few seconds. Maybe that's actually the way to tell me, "This is how the end will be"? But you are surrounded by a certainty that you're fast moving towards the end, so this poor body is like this *(wobbly gesture).* It isn't concerned with it, but it doesn't have a certitude of how it will end. So all it can do is to be tranquil, trusting, and endure.

(long silence)

I had a bizarre dream the other day.

Oh?

Two nights ago, shortly before dawn, I was with you and you were "outside." We seemed to be walking together, I was walking with you in a street. It was outdoors. Then you told me, "But why don't you ask me questions about the outside world?" Then you started talking about China, and you said, if I understood well, that China was going to sweep over the world.

Bah!

I don't know what that means. But it was outdoors. And one detail, for example: I tape-recorded what you said, and I realized there was in the distance the old machine we used when you were downstairs. I don't know if this detail means anything.... We were in a street, walking together; I walked by your side.

(silence)

Then you spoke about Africa, Madagascar.... In any case, you said to me (if I understood correctly, if it's clear): China is going to sweep over the world.

Bah-bah-bah.... That's not amusing!

(silence)

They're very scared of China here, to the point that many people want to make atom bombs; so in desperation, they asked me (the government asked me), "What should we do?..." – I was the last person they should have asked!

It's a means of intimidation, but China has it, Russia has it, France has it *(Mother covers her eyes with her hand when mentioning France),* horrible!...

I don't know if it's China or America, they have one bomb that's enough to destroy the

whole of Paris.

Yes, certainly!

(Mother sweeps her hand across her forehead long silence)

Do you have anything else?

(Sujata slips a note into Satprem's hand)

Sujata asks a question. She says: "If India called the Divine, would it not be a more effective way of stopping China?"

Un-de-ni-a-bly! *(Mother laughs)* Undeniably. They don't have faith!

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

@

May 20, 1970

(Those last few days, Mother had her left eye slightly infected, then an abscess in a tooth – Satprem too.)

After the eye, it was the teeth.... One thing after another. Anyway
It's just going on.

(silence)

Did you see the brochure [on *Auroville and Religions*]? It's nice.... I had it distributed in Auroville. People from "Auromodèle" come in turn every Tuesday afternoon (five or six of them), so yesterday I gave them that.

But I too see some of them: one after another they come to see me.

Ah!

Yes, one feels they're beginning to wake up a little.

Yes, yes, it's beginning to stir.

A few are nice....

What do they tell you? It would amuse me to know.

Most of them have problems of action – or rather of lack of action.

Yes.

Also problems of relationship among themselves, and so on. So I try I tell them what comes to me at the time. I try to make them understand the great thing behind.

Yes, it does them good. They need to be guided.

But one of them even asked me if I could go there!...

(Mother laughs)

So I told them, listen!... No, giving speeches is quite useless. All those who want to come like that, individually I can say something for them, but not collectively.

(Mother approves)

That, you know, is a prayer I often have: to know what I should say to people.

Yes.

(silence)

There's a new ambassador of France in Delhi (the previous one was oh, he was awful, awfully stupid), they sent a new one, and Maurice Schumann[1] wrote him a letter and told him he was particularly interested in the Ashram and wanted some information – that man didn't even come! But then *(laughing)* he wrote back (I knew it because Schumann wrote to Baron, who sent the letter to A.), the ambassador wrote he didn't have time to come, but had asked D.[2] for information! *(Mother laughs)* So D. wrote you understand what it will be like!

They [the D.s] stressed a lot the frictions with villagers. They even wrote that villagers had thrown stones at our people in Auroville. Naturally, they were bound to make a mess, while things seem quite smooth on the contrary.

R. [Auroville's architect] has asked to see me tonight.

Oh, really? Why?

Just like that. I don't know. Simply to make contact.

R., something's stirring inside! *(Mother laughs a lot)* He is torn between the old man full of ties there and the new life, the new consciousness which is beginning to be interesting.

(long silence)

There were interesting things again by Sri Aurobindo, did you get them?

(Satprem reads the latest aphorisms)

517 – Until thou canst learn to grapple with God

---

[1] France's minister of External Affairs who had come to Pondicherry in September 1947, drawn there by Baron (at the time governor of Pondicherry). Schumann met Mother and Sri Aurobindo and proposed the creation of a Franco-Indian cultural institute under Sri Aurobindo's direction.

[2] The Consul of France at Pondicherry, who is particularly hostile to the Ashram.

(Mother laughs heartily)

> ... as a wrestler with his comrade, thy soul's strength shall always be hid from thee.
>
> 516 – O fool of thy weakness, cover not God's face from thyself by a veil of awe, approach Him not with a suppliant weakness. Look! thou wilt see on His face not the solemnity of the King and Judge, but the smile of the Lover.

I don't remember.... There was something after, wasn't there?...

Not after, but one before:

> 515 – He who has done even a little good to human beings, though he be the worst of sinners, is accepted by God in the ranks of His lovers and servants. He shall look upon the face of the Eternal.

And you answer:

> "Sri Aurobindo's effort has always been to free his disciples, or even his readers, from all prejudice, all conventional morality."

It's wonderful to what point it isn't this active consciousness that writes: it sounds quite foreign to me!... But the day before yesterday, I wrote something, and while writing, I said to myself, "Oh, this will interest Satprem." And I no longer remember either!

It's very strange.

I am like this *(gesture at the forehead, still)* and suddenly I'll take my pencil and write. And I know what I write at the time of writing it, afterwards it's over.

(Mother looks for S.S.'s notebook by her side)

In this notebook I write every other day. Only, he removes everything, so I don't know. This is the last one. You will tell me if it makes sense.

He asks, "Does the sense of physical pain disappear in the cosmic consciousness?" So you reply:

> "Certainly it exists in the cosmic consciousness....

The cosmic consciousness is the universal consciousness, the MATERIAL consciousness; there it exists. I know it, in fact, because it's a consciousness I constantly have, so I know that pain exists.

But it's what follows:

> "It is in the Supreme, Divine Consciousness that pain does not exist. That is to say, the nature of the sensation changes and opposites disappear in order to be replaced by something indefinable in our language."

Is it clear?

Yes, yes, it's clear!

There are many things of the sort [in S. S.'s notebook], but I don't know what he does with them.... You could ask him....

(silence)

Oh! *(Mother rubs her left eye),* it was better; has it become red again now?

No, Mother, I can't see.

It burns....

Oh, but you know, within it's like this *(gesture of battle).* Quite, quite the impression (and a very concrete impression) of Falsehood locked in a struggle with the Truth.

From time to time, a little experience of three, a few seconds: absolutely unimaginable, marvelous, and then hup! everything vanishes.... It's a veritable battlefield.

Do we follow your experience a little?... Or what should we do to be in the movement better?

(after a silence)

But with regard to you, I had (that was the last time I saw you), I had the impression that you were following well. I have the impression that she *(pointing to Sujata)* follows well, too. Some are beginning to have experiences. Some have experiences, but without knowing it! *(Mother laughs)* There is an effect. I can't deny it, there is an effect.

The biggest difficulty, as always, is the mind, BECAUSE IT TRIES TO UNDERSTAND IN ITS OWN WAY. That's the difficulty.... Some people would go much faster if they didn't have that. They feel that if they don't understand mentally, they haven't understood.

Yes, I understand that very well!

Yes, oh yes! But I think you're going fast, I feel you're going fast.

But the substance, that's the question: how to [change it]?

Ah!... That even the body doesn't... [know]. I tell you, that's how it is: now and then, once, twice, three times a day at the most, or once at night: a few seconds *(Mother opens her eyes in wonder),* and then, poff! it's gone.

The body isn't worried, but there's the outside pressure [from the people]: "Will it change, or will all this be quite simply preparatory work for another life?..." It doesn't ask: the others ask themselves. And then, there is also the pressure of all the ordinary, idiotic thoughts....

Oh, yes!

But I don't care, it doesn't bother me much. I am used to it. It doesn't bother the consciousness, but sometimes it makes for some difficulties.

You see, the body doesn't have a very pleasant time, but anyway it doesn't complain; but sometimes, all of a sudden it marvels at how how things are miraculously arranged for it. Then, the next minute, it no longer feels that. That's it, that's the whole thing!

These troubles *(Mother touches her cheek)* still seem very real, yet for a few seconds they stop being so – but they don't disappear (because that doesn't last long enough, I suppose).

(silence)

If we could know precisely what causes the tilt to one side or the other....

Yes, yes, exactly.

There is clearly an attempt to let the body know, and it suddenly finds itself outside all habits, outside all actions and reactions, consequences and so on; then it's like this *(Mother opens eyes in wonder),* and then it disappears.

It's so new for the material consciousness that each time you feel as if *on the verge* of mental derangement. (Derangement of CONSCIOUSNESS – it's not mental derangement, the mind has nothing to do with that, thank God! That's a wonderful help I was given.) But the consciousness, there's a minute of panic in the consciousness.

Because from the beginning and constantly, there's a sort of commonsense firmly rooted in the being, which refuses to imagine things; it says, "I don't want to imagine this, I don't want to imagine that...." So then, the consciousness takes up things only when they are totally concrete – it's too easy to start spinning tales and None of that. Totally PRACTICAL, concrete.

But that practical sense, is it an obstacle?

Oh, it's not an obstacle! For me, it's a safeguard. No, I see too clearly, too many people who have a scrap of experience, with that experience *(gesture of winding a huge ball of yarn)* they make a whole mental construction, and then You know, when the mind meddles

(silence)

But I have often said to myself that if, all of a sudden, by means of accelerated evolution, a caterpillar were given human eyes

Yes!

It would be frightening.

Yes, that's right.

Well, relatively speaking, it must be something a bit similar.

Yes, that's it!... In fact, the body has enough commonsense to It KNOWS it's not ill – it knows very well it's not an illness, that it's in fact an attempt at transformation, it knows that very well.... And from a psychological standpoint, that's important and it's a great help, but there are all those centuries of habit.

(Mother goes into a meditation)

The atmosphere is very good.... I was precisely like this *(gesture inwardly turned to Satprem, to know whether he "follows the movement"),* it was magnificent. Your atmosphere is very good. It's very good. And mentally very peaceful, almost completely silent.

Very pleasant! *(Mother laughs)*

Yes, you could ask S. S. [in whose notebook Mother writes] to give you all that's not absolutely personal. Some things are quite indifferent, but now and then there will be an interesting answer.

I'll ask him.

(Satprem lays his head on Mother's knees)

The body, the body consciousness is changing very rapidly. And its attitude is completely

different, it's universalizing very well; it no longer has *(Mother touches her hands to point to the body's separation).* That's becoming more and more flimsy and unreal.

@

May 23, 1970

(Satprem hands over his pension to Mother. She goes on:)

This is the time of discoveries everywhere!... Something seems to have exerted a pressure until things can no longer put on a pretense – all has to show itself as it is. So then *(laughing),* what discoveries!

And naturally, if you hear both sides, it's an almost contradictory story, so you don't know where reality is.

But it's not only here [at the Ashram]: it's in the whole country. And then, they tell me all the miseries and ask me to intervene (not outwardly, of course).

It's such a mess....

(silence)

Have you seen the latest *Aphorisms* of Sri Aurobindo?... He tells us to lose all our moral sense!

(Satprem reads)

> 520 – Our parents fell, in the deep Semitic apologue, because they tasted the fruit of the tree of good and evil. Had they taken at once of the tree of eternal life, they would have escaped the immediate consequence; but God's purpose in humanity would have been defeated. His wrath is our eternal advantage.
>
> *And you say:*
>
> "Sri Aurobindo is trying to make us understand how the limitations of our vision prevent us from perceiving the Divine Wisdom."

(Mother laughs) This I wrote yesterday.

Some people are seriously trying to locate the Garden of Eden! Some have found it. They told me, but I forget where. As for Theon, he used to say that the serpent is evolution.

(silence)

Do you have any questions?

As a matter of fact, I saw R. [Auroville's architect]. I saw him twice.

Oh! What did he tell you?

It's interesting. First, I found him considerably changed.

(Mother nods approvingly)

He is a changed man. I found him close, not far away. I felt he was very close.

(Mother nods)

And he was prodigiously interested in this new consciousness. He said, "I'd like to experience this new consciousness, so what should I do?..." He told me, "All spiritual stories tell us that you mustn't do this, mustn't do that, then you must do this, must meditate and..."

No, no!

So I tried to explain that, in fact, this new consciousness is not like that.

Yes. But he didn't tell me about it.

It torments him a lot: "What's to be done to experience the new consciousness?"

He needs to be helped.

You get the feeling he's just on the edge of something.

Yes.

"How to experience the new consciousness?"

Well, you'll be able to help him.

I tried to tell him something; I don't know if I

With me, he doesn't ask anything.

Yet he told me, "Ah, every morning I go and see Mother, it's my oxygen."

Yes, we talk about what goes on there [in Auroville] and I tell him (very frankly, I must say) what I see and understand. That's true, but I mean that he doesn't tell me about himself at all.

He certainly feels the pull of France, of his ties. But I tell you, I feel lie's on the edge of something.

Yes, oh yes!

He has to hold on for some more time.

You can help him a lot.

What I tried to tell him is that this new consciousness doesn't demand spiritual athleticism, great concentrations and meditations and tapasya [austerities], or special virtues....

No.

It simply demands trust in something else, a sort of childlike trust, and a need of something else.

Yes, that's right.

Above all, he was afraid it was again a question of "spiritual discipline."

No, no, no! There's no question of that.

But people always fall for that! Even in Auroville: they want "meditation"! And I can't decently tell them, "It's useless"! *(Mother laughs)*

He was touched by what I said, and reassured. Only, he doesn't know how to go about it.

But you can tell him things that will help him. It's a very good sign that he asked to see you.

(long silence)

Do you have anything to ask?

It would be interesting if you could tell them practically how one can experience the new consciousness?

But that's the really extraordinary thing! For all other realizations I worked, I followed disciplines.... But that came like this *(gesture of sudden descent),* without my saying or seeking anything, without effort, without

The only thing is that afterwards, I was attentive. That's all.

What can I tell them?

Does it result in a more precise direction in action, in what one has to do, or ?

No What I have noticed is that the vision, the reaction (that is, the way of looking at things, and especially the way of understanding) was completely different. Even now, day after day, all the old things in my body, all that is over. But then I see, for instance, when I read things by Sri Aurobindo, I understand them in a completely different way. So then I say to myself that, after all, Sri Aurobindo too was in contact with this consciousness (!) But the difference is that it's very practical. For instance, when the government (either Indira or N. S.) sends me a question, "This is the situation, what should we do?", previously I would have replied, "I don't know."

But now I see clearly, I tell them, "Do like this and like that, there." And I don't give it any prior thought: it's this Consciousness that sees.

Only, I can't give it as an indication, because I don't think it's the same thing with everybody.

One has to be clarified first, obviously.

Yes.

Otherwise there's a risk one might take one's

It's very dangerous, I never tell people. They might take all their impulses for revelations.

(silence)

Trust is probably a great key, isn't it?

But in my case, the whole work is done in the body, and the body is From morning to evening, from evening to morning, it's a constant call.... Everything, everything is referred to the Divine all the time, all the time, constantly everything, even the most microscopic.

(silence)

And that I can't tell or ask anyone, because all these people, like R., for example, if I tell them "the Divine," for them it's a zero, it doesn't correspond to anything!

As for me, I tell them, "something else."

That's much better. That's why, I tell you, you can help him much more than I can (!)

Oh! [laughter].... Well, you've certainly transformed him, in any case....

(Mother laughs)

And me too!

(long silence)

Mother, I feel I should soon enough start work on another book...

Ah!

... which would be

The continuation.

Yes, the continuation, the "next step," the next stage.[1]

(Mother nods approvingly)

A completely different approach.

(silence)

The country seems to be falling apart, so there [in Delhi] they asked me what should be done. I told them that this Centenary [of Sri Aurobindo, in 1972] has come ON PURPOSE. It's certainly something that's coming now because the ONLY salvation for the country, the ONLY thing that can unify it, is for it to adopt Sri Aurobindo's ideal for the country – he had a plan, he very clearly saw how the country should be organized, he said it to me. It's there, if one reads his books seriously, one can see it. So I said that things should be so organized that THROUGHOUT India there should be study groups, libraries, lectures, anything whatever, so the whole country should know Sri Aurobindo's thought and will. And the Centenary is an excellent opportunity. They asked me, "What's the way out of this chaos?..." On my advice, Indira has been trying to surround herself with people of value. (She had me told that she had forgotten questions of party and wants to surround herself with capable people....) The difficulty is to find upright people. So they need to be educated – they don't even have a NOTION of how they can be! So I said, "This Centenary should be

[1] This will be *One the Way to Supermanhood.*

organized right now, at once, like something covering the whole country on the occasion of the Centenary....” And in what Sri Aurobindo wrote, they will find all they need to organize the country, and much better, I tell them, infinitely better than what I may say, because he knew the country infinitely better than I do, and the mental formation and everything.

People need occasions to do things. But this seems to have been wonderfully prepared ON PURPOSE.

(long silence)

Is that all?

To write this new book, shouldn’t I read your whole Agenda again?

My Agenda?

Yes.

What’s in there?!

[Laughter] The whole process.

(Mother laughs) You can read it again if you like!

(silence)

Day after day, almost hour after hour, the body realizes its ignorance, its imbecility, its all the time. And it’s seen very differently, outside all moral sense and, naturally, all preconceived ideas – all that has been nicely swept away, oh, you can’t imagine how grateful my body is that the mind was taken away from it, oh!... And it has formed a mind of its own, which doesn’t function in the ordinary way at all, but which is a sort of vision, a vision with with eyes from above. And *(laughing)* it might be frightful, but it’s so comical! *(Mother laughs a lot)*

The only thing is that everything, every second *(Mother opens her hands in a gesture of offering, with a blissful smile)* what still feels separate, oh, rushes with an aspiration to be a little more plastic.

(silence)

Here, the body is learning that You see, all life is organized on the basis of this old habit of opposition between what’s good and what’s evil, what does good and what does harm, and that has been completely swept away, so it’s now learning For instance, a little sensation comes (it’s constant, of course, to express it I have to take one thing among hundreds), but like this: how can the sensation become true? That’s really interesting.

Only, it’s inexpressible; the minute you put it into words, it takes on enormous proportions.

The body’s nature isn’t literary, it doesn’t like wordiness, and as soon as something tries to express itself, oh, to the body it’s just... words.

Can you tell me the time?

Five to eleven.

We have time. Would you like us to stay silent?

(meditation)

It can go on indefinitely!

@

May 27, 1970

I think it's the pressure of this Consciousness, but lots of people are quarreling in the Services, and particularly at the Press. So I wrote something:

(Mother holds out a note)

> "You seem to forget that, by the very fact that you live in the Ashram, you work neither for yourselves nor for an employer, but for the Divine. Your life must be a consecration to the divine Work and cannot be governed by petty human considerations."

Would you like to publish it, or have it posted up?

Maybe it's a bit too public....

What we could do It's especially at the Press that things are like that, so it would be amusing to give it to them *(laughing)* and tell them to print it on a little card!

(silence)

Apart from that I have nothing.... Some "dreams" – not dreams: the night activities have become very clear, very interesting, but sometimes it's a symbolic dream. And it's so concrete and real.... I've never had such dreams before. Very instructive.

But then, there's a phenomenon. It's a world (this symbolic world) without distinction between the living and the dead. I mean there's not even any perceptible distinction: last night, for instance, I had an activity; well, Amrita was there and several other people, who are alive, and Amrita was like the others except that he was a bit *(tired or apathetic gesture),* but that must have been in his nature: no inclination to intervene.

It was a symbolic translation of an activity concerning money, but then, instead of money it was food, but it was clearly an activity about money: people's various attitudes and the reception, utilization and so on, with quite interesting details (but interesting from the standpoint of action, you understand, of what is done, how it is done).

Is it in the subtle physical, that place where the living and the dead are together?

Yes.

But are things to go in the direction of a materialisation of the subtle physical?

No. That can't be materialized, it would be impossible!... I think it's a means of action, that is to say, it responds more clearly and strongly to the will. It seems more receptive. It's more

supple, more expressive too. But materialized, it would appear like pure chaos.

It seems to me to be the symbolic place of physical life. For example, within a small space, you can have a very wide action, which reaches very far.... In that way there were, as though in adjacent rooms, people who live very far, in North India or in another country or They were just in different rooms, but I was able to move from one room to another; so it looks like *(Mother gestures showing a concentration or a restricted field).* It doesn't have the same concrete reality, it's symbolic.

For instance, money was symbolized as a certain food (asparagus, in fact! But not asparagus as we have here: it was big like this *[gesture about a foot and a half]),* and one could organize it, receive and arrange it, as you would arrange food, but it wasn't put into the mouth (that's symbolic).

> *But then, what would materialise isn't this world but the consciousness specific to this world, the state of consciousness?*

Maybe, yes.... What's trying to take place is a stronger and more direct influence on purely material circumstances.... Yes, this is it: action on this subtle physical has an effect according to the laws of the material world in the material world.

You see, amidst many other things (it lasted a long time and was a very complex thing), but as one example amidst other things, it had to do with the consequences, even current ones, of certain things Amrita did when he was here and handled money. But I spoke to him and arranged things with him as if he were present, not as if he had left.

(long silence)

Do you have anything to ask?

> *I was wondering about something. The other day, I asked you how to gain access to this subtle physical. But from what you've now said, do we gain access to this world through work activities, as it were?... Is it a world for work, as it were?* [1]

THIS ONE, yes.... I'd have to see several different things to make a rule, and I don't know. Last night, that's how it was, that's all I can say.

I may be able to tell after some time, but I'll have to be able to make connections between different things.

(silence)

You understand, those are very small things, but they're amusing as a symbolism. For instance, this food that looked like asparagus, but without being asparagus, it came in large quantity, and I distributed it, but I never ate anything; I never ate, I gave to others. They ate: those who spent, who used the money and regarded it as belonging to them, ate.... And then, some things weren't too pleasant, but others were looked delicious! *(Mother laughs)*

(long silence)

Nothing? What do you have?

> *There's a practical point. In an Agenda some time ago [January 3], you spoke of the Overmind and the Supermind, and once or twice I feel you used one word for the other. But I'd like to be sure.... [Satprem takes out the text]. At first, you speak of a new kind of perception that combines all organs together: a sort of total*

[1] Satprem meant that this world seems to be a world of work and not of contemplation or speculation.

perception that combines hearing, sight, and so on. Then you say:

> "All that is certainly the consciousness of what Sri Aurobindo called *[here you say 'the Overmind,' but I think it's the Supermind]* the supramental: the being to come after man....

Yes, its "supramental."

> "... How will he be? I haven't yet seen.... I haven't yet seen that. I did see, I did have perceptions of the superman, the intermediary being, but you clearly feel it's only an intermediary being. What will that being be like who will come after the superman? I don't know...."

Since then, I've had a vision in which I saw my own body.[1]

Your own body, but was it your supramental or superhuman body?

Ah, no, it wasn't superhuman.

It was supramental?

Yes, it wasn't superhuman at all.... And I don't see in what way this *(Mother pinches the skin of her hands)* can change into That. There has to be something between the two. I mean that materially, I don't see how this *(Mother points to her body)* can become what I saw.

But I saw two things that same night, didn't I?

Yes, you killed someone.

Oh, yes who didn't die, by the way! *(Mother laughs)*

It was to show the Falsehood of the illusion of death. And it was also beyond all questions of sex.

Yes.

Then you go on [Satprem takes up the text again], and there's another ambiguity:

> "What will that being be like who will come after the superman? I don't know.... Because we are still much too human; when we visualize the Supreme Consciousness in a form, the Supreme Being and so on – the Supreme – we tend to give it a form similar to the human one, but that's our old habit.... I saw that being

So here, are you referring to the supramental being, or to the being intermediary between man and the supramental? You say:

> "I saw that being (I saw it many years ago): it was clearly a far more harmonious and expressive form than the human one....

Ah, that I don't know what it was, because it was earlier: before I knew Sri Aurobindo. I saw it I think it was at Tlemcen that I saw it. Then I had no notion of the superman, the supramental and all that, I didn't use those words. So I don't know.... Better use something

[1] See conversation of 9 May.

vague.

The intermediary being?

I don't know.

The next or future being?

Yes: "the future being."

> "I saw that future being (I saw it many years ago): it was clearly a far more harmonious and expressive form than the human one, but there was a likeness, it was still a human form, that is to say, with a head and arms and legs and Will it be that? I don't know. There will necessarily be that as an intermediary – necessarily. There were all those kinds of apes which acted as intermediaries between the animal and man.... But lightness, invulnerability, moving about at will, luminosity at will – all that goes without saying....

You mean that it's part of the supramental?

Yes, yes.

> "Also clothing at will: its not something foreign added on, it's the substance that takes on certain forms."

Ah, yes, that's very important, because I POSITIVELY saw that. It's the substance itself that takes on now the form of a cloth, now *(wavy gesture)*

(silence)

Probably the difference between man and superman will be more a difference of consciousness than a material difference?

(after a silence)

From the standpoint of form, it seems to be like that, but is it because of our powerlessness? That remains to be known.

There is obviously the precedent of the ape and man, but if there is the same difference between that being and man as between man and the ape

It would be something already!

It's a lot! It's a lot.

But one may conceive that a higher consciousness would "aestheticize," harmonize this material substance....

Yes.

But the step beyond that is what's more incomprehensible.

Yes.

You understand, it's the functioning of the organs and the need for organs, that's what would make a big difference. A being that wouldn't need lungs, wouldn't need a heart that would make a tremendous difference!

Yes, that seems possible only through a materialization rather than an evolution.

(Mother nods her head)

I don't know anything at all.

The only thing conceivable almost immediately is for a human being to feed on pure air, just as there are beings that feed on water (they live in water and feed on it). Its conceivable that human beings could feed on pure air. Some yogis used to do it.

Are there beings that feed on water alone?

I mean creatures that live in water.

Yes, they live in water, but they eat.

Simply plankton: tiny particles that live in water. It is said that there are yogis who can feed on pure air. Ancient texts refer to that.

That would be really convenient! But their appearance cannot be the same.

At any rate, that would eliminate a lot of problems to start with.... And it's quite conceivable.

Then what would form this *(Mother points to the body's substance),* the first formation?... We can picture the elimination of wear and tear and an indefinite prolongation with a renewal of vitality, that's quite conceivable, but the first formation?

Yes, matter, substance.

Well, yes!

(long silence)

From a purely scientific point of view, I don't know how the child is formed in the mother's womb.... In our system, food is almost dematerialized in order to be used, so for the child's formation, is it the same thing?

Yes, it's the same food that's used for the child.

Yes, but in the same dematerialized form?

In the same form.

Is it the blood that transmits it?

It's through the blood, the child is nourished through the mother's blood. In fact, the umbilical cord is the link of transfusion for food.

Oh, yes, certainly!... So this process of "becoming material" and of "ceasing to be material" is unnecessary.... If one could directly receive what nourishes ?

Yes, yes.

But what is it? From a purely scientific point of view, a chemical point of view?

It's molecules and atoms. Various arrangements of molecules and atoms.[1]

But they don't seem material to us, do they?

They're material in the sense that they're observable.

They're observable.

Yes, they've been counted up.

(after a silence)

Which means that for the time being, the production of those atoms must go through a process of materialization, then of dematerialization, and then [of materialization again]. You understand, dense matter is an appearance. So? That's what I don't understand, there's something I don't understand from a purely scientific point of view.

Yes, if you absorb, say, a carrot or a potato, there's a large part of useless waste, and there's the essence of the thing.

Yes, and therefore if we could directly absorb the essence, there would be no more waste and no need to dematerialize and rematerialize.... I mean, even now they've found vitamins, which are an almost... (what can I call it?)

A concentrated form?

Concentrated – but what we call "concentrated" is something more and more material, whereas that's not material.... You see, we are told: You have to eat solid food because of the way you're built. Now turn the problem around: If you don't eat solid food, this construction would be unnecessary! *(laughter)* There would be no need anymore of a stomach, of this and that.... What could replace that?

We would have to be able to absorb vital energies directly.

Yes, exactly.

Not material energies, vital ones.

But that's something they're beginning to find, because you can feed on vitamins and things like that.

Yes, but vitamins are still a material process, Mother. It's quite limited, but it still rests on something material.

Yes, but it could be the intermediary.

True, it could be the intermediary. But the other thing would really mean a different degree of energy – the absorption of a different degree of energy. As you used to do in the past when you breathed the smell of flowers, for instance, or as Madame Theon used to do when she put a fruit (I forget which) on her chest.

[1] Needless to say, Satprem is perfectly ignorant of scientific matters.

A grapefruit!... Oh, I saw that, it was extraordinary! She would put the fruit on her chest and it would dry out! She would simply put it there and she would keep it for a few hours, and when she removed it, it was all flabby, there was nothing left!

But I often thought it should be possible for you to feed on air.

Ah no, the air is disgusting! It's full of everybody's breathing. That's the problem, it's disgusting. Something else is needed.

Because I experienced the fact that if I go in the mountains, I hardly need to eat at all. I feel air nourishes me – but THERE, not here. Here, it's disgusting.

So that complicates matters.

We might conceive having "balloons of food"! *(laughter)*

Bowlfuls of fresh air!

Or else, as an intermediary, a system to purify air: instead of lungs, something that purifies air, as you purify food. Ah, what time is it?

@

May 30, 1970

(Mother looks absorbed)

I didn't remember this book *[Thoughts and Aphorisms]* at all. Have you seen the latest ones?

(Satprem reads)

> 529 – Indiscriminate compassion is the noblest gift of temperament, not to do even the least hurt to one living thing is the highest of all human virtues; but God practises neither. Is man therefore nobler and better than the All-loving?
>
> 528 – Human pity is born of ignorance and weakness; it is the slave of emotional impressions. Divine compassion understands, discerns and saves.
>
> *You answer:*
>
> "To understand the divine intention and to work towards its accomplishment, is that not the surest way to help humanity?"

I always wonder when he wrote that....

It seems it was at the beginning.

He was still *(gesture between two worlds).* He said to Pavitra somewhere that he had

changed his conception of the universe four times.[1]

Have you also changed since?

Yes, and he has changed.

You mean that "up there," he has changed too?

(Mother laughs long silence)

Did you see this? *(Mother gives the printed text of her note on quarrels at the Ashram.)* It was specially for people at the Press; so I gave it for them to print, I found that amusing!... But naturally, everyone took it to apply to his neighbor, not to himself!

Do you have something?

To understand the "divine intention" you speak of, when one connects all the way up, to try and understand, one feels one almost always meets a sort immutable neutrality?

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

(With her head Mother asks Satprem if he has anything.
With his head Satprem asks Mother if she has anything.
Laughter.)

(Mother plunges in again)

Nothing to say? Nothing to ask? Nothing to read?...

Are we moving ahead?

(Mother plunges in again, then speaks in English)

It can go on indefinitely.... It is like that, the feeling of being in a current of force that goes and spreads, goes and spreads [continuous gesture of descent onto Mother and radiation from her head] indefinitely.

(Mother plunges in again)

What time is it?

Five to eleven, Mother.

If you don't mind being like that

Oh, listen!... It does a lot of good!

Very well, then

(Mother plunges in again)

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[1] See *Conversations with Pavitra* of 11 January 1926: "In spiritual life, one should always be ready to reject every system and every construction. Any one form is helpful, then becomes harmful. In my spiritual life, since the age of forty, three or four times I have completely laid bare and broken the system I had reached."

@

June 3, 1970

Yesterday we started a work for Auroville, that is to say, we're basically trying to give people from "Aspiration" an idea, simply, of what Aurovilians want: why they are here and what they want. Because it appears that... in fact they've no idea about it. Each one of them came expecting something, but all that isn't coordinated, it's not clear. So R. asked me to clearly express important points. I thought it would be better to do it with the people so as to know what they themselves want, and to have them make an effort to find out. Otherwise
So we started yesterday *(Mother takes out a piece of paper).*

Yesterday I asked C. [a resident of Aspiration], "But why does one live in Auroville? So he gave me the first paragraph:

To be a True Aurovilian

1. The will to consecrate oneself entirely to the Divine.

That's what HE said. I found it fine. After listening inwardly, I added this:

2. The Aurovilian must not be a slave to his desires.

The idea is this: "We come to Auroville to escape social and moral rules that are artificially practiced everywhere, but it is not to live in the licentiousness of the satisfaction of every desire: it is to rise above desires in a truer consciousness." Something like that.... It appears they quite need this! *(Mother laughs)* So we should add it.

We could draw up a whole program, that would be interesting enough.

Yes, but in the practical order, until people go a little behind appearances and stop living on the surface of themselves, nothing will mean anything!

But all that is precisely what they need to be told!

So the first necessity is to go deep down into themselves, a little. Because even if you tell them "the Divine," what does it mean to their surface consciousness?

Yes.... For him, this boy, it has a meaning, but for most others

Yes. it doesn't mean anything.

So we should put: "The first condition is the inner discovery...."

In the ideal order, the first condition is to need something other than the present world and human conditions.

That goes without saying.

Then, to reach there, the first condition is to descend deep down in oneself to find out what one IS behind all these hereditary, social, cultural appearances – what

one truly is. Then, at that stage, things take on a meaning, but before that they don't mean anything. Before that, they have the meaning given in morality, religion, philosophy – they mean nothing.

So we'll put *(Mother writes):* First essential condition

It's more than a condition, it's a necessity.

1. The first necessity is the inner discovery so as to find out what one truly is behind all social, moral, cultural

Racial?

Oh, yes.

... racial, hereditary appearances.

But then, we should tell them that there IS a discovery to be made, because many don't know it at all! *(Mother laughs)*

In the center, there is a free being, vast and knowing, which awaits our discovery and must become the acting center of our being and our life in Auroville.

Then, after that, shall we put this *(Mother points to the former first point on the consecration to the Divine),* or something else?... It seems to me that this is more an accomplishment, something that comes at the end.

(long silence)

We should teach them to free themselves from the idea of personal possession.... You see, everything belongs to the Divine, and the Divine gives you not only a center (the center of your individuality), but also the possibility of the personal use of a number of things; but you must take them all like that, as things LENT to you by the Divine. The Divine is eternal, of course, he is *everlasting,* as they say in English, and at the same time as he creates this individual center, a number of things are there to be used for his work, so those things are LENT. That's exactly the point: you hold them in your possession for a time.

It's to uproot the sense of personal possession.

(silence)

That would be interesting: "The description of the citizen of tomorrow's city."

There's the second paragraph on desires, and the third would be on personal possession.

The only true way to cure desires is to give oneself to the Divine and accept what He gives you as the only things you need. But that's already very advanced.

At the beginning, you said that Aurovilians have come "to escape moral conventions, etc., but not to give free rein to licentiousness. "

Yes, that's right *(Mother writes):*

2. One lives in Auroville to be free from moral and social conventions; but that freedom must not be a new slavery to the ego, its desires and ambitions.

Is that all? It's enough for today!

If you want to connect this to the other paragraph, might we say something like, "Desire is the most powerful distorter of the inner discovery"?

Ah, yes. *(Mother writes)*

The fulfillment of desire bars the road to the inner discovery, which can only take place in the peace of perfect disinterestedness.

One word comes to me, Mother: not only peace, but transparency.

Yes *(Mother writes)*:

... in the peace and transparency of perfect disinterestedness.

It'll become something interesting!

That's the basis. Then there's the third paragraph. You said, "The Aurovilian must free himself from the idea of personal possession. "

But it's not the "idea," it's the "sense"! *(Mother writes)*

3. The Aurovilian must free himself from the sense of personal possession. For our transition in the material world, what is indispensable to our life and action is put at our disposal....

You don't say by whom?

(Mother laughs) No!... By the All-Possessing!

... according to the place we are to occupy.

Mother, I'd like to add: The more we are in contact with our inner being, the more the exact means are given to us.

Oh, that's fine *(Mother writes):*

The more we are CONSCIOUSLY in contact with our inner being, the more the exact means are given to us.

It'll become interesting!

It gives them the basis.

Oh, but we'll be able to do something interesting!

***

(Soon afterwards, Mother starts looking for her old Savitri *notebooks in the middle of an incredible heap of boxes, pieces of paper, objects....)*

When I was a child (about twelve years old) I knew nothing of spiritual things, my family lived in a completely materialistic atmosphere; but once, I saw something in a dream: a being came to me, a woman, and she told me, "What you need you will always have in

abundance." That was Nature, material Nature, the same being I always saw later on. And it's true, absolutely true! *(Mother, laughing, shows the jumble around her)* Later, when I saw Theon, he explained to me; but at that time, I knew nothing at all, it wasn't made up by my thought, it came without my knowing anything: "What you need you will always have in abundance." *(Mother laughs)* It's true!

@

June 6, 1970

(Satprem reads out to Mother a letter he has received from E, a disciple who tried hard to intrude into the conversations between Mother and Satprem, notably under the pretext of translating Savitri into French. Maneuvering was beginning to make itself felt.)

It would alter the whole character of our meetings, don't you think?...

I wasn't keen on it. *(Mother looks relieved)* I think it's better she doesn't come.

***

Wouldn't it be good to do the rest of the "Program for Auroville" with Aurovilians, since you started it?...

I had them speak to see what they would tell me.... Almost all of them are terribly lazy, so I'd like to tell them that manual work

(Mother writes)

> 4. Work, even manual work, is indispensable to the inner discovery. If one does not work, if one does not put one's consciousness into matter, it will never develop. To let consciousness organize some matter through ones body is very good. To put things in order around oneself helps to put things in order in oneself.

Another point:

> One should organize one's life not according to external and artificial rules, but according to an organized inner consciousness, because if one leaves life alone without imposing on it the control of a higher consciousness, it becomes hazy and inexpressive. It means wasting one's time, in the sense that matter remains without conscious utilization.

***

Have you seen the aphorism?

(Satprem reads)

> 534 – The rejection of falsehood by the mind seeking after truth is one of the chief causes why mind cannot attain to the settled, rounded and perfect truth; not to escape falsehood is the effort of divine mind, but to seize the truth which lies masked behind even the most grotesque or far-wandering error.
>
> *(Mother comments:)* Sri Aurobindo calls "divine mind" the prototype of the mental function that is totally and perfectly surrendered to the Divine and functions under the divine inspiration alone.
> If a human being lives only by and for the Divine, his mind necessarily becomes a divine mind.

***

(Then Mother takes up the reading of Savitri*: the end of the Debate of Love and Death.)*

Is it a speech by this gentleman?

Yes [laughing], yes, it's the end.

The end of his speech?
One of us should write.... If it's more convenient for me to write, I'll write.

It's always better to have your handwriting! But if it tires you, it's quite easy for me to note it down.

"Tires," oh no! It's just that it [Mothers handwriting] is no longer good. It's no longer as it should be – but it doesn't tire me. So we'll put:

(Mother writes her French translation of the following verses:)

> If thou art Spirit and Nature is thy robe,
> Cast off thy garb and be thy naked self
> Immutable in its undying truth,
> Alone for ever in the mute Alone.
> Turn then to God, for him leave all behind;
> Forgetting Love, forgetting Satyavan,
> Annul thyself in his immobile peace.
> O soul, drown in his still beatitude.
> For thou must die to thyself

That's for sure! Thou must die to thyself to reach *à la suprématie divine* [divine supremacy]?...

"To reach the divine heights"?

No, we must put "God" in Death's mouth.

> For thou must die to thyself to reach God's height:
> I, Death, am

Happiness?

I, Death, am the gate of immortality.

Savitri, X.IV.647

He's *clever*!

Every time you read it again, it's new.

But that's a very interesting phenomenon. Every time I read *Savitri,* I feel as if I am reading it for the first time, really. It's not that I understand differently, it's that its completely new: I never read it before! It's odd. Its at least the fourth time I read it.

And truly there's everything in it. All the things I've discovered lately were there. And I hadn't seen it. It's odd.

The first time I read it was a revelation; it hung together perfectly well from beginning to end, and I felt I had understood (I did understand something). The second time I read it, I said to myself, "But this isn't the same thing as what I read!..." It hung together, it made up a whole – and I understood something else. Then, recently when I read, at every passage I said to myself, "How new this is! And how the things I have found since are there!" Today again, that's how it is, as if I read it for the first time! And it puts me into contact with the things I have just discovered.

It's a miraculous book! *(Mother laughs)*

We'll continue in the same way.

@

June 10, 1970

All the nerves are disorganized.... I'm not good for much, but if you like, we can translate *Savitri.*

We can be quiet. It will do you good. I am very happy to remain like that.

Have you received the latest *Aphorisms*?

Yes, it's the end of the Aphorisms*, and it ends well!*

(Satprem reads)

540 – Canst thou see God in thy torturer and slayer even in thy moment of death or thy hours of torture? Canst thou see Him in that which thou art slaying, see and love even while thou slayest? Thou hast thy hand on the supreme knowledge. How shall he attain to Krishna who has never worshipped Kali?

You answer:

"All is the Divine and the Divine alone exists."

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

@

June 13, 1970

We have to complete our "program" for Auroville.... Auroville has come to prepare the coming of the new species.

(Mother writes)

5. The whole earth must prepare for the advent of the new species, and Auroville wants to consciously work to hasten that advent.

6. What this new species is to be will be progressively revealed to us. In the meanwhile, the best way is to consecrate oneself entirely to the Divine.

Enough!... To be continued!...

***

(Mother has Vasudha, her attendant, called, and with Sujata's help starts sorting out old papers. She comes across a 1967 file containing her "Instructions in the event of a cataleptic trance": "This body must be left in peace " etc. Mother gives Vasudha a copy of it.)

***

Oh, Paolo wants to build a room for me, and there will be cupboards, we'll be able to put away a lot of papers there. All the Auroville things I'll give you.

Mother, there's an important problem I'd like to sort out with you, if you have time.... It's about my book, The Sannyasin. *Something has taken place, and I don't know if it's a sign of the Grace, or a sign of the opposition!*

(Mother laughs)

You remember that we gave the book to P. L. [the disciple at the Vatican] so he

would give it to a publisher he knows in Paris, Robert Laffont, because I wasn't too keen it should go into the hands of my usual publisher, with whom I've had a good deal of trouble.... But it so happens that before he went to Robert Laffont, P. L. had to go and see my usual publisher to sign the agreement for the Spanish translation of The Adventure of Consciousness. *And here's what happened: P. L. writes to me, "At first he raised, lots of difficulties. I told him I want no favors and am ready to pay him royalties straight away and sign the agreement. At one point, he asked me, "But why are you interested in the problems and doctrines of India?" I replied, "Churches are in a crisis; and when the ship is sinking, there's no point discussing whether one should jump on the left or on the right!" The spark of friendship flew at once; he told me he is Protestant and his father-in-law is a very important pastor in Paris, who was invited to the Vatican to hold a meeting between Catholics and Protestants. Then we signed the agreement. I told him I attach a great importance to this book in the whole of Latin America. He told me that in France, too, Satprem's* Sri Aurobindo *is selling very well, but that there is a certain misunderstanding with you. Then I told him that after I leave, I proposed to go and see Laffont, another publisher, for I had with me your latest book,* The Sannyasin. *And I showed it to him. No sooner did he see it than he implored me not to deprive him of its publication, not to go to Laffont, and to leave the book with him, for he desired to read it immediately! I told him I would think it over...."*

It's yes.

It's yes? [Satprem makes a wry face.]

He's converted! That's interesting. It's interesting, oh it's something.[1]

P. L. is a good channel for the Force, oh!... I knew that. Already two or three times (this isn't the first time: two or three times before) I had that sensation with him.... How can I explain it?... The Power at work is spread out everywhere, like this *(universal gesture),* and two or three times already (maybe even more) I saw P. L. as I FEEL him as an instrument gathering the Rays – the rays of the Force – and directing them with an extraordinary power to obtain the result. He is like a . I don't know, my impression is that of a machine gun! My impression is quite that of a machine gun gathering the Force *(gesture showing the machine gun's "barrel")* and vrrrm! hurling it forth. But it's MATERIAL. He has an extraordinary power!... Yes, it's like an artillery shot, I don't know, something that overcomes resistances in an extraordinary manner. They must feel it there [at the Vatican], those people are very sensitive. They must have found he has an extraordinary power of action – they don't want to lose him, that's why they're not answering him.[2]

Its like a capacity of directing *(gesture of concentrating the Force through a channel),* and something that has the power to sweep away resistances.

That's why they didn't let him go with the Pope, they would have done something together.[3]

In the past, when a man was like that, he was called "God's instrument." That's exactly

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[1] This publisher will finally reject *The Sannyasin,* saying it was not "commercial." But he will be "converted" nonetheless, for two years later, quite "unexpectedly," he will decide to publish Sri Aurobindo's works in French, something he had refused to do for years. Mother therefore saw this turnaround two years earlier.

[2] Faced with the Vatican's intrigues, P.L. finally sent the Pope his resignation. He never received a reply.

[3] In 1969 to Geneva, where the Catholic Church held a "reunion" with Protestant churches. Schemings prevented P.L. from accompanying the Pope.

the impression he gives me: God's instrument. A power that connects the Force, concentrates it, then it becomes tremendous.

I am happy, very happy, tell him!

@

June 17, 1970

(Mother listens to a few extracts from Sri Aurobindo for the August issue of the Bulletin.)

> "Certainly, when the Supramental does touch earth with a sufficient force to dig itself into the earth consciousness, there will be no more chance of any success or survival for the Asuric Maya."

18 October 1934 *On Himself,* 26.472

This is very good.... It's magnificent!

The "Asuric Maya," is it the whole present Falsehood?

Yes. Right now you feel *(gesture of struggling).* It's a truly extraordinary moment but not exactly very pleasant! Things resist as they can.

(Satprem reads another text)

> "All these good people lament and wonder that unaccountably they and other good people are visited with such meaningless sufferings and misfortunes. But are they really visited with them by an outside Power or by a mechanical Law of Karma? Is it not possible that the soul itself – not the outward mind, but the spirit within – has accepted and chosen these things as part of its development in order to get through the necessary experience at a rapid rate,

Its wonderful, just what's going on!

> "... to hew through, *durchhauen,* even at the risk or the cost of much damage to the outward life and the body? To the growing soul, to the spirit within us, may not difficulties, obstacles, attacks be a means of growth, added strength, enlarged experience, training for spiritual victory? The arrangement of things may be that and not a mere question of the pounds, shillings and pence of a distribution of rewards and retributory misfortunes!"

Letters on Yoga, 22.449-450

The previous one and this one (I don't know if there are any others), we could entitle them "Sri Aurobindo's prophecies," or "Sri Aurobindo said prophetically."

It's extraordinary, extraordinary!

It's admirable, exactly as if he were speaking now *(Mother takes on Sri Aurobindo's tone): "All these good people " (Mother laughs).*

(another text)

> "The ways of the Divine are not like those of the human mind or according to our patterns and it is impossible to judge them or to lay down for Him what He shall or shall not do, for the Divine knows better than we can know. If we admit the Divine at all, both true reason and Bhakti seem to me to be at one in demanding implicit faith and surrender."

Letters on Yoga, 23.596

Oh, but this is admirable.... It's wonderful! *(Mother repeats, in a very humorous tone) "The ways of the Divine are not like those of the human mind or according to our patterns...."*

(another text)

> "To be free from all preference and receive joyfully whatever comes from the Divine Will is not possible at first for any human being. What one should have at first is the constant idea that what the Divine wills is always for the best even when the mind does not see how it is so,

It's exactly as if he were answering all that people are now saying!

> "... to accept with resignation what one cannot yet accept with gladness and so to arrive at a calm equality which is not shaken even when on the surface there may be passing movements of a momentary reaction to outward happenings. If that is once firmly founded, the rest can come."

Letters on Yoga, 23.597

Really interesting, just, just what's needed.

(silence)

You haven't said anything for a long time....

(silence)

I live in a constant sense of wonder! Every minute, what comes is what's necessary: circumstances, reactions everything, everything, there's a constant vision of the wonderful way in which things are organized, the world is organized.

And what he says here, the way things are organized to make you advance fast and give you the maximum, the optimum condition of progress – that's marvelous. And always it comes and presses on the very spot *(Mother presses her thumb)* where there was a weakness, an incomprehension always.

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

It has been a long period during which the physical has replaced the absent mind and vital, and they have been replaced by something unlike what was there before. It's very interesting, but it has to go to the end [before I can talk about it]. The work has to go to the end. And it's a long-drawn-out work.

@

June 20, 1970

I'd like to tell you that for some time I've had troubles with my body....

Oh?

A bit disorganized.

What happened to it?

I don't know. I feel something threatening me.

Since when?

About a month.

But where does it hurt?

A functioning is disorganized. I feel there's an obstruction or something, or well, I don't know what's wrong.

(after a silence)

You see, the Force of transformation is working very, very strongly, and many people are like that: the functions are no longer "normal," as they are called, that is to say, the functionings are changing, and so the first impression is always that of a disorder. But if one can put in the body this sort of tranquil patience, you know, like that, free of worry, after a time things are fine.... With digestion, for instance, one day you can't digest anything anymore, so you think that and then, if you stay VERY STILL, like that, without worrying – above all, without worrying – you see that it slowly takes on a different movement, and then it's all right... but in a different way, a completely new way.

It SHOULD be like that, but I can't know, of course. It should be like that.

I have to struggle a lot against all kinds of suggestions.

Ah, there we are, that's what causes the trouble. Suggestions of what sort?

You know, the kind of disease people generally have.

(Mother makes a face.

Long concentration)

One thing I know is that the Consciousness is working in you very strongly, but Don't you feel it?

Oh, I ALWAYS feel this Force.

Yes, but [I mean] very materially, you understand. There's a difference when it works in the mind, for instance, or even in the vital, and then when it starts working in the body.

But there's the fact that my last experience in hospital has left a terrible imprint.

Oh!

It has put on me something that wasn't there before.

Oh, that's it that's it.

(long concentration)

Do you rest during the day?

After lunch, yes.

At what time?

About quarter past one.

We'll try. But do you have any trouble right now?

No, no, nothing right now. I think the main thing is to sweep away those suggestions.

Yes, that's right, it's the main thing.

If you could put in the body – INTO the body – the complete *surrender,* that is, it should RELY on the Supreme's intervention alone, you understand; the BODY, the very body must say to Him, "Here *(Mother opens her hands),* here " to the Supreme, with the knowledge that He is there; He is there in the atmosphere, in the cells, in everything, and *(gesture, hands open)* and that's all. That's very effective. Because I know, of course, this body has a lot of troubles, and that's its only remedy. It knows no other. And it's the only one that's really effective *(same gesture, hands open and eyes closed).*

When one learns to do it, even pains go away in a few minutes.

So you'll try.

Above all, you know, you mustn't think or remember things.... That's very bad, very bad.

***

(Mother takes up her translation of Savitri: *Savitri's answer to Death.)*

But Savitri answered to the sophist God:
"Once more wilt thou call Light to blind Truth's eyes,
Make knowledge a catch of the snare of Ignorance
And the Word a dart to slay my living Soul?

One can't slay the soul!

Offer, O king, thy boons to tired spirits

(Mother smiles)

And hearts that could not bear the wounds of Time,
Let those who were tied to body and to mind,
Tear off those bonds and flee into white calm
Crying for a refuge from the play of God,
Surely thy boons are great since thou art He!"

Savitri, X.IV.647

@

June 27, 1970

(Mother's face is swollen by a tooth abscess.)

We'd need some "Notes [on the Way]" for the August Bulletin.

But you have some! *(laughter)*

There is something indeed, but it's a long time since you've stopped speaking.

(long silence)

Still, once or twice I wondered if your not speaking was due to something in me?

No!

Something in my attitude, or I don't know what?

No, no, mon petit! No, it's not that. It's not that.
It would be that if I could speak to someone else, but with everyone it's the same thing.
Something is going on – it's not that it's not going on, but

(very long silence
Mother moans now and then)

You understand, expressing takes a minimum of mentalization, and that's what is very difficult, because it's the body that's going through all kinds of experiences and is learning, but as soon as there is an attempt to express, it says, "No, it's not true! It's not like that...." *(Mother draws small squares, like boxes)* It's like doing geometrical drawings with life, that's its impression.

Even otherwise, it's inexpressible, because it's manifold, complex, and if you don't develop a whole explanation for it it can't even be said. As soon as you develop a whole

explanation, it's no longer true.

All these last few days, it has been this experience of the consciousness that a very slight shift (how could I put it?), a very slight change of attitude, which isn't even expressible, and in one case you are in divine bliss; then, things remaining exactly the same, it almost becomes a torture! That's something constant. At times, you know, the body would scream in pain, and a very slight, very slight change, which is almost inexpressible, and it becomes bliss – it becomes it's something else, this extraordinary thing of the Divine everywhere. So the body is constantly switching from one to the other, like a sort of gymnastics, a struggle of the consciousness between the two.

It's becoming extremely acute; sometimes, at certain seconds, just when the body says, "Ah, enough, I've had enough " pffft!... *(Mother makes a gesture of reversal).*

So it's impossible to say. Whatever one may say is no longer really true.

And all these suffering vibrations *(Mother points to her cheek)* are as though supported by the mass of the general human consciousness – that's right. While the other [state] is supported by something that doesn't seem to intervene, that's like this *(immutable gesture)* in comparison with this human mass that tends to express itself So all that is impossible to say.

Constantly, constantly, there is either this immutable Peace – this superlative Peace, you know, which is more than any peace one may feel – and at the same time one knows (I can't say "one feels," but one knows) that the movement of transformation is so rapid that it can't be perceived materially. And the two are concomitant, this body goes from one to the other, and sometimes sometimes almost the two together! *(Mother shakes her head, noting the impossibility of expressing herself.)*

So then, to the vision of ordinary things, anyway of life as it is, it gives a perception from the standpoint... not the divine standpoint, but in comparison with the Divine, it gives the perception of a general madness, and no really perceptible difference between what people call "mad" and what they call "reasonable." That... it's comical, the difference people make. One would be tempted to say, "But you are ALL like that, to varying degrees!..." So

All that is a WORLD of simultaneous perceptions, so it's really impossible to speak.

There's really nothing there *(Mother touches her head),* it doesn't go through there, there's nothing there. It's something something without a precise form, which has an INNUMERABLE experience at the same time, with a capacity of expression that has remained as it is, that is to say, incapable.

(silence)

For instance, with anything happening, there is, at the same time, the explanation ("explanation" isn't the right word, but anyway), the explanation of the ordinary human consciousness ("ordinary," I don't mean banal, I mean the human consciousness), then the explanation as Sri Aurobindo gives it in an illumined mind, and then the divine perception. All three simultaneously, for the same thing – how, how do you describe it?!

And it's constant, it's all the time like that. So then, this *(Mother points to her body)* isn't in a condition to express itself, it's not the time for expression.

To such a point that when I write it's also like that. So I try to put what our idiotic formulas can hold – and I put so much, so much that can't be expressed with words, that when they read back to me what I wrote, I feel like saying, "You must be joking, you took away everything!..."

@

July 1, 1970

(Satprem reads out the conversation of June 27 – "a very slight shift of consciousness" – which Mother thought could be used for the "Notes on the Way.")

Is that all? I said only this much?.... I thought I had said something interesting – it's not very interesting.

Yes, it is! There are lots of things in it!

There's always so much MORE than what can be read! I really felt I had said something, and now it seems like nothing at all!

When I read it aloud, it's not so good, but when you read it for yourself and go within a little, you clearly feel...

Yes, in YOUR case. But for one like you who reads like that, there are a thousand who read on the surface.

Not everyone!

Anyway It doesn't matter.

***

Soon afterwards

I had an experience which I found interesting, because it was the first time. It was yesterday or the day before (I forget), R. was here, just in front of me, kneeling, and I saw her psychic being towering above by this much *(gesture about eight inches),* taller. It's the first time. Her physical being was short, and the psychic being was tall, like this. And it was a sexless being: neither man nor woman. So I said to myself (it may be always that way, I don't know, but at that time I noticed it very clearly), I said to myself, "But the psychic being is the one that will materialize and become the supramental being!"

I saw it, it was like that. There were distinctive features, but not very pronounced, and it was clearly a being that was neither male nor female, that had features of both combined. And it was taller than her, it exceeded her on every side by about this much *(gesture extending beyond the physical being by about eight inches).* She was here, and it was like this *(gesture).* Its color was this color that, if it became very material, would be Auroville's color [orange]. It was softer, as if behind a veil, it wasn't absolutely precise, but it was this color. And there was hair, but it was something else.

Another time maybe I'll see better.

But I found it very interesting, because that being seemed to tell me, "You're wondering

what the supramental being will be – here it is! Here it is, this is it." And it was there. It was her psychic being.

Then one understands. One understands: the psychic being will materialize and it gives a continuity to evolution.

This creation gives you a clear impression that nothing is arbitrary, that there is a sort of divine logic behind, which isn't like our human logic, but highly superior to our logic (but it exists), and that logic was fully satisfied when I saw that.

It's odd, it was also when R. was here that I had that experience of the supramental light going through within [Mother] without causing any shadow.[1] R. has something like that, I don't know.... And this time, it's really interesting. I was quite interested. It was there, tranquil, and saying to me, "But you're after well, here it is, this is it!"

So then, I understood why the mind and the vital were sent away from this body, and the psychic being was left (naturally, it was the psychic being that governed all movements earlier, so it was nothing new, but there were no more difficulties: all the complications coming from the vital and the mind, which add their imprints, their tendencies, it was all gone). So I understood: "Ah, that's it, it's this psychic being that is to become the supramental being."

I had never bothered to know what it looked like. But when I saw that, I understood. And I see it, I still see it, I have kept the memory. Its hair almost looked red, strangely (it wasn't like red hair, but it looked like it). And its expression! Such a fine expression, gently ironical oh, extraordinary, extraordinary!

You understand, my eyes were open, it was an almost material vision.

Then one understands! All at once, all questions vanished, it became very clear, very simple.

(silence)

And the psychic is precisely what lives on. So if it materialized, it means doing away with death. But "doing away" what's done away with is only what's not according to the Truth, that's what goes away – all that's incapable of being transformed in the image of the psychic, of being part of the psychic.

That's really interesting.

***

Do we have time for some *Savitri*?

Yes, Mother. In the last verses, Savitri said:

Let those who were tied to body and to mind,
Tear off those bonds and flee into white calm

Is it Savitri who says that?

Yes, Death told her one must leave one's body in order to find God's height....

(Mother translates the sequel)

But how shall I seek rest in endless peace

[1] See *Agenda* X of April 16 and May 3, 1969.

Who house the mighty Mother's violent force,
Her vision turned to read the enigmaed world,
Her will tempered in the blaze of Wisdom's sun
And the flaming silence of her heart of love?
The world is a spiritual paradox
Invented by a need in the Unseen,
A poor translation to the creatures sense
Of That which for ever exceeds idea and speech,
A symbol of what can never be symbolised,
A language mispronounced, misspelt, yet true....

Savitri, X.IV.647-648

Is there more?

Yes, there is more.

(those were the last line of the Debate of Love and Death Mother was to translate)

@

July 4, 1970

I wondered if we couldn't add to the "Notes" what you said last time about this psychic being that will become the supramental being?

What do you say?

I say it's important!

Yes!...
I mean about the effect [on people].... I am afraid everyone will suddenly have a psychic being! *(general laughter)*

Oh, Mother, you're priceless!

(Mother laughs) Never mind!... It's all right.... It'll cause a stir

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(Then Mother listens to a few extracts from Sri Aurobindo for the August Bulletin.)

The conception of the Divine as an external omnipotent Power who has "created" the world and governs it like an absolute and arbitrary monarch – the Christian or Semitic conception – has never been mine; it contradicts too much my seeing

and experience during thirty years of sadhana. It is against this conception that the atheistic objection is aimed, – for atheism in Europe has been a shallow and rather childish reaction against a shallow and childish exoteric religionism and its popular inadequate and crudely dogmatic notions. But when I speak of the Divine Will, I mean something different, – something that has descended here into an evolutionary world of Ignorance, standing at the back of things, pressing on the Darkness with its Light, leading things presently towards the best possible in the conditions of a world of Ignorance and leading it eventually towards a descent of a greater power of the Divine, which will be not an omnipotence held back and conditioned by the law of the world as it is, but in full action and therefore bringing the reign of light, peace, harmony, joy, love, beauty and Ananda, for these are the Divine Nature. The Divine Grace is there ready to act at every moment, but it manifests as one grows out of the Law of Ignorance into the Law of Light, and it is meant, not as an arbitrary caprice, however miraculous often its intervention, but as a help in that growth and a Light that leads and eventually delivers. If we take the facts of the world as they are and the facts of spiritual experience as a whole, neither of which can be denied or neglected, then I do not see what other Divine there can be. This Divine may lead us often through darkness, because the darkness is there in us and around us, but it is to the Light he is leading and not to anything else.

Letters on Yoga, 22.174

One cannot say whether the conquest is near or not – one has to go on steadily with the process of the sadhana without thinking of near and far, fixed on the aim, not elated if it seems to come close, not depressed if it still seems to be far.

23 June 1936

In life all sorts of things offer themselves. One cannot take anything that comes with the idea that it is sent by the Divine. There is a choice and a wrong choice produces its consequences.

Letters on Yoga, 22.475

Ah, that's a good thing to say. *(To Sujata:)* Type it for me, I want to give it to Nava.

Human life and mind are neither in tune with Nature like the animals nor with Spirit – it is disturbed, incoherent, conflicting with itself, without harmony and balance. We can then regard it as diseased, if not itself a disease.

Letters on Yoga, 22.499

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Later

No questions?... And Sujata?...

There's something I've observed for myself.... The other day, for instance, you told me that the Force is very actively working in my body, and you asked me, "But

don't you feel it?" Well, then, one thing I observe, it's the impression I have of constantly living with a sort of very solid and strong consciousness of the Force which is there, and I feel that's what veils all perceptions for me: everything is as though absorbed in that.[1] *And that prevents me from perceiving all the rest.*

With me too! *(Mother laughs)* It's like that! I was just observing, its like that.

Just before, you spoke of the psychic, but I can't speak of the psychic, I can't speak of material or vital things, because as soon as I stop for a second, that Consciousness is there, solid

Yes, yes....

... and all the rest, I just don't know.

Exactly the condition here [in Mother].

When I had that experience of the psychic [with R.], I said to myself, "But where is my psychic?..." It's constantly active, mingled with everything, it's what speaks; when people ask questions, I answer through it.... But I don't have the "sensation" of its presence.

I think that's when the identification is made: it's no longer a separate being, you understand.

Yes, it worried me, I wondered, "Is there something that veils?"

No! I think that's when the identification with the physical consciousness is made. Because with me it's always been like that: the minute there was union, it was over, there was no "psychic being and the rest".... What lived was the psychic.

Yet I don't feel I've reached that point.... Though to tell the truth, I don't know where I've reached.... Because as soon as I stop a little, it's there, powerful, solid, and...

Yes, yes.

And then there's nothing but "that."

Yes, that's right, there's nothing but that.

But, you know, the more the identification with the true being takes place, the less you have the sense of existing, of being someone.

Yes.

The body has itself reached that point, it finds it very difficult to feel a separate existence for itself, and *(laughing)* curiously that's only *(Mother touches her cheek),* only when it's in pain. For instance, I constantly have a toothache, here (this area as I told you *[Mother points to her mouth and throat]),* and that's it, it's the only thing that gives me the sense of being "my body" It doesn't feel separate. So I think that's the natural condition for the normal development.

You understand, the impression of "feeling" in a certain way, of "thinking" in a certain way, all that has completely vanished: you receive indications – sometimes of the way this person feels or that one reacts – but that's when a work needs to be done: it's an indication,

[1] One might say, coagulated in that.

and it's something taking place there, like this *(gesture around, some distance away),* it's not within.

No, I looked several times: I've always had the impression that things are fine (I mean for you), that the progress is quite fine. You're on the way. It's all right. And I find a great change.... There's only one corner, maybe of the speculative mind, that still has an attitude of its own – high enough in the mind, not an ordinary mind, a mind *(gesture above).* But that's nothing.

(silence)

But it's rather strange, I could put it this way: it's about the only part *(gesture from the cheek to the chin)* that's conscious of the way people are and of what comes from them, and which still has reactions we could call "personal." That is to say, if the atmosphere is troubled, well, there's disorder [in that part in Mother], it's subject [to the outside disorder] and that seems to be the only part. Otherwise, all the rest is as if bathed, constantly bathed in the Divine, and automatically everything goes to the Divine. The divine Will goes through *(gesture of descent and diffusion through Mother)* and causes it to act – automatically. So then, at certain times, for some reason or other, the body calls (the mantra I told you), and as a result... *(gesture of dilation)* suddenly the cells go into a bliss – it only lasts a minute (not even a minute, a few seconds), but the simple fact of saying that, and it's bliss. Afterwards, everything starts up again *(gesture indicating the normal rhythm).*

It's very interesting.

I think (the other day you told me something was wrong in your body), I think that on those spots that aren't yet on the way to transformation, there's an increase, as though a concentration of the difficulty: one feels more ill at such spots.

The only possible thing is *(Mother opens her hands)* the peace of total surrender, like this *(absolutely flat gesture, vast, immutable):* come what may. There. Then things are fine.

I noticed that if, on the trouble spot, one can establish that peace – a total peace, you know, the peace of perfect surrender: abdicate all preoccupation, all aspiration, all, all like this *(same vast, immutable gesture),* then it helps restore order.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

It's fine. It's fine.

Only, for people who don't know that, appearances are misleading: they feel more ill, they have attacks, things of that sort. So they don't understand anymore.

(long silence)

I had, countless times, the experience that when the body can catch hold of that attitude (completely, I mean, even beyond the aspiration to union or to transformation: THIS WAY *[same vast gesture]),* it's almost miraculous, instantaneous. But with a wrong movement it comes back. It's not established permanently – how do you manage to do that? I don't know.... Probably there should no longer be anywhere the presence of the possibility of a wrong movement. But that's difficult....

You breathe, you eat, you and it's the Divine. If I were to tell in detail what goes on, it's absolutely wonderful!... For instance, while eating, when the body keeps its true attitude and the perception of the Divine presence in all things, and naturally in what it absorbs, and when it absorbs it automatically with that attitude, without any contradiction, everything takes place without any difficulty. To such a point that if the attitude "deteriorates" (whatever), things can go to *(gesture of choking)* swallowing the wrong way, like that, in the space of a few seconds. It's clearly a transitional period, but how long will it last? I don't

know.... The harmony of the functioning is becoming miraculous – miraculous. Only, it's not automatic, it still depends on the attitude. It's not something that imposes itself, it's a consequence.

(long silence)

Mother, there's a curious phenomenon happening with Sujata: all at once she'll faint.

Oh!

She'll fall to the ground.... Without any reason, just like that, the contact is suddenly broken and she falls.

(after a long concentration) Only, it's troublesome because one can injure oneself in a fall.

It happened twice when I was there, so I caught her. I wonder what it's due to?

Isn't she forewarned in any way?

No, she'll fall all of a sudden. But I noticed it happens before noon, after she s remained standing and working for a long time. That's also there.

But materially, it's the blood that doesn't reach the brain. I am afraid she doesn't eat enough.

Yes, I also think so. She doesn't eat properly.

Isn't there something you'd like to eat?

(Sujata shakes her head)

@

July 8, 1970

(Mother looks tired. Her face is still swollen.)

Difficult moments

(long contemplation till the end)

Do you have anything to ask?... *(To Sujata:)* And you?

You know, Mother, it's very strange, three nights in a row, I dreamed of you and of

food.

Did you feed me?

I fed you, or else I looked for food, or I prepared some.

How did you feed me?... Did you give me things to eat? Or you fed me like a baby?!

No, the first time, you were lying down, thirsty, there were many people and no one did anything....

(Mother nods her head)

And I told someone to go and get some pomegranate juice....[1]

(Mother smiles and plunges in again)

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July 11, 1970

Someone sent me a letter on the body's transformation, if you are interested.

Let's see....

It seems that a Tamil yogi [Swami Ramalingam] of this region, who lived around 1850, had experiences, which he described in a poem and appear rather connected.... Experiences of the transformation of the skeleton, bones, etc. It's a Tamilian who sent me this letter, asking me to put the question to you.

All right.

"The Mother may throw light on the nature and extent of the transformation the Swami had in the last part of his life. The Swami often declared affirming the transformation and deathlessness of his body by the power of what he calls 'Arut Perum Joti,' the infinite or vast Grace-Light of the Divine. He also made the forecast and promise around the year 1870, that the supreme Divine would come soon to the earth for establishing his direct rule of Grace-Light (which the Swami also called as the Truth-Light) when a new race of people would arise defying disease, ageing and death...."[2]

[1] The pomegranate tree is the symbol of Divine Love; Mother called the fruit "Divine Love Spreading over the World."

[2] Original English.

It's interesting.

Then here is the text of this sage, translated from the Tamil:

Extract from "Joti Agaval" (Swami Ramalingam's poem, verses 725-740)

"O my unique Love which sprang from my heart and filled it so much that it made my life blossom. O my Lord of unique Love who has given himself to me wholly and by the Grace-Light has transmuted me. My Love that has entered and unified with me in my heart, so as to transform my body into a golden body. The skin has become supple, the influx of the nervous current all over the body is vibrating, with pauses in between; the bones have become pliable and plastic in their nature; the soft muscles have become truly loosened; the blood has become condensed within; the semen has become concentrated into a single drop and confined in the chest; the petals of the brain[1] *have blossomed or expanded; amrita [nectar of immortality] is welling up into springs all over the body and filling it up; the luminous forehead perspires; the luminous face brightens up; the breath full of peace becomes cool and refreshing; the inner smile beams up; the hair stands on end; tears of joy flow down towards the feet; the mouth vibrates into the passionate calling [of the Divine]; the ear tubes ring with the sense of musically humming sound; the body has become cool; the soft chest moves; the hands join [as in prayer]; the legs revolve or spin round; the mind melts sweetly, the intelligence becomes full of light; the will becomes full of joy and harmony; the individuality has enlarged itself everywhere; the heart has blossomed into the universality of feeling so as to be felt by the world outwardly; the whole knowledge-body has become blissful; even the spiritual egoism of the senses has gone away; the senses (tattva) have been replaced wholly by the truth (sattva), the truth-principle or truth-substance which alone prevails now uniquely; attachment to objects of the senses and to things of the world has dissolved away, and only the aspiration and will towards the illimitable Grace grows and intensifies."*[2]

And how long did he live like this?

It seems it happened the him towards the end of his life, and I think it must have lasted for a few years. He said he would "return."[3]

1870?

Yes, he was born in 1823 and died in 1874.

He died two years after Sri Aurobindo's birth.

(long silence)

What did he say about the legs? I didn't understand.

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[1] In traditional Indian experience, the centers of consciousness or *chakras* are compared to lotuses whose petals open or close.

[2] This translation of the original Tamil text into English (with minor editing here) probably gives only a very rough idea of the experience.

[3] "The Swami dematerialized his body in January or February 1874, leaving a promise that he would return at the time of the God of the vast Grace-Light."

He says that the bones have become supple.... "The body has become cool; the soft chest moves; the hands join as in prayer; the legs revolve or spin round...." Which means, I suppose, that the legs can move in every direction, since the bones have become "pliable."

(long silence)

How many experiences of this kind people had without anyone to note them....

But you often wondered about the skeleton, in fact, you asked how it could change.

In my case too.

Here, he says it becomes plastic, supple.

But then, how can he keep standing?

Through this "condensation" Is it because of this condensation of the blood he mentions?

What could that be?

I don't know what that condensation of the blood is.... But there is one thing I haven't heard you mention and which Sri Aurobindo often refers to (in The Supramental Manifestation, *for instance), that's the transformation of organs through the chakras, through the energy of the centers of consciousness. You very rarely mention the chakras or the role of the chakras.... Couldn't one conceive that these centers of energy may provide the body with a framework strong enough for it to stand?*

(after a long silence)

This "rising of the kundalini," I had it in I was still in Paris. It was before I came to India. I had read Vivekananda's books about it.... And when the Force rose, it emerged from the head through here *(gesture at the top of the head);* the [classic] experience was never described in that way. The Force came out and the consciousness settled here *(gesture about eight inches above the head).* So when I came here, I told Sri Aurobindo about it; he told me it had been the same thing with him, and that according to the teaching of [ancient] texts, you "cannot" live when that takes place: you die! So *(laughing)* he told me, "Here are two who haven't died!"

The consciousness has remained there *(gesture above),* it didn't come down again; it's there, its always there.

But I often feel it there. I don't know if it's an illusion, but I feel it there much more often than below.

Yes. Oh, but it must be communicable.

Here, slightly above the head *(same gesture about eight inches),* like this.

Whenever I try to know something, it's always the same: everything stops and I listen there *(gesture above),* that's where I listen.

(silence)

And then, when I went back from here [to France, in 1915] I did something deliberately: all the energies of the last center [at the base of the spine] were drawn up here *(gesture to the heart).*

But I felt centers BELOW the feet.

I felt a center below the feet....[1] There was one below the feet, one at the knees, one here *(gesture at the base of the spine),* and all of it *(Mother gestures, drawing the energies upward),* like this, drawn up, and it came here *(gesture to the heart).*

Does Sri Aurobindo speak of that transformation of the subconscient and its becoming conscious?

Yes, Mother, he speaks of it.

That's what took place when the energies were drawn here: it was the result.

(long silence)

The moment I came here, I no longer concerned myself with the body: I concerned myself with the Work; but before coming here, especially between my departure from here and my return, it was (how much time?... I came back in 1920; I came here in 1914 and left from here in 1915, I think – from '16 to '20 I was in Japan, but I came in '14 and I think I left in 1915), from that time on, there were all those experiences *[kundalini,* etc.], in France and in Japan.

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

But, Mother, what I'd like to understand, it's that since you withdrew to this room [in 1962] for the body's transformation, you've never mentioned the role of the chakras, while in The Supramental Manifestation, *Sri Aurobindo seems to attach to them a decisive importance in the body's transformation. He frequently refers to them, as if they were a key element.*

(after a silence)

What I am conscious of is the Consciousness there *(gesture above);* that's something unchanging. This *(gesture to the forehead):* blank. If it starts stirring, its very uncomfortable, but generally it doesn't stir at all – one day it stirred for a few minutes, and it was extremely unpleasant. It's like this *(gesture like a motionless bar),* blank: a blank feeling, like blank paper.... This *(gesture from the throat to the mouth)* is the connection with people, and that's EXTREMELY unpleasant, really extremely unpleasant (I can't say), and materially it results in the deterioration of teeth and Very unpleasant. Here *(gesture to the heart)* I told you, all energies, from below the feet *(Mother gestures as if pulling it all upward),* all that was brought up to here. Here *(gesture to the heart),* it's like a sun, always. It's like a radiant sun: that's where I work; that's where I work from.... But with the centers there *(gesture to the base of the spine),* all the energies have been as if brought up to the heart.

And that's so natural.... This and this *(gesture to the heart and above the head),* it's so natural that I don't even observe it anymore: it's my way of being.

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[1] Sri Aurobindo writes this about the chakra at the base of the spine: "The Muladhar is the centre of the physical consciousness proper, and all below in the body is the sheer physical, which as it goes downward becomes increasingly subconscient, but the real seat of the subconscient is below the body, as the real seat of the higher consciousness (superconscient) is above the body." (*Bases of Yoga,* p. 133)

But the consciousness isn't centered in the body, and the body is felt almost like a transmitting pipe!

Mother, one last thing, a question asked by the person who wrote the letter: he. asks whether the "vast Grace-Light" or "Truth-Light" the Swami mentions is the supramental light?

Which light?

The vast "Grace-Light."

Grace-Light.... Oh, I liked that very much in his letter. Grace-Light, that's what is working, you know: the work being done through this [Mothers body] is exactly like that, it's exactly like a Grace-Light. I liked that a lot. It's exactly that.

You see, it's a light with several degrees, and in the most material it's slightly it must be the supramental force, because it's slightly golden, slightly pinkish (you know that light), but very, very pale. One of them *(gesture pointing to another, higher layer)* is white like milk, opaque – it's very strong. And there's another *(gesture very high)* which is white like it's transparent light. With that one, it's strange: one drop of it on the hostile forces, and they're dissolved. They melt like this *(gesture before one's very eyes).* I said all that to Sri Aurobindo, he completely confirmed it. That's essentially the Grace in its *(gesture very high)* supreme state. It's a Light it has no color, you know, it's transparent, and that Light (I have experienced that, I mention it because I know it), if you put it on a hostile being it melts like that. It's extraordinary.... And then, in its "benevolent" form, as we might call it (that is to say, the Grace helping and assisting and healing), it's white like milk. And if I want a wholly material action (but this is quite recent – it's since this new Consciousness came), then in its physical action, on the physical, it's become slightly colored: it's luminous, golden with some pink in it, but it's not pink *(Mother takes a hibiscus next to her).* It's like this.

Like Auroville's flower?

Like Auroville's flower. But I DELIBERATELY chose it as Auroville's flower, for that reason. And my impression is that this is the supra-mental color: when I see beings from the supramental, they have not quite this color.... It's not like a flower, it's like flesh. But it's like this *(Mother points to the flower's color).*

(silence)

Yes, he was in contact with that, this man, certainly. I felt it instantly when you read me the letter.

Yes, one feels It's likely that, over the ages, there must have been individual experiences.

Yes, oh yes, certainly. Certainly. And there must still be right now, which we aren't aware of.

But the difference now is that it's a collective thing.

Yes.

That's the difference.

(long silence)

But what's growing very clear is that all things remaining the same, the position of the

consciousness remaining the same, there's a reversal this way or that way *(Mother tips her hand over to one side or another),* I don't know how to explain. In one case, that is, to the ordinary human consciousness (not ordinary but present), the suffering is almost intolerable; and everything remaining IDENTICALLY the same, with this slight reversal (I don't know how to explain it maybe we could say "the contact with the Divine," I don't know), but everything remaining the same (it's a phenomenon of consciousness), a wonderful bliss – you understand, physical things remain IDENTICAL!... I have that all the time. Unfortunately *(laughing)* the painful side lasts longer! When I am in peace, still, then naturally it's the other side.

But this toothache and all that, which to the material consciousness, from an external standpoint, is very real (!), even that is no longer When the consciousness becomes true, it no longer has the same character – I don't know how to explain. There must be what in our ordinary consciousness we would call a "cure," but it's not a cure: the nature of it changes.

That's the most constant work, that's the work I am in (that's why I have nothing to say).... There are no more ideas, no more feelings, almost no more sensations, it's this and that *(same gesture of tipping over to one side or to the other),* this kind of shift, and a shift SO VERY different, you know, and in total immobility!

But in this true consciousness, matter seems to lose something, or else something is transmuted into I don't know.... Will it be so permanently, or is it the transition? I don't know. I mean, will the supramental body have no Yet, there's no difference between man's materiality and the animal's, or is there?

No, Mother, there isn't.

(silence)

When you look, you always reach the same conclusion: you know nothing.

But there is this Consciousness all of a sudden, when you no longer ARE, when there's nothing but That, this Consciousness there *(gesture around the head),* a slightly golden Consciousness, you REALLY get the impression of omnipotence and And here you know NOTHING! Nothing, nothing at all, you can't explain anything. All that is what I call mental imaginings.

Now, when I am asked a question, nothing, nothing responds, and then all of a sudden the answer comes *(gesture of descent)* in words; but if I am not very attentive, prrt! nothing remains, I can't even recapture the words.... The consciousness of the answer is there *(gesture above),* it doesn't budge, it's always there, this consciousness, but the materialization of it is very fleeting.

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July 18, 1970

(Mother begins with the translation of two letters of Sri Aurobindo for the next issue of

the Bulletin.)

"It is much easier for the Sadhak [disciple] by faith in the Mother to get free from illness than for the Mother to keep free – because the Mother by the very nature of her work had to identify herself with the Sadhaks, to support all their difficulties, to receive into herself all the poison in their nature

Very kind of them! *(Mother laughs)*

"... to take up besides all the difficulties of the universal earth-Nature, including the possibility of death and disease in order to fight them out. If she had not done that, not a single Sadhak would have been able to practise this Yoga....

(Mother nods her head)

"... The Divine has to put on humanity

"Put on humanity...." This is fine!

"... in order that the human being may rise to the Divine. It is a simple truth

(Mother laughs)

"... but nobody in the Ashram seems able to understand that the Divine can do that and yet remain different from them – can still remain the Divine."

8 May 1933 The Mother, *25.317*

There's another text, which starts with a question:

> *"People in the Ashram believe that their difficulties and illnesses are taken by the Mother on herself and therefore she has sometimes to suffer. But at that rate there would be too much onrush of these things on her from many Sadhaks. An idea comes to me of taking upon myself some of these difficulties and illnesses so that I can also suffer with her pleasantly?"*

(Mother laughs a lot) Pleasantly!... With a question mark.

Sri Aurobindo answers:

"Pleasantly? It would be anything but pleasant either for you or for us.
"It is rather a crude statement of a fact. The Mother in order to do her work had to take all the Sadhaks inside her personal being and consciousness; thus personally (not merely impersonally) taken inside, all the disturbances and difficulties in them including illnesses could throw themselves upon her in a way that could not have happened if she had not renounced the self-protection of separateness. Not only illnesses of others could translate themselves into attacks on her body – these she could generally throw off as soon as she knew from what quarter and why it came – but their inner difficulties, revolts, outbursts of anger and hatred against her could have the same and a worse effect....

That's still true.... With some people, as soon as they come, I'll suddenly feel a disorder,

or I'll start coughing, or Then when I look, I see why. When I see why, I can keep the thing at a distance. It's curious.

> "... That was the only danger for her (because inner difficulties are easily surmountable)

That's so true! For that, a smile is enough.

> "... but matter and the body are the weak point or crucial point of our Yoga, since this province has never been conquered by the spiritual Power, the old Yogas having either left it alone or used on it only a detail mental and vital force, not the general spiritual force. It was the reason why after a serious illness caused by a terribly bad state of the Ashram atmosphere

(Mother laughs)

> *"...* I had to insist on her partial retirement so as to minimise the most concrete part of the pressure upon her. Naturally, the full conquest of the physical would revolutionise matters, but as yet it is the struggle."

31 March 1934 The Mother, *25.317*

How what he says remains true – that's first rate!

Is the "revolution" still far away, or close?

Alas! *(Mother laughs)*

***

Soon afterwards

They told me you're seeing *(Mother tries to recall a name)* Someone who sees you often, whom I don't know.

I see lots of them!

So it seems!... How come?

I wonder what I should do, in fact.

When do you see them?

They've found the way: I'll go out and

(Mother laughs a lot) That's right! So you go out of your home

I go out in the evening around 5:30 for a bit of fresh air. First I go to the Samadhi – they catch me at the Samadhi and go around with me; then they come up to the beach and stay with me until I come home.... So I see all kinds. I see lots of them.

Are some interesting?

Yes. I let them, because I feel it's useful.[1]

Oh, useful, certainly, but you shouldn't tire yourself. Because, you know, they will *(Mother makes a gesture of swallowing).*

Yes, it's tiring, that's true.

They find it quite natural to absorb you completely.

Oh, its tiring.

It's the same thing for me with people who come and see me.... I had to start putting up a fight because otherwise I used to say yes, yes, yes.[2] They stay on till 1:00 P.M., and then That can't be.

Be careful.

I don't know what I should do.

If it's only while you're outside, it's all right.

At home, I'm rather fierce and I close my door.

That's what I meant: don't let them in.

Oh, a few still manage to slip in.

No, no, don't let them in. Because then you can't live anymore – you're only food for them.

Yes, it's tiring.

No, outside it's all right, it doesn't stop you from breathing the air, but inside, no.

You wanted to know about someone I see? What "someone" did they tell you about?

I don't remember.

Recently I saw someone I found very interesting. A young man. His name is L.

So then?

He quite strikes me as a young man with a past behind him, who's suddenly had rather surprising experiences. He seems to understand from within, to go very fast.

Yes, that must be him.

I'll give you one example: he was with Z and asked Z how the syllable OM should be pronounced (he didn't know). Z told him. Then he repeated just that word, and he says that it suddenly became absolutely awesome, as if there were hundreds of amplifiers and all of Matter everywhere said OM.

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[1] Satprem will abundantly carry on with this until 1971. Then he will abruptly close his door when people will start referring to him as a guru.

[2] Mother has begun examining the list of visitors, instead of accepting everything and everyone.

Oh, he's sensitive. Yes, that's fine.

Yes, he is interesting.... So he asks me lots of questions because suddenly he's just discovering all this.

That's interesting.

Yes, its useful and interesting. It will be good when you see him. He first had experiences in Paris with drugs.

Oh!

Then, he told me, "But when I saw I could have experiences like that, without drugs, I said to myself it was much better!"... But he's fine, not distorted.

(silence)

(Mother holds out a flower) What is it?

It's "Power of Truth in the Subconscient".... Not easy!

(Mother laughs) The flowers are quite bold!

(Mother takes another flower) This is a "Psychological Perfection".... It's to find that [the power of truth in the subconscient].

We're preparing a book about flowers. There will be color photos of flowers, their significance, and a comment by me! They make me write a comment on every flower.... So I'm having fun! It will be interesting.

But in the subconscient, some things have a power of recurrence.

Oh!...

Not only that, you feel it's a power IN ITSELF, quite independent of anything, like a self-existent entity.

Yes.

So what can one do about it?

It will only change when everything changes.

Yes, it's a daily battle.

Yes.

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July 22, 1970

(The following conversation is a first and highly instructive outline of the phenomenon that gave birth to all the religions of the world, a phenomenon that will try to crystallize once again after Mother's departure.)

I have something about this Tamil Swami who had that experience of the body's transformation.... You remember this Swami Ramalingam who had that vision of the "Grace-Light"? You made a few remarks, part of which I passed on to the person who had asked the question.... And I've raised a storm.

Oh, why?

Not with this good man [Ramalingam's Tamil disciple], not at all, but with A.[1]

A.?

Yes, A. must have seen the answer, and through me he sends you a letter.

Saying?

You know it somewhat gives me a feeling of a mental falsehood.

What's wrong? Does it bother him?

Yes, he's quite indignant.

At what?! What did I say?

At what I, at least, said. He says, "Mother can't possibly have said this...."

What's this business!... But why? What made this gentleman indignant?

First I'll read you what I wrote to T. [Ramalingam's Tamil disciple]:[2]

"The translation of Swami Ramalingam's experiences was read out to Mother, and she does not doubt their authenticity; she particularly liked the manner in which the Swami called that light 'Grace-Light,' and she said it corresponds to her own experience. She remarked that over the ages, and even now, it is quite likely that a number of individuals, known or unknown, have had similar experiences. The only difference is that at present, instead of an individual possibility, there is a collective possibility – that is precisely Sri Aurobindo's and Mothers work: to establish, as a terrestrial fact and a possibility for everyone, the supramental consciousness or 'Grace-Light' as Swami Ramalingam called it."

Satprem

Ah, what made him indignant is the mixing of the two, "Grace-Light" and "supramental light".... I didn't say it was the same thing. Anyway, it doesn't matter.... It would have been better not to put "supramental consciousness," because they don't understand.... It doesn't

[1] An old disciple, author of several books about Sri Aurobindo and editor of one of the Ashram's magazines.

[2] Satprem's letter to T. and the following letter from A. are retranslated here from the French translation.

matter.

But from what you said, I understood that this "Grace-Light" was the supramental light.

It's ONE of the actions of the supramental light. But it doesn't matter.

So A. says this:

"Dearest Mother, regarding certain translations of poems of Swami Ramalingam by his disciple T., you answered him through Satprem in such a way that he was led to equate Ramalingam's 'Grace-Light' and the supramental Consciousness.

Yes, I wouldn't have done that.... So he's furious!

But you see, to my mind, when I asked you if over the ages there had been experiences of this sort, I had in mind experiences of individuals who had individually made contact with the supra-mental light or the supramental level....

One of the forms of the supramental manifestation.... It doesn't matter. Read on.

"Did you really mean that Ramalingam was in DIRECT contact with the Supramental?...

Why not!... Read on, then.

"... and that he was in contact with it as you and Sri Aurobindo were?...

No, I didn't say that!

You didn't! It's really a mental falsehood, because nowhere in the letter did I say such things.

"Premonitions and momentary visions are of a different order; it is the whole question of a direct supramental yoga, complete and in its fullness....

Good Lord, how stupid people are! How stupid!

Yes, Mother.

Is that all?

No.

"Through your answer, T. [Ramalingam's disciple] understood that the only difference between Ramalingam's supramental yoga and yours or Sri Aurobindo's is that his was concerned with an individual supramentalization, whereas you and Sri Aurobindo also worked for a collective supramentalization.

"T. is convinced of this and also declares that Ramalingam had attained the complete supramentalization of the body....

We didn't say that!

"... In his opinion, what you said confirms it. "I tend to regard his whole stand as rather fantastic; it shows me that T. has failed to understand Sri Aurobindo's vision, work and yoga at their true value. I believe that not only the collective supramentalization , but the individual supramentalization have never been

attempted previously, not to speak of realization. Even the full knowledge of the Supramental through an ascent into the Supramental and a sovereign entry into the Supramental has not been done. How then can one speak of a practical realisation of the full dynamics of the supramental descent? "At least that is what I understood from a study of Sri Aurobindo's and your writings. Am I wrong? A clear indication from you would be very helpful to make us see things in the true light."

(after a long concentration,
Mother takes a notepad, then plunges back for a long time)

There's a refusal to answer.

(long silence)

Was this man alive recently?

No, around 1850. He died two years after Sri Aurobindo's birth, and he announced the coming of an incarnation of the Divine and a new race that would "defy death, ageing" and so on – one year before Sri Aurobindo's birth.

(after a long silence, Mother takes the notepad again, hesitates, then writes a letter to A.)

22 July '70

A.,

It is unfortunate that you make me say what I did not say.
I have therefore nothing to say in answer to your groundless conclusions.
Let us hope that peace will return to your mind, and, along with it, a better understanding.

With my blessings,

Signed: Mother

It's hard.

When I got his letter, I had the inner feeling of a mental falsehood.

Yes, there's an excitement.

But what I can do is to correct what you said with Ramalingam s disciple.

No, it's not "the Supramental," but one aspect of the Supra-mental, or rather one activity of the Supramental.

Would you like me to send him this correction?

If he chatters about what he's told, yes.

(Mother looks at her letter to A., hesitating to send it)

Oh, let's leave it – he'll be upset.

(silence Mother looks tired)

I'm really sorry!

No! *(Mother laughs)* It doesn't matter! It's not your fault, it's A.'s fault.

I don't know why they come to a boil.

Oh, I can see.... All that takes place here *(gesture to the forehead).*

Really, the mind is something terribly complicated!

Oh, it's like that, it's here *(same gesture to the forehead).* And when I look, I see so clearly!... Human conceptions it has always been the same thing with all, all the Avatars: if he isn't one and only – one and only – and shut in like this *(gesture as if under a bell jar),* it's no longer the thing! It disturbs them....

Yes, that's right!

That's it, they don't see the Force doing *(immense gesture embracing everything).*

But I see so clearly!... This personalization You understand, a great Force descends to work, then it "coagulates," so to speak, into a personal point so as to touch Matter. And then, men *(laughing)* like to take scissors, and they cut *(Mother cuts out a little square from this vast flow of Force),* make a person out of it, and isolate it *(gesture as if under a bell jar).* That's something I see so clearly!

Yes, it's the door to sectarianism and fanaticism.

Yes, yes, yes.

(Mother holds out to Satprem a garland of "Aspiration") Would you like?

Yes, Mother, yes!

(Satprem lays his head on Mother's knees)

I absolutely REFUSE to let myself be put like this *(gesture under a bell jar)....* I'd rather – I'd rather dissolve, you understand.

Let it be fluid.

The impression I get is as if people have big scissors, and they always want to cut out pieces of the Lord! *(laughter)*

@

July 25, 1970

Years ago, I used to get B.'s notebook, and I would answer him. Then, once, I forgot it. Yesterday he wrote to tell me that he'd like to have his notebook back, and I found it again. And in it, there was a question I had left unanswered.

So I answered.... This morning I "presented" that question [to the Lord], and it was as if it

was waiting for the occasion. I received a reply simple, as always, but explaining the WHOLE, entire functioning. When I saw that, it was such an illumination that... everything became so simple! (I wrote it down, but it's nothing, it looks like a commonplace.) But it puts an end to all questions. It was absolutely wonderful!

So instead of sending the notebook back to him, I kept it to show it to you, because it looks like nothing at all, but if it gives others the experience it gave me, it's something!... For several hours I lived in a Peace nothing can disturb.... It's so simple, so simple!

(Satprem reads the notebook)

Mother,

Does the Divine punish injustice? Is it possible for Him to ever punish anyone?

(Mother laughs) He always had a very childlike way to ask questions! So I answered:

"After so many years, I find the forgotten notebook again, and I answer:
"The Divine does not see things the way men do

That's intended for B.

"... and does not need to punish and reward. All
actions carry in themselves their fruit along with
their consequences. "According to its nature, the action brings you
closer to the Divine or takes you away from the
Divine

So you see in the universe the immense Movement drawing closer to the Divine, and how EVERYTHING, everything in it is like that [advancing towards the Divine].... I'd like to pass on to you my experience, it's extraordinary!... Simply that.

"... and that is the supreme consequence."

It's created in such a way, organized in such a way that EVERYTHING is like that, and every second (so then I understand; I understand movements I have felt in the consciousness, which I couldn't explain to myself), it's automatic and CONTINUOUS, every second (we divide it into seconds, but it's continuous). So it's going forward towards the Divine, towards the conscious identification with the Divine, or else going backward. The body had felt things it didn't understand, because the consciousness was in a certain way, and some things were wrong (a very slight discomfort suddenly, you don't know why) – that's the reason. It explains everything, EVERYTHING. That way, the working of the universe is FULLY explained.

It instantly does away with all notions of sin, of evil....

But all, all human conceptions fall away. It's so simple! So simple. And this whole huge mental edifice people have built to try and explain falls to the ground.

It [the working] is automatic.

Automatic and universal. And I noticed it wasn't something vague or imprecise: it's exact, as if every element had its own destiny.... One day you may take a big step backward, and the next day a big step forward. It explains the whole apparent confusion of the world.

Oh, suddenly I was lighter. As if a weight, a weight of Ignorance had been taken off from me.

(silence)

And you see how things are arranged: I didn't do it deliberately, I found this notebook again only when I was capable of understanding. At that time. God knows what answer I would have written! It came just when I was capable of replying. It's marvelous!

Yes, all that is really microscopically precise.

Yes, yes, exactly! It's the precision, the exactness – it's the Supreme Consciousness everywhere. We even have difficulty conceiving it, but its obvious blindingly obvious.

(silence)

Do you have something to say?

No, I only have a question of spelling!

Oh, mon petit, I make as many spelling errors as possible! *(Mother laughs)*

It's about those famous "Aurovillians"....

I write it with a single "I."

Deliberately?

Deliberately. *(Laughing)* Its not French, it's Aurovilian!

(silence)

Since this morning, I've been in an extraordinary joy, everything has become clear!

And the amusing thing is that we thought we knew – we thought we knew that, it doesn't look like a revelation and we didn't really know it! It's as if something had been reversed.

(silence)

If we could explain this difference of understanding, it would explain the difference between the mental functioning (even the higher mind, the highest intellectual functioning) and the functioning of the divine Consciousness.... I feel it, but *(Mother tries to explains, then gives up).*

The mental functioning explains – it explains. Things are consequences (even my word "consequence" in the notebook, I'm not sure it's the right one), it "explains," whereas this is spontaneous. It's not the result of a decision, it's spontaneous. One might almost say it's automatic. We always feel ("we," I mean human beings), we think of the divine Action as a supra-human action, that is, which first sees THEN decides – but it's not that! It's yes, an automatism, I don't know how to put it.

I must say that two days ago, I had an experience (it was with R. again, she was here), an experience of the whole universe, like a general vision of an Immensity, and then, suddenly the consciousness seemed to become a point taking up no room, and that point was the Eternal Consciousness. But then, it was so strong! So strong how all this, this whole unfolded universe was the result of this Consciousness *(Mother shows a point).* You understand, the consciousness here became this Eternal Consciousness (for a few seconds perhaps, I don't think it lasted even a minute, but time had nothing to do with it), it was the Eternal, it was the Consciousness. And that experience already prepared something [in Mother], because the two were simultaneous; one didn't abolish the other, the two were simultaneous: this Point that was taking up no room but was eternal, was

everything, and at the same time, the unfolding [of the universe]. That was a very intense experience. Then there only remained this vagueness that is the "whole," but it didn't lose its impression of vagueness, that is to say, of something imprecise. Since that time, there has been something changed [in Mother]. And today, in this consciousness, when the answer came, it wasn't the knowledge of "that" – it wasn't the knowledge, it was the working. All of a sudden, I had BECOME the working. So then, I expressed it as best I could in this notebook.... It had such simplicity, you know, a marvelous, all-powerful simplicity!

Words are approximations. I had to use words because I had to write for him, but the experience came like that, the working: the experience of this universal Immensity returning to the Divine Consciousness, how it returns – and innumerably, of course, with all possible experiences, but with a marvelous sim-plic-i-ty.

(long silence)

Words

It gave me at the same time a sort of bodily experience of the universal movement of the return of the consciousness towards the Divine; and that a perception that wasn't mental at all, not at all, as if all the cells felt this movement, you understand, this movement of immense return towards the Consciousness.

It must be the movement of the universe towards the Supreme.

I must say that certain things contributed to the experience: in answer to certain questions, yesterday Z told me about the age of the earth, and how they have now managed to measure it (things that are the mental approach to the problem), and suddenly, when he spoke, suddenly there came this sort of union and (what should I say?) almost a sensation, in the body, of the earth returning to the Divine Consciousness. So the conjunction, combination of all that resulted in this experience.

(silence)

Previously when I used to have experiences (long ago, years ago), it was the mind that benefited more or less, and then it would spread it, use it; now it's not like that: it's directly the body, it's the body that has the experience, and it's MUCH TRUER. There's an intellectual attitude that puts a kind of veil or I don't know, something something unreal on the perception of things – an attitude, it's an attitude. It's like seeing through a certain veil or a certain something a certain atmosphere, whereas the body feels the thing in itself, it BECOMES that. It feels in itself. It's not as if the thing were taken like this *(gesture of absorption in oneself),* it's as if the body itself BECAME that *(gesture of bursting or expansion).* Instead of shrinking the experience down to the individuals scale, the individual widens to the scale of the experience.

(Mother goes into a contemplation) Do you have anything to say?

> *Once I had a sort of perception which really was an experience, very strong, of this whole universal movement of return, and I had the impression or sensation that everything goes TOWARDS That, everything is FOR That, that it's impossible for anything in all this to be "against," for anything not to go in THAT direction, even when apparently it is "against" or "twisted" or "dark" or*

Yes, yes.

> *I had the impression that everything goes, is FOR That, there's nothing against – the impossibility of anything against in all this.*

Yes, it's as if I don't know as if the "against" made it nonexistent, you know, in a

way incomprehensible to us. An incomprehension that makes us say “against.”

It came to me in this form: even what we call the “wrong path” is part of the right path.

Yes.

It looks like a paradox....

Yes, exactly, its a limitation of vision, quite simply.

(silence)

With the perception of space (which must correspond to something), things move away (in what I saw, my experience), they move away as if to follow a vaster curve in order to That’s it: the move away is to broaden one’s horizon or field of action.

(silence)

But the interesting thing (very interesting for me) is that the body was very preoccupied with all the difficulties of the transformation, and this experience has given it I can’t call it a “joy” (it’s something infinitely superior and greater, stronger – it’s so immense!...), as if all the cells were dancing with joy. That’s the impression.

These last few days too, I wondered why the body is so absorbed in the difficulties of the transformation, and I received no answer, except to be patient and tranquil and not to fret – as always. But now I understand!... It can only be joyful in a certain atmosphere of truth; then everything seems to broaden, to relax, and then there’s an extraordinary joy with no equivalent in the ordinary perception, none at all.

(Laughing) It’s a bit as if someone had taken my head and turned it around! *(Mother turns her head upward).* You know, this *(gesture above)* is where the Consciousness is, so the head was taken and turned the right way! *(laughter)*

(silence)

It’s limitations that create the sense of evil, of bad – as soon as you do away with the limitations, it’s gone.

@

July 29, 1970

Goings-on, complications .

But couldn’t Nolini do something?

Nolini wants peace. Ah, what about you? What do you have to tell me?

I’ve received a letter from Monsignor R. [P. L. s friend]. Would you like to see it?...

You know he was supposed to come at the end of last year, I think, and "as if by chance," he was prevented from coming.

I am not surprised.

Then, quite recently, he underwent a grave operation. But in February he had written you a letter which he never sent, and he gave it to Z[1] *for you.*

Oh!... Is he still ill?

No, he's convalescing. And then, he is involved in a business I told you that this man has hundreds and hundreds of millions, a considerable wealth, which he has always collected from women – he has a power over women.

Has he received more?

Yes, he has received another hundred million Swiss francs from a banker's widow.

Is this man old?

I have his photo here.

Oh, show it.

He is in fact with the woman who has just given him a hundred million.

That's amusing!... *(Mother looks at the photo)* Oh, they no longer wear their robes, they dress in plain clothes, do they?...

It depends on the occasion!

(Mother looks) Oh, that's it.... Well, well! Is he fifty or so?

A little more, I think.

(after a silence)

Interesting. So then, what does he write?

27 February 1970

Mother,

The longer the wait, the keener my desire to see you. It is probably because our meeting must have a considerable influence on my life that obstacles multiply under my steps. I am sorry to see this departure for Pondicherry constantly delayed and postponed.

Tomorrow, on your birthday, I will be in thought and prayer among all your children, so happy to offer you their warmest and most affectionate wishes.

May God keep you many more years in the affection of your countless friends – who all need your advice and presence to purify their being and let it grow to the

[1] Someone living in the Ashram, who has just returned from a stay in Europe.

superhuman stature willed by the Creator.

Permit me, Mother, to express again my admiration, my attachment, and my immense desire to be near you as soon as possible.

(after a silence)

Is P. L. still working for him?

Yes, since that serious illness, R. gave over to him all powers to manage this huge affair – billions.

All of it gifts?

All of it gifts. And it all falls on P.L.'s shoulders.

(after a long silence)

Did Z[1] tell you that she intends to leave?

Yes.

What made her decide that?

Mother, I have a strange feeling with her.... Two or three times, I was led to tell her, "May the Grace be with you," because I felt only the Grace would save her.

Something has happened.

Yes, Mother. What happened is that before she left for Europe, she had a complete collapse of all mental constructions....

Yes, that I know.

Then everything widened and she opened at the vital level (the higher vital), and she says, "The Divine is everywhere," it's "Love immense" and "Everything flows through me without resistance. " As a matter of fact, when you're near her, you feel a considerable vital force, which largely exceeds her, and to her, what expresses itself there, at this level [solar plexus], is the Divine.

(In a sad tone) Ah!...

All is "Love immense" and it's "the same thing everywhere".... So I asked her, "But does Sri Aurobindo, for instance, represent something for you?" She told me, "Oh, no more forms, no more forms! Its the same Thing everywhere, there are no forms, I see Mother's face everywhere – all is the same Thing. It is an illusion to say that in Pondicherry there is more than elsewhere. "In fact, she wants to send her children [studying at the Ashram School] to Switzerland.

Yes, I know.

So I told her, "But are the children happy about it?" "Oh," she said, "there it's all Mother's ideas, it's all the same thing." Then she asked me, "Do you think there is

[1] Z is in relation with Msgr. R. and P. L.

a difference between the Divine here and there? "So she is completely open at the level of vital forces. When you're near her, you receive a sort of vital deluge – not ugly or low, but With a great desire to "help others," to "act," to "be the instrument" and so on.

Oh!...

She says, "It flows through me without resistance."

(after a long silence)

It happened to her before she left [for Europe]. I got an impression (not in thought: something like a super-sensation) that she may have "pulled," because the force that came through her was too great for her. That I'd seen before – I saw it, felt it before she left. But I saw her when she came back and it was as if she had gone out of the atmosphere.

Yes, Mother, she has gone out.

I got an impression of something boiling.

Yes, very strong.

Very strong, but... For me, it's there *(gesture at ground level),* it's nothing *(gesture crumbling through the fingers).*

But it has effect.

Oh, to me

Her "Love immense" is there [gesture at the solar plexus], she says it constantly beats there, you understand.

Yes, it's vital.... Because what I perceived was like a terrestrial swarming.

Yes, it's exactly that.... So when I was with her, I stayed very still to know what I should tell her. And I seemed to be told, "Don't say anything."

Yes.

"Don't say anything." The only thing I perceived was that she was on a dangerous road, and twice I told her, "May the Grace be with you." Because I felt only the Grace could save her.

As for me, as soon as she told me she wanted to send the children to a Swiss school which teaches exactly what I say

Yes. it's "the same thing."

I know this whole muddle of teaching: it takes place there, at ground level. But I said nothing, nothing at all, because because there was nothing to say.

Me too, I said nothing at all.... Then, in Europe, she made her way into a certain milieu consisting of super-rich people: "super-artists," "super-bankers," a very dubious and disillusioned world to which the "spiritual" is just more theatricals: you suddenly discover you have a "spiritual soul." So she is acting in that milieu, she makes a great effect there, and I suppose she wants to go back and work in that milieu.

But the only thing I am bothered with is: does it have an effect on P. L.? Because P. L. is quite

Yes, but Mother, P. L. has something that can't easily be deceived.

Let's hope so.

He is far above that.

And now you're read me this letter.... This man is very mental – very mental – but And what he wants to see isn't "me": it's a mental construction he has made (but that doesn't matter, one can work through anything).... But there was in this letter something MORE than I thought. I always thought he was a very mental man with a vital power of attraction – there may be something else....

But they are caught in vital formations. P. L. too, I always got a feeling he had to be protected.

Did Z say when she intends to leave?

End of August. And she'd like to come back next year with Msgr. R., in February I think.

(long silence)

When she told me about her projects, I said absolutely nothing, but I looked, and I was very clearly told, "She needs this experience."

Yes.

She needs the experience.

I also felt that. Only, it's a dangerous experience.

Ah it may put off realization to another life.

(long silence)

I think I told you that when P. L. caused that scandal there [at the Vatican], I was clearly told that it was "the beginning of the conversion of Christianity." And naturally, that's what interests me, much more than personal questions....

But I see that P. L. may only be an intermediary, and R. may be how should I put it?

The channel.

Yes, there, to let the Current in.

(silence)

I had already been told that the Pope is the richest man in the world.

Yes, that's true.

Material wealth seems to have concentrated there. From that standpoint, a positive standpoint (there's also a very important negative standpoint), from that positive standpoint this conversion is important.... The wealth of the earth must be used for the transformation

of the earth.[1]

(Mother goes into a long concentration,
closes her eyes very tightly,
looking at something, then plunges in)

Z is propagandizing people to take them away from here.

From here!

Yes, a child who wrote to me. Yesterday or the day before, I got a note in which she tells me (it's a girl), "Z wants me to go to the Swiss school with her children, and suddenly," she says, "I am no longer happy here." It was the exact opposite before....

Mother, I have a certain influence over Z because it was through my book that she came, and every time she comes to see me as if to get an approval or confirmation – she feels there's something above. When she came to see me, I didn't budge, said nothing, despite all the danger and falsity I felt. But do you think I should intervene? Because if I do, she will listen to me.

I don't want her to stay.

You don't want her to stay.

No, because she needs the experience.... But when I got the child's letter, I found the case more serious. If she propagandizes people to take them away from here

When people go away from here, they suddenly become aware of all that they've lost. As long as they're here, they are unaware of it, because our appearance is The vital makes no fuss, you know, doesn't put on an act, so they're easily deceived! But when they go away, they suddenly become aware of all that they've lost. So But I am not looking at it from that angle, it's the angle of what I might call the "seriousness of Z's case." When I saw she could want to pull people from here, that as a mental aberration, it's serious.

Her aberration is to have the "realization," as she says, that it's "everywhere the same thing," and that external forms – Mother, Sri Aurobindo – are a sort of illusion, while in reality there's one great impersonal force, everywhere the SAME.

(Mother nods her head silence)

I don't think the time has come to wage battle, you understand.... It's this whole transformation of Christianity that's starting, this whole Western world that... We shouldn't enter into conflict as yet, we should let it be. We'll see.

But you know, with this Msgr. R., I feel a man with an opening above, who understands VERY WELL what the superman is – for him the superman means something. That's how he can be touched.

Possibly.... He's a very powerful man (I know, you showed me his photo), very powerful.

(long, smiling silence)

[1] Let us recall Sri Aurobindo: "All wealth belongs to the Divine and those who hold it are trustees, not possessors. It is with them today, tomorrow it may be elsewhere. All depends on the way they discharge their trust while it is with them, in what spirit, with what consciousness in their use of it, to what purpose." *(The Mother,* 25.12)

Shouldn't speak.... Shouldn't speak too soon.

(long silence)

Do you have something to answer this letter?

(after a silence)

There's this sentence of Sri Aurobindo we should send him, you know it: *"In the hour of God all is possible....*" I don't remember. Just yesterday evening I translated it.... "Nothing is impossible in the Hour of God...." One single sentence. It's the only thing I'd like to tell him. *(Satprem looks for the reference in vain)*

Mother, we can simply send him the sentence as from you.

"Me," it's worthless. It was short: "Nothing is impossible when the Hour of God has come " or "At the Hour of God "[1] My memory I remember a whole lot of impressions I have, but I don't remember words and sentences.

And then, I see too many people and do too many things.

It's the only thing I want to tell him.... Because I have just had a fantastic vision A vision without form of (how can I express it?) the cradle of a future not a very distant future. A future I don't know.

But it refuses to be told.

Just this: it's a pro-di-gious mass *(gesture)* hanging over the earth.

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August 1, 1970

(Mother gives Satprem the message for August 15:)

"Even the body shall remember God."

Savitri, *XI.I.707*

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(Then she translates another quotation from Sri Aurobindo:)

> "Whatever sufferings come on the path, are not too high a price for the victory that has to be won and if they are taken in the right spirit, they become even a means towards the victory."

[1] The exact quotation is: "All things shall change in God's transfiguring hour." *Savitri,* III,IV,341

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Soon *afterwards*

We've made brochures, *On India,* and then five cards with quotations.

(Mother gives Satprem the texts)

I am told you said that the Chinese threat to India was "inescapable"?

No, I didn't say that.... Who said that?

It's attributed to P. B. You know, things get distorted....

Yes, completely distorted. I said it was "serious." Because they aren't conscious, the government wasn't at all conscious of the danger. So I had them warned. But I didn't say it was "inescapable"; I said it was dangerous – if it were inescapable, I wouldn't have done anything!

You know that Calcutta's walls are all covered with slogans: *"The Chairman of China is our chairman."* The atmosphere is like that. A gentleman who, I think, headed the University there,[1] or the official in charge of education, came here to ask us to go and do something in Bengal – I saw him. It seems he is scared stiff.... He asked us to go and do something. So it's almost officially that we're called there.

The response in Orissa is excellent.

But there is I think it's the Chief Minister, or a minister from Madras,[2] who went to France because a Tamil congress was held there, and he met Z, who is our friend.[3] And he told Z that he and the Madras government in general are "very guarded about the Ashram" because we are "Bengalis" (I forget – absolutely stupid!) and "what we say isn't true." Anyway such stupid things that I can't even remember them. And that's the official attitude. He said, "We'd rather have foreigners there than Bengalis, because we will be more secure." There you are! Absolutely imbecile.

So we are in a bizarre situation: the whole anti-government movement in India doesn't want us to be helped by the government; and the government of one province says we are friends with another province and we shouldn't be friends So to please them, we would have to become as stupid as they are.

P. B., I don't know what he says, but he read me something he had written, which was good. He said the danger is serious – and it's true.... But there have been remarkable things: for instance some young people from that pro-Chinese movement [the "Naxalites"], who want the Chinese, have written to me to ask me if that is right, if they should be like that, and "We'll do as you say." So it shows that in any case the Influence is strong.... There are signs there is hope. No, it's not inescapable. It's dangerous, but not inescapable....

But among themselves they're worse than hooligans! They quarrel in a very petty

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[1] P. K. Basu, vice-chancellor or the Calcutta University. He paid a visit to Mother in June.
[2] M. Karunanidhi, Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu.
[3] An officer in the Indian Embassy in Paris.

manner, and that's what makes the work difficult.

But I've learned things about the Tibetans.... The Tibetans are with us, but a Tibetan boy who came here recounted some frightful things.... They fled from their country and had settled near the border (they lived in huts near the border, with his father, mother and grandfather). A Tibetan came and asked them for shelter. They took him and put him up. But after some time (I don't know how many days), a group of other Tibetans came to find that man, saying he was an enemy. So those Tibetans (I thought they were all the "victims of the Chinese" – they are the victims of their own division), they came and killed the father, mother and grandfather; they tried to kill the son but missed: he escaped and is now here. Incredible stories! So they're all like that, arguing and quarreling among themselves – naturally, if they continue they open the door to everything.

So some tell me, "Don't be with this man, because " and others tell me, "Don't be with those, because they are enemies...." There you are!

So we answer, "We are with everybody."

One wonders what will have the power to pull India out of all this political pettiness.

They must be pulled out of politics.

Sri Aurobindo said in black and white what they should do.

I said (I saw the governor, he comes and sees me), I told him, "You have an exceptional chance, it's the Centenary; it's an opportunity which gives you a sort of right to push it forward – use it, use this opportunity; you have two years to counter the movement."

But we can't openly say we are with them, because that would cut off a whole party – we are with nobody. We are only with Sri Aurobindo – with nobody. Those who come, whoever they are, are welcome.

This *(Mother points to the brochures)* is part of the literature we distribute, there are very good things in it. I haven't read it.

It's a series of questions and answers about all kinds of problems: education, language, and so on.

Are there answers from Sri Aurobindo?

I don't know, it's not signed. Yet I see one thing from you.... Nothing is quoted or signed, so one doesn't know if it's from Sri Aurobindo, from you or from someone else.

But we are obliged to let the idea stand on its own, because if we present it in the name of someone they don't like, they'll chuck it out!

They wanted to involve me in the action but I refused. I said, "No, I don't want to." I don't want to get involved in this: I am not Indian, and I don't want to be pushed to the fore so that one day they'll suddenly say there's a "foreigner meddling in our affairs." I forbade them to say, "Mother said this Mother said that...." No thanks!

A foreigner!...

Yes, but that's how they are!

(silence)

It's comfortable when one is *(gesture in the background).* Yet I see some of them, they come, more and more of them. I can't always refuse.

That's why, that's the reason why I didn't want to write something of my own to this Msgr. R. I don't want to, I don't want people to say, "Oh, there's a woman who Mother who " – that doesn't exist! *(Mother laughs)*

@

August 5, 1970

(This conversation was to be the last before a serious ordeal which once again took the form of a month-long "illness." Let us note that on August 6, as if coincidentally, Mother's faithful attendant, Vasudha, was to leave for Bombay to be operated on for cancer. She was the last element Mother could rely on among those physically close to her. Henceforth, Mother would be alone with her "bodyguard" and her doctor. On the same August 6, she got a cold and fever.)

Funds have suddenly fallen flat, there's nothing left! I am expecting money, but it's not coming (money that should have come a month back). I hadn't reached this condition in a long time.... *(Laughing)* I can't pay the cashier anymore! And when I stop paying him, very soon it becomes astronomical amounts.... We'll see.

Any new development? I haven't seen Z[1] again.

Neither have I.

There must have been some tension.

Yes, one can't be here with impunity.

Yes

(Mother takes a flower by her side)

Do you want "Silence"? – Not Satprem, no! *(Mother laughs)* You wouldn't do your work anymore! *(To Sujata:)* Do you want?

(silence)

Her son met with an accident.

Z's son? Ohh!

Yes, while riding a cycle he bumped into something, I don't know what – nothing too serious, but he gashed his leg.

It's a symbol.

Yes. I found that troublesome.

But she won't understand unless the Grace makes her understand.

[1] The person who was to leave the Ashram and put her children in a Swiss school.

(long silence)

This Consciousness which came more than a year ago (a year and a half now), it seems to be working very, very hard, very positively for sincerity. It doesn't admit *pretenses,* people pretending to be something they aren't. It wants it to be the TRUE THING.

Yes, everything is coming out into the open.

And it disrupts arrangements like that, in the appearances. It's an excellent mentor for the body: it's perpetually giving it lessons.... I don't know if all bodies are like this, but this one feels like a very small child, and it WANTS to be "in school," it wants to be shown where it goes wrong and to learn things. And it's constantly learning. But what comes from outside This is very interesting: the Consciousness (the Consciousness there *[gesture above])* is influenced by nothing; it's a witness, it sees, but it doesn't receive. The body still receives vibrations: with some people, when they sit in front of me, suddenly there are pains, things going wrong; but now it knows (naturally it knows it's in pain!), but it doesn't put the blame on others: it puts it on itself, it takes it as an indication of the points that aren't yet exclusively under the divine Influence. From that point of view, it's very interesting.... It knows the gap between the consciousness of the being using it and itself; but it doesn't suffer from it and has perfect humility and modesty. And it's not surprised or worried, because its "May Your Will be done." That has become an absolute law: "May Your Will be done; it doesn't concern me, I am incapable of judging, nor do I try: may Your Will be done." So then, it's like this *(passive, offered gesture).* And when it disappears, when it's wholly, completely surrendered and no longer exists by itself, then the Force going through becomes sometimes it's awesome. Sometimes one can see, the witness-consciousness can see that there would be really no limits to the possibilities. But it's not "that" yet, far from it.... It comes as an example of what can be done. But before it can be spontaneous and natural

(long silence)

What have you brought? Nothing?

I don't know if this is correct, but I feel a certain difference between a few years ago and now, in your presence with us, if I may say so. For instance, in the past I often had the impression that you were actively looking after us, while now (I don't know if this is correct), I rather feel it's left to a force... not impersonal, but...

Ah, a large part of the activity I have left to this Consciousness, that's true. This Consciousness, I let it work actively, because I've noticed it really knows. Otherwise, the sense of closeness with all of you is much greater than before – much greater. I almost feel I am moving about within you all (I didn't feel that before). But before, maybe my consciousness was exerting a pressure on yours *(gesture of pressing with a thumb),* while now it probably no longer does, because it's as if I were doing it from within.

Yes, when one is with you, near you, it's obvious, it can be felt. Yes, one feels you are within.

Yes, exactly.

Absolutely. But it's rather when one is physically away, then one feels one is more with something impersonal. I don't know if that's correct.

It may have become impersonal. My impression is that even the body consciousness is as little personal as possible. At times I no longer feel my body's limits.... (I don't know how

to put it....) Yes, that's right, it's almost as if it had become fluid. And there must be NO MORE personal action. But within, yes (I don't know how to explain); it's not even like a person who might have expanded so as to take others within himself, it's not that: it's a force, a consciousness SPREAD OUT over things. I don't get the sense of a limit: I have the sense of something spread out, even physically.... Besides, that's how, with someone who comes with a very active critical sense, eager to observe and judge, it's as if he entered within, you understand, it disturbs within.

I don't think the action gives the sense of a personal action – that stopped long ago (that is, since the beginning of the year at least). When people write to me that they felt "I have done" this or that for them, I am always surprised. If they said, "The Force has done this" or "the Consciousness has done that," I would find it more natural.

What speaks, what observes is a center of consciousness that's here *(gesture above),* but naturally it's not localized: it's to communicate with the mouth and senses. It's here *(same gesture above).* But it doesn't have the character of a personality.... You understand, if someone asks me, "How do you see this?", it takes me a moment to understand the question. I don't get a sense of "someone seeing."

Certain experiences make me think that this sense of personal limitation isn't necessary to physical existence – it's a thing we have to learn, but it's not necessary. The impression had always been there that a body defined as making up separate individualities is necessary – it's not. One can live physically without that, the body can live without that.... Spontaneously, that is to say, left to its old habits and ways of being, it's very difficult, it results in an internal organization that quite looks like disorder – it's difficult. You see, problems crop up all the time, for everything – EVERYTHING – there isn't one activity of the body that's not called into question by that.[1] The process is no longer the old process, it's no longer as it was, but "as it is" hasn't become a habit, a spontaneous habit, which means it's not natural, it demands that the consciousness should be constantly watchful – for everything, even to swallow lunch, you understand? So that makes life a bit difficult – specially, specially when I see people. I see lots and lots of people (forty or fifty people every day), and everyone brings something, so that this Consciousness that makes it all function has to make do with all that comes from outside.... And, you know, I see that many people fall ill (or they think they're ill, or seem to have some illness, or really have one), but in the body it becomes concrete through their own way of being, which is the old way. To this new physical consciousness, it could be avoided, but, oh, how difficult! Through a sort of conscious concentration, you have to keep up a state, a way of being that isn't natural according to the old nature, but which is clearly the new way of being. That way, you can avoid illness. But it's an almost Herculean labor.

It's difficult.

You understand, all impossibilities, all the "this can't be, that can't be done " – all that is swept away; but it's swept away IN PRINCIPLE, and it's trying to become a fact, a concrete fact.

That's quite recent, it's from the beginning of this new year. But then, there's the whole old habit – I might say ninety years of habit. But the body knows, it KNOWS it's only a habit.

But

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(Mother takes up the translation of a few extracts from Savitri.)

[1] By that absence of personal limits.

The great World-Mother by her sacrifice

Has made her soul the body of our state

II.I.99

That's interesting, I hadn't noticed: *"has made her SOUL..."*

The divine intention suddenly shall be seen,
The end vindicate intuitions sure technique.

II.I.100

It's interesting....

@

August 12, 1970

Can't speak *(Mother points to her mouth and throat).*

(Meditation till the end)

All this

(Mother shakes her head)

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August 22, 1970

(Since August 6, when Mother's attendant went away to be operated on for cancer, Mother has been in a very difficult state of health. Several times Satprem could not see her, and when he did, she signaled that she could not speak. So too this time, except for this question:)

Do you have something to say?

I've begun writing the new book.

Oh, that's good! And what is it called?

"La Genèse du Surhomme."[1]

(Mother nods approvingly and remains long concentrated on Satprem)

@

September 2, 1970

(Mother's first words for almost a month. Her left eye is very swollen, her voice husky. It is not over yet.)

Forbidden to speak: it makes me cough terribly.

(long meditation)

Do you know a man with slightly red hair, or dark blond, and a beard?

???

No?... He was here *(gesture next to Satprem).* You don't know who it is?... He was sitting like that, on the ground.

(Mother looks again) You have many disciples now, don't you?

Who? [2]

(silence)

Who?

(silence)

Not me?!

(Mother plunges in again)

It's better.... Very slowly.

If I remember once it's over, I'll have something really interesting to say. But I don't know whether I'll remember.... It's the experience of the body – the body left to itself.[3]

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[1] Literally, "The Genesis of the Superman." Later Mother will propose the title *On the Way to Supermanhood* for the English translation.

[2] Satprem heard "he has many disciples" and thought Mother was referring to this red-haired man. It never occurred to him he could have disciples!

[3] As in 1962 and 1968.

(silence)

We'll see.

The psychic may have it may have "attended," you understand, without intervening, and it may remember, possibly.

Its anyway. It's still a The result isn't certain, that's all I can say.

(silence)

It's something prodigious which looks idiotic.

(long silence)

You know, the little body the little body is like a point, but its impression is of being the expression of an AWESOME power, and it's like this: no capacity, no expression, nothing – and rather rather miserable. And yet it's like a condensation – condensation – like the condensation of an AWESOME power!... At times, it even has difficulty bearing it, you understand.

All experiences are as if multiplied a hundred times.... Only, it has difficulty learning.

(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees. Mother gropes for flowers by her side.)

What's this?

(Sujata:) I don't know, it's a new flower, Mother.[1]

(Mother nods) Ah, isn't it! I feel it's a flower connected to what's going on.

(Satprem:) It's a hibiscus, a "Power."

Yes, it's a Power.

I'll give you one so you try and find out what it is. I'll keep the other to see if I find out. There, my children.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

The end isn't I mean, the result isn't decided yet in my consciousness. It may be the Attempt, it may be *(vague gesture spreading out in time and space).*

It's preparing something prodigious, but I don't know whether this body whether it's this body that will do it. That's all.

(Mother takes Sujata's hand in her left hand and Satprem's hand in her right one)

@

[1] A double hibiscus with a new color between red and pink.

September 5, 1970

The terrible Agenda

(Mother looks exhausted. She speaks with great difficulty, as if out of breath.)

Me, I have nothing to say; if you have something to ask, I can speak a little.

(long silence
Mother pants for breath)

So then, what do you say?

Last time, when you spoke of that long period, you said that what happened was something prodigious and almost "idiotic," so simple is it – almost idiotic, you said.

I don't remember.

Prodigious and at the same time so simple that it's almost idiotic.

Only there was For the first time, the brain was affected, in the sense that I had uncontrolled movements. I can manage to control them, but... it's very troublesome. And I spend absolutely sleepless nights, because of that. I am obliged to remain awake so that But something happened – the day you came, which day was it?

Wednesday.

Wednesday night, I was like that, lying down, without sleeping, when suddenly I saw a St. Peters[1] in front of me, and from it rays were coming out towards me. So I understood they had done some magic. At the time, I was quite (what shall I say?), as if you know, as if desperate – I was tired and When *(Mother takes her forehead in her hands and remains silent for a long time).*

I can't speak, I am not used to speaking....

So I called him [Sri Aurobindo], I told him; then he told me, "But what does it matter to you! What can they do – they can't do anything, they have no force!" That was enough. And naturally, the Force came, but then it was a force unbelievable! And it acted like this *(crushing gesture)* on the entire world, and I spent my night in a sort of white Power that kept repulsing and dealing blows.... At least six hours – six hours of a Power of domination as I had never felt.... But the body doesn't profit from it; that's the trouble, my body is in a state

That [the experience of the white Power] I had never had in my whole life. For at least six or seven hours, a white Power sending back and as if... crushing things, you know.... Only, the body didn't seem to profit from it. The movements are almost under control – still one or two a day, like that – but the That[2] is over, it was like that and then it was over. It didn't come back.

But the body is so tired – it's not tired, of course: incapable!... Not that I try to do things and can't, it's that there is no will to try.

Yet, from the external standpoint, the doctor said that the best thing is to "do" something,

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[1] Mother is referring to St. Peters Basilica of Rome, at the Vatican.
[2] We assume that Mother is referring to the experience of the white Power.

some work; for instance, to signs photos, things like that, a mechanical work.

But it's it's disgusting.

Yes.

So, you see, it doesn't get cured *(Mother touches her chest).* It's better, but it doesn't get cured. I still have the same cough. It seems there's a lung infection *(Mother touches the top of her chest on the left side).*

(panting silence)

You see, I am short of breath. The thing is, I don't know Sometimes the body is tired; that means it would like to cease. But that doesn't last, of course, only there is in the consciousness the fact that... It still has a very great energy – an energy, even force; but it's in I don't know, in the consciousness, like a It doesn't know what's expected of it: whether it's expected to find the energy to recover and live normally again, or else whether it is to go like this *(crumbling gesture).* But then this [general disorganization] is disgusting, it's You understand, it's tired of the battle.

(silence
Satprem feels heartbroken)

There is around an atmosphere a mixed and complex atmosphere of those who don't believe in the possibility of It believes in the possibility of the prolongation of life, but not in these conditions – not this, it's absurd, of course, absurd!

One can't last like this, it's meaningless.

I clearly see that it depends on the condition, because at certain times I almost can't see anymore, while at other times I see almost clearly, and naturally This *(Mother points to her swollen left eye)* is another accident, it seems it's emphysema.... There's a physical disorganization that's not tolerable. The doctors all say it's perfectly repairable.... So here's all I know – that it can recover completely. If it can recover completely, it's good. But

The consciousness above *(gesture above the head)* hasn't changed, but *(Mother takes her forehead in her hands)* the physical transmission isn't so good anymore. But that too, they say it can recover.

The state is like this: now there is a will, and so a progress obviously, now there is as if a fatigue at effort.

(panting silence)

That's how it is, all the time out of breath.

(silence)

And then, earlier I would always take refuge in silence and concentration, but now this thing comes[1] – that has been the biggest difficulty. In silence and concentration I could spend hours and hours and hours, but now those uncontrolled movements come, and That's That's really what saddened me, you understand?

(Satprem feels tears flow on his cheeks)

Because concentrated silence, I could spend twenty-four hours in it – that joy has been taken away from me.

[1] These uncontrolled movements.

(Mother takes soup packets near her and gives them to Satprem)

And I have great difficulty eating, a great difficulty.

(Then she goes into a long meditation, now quieter, now panting for breath; she emerges from it with a start[1]*)*

It's constantly like that.

(Mother changes her position and plunges in again, now panting, now quieted. She gives a start again, shakes her head, then pants for breath again with brief quieter moments. Suddenly she sits up.)

And then the legs hurt.

(Sujata and Satprem try to massage lightly Mother's legs)

The legs hurt.

(long silence, now quieter, now visibly in pain, then Mother gives a start again)

That's what is tiring.... You see, twenty-four hours a day, no no possibility of real rest. That's it.

(long silence)

If I let myself go, I would cry out. But crying out brings no relief, it's worse.

(silence, Mother plunges in, then she gives a start again)

Terrible!... You know.... So that night, I said to myself, "Yes, this is how hell is."
Terrible, it's terrible.
I don't see why I've had to go through this.... Because, you understand, that way, it was death that wasn't a solution. That was frightful.

(the clock strikes, Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

Tempted to say, pray for me.

Yes, Mother.

(Mother has tears in her eyes) You know, it's like this, it's so horrible that it I am tempted to say, pray for me.

Yes. Mother.[2]

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[1] During all this meditation, Satprem was in such an intense prayer, and there seemed to be a luminous power, almost white, bluish, solid, with these words constantly rising in him, as if they came from this light, "We shall conquer, we shall conquer...."

[2] Soon afterwards, Sujata reminded Satprem of these lines from Sri Aurobindo's poem, "A God's Labour": *I have delved through the dumb Earth's dreadful heart And heard her black mass' bell. I have seen the source whence her agonies part And the inner reason of hell....* Let us note that some time earlier, a disciple with noteworthy visions saw this: "Mother was descending, descending, sinking into the earth, then she was fully wrapped as if in a layer of carbon. Where she was there was light, but the

(Satprem lays his head on Mother's knees, then goes to Sri Aurobindo's room)

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September 6, 1970

(Sujata furtively goes and sees Mother.)

You're sweet.... I am better.

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September 9, 1970

The Hell

(Mother seems very slightly better, though still quite exhausted.)

I had something to tell you, but I don't remember at all.... Maybe it'll come back.

(very long silence, then Mother gestures that she remembers and plunges in again)

It's coming, but not yet precise enough. Do YOU have anything to ask?

Was it related to "that night," when you were as if in hell?

Yes, it was related to that. It was I'll try to explain. You know that OM is said to be the sound of the whole universe turned towards the Supreme, imploring the Supreme – and the result is OM. I had the impression that I was all the pain of the world – all the pain of the world (how can I put it) felt together. I don't know how to explain.

It must be that – it must be that because, before, I was dominated, you understand: when it came, I was as if crushed by the thing; whereas from the moment I understood that way, I was able to be above pain. And I am much better. But just when I said it, it was very it even had the character of a revelation. So then, it was very precise – very precise, very concrete. Now it's a translation, of course.

I felt, I felt at the same time something like an extraordinary Protection which prevented

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thread connecting her to her Origin was very slender, a fine thread of light running through the layer of carbon. At times the contact was cut off, the thread disappeared, and Mother was in difficulty."

from going mad.... It was a VERY concrete experience for several hours: the protection of a Consciousness a higher consciousness, and a sort of power dominating the thing, with the perception that if That weren't there, there was enough to make lots of people go mad.

But the body is very the body is very affected *(Mother touches her left eye and forehead).* You see, there are

Impossible, almost impossible to eat – especially that.

(very long, moaning silence)

That sense of being crushed hasn't gone yet. It's like something preventing me from breathing freely. But the night after the day I saw you, when I told you, you remember, I told you *(smiling)* to pray for me

Yes, Mother.

... that night was absolutely wonderful – absolutely peaceful and wonderful. A night as I hadn't had in a long, long time.... I thanked you, I don't know if you know!

Oh, Mother....

(Mother laughs, Satprem lays his head on her knees, silence)

But Sri Aurobindo? Sri Aurobindo

Yes.

What does he say?

(after a silence)

I had (and that was frightful), I had the consciousness of all that he suffered physically. And that was one of the things most *(Mother's voice is covered in tears)* the hardest to bear. As if physically And our physical unconsciousness beside that, and the kind of physical TORTURE he was subjected to.[1] That was one of the most difficult things, most difficult.

The torture he was subjected to, which we treated so lightly, as if... as if he felt nothing. That was one of the most frightful things.

(very long silence Mother plunges in, then gives a start)

You see, it's like this *(Mother gestures as if suffocating):* an Anguish weighing down, and that's terrible. It's not in the thought, you understand *(same suffocated gesture).*

But Mother, this pain of the earth, isn't it to make it call the Supreme Consciousness there too, deep down?

Yes, of course. That's what I say to myself, what I try to find, but

There is something to be found.

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[1] "We insisted on the dangerous remedies ," confesses one of the doctors who were looking after Sri Aurobindo (Nirodbaran, *Sri Aurobindo – "I Am Here, I Am Here!",* 1951, p. 20). Sri Aurobindo refused – once. Mother refused. Then they stopped saying anything. "He knew that [one such remedy] would be of no avail and he emphatically ruled it out, but as we had not the insight nor the proper appraisement of the value of words when they are clothed in the common language we are habituated to use, we insisted on the dangerous remedies in which we had faith and confidence." (Ibid.) Let us note that the same phenomenon was to recur with Mother.

(very long silence)

It's like this *(same gesture of suffocation),* and it's still there.... There is one spot, like a spot where there is such a dreadful anguish.... Do you feel how I have difficulty breathing? – That's it. It's constant.

(silence)

It's here *(Mother draws a bar across the top of her chest).* It's here. And I am as if forbidden to *(Mother makes the gesture of rising to join the Origin above the head)* As if I absolutely had to find something.

(silence[1]*)*

What time is it?

Ten past eleven, Mother.

Do you have anything to say?

But doesn't the Mantra have an action on this?

My body repeats the Mantra ceaselessly. I think it couldn't hold out if it didn't.... Constantly, constantly.

(silence)

Sometimes I say to myself that OUR darknesses are YOUR obstacle, and that if we could conquer our own darknesses

Ah, naturally it would be easier for me. But that (how can I put it?) it's not my business. I have no right to demand it: I have to do the work.... Naturally, as I told you, your prayer that night had a you know, the word *relief* in English. It was, oh, such a relief!

(very long, moaning silence)

It's strange, it takes hold here *(gesture from the waist to the knees),* but especially here *(gesture at the waist).* I can't say what it is, but it's a dreadful anguish.... When it comes here *(gesture to the chest),* I scream.

It's in the legs down to the knees. Now I can hardly walk.

Its totally physical, material.

(silence)

Ah!...

I know very well what should be done, of course: this [phenomenon] should be observed rather than felt – it should be known: a knowledge rather than a sensation. Then it would be like other kinds of knowledge, you see.... But what does it depend on? I don't know.

(long silence)

We shall conquer, Mother.

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[1] "A voice cried, 'Go where none have gone! Dig deeper, deeper yet // Till thou reach the grim foundation stone // And knock at the keyless gate.' I left the surface gods of mind // And life's unsatisfied seas And plunged through the body's alleys blind // To the nether mysteries." (A God's Labour)

Yes.

(silence, Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

You understand, that it will be conquered I am ABSOLUTELY certain of, but has the time come? That's the question. And it's this, this doubt, that's a torture.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

@

September 12, 1970

(Mother gives "Transformation" flowers.)

You and Satprem

I am not allowed to take salt *(Mother gives Satprem soup packets),* it seems that this difficulty [in the left eye] comes from eating too much salt....

What do you have to say?

Are you better, Mother?

Yes, a little. It's a little better. It's not yet *(Mother shakes her head).*

But I'd like to drink a few drops of water, because

(Sujata goes and asks for water)

Only, I can't eat really yet.

It's better, and last night, the second part of the night, was relatively better, that is to say, without constant pains.

(Mother drinks, or rather tries to drink a few drops of water)

I realized Previously, to me, staying for hours silent, still, concentrated, was it was my great satisfaction; now I can't anymore: I have uncontrolled movements. I have to be occupied, on the contrary. If I am occupied, I am relatively all right. Either occupied almost mechanically, that is to say, with signing photographs, and so on – that keeps my body peaceful – or else, occupied with answering: I am asked things, questions are put to me.

It's only the eyes.... Eyes are strange. Of course, this [the swollen left eye] is troublesome, but at times I see almost clearly, and at other times everything is behind a veil. But breathing isn't normal yet. It seems there was an inflammation in the lungs *(Mother touches the top of her chest, on the left side).* That's not quite normal yet.

Is the anguish still there?

That it was a frightful battle. It's not fully over yet. You see, things [i.e., the experience

under way] have to be transferred from the sensation to the consciousness; but the consciousness can't manage to [get hold of it]. In the consciousness, it's all right; in the sensation, it's impossible. So then, as I had it in the sensation first... Naturally, the minute I became conscious, it was easier to bear, but that shouldn't affect the sensation.

(Mother is out of breath)

And then, the breathing isn't free.... Those two things should go, then it would be fine.

There's a physical diminution, of course *(Mother touches her legs).* I walk with difficulty and I have become stooped in a way quite Its bad for breathing.

Only, I have noticed that it depends on a certain attitude.... The trouble is that circumstances *(gesture around)* force me to think of this body, you understand? That's troublesome. When I don't think of it, I am fine – when I think of the work or look at things, I am relatively fine. But this body has become very very cumbersome.

I can't walk alone, you know – I could, but there's the possibility of losing balance, so they don't want to let me – they're quite right. But

And then this *(Mother touches her throat and chest),* breathing is short, bad, not free.

> *But then, there would seem to be a sort of will to force you to remain in your body, since your concentrations are taken away from you, all that is taken away from you....*

Yes, yes.

> *As if to*

Yes, that's right! Ah, when I start doing this *(gesture of rising above the body),* instantly, instantly a terrible discomfort: it's NO. It's exactly like that.

(silence)

For me, this life in the body is almost a torture, in the sense that it has no interest in itself, you understand.... I had stopped enjoying it physically long ago. To such a point that people don't understand why I suffer: I don't look ill, except for this short breath which isn't that serious. I have nothing that may really be called a suffering – nothing. It's a sort of At any rate, the least I may say is a complete lack of interest: whether I eat or not... The only thing is that I can't rest, in fact I can't... *(Mother gestures as if withdrawing from her body)* go into a [higher consciousness]. That's something For SO MANY years, so many years, more than twenty years maybe, I would lie down in bed and phew! *(gesture of withdrawal)* I would go into the Lord. And I am now forbidden to do this – that's probably what is the greatest suffering.

It's likely that... it's likely that I couldn't have borne this work, I would have left my body; it was too natural to *(gesture of going out above).* But *(Mother brings her two fists down as if she were forcibly pushed down or held in Matter).* But I didn't take the precaution of really pulling the Force into the body.... I might say that my body had too much (probably the way of seeing and reacting to the material world), too much [1] Extremely rarely in my life – extremely rarely did I have Ananda in the physical body. It's only when I would see beautiful things *(Mother lifts her eyes as if to look at the coconut tree near the Samadhi, which she can no longer see),* that it, certain moments of contact with Nature – then I had it

[1] Mother perhaps means "too much the consciousness of the worlds above."

– but otherwise all my life there was never (how can I put it?) an occasion for Ananda, you understand.

(Mother stops and tries to breathe)

And then it's troublesome not to breathe freely. Of course, when you are active, you don't notice it, but when
you're there, like this, doing nothing, and you spend your time
panting for breath it's unpleasant.

(silence)

You see, all my life there was a complete indifference for the way things are: whether they are this way or that way didn't matter. Now, see I'll give you an example: I asked for water, didn't I, and the water I was given was too cold, so I couldn't take it; otherwise I would have taken it anyhow, but I couldn't, I have a lump in my throat. Instead of giving me cool water, they gave me almost ice-cold water....[1]

Yes, I saw.

I couldn't drink it. But then, you become so unbearable, you know! Things have to be exactly like this or like that – it makes others' lives unbearable.

No, Mother. No, no!

So it works out this way: it has to be the doctor who says, "It MUST be like this." So You understand, it's ridiculous.

That is to say, material life is given an importance infinitely greater than it has ever had, and it's no fun!... It's just when it's full of difficulty, grating

So naturally, as I look tired, they don't want to tell me about what's going on, don't want to give me work, don't want to And it makes for me an atmosphere exactly opposite to the one I would need.

Now I've asked to be given work.... And you see, if I speak I get out of breath.

(silence)

But all this is the sign we're getting near, Mother....

Yes.

There must be in fact, deep down in the body, there must be a spring, there must be something THERE.

Yes yes, but what?

(silence)

The Divine Will there.

(Mother nods her head, and goes into a long and rather peaceful contemplation)

Ah, do you have anything?

No, Mother.

[1] Mother has a new attendant.

What time is it?

Five to eleven.

(Mother plunges in again, then emerges from her contemplation, suffocating)

Ah!...

(Mother plunges in again, then has an abrupt movement in her legs)

See, that's it, these movements come as soon as I concentrate.

And then, if I persist, it takes on I start howling. There.

It's only if it remains in some activity or the other that these movements don't come.

You understand, if I don't get into some activity and persist [in going within], I literally start howling as if I were tortured.

(silence)

Yesterday I asked the doctor – not Sanyal,[1] Dr. Bisht, an intelligent man. He told me that some of the brain's cells are independent, they aren't controlled (in normal people), and they are the ones that become prominent when such movements take place.... So would those cells be under the control of the subconscient?...

But how is it that I would remain FOR HOURS concentrated like that, and nothing happened to me – they never had the power to stir.

(Mother is absorbed in a long silence)

There are so many things that one doesn't know....

And when you ask doctors to tell you what they know, you get a feeling that it's only a partial, superficial observation, and the true thing is lacking. So when you ask them, they say, "Ah no, that we don't know." So there we are, like that... You understand, I feel as if I am plunged in a world I do not know, struggling with laws I do not know and to work out a change I do not know either – what's the nature of this change?...

It's not too pleasant.

When you do that in good health and in movement, in action, it's quite fine, quite lovely; but like this, as I am here, you know, with a physical helplessness, it's terrible!

I don't think that, I don't think that, but I am there, not knowing, not knowing what's going on. So then it's not particularly pleasant.

Yes, but Mother, I really feel that through this darkness, this ignorance of the "laws, "you are being KNOWINGLY carried to the point where the solution will be found – all this is organised, it's not "adverse" circumstances, you really are carried.

You are right. You're right. If you like, I might say that I think that way (I don't think, but), there is a perception like that. But there's everything in between.

Yes Yes.

Well, then! *(Mother laughs and takes Satprem's hands)* Go on thinking that way.

Yes, Mother, I FEEL that way.

Yes I hope I am capable – this body. You see, that's there, that doubt.

[1] Dr. Sanyal is Mother's usual doctor.

But if you have reached this point – if you have reached this point, Mother, it means the time has come, otherwise you wouldn't be there. If you are in this condition, it just means the time has come.

But of course, I know that very well – I know very well that it's the time when It's the time to make the Attempt, but will it succeed?

I don't know.... Is it (to put things more clearly, if you like), is it destined to succeed? That's the doubt. Is it destined to succeed?[1]

To me it CANNOT it cannot but succeed!

Why can't it?

Because you are the body of the earth!... Because this is really the Hope.

Oh, isn't that poetry?

Of course not, Mother! That's how it IS. One just has to see: the outer world is more and more infernal.

Ah, yes, that's true.

So that's what it is in your body.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands with tears in her eyes)

It makes me feel like crying.

(silence)

Thank you.

(Satprem kisses Mother's hand)

Thank you.[2]

@

September 16, 1970

(Mother looks much better. After giving "Transformation" flowers, she goes into a long peaceful contemplation.)

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[1] How they mock and sneer, both devils and men! // "Thy hope is Chimera's head Painting the sky with its fiery stain; // Thou shalt fall and thy work lie dead...." (A God's Labour)

[2] This conversation, and Satprem's cry at the end, as if to shake off we know not what, strangely resemble the last conversation he will have three years later with Mother, on 19 May 1973, as though he had to shake off an atmosphere of impossibility and negation around Mother.

Peace has returned.... Still now and then, a tension.

(long silence)

Do you have anything to ask?

No, Mother.

(Mother goes into a contemplation again)

No questions?

The impression is that the Power [near Mother] is growing more and more powerful.

(after a silence)

People who had fallen ill have recovered.[1]

But has something begun to move from sensation to knowledge?

Ah, yes. From that point of view, yes.

There has been a distinct separation between sensation and consciousness, which means that I have seen things.

(long silence)

But I even had, for one or two hours, the Ananda of the creation.... And it appeared so natural! So I wondered, "Whatever was that aberration I was in?" But I couldn't understand. I couldn't understand that you know, that hell. I couldn't understand how I was in it. And I must say, I didn't try, because I said to myself, I don't want to go back into that! So I didn't try to understand.... With the concrete perception of the divine Presence and the constant action of the Grace, it has totally come back, so I didn't try to understand how I could be in the other state – I had enough of it!... But it happened all at once: suddenly, one morning, after I had spent a relatively tranquil night. There is still, now and then, a kind of anguish, something that feels a discomfort – a discomfort and an anguish – so I take great care not to concentrate within.

(silence)

I'll know that later.

This morning, I had an indication. An indication of the dream kind. That is to say, this morning, when it was time to wake up, I found myself (how can I put it?) *crawling* on a roof, carrying someone, a girl (a "girl," I mean a young woman), I was carrying her with my two hands and I managed to crawl on the roof to go down on the other side. A roof like this *(gesture of a steep ridge),* and I was on the rooftop! Which means I was doing some impossible acrobatics, as dangerous and difficult as can be, and I was doing it DELIBERATELY and UNNECESSARILY.

So I said to myself I "woke up," anyway I came out of it when I said to myself, "But why am I doing this?" That girl, I found her charming, and she was very fine, she was like a child, someone helpless: she couldn't move on her own. She had a face she was very conscious, very lovely – very conscious. A face and I don't know, her hands, her arms

[1] In particular Mothers attendant, Vasudha, who was operated on for cancer in Bombay (and is still there). Unfortunately, she will never resume her work near Mother.

were as if helpless or incomplete or I don't know. Naturally, all that was symbolic. I was on the top of a VERY HIGH roof, very high, and I carried this person like this *(gesture in her arms).* And I wondered, "Why am I taking such trouble?" There were people down below, and they asked *(laughing),* "Is it very necessary to do this?..." Then I resolved to stop. But I loved her very much and she was she was VERY sweet, I mean, she had a lovely consciousness. So finally I decided, "I think it's enough with this acrobatics!" Then I woke up, I returned to my normal waking state.

It was a dream, but it wasn't a dream – it really was an activity, and in my sleep all my nerves, all my muscles, all my will were tense, terribly tense.

Twice during the night, I've had the sense of entering a COMPLETELY NEW way of seeing and feeling things. As if I were doing extremely difficult things but quite unnecessarily.... This morning I said to myself, "See how you are!..." Virtually impossible things, extremely difficult, and I did them effortlessly – effortlessly, but, so it seemed, quite unnecessarily; there was no reason for me to do them.

So this morning I pondered a lot about that.... Probably – probably a large part of the difficulty in the work comes from some stupidity on my part, you could say.

Yet, to my conscious consciousness, I constantly keep saying, "What You will, Lord, what You will...." But there must be in my body the habit of an unnecessary effort.

> *But Mother, about three weeks ago, when you were still fully in that experience, you told me, "I don't know whether I will remember, but perhaps the psychic will, because it attended." And you said, "It's something prodigious and almost idiotic, so simple is it."*

(Mother nods silence)

But this morning it was very clear and imperative, as if to give me a lesson.

It's still mixed: from time to time, that anguish and that discomfort come back, and I clearly see that's it's especially what, in the being, belongs to the past, you understand, what's still in the habit of its past functioning.

(silence)

It was admirable (!), I carried that child with my two arms, and it was only with my legs that I walked on my knees on the ridge of the roof! And the roof of a house that must have had at least four or five stories! It was absolutely insane! And I did it quite naturally, effortlessly, when something suddenly something like a consciousness looking at me made me ask, "But why am I doing this?..." And I held that little one in my arms, saying to her, "How sweet you are! How sweet you are!" And she was she was sweet, but "sweet" she was luminous, conscious – and she was absolutely helpless. Absolutely: she seemed to have neither arms nor legs. Like something totally powerless.... Its very strange.

So then, I saw people who weren't on the roof (they must have been one floor below) and who were looking at me, almost laughing (amused at any rate), and they said, "But why are you doing this?!..." And I woke up with the impression that I was making life terribly difficult for myself – difficult and dangerous – ab-so-lute-ly unnecessarily.

It struck me for a long time this morning. For a long time I was under the influence of it. I said to myself *(laughing)*, "I must be extremely stupid somewhere!"

But it was lovely, she had, oh, such a lovely consciousness!

> *Isn't it the new consciousness?*

I don't think so....

You don't think so.

I don't know.

Anyway, in any case she was quite helpless. Quite helpless: it was I who carried her.

But the new consciousness OF THE BODY, perhaps?

But I felt there was no reason whatsoever to do this.... I don't know.

(Mother remains long silent and gestures to say she does not know)

This person hasn't disappeared. I don't know.... She hasn't gone. It's the relationship that has changed – I think it's a question of relationship, because the relationship has changed: I got an impression that she was no longer separate, something of the sort.

Maybe it's the separation between the two that [1]

Maybe it's the sense of separation between the two?

We'll see.

(long silence)

We'll see.

There is evidently a great change. Only, it looks like it quite looks like the state of consciousness I had before. The state of consciousness doesn't seem to have changed.

This morning I felt I had emerged from all these last days as if from a bad dream.... I had lost the consciousness I had in my body.[2]

I don't know.... There will be many things to understand.

I don't know.

You understand, it may be either of two things; either I was going out of my body and passing on to the other world, and then I came back – it may be that – or it may be that I was in a transitional period for the transformation, and I've come out of the dangerous, critical spot. It's one of the two. Which one? We'll see. Do you understand what I mean? I don't know....

(silence)

You see, I ABSOLUTELY refuse to imagine anything at all, to do what people always do – draw conclusions and say, "This is how it is." Absolutely not, I absolutely refuse to do that. So I don't know. I look, and we'll see! *(Mother laughs)*

At any rate, the nightmare is gone.

But the nature remembers the experience and it's still *(wobbly gesture)* not too reassured.

There is also the impression that it needed – before the nature was ready to enter into this new creation, it needed to have known EVERYTHING of the old creation, completely and that was the complement. But that really was a dreadful thing *(Mother takes her forehead in her hands)*.... If I could I saw myself like that, PRAYING so all that may no longer exist in the world. If I could have purged the world of it by having those days of horror, then it doesn't matter, I don't mind. Because *(Mother takes her forehead)* it's it's horrible. If the world could have been emptied of that

---

[1] Mother may mean: the separation between the body and this consciousness may have been the cause for that hell.

[2] Perhaps that was the "girl" Mother was carrying? But we do wonder whether they had not drugged Mother. The problem will recur.

Besides, that's the feeling I had, that if, by living that, I could purge the world then it didn't matter.

We'll see.... We'll see.

(Mother holds Satprem's hands for a long time)

***

(After Satprem leaves, Mother tells Sujata again about her experience on the roof, and makes a descriptive drawing, saying in substance:)

She was someone like you, about your height [five foot two], your dimensions, and I said to her, "You're so sweet, so sweet!..." She was all luminous, but her arms and legs were as if stuck to the body. And no fear – neither I nor the child were afraid.

@

September 19, 1970

(Mother looked better the previous Wednesday.)

Do you have something?

Now Mother, nothing special.... Have you seen any changes?

(Mother shakes her head negatively)

(Long meditation,
Mother pants for breath)

Do you have any questions?

(Mother shakes her head)

But it's over now, isn't it?

Oh yes, completely over.

(meditation again with labored breathing)

Do you have anything to ask?

I saw a text by Sri Aurobindo that I found interesting....

Oh!

Theresa question in fact. It's a letter[1] *in which he refers to the first period in the Ashram, when everyone was having "great experiences"; afterwards, there was a descent to the physical level. So he says:*

"Working on the physical is like digging the ground; the physical is absolutely inert, dead like stone. When the work began there, all former energies disappeared, experiences stopped; if they came they didn't last. The progress is exceedingly slow. One rises, falls; rises again and falls again, constantly meeting with the suggestions of the Vedic Asuras, 'You can't do anything, you are bound to fail.'

"You have to go on working and working year after year, point after point, till you come to a central point in the subconscient which has to be conquered and it is the crux of the whole problem, hence exceedingly difficult.... This point in the subconscient is the seed and it goes on sprouting and sprouting till you have cut out the seed."

7 January 1939

(after a silence)

Then doesn't he say something more more encouraging? *(laughter)*

(long silence)

What did he say, *"a point"*?

"A central point in the subconscient and it is the crux of the whole problem."

(after a long silence)

He didn't say what it was?

No, Mother.

(Mother gestures to say she does not know long concentration)

Nothing, nothing comes, nothing.

(long, panting silence)

Nothing, there's nothing to say. No experiences, nothing. What time is it?

Eleven, Mother.

Is there no work?... Working avoids concentrating. You see, it gives me a discomfort all over like this *(gesture at the top of the chest).*

But what gives you this?

I don't know, I have it now.

Does it come from me?

---

[1] In fact a conversation: see *Talks with Sri Aurobindo* by Nirodbaran, part I, p 179-180.

No! No I live in a *(Mother shakes her head).*

(long silence)

It's better to read me something.

(Satprem reads a few Aphorisms of Sri Aurobindo for the next issue of the Bulletin)

> 159 – He who recognizes no Krishna, the God in man, knows not God entirely; he who knows Krishna only, knows not even Krishna....

That's good, it's very GOOD.

> Yet is the opposite truth also wholly true that if thou canst see all God in a little pale unsightly and scentless flower, then hast thou hold of His supreme reality.

Then I have hold of my supreme reality, but...! *(Mother laughs)* All right, it's good, it's some consolation! *(laughter)*

(Satprem goes on reading, then asks) Does it tire you?

Tire? Oh, no.... It comforts me a little! It doesn't tire me at all.

(silence Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

The next time, you'll read to me. At least it's [comforting?].

@

September 23, 1970

(Mother appears very withdrawn.)

I found some old papers again....

(Satprem reads)

> *"When you stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness you must not make a shadow."*

I told you the story....[1] That's fine.

(silence)

What have you brought?

There is the November Bulletin.... Is there anything new?

[1] See *Agenda* X of April 16 and May 3, 1969.

No.

(Then Satprem proposes to publish some fragments of the conversation of September 9 – the infernal Agenda – in the Bulletin.)

Regarding Sri Aurobindo,[1] we mustn't put it in the Bulletin.... That's impossible, it would cause a revolution. As for the end,[2] that's terrible – we can't put that.

I'll leave only what I told you: "We shall conquer, Mother," and your answer, "Yes." And that's all.

It's difficult to put that without... without something comforting.

Do you have something comforting?

(Mother laughs, long silence meditation)

Peace has returned again.

What do we do for this Agenda? Do we publish it like that?

There should be something at the end.... Because now that [the "hell"] is gone, it's quite gone. We should somehow say that I have come out of it.

There's this "We shall conquer, Mother" left at the end.

Yes. All right.

(long silence)

I'd like something comforting at the end.... I don't have it this time.

It will be for February.

February next year?... *(Mother seems to find it far away)*

@

September 26, 1970

What's new? Here there's nothing *(Mother shakes her head).* Nothing interesting.
It's all right *(in an unconvinced tone).*

(Then Satprem reads the "Comments on the Aphorisms" and "Mother Answers" for the next Bulletin.")

My impression now is that all this is written here *(gesture just above the head)* and that I have gone to my highest consciousness *(gesture far above)....* But that can't be expressed

[1] "The tortures he was subjected to."
[2] "Has the time come?" – Mother's doubt.

yet. It's not through words and ideas that it has to express itself. It's the means of expression that must be found.

Ultimately, the big difference with man is that he invented language – language, and naturally, writing and so on. Well, a means of expression superior to language and writing – that's what must be found.

A superior means, but a material one?

Yes, it has to be something material. Material, but... At any rate, maybe with the development of new organs? As man developed language. Something like that.

But when I write, I always feel there's a music behind.

Ah!

I feel there's always a music behind things. A music or a rhythm.

A rhythm, yes.

Perhaps it would be that?

(Mother approves keenly) Yes, yes.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

There's a GREAT Peace. Have you felt it?

Yes, Mother.

Great Peace.

(long silence)

For instance, I get the sense of a new way of counting time. I don't know how to put it. And then *(Mother shakes her head, finding it impossible to express herself).*

@

September 30, 1970

(Mother is a little late.)

I don't know the days of the week, and I am not told the days, so I didn't know it was your day. That's why I am late. I don't know the days at all. So I'll be seeing people, and suddenly I'll be told it's Wednesday, and I don't even know whether its Wednesday or Saturday. I live completely outside time, outside the small everyday reality.

(silence) I saw G. yesterday, he isn't too well.

(after a long silence) I feel he lives outside the atmosphere.

Yet he says he is so constantly turned to you.

There's something preventing the contact.

(after a silence)

His contact is mental. Physically, it's as if he lived elsewhere, you understand?

(long concentration on G.)

And then, the Dutch translation of The Adventure of Consciousness *is going to be published, and D. asked A. M. to make a cover for the book. A. M. has done something he'd like to show you. Here is what he's done....*[1] *[Satprem shows the painting.]*

Bah! it's really dark.
It's really dark, his world is dark.
Phew! it's hopeless.

It does look like that.

I don't like that.

I think the symbol is good, but the color

Yes. If he did the blue of the mind – the Consciousness making its way out of the mind – if he did a blue of the mind, then it would be all right. But this black is disgusting.

And with a sun here.

One can't see the sun.

It's a moon, I think.... No, there should be the mind's blue and the sun rising.

Oh, yes! The moon won't do at all.

That's what I had felt.

No, not for your book. Instead of this, there should be something blossoming out. This is tight, confined, cramped – something blossoming out in a great light.
It won't do at all.

The other book,[2] *you know, it's an adventure....*

(Laughing) So then?

Nothing, it's an adventure.

Give me a paper *(Mother draws).*
First, no need to put so much water. It's better to have the thing above.
Instead of a stem that writhes (you don't writhe! *[laughter]*), you can put seven lines – seven lines. Then a gathering of the seven lines here *(just above the surface of the waters).* This is symbolic of the book's formation. And then here *(above the waters),* rise straight and

[1] A lotus whose stem winds and turns under green waters, and whose closed bud just breaks the surface; above the waters, a dark green sky with a moon.
[2] *On the Way to Supermanhood.*

(Mother draws seven lines opening up at the top of a stem). You understand: seven ascents *(below)* and here *(above)* seven responses. Like this. Seven lines gathering at a point that corresponds to this [the other point where the seven lines from below gather]. Then it has a meaning.

***

(Then Satprem reads out an old Playground Talk *of 16 September 1953, which ends with these lines:)*

> "... Whereas, if one were open and simply breathing – that's all, doing nothing else – one would breathe Consciousness, Light, Comprehension, Force, Love and all the rest. But all that is wasted on the earth, because the earth isn't ready to take it. There."

Is the earth a little more ready. Mother?

(Mother goes into a very long contemplation lasting till the end, and does not answer)

@

October 3, 1970

(Mother gives Satprem a calendar notepad, then a felt pen.)

What color is it?

It's violet.

The violet of power.

(Mother looks in vain for a green pencil for Sujata and finally gives her a blue one)

Do you have something?

(Mother goes into a long contemplation. Her breathing is better, becomes peaceful, but now and then there are involuntary movements of the left leg and the shoulders, especially the right shoulder.)

Do you have anything?

Is there anything new?

(Mother shakes her head and plunges in again)

Do you really have nothing to read me?

If you. like, I could read you my new book. [1] *It will be reassuring because I don't know where I am going.*

That's good. I'll be happy to hear it.

(Mother plunges in again)

It's all right *(in an unconvinced tone).* What time is it?

Quarter past eleven.

(Mother looks a few times, but goes away straight off)

So the next time, you'll bring your book.

***

(After Satprem's departure, Sujata tells Mother about young women of her generation, who do not have the advantage of being "close to Mother" or in the circle of "important persons," and who suffer from never seeing Mother. This was in fact – which is why we record it – a very central problem at the Ashram: a sort of dichotomy between the simple elements who washed the dishes, stitched clothes or greased cars, and who were there simply with their love for Mother, and the "leading" elements, who increasingly revealed their ambitious and therefore warped nature. Yet it was with that thick circle that Mother had to work almost daily, and that is what made her difficulty, if not suffocation. With Sujata, Mother agreed to receive in rotation a number of those young and simple elements – unfortunately, that new opening will soon be blocked by circumstances: a new serious turning point in Mother's yoga, then other "impossibilities.")

@

October 7, 1970

I have received quotations from Sri Aurobindo. Read this.

"To persevere in turning towards the Light is what is most demanded. The Light is nearer to us than we think

[1] *On the Way to Supermanhood.*

This is interesting!

"... and at any time its hour may come."

On Himself, 26.216

It's from 1943.

What he called *"the Light"* is the Consciousness that came in *(Mother tries to remember),* it came in 1969.

Oh, the New Consciousness.

And the other one?

The other quotation is a mantra.

OM Sri Aurobindo Mira Open my mind, my heart, my life to your Light, your Love, your Power. In all things may I see the Divine.

16 July 1938 On Himself, 26.*512*

That's good. What do we do with all this?

The first could make a message for the November darshan?

For November, yes, that's very good. *(Mother repeats) "The Light is closer to us "*

The other one could make a message for February?

I don't much like my name in it.

What about putting "Ma" [Mother] instead of "Mira"?

But he put "Mira."

I think you could put "Ma" instead of "Mira."

No, I don't much like to do things of that sort.

(Mother still breathes with difficulty)

The message should be put as it is; if, later, we change it into a mantra, then we can put "Ma."

Should we put it as it is for February?

Yes. Either not put it, or put it as it is. To quote Sri Aurobindo, we must quote as it is. Then later on, we can make a mantra out of it.

(long silence)

What do you bring?

You look very absorbed, Mother?

Me?... No I don't know.

(silence)

You understand, when he uses this word ["Mira"], he refers to this body *(Mother touches her body),* that is to say, he identifies everything with the body.... And this process of change is being carried out, so the body doesn't feel that it's legitimately holding the I don't know how to say.... Or perhaps it's concerned about its peace?[1] I don't know.

Maybe it will be ready in February? That's possible.

(silence)

It has changed a lot, a lot.

Yes

A lot. But it's not over – far from it. So what should we do? This [the mantra] is for when it [the body] has finished – when the work is finished. If we put the name ["Mira"], it means this body.

(silence)

It's not that the body isn't conscious, but it feels too clearly that it isn't transformed. But it's conscious. What you call "absorbed" is that it's conscious of the work of transformation *(Mother makes a gesture of churning).*

How much time it will take, it doesn't know.

We'll decide that in February.

As a message, at any rate, it should be left as it is.... It's almost an obligation on me, you understand?[2]

Yes.

You understand what I mean.

(silence)

And the earth, do you find it more ready?

The earth? I don't know. But in humanity, yes, some elements are touched. There are unexpected responses. And then *(laughing,* but that shouldn't be said), there's a sharp increase in the people regarded as mad; and they are certainly those who have received the first waves. I have seen one or two regarded by others as mad – they were touched, but the amount of transformation isn't sufficient for them to keep their balance.

That's better left unsaid!

Yes, I know one here like that.

Ah, I know a lot of them. From every side people write to me.

(silence)

Do you have things to read me?

Last time, we spoke about that book.... Would you like me to read it?

---

[1] Mother means that she does not want to draw attention to herself or to her body by publishing the text of this mantra.

[2] An obligation for Mother's body to be transformed, if "Mira" is used.

Yes, I am listening.

It's a first draft.

It's not the beginning of the book?

Yes, yes, but I mean, all that I've written, I really feel as if I were writing automatically.

Oh!...

So you know, it's really a for me it's something of an anguish to write this book. Not only I don't know what's going to come when I write a chapter, I don't know what's going to come when I write a paragraph, and when I start a sentence I don't know how I am going to end it.

Oh! That's interesting.

But I'm in anguish!

No! *(Mother laughs)* That's a blissful condition!

I have dedicated the book "At the feet of the Truth."

That's good.

It's entitled "On the Way to Supermanhood – Essay of Experimental Evolution." For the introduction, I start with a quotation from Sri Aurobindo. That quotation is:

"Or we may find when all the rest has failed Hid in ourselves the key of perfect change."

Where did he write this?

In "Savitri," Mother.

Oh, interesting.

(Satprem reads the introduction)

"Secrets are simple, because the truth is simple..... And what looked like a human impossibility will become child's play."

It's magnificent, mon petit, magnificent!
It's just the thing needed.
What could we do to spread it?... It should be *(gesture in every direction).* A book isn't enough. We need something that would go everywhere.

(Mother remains thoughtful)

And it's complete. It's the introduction, and it's complete in itself. It should be translated, under your supervision, into English, German, Italian, and it should be published all at once in a newspaper one of those widely circulated newspapers. But the translations should be ready and it should go like this *(simultaneous gesture in every direction).*
The translations, you can have them done here.

Do you have more?

I've written nine chapters in all.

Oh!... But this [introduction] stands on its own very well.
Every time, you will read me one chapter.
We have time, since you haven't finished, but this introduction is what must be spread (the book will be a study). It must go everywhere.
Who could translate it?

In English, I don't know.... There's T, who translated my first book.

T. can translate. In English, it's easy.

In Italian, there's N.

He is very busy, but I'll ask him. Just the introduction. For the rest, we have time. It's only the introduction that should be cast like that over the world.

What about the German?

A young man *(Mother does not find).*
Only the introduction. And we should have thousands and thousands of copies.

We should reach the big magazines.

Yes. But I want it to come out everywhere at the same time – not one here, then six months pass by, and then No: all of it at the same time.

(silence)

Shu-Hu should translate it into Chinese. We could send him the French and the English, both. I will ask him to do the translation.

In principle, if all goes normally, I think the book will be finished in four months, around February.[1] *Then we could launch the introduction everywhere at the same time.*

Yes, that's right. In February.

(long silence)

Mother, I pray for the transmission to be pure and faithful.... That's what gives me anguish.

(Mother nods her head) It's good.

(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

@

[1] Satprem in fact wrote the whole book in three months and completed it in November.

October 10, 1970

(Mother gives "Transformation" flowers and slips one into her buttonhole, then mentions again the translation of the introduction of On the Way to Supermanhood.)

I also thought I would ask Shu-Hu to do it in Chinese. That would be good.

Shall I ask him for you?

Yes, tell him that I ask him to do it, if he wants to. If we could send it to China There's a Chinese in Santiniketan, but I am no longer in touch with him (he gave all his goods to Communist China, and he's staying there). He's a philosopher, a very intelligent man.... But anyway, for the translation it should be Shu-Hu.

For the German, I don't know.... We have many Germans, but I don't know.

As for the book, it will do like *The Adventure,* it will spread little by little.

***

(Then Satprem reads the first chapter: "The Mental Fortress."
Mother stops at the following sentence:)

> "... Nothing in the world is unnecessary, we are still looking for that pain which does not have its secret power of widening."

It's magnificent! Magnificent.

(at the end of the chapter, Satprem quotes Sri Aurobindo's "Hour of God")

> "There are moments when the Spirit moves among men there are others when it retires and men are left to act in the strength or the weakness of their own egoism. The first are periods when even a little effort produces great results and changes destiny...."

Is it the end? Don't you say that we are now at one such moment?

I could add a sentence: "In truth, we are at this moment."

Oh, yes!

(Mother passes a few satisfied comments,
then goes into a very smiling contemplation)

It's strange, it makes pictures....

(Mother plunges in again)

@

October 14, 1970

While sorting papers, I found this. I don't know what it is.

(Satprem reads)

> "My hair is not dyed. It is its natural color, except for a slight reddish hue that comes from the soapbark lotion I use to wash my head.
> "When I used to go out, I had to put rose juice on my lips so they would not chap, and sumo (powder of burned pearl) on my eyelids to prevent irritation by sunlight and dust.
> "To take care of one's skin and hair is no more artificial than to take care of one's teeth.
> "If a sadhika [a female disciple] has spare time and the inclination to make up, I see no harm in that, provided she does not do it out of vanity or affectation.
> "What matters in sadhana is not what one does but the spirit in which one does it.
> "Ill will, criticism, doubt, skepticism and depression are far more serious obstacles to the spiritual development than life's trivialities and childish pursuits, if they are accepted without attaching importance to them."

13 May 1965

(Laughing) That was when R.R. came; he said I dyed my hair! *(Mother laughs)* "Mother uses makeup." I never sent him this, besides.

> *Along with your answer, there's a letter from R.R. Yes, he asked you, "Why do you use such devices? " He also asked, "Why is there in the Ashram this extreme iconolatry?"*

I think the gentleman has changed a bit. Is there a date?

> *1965.*

I think he has changed.

(Satprem reads another note)

> "To calm all personal ambitions, I must declare that
> "If, for any reason, this body becomes unusable, the universal Mother will again start manifesting in hundreds of individualities according to their capacity and receptivity, each one being a partial manifestation of the Universal Consciousness."

> *That's important.*

It's amusing!... It's a long time ago too.

> *There's no date.*

We're finding some amusing things again.... Three or four people here, at the SAME time, had come (when I wrote this, I forget when), had come to succeed the universal Mother!... Three or four. Especially two from America. And there's also one here *(Mother laughs).*

> *It's futile, it's very childish.*

(Mother nods and gives Satprem the handwritten note)

***

(Then Mother takes up a few extracts from Savitri *that are to be set to music.)*

A little point [shall] reveal the infinitudes.

II.I.100

It's interesting.

***

(Satprem reads the second chapter of Supermanhood*, "The Great Process." After a few satisfied remarks, Mother adds:)*

It produces a curious phenomenon of absorption: nothing existed anymore but that.[1] It's curious. And I knew it was about to end because I resumed contact with the world. It's really interesting. Oh, its very good.

Where will we get it published?

Normally, it should be the publisher of "The Adventure of Consciousness."

Yes.... But does he have the caliber?

He has he will benefit from "The Adventure of Consciousness."

(Mother looks at Satprem, smiling)

What time is it?

Eleven, Mother.

Don't you have a practical little work to do?

No, Mother except if you want to go on with the translation of "Savitri".... But what about you, Mother, you don't say anything?

Me, I have nothing to say.

(silence)

The body consciousness is slowly changing, in such a way that its whole former life seems foreign to it. That seems to be someone else's consciousness, someone else's life. Its "situation," if you like, in the world, is changing.

With regard to its whole former life, it regards that as someone not exactly a stranger, but the life of someone close, whom you understand well (you're not surprised, you understand well), but a stranger. No, it's not "stranger," it's OTHER, other. Someone other.

[1] As a matter of fact, Mother seemed to "plunge" at the start of the chapter, and Satprem even wondered if she was listening; then towards the end of the chapter, she came back.

(long silence)

But the new person has no limits in its contact, it doesn't end anywhere *(Mother touches the skin of her hands)....* An odd sensation.

(long silence)

It's being done. It's not something you can look at, it's something being done.

(long silence)

As if there were no past, you know, one is wholly like this *(gesture ahead),* there's nothing behind. A curious sensation.

(long silence)

A curious sensation of something beginning. Not at all, not at all something ending – something beginning. It's a curious sensation: something beginning. With all the unknown, the unexpected Strange.

I have that all the time. I constantly feel that things are new that my relationship with them is new. Me, it's something there *(gesture above).* And the body's impression too *(Mother touches her hands)* is that of a new way of feeling, new way of reacting.... It's very strange.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

@

October 17, 1970

I have a letter from Dr. V, he asks a question about something Sri Aurobindo said.

(Satprem reads)

> *"In* The Synthesis of Yoga*, Sri Aurobindo writes about the perfection of the lower mind, the psychic prana*

What's that?

I think it's the vital substance Sri Aurobindo calls like that.

> *"... and its tyrannical demands that represent the chief natural obstacle invading the whole action of the being. "Where does this psychic prana come from? Is it part of the psychic as the word is understood in India's psychological language?...*

Yes, at that time Sri Aurobindo used the phrase "psychic prana," but it's not at all the psychic, the soul; I think it's the primary vital substance. He asks also:

"... Is there some relationship between this psychic prana and the constitution of the Psyche of Western psychologists?"

All those things, I don't know. It's philosophy in English, I would say *wordy.* Those are psychological words that I don't know at all.

Yes, of course! In any case, it has no relationship with the psychic, the soul as we understand it.

There's no use in people asking me this sort of things, I am not at all interested.

Of course!

Sri Aurobindo used a whole lot of terminologies, and only in the end did he adopt the one I brought, then we could understand each other. Before, at the beginning, when I came he used to speak of all kinds of things of this sort.

And on top of it *(laughing)* it doesn't interest me!

(Mother gives Satprem soup packets)

Can't eat.

***

(Then Satprem reads the third chapter of Supermanhood*: "The Sunlit Path." Afterwards, Mother remains looking at him for a long time, with a charming smile.)*

You've entered a new world.... For those who can follow you, it will be good!

Oh, it's quite new.... *(Smiling and approving)* It's extraordinary, you understand, it's

The impression that a new door has opened. The impression as if you had opened a new door for humanity.

You're the one who opens it!

(silence)

Extraordinary. It's as if you had bidden farewell to the old world.

Yes.

Now *(laughing),* I'd really like to hear the sequel! How many chapters have you written?

I've written ten in all.

And this is the third.... Well!

(Mother goes on shaking her head to express her delight)

Magnificent, it's magnificent!

(silence)

How does it come?

Oh, Mother, I pray and I let it come.

That's right.... it's CLEARLY from another world. You mustn't be disturbed until you have finished.

Yes, Mother. In fact, there are many things trying to disturb me.

Yes.

Inside and outside.

Inside?

Yes, also – circumstances.

You mustn't, you mustn't allow that. And people mustn't read this before it's over.

Yes, Mother.

For the introduction, we'll keep bur program.... Have you found a German yet?

No, Mother, I don't know any.

As for me, I looked for one, but I can't find. It should be someone a bit intelligent. It should be ready for February. But the book, don't show it to anyone until its over.

There's only Sujata who reads and types it.

(Laughing) Sujata, that's nobody! You know, it's magnificent.

Oh, Mother, I have nothing to do with it, I assure you!

I'd really like to hear the continuation.

I hope it won't disappoint you.

No, no.

Oh, I pray a lot to receive purely.

(silence)

For sure, publishers are incapable of... What we should do is to have a good edition here (we can do it; from the point of view of the work, it could be good), and then prepare quite a general publicity, all over the world.... Articles in literary newspapers: to organize a publicity campaign. I think that will be better than to leave it to an individual who We should arrange the thing ourselves – we can do it. If we want to, we can.

The only advantage of publishers is that they have the name of their house and the way to reach the press – and to distribute the book. That's their power.

But there would be a way to reach the press. There is a way.

(silence)

We will *(Mother gestures as if breaking through a wall)*.

(silence)

I am waiting; I'll tell you my idea when you have finished, when you've read me all of it.
I have an idea.... When you have finished.

I'll wait till I have read the last chapter! *(laughter)* There.
Because, with that, we can do something.

(silence)

My impression is of going there *(gesture above)* and then of not coming down. It shows that... I had an extraordinary impression, you understand: I heard it THERE *(same gesture above the head),* and I didn't have to come down.
(Laughing) I'm waiting for the continuation!

@

October 21, 1970

I found some old papers.

(Satprem reads)

> "I am told that you intend to distribute a reproduction of the portrait you did of me. It would be better not to introduce in this gathering anything personal that might suggest the atmosphere of a nascent religion."

It was for Auroville and it was a portrait by Y, did you see it? You saw that portrait?! *(Mother laughs)*
It was a polite way of telling her. Only, she didn't listen to me, she distributed it.

***

(Then Mother listens to the English translation of an extract from the "infernal Agenda" of September 9, which Satprem intended to publish in the forthcoming "Notes on the Way." Nolini reads out his translation.)

It's not interesting. It's so personal....

(Mother shakes her head and plunges in)

(Mother, in English:) It seems to me too personal to be published.

(Mother plunges in again)

I don't know....
Its gone, it's over.
I would like the two of you [Nolini and Satprem] to be absolutely sincere: is there nothing in you that thought, "No, it can't be published"?

> *(Satprem:) I didn't have that impression. I had the impression it could be useful. But I think Nolini will be more objective since he wasn't here when you spoke.*

(Mother to Nolini, in English:) Tell what you feel absolutely sincerely.

(Nolini:) I have found that it was a little too personal.

(Mother approves:) Too personal.

(Nolini:) Not the whole but part of it. I feel like that.

(silence)

I am afraid it might be an occasion for it might encourage in people morbid experiences.

(Satprem:) Yes, Mother, that's true.

That's what bothers me. It's better not to. It means encouraging morbid things in people.

Yes, I saw some like that.

***

(Then Satprem prepares to read a new chapter of Supermanhood*: "The Bifurcation.")*

We should get the introduction translated into Hindi. I'll see with R.

Do you know that C. S. [a German translator] is here? Have you seen him?

No, Mother.

Not yet?

No, he is not on very good terms with me.

Oh? Why?

Listen, Mother, for about two years I have worked a lot for him. And every time I received dozens of letters in which a sort of microscopic mental possession increasingly revealed itself, something very petty, very ugly, always clinging to I can't say, it's like a mental dwarf in him, full of venom, full of bitterness. There s a point there that isn't pretty. So whenever I tried to send him a little (what shall I say?) balm to help him, every time he sent me back a letter full of venom. After a year or two, I realised I was only encouraging this sort of reaction. So one day I wrote to him and said, "Now it's in Mothers hands, I can't do anything more for you."

What is it about?

About nothing! He tells me that my book, "The Adventure of Consciousness," is a huge falsehood...

Does he say that?

Yes! He says his whole life has showed him that my book is a falsehood, because

he has realized nothing of what I wrote, and it's all false, a falsehood. So in every letter he would return to, "Yes, you say that in Pondicherry, where you are in the light and peace, but as for us over here Your book is a falsehood!"

Then whatever is he coming here for?!

I don't know but he suffers, you understand! He's unhappy, poor man. On the one hand he is pulled by the good side, and on the other by his little gnome. I didn't cut off my relations with him for personal reasons – I don't take offense at all – but because I saw it didn't help him, that's all. Otherwise I have nothing against him – he suffers, poor man.

As for me, I have never spoken to him.

There's a mental deformation. A sort of sourness, you know, a bitterness, a venom.

I haven't found anyone yet to translate into German....

In Auroville?

(silence)

Or you could ask A., Mother, he knows all the Germans who come here.

A. isn't much of a psychologist. It's better to wait and be sure. Ah, I am listening.

Do I still read you? Aren't you tired?

No, no.... I've noticed this: I no longer know what it is to be tired – even physically. There has been a tremendous change, but it's not yet I can't say anything about it.

(Satprem reads)

@

October 24, 1970

(Mother translates a few fragments from Savitri *which were chosen for her.)*

A miracle of the Absolute was born,
Infinity put on a finite soul,
All ocean lived within a wandering drop,
A time-made body housed the Illimitable.
To live this Mystery out our souls came here.
.....

A figure sole on Nature's giant stair,
He mounted towards an indiscernible end
On the bare summit of created things.

II.I.101-102

That's really good. It's a pity it was cut into small bits!

***

(Then Satprem reads the fifth chapter of Supermanhood*: "The New Consciousness.")*

That's very good, it's creative of the condition.

(silence)

Can't speak *(Mother shakes her head)*.

@

October 28, 1970

(Mother gives Satprem the message for the year 1971.)

Blessed are those
who take a leap
towards the future.

***

(Mother tries to read with difficulty a few lines from Savitri *written in large characters. These passages are meant to be set to music.)*

At times I read very clearly, and at other times

There walled apart by its own innerness
In a mystical barrage of dynamic light
He saw a lone immense high-curved world-pile
Erect like a mountain chariot of the Gods
Motionless under an inscrutable sky.
.....
Once in the vigil of a deathless gaze
These grades had marked her giant downward plunge,
The wide and prone leap of a godheads fall.

Our life is a holocaust of the Supreme.
The great World-Mother by her sacrifice
Has made her soul the body of our state....

II.I.97-99

The body of our state

Of our human state.

(Mother repeats) She has made her soul the body of our state....

(silence)

So I had better try and read it out.

No, Mother, you'll tire your eyes.

I don't see clearly.

Yes, Mother, there's no need to try.

If you aren't tired sitting

Oh, no, Mother!

We can stay another ten minutes. You're not tired?

(meditation)

***

Soon afterwards

There's a question regarding the English translation of my book. There are two possibilities for the title. In French it's La Genèse du Surhomme *["The Genesis of the Superman"] and in English, T. proposes either "Superman in the Making" or "The Birth of the Superman."*

(after a long silence)

What do you prefer?

I don't know, it seems to me that "Superman in the Making" might be a little better? I don't know.

(after a long, smiling silence)

It's a bit undignified.

Yes.

(silence)

I've just thought of something like "The Emergence of the Superman"?

(Unenthusiastically) Maybe its better?

(Mother remains concentrated)

Would *On the Way to Supermanhood* do?

Yes, very well! "On the Way to Supermanhood" – yes, Mother, yes!

You'll put it to her.

I don't know if it's meant to be like that or if it comes from me, but I am moving ahead very fast in this book, as if without developing things: I bring them out; I bring them out without really developing them.

Yes, it's better not.

It's better not? Is it really meant to be like that?

Yes.

Because I feel it's going very fast – I was wondering if it wasn't too fast!

No, no.... One must always be ahead.

For instance, some things people would normally develop in two pages, it's there in two lines.

Yes, yes, that's better. It's much better!... I find that people ramble – they ramble on and on. No, that's better. I am sorry I didn't hear the chapter! [1]

@

October 31, 1970

(Mother tries to read with difficulty a few lines from Savitri
specially written for her in large characters.)

It's a curious phenomenon: it's F. who writes this, and she doesn't understand well: for her it's just words – and I can't read!

Yes, I understand. It's the consciousness she put into it.

[1] Satprem has a cold and was not able to read.

***

(Then Mother listens to a few letters of Sri Aurobindo.)

> *(Question:) X asked me if in the course of rebirths a woman can become a man, and a man a woman. He thought of certain feminine traits in him that could be explained thus. I would also like to know if there is in the psychic being itself something like sex?*
>
> *(Answer:)* Not sex exactly, but what might be called the masculine and feminine principle. It is a difficult question [whether sex is altered in rebirth]. There are certain lines the reincarnation follows and so far as my experience goes and general experience goes, one follows usually a single line. But the alteration of sex cannot be declared impossible. There may be some who do alternate. The presence of feminine traits in a male does not necessarily indicate a past feminine birth – they may come in the general play of forces and their formations. There are besides qualities common to both sexes. Also a fragment of the psychological personality may have been associated with a birth not ones own. One can say of a certain person of the past, "that was not myself, but a fragment of my psychological personality was present in him." Rebirth is a complex affair and not so simple in its mechanism as in the popular idea.
>
> *11 January 1936* Letters on Yoga, *22.447-448*

He says it's "fragments"?

Yes, that there may be fragments.

That's my experience. For instance, I have a fragment from Murat. And I found again the whole experience of that fragment[1] – but that was all, there was only that.

It [Sri Aurobindo's explanation] must be correct, it fits with my own experience.

The psychic, that's true, has masculine and feminine tendencies, but it's not "man" or "woman": the psychic is sexless.

And as he says, it's quite a complex affair; there are all possibilities. There's nothing one can declare to be impossible.

(silence)

Now I want to hear your chapter.

(Satprem starts reading half a dozen pages of the sixth chapter: "The Tearing of Limits," then must stop as he still has a sore throat.)

Mother, I can't go on, it's too long for me.

You're tired. The next time.

Its very good very good.

It makes me go out completely.... I lose all contact, it's strange. It's the second time it has done this to me. Everything disappears: I go into a formation of that, and it's the only thing

[1] Murat's victory, galloping at the head of armies. See *Agenda* III of 30 June 1962 and *Agenda* VII of 3 November 1966.

left. A very odd phenomenon. The whole world disappears. And when you stopped, it was as if I suddenly FELL from somewhere. It's strange.

Very interesting.

I feel I am entering what will replace the mind. An atmosphere that will replace the mind, the atmosphere of the new creation.... I had it very strongly last time, but it was the first time – I was utterly nonplused, I thought it depended on my condition. But today I listened quite as usual, and all of a sudden, without my even noticing it, I was transported into an atmosphere an atmosphere of comprehension. And when you stopped *([laughing] gesture of falling to the ground)* Strange.

It's like a world being built.

It's very interesting.

I understand ELSEWHERE, you understand? It's no longer the same thing. I understand elsewhere. And "understand," it's wonderfully clear and expressive. Strange! It's interesting. I had forgotten it had happened last time, and exactly the same thing recurred. It's very interesting.

Is it half of the chapter?

Hardly: a third.

Oh, it's quite, quite an experience.

Because the mind isn't there, it's In reality, it's the psychic understanding of things.

Oh, it's interesting.

(Laughing) When you stopped, I seemed to fall back into something – something usual – and to come from another world. It belongs to another world.

It's very, very interesting.

(long silence Mother's breathing is hoarse[1]*)*

Do you think it will be finished for February?

I think I'll have finished next month.

Oh!

It's going very fast. But maybe I'll have to revise afterwards just the same.

Why? Oh, NO!

What I read you here is just as I wrote it.[2]

I for one find it perfectly fine, perfectly fine. Ah no, you mustn't change it.

I mustn't?

No, it's something exceptional. It's something that seems to come like this *(gesture of descent as a whole).*

Ah, that's true, I feel it's given me.

Yes, yes, it's ready-made. You mustn't touch it.

---

[1] Curiously, while Satprem read, Mothers breathing was normal throughout.

[2] Satprem actually reads his manuscript for the first time when he reads it out to Mother.

Yes, I tend to feel it's "ready-made," that's true.

(Mother remains silent, shaking her head)

Ah, no, that would humanize it – you mustn't.

Yes.

It's not human. You mustn't humanize it, even, even if the outward being thinks certain things [need to be modified or clarified or developed]. Because I know, I know where I go. No.

At night, I go there, and sometimes some things happen that are as if reflected on all that goes on during the [following] day.

It's very strong, it's really a new world under preparation. It's very strong.

(silence)

I'll be very interested to see the end, your last chapter.

(Mother remains "gazing" for a long time)

@

November 4, 1970

(Satprem reads the second part of the sixth chapter of On the Way to Supermanhood*: "The Tearing of Limits.")*

It's a whole new world.

(silence)

As for me, I could keep listening like that without moving for hours! It's very restful. I don't know how to explain.... It's very restful.

It's strange.... You no longer feel like moving, no longer feel like speaking, nothing anymore.

(Mother nods her head and goes into a contemplation)

@

November 5, 1970

(Mother records a message in French for All-India Radio.)

We want to be messengers of light and truth.
And first of all, a future of harmony is waiting to be announced to the world.
The time has come for the old habit of ruling through fear to be replaced with the rule of love.

@

November 7, 1970

(Mother answers a question put by a young disciple.)

"I have read a lot and heard about past and future lives, but I strongly feel that it is in this very life that we must realise our highest aspirations, as if it were the last chance given us. For me, allusions to other lives are intangible and academic rather than a help and a hope. It is not that I do not believe in reincarnation, but that thought recurs to my mind very often. Mother, is it a narrowness of vision on my part, or what?"

The knowledge of past lives is interesting for a knowledge of one's nature and the mastery of one's imperfections. But to tell the truth, it has no crucial importance and it is far more important to concentrate on the future, on the consciousness we must acquire and the development of the nature, which is almost limitless for those who know how to do it.
We are at a specially favorable time of universal existence, when everything on the earth is preparing for a new creation, or rather a new manifestation in the eternal creation.

***

(Then the conversation turns to a Chinese disciple who has placed money with friends of the Ashram in Singapore....)

Tomorrow is illusory.

@

November 11, 1970

You'll read me your chapter.

Yes. But what about you? You no longer speak.

Me, I have nothing to say.
When you have finished your book, I'll speak.
Have you finished?

Almost.

That's what interests me, what you've put at the end.

@

November 14, 1970

So then, what's new?

I have finished my book.

Oh!... Good, that's good. How many chapters still to be read?

We've readied half, I'm reading you the eighth. There are sixteen.

It'll go on till January.

Do you want to hear all of it?

Yes, of course! *(Mother laughs)*

(Satprem starts reading the end of the eighth chapter: "The Change of Vision." Afterwards, Mother remains long absorbed, as if deep in meditation.)

I always go off – it's strange – into a like a new country. It happens to me every time.

(silence)

Do you think people will be able to translate this?

(silence)

It's calm *(vast gesture),* luminous – it's magnificent, you know!

(silence)

Who does the English translation?

It's T.

Does she do it well?

Yes, she understands the rhythm, she understands the vibration. In Italian, it's N.

We would need someone to

(Mother plunges in)

That was very short.

(Mother remains gazing long, then smiles suddenly and plunges in again)

What time is it? There's nothing to do?

No, Mother.... You aren't saying anything?

(after a silence)

I have just seen a rather strange thing.... There was the daughter of a man who owns a big movie theater – anyway a rich man. I don't know what happened, she was all right, then she gave birth in hospital and she died. No one ever knew why. I had forgotten that, it was a year ago. The child is a year old (it's a boy), and they brought him to me. But I didn't remember the story of the mother's death and so on. I didn't know. When he came, my impression was that of a girl. I looked. Then they told me, "No, it's the child whose mother died when he was born." And in the child, there was his mothers vita], but then perfectly clear, precise, as if preserved. It was there and responded through the child's body – his mother's vital with full consciousness. It's strange. And I learned the mother's story only afterwards. I saw that, I saw a feminine vital, very conscious: "What on earth is this?" Then they told me, "He is the child whose mother died while giving him birth." Then I understood. The vital remained there, in the child who came out. It's odd.

(silence)

But if parents knew how to do it, they could This child could be absolutely remarkable, you know, with a full conscious vital.

Nowadays they bring me all the children born in Auroville, and I see I see surprising things. With some (not many, one or two), it's like a very small animal, it's nothing – it's very sweet: a very small animal. But with almost all of them, it's a conscious being. And the parents are absolutely stupid in their behavior with them, because they don't know, they don't understand.

I saw one today again *(tiny gesture):* he is three or four days old, five days – this big – and I saw the consciousness there is inside: it's admirable!

But then, they treat him like a small animal – he has no means of defense.

(silence)

Is it those little ones who will become the intermediary beings?... I don't know.

(long silence)

You're not saying anything about yourself, Mother.

No, nothing to say. Nothing to say.

(Mother shakes her head and keeps gazing)

@

November 18, 1970

(Mother gives Satprem, as every time, soup packets. Then she comments:)

There has been something like a small catastrophe! It is that in Africa all Indians are sent back, or their properties are confiscated, and it's from Africa that we used to receive the cheese! *(laughter)* So we won't have cheese anymore but I still have this coming from Germany *(Mother gives a tube).*

There has been a bigger catastrophe in Pakistan.

What happened?

Well, there are maybe three hundred thousand dead.

What!

There was a cyclone followed by a tidal wave: a huge wave, more than fifteen feet high, which swept a whole area, and there are maybe three hundred thousand dead.

Bah! When did that happen?

Two or three days ago.

No one told me anything.... Was P. L. there?

No, no, Mother, in Pakistan, Eastern Bengal.

Oh, that I know. I heard "Vatican."

No, no! That wouldn't be so bad! [laughter]

In Pakistan, I know. Are they near the sea?

Yes, on the Bay of Bengal.

(Mother remains absorbed for a very long time)

We are in full uncertainty. Established things are crumbling down – everywhere. It's clearly a moment of transition.

(silence)

So, is it chapter 11?

Yes, Mother, you have a good memory!

***

(Satprem reads the chapter entitled, "The Greater Self.")

What has happened to you!... Mon petit, it's *(Mother looks much moved).* This is really tomorrow's book. Is it over?

Yes, I have finished the book.

I'd like to see the last page!

(for a long time Mother remains with her two hands pressed on her face)

It's something like a miracle. It's as if tomorrow had been called in advance!

(Mother shakes her head and takes Satprem's hands)

Mon petit, it's magnificent, magnificent! *(Mother has tears in her eyes).*

Oh, Mother, I have nothing to do with it, you know, nothing at all.

To know not to put obstacles on the way is something already.

(Satprem prepares to leave)

I feel like thanking you! *(Mother has tears in her eyes)*

Oh, Mother!

(Satprem lays his head on Mother's knees)

@

November 21, 1970

(Mother translates a few extracts from Savitri*, listens to half of the tenth chapter of Super-manhood and remains absorbed most of the time.)*

It goes on inside.

***

(To Sujata, after Satprem has left.)

On December 5 and 9, you two will come after the [collective] meditation. I won't translate, but I want to listen to *Supermanhood.*[1]

It's very good.... It's more than very good: it opens the door to the future.

@

November 25, 1970

(Satprem reads the second part of chapter 10, "The Harmony.")

"... When the gaze changes, one can rebuild, the world."

(Mother opens her eyes wide and plunges in again till the end)

It's extraordinary! There is a sort of a sort of EMOTION in it, which doesn't belong to this world. It puts you into contact with a certain I don't know what to call it, but it's like an emotion[2] which is beyond the mind – beyond everything, everything, not only the mind but the intellectual.

Its a new emotion. I can't describe. It's strange. And every time it does the same thing, every time I say to myself, "I'll be very careful to follow and see" – and I try to keep my consciousness in its natural state, but then IN SPITE OF MYSELF, it's something that It's like a magic, mon petit!

It's something like emotion, but an emotion that knows, an emotion that understands. It's not a thought. It's really interesting. And every time, it becomes increasingly conscious; every time, I say to myself, "This time, I won't let myself get caught!" *(laughter)* But this time, I was more conscious of what it was.... And it's a new thing which is beyond the mind, the intellectual and the whole comprehension, and it's a way of being that (I don't know what to call it), it's something like an emotion, but very clear and VERY conscious.

And strong! It has an extraordinary force.

It's really interesting.

How many are left?

There are six left. This is the tenth.

---

[1] Satprem will not see Mother on those days: on December 3, she will fall seriously "ill." It will be another dangerous turning point.

[2] Mother does look moved.

Maybe at the end I will know!

It's really interesting.

And it has a strange power to transform things.... You understand, for me the Satprem of this book isn't the same Satprem as before. Everything takes on a a new appearance, I don't know – a new contact.

It's interesting.

So I have another six times to go! I wait for it with It's really like a new creation, like a new world brought into contact with here.

(silence)

And it's beyond persons. There is no ego.

Yes.

It's beyond persons. There is something else – something else.

(Mother closes her eyes)

And it doesn't leave me, that atmosphere no longer leaves me. For all the things that come, the way of responding is no longer the same.[1]

@

November 28, 1970

(Satprem offers his pension to Mother and asks her if he could keep a little money to build a room for himself in the Nandanam gardens, on the outskirts of Pondicherry.)

Yes, it will do you good.

***

(Then Mother translates a few passages from Savitri, including this one:)

It lends beauty to the terror of the gulfs
And fascinating eyes to perilous Gods,
Invests with grace the demon and the snake.

II.II.106

It's charming!

That's exactly the nature of the vital, what Theon called the "nervous world."

[1] Regrettably, Satprem did not keep any of the tape-recordings of Mother about *On the Way to Supermanhood,* finding them too personal at the time. He still had enough "person" not to want anything "personal."

***

(Then Satprem reads the beginning of chapter 11 of Supermanhood*; "The Change of Power.")*

It creates an atmosphere that lasts the whole day like that, and I can't talk anymore.

(Mother plunges in)

One can go indefinitely.

And it's vast – it's vast, comprehensive – and it's as if one were putting light on the world. It's strange, every time it has the same effect on me.

There's nothing left here *(Mother touches her forehead),* nothing. You understand, it seems to come like this, and then it goes like this *(continuous gesture rising from Satprem to Mother, then from Mother spreading on both sides onto the world.)*

It's really interesting! Nothing remains here *(gesture to the forehead),* only a very pleasant impression, very stable, like that, and then nothing: silence. And it goes like this, like this *(same continuous gesture of spreading),* like this.... It's really interesting.

I wonder if there are people who can hear it.... It would be interesting to know. It goes into an atmosphere not mental, just above the mind, but it's in this new consciousness. And it's like this *(same gesture),* it goes off vast, vast, vast... as if spreading over the earth.

It's interesting.

(Mother plunges in, smiling)

@

December 2, 1970

(Mother has a bloodshot left eye and a swollen cheek.)

Are you all right?

Yes, Mother, and you?

Toothache Always something It doesn't matter.

It's interesting simply because there isn't that spontaneous reaction everyone has *(gesture turned in)* of seeing and acting in relation with this *(Mother points to her body).* This [the body] is like this *(gesture of abolition),* it doesn't exist. Very strange – and spontaneously. It's not the result of a will or even a thought, a consciousness: it's a natural state. As if it did not exist. And I suppose that's why every little corner that isn't yet exactly as it should be goes wrong, and then Then it has to set itself right, that's all.

From the standpoint of consciousness, it's quite fine – quite fine. It becomes natural, quite spontaneous, effortless.

The center isn't there, you understand! *(Mother laughs, pointing to her body)* Even, even physically.

It's all right.

***

(Then Mother translates a few fragments of Savitri:)

This mire must harbour the orchid and the rose,
From her blind unwilling substance must emerge
A beauty that belongs to happier spheres.

II.II.107

***

(Satprem reads the end of chapter 11 of Supermanhood*, "The Change of Power.")*

It's magnificent!... Is T. translating it into English?

Is she interested?

Don't know.

And German?... If there were someone

(silence)

It leaves me the whole day in a very comfortable atmosphere. We still have some time. We can still have a little moment of quiet.

(meditation)

@

December 3, 1970

From this day, Mother went through a long ordeal that lasted more than a month and a half. That will be the last turning point after those of 1962 and 1968. Satprem will see her again only on January 16. On December 31, her faithful cashier Satyakarma left his body, the last in the unhappy series that deprived Mother of her most reliable helpers. In the course of this ordeal, Mother was affected successively in the chest, the abdomen, then the legs and down to the feet. The first bedsores appeared on her back.

@

Mother's Agenda

Vol. 12
Institut de Recherches Evolutives
142 blvd du Montparnasse
F-75014 Paris

January 1, 1971

(On this day all the disciples filed silently past Mother, who is still unwell, sitting in her chair.)

1971
Blessed are those who take a leap towards the Future
Mother.

January 11, 1971

(This fragment was noted from memory by a disciple following the long physical ordeal Mother went through for nearly a month and a half.)

Physical vision requires a much more continuous concentration. The physical vision serves to stabilize. It gives continuity to things. The same with hearing. So when neither of them are there, you become conscious of the thing directly, which gives you the true knowledge of it. That is probably how the Supermind will work.

My physical vision and hearing have been pushed into the background to be replaced by identity through consciousness – for the growth of consciousness.

The way of relating to things, of knowing, is through an identification of the consciousness with the thing or person. Instead of having the usual sense of separateness, you have a constant sense of union. There are quite interesting experiences. People call me and think about me. That comes into my field of consciousness. And after some time I am told, "So and so has come," or "Something has happened to so and so," and I say, "I know." I wasn't told

anything at the time it happened, but I was conscious of it as if it were happening to a part of me.

January 16, 1971

(Satprem has not seen Mother since last December 2. The latest turning point in her yoga has just occurred, similar to those of 1962 and 1968. Her small voice quivers and is lost in a murmur, yet her laugh is fresh as a young girl's.)

I am happy to see you!

Good morning, Mother.

Are you feeling better?

Yes, Mother. It's been a long time since I've seen you....

Yes.... One of my legs went dead for a long time – it's just starting to come back to life – it was paralyzed. This leg *(the left)*. So naturally everything was difficult.... I had an intestinal ulcer, but that didn't last long. It was more serious but it didn't last. An intestinal ulcer. But what ties me down is this leg that became paralyzed. *(Mother touches her left leg.)* The lower part of it, from the knee to the heel. So naturally you become an imbecile!

Oh!

You are completely helpless.

But then it means a lot of work is being done, doesn't it?

What was remarkable (I want to tell you this right away) is that the consciousness established there *(gesture above her head)* has grown stronger and stronger and clearer and clearer. And it's CONSTANT. I worked – I went on working – not only for India but for the world, and in touch ("consulted," you understand), actively.

As for the transformation, I don't know.... What I had explained about the "replacement of the consciousness" *(the transfer)* went on methodically, methodically, absolutely methodically and continuously, but with ... some apparent impairment, or at least the capacities of my body were greatly diminished for a certain time. But there is a curious phenomenon concerning sight and hearing: from time to time they're clear, as clear as can be, and at other times they're completely blurred. And it has very, very clearly another origin – another origin of influence. But I think it will take months before I can

understand it. In any case, the general consciousness *(gesture above her head),* what could be called the universal consciousness (or at least terrestrial), hasn't budged for one minute – not one single minute. It has stayed there all the time. Only, you're a complete imbecile; you know how it is when you can't do anything: you're helpless, you can't even go from your chair to the bed, you can't do anything – one leg isn't there.

Even now I can't walk unaided, I need someone to hold me up.

But it will come back, Mother.

It is coming back. It is coming back little by little. There was a time when it was total: it was cold as ice. There was no circulation. Something had blocked the circulation. Now it's better, it's coming back to life.

Only, I thought of the *Bulletin,* we can't leave the *Bulletin* like that. Did you prepare it?

Yes, it's all ready, Mother. I've already given it to the Press.

Oh, what did you give?

Here....

(Mother gives some packages of soup)

Thank you, Mother.... First, "The Synthesis of Yoga" (the chapter on "The Liberation of the Spirit"), then "Conversations with Pavitra," then "Thoughts and Aphorisms" commented on by you, and then "Mother Answers," and finally two old Talks of 1953 in the Playground.

Oh, that's ... [old].

But they're very interesting.

Concerning what?

For example, someone asks you why you don't have disciples of higher quality to do the work here.

(Mother laughs whole-heartedly, her laugh is so refreshing!)

He's a severe critic!

So you answer that if you had very "realized" people, they would probably be more resistant to your influence.

(Mother nods her head)

Did you see what Z noted down [note of January 11, 1971]?

Yes, Mother, I've seen it.

What did you think of it?

I thought it probably would have to be like that: it's the beginning of a new functioning.

It's a new functioning. It's interesting. In fact I was thinking that perhaps I could explain it to you if you ask me a question or two. And then, maybe it could be used [for the *Bulletin*], so there's not an abrupt break in the continuity.

Is it your perception of people and circumstances that has changed? Your way of perceiving things?

Yes, completely – completely. It's very strange....

Basically, all that time was used to develop the consciousness of the physical being. It really seems as if this physical being *(Mother touches her body)* had been prepared for another consciousness, because for certain things ... its reactions are entirely different, its attitude is different. I went through a period of total indifference in which the world represented ... meant nothing. And then little by little a kind of new perception grew out of it.

I am only in the middle of it.

But I was thinking that for the *Bulletin* perhaps we could put a note that would connect the different periods, because going abruptly, without any bridge from what was to what will be – what I feel will be – would be very difficult to understand.

How did you feel about that note?... I am all the more interested because I didn't have any contact with anyone at that point: Z happened to be cleaning the room while the others were busy – they were my legs to do things! It was quite a physical task, you know: to get me from a chair to an armchair and from the armchair to the bed.... It was really bad, I was like a child – worse, worse because the rest of the body, all the rest of the body was normal, but for some time one of my legs was simply ... it was as if it were finished, as if there were nothing there. And little by little, little by little it came back. That was the final period. But it was not an innocent paralysis! For at least three weeks – at least – for three weeks there was a continuous pain, night and day, 24 hours out of 24, without any letup, none whatsoever: it was as if everything were being torn out of me.... You know, I don't usually complain, but I was almost forced to cry out loud all the time. So, of course, there was no question of seeing anyone. Now it's over. The pain is quite bearable and the body has resumed a somewhat normal existence.

But I wanted to tell you that my consciousness was actively with you all the time; I thought: if he feels it, so much the better; if he doesn't ... it doesn't matter.[1]

I felt the Power very intensely.

Oh, then that's it.

Yes, quite instantaneously, quite immediately.

Then it's all right.

Above all, I thought that if it had gone down into your legs, that

meant it had now completely gone down into matter.

Yes, exactly! But I took it that way too. Not only was it the leg, but the lower part of the leg *(Mother points to her feet)*. This one *(Mother touches her right leg)* was on the verge of being paralyzed also, but the day it happened, I concentrated with a vengeance, I walked for a long, long time to keep it from being paralyzed. I managed to keep it from being paralyzed; only this one *(left one)* was stricken.

But the whole body has changed drastically. For example, with respect to food, I have absolutely no appetite – none whatsoever. For a time, I even felt disgusted, a kind of disgust for food – it was very difficult because they wanted to force me to eat just the same.[2] To me eating seemed like something ... miserable, you know, without any meaning, exactly as if I had never eaten in my life. Out of sheer effort I managed to go on taking what is considered indispensable *(laughing)* to keep the body alive!

It nearly became serious when an ulcer erupted in the intestines. An ulcer erupted, and then naturally there was no question of eating.... But I have noticed how those things, the so-called catastrophes or calamities or mishaps or difficulties or ... how they all come JUST at the right moment to help you – JUST when it's needed to help you.... You see, everything in the physical nature that still belonged to the old world and its habit and ways of doing and being and acting, all that couldn't be (*handled*[3] is the word), it couldn't be handled in any other way than this: by illness.

The doctors were quite concerned about the intestinal ulcer. If it had perforated, it would have been very, very serious – the ordinary recourse is an operation, so.... The doctors were quite concerned. But they didn't show anything, I didn't know about it – I found out about the ulcer only when it was healed (I mean when it was in the process of healing).

It certainly was interesting.

But personally, even physically I kept a contact with everyone – I don't know who remained conscious of it, but I kept a contact with everyone, especially with you; with you I had the feeling that nothing stopped, that I was seeing you regularly, that nothing stopped. And I saw Sujata too. It all depends on people's receptivity. I didn't have the slightest feeling there was a break in our relationship or anything of that kind – not the slightest. And it's only ... well, it's only the day before yesterday that I thought, "Oh, it must be time for the *Bulletin,* perhaps I should find out what he's done...." And then there was that note of Z's ... (what shall I say?) it came as the result of something, and it was also the beginning of something, in a most definite manner. I didn't know, and Z was there at the time cleaning the room, so I told her, and after telling her, I thought perhaps it could be used.

I don't know how she noted it down, whether it makes sense....

Yes, it makes sense.

You found it comprehensible?

Yes. You were saying that the whole functioning of sight and hearing had probably been suppressed so that you may be

conscious of things directly, without using the sense organs.

Yes, but that note is already ancient history, because I have started to see again, but in another way. I have started to see and hear again.

In essence, you see and hear according to what is necessary.

Oh, yes, exactly, that's quite true! It's quite true. I hear what's necessary for me to hear, even if it's a very faint sound, but all the sounds of conversation, all the things that make a lot of noise, I don't hear at all! ... Something is changed. Only it's old – it's old, I mean, it has an old habit pattern. Although fortunately I was never a creature of habit.... Yes *(smiling),* you could say: it's as if something quite tough was in the process of changing! So it lacks suppleness, ease. But the change is there – the change is definite. I have changed VERY MUCH, even in character, in comprehension, in the vision of things – very, very much. There's been a whole rearrangement.

But, I didn't know whether that note could be used in a way for people to understand.

Yes, Mother, it's possible by adding what you've just said today.

You think something can be done?

Yes, Mother.

All right then. It's just that people should not be left hanging like that: all of a sudden, nothing. Afterwards you're so far ahead that they are completely lost. I just thought perhaps you could do something – it doesn't have to be long.

I am happy you felt my presence because it was something quite obvious for me.... And what about you? Are you all right?

Yes, Mother, I am very well.

Health?

Yes, yes, Mother.

Did your mother come?

Yes, she's here.

She is happy?

Yes, very happy.

How long is she going to stay?

Till the end of the month.

Then I'll see her before she leaves.

Oh, Mother, there are so many people you should see before her!

Anyhow, one thing is that I feel freed from all rules and obligations!

(general laughter) That was the chief result of all that. All the "you have to do this, you have to do that," gone!

Well, certainly the principle of the new consciousness is that things are done exactly when they are necessary, and that's that.

Yes, absolutely.

There isn't any planning and anticipation.

Yes, that's it.

(Mother sits looking)

The world is in a dreadful state.

Yet, I've never felt the turning point so close as I do now.

Yes, yes, that's absolutely right. Exactly.

I have the feeling it's very close.

Yes, yes, very close.
So, mon petit, I'll see you when you think it's necessary.

I could read you what I am going to prepare for the Bulletin. Today is Saturday ... whenever you like.

When will it be ready?

It can be ready tomorrow, Mother.

Then come tomorrow, it's better for the Press. I am happy to see you....

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

Do you *(turning to Sujata)* know I was with you all the time? Do you know that?

(Mother touches with her finger the tip of Sujata's nose.)

Oh! ...

(Mother remains looking at Sujata for a while, then resumes)

For an entire period I was absolutely inaccessible because I was in constant pain, so I was just useless – it was absolutely continuous. You could say I was just a cry all the time. It lasted a long time. It lasted several weeks (I didn't keep track). Then, gradually, it alternated with moments of peace when the pain in the leg subsided. And for the last two or three days, it seems to be recovering.... You know, it was such a ... it was the whole problem of the world – a world that was nothing but pain and suffering, and a great question mark: why?

I tried every possible remedy: changing pain into pleasure, suppressing the capacity to feel, thinking about something else.... I tried all the "tricks" – not a

single one worked. There is something in the physical world as it is which is not ... (how can I put it?) which still is not open to the Divine Vibration. And that "something" is what causes absolutely all the trouble.... The Divine Consciousness is not perceived. And so there are lots of imaginary things (but very real to the sensation) that exist, while that, the only thing that's true, is not perceived. But it's better now. It's better.

It's really interesting. I think something has been achieved from a general standpoint *(Mother makes a grinding gesture)*; it wasn't just the difficulty of one body or one person: I think something was achieved in terms of preparing Matter to receive in the right way, correctly – it's as if it had been received incorrectly before, and it has learned to receive in the true way.

It will come. I don't know whether it will take months or years for the thing to become ... clear. Then it can be cured.

So, au revoir, mon petit, I am very happy to see you again, very happy.

And you, mon petit *(turning to Sujata)*, I have the feeling I literally saw you: I saw you every day and asked you to do things for me.

I was there constantly, Mother.

Yes, I absolutely had the feeling ... as if I were saying, "Here, give me that, do this... " Very interesting. You're a very dear child.

(As Satprem is about to leave, Mother's assistant hands him a note written by Mother)

I don't remember what it is.

It's a message you gave for the radio.

Yes, it was for the radio station here, they had asked me for it.

(Satprem reads)

"We want to be messengers of Light and Truth.
A future of harmony awaits to be announced to
the world."

Yes, that's good!

They have broadcast it. *(Laughing)* The first thing they did was to send it to Delhi. Instead of broadcasting it here, they sent it to Delhi. They made such a fuss about it. But it's good, it gives people courage.

Yes, Mother, I don't know, but personally I have a strong feeling that it's very close.

Yes.

Yes, you're right. You're right. I think one would have to be quite blind not to see it. It's that close.

Au revoir, Mother.

I'll see you tomorrow, mon petit.

(Mother caresses Sujata)

January 17, 1971

(Satprem reads to Mother some passages from yesterday's conversation that will be published in the "Bulletin." Mother's voice is like a long moan, but her laugh is still ready to break out, as if laughter were the only true physical thing remaining.)

It's good, you've done just what was needed. It's just right, you've said it just perfectly.

It really wasn't useless.[4]

(silence)

I have such an impression – such a vivid and clear impression that the contact *(with Satprem)* was CONSCIOUS the whole time. It was a conscious contact. As if we were making an effort together to try to understand things – circumstances are there to help you and further your understanding.

Even when outwardly I was in pain and people thought I was entirely lost in my suffering, it didn't concern me. I don't know how to explain it.... I saw very well that my poor body was not brilliant, but it didn't concern me. There was al–ways the impression of that ... that Truth which has to be understood and manifested.

I wondered, I thought, "How come I didn't see you for so many days?" And I had the impression that I was constantly with you. It was vivid – absolutely vivid and strong, very strong.... Quite a natural impression – not sought for, not the result of an effort, nothing: absolutely natural; the impression that we were together there *(gesture above the head),* just above the head – just, just above the head together. And what you've just read is exactly what I would have said.

It is what you said.

It's very good. I am happy.

It served some purpose.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

So ... I don't know, I can see you some morning, if necessary – just let me know.

You have to let me know! You tell me when you think....

Me.... You know, in appearance (in appearance, to all appearances!), I've become a poor little creature full of pain. It's not over. There are still hours; for hours on end it still hurts. It's not over. So.... The appearance is quite accurate: a kind of painful little creature. But it's irrelevant, if you tell me, "I need to see you" or "I have something to ask you," or ... then I will say yes and I'll call you. It would be more convenient for me.

I wouldn't dare.

I can't plan anything because....

Yes, Mother, yes.

Because I am still a ... a quarter of a person!

Mother, whenever you want, you'll call me yourself.

In any case, when the *Bulletin* is ready, you'll come and show it to me.
Au revoir.

(Satprem leaves,
Mother takes Sujata's hands)

(Laughing) I gave your flowers to Satprem, so you don't have any!

I have your hands, Mother!

Are you all right, mon petit?

Yes, Mother.

You had some trouble here *(pointing to the chest),* is it over?

It's almost over.

Only almost.... Are you coughing?

No, Mother.

(Mother sits concentrated)

Would you like to have a small photo to keep with you, or do you have one?

I would, Mother.

(To the assistant:) Bring me the box of photos.
Something you can put like this *(next to the chest).*
Do you know this one?

No, Mother.

You don't know it!

(Mother holds the photo between her hands)

I am giving it to you with special intention that you get COMPLETELY well. Completely, so there's no more trouble.

Yes, Mother.

Au revoir, mon petit.
So then, give me a sign or let me know *(laughing)*: "It would be good if you saw Satprem!" All right? *(laughter)*

Yes, Mother.

When you really feel like seeing me.

I always feel like seeing you, so... !

(Laughing) You can come by [every day] and say, "Good morning, Mother! Good morning, Mother! Good morning...." *(Mother makes a little gesture with her hand.)*

Fine, Mother.

That's always possible. Now it's not like before. I have time.
Au revoir, mon petit.
I never leave you.

January 23, 1971

(Mother sees Satprem regarding the English translation of the latest "Notes on the Way" for the next "Bulletin." After the work:)

Mother, I was thinking of the Agenda....

?...

Well, if I don't see you, the Agenda is empty.

The agenda? What agenda?

The Agenda, all the notes on the work of transformation.

Oh! ... There have been some, but.... If it's not meant for publication, there is ... it's incredible what there was. But it's not for publication.

But it stays only with me.

I remember having said some things to R. – I don't know whether she has a good memory.... You know, she came in when it had just happened, so I told her. But I didn't ask her to take any notes so I don't know what she did.

But if there is to be some continuity in the recording of all the work, you would have to see me from time to time.

Oh, yes, mon petit, certainly, with great pleasure! Only, you see, I didn't call you because I wasn't speaking. I wasn't saying anything.

My only means of control was silence.... Now it's over. My leg still hurts, but it's quite bearable.

I have to see you.... Only I hesitated to tell you to come because there are days when ... *(gesture of interiorization)*.[5]

But, Mother, that doesn't matter, it makes no difference to me.

Days when I say nothing at all.

Yes, Mother, but I would simply be there at your disposal.

All right, mon petit.

We can sit in silence, and whenever you want to say something you can say it.

All right, fine.... At this time then. We'll just continue on the same days – or more often if you want? It can be more often.

However you want it, Mother. Before, I used to see you on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Yes, but would you prefer three times or....

No, no, Mother! However you want it, whatever is best for you.

I don't really know.... It's very strange, for me this whole sense of organization has become ... *(gesture of disintegration)*. I might suddenly say, "Well, if Satprem were here...." You understand? It rather works like that, but it's not very practical.

Well, you could have me called, I'll come at once.

Yes, but you may be in the middle of doing something.

No, no, there's nothing more important!

Look, let's keep the usual days. Wednesday and Saturday, and then if I have something to tell you one day, I'll send you a note or have you called.

Yes, I'll come any time, it's quite easy for me.

All right, then.... I don't know, all this planning and organizing, all that is gone.

Suddenly something comes up – that's when.... If I could only write.... But

I can't.

Well, just have me called.

Yes, that's it. It would always be around the same time. And then Wednesdays and Saturdays you come regularly.

(Satprem leaves and Sujata goes up to Mother)

Mother, I have something for you.

What is it?

We went for a walk yesterday and found this on the beach. It's mother of pearl, Mother.

Ooh!... It's lovely. Oh, how lovely it is.... There must have been a whole shell.

It's for you, Mother.

Mon petit, I don't have any room to keep things, you had better keep it.... I don't have any room *(turning toward the room),* this has become complete chaos. It's better if you keep it.

Yes, Mother.

I feel like a fluid being who doesn't take up space and can't keep anything! *(Mother laughs)* It's like that. Whenever things come to me, they always come to be channeled to their proper place – let everything be in its place. I am ... just the site of the channeling *(gesture in all directions)*: this here, that there, this there.... How beautiful it would be if things were the way I see them, oh!...

January 27, 1971

(Mother hands to Satprem a note that she sent to an Aurovillian)

"It is the old methods of yoga that demand silence and solitude.
The yoga of tomorrow is to find the Divine in work and in contact with the world."

* * *

(Then a quotation from Sri Aurobindo that Mother wants to include in the next "Bulletin.")

> "The power that works in this yoga is of a thorough-
> going character and tolerates in the end nothing great or
> small that is an obstacle to the Truth and its realisation."
>
> Sri Aurobindo
> *Letters on Yoga*, XXIII. 803

* * *

Tell me, the introduction to your book[6] was supposed to be published in January.... But now January is almost over.

It was sent to France to the publisher of "Planète" [a magazine devoted to occultism and parapsychology] – I still don't know if they're going to take it, but it was sent to them.

In America it's doing VERY WELL. It's already been sent to many people. And so now you've got an enthusiastic reader, R.! She's absolutely fervent, she told me she's transformed. So she's going to work very vigorously over there in America.

N. on his side is pressing to have it translated into Spanish and Italian. Some people want to do it in Portuguese.

But when I saw the effect on R.... You know R. is a person who is not easily carried away – she was transformed, literally transformed, and she told me it was like the revelation of her life for her.... That was the chapter on the "New Consciousness."

I would like her to hear the end.... If you sit here *(gesture to Mother's right),* I think I can hear you.

As you like, Mother. I think there were six chapters left to read.

Yes, six. We had read the tenth.

Yes! What a memory you have!

(Smiling) That....

Your memory works when it wants to!

No, it depends on the place things occupy in the consciousness. It's a memory of consciousness, not a mechanical memory.

A lot of things have happened recently, haven't they?

Yes, a lot. A lot.

But above all I am expecting the book to have a tremendous impact in America, ESPECIALLY there.... I don't think I am wrong.

To tell you the truth, I wish this book could be translated into

American English by an American.

Yes.

Because they really don't have the same language as the English.

Yes.

British English is too polished, too neutral, it's not direct enough.

Perhaps you could see R. and ask her if she knows someone in America who could translate it.... It should be an Americanizing American, I mean someone full of conviction. There's S., who was here for a long time and went back to America.... She's really American; I don't know how literary she is, but she knows some people.

I had thought of N.D.'s granddaughter, Debbie, I must say.

Oh!

That girl has something.

You mean the one who was here?

Yes. She came here. She's quite young.

Yes, quite young. It's very good. It's much better to have someone young, much better. Yes, that's excellent.

To translate into British English.... For me England is a country half-dead ... but that doesn't matter, many countries speak English. But a special translation for America is a very good idea.

I haven't concerned myself with anything for a long time, but now I am all right.

You're all right?

Yes, I am all right.

Now we should get the book moving.

It is supposed to come out [in the Ashram] in French next month.

All the more reason we should work on it everywhere – everywhere.

There are the northern European countries.... We have someone from there who has just been called back to his post in Sweden or Norway.... He could do some work over there. He should be given the introduction and the book when it appears.

Yes, we should get it moving. I have the feeling this is the book that is going to electrify America. And when I saw the effect on R., I saw I wasn't wrong, because she represents the intellectual element of that country. She was so enthusiastic that if they are taken by it ... it can create a tremendous movement over there.

I am counting on it.

(Then Satprem reads to Mother a letter from the friend in the Vatican.)

> " ... When the Pope was traveling [in the Pacific], there were two assassination attempts on him – they didn't succeed. I consider the Pope as being especially protected by me, through me. Twice they tried to kill him, and twice they failed.
> I don't know why they want to kill him.... If there is anyone who is understanding in this whole mess, it's he."

(silence)

Well, do you have the next chapter?

Yes, Mother. I've called it "The Sociology of the Superman." It's Auroville without naming it.

Ah!...

But a very ideal Auroville!

Yes! *(Laughing)* Far from what it is.

(Satprem reads a few pages of the chapter)

Oh, it's splendid, mon petit!
On the way to conquering the world....
You see, it really has come. I called and called and called, and it has come *(gesture of descent)*. It has come. I am very happy.
It's splendid.... I personally have the feeling there is a close and invisible connection between America's aspiration, as it is now, and the book. I have the feeling that's where the center of transformation will be. The European countries are old.

Old, that's right.

They've lost the enthusiasm that makes you act without thinking about consequences. They're constantly weighing the consequences of everything they do. In America there's an aspiration. That's where the push will be, that's where *(pointing to the manuscript)* ... the bomb must go off! *(laughter)*

January 30, 1971

(Again Mother is not well, she receives Satprem an hour late. And first she sees Satprem's mother for a few minutes.)

So, how do you find him?

(Satprem's mother, solid as a Breton rock:) Quite well.

He has written a splendid book. I am counting on this book to revolutionize the world.... You can be proud of your son.

(Satprem's mother smiles and goes out)

Well, you have brought the book?

You want me to read to you this morning?

Of course, that's what I am waiting for!

Are you sure you're not too tired?

Oh, that doesn't tire me. That's not what tires me.

What's tiring you right now?

My system is beginning to refuse to work in the old way, so how am I to eat? ... No attraction for food whatsoever. It seems stupid, and yet one "has to" take it. And then the doctors want everything to function as usual – it's impossible. So it puts me in a state of ... it creates a sort of conflict in the nature.

You see, things are going too fast and at the same time there is a resistance of the old nature – encouraged by the doctors and habits.

There are times when ... *(gesture of tugging).*

But that's all a symbol of something else.

(Mother laughs) Of course!... It's the symbol of everything in Nature that resists the transformation.

Well, the whole world!

But I well understand that if the transformation were lightning swift, it would be frightful for people.

Yes....

For instance, they say that my troubles come from not eating enough – according to the old system, it's true; so they'd like me to eat more, whereas personally, I feel that eating detracts from the Work.

It's difficult too.... The attraction for food is completely gone, completely – it seems so useless, yet I realize that not taking it upsets the old system too much. So ... *(gesture of tugging between the two).*

Oh, read to me! That's far more interesting.

(Satprem reads the next part of "Sociology of the Superman" and, in particular, in the text he quotes this passage from Sri Aurobindo about propaganda:)

> "I don't believe in advertisement except for books etc., and in propaganda except for politics and patent medicines. But for serious work it is a poison. It means either a stunt or a boom – and stunts and booms exhaust the thing they carry on their chest and leave it lifeless and broken high and dry on the shores of nowhere – or it means a movement. A movement in the case of a work like mine means the founding of a school or a sect or some other damned nonsense. It means that hundreds or thousands of useless people join in and corrupt the work or reduce it to a pompous farce from which the Truth that was coming down recedes into secrecy or silence. It is what has happened to the 'religions' and is the reason of their failure."
>
> October 2, 1934
> *On Himself*, XXVI. 375

That passage should be typed and put up in Auroville. It is INDISPENSABLE. They all have a false idea about propaganda and publicity. It should be typed in big letters; at the top, "Sri Aurobindo said," then put the quotation, and send it to Auroville.

Say I am the one who's sending it.

(at the end of the reading)

That's all?

It's half the chapter.

It's a pity.... I could listen to it for hours, it's really very good. Is there any more?

About a dozen pages.

It will be for next time.

You give me joy.

But Mother, it's you who have given me everything!

We have to do something about the translation.... Yes, I would very much like ... something tells me *(gesture above)* that it should be translated into Russian.

You see, they've gone through an experience, they've exhausted their possibility and realized it led nowhere, and unfortunately they're now going backwards – it is the right time to give them the book.

If it were really translated into very good Russian ... it ought to be spread throughout the country. Now is just the time when it needs something. It has lost faith in what it thought it had found.

And this very obstinately keeps recurring: "In Russian, it has to be in Russian."

Do we know a Russian?

There's S. Do you want me to speak to her?

She doesn't know Russian.

No, but maybe she knows some Russians?

You could ask her. You could tell her that I would very much like the book to be translated into Russian by someone who writes well, who has a lively style – not something dry and arid: someone who has a lively and appealing style. And we would arrange to print it somewhere.

I'll speak to S. about it.

(silence)

It did me good.

Oh, Mother, it's you who do us good!

February

February 3, 1971

Now I am ready to listen to you.

We also need a message for the 21st of February.

What message?

I don't know.

What do you suggest?... I can say something, or else we can find a quotation.

If you want to say something....

(silence)

Well, I always say the same thing: a life consecrated to union with the Divine is the only life worth living.... *A life consecrated to the Divine is the only life worth living.*

Will that do?

Yes, Mother, it certainly will!

You'll have to come here *(to the right)* to read, because.... I am better, I am reeducating my eyes, they're starting to see better. And I am going to reeducate

my ear – this one *(the right one)* is open, but this one....
I am better, but I am not there yet.

(After Satprem's reading of the book, Mother asks that it be translated into the languages of India and mentions Bengali, Hindi, Oriya, and Tamil.)

(To Sujata:) You don't know an Indian language well enough to translate it?

(Sujata laughs)

And then the Nordic countries.

February 6, 1971

(End of the reading of chapter 12, "The Sociology of the Superman." Mother expresses her happiness and Satprem protests.)

But Mother, it really just came. It was all given to me, as if it were dictated, you understand? I did nothing at all.

Oh, but I can see that! For me it's quite clear.
It's like this *(gesture of descent).*
It creates a magnificent atmosphere, magnificent.
Will we finish the reading before the 21st?
It fills me with joy.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

February 10, 1971

Good morning, Mother.

Well, what's new?...

How are you, Mother?

It's not coming very fast.... It's all right, the leg is almost better – almost, there's still a tiny little something in the foot, but it's nothing at all. But the eyesight is not too clear. It's better – everything is improving, but very, very slowly. And willpower seems to have nothing to do with it. It's something entirely beyond my control – what is it exactly? I don't know.

It must depend on the rest of the world, perhaps?

Yes, probably.... Yes, it's not a personal question because.... The personal will is there, but it's kept like this *(motionless gesture in the background).* It's at peace. Well....

Suddenly I am able to straighten up (you know, I was afraid I would be bent over forever), suddenly I can straighten up. Then at another time I look at those cards to exercise my eyes[7]; and suddenly, one morning, it's very clear, I can see very clearly – as if to prove that the possibility is there. But the time has not come yet. So I am waiting.

The only thing is the 21st.... I said (maybe too soon, I don't know) that I would go out on the balcony; therefore I MUST go out on the balcony. Right now it looks ... problematical, but.... I can't take one step without being supported.

We'll see. There's still a week.

It's entirely beyond my will – it's not that the will isn't there, but ... *(immutable gesture)*. So I have to say, "Well, what will be will be."

May I hear another chapter now?

Yes, Mother.

(After the reading of chapter 13, "And After?")

I find what you wrote truly miraculous, you know.

(long contemplation)

February 13, 1971

(Mother reads her message for Indian radio.)

"True liberty is an ascending movement, not yielding
to the lower instincts.
True liberty is a divine manifestation.

We want the true liberty for India so that she may be
the right example for the world as the demonstration of
what humanity must become."

* * *

(After the reading of Chapter 14 of On the Way to Supermanhood, "The Victory over Death.")

I have the feeling of a new consciousness being formed.

February 17, 1971

What's new?

What's new! I should be asking you that!

A bizarre condition.... A sort of nonexistent existence.
It's bizarre.
If you have nothing to tell me, I am waiting to hear your chapter.

February 20, 1971

(After the reading of Chapter 15 of Supermanhood, "The Transformed Being.")

So you'll finish next time?

Yes, Mother.

When will the book come out?

They're late. I hope at the beginning of next month.

(silence)

Is the earth responding a little?

I think so, almost everywhere.
I would like your book to be translated into every language.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands, looks at him, smiles)

February 21, 1971

(Laying of the foundation stone of the Matrimandir. Mother is ninety-three years old.
She gives the following message:)

"Let the Matrimandir be the living symbol of
Auroville's aspiration for the Divine."

February 24, 1971

(Satprem gives a white rose to Mother.)

Oh, how beautiful!

How did the 21st go?

I should ask *you! (laughter)* What about you, what do you say, how was the 21st?

Well, personally I always feel the power so tremendously, you know.

Oh, indeed, tremendous!... It ... it comes like this *(massive gesture).*
It seems generally that people were very happy, so that's all that's needed.
What do you *(to Sujata)* say?

(Sujata looks at Mother with a lost look,
Mother caresses her cheek and laughs)

You see, it's like following the story of someone else with an interest which ... not even with great interest, not even curiosity.... I can't say there's a sense of duty, I don't know what it is – it's a need and that's all.

The body has once and for all taken the attitude of not thinking of itself because ... it would be deeply disgusted.

But I must say there are days when I hear very well, days when I see very clearly, days when I hear nothing, days when I see nothing. So ... it's like this *(gesture of fluctuation)*.

It's decentralized (I don't know how to say it), completely decentralized. So, if I look – if I LOOKED – with the old consciousness, it would be rather ... rather unpleasant, you can say, but the old consciousness: gone. It's something ... something that isn't an individual consciousness, but it is not just a collective consciousness either: there's "something" up there – THAT, up there – which sees, knows, decides.... That, up there, is quite all right, it hasn't moved – it hasn't moved. But this.... *(Mother points to her body)*

There was some apprehension for the 21st about going out on the balcony,[8] the feeling that it would be very difficult – it wasn't very difficult, it was neutral, neither easy nor difficult.... The values are not the same.

That's all.

Oh, I would rather hear your chapter.

Here is my pension, Mother.

You don't need anything?

No, no, Mother! You give me everything I need.

Really?...

(To Sujata:) Tell me if it's true that he doesn't need anything.

No, Mother, he doesn't need anything!

(Reading of the end of Supermanhood,
Chapter 16, "The Season of Truth.")

February 25, 1971

(Mother to Sujata:)

There's an invasion....

February 27, 1971

What news do you have?...

(long silence)

The problem is food. The doctors have put restrictions on everything I eat most easily, so it's....

Basically, I realize more and more that we live in total ignorance. We really don't know either what should be done or how to do it.

But surely that New Consciousness should make one do what is necessary.

I think we don't know how to listen.

We don't know how to listen....

(silence)

It's very difficult to disentangle the old impulse from the....

Yes, exactly.

It's very difficult.

Very difficult.

You see, our practical knowledge is based on an experience that has become worthless.

(long contemplation with her eyes open)

But it's better to make a mistake listening or trying to listen to the New Consciousness than to make a mistake listening to the doctors, isn't it?

(Mother smiles) But the Consciousness doesn't contradict anything.

You mean it's neutral?

The Consciousness doesn't argue.... I don't know how to explain it....

(long silence)

If there were a strong and clear indication, I would certainly listen to it, but that's not the case.... For instance, the cook is used to doing things a certain way and does them that way; the doctor says to give me such and such a thing

and they listen to him.... But when I say, "I would like to have such and such a thing," they give it to me *grudgingly,* you know, almost as if it were a concession to gluttony! So....

I live in such conventionality that it's very difficult.

And always the idea that I am o-l-d, I am getting o-l-d, and so for them my consciousness must be half dead. They don't have faith, what can you do!

Not all.

Only don't go repeating this. There's no need to say anything because they all do ... each one does the best he can and really tries hard – they really try hard.

But I would need someone with vision who could tell me: Now you do this.

So I have taken the attitude of saying: let it be. I make myself as passive as possible – passive to the Divine Will – and I pray for it to guide me. That's the only way.

Do you hear me?

Yes, of course, Mother!

March

March 1, 1971

(A note of Mother's.)

There is a Supreme Divinity,
witness of all our actions,
and the day for consequences will soon come.

March 2, 1971

(Extract from Sujata's notebook. For the last two days Mother's cheek has been very swollen from an abscessed tooth.)

Mother is better. Tendency to be indrawn. While she was holding my hands, it seemed to me that something went from me into her. Mother seemed to be resting well.

March 3, 1971

(After having approved the layout of the jacket for "Supermanhood" designed by Sujata.)

You have nothing to ask?

I have the feeling your look has changed a lot....

(Mother nods)

For about a year now, and increasingly so, it has resembled Sri Aurobindo's look.

Well ... *(smiling)* it's possible!

Before, your look was a "diamond look," a look ... it was you, it was powerfully you. Now, it's ... it's becoming like infinity.

Oh, but my way of seeing isn't the same.

Yes, as a matter of fact, Sujata wanted to ask you: when you look at people that way, what do you see?

I think I see ... the most exact thing to say is their condition, the state they're in. And then, of course, there are those who are closed, so to say, who, for me, don't see, who are totally in the outer consciousness; and there are those who are open – there are some ... certain children are remarkable, it's as if they were wide open *(gesture like a flower to the sun)* and ready to absorb. It's especially people's receptivity that I see, the condition they're in: those who come with aspiration, those who come with curiosity, those who come out of ... a kind of obligation, and then those who are thirsty for light – there aren't

too many, but there are several children. Today I saw one, he was so sweet!... His father lives at the lake, he bought some property at the lake; he lives there with his wife and children, and it was the birthday of one of the children – oh! *(Mother opens her eyes wide)* wonderful!

And I see only that. Not what they think or say (all that seems superficial and uninteresting): only the state of receptivity they are in. That's what I see above all.

(silence)

I really think that those who can begin the new race are among children. Men are ... crusted over.

You know, I am forever struggling with people who've come here to be comfortable and "free to do what they like," so ... I tell them, "The world is big, you can go." No soul, no aspiration, nothing.... I am counting on your book very much.

Has T. [the English translator] finished her translation?

Not yet, but it's progressing.

What does she say? Is she responding?

Well ... I don't know.

(Mother nods her head)

In places.

You know my impression? They're all old and I am the only one who is young![9] That's it, you know, that flame, that will ... what is called *push* – they are satisfied with stupid little personal satisfactions ... which lead nowhere, preoccupied with what they're going to eat and ... oh!

I have the impression that there is a sort of display now, a *display* of everything that should not be.

Yes.

But the flame, the flame of aspiration *(Mother shakes her head),* not many bring it to me.

Provided they are what they call "comfortable," that's all they want – and free to do some nonsense they wouldn't do in the world! While you feel you could hasten the coming – you COULD hasten it if you were ... if you were a conqueror!

Yes.

Anyway....

(silence)

Basically ... basically they just don't care.

Not all of them.

No, but those who are different are very few in number – at least among those I see, I don't know. Naturally there are those who are close – those who are close, who live only for that; of course, I am not speaking of them. They're all right, I think.... From time to time I receive a real call for help, really an aspiration – that, yes, when that's there, it's very good, it's of very good quality. Otherwise....

I could scold myself, because I set a bad example: I shouldn't have such a worn-out body, but it's as if.... At night, for instance, I don't sleep, but I go into a very deep repose; and then everything that isn't well *(Mother touches her swollen cheek)* worsens. It's only when I concentrate here that it starts to get better; when I leave the body to its own peace ... it still isn't on the right side – it shouldn't be like that. I know that the greatest difficulty for people is my age – they all think: "Oh, she's old, she's old, she's old...." And so I.... As a fact I am younger than they! *(laughter)*

Yes.

(silence)

But the difficulty comes from the fact that many do not understand the simplicity of the thing.

Yes.

Many of them are still seeking experiences up above, and visions, and mental silence, and all that, while that's not it at all.

No, that's not it.

I see lots of people and I'm forced to.... I always come back to the simple thing, which is the NEED.

But I am counting on your book to shake all that up – it's very well explained there, very well.

I remember the first time Pavitra read something of yours[10] (it was a long time ago, several years), he told me, "Oh, it's a revelation for me!" How many years had he been here!...[11] He said, "Oh, at last I've understood that it's in simplicity...."

It was a revelation for him.... I am really counting a lot on your book.

Whenever I try to explain it to them, they're always surprised at the simplicity of the thing.

Yes, yes!

It surprises them as if....

It's not complicated enough.

(silence)

Did S. find someone for the Russian translation?

She made an overture, but nothing came of it; she's made a second one, and now she's waiting.

I feel that it is the book that will give a new orientation there. That's why I am insisting. And Russia.... Russia, changed to the right side, it would be wonderful!... I don't know why.... Naturally I was Russian in a recent incarnation, when I was.... Is it Catherine?

Catherine, yes.

And that's very much alive in me.

My impression is that if the whole Russian bloc were to turn to the right side, it would be a tremendous support.... And they are not satisfied; you know, they're in the state in which you're capable of doing something because you're not satisfied – they are NOT satisfied. Their experience ... basically they don't want to admit it, but their experience has failed.

(silence)

All this, everything that concerns politics and countries cannot be published. It's to be kept. Because officially I don't do politics.

Yes, of course, Mother.

When is the next time?

Saturday, Mother.

Will the book be out then?

I don't think so. Next week, I think.

We'll fill it with force.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands. Then Sujata approaches. Let us note that Sujata had suggested to one of the attendants who prepares Mother's food to prepare some coconut water for her. The suggestions was reported to Mother. Behind Mother's reply we can glimpse a whole world of things.)

It is rather the WAY of preparing things than new things.

March 4, 1971

(Mother replies to an Aurovillian:)

(Question:) You said you did not want to make rules for Auroville. But recently you wrote, "Drugs are forbidden in Auroville." Have you changed your view of Auroville?

Perhaps Aurovillians have not yet attained the level of consciousness expected of them.

* * *

"You must rise high enough in your consciousness so as to be above contradictions. That is the solution."

March 5, 1971

(Extract from Sujata's notebook, after a visit to Mother.)

A warm, golden light
emanates from Mother's eyes.
It enters me.

March 6, 1971

(Mother calls Satprem in an hour and a half late.)

It's an invasion! An invasion.... It's dreadful.... I don't know what to do.

And your news?

My news!... I don't know.

Has the book come out yet?

No. I hope towards the end of next week.

The end!... People really need it. I get ten-page letters telling me "spiritual experiences" – which are completely in the vital. They don't understand a thing. Even in Auroville they're like that, they don't understand.

So I wrote ... *(Mother tries to recall)* what did I write? ... I don't remember.

True spirituality... I know I put *simplicity.* "True spirituality" in big letters.

I should have put *true spirituality is VERY simple! (Mother laughs) That's even better.*

And then quarrels over nothing, people wanting more money – oh, a subhumanity! And they think they're.... You see, they are grossly ignorant; they come here without experience, without knowledge, without preparation, and they think they are going to realize the Supermind right away.... It's really pathetic.

Some things are ... they display reactions and attitudes one would be ashamed of in ordinary life.

They need something to straighten them out.

> *Mother, maybe we could publish in the next "Bulletin" part of what you said the other day about your perception of people's inner condition and the frequent absence of flame.*

They're going to despair.

> *Maybe it will be a "challenge"!*

Can you read it to me?

(reading)

It's good, it's very good.

Yes, that's it, exactly it.

(long silence,

Mother sits looking into the distance)

Obviously there is a great change in the nature, I can see it. When I look at my body live, it's as if I were seeing the body of someone completely new. Unfortunately it is ... it lacks suppleness, I think.

There's this whole "formation" of age like this *(gesture all around Mother),* an almost subconscious idea that "she is old, she is old...." It creates an atmosphere of resistance to the change. It almost creates a conflict in the being. Outwardly, it's not so good. When I was sick, for example, I became increasingly bent over; now I would like to straighten up: the doctor says in a peremptory tone that if I tried to straighten up abruptly, I would break my back.... You see, things like that. "It's impossible, impossible, impossible," from every side.

Don't repeat that; I am telling you so that you keep it.

So there's only one solution for me.... Actually the only will that is all-powerful is the Divine Will – what He wants will be in spite of everything, or because of everything. That's all. It's not my concern. Only, it's not going as fast as it could if circumstances were different. But probably that's my own opinion. Probably it's as good as it can be.

We'll see! *(Mother laughs)*

Oh, I am counting very, very, very much on your book.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

March 10, 1971

(Satprem begins by reading to Mother an unpublished letter by Sri Aurobindo.)

A Most Fruitful Adventure

"As there is a category of facts to which our senses are our best available but very imperfect guides, as there is a category of truths which we seek by the keen but still imperfect light of our reason, so according to the mystic, there is a category of more subtle truths which surpass the reach both of the senses and the reason but can be ascertained by an inner direct knowledge and direct experience. These truths are supersensuous, but not the less real for that: they have immense results upon the consciousness changing its substance and movement, bringing especially deep peace and abiding joy, a great light of vision and knowledge, a possibility of the overcoming of the lower animal nature, vistas of a spiritual self-development which without them do not exist. A new outlook on things arises which brings with it, if fully pursued into its consequences, a great liberation, inner harmony, unification – many other possibilities besides. These things have been experienced, it is true, by a small minority of the human race, but still there has been a host of independent witnesses to them in all times, climes and conditions and numbered among them are some of the greatest intelligences of the past, some of the world's most remarkable figures. Must these possibilities be immediately condemned as chimeras because they are not only beyond the average man in the street but also not easily seizable even by many cultivated intellects or because their method is more difficult than that of the ordinary sense or reason? If there is any truth in them, is not this possibility opened by them worth pursuing as disclosing a highest range of self-discovery and world discovery by the human soul? At its best, taken as true, it must be that – at its lowest taken as only a possibility, as all things attained by man have been only a possibility in their earlier stages, it is a great and may well be a most fruitful adventure."

Sri Aurobindo
January 7, 1934
Letters on Yoga, XXII. 188

* * *

(Concerning a disciple who wanted to finish "The Life of Sri Aurobindo" left incomplete by Rishabhchand.)

I thought Rishabhchand had finished "The Life of Sri Aurobindo."

He stopped where Sri Aurobindo comes to Pondicherry [in 1910].

That's enough. There's no need to add anything, just a note – a sentence or two will do.

There's nothing to say about his life here.... Basically no one really knows the life he led here. I am afraid they'll write a lot of nonsense. I would prefer that nothing be said – they can say he retired to Pondicherry to lead the life of Yoga and henceforth only that mattered, and it's better not to speak of it. That's all.

It doesn't have to be lengthy: just a chapter to close the series, to say that his life in Pondicherry was exclusively taken up with Yoga and that he wrote what he wanted to say, and consequently there's nothing more to add.

We have everything he wrote, and it's much better than anything we can say about it.

What's that sound?

Nothing.... Someone's playing a flute in the school.... Someone who must have a lot of heart!

(Mother caresses Satprem's head and goes within)

March 13, 1971

There's a question of C.S. [a German translator]. Because there are differences between C.S. and T.K. [another translator] over the vocabulary to use. Three or four years ago already, when C.S. translated my first book, there was a whole discussion and you made certain suggestions. You said in particular that the word "mental" [mind] and the word "esprit" [spirit] should not be translated by the same word.

Of course not!

So various words were suggested for "mental" and "esprit," and finally we had chosen two words: the word "Geist" for "mental" (if I remember correctly) and the word "Spirit" for "esprit," although "Spirit" isn't German. And now C.S. wants to impose the

same terms on all the German translators and on T.K. in particular – but the other translators don't agree.

How does T.K. translate *"esprit"*?

I don't know.

Obviously *"Spirit"* isn't so good, but isn't there a word in German for *"Esprit"*?

I believe they use the same word for "mental": "Geist" and "Geist."

How awful!

(silence)

We should find out what T.K. is using, because.... Using the same word is out of the question.

But T.K. may not use the same word because she has a totally different vocabulary.

Yes, but we should find out what it is.
We have Germans here, don't we?

They can't agree with one another! (laughter)

So what are we going to do?

I'll ask T.K. what she is using.

Yes.

But I feel C.S. should be told he can't dictate.

No, he can't dictate. How can he?... Moreover, he doesn't have the means.

For example he said that since he has a book-sales office, he would refuse to sell any book using a different terminology!

That's absurd.

What should be done for these books is to put a note in, to insert a note in each book saying that this particular word used here corresponds to that word used in the other books – to let people know. Because if it's the same word as *"mental,"* that leads to terrible confusion – terrible, the worst confusion. There has to be a distinction, it's imperative: either T.K. has to put a note or.... Because you see, if they put *"mental"* for both words, or even another word that means the same thing, it distorts the teaching immediately. It immediately creates terrible confusion.

In any event, there should be a note explaining that the word is taken in a particular sense.

Evidently, C.S. wanted to use the same vocabulary in the other

book as the one he used in "The Adventure of Consciousness."

That's reasonable enough.

Yes. Only I think T.K. very much objects to the use of the word "Spirit," which is not German.

I don't like it either.

But is German such a poor language? Isn't all this ignorance on their part?... They could take a word that isn't a common word and give it a special meaning – and then, put in a note the special meaning they've given the word. But to use a word that means "mind" is crazy, it immediately distorts the teaching.

Yes. The trouble is that the word they use for "spirit" is the word generally used for "mind." So, if it is left exclusively to mean "mind," they don't have anything for "spirit," but if they use it exclusively for "spirit," it may be interpreted as "mind."

No, they should put a note.

But don't they have another word for "mind"?

I don't know what T.K. is using, but some people have made up the word "mental" (I believe "das Mental," I don't know exactly).

As long as the distinction is clear enough.... It has to be explicit.

All right, Mother.

It should not be left to people's intuition: explicit.

(Mother raises her arms in a heavy gesture, then goes within)

March 17, 1971

You have nothing to say, no news?

No, Mother. How are things?

(after a silence)

You know, I have the impression that the body ... since it wants to progress fast, is literally whipped into moving ahead. But that's entirely personal ... I am not complaining.

It's of no interest to others.

It's as if there were a constant ringing directed to the body *(Mother makes a gesture of hammering)*: "You say you want to live only for the Divine – so live only for the Divine, live only ..." *(same gesture of hammering).*

And so it sees how much it still belongs to this old world.

But anyway it's all right.

(long silence)

We're right in the midst of the transition – for everything. And how long is the transition going to last? I don't know.... I have the feeling things are going as fast as they can, that if they were any faster, everything would break.

(long silence)

And you?

> *I feel I am witnessing a whole display of the subconscient and the lower nature....*
>
> *(Mother nods her head)*
>
> *Terrible.*

Yes, it's resisting as much as it can.

> *Oh, but it's terrible, Mother! One gets the impression of a self-sufficient power that listens to nothing, over which one has no control, which scoffs at everything, which is only oriented towards destructiveness – because it is really a power of destruction – and it scoffs at everything: nothing matters. It's something in the depths of the being that is ready to do anything – to kill, to ... anything.*
>
> *And it is a self-sufficient power: you can talk to it, you can threaten it, you can warn it: "If you do that, this will happen to you" – it absolutely doesn't care.*
>
> *(Mother nods her head)*
>
> *One gets the impression of being in front of something.... One doesn't know what to do, one doesn't know what can cure it, or tear it out.*

Oh, it can't go out of the world. You see, that's it: it has to be in the place where it will INEVITABLY, necessarily be transformed.

> *Yes, but where ... where is that place?*

Ah, that's it.... We don't know. If we could become transparent instruments – we have so many dark spots! That's what's terrible, those dark spots. If we could be like a ... something like a searchlight of the Divine shining constantly,

which nothing could dim – that's the only way. To be like a searchlight casting the Divine onto the world. He is there, but the world ... as you say, doesn't see Him, doesn't care about Him. Such a blinding searchlight should be made of Him that one is forced, compelled to acknowledge Him.

But is there a point THERE that can understand reason?

Oh, yes – everything is divine. There is ONLY the Divine. But He is broken up into opposites. And the extreme opposite can be touched, overcome, if you will, transformed by the divine extreme – halfway measures won't work. It is the divine extreme that will be able to transform the dark extreme: by absorbing *(gesture of taking into herself),* absorbing and blotting out the darkness. By absorbing it, it can blot out its action.

But a tremendous power is needed.

Yes.

Especially a power of endurance. What is most important is a power of endurance that absolutely nothing can shake.

(long silence)

When you look at it close up, it's really a force of destruction, because if you say to that point, "But look, if you go in that direction, you're going to die, it's your ruin" – it absolutely doesn't care.

(Mother nods her head)

Absolutely.

Yes.

If you say to it, "You're going to get cancer, you're going...." It doesn't care, nothing matters – nothing.

(Mother nods her head)

It's really something which wants your ruin – which wants RUIN.

(after a silence)

Yes, but in itself it is the worst falsehood, because it's impossible – it's impossible: the world cannot disappear, you see. Thus, in itself it is Falsehood incarnate.

(very long silence
Mother sits looking)

It comes like this *(gesture of hammering)*: the only solution is the ONE –

there is a Oneness. The only solution is always Oneness. There's a kind of incapacity to see that everything we call "falsehood" is the ONE AND THE SAME Thing, it's we who see it incorrectly. And naturally it seems quite stupid, and yet that's it: ONE – ONE, ONE, ONE ... *(same gesture of hammering).*

(silence)

The solution is in the capacity for oneness. But how?... *(Mother shakes her head)*

(long silence)

You know, the creation is the result of division; but that creation has to become Unity in order to become divine again. At present, it seems like absolute nonsense, and yet that's it.... The creation is the result of division (or at least, rather, to be more exact, division has become the result of the creation), and so it has to be.... Only Unity can restore – restore how? I don't know.

> *Indeed one can easily understand, in flashes, when one is faced with that ... that Blackness, that darkness and falsehood, that it is not ultimately here to ruin us, but to lead us towards something else.*

Yes. Yes, exactly.

> *That, one understands in flashes. It's there to lead us to a stronger point of light.*

Yes.

> *But the transition isn't easy.*

(Mother shakes her head)

(long concentration,
Mother takes Satprem's hands)

March 24, 1971

(Another sign of the times: The disciple who works in the Ashram post office refused to put stamps on Satprem's letters – why, we don't know. At

the time Satprem was giving all his money to Mother and possessed nothing personally. Mother is therefore forced to sign a note in her own hand so that Satprem's letters get stamped. Then she remains very interiorized during the whole interview. It was the same on March 20, at the last interview: that day, she gave Satprem the first copy of "On the Way to Supermanhood," then went within the rest of the time.)

Do you want to say anything?

(Mother shakes her head and goes within)

Nothing to say. Do you have any questions to ask?

I don't have any questions. I have rather some wishes....

The situation is very difficult. I prefer not to speak.

(Mother goes back within)

March 27, 1971

(Mother remains very interiorized. One has the impression of a total passivity within tremendous activity. It feels as if one were in an almost crushing bath of power.)

Here!

(Mother is holding a full newspaper page on her knees)

It's the introduction of your book ... in America.

It's in "Ulster County" [the piece had been submitted without comment by American friends to the Ulster County Townsman, a weekly newspaper published in Woodstock, New York, and the paper had published it].

(Mother smiles and goes within)

Do you have anything?

When one looks at world events,[12] and even at what is happening in people's individual consciousness, one more and more gets the

impression that there is a radical change....

(Mother nods vigorously)

It's no longer the Falsehood attacking the Truth, the Truth is attacking the Falsehood.

(Mother nods yes,
then goes within for a long time)

Isn't this the prelude to the reunification of India?

Yes.

(Mother goes back within)

At the last Darshan [in February] someone had a vision. It's G., I might add.

Oh!

While you were there, he saw your body as usual, but suddenly your arms were ... tremendous, immense, stretched open like this, fantastic arms, and the people from the Ashram were here, below, very close, and behind, there were crowds and crowds and crowds ... coming into those arms. As if, from far away, all of humanity were coming here, drawing near.

(Mother nods her head and goes within)

March 31, 1971

You haven't spoken of Sri Aurobindo in a long time.

Me, I have nothing to say.

What about Sri Aurobindo, is he saying anything?

(after a silence)

He's very busy with ... *(gesture to the north)* with everything happening in the country.

It's serious, you know.

But what is India waiting for?

Waiting for what?

Well, to recognize that country.[13]

Oh, she has recognized it!

No, Mother, she hasn't.

They told me....

She has expressed her "sympathy," that's all. But she hasn't recognized it.

I received news from the government today. They told me they were waiting to hear from America before granting official recognition.[14]

Good.... Well, it's about time.

(silence)

But she shouldn't need America to do that!

It's against China, you see. China is the only country that supports Pakistan.[15]

I think the whole world is waiting for India to recognize Bangladesh in order to follow suit – they're waiting for it.

Not quite – they've all made up their mind.[16]

(silence)

Because a lot of people are dying up there.

Oh! ... *(Mother makes a gesture of horror)* it's dreadful.

Yes.

It's a massacre.

Yes. And then every day they send troops [West Pakistan] and tanks and planes.... It seems to me.... I don't know ... there's no time to lose.

(silence)

But India should have the courage to intervene, Mother.

(Mother goes deep within, then,

after a long time, makes a gesture as if to say,
"What can be done?" and goes back within)

This very morning they asked me what should be done, but they don't.... They ask, but they do just what they think.

We'll see.... I have only one means, you know, it's ... *(gesture of pressing the Force upon the world).* All I can do *(same gesture)* is to put pressure with the Force.

April

April 1, 1971

(On this day Mother gave the following message for the opening of the sports season.)

"We are at one of those Hours of God, when the old bases get shaken, and there is a great confusion; but it is a wonderful opportunity for those who want to leap forward, the possibility of progress is exceptional.

Will you not be of those who take advantage of it?

Let your body be prepared through physical education for this great change!"

April 3, 1971

(Another sign of the times. This conversation concerns one of the Ashram presses which was, despite Mother's instructions, about to sell fraudulently a cheaper edition of "Supermanhood" in Europe and Canada, while the rights to the book were reserved. This cheaper edition was exclusively intended for India. Satprem protests in particular against the jacket and presentation of the book, which are patently designed to

make as much money as possible at a minimum cost. Mother's face is swollen, her eyes too.)

I am disgusted. I can't trust anyone!

They're selling books the way you'd sell margarine or peanuts.

When someone lies like that, it's finished. I can't trust him anymore. You have to be very thick-skinned to lie to my face.

I can order them to stop everything.

No, Mother. If it's for the presentation, people won't see the difference.

That's true!

Then I'll speak to M. [the manager of the press] about it, or would you rather speak to him yourself?

I can speak to him, but it would be good if you tell him also.

I'll tell him in any case.

Well....

(Mother sighs and goes within)

April 7, 1971

We need a message for the Darshan of the 24th.

(after a silence)

I don't know if it's any good.... It's my experiences these last few days.

(Mother writes with her eyes closed)

Human blindness is such
that many people
expect to attain the Truth
while keeping the habit of lying.

At least 4 or 5 people around me are lying – lying to me! Just these last few days.

Shall I put that?... You're not happy!

Oh yes, yes! I completely agree.... Because Falsehood has many levels.[17]

Well, anyway I say "the habit of lying," I don't say "the Falsehood."

Yes, Mother, I know, I was speaking for myself!

(Mother laughs) What I say there concerns the crudest of all levels: they lie to me to get me to do certain things. Just these last few days. And it's so spontaneous on their part that they don't even realize that I am going to find out.

The first case was M.[18]

If I give this message, they'll think, "Oh, well, there are 'many,' so it doesn't matter!" *(laughter)* They always twist things around like that!

I could put it another way:

It is imperative not to tell
lies when one aspires
to the Truth.

People will say, "Oh, that's obvious!"

Well, it isn't so obvious at all!

But they do it just the same.

I can say:

Needless to say that
those who aspire to
Truth must abstain from
telling lies.[19]

It's the lies of the lower nature that are difficult to ... dispel.

(Mother nods her head) Yes, but that has nothing to do with "telling lies."

Lying is always the sign of a lack of courage. A refusal to face the situation as it is.

(Mother goes back within,
long contemplation)

Nothing to ask?

(Sujata slips a note to Satprem:
"Is India doing okay?")

What is India doing, Mother?

I received some news from Indira, who told me that they're sending all the help they can up there [to Bangladesh]. They are taking a very positive position. But she says that the outcome will probably be war with Pakistan, and maybe even with China – they're expecting it.

That's good! Let the Falsehood burst open!

You know that they had asked my advice? And I told them that they had to help urgently[20] (that letter was hand-delivered to her). And her answer was brought back to me. She said she agreed, that they were already doing it: even

medical assistance and everything. They're sending everything. But West Pakistan wrote to Russia ... *(Mother tries to recall).* They're angry [Russia?], because they had advised them not to start a war, and the advice was not followed. So now they say [the Pakistanis]: India had better not help because ... that would mean war. And Russia sent this information to India. And China has clearly taken a position for Pakistan.

So it may get very nasty.

It has to be straightened out once and for all, Mother.

Both England and America are still like this *(vacillating gesture).*

For them it's Pakistan's "internal affair."

Yes.

But it seems to me that India is too slow in taking an effective stand to recognize the country.

Oh, it was done these last few days. Already two or three days ago....

??... I'm speaking of the official recognition of the government of Bangladesh.

There isn't any government.

But they said there is a government – a provisional government.

When did they say that?

Already at least 5 or 6 days ago.

Yes, but the man [Sheikh Mujibur] has been made a prisoner – and tortured into the bargain, to make him say what he doesn't want to say.[21]

It's horrible, mon petit!

Oh, yes.

(silence)

But I feel that the more India procrastinates or beats around the bush, the more difficult the situation will become for her.

Oh, but it's over, she's not procrastinating anymore.

Yes, except that she doesn't want to recognize the government of Bengal officially.

Yes, she does.

??

They have even helped to form it.

!?

That was these past few days – the news hasn't come out yet. I get news that hasn't come out.

(silence)

It's far more serious than it seems.

Yes, Mother.

(silence)

But, Mother, I have the feeling India is the symbol of the world's battle and the new Consciousness cannot be established in the world so long as India has not regained her unity.

Yes.

(silence)

It's obvious that India is the symbol of the New World in formation, so India must be "one," symbolically, in order for the New World to see the light of day....

Yes.

Consequently Pakistan has to disappear.[22]

But of course!

There's no doubt about that. So this must be the time.

But they've already missed one chance.[23]

Yes, they've already missed one chance. But now ... they shouldn't miss this one.

(silence)

But India herself is divided.

Divided?

Yes, in Orissa, for example. A large part of Orissa is entirely under Sri Aurobindo's influence, and another part is in revolt.... N.S. has relentless enemies there. She was elected there, but she has relentless enemies – India herself is divided.

(silence)

It's serious.[24]

Such an ardent faith would be needed ... but ... (gesture of something crumbling into dust between her fingers).

You see, the Force is so active.... Lies that have gone on for years are becoming visible here too – the mixture is everywhere.

Such a ... such a force of truth would be needed, you know, a force that would be great enough to overcome all that.

(silence)

For me, Victory is certain, but I don't know if it's tomorrow or ... *(gesture into the distance).*

I don't know what road we will take to get there.

Victory is certain, that's obvious, but what road are we going to take to get there?

And it very much depends on our individual position; that's what they don't understand. We must cling, cling so tightly to the Truth that nothing can touch us.

(silence)

It always comes back to the same thing: "What You will, Lord, what You will."

But that has become formidable.

Undated

(Handwritten note of Mother in English.)

They don't want a Divine
whom they cannot deceive.

April 10, 1971

I have found two quotations for the April Bulletin...

"India, free, one and indivisible,

is the divine realisation
to which we move."[25]

April 1907
Sri Aurobindo

Oh, that's very good! It's the current situation.

"The end of a stage of evolution
is usually marked by a powerful
recrudescence of all that has
to go out of the evolution."[26]

1909-1910
Sri Aurobindo

That's just right, exactly what is needed!... They should be put in together.

(Mother goes within)

Do you have anything?

How do you see things?

Dangerous.

(Mother goes back within)

It's better to say nothing. I would rather not speak now.

April 11, 1971

(Satprem has protested the "Nietzschean" jacket of "Supermanhood" in which "superman" was printed in French in enormous letters, and protested also the sales methods of that Press. This raised a storm. It is hard to know exactly what was reported to Mother, but she sent Satprem a rather severe note. What eluded Satprem completely then was a latent animosity against him, evidently because he was Mother's confidant. He lived completely apart from the Ashram factions and coteries; he only went out of his house to be besieged by visitors, which brought him another sort of animosity. These facts are included here for the sake of accuracy and completeness, for they are symptomatic of the whole.)

From Mother to Satprem

Satprem,

This morning I saw B.,[27] who brought me the letter you wrote to M. [the manager of the Press]. It pained me because it was an *outburst* of an excited mind, which is obviously not the luminous intelligence that wrote the book. I

have arranged for B. to ask you for one or two cover designs you find suitable so I can make the final decision.[28]

But the lesson to be drawn from all this is to remain calm so as not to lose contact with the Supreme Lord.

Unfortunately my bad eyesight forces me always to rely on intermediaries, and that impairs the working harmony.

With all my affection and blessings

Signed: Mother

April 14, 1971

(In reference to Mother's latest letter to Satprem.)

Mon petit, if I have caused you pain, I am very sorry *(Mother takes Satprem's hands).*

Oh, listen, Mother!

You see, I spoke to you the way I speak to myself [in Mother's letter to Satprem], as frankly as possible. But I really didn't think that would cause you pain. I saw in you that you knew things.... Tell me what's bothering you.

No, Mother, now it's really all gone. It's over. There were one or two ... rather difficult days, but now it's over.

(Mother holds Satprem's hands tightly)

In the end, what I regretted is that all this takes up so much of your time, and that we make so much fuss about it, that's all....

Oh, that doesn't matter.

... While there are far more important things.[29]

Oh, mon petit, the situation is ... terribly dangerous.

Yes.

There's only.... It's only by clinging desperately to the Divine – but to the purest and most powerful Divine – that we can avoid a ... general conflagration. It's terrible.

There's an impression that not a single minute should be lost, that we should constantly, constantly cling to the Divine to compel his descent here. Otherwise ... otherwise it's terrible.

So I need ... I need all those who love me to understand me.

Yes, Mother, yes.

(silence)

Yes, I too have gone through (I don't dare use the past tense) a period in which there was a sort of complete disintegration.

Yes. Me too.

An assault.

I know, I know.

Something that wants to get me very....

I know, I was with you day and night, you can't imagine how concretely.

You know everything I went through?

Yes, I know.... I know.... Forget it, won't you? That's the best thing to do. It is a part of the being that must disappear – it's not you.

I know it's not me, Mother. But it tried very hard to strike me.

Yes, yes ... I know. I am telling you, day and night, all the time, it was coming like that all the time.... But if one could – no ... not "if": one MUST, one must change that into a great victory, petit. Let everything still clinging to the lower part go – finished, let it be swept away for good.

Yes, Mother, I would like that. With your help, yes.

It's as if ... as if you went up, as if you threw away an old coat and rose straight up into the Light – I've seen it.... I have seen it.

(silence,
Mother is still clasping Satprem's hands)

That quotation we put in the "Bulletin" is so much to the point![30]

Yes. Yes, it's fighting and kicking. Everything that has to go is fighting back.

Yes, fighting ferociously.

(silence)

But the situation of the country is dangerous, very dangerous.

Yes.

China.... A long time ago (a long time, more than a year), I saw China's intention. Now she's got her chance.[31] And China, that means all India, brff! *(gesture of being overrun).* No, I tell you, only the Divine can save the situation. There has to be a divine intervention, that alone can save things – something extraordinary, abnormal, unexpected. Otherwise ... otherwise....

(long silence)

Really ... really it can be expressed this way: only the Divine Will can save us – all circumstances are ... *(Mother interlaces her fingers).* And so, we have to ... you know, we have to get rid of everything that still holds us down in order to be really ready to receive that Divine Will.

> *I understand very well, Mother, deeply. But I believe only in the Grace, you know – because our own strength is....*

Yes, I know, mon petit.

(drawn-out silence)

Oh, you know, the body, the whole body really wants, it wants the transformation, and it is.... There is such a world of insincerity there, it's frightening – in the cells, in the ... oh!... And so there is such an urgency, an urgency – the urgency FOR that ... frightening.... Day and night there's the will, the will to become ... to become divine.

(silence)

These last few days, ALL the old notions have collapsed, all the old reactions have collapsed, it was.... And then, and then what? What? ... That's it, you see, nothing is left, nothing, nothing ... only *(Mother clenches her fists),* only a will – a will, an aspiration, a compelling need: oh, the reign of the Divine must come, it must!

(silence)

To have the sense of one's inferiority and incapacity, and in that aspiration let the Divine alone exist.

(silence)

And you, mon petit, it's your destiny. It is your destiny: to become conscious and manifest the Divine – it is your destiny. You must.... Me, I am in a hurry because I see circumstances becoming more and more ... acute – dangerous. Only a miracle can save us – that is to say, what we consider a miracle: an intervention ... an intervention of the Divine Will in its purity, undistorted, uncontroverted, unobstructed – just That.

(silence)

We have to be at our highest – and it is still far from being what it should be.

(Mother goes within.
Long contemplation,
like a common prayer for the pain of the earth)

Oh, mon petit!...

(Mother goes back within)

April 17, 1971

A. told me he liked your book[32] very much.

Oh, yes! Good.

That's good.... I was happy for him! *(laughter)*

But you know, from the first reactions that are starting to come in, the book is creating a sort of schism!

What?

A sort of schism, yes.

How do you mean?

Well, there seems to be one whole group of open and enthusiastic young people, who see the new Possibility, and then there's another "school," which has done a lot of tapasya [austerities] and very much believes in the virtue of all sorts of disciplines, which says, "That can't be it! It can't be that way!"

Oh!

People who believe in the virtue of meditation, tapasya, disciplines, etc., and then "great effort is needed" – so the more effort they've made, the more shocked they are by the immediacy of the Thing!

(Mother laughs) But it's much more difficult to do what you describe![33]

Yes, quite.

(Mother laughs) Much more difficult.... That means they don't understand.

That's exactly it.

They see only the words.

But unfortunately I got that kind of reaction from T. also [the

English translator].

Yes.

So it bothers me because I wonder what kind of translation she will do.

Did she tell you I wrote to her?

No, Mother.

Oh!... She had written me that there were passages she didn't like in your book....

Yes, they are "repulsive," she told me.

So, I told her, "Please write those passages down for me." And among them was one that was just the one I liked best! *(laughter)*

So I said, "I am terribly sorry, but I have to tell you that you do not understand the book...." She never replied.

Yes, she wrote to me also.

Did she mention what I said to her?

No, not at all, Mother! But she told me there was no "Presence" in the book.

No what?

No Presence.

But it's not true at all![34]

Anyway, it bothers me from the standpoint of the translation.

Yes, her translation can't be good.... It will have to be done over.

You see, she had sent me a passage from your book leaving out part of a sentence, which changed the meaning to the opposite of what was intended.... So I understood that there is a ... *(gesture of twisting).*

Yes, they always cut things out.

Then how can she translate?

Yes, that bothers me. She showed me her translation; of course I can tell her, "This word is not correct, here is a mistranslation," but that's all I can do – it's not enough for the words to be there, there has to be something else.

Oh, indeed!

And I don't know if there is that "something else."

A. used to know English very well, perhaps he could read it and tell you.

(silence)

And she has not answered [Mother's letter]. She must think I am soft in the head!

Oh, no, I don't think so, Mother!

They are ... three quarters think that way, mon petit.

No, Mother, no.

Because I can't do things as they do, I no longer see very well and I hear badly, so I must be completely in a daze.

No, no, Mother! I really don't think there are so many.

It doesn't matter anyway! *(Mother laughs scoffingly)*

(silence)

But if there is to be another English translator, it has to be someone who isn't here.

Not here?

Yes, because it would pain her.

(long silence,
Mother goes within)

Anything else?

Yes, on an entirely different subject ... about the current situation.

Oh!...

For this "Agenda" in which we are keeping a record of everything that is done, I thought it would be good to keep a record, if you agree, of exactly what you wrote to Indira. I heard that you told her to intervene [in Bangladesh], but.... Exactly what did you write?

I don't remember.... I wrote her two notes, one on the third and one on the fourth – I know it was the fourth because that was the day Sri Aurobindo arrived here. But what was in the notes.... Unless a copy was kept?...

(Mother's assistant looks for the notes)

It looks as if they're letting that country be crushed without doing anything.

No. Three or four countries have already recognized it. I don't remember.

Oh, no, Mother, no one!

They told me so this morning.

No one, Mother! Not a single one.

Well, yes, they told me this morning.

The people of Bangladesh have sent emissaries to try to secure recognition, but up till now....

Oh, yes. They've worked. Three countries have already recognized it.

But not at all, Mother, I can assure you!... Unless the news is secret, no one has recognized Bengal.

But the news we get is not at all complete.... Well, anyway I don't know anything.

According to the news, Pakistani troops are now recapturing cities, and not only that, but they are sealing off the border with India, so that even secret help that might have been given cannot get through anymore.

Where did you get that news?

Well, that's the official news.

(long silence,
the assistant brings Mother's note)

You wrote: "The urgent recognition of Bangla-Desh is imperative."

Yes, *"the urgent recognition...."* That's the second note, the one of the fourth. *"The urgent recognition of Bangla-Desh is imperative."*[35]

There you are, they just haven't listened to you! They're not listening to you.

They told me it was done.

No, Mother, it's not done at all!

And that there was even a government formed and everything.

That, yes! They've formed a provisional government in Bangladesh, but it has not been recognized.

(silence)

And so the longer they delay, the more impossible it becomes to do anything.

(after a silence)

But the news coming from there is very conflicting. I get news through Surendra Mohan [an advisor to Indira], who is working actively....

Then it must be a secret recognition, because officially it's not recognized at all.[36] *At any rate, the fact is that Pakistani troops are recapturing territory and they're trying to set up a provisional pseudogovernment under their control. That's what they're doing. A government of traitors, you know, like Petain [the head of the Vichy government during World War II which collaborated with the Nazis].*

(Mother goes within for a long time, then raises her hands)

(In a sad tone:) I don't know.

(Mother goes back within)

The truth must be something else altogether, I am sure – neither what some say nor what the others say. But what is it?...[37]

(silence)

In any event, there is something far more dangerous still: there's going to be famine.

Yes, Mother.

And Surendra Mohan is going to try to get all the necessary supplies from America.

Yes, but Pakistani ships off-shore are confiscating everything.

It should come from India.

But they're sealing off the borders!... Mother, the fact is that they have not listened to you and they have missed the chance – they are missing it!

(Mother goes within, then takes Satprem's hands with a weary air)

* * *

ADDENDUM

"The Schism"

Satprem had received the following letter from an enthusiastic reader of "On the Way to Supermanhood":

"Until the year of grace 1969 [the descent of the New Consciousness], all philosophies, all religions, all isms, all spiritual paths were only the refined products of the 'mental circle' [according to 'Supermanhood']. All experiences were merely on the higher planes of the mind.' Those 'peaks of the Spirit' are but 'self-paroxysms,' p. 61; 'we must cleanse ourselves of the wisdoms of the past, the ascents of the past, the illuminations of the past and the whole racket of the old sanctities of the Spirit,' p. 29, etc. In other words, everything that took place before 1969 is a sublimation of the 'old flesh,' p. 28. It is quite clear. Some have touched the Secret: the Rishis, the Egyptians – the reader understands that they had the intuition of it but not the experience. The same applies to Sri Aurobindo, who 'announced' it, but his yoga extended the refinement of the 'mental bubble'; the reader thus understands that he did not know about the key to the yoga of the superman and was merely satisfied in teaching the integral yoga...."

The misconception of this enthusiastic reader is like a demonstration in reverse of precisely what the "orthodox" reproached "Supermanhood" for, i.e., of having betrayed Sri Aurobindo. Behind this so-called schism were hidden, on the one hand, those who wanted to separate Mother and Sri Aurobindo and found it more comfortable to philosophize than to do the yoga concretely, and on the other hand, those who wanted conveniently to dispense with all spiritual disciplines and live according to their fancy. Two poles of the same misconception. Here then is the letter Satprem sent in response to this enthusiastic reader:

You have a lot of nerve to say that Sri Aurobindo did not have the key to the yoga of the superman and that his integral yoga was a refinement of the mental bubble! And where have I learned what I write, if not from Mother and Sri Aurobindo? You forget that it is thanks to him that the yoga of the superman is possible, that it is he who prepared it, he who brought down the great flood of the New Consciousness so that, instead of seeking for the Divine Truth up above, men can live it down here and walk their every step in it. It is like saying that Sri Aurobindo did not have the key to the door he opened!

His yoga is integral because, instead of confining the quest to the spiritual heights, he has told us repeatedly that our body too must participate and we must bring the Spiritual Truth down into our body and our life. The path of ascent and all the other paths, the other planes of consciousness, are part of an integral development – for those who have the time and the special capacities that are required. But it is no longer the time for those excursions, since everything can be found *here* – since, in fact, Sri Aurobindo and Mother opened the way HERE. Please recall Mother's statement: "Sri Aurobindo came to tell us: one need not leave the earth to find the Truth, one need not leave life to find one's soul, one need not abandon the world or have limited beliefs to enter into relation with the Divine. The Divine is everywhere, in everything,

and if he is hidden, it is because we do not take the trouble to find him." (*Questions and Answers,* 8.13.1958) And again this: "For many, spiritual life is meditation. As long as that nonsense is not uprooted from human consciousness, the supramental force will always find it very difficult not to be swallowed up in the obscurity of an uncomprehending human mind." (*Questions and Answers,* 4.17.1957) And if you know how to read Sri Aurobindo and Mother, you will see that they have completely described this road of here and the sunlit path – *On the Way to Supermanhood* only puts an intentionally exclusive accent on the "here," because there is no time to lose, because everyone does not have the special capacities for making large-scale explorations, and finally because we are at the Hour of God – *we are right there!* It has come. Because there really is something different in the world since 1969.

It is not a change in Sri Aurobindo's yoga, it is the flowering of Sri Aurobindo's yoga, I dare say. I do not think that the flower of the flame tree contradicts in any way the flame tree.

Now, you have completely confused the psychic and the spiritual. The psychic, the soul, the Fire within, Agni, does not belong to the "mental bubble" or to any bubble: it is the Divine in matter. It is that little Fire which opens the door to the great solar Fire of the New Consciousness. It is the instrument of the yoga of the superman (when I speak of turning on the "psychic switch," I am there taking the word in the vulgar and ridiculous sense of people seeking visionary and occult experiences – not in the true sense). Others in every age have had the experience of the psychic, of the inner Fire, but aside from the Rishis, no one used it to transform matter; the religions have made a purely devotional and "mystical" thing out of it. As for "the spiritual," that includes all the planes of consciousness above the ordinary mind. It is the path of ascent. And that is where I repeatedly and emphatically, and from experience, say that those great Experiences, which have to be turned into spiritual summits, are part of the mental bubble (including the overmind): they are the rarefied summits on which the being thins out into a marvelous whiteness, immense, royal, without a ripple of trouble, in an eternal peace – which can last for millenniums without its changing the world one iota, by definition. But the spiritual is *not the supramental,* and when one touches the supramental, it seems to be almost a whole other Spirit, it is so compact, warm, powerful, present, embodied and radiantly solid in broad daylight. That is the Radiance which Sri Aurobindo and Mother came to bring down on earth – they said over and over that their yoga was new, new, new – and it is through the simple little fire inside us that we can enter into direct contact with That, without sitting in the lotus position or leaving life. When one touches That, the "spiritual" heights seem pale. That is all I have to say. So we do not at all need to be superyogis to have this contact, and those who have found Nirvana, or what have you, have not advanced one inch toward That, because the clue to That is not up there at all or outside, but in your own small capacity of flame.

So if instead of splitting hairs, you set out boldly on the road, afire, you would perhaps discover that we are indeed at the Hour of God and that a single spark of sincere effort, at one's own level, opens doors which have been closed

for millenniums.

Satprem

P.S. To help you read Mother, I am enclosing two texts by her.

* * *

"One could say that it is far more difficult to go from the mental to the supramental life than to go from a certain psychic emotion in life – something that is like a reflection, a luminous emanation of the divine Presence in matter – to the supramental consciousness; it is much easier to go from that into the supramental consciousness than to go from the highest intellectual speculation to any supramental vibration. Perhaps it is the word that misleads us! Perhaps it is because we call it 'supramental' that we expect to reach it through a higher intellectual mental activity. But the reality is quite different. With this very high and pure and lofty intellectual activity, one seems to go towards a kind of cold, powerless abstraction, an icy light that is surely very remote from life and still further away from the experience of the supramental reality.

The new substances that is spreading and acting in the world contains a warmth, a power, a joy so intense that all intellectual activity seems cold and dry beside it. And that is why the less one talks about these things, the better it is. A single instant, a single impulse of deep and true love, a single minute of deep communion with the divine Grace brings you much closer to the goal than all possible explanations." (*Questions and Answers,* 5.14.1958)

* * *

"In the other hemisphere, there is an intensity and a plenitude which result in a power different from the one here. How can I explain it? One cannot. The quality of the consciousness itself seems to change. It is not something higher than the summit we can attain here, it is not one MORE rung. Here, we have reached the end, the summit, but ... it's the quality that is different. The quality, in the sense that there is a plenitude, a richness, a power (this is all a translation, you see, in our language), but there is a 'something' that ... that eludes us. It is truly a new reversal of consciousness.

When we begin living the spiritual life, a reversal of consciousness takes place which for us is the proof that we have entered the spiritual life; well, yet another one occurs when we enter the supramental world.

And in fact each time a new world opens up, there will perhaps be a new reversal of this kind.

It's as if our entire spiritual life were made of silver, whereas the supramental life is made of gold – as if our entire spiritual life here were a silvery vibration, not cold but simply a light, a light that goes right to the summit, an absolutely pure light – pure and intense – but in the other, in the supramental world, there is a richness and a power that makes all the difference. This whole spiritual life of the psychic being and of all our present consciousness, which seems so warm, so full, so wonderful, so luminous to the

ordinary consciousness, well, all this splendor seems poor in comparison to the splendor of the new world.

I can explain the phenomenon like this: successive reversals will bring about such an EVER-NEW richness of creation from stage to stage, that it will make whatever came before seem very poor in comparison. What to us seems supremely rich compared to our ordinary life appears very poor when compared to this new reversal of consciousness."

(Agenda I, November 15, 1958, pp. 236-237)

April 21, 1971

> *I've received some news from my friend in Paris who looked after "The Gold-Washer" and "The Adventure of Consciousness." I mentioned "The Sannyasin" to him, or rather the difficulties of the "Sannyasin," and also "Supermanhood."*

On the Way to Supermanhood is the important one.

> *My friend thinks the two should be presented as a unit.*

But *On the Way to Supermanhood* is like this *(gesture above)* in relation to the *Sannyasin.*

> *They're two very different kinds of book.*

Oh, definitely!... *Supermanhood* is the important one for me. We shouldn't draw the attention to the other one and then....

> *No, what will happen is that they'll probably take both or refuse both.*

You think so?... They shouldn't take the *Sannyasin* and leave the other one.

> *I can see to that. But I don't think so, because "Supermanhood" is really much more accessible; so I don't think they'd make the reverse choice.*

There are no limits to human stupidity, you know.

> *First they have to read them and see.*

I don't very much like the destiny of the two books being mixed together. You see, I had made a special formation [for "Supermanhood"], I had put a special force, but it was on that one.

I can call him, it's quite easy.

It would be better to tell him.

I'll write him. But I doubt there's any kind of danger.

(Mother purses her lips skeptically) We'll see.

But you know (this is an aside), the "Sannyasin" isn't so low as that.

But I didn't say it was "low." It's an entirely different kind of book.

Because basically, "Supermanhood" contains the essence of the "Sannyasin"; the whole of the "Sannyasin" is in "Supermanhood." "Supermanhood" is simply concentrated and said with power, but everything is there in the "Sannyasin" as well.

(Mother nods her head)

The "Sannyasin" is the "story" of "Supermanhood."

But that's why, mon petit! That's just it! I think men like the easier things.

But experience has shown that people don't understand my story at all, while they will understand "Supermanhood."

You think so?

Yes. They don't understand my story. Four publishers have read it and all four have said that it was incomprehensible.

(Mother is reassured)

So I don't think there's any danger! [with a touch of bitterness].

Then it's all right.

* * *

(A little later. Concerning a young Frenchman just arrived in Pondicherry.)

I saw the boy who went to see you twice ... *(Mother expresses thinness with her fingers).* Very thin. I don't think he has much strength, but ... I was supposed to decide if he should return to France or go to the Himalayas.... The Himalayas are a little beyond his strength, but if he goes back to France, he'll go down the drain.

Certainly.

So I think he should be given a chance, let him try. If he doesn't hold up, he'll be crushed.

Better be crushed while seeking something than be crushed while going downhill!

That's OUR opinion. But among ordinary people ... there are not two in a hundred who would make that choice. You have no idea, oh! ... Anyway, he has shown some goodwill, so let's give him a chance.

I wanted to speak to you, I said I would answer him this evening. Of the two possibilities, let him go to the Himalayas.

I'll tell him.

Tell him his highest possibility is being given to him.... He'll have done his utmost in his life if he goes there.

(long silence)

I am such a different person that I don't remember my past life anymore! I was asked a question this morning: I was blank! I was asked whether the first time I came to Pondicherry I came by train or by boat.[38] The second time I still remember [by boat]. Logically it's by train; but it's like giving an answer concerning someone else.

An impression of something that belongs to someone else – it's quite curious. Usually it's the body that retains the continuity of the being, but that continuity belongs to such a material and superficial realm that ... *(Mother shakes her head)* unbelievable. All that seems ... it's as if I were speaking of someone else. It's curious. No sense – no sense at all of the personality. Someone whose history I know well, that's all. It's quite curious. I didn't know it had gone so far.

April 28, 1971

(On the occasion of the laying of the first stone of the Matrimandir on February 21, Satprem had written a letter to the architect of Auroville.)

I saw your letter (I saw it in English), the letter you wrote to R. for the "Matrimandir".... It's interesting, it's good.... They have a bulletin, a "Gazette," it will be published there.[39]

I get a lot of requests from all sorts of people, either to say something or do something or comment on something or.... I feel it's not so good.

What do they ask you?

One thing or another, a commentary, an explanation, "what do I think of...."

But does it come from Auroville?

Most of it, yes.

Listen, there's quite a lazy group in Auroville!

Oh, that, yes!

People who don't want to work. Now they say that according to your book, to get the true consciousness, one doesn't have to work!

Yes, that's it. I heard that also. They say, "Work belongs to the old world"...!

Yes, that's how they understand it. So, what can you do?... What did you reply to them?

I spoke to R. I told him what I thought. I said that work is the foundation.

Yes.

It's by being and working in matter that one can bring a little consciousness into oneself.

Yes, that's it.

And if there isn't any work, there isn't any transformation.

Yes, that's exactly what I wrote to them.[40] He told me, "They couldn't care less."

Oh, yes, that's true!

Maybe they would listen to you if you told them that.

If you like, I can write.

Yes, you can write. Maybe they would listen to you, because they're saying that in the name of your book, you see!

Oh, you know, in the name of my book they also say that Sri Aurobindo and Mother are now obsolete, and that in a way my book supersedes all that!

Yes, oh, exactly! *(general laughter)*

I've heard just about everything.

Yes, that's it! *(laughter)*

So, what can I say in the face of such things!?

(Mother laughs)

One even wrote me, "So, Sri Aurobindo didn't have the key to the superman."

Oh, really?

Yes, I'm the one who's given it, you see.

Good heavens!

It's bewildering!

(Mother laughs) I think there are no limits to human stupidity.

Oh, yes!

(silence)

One doesn't know what to do or say because it's....

No, they have to be told: you're talking nonsense.

Oh, I told them, you know, but still.... I told them they had a lot of nerve. And I asked them, "But where do you think I learned what I've written!?"

Exactly! *(Mother laughs)*

They're terribly angry with me because I told them discipline is indispensable.

But of course!

That's old hat, you see.

But, Mother, I told R. that the basic mistake is that when those people came here, everything was handed to them: he gave them ready-made houses, they were given all they needed to eat – they got everything on a silver platter. While these people should have been made to build their own houses and to plant their own potatoes if they wanted to eat; they should have done everything by themselves.

Yes, exactly.

And I told them, "How can you possibly build a New World with coolies? One does not make a new world with hired labor!"

I think a whole group of those people should go.

Yes, that's my feeling.

(silence)

To one of them I said, "If I went over there, I'd go with a whip!"

(Mother laughs) There's really a subhuman group over there.

Yes, certainly.... But how can you eliminate that?

(silence)

Another example: they even have a hired cook to do their cooking, those people!

Oh!...

There's a fundamental flaw in all that, you know.

But how can that be?

That's the way it is, you see. They have a hired cook.

Heavens!

(long silence)

What do you propose then?

Nothing, I don't know, Mother.

(silence)

I feel R. should organize things in such a way that people are compelled to work.

Yes.... Yes, we'll have to do something.

That way, the sorting out would be done right away.

Yes.... But I need to know the number of people in the group, both those who work and those who do nothing. And then....

(silence)

Of course, we could take very "drastic" steps.

Yes.

For instance, so many hours of work per day are required in order to be fed, or else you eat only if you pay for it.

Yes, Mother, it should be done. Because, you see, they are so crafty that they all say they work: they putter around here and there, they go to work on the Matrimandir for half an hour or so.... So, to

them, they've "worked." You see, they just putter around.

(after a silence)

I suddenly felt I had lost my influence over those people. I tell them things – they couldn't care less.

You could speak to R. and see.

Yes, Mother.... But R. says, "Mother doesn't want to interfere. Mother doesn't want to make any decisions." But I think perhaps it's up to him to make a decision.

But no one will listen to him. You see, I can't make decisions anymore because they don't listen to me. As long as they listened to me, it was easy – it was easy, there was an influence. Now, something has happened, I don't have any authority at all anymore, so what can we do?[41]

Well, if you tell R., he will see that it's done.

(Mother goes within for a long time)

We'll have to find some way....

Mother, it seems to me you could call together those who are responsible and take some decisions.

Yes, good idea.

(silence)

The trouble is that when several of them are here together, they talk among themselves, I don't hear. So....

If it would help, I can be there.

I think it would.

(long silence
Mother goes within)

I really feel it is necessary to start again on a new basis and the entire place must be swept clean of all those people. We have to start afresh in a new location and make them work.

Yes, but how about the accommodations?

In the meantime they could live in huts, which they would build themselves.

But they're in huts.

I mean with thatched roofs.

(silence)

I'll see.
I'll try to arrange something. I'll tell you Saturday.

April 29, 1971

(These few words were said to Sujata at the time of her daily visit to Mother. Mother first asks about Sujata, then about Satprem. Then she sits absorbed.)

The world is going mad.
We have to keep the faith like this *(gesture of clenched fists).* Not here *(pointing to the forehead),* but here, like this, in the Divine.

May

May 1, 197

(Mother is late by more than an hour.)

An avalanche....
So what do you have to say?

Nothing special, Mother.

And me neither!... I only have people quarreling.
Anyway ... it will straighten itself out, maybe.
I have sent many messages ... *(Mother looks for some papers).* A government minister came,[42] who has 400,000 workers on strike; they wrote me to ask him to have pity on the poor people (God knows what the story is!), but the gentleman came, gave me flowers, took my flower, and then ran off! I

didn't have a chance to do anything.

I wanted to tell him this:

(Mother hands Satprem a note)

Most of the suffering is due to men's ignorance. We must have compassion and help them.

But I didn't have a chance to tell him. He seemed to be a man ... *(gesture like iron).* I don't know what's happening, but it's like that everywhere, everywhere.

Yes, everywhere. One really gets the feeling that the world is in complete turmoil.[43]

Yes, oh, yes!

And people also.

(silence)

It's been like that since this morning, strikes and.... The school in Delhi is closed....[44] And then the impression that order has to be restored BY USING THE VERY ONES WHO HAVE CREATED THE DISORDER. It came to me very strongly. That's what I am trying to do in Delhi, by using the man who triggered the teacher's strike. He came to see me, and I said to him (his dismissal from the school started the whole thing): "I am putting you back in the school so you can restore order!" And he accepted. I think it can be tried out. He left today.

(Text of Mother's message to the teacher:)

"We (human beings) are not living for the satisfaction of our ego; we live to fulfill God's will. But to be able to perceive and to know the will of God, we must be without desires and preferences. Otherwise we mistake for God's will our own limited ideas and principles.
It is in the wide peace of an absolute and devoted sincerity free from fixed ideas and preferences that we can realize the conditions required to know God's Will and it is with a fearless discipline that we must execute it."

April 30, 1971

And that is what has to be done. Instead of resting on the foundation of ordinary goodwill and all the moral and social rules – all that, brrm! fizzled out – we must rise above, we must have the Divine Will and the Divine Harmony, that is what we want; and as for those who are rebelling against the ordinary order of things and the ordinary social conventions: well, prove that you are in touch with a higher consciousness and a truer truth.

It's the time to make a ...*(gesture of a leap upward).*

As for the power of organization, it's ... an extremely powerful power that has come – I feel that just by doing this *(Mother quietly closes her hand),* I can crush things. It's quite surprising. And so, if this power is put at the service of a higher order, of the truer consciousness ... something will be achieved.

We must ... we must take a leap upward.

All those who seek to restore order pull back towards all the old ideas – that's why they are unsuccessful. But that's all over now. It's over. We are going upward. Only those who can go upward are able to accomplish something.

(long silence)

You don't have anything? Nothing to ask?

No, Mother.

Everything is all right?

Yes, Mother.... I don't understand very well the direction I'm going in.

There's only one direction – toward the Divine. And as you know, it's as much inside as outside, above as below. Everywhere. It's in this very world that we must find the Divine and cling to Him – to Him alone, there's no other way. It's not here or there, it's everywhere, but....

(Mother goes into trance holding Satprem's hands in her right hand while her left hand remains turned upward, in midair, then her arm slowly comes down to rest.)

May 5, 1971

I have some news from S. about the Russian translation [of "Supermanhood"]. The person who's doing it has already translated the introduction and sent her text. S. says this, "In Russian it is very beautiful – enthralling. The very sound of the language conveys something that goes straight to your heart. And personally, in the little I've read, I have felt the particular flow of your style...."[45]

Oh, that's good, that's good.

I have great hope for the Russians.... I don't know why.... They've had an

experience and have realized the emptiness of it all.

(Mother goes within for a long time)

Nothing in particular?

There's the problem of the English translation of the book.

A. didn't tell me what he thought of it.

A. said that it doesn't come through – what's behind doesn't come through. You're forever asking yourself what it means.

Oh!

But then he says that all things considered, because they don't understand what it means, people will be induced to come back to what they've read (!) and try to understand ... the second time around they'll understand and perhaps they'll come in contact....

(Mother shakes her head)

It's a very faithful translation literally, but what's behind doesn't come through.

People won't go to such trouble.... Maybe one in a....

(silence)

Do you want to have it read by an Indian?

And ask him if he understands?

(Sujata suggests a young teacher in the School. silence)

Yes, it has to be someone young.

Some people believed that what we put in the *Bulletin* last time was meant for the people of the Ashram. So I think we should put a note to say that's not the case.

???

The passage where I say, "Humans are crusted over."[46]

Yes.

Many people in the Ashram took it to mean themselves.

Well, maybe that's not so wrong! I find I am myself rather crusted over.

(Mother laughs) But I don't want to say unpleasant things!

It's rather healthy sometimes, you know.

You think we should leave it, then?

Well, I think.... I don't know.... It seems so obvious to me, you know. Is there anything perfectly malleable and transparent in us?

(Mother points to her body, laughing) This isn't!
Well then, so let's leave it.

I've finally understood that people don't read things as they are. They read only what they have in their heads and in their desires.

Yes.

So those who want to understand wrong will understand wrong in any case.

I've just reached the same conclusion. So I said: I won't say anything anymore.

Yes, in the end, you stop speaking!

(Sujata:) Only, those who do want to understand will lose out – there are many.

(Satprem:) But look, Mother, perhaps you're receiving some protests from a certain number of people, but there are many here, many more than ... well, of course I can't say "more than you think"(!), but who are doing their job quietly and trying to understand – there are many. And it helps them, it does them good.

To tell the truth, I really don't care one way or another ... But I don't want to be mean.

Oh, come on, that's not being mean!

(Mother goes within)

May 8, 1971

How are you?

It's not easy!

What's the matter?

Well, EVERYTHING gives the impression of being like that. The feeling something is fiercely after the world, after people.

Yes.

Something very fierce, which wants to destroy everything.

Everything seems *topsy-turvy.*

Yes.

What has happened up there [in Delhi]? I have no idea.... Indira only said....

Here, I'll give you an example: yesterday, from a quite *reliable* source, I was told that every country – almost every foreign country – has recognized Bangladesh and only India has not (and another one I don't remember). Today I am told that Indira said that no country has granted recognition. Well.... So you see, the lying is official.

Yes, it's official. But did you see...? I've just now seen Indira's statement in the newspapers:

> "The Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi today set to rest all speculations about an early recognition of Bangla Desh by indicating quite clearly that the government of India did not propose to do so in the near future." (*The Hindu*, May 8, 1971)

Also I was told that Russia was the one opposed to recognition because she wanted to bring about a compromise with Pakistan. That's what I was told. But since everything is lies, one just doesn't know.

Yes. In any event, no country, not one has officially recognized Bangladesh – not a single one.

So what she said was true then!

Yes, and here [in "The Hindu"] they say:

> "The Soviet Prime Minister, Mr. Kosygin, is reliably reported to have sent two letters to President Yahya Khan of Pakistan urging a negotiated settlement on East Bengal crisis, and to have asked Mrs. Indira Gandhi not to escalate the crisis so that the peaceful solution which both Russia and India want may be achieved."

In other words, they're seeking a compromise, like the last time at Tashkent.

(Mother raises her arms) ... Everything has to be started all over again.

Yes, everything has to be started all over.

(silence)

But is it true, there was a rumor going around the Ashram yesterday or the day before that you had sent a new message to Indira Gandhi saying that if she did not recognize Bangladesh, there was no point in her asking your advice....

No, I didn't send the message.

But it may be that.... If U.[47] sees her (I didn't ask him not to say anything to her), it may be that he'll tell her.... I said it to U. just like that.

Oh, I see!

So he may have got it into his head to tell her, I don't know.

And I heard also that you said that if she didn't recognize Bangladesh, there would be even more serious consequences in the future.

Yes, I think so.

You think so, yes.

It becomes more difficult each time.

Each time they put the thing off.... Oh, if only they had done it immediately, it would have been very good. Now, it's five weeks already....

Yes, five weeks.

It's already more difficult. If they put it off again, it will be even more difficult.

But anyway, I didn't send any message.[48]

Naturally, she thinks I don't have all the facts – but of course!

She knows better than you obviously! But really if she had the slightest inner discernment, she would understand that you have a wider vision of things.

Yes, but that....

You see, there are different ... (what shall I say?) they're like "layers of conditioning" *(gesture of levels),* and I always try to lead people to the highest layer so that things happen without too much difficulty; but they always insist on being on the lowest layer, the nearest one. So that causes.... That's how things get complicated. If those who are capable of pulling down from above at one stroke were there [in the government], things would go swiftly and smoothly, but it's those who have the nearest conditioning and naturally understand the nearest who are there – those people are there [in the government]. And so things have to follow a certain *(meandering gesture)* path, and it's endless.

Well, that means the world is not ready!

(silence)

It will take another few hundred years.

Terrible....

(Mother raises her arms) Well, it will take a few hundred years.

Oh, but in that case, I'd prefer Kali!

(Mother laughs)

People don't understand. Things have to follow a comfortable little path. *(Mother draws meandering paths in the air)* That way, they understand.

Well.

(silence)

You see, the faith of people is a superstition – it's not faith, it's superstition. Now there are more and more people who think they have faith, and they ask me ridiculous things! They have superstitions like.... Someone brings me a child born with a deformed arm, and the superstition is that if I put my hand on the arm of the child, he'll be healed.... Things like that. It's completely stupid. That's not Power! They need a little miracle, you know, at their level.

Yes.

Humanity is still very small, very small, very small.

Yes, one feels that.

But even those who might have a power.... Look how it is: certain people could have a power, they would just have to have the true inspiration – they're afraid of it, mon petit! They reject the true inspiration, because they think that things have to follow their "natural" course – so-called natural.

Humanity rejects the true miracle. It only believes in....

So when I say I won't say anything anymore because they didn't listen to me, I look like someone who's upset, which is completely ridiculous, I really don't care! Personally there's nothing for or against or.... Only I SEE, I see that since the direct relation was not possible [the highest conditioning], naturally things are going to have to follow ... *(sinuous gesture)* every possible complication of the ordinary way.

While we are right in the midst of the true miracle!

So, if they say, "Mother is angry, she is leaving you," that's one more stupidity added to the already existing ones. That's all.

All that....

They have chosen, they have chosen the path of the turtle. So that's how it will be.

There are moments – what Sri Aurobindo called *The Hour of God* – there are moments when the true, the true miracle is possible; if that moment is missed, then the world will go ... at its turtle pace.

And it's hard – a lot of suffering, a lot of complications.... But faith, who

has faith? True faith.

But you see, even those who are here attribute purely human feelings and reactions to me.... So....

But Mother, I'm hopeful.

Yes?

I have one hope. There is something I feel as a strong possibility, more and more so.

What?

All the youth, those who are 16, 17 or 20 now, who seem to be going completely mad, well, in reality, all those young people NO LONGER WANT the present Machinery – they don't want it any-more. So they do foolish things....

Oh!...

They take drugs, they do all sorts of foolish things.

Oh, even worse than that, mon petit! They've become murderers.[49]

Yes, there are all sorts of things, but in spite of everything, I feel it's a good sign, that the movement is going to increase more and more and that the whole Machinery of the men of yesterday is going to collapse – the social and political machinery and all the rest....

(silence)

For instance, I see many of those so-called hippies, you know, those wanderers, those young people who have turned their backs on society, who do all sorts of foolish things; well, several times I took one aside and simply spoke to him the language of Truth, and he understood at once! He had simply never been told anything.

Oh!...

All those people have never been told the true thing. And I have the feeling that all the so-called lost youth isn't lost at all! It needs only to receive the true word.

Yes, but who's going to give it to them?

Well, I don't know, Mother. If I had the power, I would do it willingly. But the miracle is still possible with these people.

Yes. Yes, but ... there has to be someone to say it.

Yes, there should be a Vivekananda for Sri Aurobindo.

(Mother laughs, very amused)

And their reversal could be effected swiftly and easily, I'm sure. You see, they're not perverted, they're simply ... they don't know.

(silence)

That's what you should call for, Mother: a great inspired man.

Ah!

That's what you should call for.

But I've been calling him for a long time.

Yes, Mother, a great inspired man with physical strength.

Yes, oh, yes!

It has to be someone physically solid.

Oh, yes!

(Mother looks, then goes within for a long time)

All the time, day and night, like this *(Mother holds her clenched fists in front of her as though pulling or calling the Force).*

(silence)

It is a world event. It is not the event of one country [Bangladesh], it is a world event. And that's why....

May 12, 1971

I don't know if you've seen these....

(Mother hands Satprem several sheets of paper)

> "I disapprove totally of violence. Each act of violence is a step back on the path leading to the goal to which we aspire. The Divine is everywhere and always supremely conscious. Nothing must ever be done that cannot be done before the Divine."

That's for someone rather primary, but anyway....

(some more papers)

All that is for Auroville. I am giving them to you so you'll know.

* * *

How is the situation?

Oh, horrible! A mess!

Stories to make your hair stand on end.

It's like a concentration of adverse forces wanting to create as much confusion as possible.... And what is amusing is that they're coming from all sides [asking Mother's advice] except Pakistan – Pakistan doesn't ask anything, but otherwise.... And all that....

But I was told fantastic things, for example, that Pakistan wanted India to declare war because she would immediately call for China's help; and that Pakistan is already receiving arms from America through Turkey.... Such things....

You know that America has quietly started giving economic aid to Pakistan again.

Then....

They're doing it quietly, discreetly, but they're doing it.[50] *Their intention is to put Pakistan back on her feet.*

Why, then it's over!

Yes, everything has to be started over.

They're mad! – They're all mad, mad, mad....

(silence)

In other words, they missed the first chance[51]; they missed the second chance; now we don't know when it will come again....

(silence)

And it seems that almost all of India is officially in favor of the recognition of Bangladesh.

Yes, almost all India.... But with her supposedly higher reasons, Indira obstinately refuses to budge.

(silence)

Did anyone tell you what is happening in Ceylon?

No.

No one told you anything about Ceylon!

No.

Oh, but it's awful, it's very important, Mother. For the last month, about 40,000 students have been waging guerrilla warfare with the government, and they are being massacred by the government.

Oh!

So they have taken refuge in the jungle and they're waging guerrilla warfare. Thousands have been arrested. And they're all students. But then what is extraordinary is that India, which is not intervening in Bangladesh, has intervened in Ceylon, sending helicopters and boats to help the government stop....

Oh!... Oh, that's the last straw!... Oh! *(Mother covers her eyes in dismay.)*

(silence)

They're creating a terrible Karma for themselves!

Yes, they're heaping troubles on their own head.

(long silence,
then Mother shakes her head and goes within)

The latest argument is that Pakistan wants India to declare war so she can call China to her aid, you see.

But in any case the Chinese are on Pakistan's side. In any case. The Chinese are already there in Pakistan, do you know?

Yesterday P. returned from Calcutta and showed me a *rifle* bullet, and it's a Chinese bullet.

Already they have some ... [men there].

(silence)

But, Mother, don't forget that India betrayed Tibet! When Tibet was invaded by the Chinese, Nehru kept his mouth, eyes and ears shut and did nothing to help the Tibetans....

(Mother shakes her head)

All that is the continuation of Gandhi's legacy – this false politics is being perpetrated by Gandhi's sons.

No, you see ... you see, they're even fighting on the wrong side in Ceylon.

No, it's not that – it's much worse than Gandhi.

(Mother goes within for a long time)

You don't have anything?

All that isn't very encouraging.

(Mother nods her head) No, it's worse still: there is a VERY disastrous formation over India, and they're pulling it down, the fools!

But precisely, Mother, one just can't keep from thinking that Kali has to intervene.

(after a silence)

But already quite some time ago I saw China invading India, even South India. And that's the worst of catastrophes – the Chinese don't have a psychic being. The Chinese have a lunar origin and they don't have a psychic being (there are exceptions, but I mean in general), and so one can expect ANYTHING from them – every possible horror. I've seen them – all, everywhere ... horrible!

I've seen the Chinese in this room.

But several times during the last years that thought has come to me, Mother – several times it came to me.[52]

Which is the end of everything. I mean, it will probably take centuries before things can return to normalcy.

You see, there are limits to the horrors men can commit because, in spite of everything, there is a psychic being behind that curbs them – but the Chinese don't have one.

And they are VERY intelligent.

(Mother goes within a long time)

Mother, the problem is to find out how one can counteract all that, because in 1950 already, Sri Aurobindo had told the Americans: if you yield in Korea, you will be led to yield every position point after point.[53] *Sri Aurobindo said that in 1950. Well, since 1950, we have yielded every position, point after point, and now India is completely encircled by China – point after point they have yielded: Kashmir and Tibet and all that – we are encircled by the Chinese. And we are still yielding [in Bangladesh]. So how to thwart all that?*

(silence)

For example, Mother, the Americans are quietly giving aid to Pakistan again because they say, their reasoning is: if we don't give aid, then we leave the whole territory of Pakistan to the Chinese.

That's sheer ... [madness].

We'll see.

(Mother strikes her forehead, then goes within, shakes her head several times, then takes Satprem's hands and both go within)

May 15, 1971

What do you bring?

The idea came to me to write an article on "Sri Aurobindo and Bangladesh...." But I don't know whether it would be helpful, or whether anything should be said at all.

But where could it be published?

I think in one of the newspapers in India, that's easy.

What did you write? I am curious.

(Satprem reads the article. At one point in the text, he briefly mentions what he thinks each country represents: France = clarity of intellect; Germany = ingenuity; Russia = the brotherhood of man.... Mother interrupts:)

You said nothing for the United States.

What is it?

Practical organization.

(Satprem finishes his reading[54])

Oh, it's good!... It should be put into proper English.

Can it be of any help – can it STILL be of help?

Oh, yes, oh, definitely! – It should be immediately....

Isn't it too late?

No.... We must try, at all events.
It needs proper English.... Who can translate it?

Can Sujata try?

Sujata, are you literary? *(laughter)*
It's full of power, that power has to be kept.

(after suggesting names for a possible translator)

What will we do with the translation then?

Can we try sending it to newspapers in Madras, Delhi and Calcutta?

We should.... The newspapers won't dare – they'll be afraid of government reprisals.

But, Mother, on the whole, all of India was against Delhi's decision. Everywhere, in all the papers I saw that they completely disapproved of Delhi's decision. Entire India is against Indira on that particular point.

We have to think about it. We shouldn't send it out haphazardly, someone should take it in hand. We must find a way to have it printed right away.

How much time did you take to write it?

A morning.

(silence)

You aren't pessimistic?

No. You see, what God wills will be. And I take God in the sense of....

And that's what I said to.... N.S.[55] sent U. expressly to ask me what she should do, because Indira doesn't listen to her at all anymore – not at all – and she seems to be completely ... well, anyway, as though submerged by a hostile formation.[56] So I replied that I personally have only one hope *(Mother clenches her fists in front of her as though clinging to something)*: "Let the Divine Will be done," and "All those who are capable of helping the contact and hastening the reception of that Will here must put all their consciousness and aspiration into it." That's what I replied.... And this *(indicating the article),* from the standpoint of action, is the last chance – not that people listen very much, but it creates a current of force.

(silence)

The great argument is that the people of Bangladesh don't care and have stopped defending themselves.

But...!

And already over two million refugees have come into India, and they're expecting the two million to swell to ten million. And India won't have anything to eat. That' what's going to happen tomorrow, immediately. It's really a bottomless pit.... Ten million swarming into North India.

I called – I called, I asked for help – and that [the article] came, and it's good, it's very good. Since it came, it's a last hope.

We must find a large number of newspapers in all the provinces.

And I wouldn't sign your name. I would put *"A lover of India,"* something like that.

> *You wouldn't like something like "A letter from the Sri Aurobindo Ashram"?... No, you're right, "A lover of India" is the right tone.*

Yes, there are a lot of things around it.

> *Yes, that's right.*

It would be nice to put *"A disciple of Sri Aurobindo, a lover of India."* But that ... we'll see.

* * *

ADDENDUM

Sri Aurobindo and Bangladesh

Behind the jostle of temporary points of view and instant interests there are the Eternal Landmarks. To lose sight of them is to lose one's very way and steer onto the reefs of expediency and comfortable compromise upon which we shall founder a moment later. Behind the little frontal events is the greater tide of history and to lose sight of it is to lose one's direction and the golden thread that leads to our perfect fulfillment, be it individual or national. Those who have left their unique mark upon the labyrinth of history are the very ones who have seized the golden thread and affirmed the Greater History and the Greater Meaning against all the instant arguments and fleeting expediencies.

The Greater History tells us that the whole earth is a single body with a single destiny, but that within that single destiny each part of the greater body, each nation, has its special role to play and its rare moments of choice when it must make the decisive gesture, its true gesture in the total movement of the great Eternal History. Each nation is a symbol. Each gesture of each nation potentially represents a little victory in the total victory or a little defeat in the total defeat. And sometimes the whole of our history is at stake at a symbolic point of the earth; and, a little gesture, a tiny turn to the right or left, has repercussions, either good or bad, down the ages and over the entire earth body.

India is precisely such a symbol and Bangladesh is another, a little turning point in the great course of events of the earth. The time has come to consider the eternal Landmarks and read the greater tide in the small eddies. Now, the greater tide tells us that India's role is to be the spiritual heart of the terrestrial body just as, for example, the role of France is to express clarity of intellect, or that of Germany to express skill, Russia the brotherhood of man and the United States enthusiasm for adventure and practical organization, etc. But only if India is ONE can she fulfill this role, for how can one who is herself divided lead others? Thus the division of India is the first Falsehood that must

disappear, for it is the symbol of the earth's division. As long as India is not one, the world cannot be one. India's striving for unity is the symbolic drama of the world's striving for unity.

From this simple, eternal Fact follow all the conclusions and policies that will flow with the current of the earth's destiny. Sri Aurobindo said so already in 1947, *"The division must and will go."* Dire will be the consequences for India and for the earth if we fail to heed this eternal Theorem: *"The old communal division into Hindus and Muslims seems now to have hardened into a permanent political division of the country,"* said Sri Aurobindo. *"It is to be hoped that this settled fact will not be accepted as settled for ever or as anything more than a temporary expedient. For if it lasts, India may be seriously weakened, even crippled: civil strife may remain always possible, possible even a new invasion and foreign conquest."* We now know, twenty-four years after this prophetic declaration, that China is at our gates and only awaits her hour to invade the entire continent, seizing precisely on this division of India to strike at the spiritual heart of the world and, perhaps, frustrating the realization of the entire destiny of the earth or postponing it until a future cycle after much suffering and complication.

The Great History tells us that India must again be one, and that particular current of history is so imperative that twice already Destiny has managed to put India before the possibility of her reunification. The first time was in 1965 when Pakistan's foolish aggressiveness enabled India to counterattack and carry the battle right into the suburbs of Lahore – and up to Karachi had she but had the courage to seize boldly her destiny. The hour was indeed for a decisive choice. The Mother declared categorically: *"India is fighting for the triumph of Truth, and She must fight until India and Pakistan become ONE again, for such is the truth of their being."* At Tashkent, we yielded on the crest of a petty compromise which was to lead us into a second, more bloody and painful reef, Bangladesh. There too destiny graciously arranged to enable India to hasten to the aid of her massacred brethren – even the famous skyjacking incident of January[57] was, as it were, arranged by the Grace so as to spare India from delaying her intervention until it was too late (or to spare her the shame of not intervening at all and allowing Pakistan's planes to fly over her head loaded with weaponry and murderers to slaughter her brothers). But there again, yielding to the demands of the moment and to the small, shortsighted interests, we refused to accept the challenge of the Great Direction of our History, and we now find ourselves on the brink of a new compromise which will lead us inevitably to a third and even more disastrous and bloody reef. For one day India must inevitably face that which twice she has fled. Only each time the conditions are more disastrous for her and for the world – perhaps so disastrous that the whole earth will even be engulfed in another general conflict, while the whole story could have been resolved at the little symbolic point that is Bangladesh, at the right hour, with the right gesture and a minimum of suffering.

For let there be no doubt about it, the Bangladesh affair is not an Indian event, it is a world event. The division of India is not a local incident, it is a terrestrial Falsehood which must disappear if the division of the world is to

disappear. And here again we hear the voice of Sri Aurobindo, six months before his passing, referring to yet another phenomenon which then seemed of such slight importance, so remote, a trifling "local" affair at the other end of the world: the invasion of South Korea in 1950, twenty-one years ago. And yet that small Korean symbol, like the small symbol of Bangladesh (or the one of Czechoslovakia in 1938), contained in seed the whole fatal course which is still carrying the world toward a sinister destiny: *"The affair of Korea,"* wrote Sri Aurobindo, *"is the first move in the Communist plan of campaign to dominate and take possession first of these northern parts and then of South East Asia as a preliminary to their manoeuvres with regard to the rest of the continent – in passing, Tibet as a gate opening to India."* Now, twenty-one years later, we see that Tibet and the whole of South East Asia have been swallowed up and the "gate into India" has truly been opened wide by the wound of the Pakistani Falsehood – already, or very shortly, the Chinese are, or will be, in Khulna, some eighty miles from Calcutta, to help Yahya Khan to "pacify" Bengal. And Sri Aurobindo added, *"If they succeed, there is no reason why domination of the whole world should not follow by steps until they are ready to deal with America."*

This is where we are today. That which we want to avoid returns upon us with tenfold force. The hour for political calculation, for the pros and cons of our petty mathematics of expediency (which always goes awry) is past. The time has come to rediscover the Great Direction of India, which is really the Great Direction of the world, and to place our faith in the Spirit that guides her Destiny, rejecting petty fears of a phantom world opinion and doing away with the little supports which only lend support to the Enemy. Tomorrow America will perhaps resume her economic aid to Pakistan on the pretext of counteracting the Chinese presence. The Bangladesh slaughter will be honorably justified by a pseudoregime which will operate with the blessings of the international community. But one does not cheat the tide of history: for the third time our little compromises will crumble and we will find ourselves confronted with a terrible ordeal, its intensity nourished by our own successive failures in the past. The sooner not only India, but America and Russia too, understand the unreality of Pakistan and the magnitude of what is at stake at the borders of India, the sooner may the looming catastrophe be halted before it becomes totally and definitely irrevocable. *"One thing is certain,"* wrote Sri Aurobindo a few months before his passing, *"that if there is too much shilly-shallying and if America gives up now her defence of Korea"* [we could say even more: the defense of Bangladesh] *"she may be driven to yield position after position until it is too late: at one point or another she will have to stand and face the necessity of drastic action even if it leads to war."*

For the battle of India is the battle of the world. This is where the world's tragic destiny is brewing, or its last-minute burst of hope into a new world of Truth and Light, for it is said that the deepest darkness lies nearest the most luminous light.

The last Asura must die at the feet of the Eternal Mother.

A lover of India

May 19, 1971

There is something from Nolini.... A thought came to him and he wrote it down; it's about Mujibur, the man who led the revolution in Bangladesh and whom they imprisoned.

Yes, he is now in Pakistan.

I don't know. But a thought came to Nolini and he wrote it down:

Mujibur's Bengal risked her body but saved her soul.
Indira's India neither risked her body nor saved her soul.

I refuse. I don't want to say anything against Indira!

Yes, but what happened is that he wrote this down, left it on his table, and as usual people go by; they saw it, took it, copied it, and passed it around.

Oh!... That's going to get us into great trouble! It's very regrettable – very regrettable. I didn't want to say anything against Indira.

But it's terrible the way people come into his room, take papers lying on his table and proceed to pass them around!

But why does he leave them on the table! *(Mother looks very angry)* It's disastrous. A dreadful blunder. It's going to get me into big, big trouble – just what I wanted to avoid.

I think, or hope at any rate, that it won't get out of the small collectivity of the Ashram.

It always gets out. And there's someone (nobody knows who) who sends the government EVERYTHING that appears here.

It's a disaster.

(Mother goes within for a long time, she moans)

Anything to ask?

It's not easy.

(Mother makes a gesture as if to agree and goes back within)

May 22, 1971

So then, what have you brought?

Well, and you, what do YOU say?

Me, I don't say anything.... I mean if the Lord wants success for us, it can be BREATHTAKING. There is the possibility of a breathtaking success – not in the sky: here. The only thing is to know whether the time for success has come.

(long silence)

It seems that things are much better in Auroville. S. is particularly interested and goes there, and she sent me word that there is a great progress in the atmosphere.

Well, good.

I tell you, everywhere there's a possibility for an ... extraordinary success. Has the moment come? I don't know.... Personally, I make myself like this *(tiny gesture),* physically very small, and I let ...

(gesture open to the Lord).

I would like.... You see, the Will comes, but then all the formations come in and decay its execution – I would like ... I would like my atmosphere to be ... a limpid transmitter, utterly limpid. I don't even try to know what it is, because that too introduces an ordinary human element. A limpid, limpid transmitter: let it come like this *(gesture of direct descent),* pure, in all its purity – even if it is overwhelming.

At bottom we don't know why one thing is like this, another thing is like that, and our vision is ... even if our vision is worldwide, it is so small, so small – so exclusive: we want this, we do not want that. First and FOREMOST to be an instrument: we must be LIMPID, limpid, things must pass through undistorted and unobstructed.

Actually, that's how I spend all my time, trying to be like that.

But is that possibility of victory which you feel something recent?

Yes.

It's recent; because apparently circumstances are obviously not so good – apparently.

Oh, you know.... All circumstances seemed to be poised for a disaster.

Yes.

Just a few days ago, the disaster seemed to be closing in. And so, at that moment, it was as if my whole being ... what's the word? *(Mother clenches her fists),* were, yes, you can call it an aspiration for the true Victory – not the one sought by this side or that side or ... – the true Victory. ALL the difficulties seemed to have been as though a light shone: the possibility of Victory. It's still ... not miraculous, but the intervention ... it's the intervention of the Supreme Wisdom – will it concretize? We'll see. It seems, it seems to be coming like this *(gesture at a certain height, her two palms turned downward),* as a possibility.

Yes, it's recent, quite recent. I can't say because it didn't come abruptly, but it's a matter of days.

Yes, because for some time, I was feeling a great pessimism.

That's a bad attitude.

Well, I didn't really have that attitude, but it's like an atmosphere of pessimism that came.

That's always there.... It's everything that does not want the Divine which creates the atmosphere deliberately to discourage those who want the Divine. You must ... you mustn't pay any attention. It's the device of the devil. Pessimism is the devil's tool, for he feels his own situation is ... *(shaky gesture).* You know, if the possibility I see materializes, it will really be a decisive Victory over the adverse forces – naturally they fight back as best as they can. But that's always the devil, as soon as you see even the tail of pessimism, it's the devil. That's his great tool.

(long silence)

(Satprem gets ready to leave, Sujata comes near Mother)

Mon petit....

(Sujata:) Mother, do you remember the other day, when I saw those two eyes appearing on your forehead[58] *(you remember, I told you), was that the Wisdom appearing?*

Perhaps?... Perhaps.... Perhaps is was the Victory.... If it was the Victory, that's good.

Do you still see them?

No, Mother.

We'll see.

(Mother caresses Sujata's cheeks)

May 25, 1971

(Note from Satprem to Mother)

I am in the greatest Darkness
of my life.

S.

(Reply)

Now is the time to cling
exclusively
and definitively
to the Divine.

M.

* * *

(Sujata's visit to Mother)

He feels the need of your protection.

Cling to the Divine.

I would like to enfold him like this *(gesture)*. I am within (not "I," but ...) and acting within.

Deep within. To feel the Light, the Force, the Joy, the Certainty – the Certainty. The Divine Victory is certain. It cannot be otherwise.

He must let the Divine enfold him completely.

May 26, 1971

(Mother had asked a young Indian disciple, M., a mathematics teacher in the School, to read the English translation of "Supermanhood" and to give his opinion.)

Well then?

(M.:) My first reaction was this: I found the book very poetic, very lovely – I mean the French.

It's good, isn't it?

Yes. The English seemed less poetic to me. It's a translation, but it didn't give me the same impression as the French.

So, what's to be done? Another translation?

I don't know, Mother, I am unable to say. I can't say if it's a good translation or a bad one, but when I read it, I felt it was a translation. And it was less poetic – the French is much more poetic.

All right.... Can it be used or not?

I think it can be used.

If it doesn't distort the thought.

No, it didn't seem to me to distort the thought.

(To Satprem:) What do you say?

I feel the essence is missing.

(Mother laughs) Yes, exactly!

Do you know the thought that came to me? In America the young D. is going to start a translation for America. Couldn't it be used here as well?

It's American. Here they speak English. There's a difference, oh!...

But if the Power is there, it won't make any difference.

No, it has to be English.

But then who?... Because in my opinion no translation at all is better than one that doesn't convey the Force in it. Better nothing at all.

(silence)

(Satprem to M.:) Did you feel the Force in it?

(M.:) Well, I'm not really capable of speaking about these things, but I can say that when I read the French, it seemed to me that it wasn't addressed to the intellect, to the heart perhaps, I don't know – it's for an aspirant.

Yes.

(M:) Even an ordinary reader will not grasp it: it has to be an aspirant. I could understand the English better because it's addressed to the intellect. But ... I'm not at all capable of judging.

(To Satprem:) Who translated your article [on Bangladesh]?

Z, Mother.[59]

Ah, that's right.

(M.:) That I found very good, because I read the English version first and I thought it was the original.

Z knows how to translate.

(Satprem:) She knows how to seize the Force and bring it out – that's what counts.

She should have translated your book!... Only, she's busy and writes herself.... I am going to ask her. Only, the other one is going to be devastated! *(laughter)*

But I asked T. [the English translator] the sentences she objected to, and I told her, "I am very sorry, but I see you haven't understood the book in the least!" She knows it.

(Satprem:) T. said some rather terrible things about my book....

Ah? *(Mother laughs merrily)*

I was quite upset.

What did she say?

She told me she found certain things "repulsive."

She found them what?

"Repulsive."

Ohh!

So I tried to explain to her, "Look, I don't know, the book literally fell on me.... It landed on me." Then she said with a kind of forcefulness that affected me very much, "Oh, yes I know, it's very easy to mistake what comes from the subconscient for an inspiration."

Oh!

She said it in such a tone that I was plunged into a dreadful doubt.

Bah! Bah!

She wrote me about it, at any rate, saying that she didn't feel the

Presence in the book – she wrote, "The Presence is missing in this book."

She knows better than I do.

But anyway, in those conditions, it isn't possible for the Force to pass through.

That's right, it can't be used.
(To M.:) Anything else you would like to say?

(M.:) I didn't read it with a very critical mind, Mother, but one reaction I did have, I can say frankly: I felt that what Satprem says is natural and it should be kept simple. It reminded me of a similar analogy as when I do a mathematical problem that I find extremely difficult, but once I've found the solution, I always think, "But it was so simple! All you had to do was draw this line and everything comes out!" I found the book a little like that.

(Mother nods her head)

But then I would like to ask one thing which I didn't find in the book: there is no express mention of the guru. Could a person do that all alone, without a guru?

(after a silence)

It's possible. But, you see, I can only give my own experience – I can only say it's possible. But in what conditions, I don't know.

(Satprem to M.:) In a book you can't openly speak of a guru, telling the readers, "You must follow such and such a person." You can only make them feel something and turn them toward it, but you can't very well tell them, "You know, you have to follow such and such a person."

Yes, of course!

You can't, you see.

(M.:) Well, I mention this because, reading the book, I felt, "If someone starts following this path without a guru, he may find himself in trouble...." But it's a book that inspires you to follow the path.

(silence)

I don't know, I can't say because I can only speak from personal experience – that has no value.

(M.:) But it seemed to me it was your experience, especially toward the end of the book.

(Laughing) So I am responsible!

(Satprem:) Well, someone has to be responsible for it!

(Mother laughs)

(M.:) The chapters following "The Sociology of the Superman": "Afterwards" and "The Conquest of Death," etc., vividly evoked for me what you say in "Notes on the Way."

(Mother smiles) Yes, that's the yoga of the body.

(M.:) But you alone are doing that, so....

You think so? *(laughter)*

(Satprem:) I think so, yes! (laughter)

I must say that if it comes to you like that, as a necessity, that's all right, but one should not seek to do it.... It's not very pleasant!
(Turning to M.:) So, when you'd like to see me, say so.

(M. laughing:) That's very difficult!

I see an average of a hundred people a day – on average.

(M.:) Yes, that's why it's becoming difficult to ask you, Mother.

But that doesn't matter – just one.

(M.:) That's how it becomes a hundred! (general laughter)

Obviously.... Well, it doesn't matter, I am glad to see you.

(M. goes out,
Mother sits absorbed a long time)

So how are you, mon petit!... Better?[60]

I hope so, with your grace.

(silence)

There's a whole part of me that must disappear.

Yes, but I thought it was gone.... It's quite curious. For me, it's not at all you.

Yes.

I thought it was gone. I have the impression of someone driven out and

who has come back. But it doesn't matter.... You just have to ... you know, like this *(Mother clenches her fists),* refuse to budge. That's all.

It's not you.

(long silence)

I would rather not say that.... You know, I could say two things. One is that you truly have something to do, and it is in the process of crystallizing – you shouldn't listen to the rubbish of people who don't understand a thing. And the other is that there's a whole part of your nature that was not your luminous nature (atavism, education, a lot of things), which is so much out of the way, so overcome that I thought it had vanished altogether. I was surprised when I was told it had come to bother you again. That's ... that's not Satprem.

Yes, I know.

So cling to Satprem.

No, I prefer to cling to you!

Cling as much as you can – as much as you can.

One feels the Grace alone can do something like that.

Mon petit....

(Mother clasps Satprem's hands
long silence)

There's something I feel very deeply.... *(silence)* Words ... words *(Mother shakes her head)....* But to say it as simply as possible, I could say, "The Lord loves Satprem." And that's something profound, profound, profound.... The Lord loves Satprem. That's all.

(Satprem puts his forehead on Mother's knees)

May 27, 1971

(Extract from Satprem's notebook)

Pranab-desh.[61]

May 29, 1971

(Mother receives Satprem nearly two hours late. Mother apologizes! The conversation starts with the Russian translation of "Supermanhood." The translator is asking for 2,000 francs.)

I don't know if I have the right to spend the money! There are nothing but rules, rules....

(silence)

Anything else?

No, Mother.... And what do you have to say?

Oh, lies, lies, lies – everybody is lying, oh!... It's horrible.

And then the government has taxed EVERYTHING. The price of the least thing has doubled.... People aren't giving me money anymore, or they give much less, saying: our expenses have increased. And my expenses have more than doubled. So you see.

And lies everywhere, everywhere, everywhere ... it's dreadful.

May 30, 1971

(Sujata's visit to Mother)

Falsehood has become acute and terrible. It has to go, so it's clinging. Since yesterday it's become so terrible that no one can be trusted.

June

June 2, 1971

(Concerning Satprem's difficulties)

I myself had felt that something in you, some part of the consciousness – a very external and superficial part – was pulling.

Yes, that's right.

And I was wondering how come?...

When it came, I went on saying: things are guided, therefore this has a reason and I have something to learn. But I see this thing is really untransformable.

It must be rejected from the nature. You see, it's something that has to be transformed from life to life – it must be eliminated from your personality.

(Satprem puts his head on Mother's knees,

Mother bends down to kiss him)

I've suffered a lot.... May I be capable of serving you, Mother.

It's a part of the past that must disappear, and it clings on desperately – in a different form in each person.

(Mother goes within, gasping for breath,
she tries to speak half in trance without success)

To want only what God wants.

(Then Mother closes her eyes and smiles,
palms open, and goes within)

To cling to the Divine like this *(clenched fists).* To cling ... *(Mother has tears in her eyes, she gasps)* ... so that the Divine alone carries us. That's all.

(Mother tries to speak half in trance)

... All, we must be all aspiration, intense, intense and constant....

June 3, 1971

(To Sujata)

Tell Satprem that whatever the circumstances, he must go down very, very deep into his heart: "Lord, what You want, Lord, what You want." No questioning, no asking why – this *(forehead)* silent, and here *(heart)* remaining

steadfastly like this *(gesture of clenched fists)* with an intense prayer: Lord, what You want, what You want....

June 5, 1971

All circumstances have been furiously teaching the body to ... call all the time, all the time – to call the Divine. And so now it's got into the habit of repeating its mantra, and it repeats it ALL THE TIME. It's a curious thing: if it repeats it, everything runs smoothly; if it doesn't, it can't even swallow food – everything seems on the verge of falling apart; so it repeats its mantra, and everything goes quite well. When it thinks of nothing but the Divine, everything is fine. This morning, while I was having breakfast, that's how it was. It was so plain! If the body thinks about eating, everything goes wrong; if it repeats its mantra, it can absorb the food, it doesn't even notice it, everything becomes so easy. Very interesting.... The same goes for people: when they're here, if I think about them, if I think there are difficulties, then ... *(grating gesture),* but if I am like this *(peaceful gesture, immovable in the Lord),* everything goes well, quite naturally.

It's a lesson, but a relentless one.

(silence)

And it has some old remnants of atavism. There's *(Mother laughs)* a sort of fear – an altogether childish fear: "If I think of the Divine, there are going to be difficulties to be overcome"; that's how it is in the cells (not everywhere, there's very little of it, like some old remnants of something dragging over from previous lives), so then I laugh. The body asks but one thing, to melt into the Divine, to be nothing but That, to cease to exist separately – then all is well. It's very interesting. It's really the sadhana of the body, and in quite a compelling way – absolutely compelling. And when it leaves That, it feels it's going to disintegrate the very next minute – that it is the only thing that keeps it together; without That, it doesn't exist anymore.

That became quite concrete today.

(silence)

Humanity has a dread (it must have been necessary at one time, some thousands of years ago, I don't know), a dread of the Divine. The human animal. For him, it is equivalent to disappearing. And in effect it is the disappearance of the ego. And the disappearance of that [physical] ego ... for a long time one has had the impression that if the ego disappears, the being disappears, the form disappears – but that's not true! It isn't true. In any case, it has become ready [Mother's body] to live without an ego.... The trouble is that

life's ordinary laws no longer hold. Which means all the old habit, plus the new thing to be learned.

It's as if the cells – not the body's cells: the organization that makes up the form (that holds everything together and makes up a form, a form we call human), it's as if that had to learn it can go on living without the sense of separate individuality. Curious. Without the sense of ego. While for thousands of years it's been accustomed to existing separately only because of the ego – without ego it goes on ... according to another law the body doesn't yet know, and which ... it finds incomprehensible. It has nothing to do with a will, it's not ... I don't know ... a something ... a way of being. But then, billions of ways of being.

It has to learn to be a certain way of being.

June 9, 1971

(First Mother informs Satprem that the article on "Sri Aurobindo and Bangladesh" has been translated into Hindi and sent to Delhi.)

There's an onslaught of adverse forces. A ferocious onslaught. But the Response is beginning to come – just a very small beginning. In each person there was like a storm, and it's not completely over. Everything you thought was conquered and pushed away is rushing back – in the most unexpected persons – under every guise, but mainly in the character, oh!... doubts, revolts, everything....

(silence)

I was asked for a message for all of India [in connection with the Bangladesh crisis]. I gave one.

(Mother hands the text)

Supreme Lord, Eternal Truth
Let us obey Thee alone
and live according to
Truth.

There's a dreadful onslaught of Falsehood. It was as if everyone were lying, even the most unexpected persons – everywhere, but everywhere. And to me it was vivid *(Mother makes a gesture of seeing it),* oh, horrible! You can't imagine.... This, a little twisted to the right; that, a little twisted to the left, just a little twisted – nothing, not a thing was straight. Then the body asked, "And where is your own falsehood?" It took a look at itself. And it was that old

story: "You must call the Lord only when it's important!... *(Laughing)* You can't expect to be with Him all the time!" So it got a good slap.

It wasn't aggressive, it had the appearance of humility – it got a good cuff.

There was a battering of unpleasant things – more than unpleasant: really, but really mean and nasty and destructive. A battering, until the body understood. Then this feeling came into the whole body, in all the cells, everywhere, all the time (it came to such a pitch that I could barely swallow food), until everything, all-all understood: "I exist only by the Divine, I can go on living only by the Divine ... and I can be myself only by being the Divine." After that, it was better. Now the body has understood.

(long silence)

You have nothing to ask, nothing to say?

I feel a bad destiny hangs over me.

No, that's not true! It's part of the Falsehood, that's the Falsehood – it's part of the Falsehood. I had seen that, I have seen it; I have tried to remove it, I haven't succeeded.... There is no bad destiny, that's humbug! A downright lie. It isn't true – it isn't at all true, not at all, at all.

Here, that's just a perfect example for you: it's exactly like that – it's likewise everywhere *(Mother makes a gesture with claws).* I can almost see mean little devils with claws trying to hook onto each and everyone.

That's not true. It's not true, on the contrary! Quite the contrary, the course I saw [for you] recently is an increasingly beneficial influence over people through your writing, and something – I told you about it – which is spreading and is going to have an action everywhere. But of course the devil doesn't like that, so he tries ... *(gesture of claws).* Ah, you should look straight at him and laugh – stick your tongue out at him like a naughty boy.

(long silence)

Well, in any case, one is assailed.

Oh, but I tell you, it's a massive onslaught – but it doesn't matter. We must rise above it, and then ... *(gesture of looking from above).*

What I said is the Truth, and the ONLY remedy:

to exist only for the Divine
to exist only by the Divine
to exist only to serve the Divine
to exist only ... by becoming divine.

There you are.

There isn't any "you," there isn't any "we must be patient," there isn't any "it will come in its own time," there isn't any ... of all those very reasonable things, they don't exist anymore – it's That *(Mother lowers her fist sharply),* like a sword-blade. It's That. And it's That DESPITE EVERYTHING: the Divine. The Divine alone. All that hodgepodge of bad will and revolt and ... all that *(Mother raises an unalterable finger)* has to be swept away.

And that which says that we will perish or be destroyed by That is the ego – it is Mr. Ego trying to pass himself off as the true being.

But the body has learned that even without ego it is what it is, because it is that by the Divine Will and not at all by the ego – we exist by the Divine Will and not by the ego. The ego was a means – a centuries-old means. Centuries old. Now, it's worthless, it's time is over. It had its time, it had its usefulness – it's over, it's past, it's way past. Now ... *(Mother lowers her fist sharply)*: consciousness is the Divine; power is the Divine; action is the Divine; individuality is the Divine.

And the body has understood, sensed very well; it has *realized* and *understood,* as they say in English, that the sense of being a separate personality is PERFECTLY useless, perfectly useless, it is not in the least indispensable to its existence, it's perfectly useless. It exists by another power and another will, which is not individual, not personal: the Divine Will. And it will become what it is supposed to be the day it feels there is no difference between itself and the Divine. That's all.

All the rest is falsehood – false, false, false, and a falsehood that must disappear. There is only ONE reality, there is only ONE life, there is only ONE consciousness *(Mother lowers her fist sharply)*: the Divine.

(Mother looks at Satprem with great intensity,
Satprem puts his forehead on Mother's knees)

June 12, 1971

(First, Mother gives Satprem a few copies of the Swedish translation of the introduction to "Supermanhood," then Satprem reads several extracts from Sri Aurobindo for the next Bulletin.)

> "Every sadhak has by nature certain characteristics which are a great obstacle on the way of the sadhana; these remain with obstinacy and can only be overcome after a very long time by an action of the Divine from within. Your mistake is not to have these defects, others have defects of anger, jealousy, envy, etc. very strongly and not only have them within but show them very openly – but to accept it as a reason for despair and the wish to go away from here. There is absolutely no meaning in going away, for nothing would be gained by it. One does not escape from what is within oneself by changing place; it follows and reproduces itself under other circumstances and among other surroundings. To go away and die does not solve anything either; for one's being and nature do not end with death, they continue. The only way to get rid of them is here.

Here, if you remain, a time is sure to come when these things will go out of you. The suffering it causes cannot cease by going out – it can only cease by the *inner* cause being removed or else by your drawing back from them and realising your true self which even if they rise would not be troubled by them and would refuse to regard them as part of itself – this liberation too can only come here by sadhana."

May 24, 1937
Sri Aurobindo

That's marvelous! There are so many people to whom that could be said.

* * *

"This kind of condition which is between two things one of which is being left but will not let go its hold and the other is almost or near to be grasped but cannot be brought into action, always comes at a certain stage in the transition between the ordinary consciousness and the Yogic consciousness. It is obviously very troublesome. One has to keep a firm mind as much as possible. There are two ways of dealing with it. One is to sit quiet with a silent will to get rapidly through to the true thing and allow the Force to work out the difficulty. The other is effort, but this effort too must be a *quiet* effort, – if it is a struggling or over eager effort, it may increase the struggle and restlessness in the mind or body. The best way is to keep quiet, observe, will for the change in reliance on the working of the Force, but also to use a quiet effort whenever that is possible. If one does that, after a time one finds a quiet action becoming habitual which whenever the outer force comes to pull the mind out, repels it automatically and maintains the poise of the consciousness."

January 19, 1937
Sri Aurobindo

That's excellent!

* * *

"There is a certain truth in what you say about the empty cup – a certain emptying of the consciousness of old things is necessary before anything positive can settle itself. It is what is happening in your physical consciousness, the old movements are being emptied out and you fall quiet, but they press in again and the cup has to be repeatedly emptied. If there is a firm and persistent rejection, then this repeated return of the old movements will cease to be so persistent; the periods of quiet can be established and permanent.

It is not however a fact that the whole nature has to be emptied of the old things before there can be the Light and Grace. It is done usually in different parts of the nature at different times. You had your former experiences because the mind and higher vital were sufficiently emptied and quiet to receive some experiences of a new consciousness. Now it is

the physical mind, physical vital and body that have to be emptied – these always take longer than the others because the physical is more full of old habits, more slow to receive anything new or to change. But by the detachment and steady rejection and reliance on the Mother's force, this obstinacy can be overcome and the cup emptied for filling with the Divine Light."

January 15, 1937
Sri Aurobindo

* * *

"As for sadhana, it is not that you have no capacity, but what has happened to many has happened to you – the physical consciousness has risen up and veiled the psychic which was about to come forward. It has risen up with the insistence on the value of its own small ignorant ideas and feelings and refusing to let them go. When the psychic comes forward, all larger and more enlightened movements replace them. But usually before that happens, these things rise up and control the consciousness for a while. This state need not be a permanent condition and if one sees clearly and rejects them consciously, then it can be got over quickly – but even if it lasts a long period, it can in the end be overcome and that is happening to many now. Naturally, the physical consciousness persuades the mind that it is everlasting and cannot be got over; but that is not true."

May 21, 1937
Sri Aurobindo

That's good! It seems just the right moment to say it.

June 16, 1971

(Satprem suggest several extracts from the Agenda for "Notes on the Way," the first being that of May 22 on the intervention of the Supreme Wisdom: "The possibility of a breathtaking success – not in the sky: here.")

That's quite good. It brings back the atmosphere.... Is it too soon to say it? I don't know.

Yes, perhaps, I had a little the same feeling also.

Yes, it's too soon. We should wait.

It's for the August Bulletin.

Yes, but August is very soon.... I don't know. We'll see next month whether we send it out or not, or keep it. At any rate, we will use it one day. It

seems ... I seem to be going too fast.

Yes, it does seem far-off.

Perhaps I don't have enough faith, that's possible!

I remember now (reading it brought back the atmosphere), I remember the state I was in.... I was ahead.

* * *

(Then Satprem suggests some extracts from the conversation of June 9 on the "onslaught of Falsehood" and in particular the passage on the dissolution of the ego.)

It's quite a current truth [the onslaught].

Oh, that [the dissolution of the ego] is perfect; that should be published, it's my everyday experience, every minute, all the time.... That should be published now.

You know, it's my experience every minute, for every single thing, constantly: for rest, for activity, for food, for everything, for action with people, for everything, everything; it's a kind of ... I could almost say a possession by the Divine. And my body senses that it exists only like this *(fists clenched, clinging to the Divine)*: without That, there is nothing. Ah, the experience is constant and total!

(Mother goes within)

It's interesting: EVERYTHING is useful – everything is useful, everything is necessary, in its place in time and space (it's something that is neither time nor space: in the Manifestation, we could say), and it becomes falsehood when it tries to last after its time is over. So what is needed is to be able to be within the Movement – the Movement of eternal Unfolding – where things ... become truer and truer. For in the total and eternal Movement, all things become truer and truer.

(Mother goes back within)

A marvel!...

(Mother goes within)

June 23, 1971

(Mother listens to the reading of various letters of Sri Aurobindo for the next Bulletin and selects this one:)

"What your vital being seems to have kept all along is the 'bargain' or the 'mess' attitude in these matters. One gives some kind of commodity which he calls devotion or surrender and in return the Mother is under obligation to supply satisfaction for all demands and desires spiritual, mental, vital and physical, and, if she falls short in her task, she has broken her contract. The Ashram is a sort of communal hotel or mess, the Mother is the hotel-keeper or mess-manager. One gives what one can or chooses to give, or it may be nothing at all except the aforesaid commodity; in return the palate, the stomach and all the physical demands have to be satisfied to the full; if not, one has every right to keep one's money and to abuse the defaulting hotel-keeper or mess-manager. This attitude has nothing whatever to do with Sadhana or Yoga and I absolutely repudiate the right of anyone to impose it as a basis for my work or for the life of the Ashram.

There are only two possible foundations for the material life here. One is that one is a member of an Ashram founded on the principle of self-giving and surrender. One belongs to the Divine and all one has belongs to the Divine; in giving one gives not what is one's own but what already belongs to the Divine. There is no question of payment or return, no bargain, no room for demand and desire. The Mother is in sole charge and arranges things as best they can be arranged within the means at her disposal and the capacities of her instruments. She is under no obligation to act according to the mental standards or vital desires and claims of the Sadhaks; she is not obliged to use a democratic equality in her dealings with them. She is free to deal with each according to what she sees to be his true need or what is best for him in his spiritual progress. No one can be her judge or impose on her his own rule and standard; she alone can make rules, and she can depart from them too if she thinks fit, but no one can demand that she shall do so. Personal demands and desires cannot be imposed on her. If anyone has what he finds to be a real need or a suggestion to make which is within the province assigned to him, he can do so; but if she gives no sanction, he must remain satisfied and drop the matter. This is the spiritual discipline of which the one who represents or embodies the Divine Truth is the centre. Either she is that and all this is the plain common sense of the matter; or she is not and then no one need stay here. Each can go his own way and there is no Ashram and no Yoga."

April 11, 1930
Sri Aurobindo
The Mother, XXV.23

It's going to give a rather unflattering picture of the Ashram.... But it's true, terribly true. You could say it's just what is happening now! It could have been written now.

What do you think about it [for publication]?

I don't think anything.

What do you feel?... But you're going to tell me you don't feel anything!... Personally, if this *(pointing to the body)* weren't what people call "the Mother," if it weren't me, I would say yes. It's exactly what is needed.

Then it should be published.

I don't want to look as if I were defending myself!

But you're not! And what does it matter anyway.

All right, I prefer it that way.

Let's just publish it. The other quotations[62] *give a slightly dark picture of the Ashram, especially when put together.*

Yes, just one.

He left twenty years ago – he left in '50, twenty-two, twenty-three years ago.

Twenty-one years.

But it went on all the same.

(Mother goes within)

Your article [on Bangladesh] seems to have had a lot of effect – a lot.[63] There's a complete reversal. They're now expecting war.

But do you know that the Americans are sending arms to Pakistan?

I've heard it. They say it is not the American government.

Yes, that's easy to say!

But the American manufacturers.

It's easy, they can say anything they like.

They're expecting war here in about a week.

But the Indians won't move unless they get hit on the head!

But it's the Indian government that said it – they're getting ready for it. They weren't ready [in March].

How odd. They weren't ready a month ago, and now they're suddenly ready!

(Mother nods her head) I have received news from people who organized

the troops, and they're ready to enter Pakistan tomorrow, if they're told to.

If they're told to.

If they're told to.

Yes.

As a matter of fact a minister[64] has gone to various countries to tell them they intended to make war.

!!!

And, I believe, he's coming back today or tomorrow with the reactions. And then we'll see. It's a matter of days. I have the latest news from the government – it's the government that sent me the news.[65]

I'm skeptical.

What they say is always worse – worse or better – than what actually is. That's the last I've heard.

In any case, they informed me officially.

We'll see.

We'll see.

You see, there are also the refugees[66] – the refugees cost more than the war.

But of course!

So they've woken up, they've finally understood.

They've finally understood! How dense!

And so they want to send all those people back home with troops to protect them.

!!!

We'll see.

You don't have anything?

I have some news from P.L. You know he had submitted the book "On the Way to Supermanhood" at the same time as "The Sannyasin" to Flammarion, a publisher in Paris. And they refused them.

Oh, they refused them!

Do you want me to read you what they said?

Yes.

Paris, June 14, 1971

"Thank you for submitting the two manuscripts by Sri Satprem, 'By

the Body of the Earth' [The Sannyasin] and 'On the Way to Supermanhood.'

Unfortunately, in both cases, our readers felt that Sri Satprem had not succeeded in laying the foundations of his beliefs, ultimately rather vague, or at any rate not easy to convey. As for the style, it only very rarely injects life into those inexpressible and often suspect things. It is principally the lacunae which persuaded us that we cannot consider publication."

Signed: O.L.

What do they mean?

Well, it means first that I didn't succeed in giving a solid basis for my beliefs, which are rather vague....

Well, of course!

And as for the style, only very rarely does it bring to life those so-called inexpressible things, which are suspect. That's what it means.

What does it mean?

It means those so-called inexpressible things are suspect, they don't ring true – they sound like deceptions or distortions or imaginations or I don't know what. .

(silence)

And what about those 3,000 copies [of *Supermanhood*], what are we going to do with them?

I have no idea.

Are we going to ship them there anyway?

But ship them to whom, where?

To the distributor whom A. saw.

But he's taking only 200!

(Mother laughs)

He's taking 200 of them and it's going to take him two or three years to sell just those.

Bah!

If it's not handled by a publisher, there's no publicity, and if

there's no publicity, there's no sale. It's that simple.

(Mother goes within for a long time)

There must be a man. I feel there is certainly a publisher who would be happy to take it. But I no longer know....

Isn't this a sign that my work is over?

What are you talking about!

(Mother goes within)

No, I see a great success for the book, I see it, it's concrete.... There is a publisher who will be happy to take it, but I don't know the names.

(silence)

It's clear to me, only it's ahead, in the future.

(silence)

Is there a way to get the names of all the publishers in France?

Yes, there's a way. Do you want me to make a list for you?

Yes, make me a list. I'll see if the Light shines on one of them. I see.... I see.... They gave it to some old fellow to read, you see – I don't mean old in age, I mean old in intelligence.

But they're all like that![67]

No, all are not like that. But some just don't care a hoot about it – he's one of them.

(silence)

Perhaps someone who doesn't have a lot of money and would be only too happy to have our printed books – he would only have to put on his own jacket.

I feel very strongly, you know.

I'll bring you a list, then.

No, it's not at all blocked; on the contrary, it goes very far ahead – it's not blocked at all, it goes very far, a matter of about ten years. In ten years it will be strong. I see it.

June 26, 1971

It seems war is inevitable.

Inevitable?

They're expecting it to break out any day.... America has sent shiploads of arms to Pakistan; so before declaring war, the Indian government wants to ask America to stop their shipments to Pakistan and recall the ships on the high seas.[68]

They're waiting for that, and when that is settled, they'll declare war. I am informed almost directly.

But you yourself, what do you see?

(Mother goes within)

It's very mixed. I mean the Forces on one side and the Opposition on the other are not clear-cut – it's not like that. Pakistan is fully in falsehood, but even there.... It's mixed, very mixed.

India too.

The Force is clearly working in favor of India, that I see, but.... What did you mean?

I meant that India too is as much in the falsehood as Pakistan.

But of course! That's just the trouble. Not so much.

Not so much, no.

Not so much.

Indira has just ... (this will give you an idea), Indira has sent me word through J., the governor, to tell me that if I have something to tell her I can do it through the governor, in a double envelope, because some people [from the Ashram] are telling her lies in my name, so ... she's starting to be on her guard.

(silence)

It's a mess, you know.

They're terribly afraid of famine.

And we can barely contain that invasion.[69] We must be very, very, very careful.

(Mother goes within)

You have nothing to ask?

I have the feeling I'm in the midst of a complete demolition.

(Mother goes within for a long time)

I have nothing to say.

(Mother goes back within,
then Satprem draws away
and Sujata comes up to Mother)

(Sujata:) Mother, when you look within the way you are now, what do you see?

(after a silence)

It's extremely mixed. Precisely the sensation that there isn't a *clear-cut* delineation between truth on one side and falsehood on the other, that it's all a mishmash.

I have the feeling that things are held like this *(gesture of being immobilized under pressure)*: it is willed that Sri Aurobindo's Centenary takes place – if there were a war, it would be difficult. In Delhi, they were thinking the war would break out within a week – they had said that, again yesterday they told me it's imminent. And at the same time there is something which goes like this *(same gesture of immobilizing pressure)* to keep things in this uncertain state so that Sri Aurobindo's Centenary may have its full development – so I see that mixture of things. The feeling is that the Centenary is the major event, while at the same time the outer consciousness says that if there is war, it will be the end of the Centenary. There you are, that's how it is. So I don't see anything precise because things are like that, all intertwined.... If I see something clearly, naturally I'll say so, but now I don't. It's mixed up, all mixed up – completely mixed up. And there is an insistence on us, a pressure on us to be primarily concerned with the Centenary, for that to be our primary preoccupation; not to take current events too much into account, you know. That's what I see – not so interesting! *(Mother laughs)*

(Sujata:) But Mother, shouldn't the problem of India and Pakistan in fact be settled for the Centenary?

That's what I was hoping for.

(Sujata:) Yes, Mother.

But nothing stands out. It would be marvelous, but....

Although to tell the truth, I am more and more absorbed with being a completely limpid transmitter than with knowing – I don't care about knowing: just being as limpid as possible so that, at least in one place, That may manifest without too much opposition. That's all.

We must be patient.

Not be anxious to know. One must be more eager to be an unobstructing intermediary than to know – you understand? It's more important to keep the atmosphere as limpid and transparent as possible, more important than to know in advance what's going to happen. That's my position.

June 30, 1971

There's a dreadful confusion, everyone is quarreling.... Before, at least, Indira and N.S. got along with one another, but now.... Indira has sent word through the governor that if I had something to tell her, I should do so through him – I have nothing to say.

We're receiving letters from all over with the "true knowledge" of what should be done according to Sri Aurobindo, and.... There's such a mixture, things are all scrambled, oh!...

It is Falsehood putting a mantle of truth in order to appear credible.

The two of them don't get along anymore because Indira says that I told her one thing, while N.S. says, "No, Mother said that." That's where we are.[70]

Well, you should say exactly what you said!

Yes, but each interprets it in her own way!...

On the one hand, they say that the war is imminent; on the other hand, war is useless – all that supported by what I am supposed to have said.

Well, anyway....

Why couldn't you have Indira read my article [on Bangladesh]?

But I believe somebody had her read it.

That would very much surprise me.... Have it sent through J. [the governor]!

(after a silence, Mother shakes her head)

They've missed the moment. They've lost the chance.

Yes, that's what I think too.

(long silence)

Can you imagine that along with the refugees, some Pakistanis have entered India, and they have poisoned wells and rivers. Some of them were caught in the act. It's dreadful....

But they get exactly what they deserve! They want to be like holy little saints, and not interfere nor do anything. So, it results in millions of refugees, their wells get poisoned and everything gets worse. They are shrinking from making war, you see!

(Mother goes within for a long time)

Parliament seems to be in favor of war – Parliament wants war, but it's the government that doesn't want.

Yes.

(Mother goes back within)

But the disease is infecting the whole world. There's an American who had come here and she was supposed to come back; she was stabbed at night on her way home – in New York. It seems that you can't go out at night in New York, unless there are three or four people together.... The world has gone mad – everywhere.

July

July 3, 1971

You know, it's as if the two extremes – a marvelous state and a general decomposition – were here like this *(gesture of being inextricably intertwined).* Everything, but everything is falling apart: people you count on give way, it seems there's a general dishonesty spreading, people getting sick all the time.... As difficulties go, there have NEVER been so many, never, and compounded: big difficulties with ruinous ones. But at the same time, for ... a flash (it comes for a few minutes, then it goes away), there is a ... marvelous state (the body feels it), unimaginable, you know, like the extreme opposite. As if it wanted to take over – but the other fights back fiercely. And so, all circumstances are like that, all the people are like that, from the government on down to the people here. And then that marvelous state: it comes into my body for a few minutes, then it goes away.

It's so ... horrible, you know – just everyone, all the people you count on, everything, all, all is falling to pieces; so much so that the consciousness wonders: "But what is this hell, this is no life!" And then, at another moment – but for a few minutes only – there's such a marvelous state that it's unimaginable. There you are. That's what I've been living since ... night and day without letup.

This morning for a few minutes it was absolutely marvelous, but the rest of the time it's infernal. There you are, you see, that's life for you. Everything, all, all seems to be falling apart, the people you count on give way, but at the same time, all of a sudden.... It's 90 percent like that, but the 10 percent is so

marvelous that it's unimaginable. That's how things are.

And all the ideas of personal will or of a certain attitude to take are.... Night and day, ceaselessly, whatever the difficulties, my body simply says, "My God, let Your Will be done." The body's attitude is steadfast: it is completely like this *(hands open in offering).* And the sense of its own powerlessness ... no: for as much as the sense of self is left (it's not much, not much is left), but the little that is left is so powerless, so impotent, so ignorant ... ignorant! Frightfully ignorant of everything. It's something.... One wonders why, what's the reason for this *(Mother touches her body).* And then ... *(gesture of a marvelous flash).* That's how it is.

And the other side doesn't create any problems. It's ... as if you were absolutely sick, a total mess, and all of a sudden you're marvelously well, strong. And it comes very naturally, without any fuss. It remains there, and then pfft!

All our reasoning, all our ... : in pieces – no longer worth anything.

And all the people needed to operate the organization, all the persons you count on, ploff! they fall through.

You see, it's got to the point that eating is becoming a problem, sleeping is becoming a problem, speaking is becoming a problem – everything is a problem – but then at the same time ... it gets done, one doesn't know how: things fall into place, and one eats, one rests.... For instance, I am lying down, I am so uncomfortable that I think, "It's impossible, I can't stay here," and then all of a sudden, poff! nothing anymore: a marvelous repose. And there is no more body, no more problem, nothing. And then without knowing the why or the how, suddenly the difficulties are back. And it's like that, all of life is like that.

So people come and tell me, "I have this problem, that problem...." "Look," I tell them *(exasperated tone),* "no wonder the whole world is like that!" It can perish for all I care ... it would be a relief. There you are. But then ... *(gesture of a marvelous flash).* Three minutes of splendor for twelve hours of misery. That's the ratio. And for a body that truly, sincerely ... thinks only of the Divine, wants only the Divine. But it is utterly conscious of its incapacity.

You know, it's like a live demonstration of the existence of the Divine and what the Divine existence is – an absolute existence and what it is – and then what it has become.

(silence)

I don't hear, I don't see, I can't eat, I can't speak – all that seemingly deteriorated – I don't understand, I no longer remember; and at the same time, all of a sudden, the sense of ... a sovereign omnipotence in ... something ... a bliss that has no equivalent in our world. That's how it is. And that's simply as if to tell me, "Yes, it's true: that's IT; that's what we want and that's what will have to be...." But when?... That's all.

And so it makes you ... (everyone is complaining, everyone is moaning, everyone is talking about his troubles), it makes you indifferent and you say, "Well, what would you, the world is like that!"

The world is "like that," but it isn't true! It is NOT like that – it's like that

for our consciousness.... For a while this morning, I wondered, "What is it like in the consciousness of wild animals?..." And I saw that the consciousness capable of seeing the whole doesn't exist for animals, they don't have it – they live from day to day and minute to minute whatever happens to them. That's all. I understand that, I saw, it's the ... *(gesture to the forehead indicating that the mind spoils everything).*

(silence)

In short, it's becoming very, very critical: how far the world is from what it should be. Usually people say there's a mixture of good and bad things; but all that is childish – the good things aren't any better than the bad ones. That's not IT. The Divine is something else.

(Mother goes within)

And what have *you* brought?

> *Nothing special.*

Nothing?

> *I would like to know one thing. I would like to know if I still have a work to do.*

Oh, *nonsense*! That's part of the adverse forces. When it comes, you just have to say, "Well, fine, I am just listening to the Falsehood...." You have a whole life of realization ahead of you!

> *I mean something to create.*

But, of course – of course!

(silence)

Whenever there is a defeatist suggestion – whether it's a sensation, a thought or anything else – you can be sure it's the devil.

> *But it's not a defeatist sensation, it's that in actuality EVERYTHING IS DECOMPOSING.*

But, exactly! That's it. That's what I call a defeatist sensation.

> *It isn't a sensation but a fact.*

But, of course, that's what I've just told you: everything is falling apart – everything and everybody. It's a fact – well, that fact is there to tell us, "This is what must cease to be." For the ordinary human consciousness, that's the reality – well, it's not true, that's all. We just have to tell ourselves it's not true.

> *I mean, for example, what I have written is no longer a living reality for me.*

Yes, exactly.... That's because you're moving on to the other side, like me.

That's all.

Nothing has any reality.

Nothing, it's true.

Nothing, but nothing.

You may say "The Divine" or "This" or ... – nothing has any reality for me.

Excuse me! I am telling you (and I insist): for me, the Divine has become as concrete – more concrete and more compelling – than.... Only, we are not capable of feeling Him: one minute, a few minutes all of a sudden, and then, prrt!

Haven't you suddenly felt...?

I feel the Force.

Yes, that's it.

It's the only thing that has any reality.

Yes.

Because otherwise all the rest seems to me like a fabrication of the higher mind.

Yes, that's right.

One can at will imagine or think one is immersed in some immense consciousness, but then there is nothing at all, nothing nothing at all.

Yes, exactly. It's another way of saying what I am saying.

But suddenly ... all of a sudden there's the Force ... a Force – we call it "force" because ... we don't know what it is – an almighty Force. But fleeting: it comes, it vanishes.

But my body has the experience, my body knows that does not go away; it knows it is incapable of feeling it, but it knows it doesn't go away.

For me it's like the bankruptcy of the whole teaching. The whole teaching seems like a fabrication of the higher mind and nothing more – something that has no concrete reality.

Mon petit....

I feel I don't want this anymore. It's as if the mind didn't want ANY of it anymore.

It's the Mind we don't want anymore – it should just keep silent and not interfere.

Yes, but at the same time it's also a support – at least it WAS a support. I used to rely on it, it was a kind of basis in the

background, a basis of experience in the background. Well, that basis seems to be gone.

Yes, but there is another one that ... another one I've just mentioned ... and that one ... mon petit, is beyond dream. The ordinary consciousness can't imagine what it is. There are moments so marvelous ... that the rest seems even worse.

(Mother goes within)

July 10, 1971

(Concerning a few words of Mother's noted from memory by a disciple.)

> "The harmonious moments in life are not a reward granted by the Divine. If life were normally what it should be, everything would always be harmonious...."

Yes, when it's harmonious we think, "The Divine is happy with me"! That's what people think, but it's not true: it is the NORMAL state.

> "... It is because of our imperfections that it's not; when the imperfections disappear, the difficulties disappear at the same time."

* * *

A little later

The experience in the body is very interesting. All so-called moral, intellectual, psychological suffering, in other words, the suffering of the consciousness that is not purely material, seems childish to the body. Yesterday, it had ... (what shall I say? I don't know how to explain it). It doesn't feel things in relation to itself, it feels things ... *(silence)* IN others, but with a general consciousness, not a personal one; and it has such a horror of physical suffering, that is to say illnesses, accidents, that it wondered why, why the world exists like that.[71] It then understood why some people don't want to have a body anymore (that always seemed absurd before), it understood why. It was such an intense experience! It had an aspiration, something like a prayer, but it's not a prayer: "May the world change! May the world change. It HAS to change – or else disappear." The idea of disappearing had not come before, it seemed ... it used to think that the world was moving towards a harmonious perfection; but, you see, it's long – the length of time is terrible! There was an aspiration of incredible intensity for the transformation. Everything looks so dreadful because ... because the transformation must, MUST take place. That

anyone can be satisfied with a world like this is impossible – it's impossible to a physical consciousness that is conscious of the Divine. It's impossible, it absolutely has to change. And that was so vivid ... I was gripped by it all night and all day, even while seeing people, with such an intensity: it must change, it must change....

The being, the inner consciousness can say and be conscious that that suffering is unreal, but the physical consciousness can't – it can't, it HAS to change. It's not a matter of merging with a consciousness, leaving this physical consciousness to disappear: it has to change, it has to change.... I can't put it into words, I can't say it.

Yes, yes, I understand.

It is so very conscious that in all the worlds, even the vital world, everything depends on the attitude, and if you are in contact with the Divine, everything is fine, there's no problem, but this *(Mother touches her body),* this physical suffering – cancer and all those things – it's so concrete: It HAS to change, it has to change. It can't be considered something one must "see in a different way." It actually must change. You understand what I mean?

Yes, Mother.

In all the other domains, it depends on the attitude; here it doesn't depend on the attitude – you may suffer more, suffer less, but.... The FACT has to change, you see. Because the world, the material world seen as it is, is a FRIGHTFUL thing.

You see, it is bearable due to the mental influence (vital and mental), but that influence is not enough, it has to be transformed.

Let me say it in a very down-to-earth way: for example, take a supramental being having the supramental consciousness, if his body gets cancer, it will remain cancer, you follow?... He may not feel anything, but only if he detaches himself from his body; whereas, for the transformation to be genuine, the body ALSO has to attain a harmony above – above all illnesses and accidents.

It is the only part. The other parts of the being can be transformed, can transform their consciousness while remaining what they are – but the physical body needs to change.

I don't know whether it's a passing experience or a final one – that I don't know. We'll see.

And yet with a supramental consciousness, it should be impossible to get cancer, for example.

Yes, but that means ... it means the material substance is transformed.

No, I meant simply the consciousness: if someone has the supramental consciousness, that consciousness should be able to protect the body sufficiently, shouldn't it?

I don't know, that was the whole point.

That just seems impossible to me. I can't imagine someone having

the Truth-Consciousness and being afflicted with a Falsehood.

(silence)

If there is a falsehood in the body, it means there is falsehood in the consciousness.

(silence)

I can't imagine your getting cancer, for instance! That doesn't seem possible to me.

Well, precisely.

It seems impossible to me.

Before, it was like that; before, I thought it was impossible. But I am not so sure anymore.

I don't know.

Except if it came to you as an experience to be gone through or as something to be conquered for the earth.

Yes, perhaps.

But it could only be a transitory phenomenon for the work, it wouldn't be something really striking your body. That doesn't seem possible to me.

Yes, I too thought so.... It's probably a necessary experience, a necessary phase.

You know, I always felt, always: if something isn't right, it means that this something isn't really turned to the Divine. And if everything is turned to the Divine, and obeys only the Divine, things will inevitably be harmonious. That was my conviction. But yesterday the experience came differently.

Probably it's a necessary experience.

Yes, probably because your body is universal (at least terrestrial in any case), so it may come as a phenomenon for the work, for a moment – it can't be a personal phenomenon of your body.

No, my body is less and less personal.

Yes, that just doesn't seem possible to me, you know.

Probably a phase to be gone through.

Your body is equally in all sorts of people, so it can very well be in the body of a person who has cancer....

(silence)

Yes, it's probably to give it the required intensity of consecration.

(silence)

It was not afraid or anxious, or anything, it was.... It was like an experience (I don't know how to put it), but it's probably a question of words.... Along with the transformation, the impossibility of certain disorders should come automatically.

(Mother goes within for a long time)

We are just at the most difficult period.

Yes.

Because it's no longer this, and it's not yet that.

And the body has strange experiences: for a few minutes all of a sudden, it feels that the solidity of matter is an illusion and that it may.... Here, I'll give you a very practical example: something inside, an inflammation somewhere, for instance; well, as long as I am in the ordinary physical consciousness, it's there, it's concrete and it hurts, but there is a consciousness in which it no longer exists – physically. If you know (what shall I say?) ... to put it simply: to approach the Divine in the right way, to enter into contact with the Divine in the right way, in the right manner – it starts up again afterwards as before.

(Mother turns around) Is he here?

Pranab is here.

Ah! Au revoir!...

July 14, 1971

My cold hangs on doggedly, it won't leave me....

So, what have you brought?

> *A question asked by Z. She has a friend in Calcutta who wrote her about the clandestine guerilla organization in Bangladesh. He told her that they need money for the training of the guerillas, for arms, clothing and other requisites, and he is asking her to write her friends in Switzerland, France, Germany, etc., to raise money. But she is wondering if she should do it. She doesn't want to do anything without your permission.*

She can do it, only she shouldn't mention my name. I am not asking for anything. You see, if she asks, and then by chance.... She can do it in her own name, as a charitable work, but I should not appear, I am not asking for

anything.

It puts me in a difficult situation.... It's very difficult.

How?

People tell me everything has doubled, we are sorrily poor, we can't give you anything. Everything has doubled for me too, and I am not receiving more money.

The situation has become very difficult.

(long silence)

My cold is hanging on, doesn't want to go away.

What caused it?

For me, as I see it, it's a mixture – a mixture of contagion I caught from people who came here and made me that gift, and at the same time certain things that want to change.... You can't imagine the formations *(gesture around herself),* it's incredible – the formations that are whirling around me, stirring up....

I've found some letters by Sri Aurobindo (letters he sent me) in which he describes the current situation – you would think it's now![72]

Some adverse formations?

Yes, of course! Everything that ought to disappear but hangs on desperately.

For me, all those formations (more than catastrophic, mind you), for me they're nothing, they are totally irrelevant, but they do affect people, who go awry, and then.... All things considered, the repercussions on my body are really minimal.

The body sees plainly, very clearly, the marvelous protection it has, you know, it would otherwise be slashed to pieces.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Some passages from Sri Aurobindo's letters to Mother in France.)

May 6, 1915

All is always for the best, but it is sometimes from the external point of view an awkward best....

The whole earth is now under one law and answers to the same vibrations and I am sceptical of finding any place where the clash of the struggle will not

pursue us. In any case, an effective retirement does not seem to be my destiny. I must remain in touch with the world until I have either mastered adverse circumstances or succumbed or carried on the struggle between the spiritual and physical so far as I am destined to carry it on. This is how I have always seen things and still see them. As for failure, difficulty and apparent impossibility I am too much habituated to them to be much impressed by their constant self-presentation except for passing moments....

One needs to have a calm heart, a settled will, entire self-abnegation and the eyes constantly fixed on the beyond to live undiscouraged in times like these which are truly a period of universal decomposition. For myself, I follow the Voice and look neither to right nor to the left of me. The result is not mine and hardly at all now even the labour.

* * *

July 28, 1915

Everything internal is ripe or ripening, but there is a sort of locked struggle in which neither side can make a very appreciable advance (somewhat like the trench warfare in Europe), the spiritual force insisting against the resistance of the physical world, that resistance disputing every inch and making more or less effective counter-attacks.... And if there were not the strength and Ananda within, it would be harassing and disgusting work; but the eye of knowledge looks beyond and sees that it is only a protracted episode.

* * *

September 16, 1915

Nothing seems able to disturb the immobility of things and all that is active outside our own selves is a sort of welter of dark and sombre confusion from which nothing formed or luminous can emerge. It is a singular condition of the world, the very definition of chaos with the superficial form of the old world resting apparently intact on the surface. But a chaos of long disintegration or of some early new birth? It is the thing that is being fought out from day to day, but as yet without any approach to a decision.

Sri Aurobindo
On Himself, XXVI.424 sqq.

July 17, 1971

Day before yesterday I was almost cured, I thought it was over, but then yesterday there was an avalanche of things ... oh, bad will, quarrels and ... it

was so dreadful that the cold started up again. That's why it won't go away. I see that when things quiet down here and I can get back into my normal atmosphere, it's as if everything vanished – I don't have a cold anymore, I am not in pain anymore. But back it comes from outside like a ferocious attack: people quarreling, squabbling, circumstances going awry, everything. And all that is thrown on me, so....

So it started up again last evening. It was over, you know: my nose and throat were clear, it was all gone. It really isn't me, it comes from outside. It's relentless. And naturally they all hold me responsible! I tell them one thing, they do another; I write them one thing, they twist it and make it into something else, and then afterwards, they say it's my fault. That's how it is. *(Mother starts to cough)*

Thoroughly charming.

In a way, it was like a demonstration – like a stage play, you know, showing how people behave with the Divine. It was really comical!

You may get angry and say, "How shameful!" – but it was comical. It was laughable: everything is the Divine's fault! That's how people are commonly: it's the Divine who ill-uses them, the Divine who does not spare them, the Divine who arranges circumstances wrongly.... That's how it is. They're all like that.

And it's a kind of half-conscious malice: you do this, they just do that *(slight twist),* they twist it a little, and everything becomes distorted; you say one thing, they add a word or take one out and it's all distorted. Even what is written they read in their own way. It's stunning.

And it's on a large scale, you see, almost a world scale, at least a national one, in this country, but ... it has repercussions in China, Russia, Europe, America. They've made ... such a *mess,* you know, with this whole [Bangladesh] affair, it's dreadful – dreadful. Now, they've found a solution: the Americans are trying to come to an agreement with the Chinese – that's the last straw! – to help Pakistan massacre people.

> *Yes, one has the impression that America is doing the politics of the adverse forces. You'd say they're working for the adverse forces....*

(silence)

> *Do you know that the President of the United States [Nixon] is going to China?*

Yes, can you beat that!

> *And they're not trying to make a rapprochement with the Russians, far from it.*

No, of course not!

> *In other words, they're doing everything just the reverse.*

Yes.

(silence,
then Mother raises her arms
in a gesture of helplessness)

Did you bring something?

Yes, there's your April message, which has to be translated into French for the Bulletin:

We are at one of these "Hours of God," when the old bases get shaken ... That's exactly it.

... and there is a great confusion; but it is a wonderful opportunity for those who want to leap forward, the possibility of progress is exceptional.

Will you not be of those who take advantage of it?

April 1, 1971

* * *

Z wants to bring her children back here.[73]

Yes, she told me you had told her to stay.

Oh!... No, that's just appalling!... She said to me, "Could my children come back here?" That's typically her. (And there's also something she is not saying.) And so naturally at once I told her yes. I said, "If you like, you can stay." She said, "Oh, I really would like to stay."

It's like this *(gesture of twisting),* everyone is that way.

Yes, everything is twisted.

(then the conversation moves on to the disciple in the Vatican)

Z says that P.L. did not behave well at all, that he is caught up in a world of money, power, women and ... I don't know what – that he is completely under Monsignor R.'s thumb, you know, the one who is handling millions.

Yes, he was supposed to come here.

Yes, that's right. P.L. is managing his affairs, those vast millions. In any event, Z reproaches him for being part of that world and she's broken with him.

I must tell you that occultly I had seen that a lot of money could come here through P.L. So naturally I increased his rapport [with the Force]. And normally it should come.

Deep down his attitude has remained what it was.

Yes, Mother, that I'm sure of! Even if appearances are at present

like that, I'm convinced that in fact he is doing your work, or he's going to do it, or the ground is being prepared.

Yes, that's it. Exactly. I feel he can do an enormous work.

I feel that too.

Only not openly.

(silence)

There's an onslaught of Falsehood. And you feel that only what is really true has the power to resist – a bit above the mind.

But that [Z's words] gives you an example of how things are – it's really a sort of derailment. Did she really say, "Mother asked me"?

Yes: "Mother told me to stay."

She said "told" or....

She said, "Mother told me." Well, anyway the way it is said means ... "Yes, Mother told me to stay," as if it were an order or advice that you gave her.

Yes ... that's it.

(silence)

Oh, if you knew the experiences.... Just this kind of things [Z's words], everywhere, everywhere, all the time, from everyone-everything, everything is like this *(gesture of twisting)* oh!... And so my body, the body, said, "But I am like that too!" It saw its.... Oh, my God ... *(Mother clasps her hands together)* I understood that if for a single minute the Supreme Consciousness had the kind of consciousness men have, the world would be dissolved. Quite spontaneously, our reaction, our spontaneous reaction to conflicts, to what seems bad to us, is: let's dissolve the Falsehood. It's a spontaneous reaction. Not transform – dissolve. You see, there's a gulf between the two.

Yes.

And it's spontaneous, it's the idea of doing away – doing away with the Falsehood. But if for a single second the Supreme Lord had that movement, there would be no more world!... And so I think the body has understood that. I think it understood, it was extraordinary.... What are we anyway! What are men! They think they're, my God *(Mother makes a gesture of puffing herself up),* they think they're ... oh!... For the slightest will, or a slight comprehension, or when they make a slight effort for perfection, oh! *(same gesture)* they think they're, they think they're just extraordinary! *(Mother takes her head in her hands and laughs.)*

Somewhere Sri Aurobindo wrote that when you touched the Divine Consciousness, it suddenly gave you the sense of ... how laughable the world is in its self-conceit – men's self-conceit. But even (I've had contact with

animals), even in animals it begins. Vanity, vanity, vanity, vanity....

Indeed, there's really nothing to brag about.

Oh, no!

That's for sure.

Oh, no! – no, it's not so much that they brag, but they are SELFCONCEITED.

(silence)

You know, almost everywhere deception and attempts at deception are taken for goodwill. As for those who don't seek to deceive anybody but only deceive themselves, they are already exceptional beings.

These aren't discoveries, they are things I used to see; but you see them only occasionally, by way of exception, in one instance or another, whereas there I had the vision of the whole world, of the entire earth, of all human effort, of all peoples, all ... we live in a deception. It's frightful!

And what's more, we deceive ourselves more than we try to deceive others.

(silence)

In short, we see NOTHING as it is.

Yes, yes.... Yes.

(silence)

At night I go walking on dirt roads which collapse.

Oh!

Yes, total collapse.

The old conceptions.

(long silence)

There's only one salvation: to cling to the Divine like this *(gesture with two fists)*.

Not clinging to what one thinks of the Divine, not even to what one feels of the Divine ... to an aspiration ... an aspiration as sincere as possible. And cling to that.

(silence)

I am going to tell you something, because it's interesting. Sometime ago, before Z came back, I suddenly saw that Z's relationship with P.L. was preventing him from doing what he had to do. And so I really aspired for her to cease having an influence on him. (I had forgotten that, it was sometime before she came back, a rather long time before.)

Yes, I remember, you even told me about it.

It's curious.

You know, something I would have told you already is that now the body – the consciousness of the body – knows in advance what's going to happen, it knows in advance what people are going to say. It doesn't know it ... (how shall I put it?) exactly as it happens in reality, but rather the SPIRIT in which it's done ... constantly. It's perfectly strange. I am here immobile, trying to belong only to the Divine, and things come – they come like this *(gesture as though on a screen in front of Mother),* they come like this, things, events, people talking.... At first I thought it was my material consciousness, which did not know how to keep quiet, but then I realized it was coming to me from outside and was taking shape materially. Which means that now, if I were to mentalize those things, I could foresee events, tell what is going to happen, what's going to come.... The story about America and China, and all sorts of similar things came in that way. In ordinary men, the mind takes advantage of it to make prophecies – but fortunately there isn't any mind here, it's quiet, it's absent. Only, when I am told things, when I am informed of things, nothing surprises this body anymore, it seems to know. It's strange.

A kind of universalization.

And if you knew how stupid the body feels – both things at the same time.

July 21, 1971

What do you have to say?

What about you?

Me? I still have a cold. I was cured, I was almost cured, but ... *(gesture of an avalanche).* But this isn't interesting.

What's interesting is that the body is becoming more and more conscious, but conscious in a very interesting way.

For example?

That would mean mentalizing. I can't.

(silence)

I am beginning to know what's going to happen, what people are going to tell me, all that. How can I explain it?... It's as if I had BECOME the circumstances, the people, the words, the....

The body is more and more conscious, but not at all mentally – like ... like things actually lived. I don't know how to say it. It's hard to explain.... It's

sensing or having the ... (I don't know how to explain exactly what it is) how, in the manifestation, the human consciousness distorts the Divine Action *(gesture of direct flow)*. It's our constitution which is so pitiable. We reduce, distort, diminish EVERYTHING – everything. We know things (Knowledge is there all around us, in us), but we are so complicated that we distort it. Everyone is that way.... So then, this is a kind of very accurate sensation of everything that is organized by the inner Divine from within, and at the same time how it gets distorted as it surfaces (words are silly, and yet that's the closest I can come). It's our silly way of saying something that is ... so simple and so marvelous!... But we are so perverted that we always choose what is distorted.

I don't know, even my words distort the thing, but it's ... it's something I feel is so simple, so luminous, so pure – so absolute. And then, we make of it what we can see around us: a complicated and almost incomprehensible life.

But what about you, don't you have any news?

> *I'm in a phase I don't understand very well.*

Ah!... Well, tell me, that way we can find out what it is.

> *There's nothing to tell.... I don't know, it's like a collapse of everything or a destruction of everything. There's no more base. Previously there were a certain number of "truths," let's say ...*

Aha!

> *... which were plain to me, like what I expressed in my books – it's as if all that had turned to dust. As if it didn't have any ... yes, it's dust. I don't have a single sure idea I can lean on. There are no more reference points.*

But that's exactly what I just said in different words! Everything we think (it's been ages since I had any ideas), is like that, it seems so futilely futile, I don't know.

> *Yes. I well understand that all thought is futile and deceptive, that, I do understand. But one would like to have a beacon ... a practical beacon: to understand.*

But for me the practical beacon is very simple: the Divine. That's the only concrete thing for me.

> *Yes, of course, there's the Force, I always feel the Force and ... and it's very pleasant, if I may say so.*

But that's it, you see, there's only that!

> *But I feel I'm walking like a blind man in that Force.*

Yes....

> *Well, being blind isn't pleasant!*

Yes, of course. Yes, but.... But why not! *(Mother laughs)* It's come to such a point that.... For instance, I am here, there are lots of circumstances, complications, people ... and everything is so tangled up; but then in the background there is a sort of ... it's not a mere Force, it's a CONSCIOUSNESS-Force – a consciousness – and it's like a ... like a smile – a smile ... a smile that knows everything. That's it, you see. So, when I am quiet *(gesture of open hands),* it's as if nothing existed and all is marvelous. Then, as soon as people speak to me or I see someone, all the complications are back – they make a mess of everything.

I am sure that it's the passage from this life to that Life. When we are completely on that side, oh, we'll stop speculating, wanting to "explain," wanting to deduce, conclude, arrange – all that will be over.... If we knew how ... to be – simply to BE, to be. But for us, I have noticed, if we don't speak, if we don't think, if we don't decide, we feel we are outside life.... And besides it's not always the same kind of silence. It isn't the silence of unexpressed words, it's the silence of ... an active contemplation. The silence of an active contemplation. That's it.

It's certainly the preparation for a new mode of life. So the other one has to yield its place.

I see (as through a veil or as if it were very far away) a Power, an EXTRAORDINARY Power! But we are such imbeciles we don't even accept it. I know, I've had some experiences these past few days.... I have this vision in which the psychic consciousness sees that through this instrument, through this (but this – *Mother pinches the skin of her hands* – has nothing to do with it except being the link between things as they are and the things that are to be), well, through this, A GREAT NUMBER of miracles are being done; and they are so extraordinary (lately) that it occurred to no one that they were miracles! ... One simply doesn't know. It's not a miracle as we conceive of it – an extraordinary miracle.... But then ... they don't have any means of understanding.

(silence)

Therefore the body is no longer this, but is not yet "that." It is like this *(gesture of swinging between the two),* and that's why ... this is not a cold, it's.... Sometimes I am completely cured, everything, but everything works well, a minute later, everything breaks down. It's not a cold you "cure." Taking a medicine does not make any difference, while if you go into the true consciousness, everything is over. But it is incapable of staying there. It's not so much the contact with people, it's that it is incapable of staying there, that's what it is. It can't blame anyone else.

It is no longer this, it is not yet "that" – no longer this, not yet "that." There you are. So ... *(same gesture of swinging back and forth).*

It is conscious of "that," but momentarily: just what is required to be able to maintain continuity. That's all.

(silence)

The only difference....

We could say: nothing knows – anywhere or anybody; but there are those who aspire (how shall I put it?), who have the will, the inclination, the aspiration, the need to know – to know and to be – and then all those who don't care ... who go along or just live their little-big life – whether it's a head of state or a street cleaner makes no difference. It's the same thing, the vibrations are the same. I don't know how to explain it. I am saying it awkwardly.

No. I understand.

It's so imperfect that....

(Mother gives up speaking and goes within)

July 24, 1971

It's not over yet *(gesture of tugging)*.... And you?

I don't know, Mother.

How are you?

I don't know ... all right, I guess.

(Mother laughs)

You surely know better than I!

I tell you, we are no longer here, we are not yet there.... So it seems stupid. The body is more and more conscious, and it is conscious of the old habits that pull backwards but it is also conscious of the new possibilities that are there, that try to.... There's only one movement to make, a movement of adherence, and ... everything would be all right – MARVELOUSLY all right. The old thing is like an old wall being torn down. That's it. So it's quite a ridiculous situation.

The body feels it's no longer here: this holds no reality for it anymore, but it's not yet THERE. So it's like this *(oscillating gesture between the two)*. It aspires. It has learned to invoke the Divine all the time, all the time, all the time, whatever it is doing, whether there are people present, whether it's speaking or not; whatever it does, there is a constant invocation. That way, it's all right. But ... it's not positive yet. *(Mother coughs)* And this cold seems to go away and then it comes back. It's not an ordinary cold.

But as soon as I go into deep silence, then, for somebody who's receptive, it can be very helpful. As soon as I go into deep silence, the Presence becomes

concrete, evident. Then it's helpful. But as soon as I speak, I am ... *(gesture of crumbling away).*

So that's what I can offer to you, unless you have something to say....

(meditation)

July 28, 1971

(Mother sits looking long at Satprem, her eyes open, then she smiles.)

Ooh!...

When you were sitting here [in front of Mother] and I looked at you, you took your body and opened it like this *(gesture as if Satprem were ripping his body in half from the stomach down),* all, all the way.

Were you in pain?

No, Mother, I wasn't in pain, but I'm fighting a lot with my nature.

(Mother laughs) You opened it up wide, like this.

(silence)

But it's funny, it was as if ... here [lower abdomen] there were a black spot like this *(gesture),* something like a black spot. It was as if you wanted to show me that black spot.... Now, the spot has gradually faded away. It's gone.

(silence
Mother looks again)

It's quite fine now.

(silence)

Do you know, there's an interesting phenomenon. The American ambassador to India [Kenneth Keating] is for Bangladesh, while the president of the American republic [Nixon] is for Pakistan!! *(Mother laughs)* So, now, they say, there are two Americas! A Pakistan America and a Bangladesh America!... The American ambassador is in total agreement with what you wrote.

Did he receive the article?

Yes, I suppose. I think so, I think it was sent to him. In any case, he's in total agreement. He says, "I am here on the scene, I can see what's going on, I know how things really are." And he is absolutely against Pakistan. But the others....

You know, I found an aphorism by Sri Aurobindo yesterday for the next Bulletin, and while reading it, I thought: but it's exactly right for Bangladesh! – in fact it's rather for Indira Gandhi.

Ah!

He says:

"He who will not slay when God bids him, works in the world an incalculable havoc."[74]

That's interesting. We must publish that! *(general laughter)*

(Mother plunges within, then surfaces and hands Satprem a piece of paper)

I want to give this for August 15:

"A veil behind the heart, a lid over the mind divide us from the Divine. Love and devotion rend the veil, in the quietude of the mind the lid thins and vanishes."

September 9, 1936
Sri Aurobindo
On Himself, XXVI.215

There's a terrible mess up there [in Delhi].

(Mother plunges again)

July 31, 1971

(Concerning a letter by Sri Aurobindo strictly forbidding sexual relations among disciples. Mother had several thousand copies of the letter printed with the following title: "Conditions for living in the Ashram and becoming a disciple.")

"... To master the sex-impulse, – to become so much master of the sex-centre that the sexual energy would be drawn upwards, not thrown outwards and wasted – it is so indeed that the force in the seed can be turned into a primal physical energy supporting all the others, *retas* into *ojas.* But no error can be more perilous than to accept the immixture of the sexual desire and some kind of subtle satisfaction of it and look on this as a part of the sadhana. It would be the most effective way to head straight towards spiritual downfall and throw into the atmosphere forces that would block the supramental descent, bringing instead the descent of adverse vital powers to disseminate disturbance and disaster. This

deviation must be absolutely thrown away, should it try to occur and expunged from the consciousness, if the Truth is to be brought down and the work is to be done."

Sri Aurobindo
Letters on Yoga, XXIV.1507

That's the message I am distributing today.

There are many cases of people who ought to go away from here, but.... But you see, they're here, and when the baby is due to come, they go to Auroville! While me, "I think they're in Auroville." Several cases. So I decided to publish that. I should add to it the message where I say, "*Needless to say that those who aspire to Truth must abstain from telling lies*."[75] *(Mother makes a gesture of giving a staggering blow.)*

There are lots, lots of cases in fact.

You see, they say, "Mother is old, she doesn't go out anymore, she can't see anymore, she doesn't know what's going on." But I know what's going on – I have other ways of seeing! *(Laughter)*

* * *

A little later

The other day I spoke to you about one of Sri Aurobindo's aphorisms, and you said, "Yes, we must publish it." Shall we publish it in the August Bulletin?... It was this aphorism:

228 – He who will not slay when God bids him, works in the world an incalculable havoc.

We can't put that in! *(Mother puts her head in her hands)* A lot of people have the impudence to claim they receive the command of God – a lot of murderers.

Well, that's true.

That would encourage them! *(Laughter)*

It's true, it's a two-edged sword.

It would give justification to too many things. Nowadays they kill so easily!... Oh, we can't put that in!

They have distorted the meaning of things I have said.... I am constantly receiving letters from people – it seems to be a widespread malady. People come into your home and say, "Your hour has come." They came into the house of someone who knows us and said, "Your hour has come, give us your pistol." So he said, "All right, let me get my pistol and I'll give it to you." He opened a drawer and some cartridges fell out, so one of the hoodlums bent down to pick the cartridges up. And that man shot him with his revolver. So all the others ran away. But mostly it ends the other way – with a murder. It happened in his house. And in America if you walk down the street, they shoot at you. Everywhere. It's a spreading madness. Or else they stab you with a

knife – for no reason whatsoever, nobody knows why. And some of them say, "I am God-inspired...."

(silence)

You know, it's like a universal outburst of falsehood. It's frightening. They take the teachings and twist them – they use them as a justification.

(silence)

Do you have something?

The Russian translator is giving up.

(Mother goes within)

August

August 4, 1971

(Mother makes several unsuccessful attempts to record her message in English for "All India Radio" for August 15, the beginning of Sri Aurobindo's Centenary year.)

Today is the first day of Sri Aurobindo's centenary year. Though he has left his body he is still with us, alive and active.
Sri Aurobindo belongs to the future; he is the messenger of the future.
He still shows us the way to follow in order to hasten the realisation of a glorious future fashioned by the Divine Will.
All those who want to collaborate for the progress of humanity and for India's luminous destiny must unite in a clairvoyant aspiration and in an illumined work.

(Mother gives up,
Satprem makes the recording in her place)

I am deep in transformation, that's why I've lost control. What I could do before I can't do anymore. I see, I clearly see the direction it will take, but it's

not there yet. So now I am good-for-nothing.

My voice is completely ruined.

It's interesting only from a documentary standpoint [the present conditions], because when this experience ends, and the supermind really starts coming, things will change and it will have a mere historical value.

It's the most unpleasant moment.... The Power is here, you see, but the means of expressing it have not yet been created.

(silence)

The old control is slipping away. It's quite irksome for me – especially for eating, for instance, it's very hard to swallow, to ... oh!

The body has simply a kind of ... perception – a distant perception – of what the true supramental control will be, but it's only like this *(gesture into the distance),* almost like a promise, nothing more.

Truly a transition between two worlds.

August 7, 1971

(Mother's eye is swollen again.)

Didn't A. give you something?

No, Mother.

(Mother tries to remember)

My memory is completely gone. I have impressions, but no memory. Impressions that underlie everything – that's probably what will replace memory.

But I have a strong impression that A. had something to tell you....

(long silence)

I have a curious impression of a kind of web – a web with ... like very *loose* threads, I mean not tightly meshed, connecting all events, and if you have power over one of these webs, there's a whole field of circumstances that apparently have nothing to do with each other but which are linked together there in such a way that one necessarily implies the existence of the other.... And I have the impression it's something that envelops the earth.

And it's not mental. They are circumstances that depend on one another, in a completely invisible way outwardly, without any mental logic, and yet as though connected to each other.

If you are conscious, really conscious of that, that's how you can change circumstances.

And you feel a power over one of those webs?

No, it's the other way around: it's because I was working on one of those webs that I noticed it.

Ohh!... I see.

(Mother goes within)

You have nothing to ask?

No, Mother.

(silence)

Are circumstances going to change?

(Mother immediately goes within and seems not to have heard.
Later, several times she tries to speak
but does not succeed in coming out of her state)

Hard to say.

(Mother goes within)

If you had the power to replace one of those webs with another one, you could change all circumstances that way.

(Mother shakes her head)

It's inexpressible.

What web are you working on at the moment?

But I don't know.... They're webs that are around the earth.

There's one ... I see.... Why, every little circumstance of life is on it, and when I look like this *(gesture looking from above),* I see it extends over the whole country, and not just over the whole country but over the whole earth.

(silence)

Are there several of them? ... I don't know.

Don't know.

(Satprem puts his forehead on Mother's knees
and gets ready to leave)

I try, you know, I try.... Things go through the consciousness, but my whole effort is to avoid adding anything personal to them, you follow – so that it can be like this *(gesture of unobstructed flow through a channel).*

I am conscious of the Action on small points, but now it is here, now there *(scattered gesture throughout space);* it's not ... there's nothing continuous as in the mind.

Inexpressible.

August 11, 1971

(Mother gives Satprem a note she has just written.)

"When men become disgusted with the falsehood they live in, then the world will be ready for the reign of Truth."

* * *

(Then another note she had had read to K.K. Birla, one of India's foremost industrialists.)

"Truth is within men's reach,
but they care nothing about Truth."

* * *

You have something to say?

What is happening right now?

(Mother sits with her eyes closed, tries several times to speak, then goes back within until the end)

You have nothing else to say?

How do you see that pact?[76]

(Mother shakes her hands vigorously, then after a silence)

It's as if you asked me, "What will it take for humanity to become disgusted with its falsehood?"

It's terrible!

(long silence)

There is only ONE remedy – there is only ONE remedy – to rely only on the Divine Grace.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

The only remedy: to put oneself entirely in the hands of the Divine Grace.

Undated

(Sometime in August the message that follows was circulated in the Ashram and Auroville, and published in an Ashram periodical. It is interesting to note that the text is an alteration of a much older original text that Mother had given to Satprem. The original text is included afterwards.)

"The task of giving a concrete shape to Sri Aurobindo's vision has been entrusted to the Mother. The creation of a new world, a new humanity, a new society, expressing and embodying the new consciousness, is the work undertaken by her. In the nature of things, it is a collective ideal calling for a collective effort to realize it in terms of an integral human perfection.

The Ashram, founded and built up by the Mother, has been the first step towards the fulfilment of this goal. The project of Auroville is the next step, "more exterior," seeking to widen the base of this endeavor to establish harmony between soul and body, spirit and nature, heaven and earth in the collective life of humanity."

* * *

(original manuscript)

(First version) The task of giving a concrete form to Sri Aurobindo's vision has been given to the Mother.

(Second version) The task of completing Sri Aurobindo's vision has been given to the Mother. The creation of a new world, a new humanity, a new society expressing and embodying the new consciousness is the work she has undertaken. By the very nature of things, it is an ideal because the state of Nature that makes it necessary must be surpassed.

We aspire for the time when Sri Aurobindo will no longer have to die.

August 14, 1971

(It is the eve of August 15. Mother sees Satprem having been unable to finish seeing her usual entourage.)

Is there something you'd like to say?

No, nothing at all!

I am all right – even quite all right.

I am quite all right. The body is beginning to ... I could say to have the true attitude. I mean it increasingly feels in a concrete manner and, I could say, ACUTE manner that there is only ONE way to exist – in the Divine Consciousness. All the rest seems ... seems to it dangerous, unknown.

To remain as though constantly bathed in the Divine Consciousness seems to the body the only way to exist. There is no other. That's the attitude of the body. It feels ... you see, it's more than an impression, it's.... I don't know, almost an acute sensation, that one can exist only in the Divine and be constantly concentrated upon the Divine. And that such is the transition to go towards something that is still ... I wouldn't say a dream, but a wonder. THAT....

It likes less and less to speak.

Yes!

All words seem childish to it.

(silence)

It has no need to know anything: it has a need of being entirely molded, set in motion and used in every way [by the Divine], and it has but one dream – to forget that it exists – to become spontaneously the expression ... *(Mother has a blissful smile)* of something ... of something it calls the Divine, which is the only true thing.

(silence)

And what is Sri Aurobindo doing? ... Do you see him?

I don't "see" him – I feel his presence.

Recently I read some of his letters about me.... How? It's really a miracle that I survived [his passing].... My whole ... [being collapsed]. He was such a marvelous protection and support!

The inner being wasn't affected because that remained the way it was – the closeness, the intimacy remained the same – but the physical being.... It's a miracle it survived.

Several days ago I saw Sri Aurobindo and he was busy with money – he was receiving money, he was even receiving things in gold.[77]

(Mother laughs)

That surprised me.

Why?

I don't know, I didn't imagine him having that kind of activity.

That wasn't necessary because I was there.[78] But I know he was interested, in the sense that he thought money should come very freely and abundantly. He always thought that people should give all they had – for him that was an absolute rule. One shouldn't have to ask – they should spontaneously give all they had.

(silence
Mother takes Satprem's hands)

Next Wednesday we'll be quieter.

The body has only one ambition, I could say, that only the Divine exist and that it be like ... like something the Divine uses and is absolutely malleable and expressive. That's all. Until such time when it will exist only in the Divine.

There's a kind of prescience of a state in which there is only the Divine Consciousness. That.... *(Mother intently closes her eyes with an ecstatic smile.)*

Only the Divine Consciousness.

August 18, 1971

The body has the impression that it has to learn a new way to live, and it is learning new things all the time. But they're tiny little things, that is, there's a kind of secret to be found, an attitude that must be steadfast, making circumstances as good as they can be.

It's something equivalent to the mantra. For the time being the body repeats the mantra, but it knows that it's.... There's something to be learned that physically replaces the mantra.

(Mother goes within)

What's on your mind?

What I personally find difficult is permanence – to establish a permanence. It's very difficult.

A permanence of what? Consciousness?

Yes, consciousness.

But consciousness is permanent.

Yes, but the external consciousness isn't permanent.[79] *The physical mind, for instance, may go on repeating all sorts of useless things.*

Oh!...

And on the other hand, the mantra gives me a feeling of a mental imposition, you understand? It's not something that springs up from the core of the cells. It's imposed. So it is set going for a time and is repeated – the mantra gets repeated the way any stupidity is repeated. And then after a time, something else comes.

(Mother remains silent)

One has the impression that unless there is literally a possession by something else, it's hopeless. It should be really like a possession.

Yes, possessed by the Divine. That's perfectly correct.

That's the only way.

(long silence)

These last few days (and quite strongly this morning) I have had the impression: the Divine is all things, and we are born so that each one makes a choice and manifests one of those things – one or several.... And so comes the question of deciding on the choice, but that's just where one must surrender entirely and leave the choice entirely to the Divine. We have been created as we are, and that's the reason for all this wavering, these complications – but what we have to learn is to leave it to ... that is, have no desire, no preference, and leave the choice entirely to the Divine.

(Mother goes within)

August 21, 1971

Do you have something to ask?

I am wondering a lot what would have power over the physical mind.

How do you mean?

For instance, you set the mantra going and it repeats itself for a certain time, and then whoosh! it goes off on a tangent and you get going on something else. I can't make it steady. Or else I have to re-start the movement mentally, by force. By applying the mind.

(after a silence)

I don't know, for me it comes spontaneously. At times it's very intense, very much in the forefront (depending very much on circumstances or the people present); at times it's ... like something very vast – very vast – and very tranquil *(Mother extends her arms in a great Rhythm).* When that is there ... circumstances aren't important, people aren't important, everything is ... all is calmly divine. At times it becomes powerful and active: that depends on the people, on circumstances, or on something that is happening somewhere which I come to know later.

I don't know, I can't say.... The Divine seems to be closely "associated" with all, all, with the whole sense of the physical world, so much so that it seems the physical would have no foundation, no continuity if it weren't so. So I am unable to say.

Actually, I can't make out the state I am in. I simply feel in expectation of something.

(Mother nods vigorously) Ah, of that I am sure!

(silence)

Now I am having some activities at night, completely new as I have never had before, extremely concrete and in which living people are mingled with those we call dead – and they are the SAME, they are the same there.[80] For example, last night there was a very long activity with many people, and among those people was Purani (I see him very often); Purani had a major role, and M. and ... (what's his name?) D. – D. and M. were quarreling![81] *(laughter)* And one thing after another.... And I was like one of them, wearing strange clothes.

I am discovering a world I didn't know, which is the world ... I wonder if it's not the vital physical? There were dances, movements.... That is, to put it in ordinary words: I have dreams such as I have never had before; only it's not dreams, it's an activity. It's a world I was totally unaware of, and which is like this *(Mother interlaces her fingers to show a sort of interpenetration of the physical and that world).*

There are so many, so many things to learn.

Yes!

(silence)

Only those with a physical body have the kind of reactions – pleasure, displeasure – we have in physical life. The others no longer have it. That seems to disappear with the purely physical consciousness.

(silence)

More and more I get the feeling we know nothing. That's all. That there is an infinite variety of things, and we know nothing.

> *Personally, I often complain about my nights because, starting at two or three o'clock in the morning, I get the feeling I have a lot of activities which seem completely stupid to me, involving all sorts of things and people and....*

That's right.

> *And it seems stupid to me, you know, devoid of any meaning, and tiring moreover. What is it? I haven't the faintest idea.*

Perhaps it's that. Perhaps that same world.

> *But what's one doing there!*

(silence)

For our physical consciousness it's stupid, of course.[82]

> *Yes, it looks stupid.*

That's just what I had last night. And it was quite natural and ... without reaction.[83]

I think it's the mind that gives meaning to things; without the mind, things ARE, without their being given a meaning – they are because they are. So then for us, for the consciousness as it has evolved here, it is perfectly idiotic. While there it seems perfectly natural.

That must be what makes people become "unhinged." If they don't have inside what we could call the "divine support," a kind of unshakable faith in the Truth and divine Grace, if they don't have that....

(Mother remains absorbed until the end)

It's a phase we have to go through. We have to ... *go through* it.

August 25, 1971

(Mother sits looking at Satprem for what seems a very long time. Her left eye is still swollen.)

Something to ask?

Do you see something?

No, there's nothing.

(Mother remains absorbed for 40 minutes)

What would you like to say?

What is absorbing you like this?[84]

(after a silence)

All the time, all the time, there is the "thought" of the Divine, but like a ... a kind of – thirst to be and to understand. All mental notions seem artificial to me.... At times there is terrible anguish; at times there is perfect peace.

(long silence)

It's strange, at times I have the impression that death makes much less of a change than we think, and at other times it's totally incomprehensible.... Strange, it's like the two extremes: sometimes, it barely makes a difference; the next time it's a ... something ... what does death really mean?

I would rather not speak because.... It's not something mentalized at all, so it doesn't have any....

(silence)

I told you about those activities at night (I have no impression of sleeping, and yet the body is perfectly at rest), in which there are people who are living and people who are "dead" in ordinary language – and they are absolutely alike. Except that the living seem still to have egoistic reactions, which the others don't have. But it's ... *(fluid gesture)*.... What to us is real doesn't exist anymore. And it's very concrete.

I am in a state where I know nothing, that's all.

And so my one and only refuge is to sort of curl up in the Divine, you know.... As if....

To be You, that's all. Do what You want with me, that's all.... Not even like that *(with words or thought),* not even that.

(silence)

It's the transition from the old way of being, which is becoming more and more distant, to ... the Divine does everything. For instance, even food has become pretty difficult, because the old way of eating seems more and more remote, and it is replaced by something ... inexpressible. It's inexpressible.

It's as if you were standing on a ridge *(gesture)* and the least misstep would pitch you into a hole.

(silence)

Everything seems different, all the ... everything seems so different. The nature of the relations with people is changing, the nature of everything is

changing, but what? What?

(long silence)

It's like being on the brink or point or ... hanging in balance – a tremendous Power (there's a tremendous power, I have some examples), and at the same time, an incredible helplessness.

I prefer not to speak because ... because that's not it. What one says is ... *(Mother nods her head).*

(silence)

You know: it's like being suspended between the most marvelous and the most vile. Like that.

(Mother remains absorbed a long while)

I don't know how much time it will take....

I don't even know where I am going – whether I am going towards transformation or towards the end. The consciousness is there *(gesture above),* it isn't affected.... I don't know.... But I am kept in this body *(gesture of being held down strongly),* as though it were willed that I remain in this consciousness. And then, all these cells become conscious, but.... Does it depend on having a form or not? I don't know.

I am not in a condition where I can help others outwardly.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

At times the body feels it can last an eternity like this; at times it feels it may get dissolved any moment.... And all, all, is like that.

Well, we'll see.

The Force, the Power is greater and greater, but ... (I don't know how to say it) but it's not a personal power, not at all.

August 28, 1971

Well, what's new?

...

What do you want or have to tell me?... Nothing?

Nothing, or always the same thing, rather.

What's that?

I'm waiting.

Oh, you're waiting! So am I! *(laughter)*

(silence)

It's as if all the ways of seeing the world were passing by one after the

other: the most detestable and the most marvelous – like this, like that, like this ... *(Mother turns her head like a kaleidoscope),* and they all come to tell me: "See, you can look at it this way, you can look at it that way, you can...." But the Truth ... what is true?... What is true?... There is all that *(same kaleidoscopic gesture),* and "something" we don't know.

First of all, I am convinced that the need to see things, to think them, is purely human and is a transitory device. It is a transitory phase, which seems terribly long to us, but in fact is rather short.

Even our consciousness is an adaptation of the Consciousness – THE Consciousness, the true consciousness is something else.

And so the conclusion for my body is ... (as best as I can translate it): to curl up in the Divine. Not to try to understand, not to try to know: try TO BE.... And to curl up. So I spend my time like that.

Not "try": only one minute like that is enough *(gesture of stepping backward),* and time doesn't matter anymore. It's very curious, I make experiments for every little movement of life, like meals, for example; well, when I curl up like this *(gesture of interiorization),* everything seems instantaneous. There isn't any time. When I am in the outer consciousness (what I call outer is a consciousness that witnesses the creation), then things take more or less time depending on the attention given it. And so everything, everything seems ... nothing seems to be (what's the word?) absolute, in the sense of real – real, a concrete reality – nothing seems to be like that. Except unpleasant things in the body such as, for example, some functioning that goes wrong; that, you recognize as imperfection. The imperfection is what makes you feel the thing, otherwise it's like this *(same gesture of interiorization, curled up in the Lord).* And "like this," the Power is tremendous, in the sense that ... for instance, for some people, a particular illness vanishes (without my doing anything outwardly in fact, without my even speaking to anyone, absolutely nothing – it's cured); for still another person ... it's the end, he goes over to the other side. But then that other side has become both quite familiar to me and ... totally unknown.

I remember a time when the memory of past lives, the memory of night activities was so very concrete; the so-called invisible world was totally concrete – now ... now everything is like a dream – everything – everything is like a dream veiling a Reality ... an unknown Reality, and yet appreciable. I seem to be talking nonsense.

No, no, not at all!

Because it can't be expressed.

You asked me the other day (your question has stayed with me), you asked me: when I am silent and motionless like this, what is happening?... In point of fact it's an attempt (I can't say an aspiration, I can't say effort – the word in English is *urge*): the truth as it is. That's it. That's it. Not trying to know or understand it (it is all one to me): to be – to be – to be.... And then.... *(Mother has a smile full of sweetness.)*

(silence)

Then curiously enough: at the same time – at the same time – not one in the other or one with the other, but one AND the other, at the same time *(Mother slips the fingers of her right hand between the fingers of her left)* it's marvelous and dreadful. Life as it is, as we feel it in our ordinary consciousness – as it is for men – seems something ... but so dreadful that one wonders how it can be lived even a single minute; and the other, AT THE SAME TIME: a marvel. A marvel of light, consciousness, power – wondrous. And a power, a power!... And not the power of a particular person *(Mother pinches the skin of her hands),* it's something ... it's something which is everything.... And you are left without words.

So, quite naturally, the most interesting thing is to find That. Quite naturally, whenever I have nothing to do ... *(gesture of interiorization, curled up in the Lord).* That's why I am forever asking you if you have questions or something, because there is no longer any "person" to be active, it's only the things which ... *(gesture indicating the movements and vibrations of people or things triggering Mother's activity).* So when that's not there, it's ... *(gesture in suspense, silence)....* Very far, far off ... quite close, quite close to the other Consciousness, there are moments *(Mother speaks in a deep, solemn voice)*: OM Namo Bhagavateh.... That's the most material thing. It's already ... it seems so ... *lifeless.* It gives the impression that a piece of wood might give us. And yet it's.... So at one and the same time one can be in a painful and incomprehensible and absurd life and absolutely at the same time ... unutterably marvelous.

So naturally I can't speak to anyone anymore, I can say it only to you, because people would think I am going nuts.

(long silence)

Only "You" – that's all.

And quite plainly the Creation has That as its goal, that marvelous joy ... of feeling we are You.

(Mother goes off in a smile)

So.... So what do you want? Do you want That?

Yes, Mother.

Or do you want to ask me questions?

No, no, That is good!

(Mother laughs)

(Mother takes Satprem's hands.
sits with her eyes closed,
then a smile spreads over her lips,
she goes within.)

September

September 1, 1971

(Concerning the years 1946-1948, when Satprem first came to Pondicherry to join the government of French India with Governor Baron.)

An image has remained with me which I can't forget. There was a new governor, the one who succeeded Baron [in 1949], and I had gone to see him with Pavitra, and on my way out, in the salon or on the veranda, I don't remember, or the balcony, you were sitting there – don't you remember?

No, Mother.

You were two or three – you were sitting there. You were still here, you hadn't yet left [Pondicherry]. And that has remained with me – even now. How long ago was it?

Twenty ... -five years ago.

It has remained clear-clear, so clear: I see you sitting there, like that, with your back to the light (the sky was behind you). And I don't know why, but that struck me very much, I've retained the memory of it. Even now I can see the same image. It's strange.... We had come to see those people (that really didn't interest me, but ...), but then, when I saw you: "Ah!" It was like ... you know, like something saying to me *(Mother lowers her index finger)*: "That one." You understand?

And it has remained with me ever since. There are so many, so many things I've completely forgotten, but that remains. You don't remember?

No, Mother.... I have other memories of you at that time, but not that one.[85]

It's strange. Even now I see it, you know. There was the sky, it was like.... You were sitting on a stool or a kind of bench, there were one or two people (I don't know) with you, but I didn't notice them, whereas you, I saw you like this *(Mother lowers a finger),* like ... : "That one."

It's strange. It's interesting.

I am glad you saw me!

(Mother laughs and takes Satprem's hands)

It was like this: *(Mother makes a gesture of grasping Satprem's wrist).*

(silence)

The body is being taught to exist by the Divine alone, to count on the Divine for everything – absolutely, absolutely everything without exception. There is even a pressure for.... It's only when the consciousness is linked to its utmost to the Divine Consciousness that there's the sense of existence. It has become extraordinarily intense. When the physical gets converted, it will be something SOLID, you know, unalterable – and complete. And so concrete.... The difference between being in the Divine, existing only by Him and for Him, and then being in the ... not in the ordinary consciousness obviously, but just the human consciousness, is so great that the one seems like death compared to the other, it's so.... I mean the physical realization is really a concrete realization.

There is beginning to be such a concentration of energy (oh! it's not there yet, very far from it, but ...), there's a beginning of perception of how things will be. It's ... it's really marvelous. And so powerful! A power and a reality in the consciousness that nothing, absolutely nothing else can have – everything vital or mental and all that seems hazy and unsubstantial. Whereas this is concrete *(Mother clenches her fists).* And so strong!

Some problems are still to be solved, but not with words or thoughts. And things come to demonstrate – not just personal things, but also things from people around me; people, things, circumstances, all that comes for teaching, teaching the body to have the true consciousness. It's ... it's marvelous.

(Mother goes within)

It seems that the problem was to create a physical being capable of bearing the Power that wants to manifest – all ordinary bodily consciousnesses are too thin and fragile to withstand the overwhelming Power that is to manifest. And so the body is being accustomed to it. It's as if ... you know, as if it suddenly caught a glimpse of such, such a marvelous horizon ahead, but overwhelmingly marvelous! Then, it is allowed to take only as much of it as it can bear.

Some adaptation is required.

It's quite evident where rest and food are concerned (especially food). It's very strange.... The transition ... right in the middle of the transition.

Will it have enough plasticity? I don't know.

It's a matter of plasticity. To be able to withstand and transmit *(gesture of something flowing through her),* to offer no obstacle to the Power that wants to manifest.

Appearances are only future consequences. That's why.... The appearance is what will change last.

September 4, 1971

What do you have?... You don't have anything?... Some people came to see you?

No, aside from one or two exceptions, I refuse to see anybody. I don't know, but I've found that now it is better for me to remain quiet.

Because I was told about someone who came to see you.

The only person I've seen is E.

Oh, he's a nice man![86]

But otherwise I refuse to see people.

It's better that way.

At one time, I used to see many people every day, but now, I find that ... I don't know, I need to be quiet.

Yes.

(silence)

I have noticed something – already quite some time ago, but lately it has become very, very concrete. When I speak, there is a Consciousness which is expressed, and that Consciousness is what's important – but people catch the words and leave the Consciousness! So of course that makes a frightful muddle. Therefore it's better not to speak.

Well, maybe it makes a muddle for some people, but not for all – not for all!

But take this other example: I am trying to make Auroville a link between the old way of being and the new, but they are all sunk in.... I mean they use their freedom to live in the most ordinary way. So ... it's discouraging. There are some – a few – who are good, but the majority is a subhumanity, an altogether animal humanity. So....

Having to take care of one's own change is enough of a work as it is, no?

God, yes!

(silence)

To be at every moment as expressive of the Divine Consciousness as one can be. That's the only important thing.

(silence)

Yes, when one is here, near you, one is taken up into a kind of

absolute ray. It's.... In the past, I remember my meditations "up above," they were vast and quite pleasant, but here it's a kind of ABSOLUTE. You say: this is IT. This is IT, you know, absolutely IT, it's the absolute which is here and seizes you.

But when one is no longer near you.... Through concentration, you can still capture IT again, to a certain degree....

Yes.

But as soon as you let go of the concentration, well, you again have to.... That's the difficulty. There would have to be some kind of possession. But how is that done?

I don't know.

It's the Grace, in short!

(after a silence)

This body is trying its best to exist only in the Divine. If it could no longer feel separate from the whole *(Mother touches the separative skin of her hands),* it would be perfectly happy.

But like this *(gesture of interiorization),* when I don't say anything, then it's all right.

(Mother goes within)

You have nothing to ask?

Is something going to come to me? Something else [another book]?

People aren't ready, mon petit! Every day I discover.... Those who are left to their freedom are worthless. They have the most vulgar consciousness, it's dreadful – no aspiration, no need for perfection, nothing at all.

As for me I ... this body does what it can. It can't do much. It tries ... it tries not to create any resistance. From time to time – from time to time – there's something, a marvel, which lasts for a few seconds. But it's ... *(Mother nods her head).* Either we have to manage to make this body more plastic so it can be transformed, or else it will be for another life.

Although I must say that ... Sri Aurobindo said to me, "Oh, to have to begin all that over again, the whole childhood and all that unconsciousness – no." Before he left, he said no. "No, I shall return when it can be done in a supramental body."[87]

(silence)

But there have to be bodies capable of lasting at will. He said, "The intermediate stage will be duration of life at will." And I have the feeling that that is possible. Provided ... the body itself thinks only of one thing –

transformation. When it is like this *(quiet, concentrated),* then.... I can spend hours – hours without moving – in a kind of receptive contemplation, and it seems like a second. The sense of time is really curious. You see, there is a certain receptive contemplation, and there *(gesture of being suspended in a smile)* ... time simply ceases to exist.

I sense.... I sense I am on the threshold of a great Secret ... but *(Mother nods her head)* ... not mental – not in thoughts. It's ... "something."

(silence)

Give me your hands.

(a fleeting smile ripples over her lips)

September 8, 1971

(After a long contemplative plunge.)

It's really a period of transition for the body.

The body is realizing, becoming conscious of what in it prevents it from being immortal, and at the same time of what can be immortal in it. It has had moments of agony as never before in its whole life – in connection with death, which has never happened before. And it has understood that its very constitution was causing this, and what it had to change. I am ... as though on the threshold of an extraordinary discovery, but....

(silence)

I could put it this way: the why of death has become clear, and the how of immortality is ... *(silence)*.... You know, it's a curious thing, the feeling that there is something *(Mother feels with her fingertips)* TO TOUCH.

(Mother sits looking, her eyes luminously open, then goes within for a half hour)

It can last indefinitely.... The impression of touching something and ... *(gesture of something escaping).*

What did you feel?

> *Once Sujata made me understand what I feel when I am near you; she said, "It feels as if the body were made to pray when one is near you." Well, that's what I feel, a power which seems to seize all the parts of the body and ... I don't know, fill them with an*

intense aspiration.

Yes, but that's also what my body feels.

Yes, it makes the body pray. It fills it with a Power that.... I don't know, it's like a warm gold lifting everything up.

Yes, that's how my body feels all the time.

(silence)

I feel That flowing like this *(gesture through herself)* constantly.

Maybe that's what Divine Love in matter is?

(Mother laughs merrily)

It's so intense and warm at the same time – warm. And so strong ... it's so strong that you can't really use the word "love," because it doesn't correspond to anything you understand.

Yes, that goes for me too!... I am like this *(gesture at the forehead)*: nothing, nothing, empty, empty, empty.... Here *(gesture high and wide)* here it's ... yes, it's a golden immensity.

Yes.

(silence)

I have the most peculiar feeling that there's a kind of ... like scales, or tree bark, or turtle shell, melting, while the body itself is not like that *(Mother makes a gesture as if the body were swelling up and bursting in the sun)*. What seems like matter to man is ... unreceptive. And in this body *(Mother touches the skin of her hands),* it is trying ... it is trying to ... *(same gesture of swelling or blossoming)*. It's really curious! It's a curious sensation.

If one could last long enough for all that to melt away, then it would be the real beginning.[88]

September 11, 1971

Everyone is quarreling! Everyone, everywhere. Squabbles, squabbles, squabbles – all the time, night and day, constantly.

At night too!

Yes! *(laughter)*

And at the same time there is the solution: an im-per-turb-able calm. It's as if it wanted to teach the body a lesson. But ridiculous squabbles, you know, everyone, absolutely everyone. Some accusing others – they accuse each other

– and everyone telling lies! Everything is twisted. Everything is twisted, nothing is clear. I have never (my God, I've been here a long time), I have never seen that to such a degree, with such a terrible restlessness. And my body is aware that if it loses the inner calm for one minute, it will fall very sick. It's just like this *(gesture suspended on a crest),* as though it were about to tip over into a pit.

It's disgusting.

Only one solution *(Mother spreads her arms)* – an imperturbable calm.

It's a concrete calm. Curious. It's concrete. It's as if you could touch it *(Mother presses the palms of her hands on an invisible rock)*.... It's curious.

(Mother goes into the Calm for a half hour while holding Satprem's hands)

Do you feel how concrete it is?

Yes, yes, it's massive.

September 14, 1971

(Sujata's visit to Mother. The day before, Sujata had gone to the Cazanove gardens, in the suburbs of Pondicherry, to see the tombstones of Pavitra and Amrita.)

(Sujata:) Yesterday I went to visit Cazanove.

Oh, why?

To see Amritada and Pavitrada.... You know, nothing has been done, no work until now to cover the tombs, in two years.

How are they?

They are covered with "Sri Aurobindo's Compassion," and near the head, there is a slightly broken pot with "new creation," and near the feet a pot of "devotion,"[89] *the same for both.... I found that very nice, but nothing has been done.*

I've never heard Pavitra complain about it! *(laughter)* I see Pavitra very often, almost every night. Maybe he likes it that way. Even last night I saw him: he was in Japan. When did they leave?

Amritada left on January 31, 1969 and Pavitrada in May, May 16.

Oh, Pavitra left after.

You know, time and me....

Pavitra is here, he's very active, he stays near me, I see him very often. Amrita I don't see that much. Pavitra was absorbed into me and I put him back into a form little by little, and when he was completely formed, I brought him out and he stays very close here.

What does he do?

He meets people, he does all sorts of things.

What work does he do?

He meets people, talks, but he's here, he hasn't left the earth's atmosphere. Amrita left to rest; Pavitra is here, in the subtle physical – that's where Sri Aurobindo is and it's a physical that has a strong tendency to materialize.

We'll see....

September 15, 1971

Do you have something to say? You don't have anything?

No, Mother, nothing encouraging.

(Mother goes within for a half hour)

Strange, there's a child beside you. A child who must be between one and two years old – blond. And he is looking, he is putting his hand on your shoulder.... He's.... He seems very, very intelligent.

(Mother goes back within)

No questions?

Who is that child?

I don't know. I looked at him, he grew till he was about 10 years of age. And he stayed there. I saw him very young, two years old, then he grew, grew to about 10 years of age. He had his hand on your shoulder and was always looking at you like this *(eyes wide open with a sort of devotion or adoration).*

I don't know.

He was European – not Indian.

It's not my brother ... who has left his body?

Ah, could be!

But is your brother blond?

Yes, when he was little, he was blond.

Oh, then it must be him.

But does that mean he has quit his body?

No.

Because he has taken a wrong course, you know – outwardly at least.

(after a silence)

He was conscious. The child was conscious.... Perhaps it was his psychic being which has left?...[90] A total trust, you know *(same wide-eyed gesture),* like that.

Oh, but it's peculiar, because he was blond when he was small [in Mother's vision], and when he got big, his hair turned darker – I noticed that. He was about ... about ten, maybe.

You see, it was total trust. He was very quiet, looking at you and looking at you ... with total trust.

But it wasn't the physical being.

Yes, I understand.

(silence)

It's night in France at this time?

Now it must be.... It's the early hours of the morning, it must be five or six o'clock in the morning.

Do you think he is sleeping at that hour?

Yes, certainly.

It means he would have a two-year old psychic being (you see, they don't have age per se, only in terms of development). And he grew up at your contact.[91] It's interesting.

(long silence)

Is he younger than you?

Yes, physically I think he's five or six years younger than I.... But he has completely taken a wrong course.

Yes. Did his psychic being leave him?... Maybe.

It's quite possible.... I once saw him cut in half.

Oh!

Only the lower part remained.

Then that must be it.

And the last time I saw him, he was upside down, his head down and his feet in the air.

Ohh!...

He [the psychic being] seemed to be completely independent. And when he came – I saw him come – he was there beside you, he put his hand – his little hand – on your shoulder, and he looked at you like this *(same wide-eyed gesture),* and then slowly he grew and grew to about eight or ten years of age and then stopped. It is not a fully formed psychic being.... Perhaps it has left him. Perhaps he left it.

(silence)

Do you mean he has to go through another life to find his psychic being again?

Oh, certainly.

But once the psychic being has left someone, it doesn't come back anymore?

Oh, yes, it can come back, but there must be a conversion.

There must be a conversion.

That the psychic came to you is a very good sign – it's a very good sign, even for him. Because ordinarily, when the psychic being goes away like that, it goes back to the psychic world and rests until the next life. But he has remained conscious and came to you. That's exceptional.

(silence)

We'll see what happens.... Perhaps he's sick? I don't know.

Or else it left because the vital being (vital and physical) violently pushed it away.

Yes, it's more likely.... He's thrown himself into rather terrible things.

(after a silence)

I don't see him anymore, but I have the feeling he is there, he's not leaving you.

But you can't say it's your "brother," because the psychic being has been formed in other lives – it had ENTERED your brother.

Yes, of course.

(Mother goes within)

We'll see.

September 18, 1971

What do you have to tell me?

You gave me a "new creation" [tuberose] the other day, through Sujata....

It's for you.

Does that mean that....

Yes.

Something is going to come?

It means you haven't finished! *(Laughing)* You haven't finished writing![92]

(Mother gazes long at Satprem, then goes within)

Something to ask?

No, but what about you, Mother?

Anything to say?

No, Mother....

(silence)

I had the rather strong impression several days ago that we are full of phantoms, I mean there really aren't any difficulties or problems or resistance or anything of the sort, but there are lots of phantoms and old things, and it is simply our memory of them that pulls us.

Yes, it's true! It's true, I've had the same experience. It's we who create (we, I mean all human beings), who create the problems.

And then there's the memory. The real nuisance is the memory – the memory of a lot of old things – which perpetuates the old influence; but in reality there is nothing – only the memory of it.

Yes, yes, exactly. It's quite true.

(Mother goes within)

Do you have anything to ask?

No. How are things?

What things?

Well, the world and you.

Bah!... Everything is like this *(hanging gesture),* everything. They're ready to fight up there [on the borders of India and Bangladesh], and they're forever waiting to be told to fight. The armies are ready, everything is ready and they're waiting. Everything is like this *(same gesture).*

What are they waiting for?

For the government to give the order.

But the government won't budge!

Oh, yes *(Mother smiles),* it will. It will be forced to move. But it's resisting.

Someone came here from the government, sent by a "commission," and through him the General in command of the armies has communicated with me, and he asked for my blessings. They are all ready. They're waiting – they are told tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow, always tomorrow. I have news from up there.

(silence)

A few days ago, in sleep, I saw Indira Gandhi. She seemed to be here and was trying to convince us of something; what particularly struck me is that everything she was saying was on a very ordinary level, and she looked very pale.

She is easily influenced, you know. So there are ... *(gesture of tugging).*

Indeed, she has not accepted your influence alone.

No, she's taken it and mixed it with others. That's why things go like this *(gesture of jumbled confusion).*

(Mother goes within for a long time)

We are in full transition: it is no longer this, it is not yet that. And the concentration of force is greater and greater.

(silence)

A strange experience. It's a strange experience. The body feels it no longer belongs to the old way of being, but it knows that it is not yet in the new one and that it is.... It is no longer mortal and it is not yet immortal. It's quite strange. Very strange. And sometimes I go from the most dreadful discomfort to ... a marvel – it's strange. An unutterable bliss. It's no longer this, and it's

not yet that. Well. Bizarre *(Mother nods her head).*

(silence)

There is a sort of promise of an overwhelming Power, and at the same time signs of such weakness – not weakness: disorganization. Disorganization, and at the same time the sense of an overwhelming Power. So the two are like this *(gesture of being in a precarious balance).* It's a disorganization in the sense that if I don't pay attention, I can't eat, for instance. I have to pay attention, I have to be concentrated all the time, concentrated in order to do things. Sometimes, not a word in my head, nothing; sometimes I see and know what is happening everywhere.
It's like this *(same gesture as on a ridge).*

I have to be careful when I am with people, otherwise they would think I am going crazy! *(laughter)*

It's really peculiar. A sort of total impotence and an overwhelming power side by side. And the results of the overwhelming power are sometimes visible in people here and there: all of a sudden, miraculous things happen. But at the same time ... sometimes I can't even eat. It's strange. *(Mother laughs)*

September 22, 1971

It goes on, there's nothing new to say. It's like this: sometimes marvelous, sometimes really unpleasant.... But the body is making progress, that is, it knows better how to remain constantly attached to the Divine. So it's all right. That's all.

Outside it's like this *(chaotic gesture).*

But ... (words are stupid), but I could say that the Divine intervention is becoming increasingly visible (words are stupid, it's not that; but it's all we can say, all words are stupid).

What do you have to say?

> *Not much. There's some interesting news. You've heard of André Malraux, the French writer?*

Yes.

> *I believe he even came here to Pondicherry to see you. He has made a statement on the radio, and you know, he's a man who carries a lot of weight internationally: when he says something, he is listened to all over the world. So on French radio, he made a statement (you know that he was a minister under de Gaulle for a long time), a statement in favor of Bangladesh. He says:*

The Indian Express, September 20, 1971

At 69, Malraux offers to fight in the ranks of Bangladesh. He says, "I receive many letters from young people who write: if you form a foreign legion, we are ready to fight for Bangladesh." Malraux admits he is too old to serve in the infantry, but he claims he could serve in a tank. "One cannot seriously help Bengal by merely talking in its favor," he says. "One should go there in person and fight for her." Malraux acknowledged, of course, that India had been created by nonviolence, but in the present case, that kind of tactics is not possible. "You are facing a Vietnam. Either you fight and you will have the whole world on your side, or you don't fight and the cause is lost." "While intellectuals are signing petitions in good faith, the Pakistanis are throwing tanks into the battle. Consequently, the only serious thing is the defense of Bengal. Do it intellectually if you like, but with the support of combat."

(Mother nods her head several times and goes within for a half hour. Then Satprem gets ready to leave and Sujata approaches Mother)

This can go on for hours....

(Sujata:) Mother, what does a white peacock with a golden tail mean?

Ooh! That must be the supramental victory. A white peacock is the integral victory; a golden tail is the supramental realization.... Did you see that?

Satprem saw it.

(Satprem:) I saw it last night.

Why, that's splendid! It's splendid. It announces the victory. What were you meditating on?

But I don't know, I just saw it in passing.

Oh!... That's very good. It's the supramental victory. *(Mother seems delighted)* It's good.[93]

September 29, 1971

(Last day of the Durga festivals, Vijaya dashami, marking the Victory of the Universal Mother over an Asura.)

Do you want a [blessing] packet?

You had Sujata give me one yesterday.

Another one!

If you like!

It's not the same!

It was clear, very clear today, a sort of Pressure to say: Victory is Harmony; Victory is the Divine; and for the body, Victory is good health. Any, any discomfort, any disease is a falsehood. It came this morning. It was very CLEAR. It was convincing, you know.

So it's all right.

It's as if, through the Pressure, all the Falsehood had been brought out *(gesture surging up from below).* The most unexpected things. In people, things, circumstances. It's really.... No imagination can equal it. It's incredible.

But it's a good sign, isn't it?

Oh, yes! Oh, yes!... Only, the appearances in the Ashram are very ... *(Mother nods her head),* it's as if there were a poison, you know, and by putting pressure, the poison comes out to be got rid of – and how it's coming out!

Later we'll be able to talk about it. But it's really interesting, really. Yes, it's a good sign, a very good sign.

Yes, it means that all those forces that have remained hidden underneath for thousands of year ...

Yes.

... have lost their hiding place.

Yes, that's it. That's it.

We'll see. Only, it can't be spoken about yet – later.

Incredible, mon petit!

But a Power! A power, oh!... *(Mother closes her eyes and smiles.)*

October

October 2, 1971

(Last year, after the death of General de Gaulle, Satprem's friend Y.L. had met André Malraux at Verrières; he immediately asked her, "Is the Mother still alive?" As Y.L. was a little taken aback, he added, "I went there before you, 33 years ago.... So I assume you know what they have been looking for in India...." Again a few days ago, Y.L. met André Malraux after his cry "Volunteer for Bengal"; he said to her, "What is essential in the fight I'm going to wage for Bengal is to know the attitude and action of Pondicherry." Y.L. therefore came to put the question directly to Mother. Mother asked, "When is André Malraux meeting Indira Gandhi?" "In November, in Paris." Mother again asked, "When is André Malraux thinking of coming to India?" "I don't know." Then Mother remained absorbed a long time and said, "He will only get THE answer when he arrives in India, because the answer is in him." After meeting Indira Gandhi in Paris, André Malraux will renounce his plan of action. Let us note that when Y.L. met him, he leafed through the Auroville pressbook and said, "All this is familiar – I'm part of it – I know this." And closing the book, "It's as if the sun had risen. And it goes down.... And we begin again...." Y.L. simply replied: "And what if the sun has risen for good?")

Well, then?

Do you know that Y.L., whom you saw a few days ago, met Malraux in Paris and gave him my article on Bangladesh, and "On the Way to Supermanhood"? And this morning I received a note from Malraux.

Ah!

A card. It's nice. He simply says:

"Many thanks for 'On the Way to Supermanhood,' about which one of our mutual friends had spoken to me – thank you also for thinking of sending it to me."

Good....
He said you were "my son"!

Oh!... Well, that's not completely wrong.

I said it's true! *(Mother laughs merrily)*

It seems he has a lot of authority over there?

Oh, indeed a lot, and not just in France, but all over the world. If he says something, it's a world event!

Oh, then that's good.

So I thought I would send him a little note ...

Yes.

... in which I would tell him this:

Dear Mr. Malraux, I was very touched by your note thanking me for "On the Way to Supermanhood." Some fifteen years ago, in this Ashram, I was teaching French classes to the young Indian disciples, and I tried to tell them who Malraux was, whose work I admired – today they remember and, like me, are moved by your intervention on behalf of Bangladesh. The problem is deeper, of course, as you well know. What is at stake at the end of the present mental cycle is the creation of a new man – that is what we are trying to do here with the Mother and Sri Aurobindo. Great Forces are at work here, in a humble way. And I am happy that "Supermanhood" did not leave you insensitive. Indeed, its cry needs you and your capacity to grasp the profound Sense of our human crisis. May the Force of Sri Aurobindo and Mother be with you. Fraternally with you in the great Work to be accomplished.

That's good, that's very good!

If a man like that were directly touched by you, it would be a fantastic help. Two words from that man, and the whole world listens.

Oh!

(Mother goes within for a long time)

What do you say, Mother?

I say nothing.

(long silence)

I speak less and less.

Yes, Mother....

Only, all the time the Force is going like this *(gesture of unrelenting Pressure)*. It's pressing on Matter for the transformation.

I don't know, I feel the hour of great changes in the world is approaching.

Yes, yes.

I mean visible things.

Yes. And the Force is going like this very consciously *(same gesture of pressure),* very consciously. In the smallest detail as well as on the whole, very consciously.

When I am like this *(gesture of being motionless and interiorized),* I am simply conscious of that Force *(same gesture of pressure),* and then sometimes, a particular point *(gesture of a ray being aimed)* or a detail goes consciously through ... through the personality (I don't know how to say it), and there it's ... it seems irresistible: curing someone, even getting a thief arrested (!), things like that. It's strange.

It's curious.

And more and more *(Mother touches her hands)* impersonal.

October 6, 1971

(Concerning the next "Bulletin.")

Is it interesting?

But of course, Mother! But you know, as a matter of fact, I see the Bulletin from A to Z, every comma. It's no one else.

That's good. Have you finished "The Synthesis"?

No, Mother, it will take another year or two.

Oh, as much as that!

No, pardon me! They calculated it will last until 1975.

'75!... *(Mother laughs.)*

What shall we take up next?

What have we published?

"The Human Cycle," "Human Unity," a few chapters of "The Life Divine."...

Well, we should finish the book.

Finish it!... (laughter)

It's a lot of work.

Yes, enough for 30 years of the "Bulletin"!

(Mother laughs)

Yes, it's best to take *The Life Divine.*

Or "Savitri"? Your translation of "Savitri"?

Oh, that!... It would take a poet to do that.... You're speaking of my translation?

Yes, Mother.

It's worthless.

No, it's not, Mother! Maybe a few things need adjusting, but.... No, no, it's worth it.

But I've done very little of it.

Well, you would have to "complete" it! (laughter)

Did I do the end?

A little at the beginning and then the end.

I don't see anymore.... So I should go back to it then.... *The Life Divine* will take how many years?

I don't know, thirty years maybe [at the rate of a chapter per "Bulletin"].

What! *(laughter)* Thirty!... Then it will go on until the year 2000.

Yes.

(Laughing) Then we have plenty of time!

No, you see, it is bound to go on one side or the other, that is, either my body will be renewed and become stronger (I mean my eyesight better, and so on), and then it will be easy, or else finished.

No!

Or else I'll have to let it go.

No, no. No, it must change for sure. That's sure.

(Mother laughs)

It's almost mathematical, you know.

It FEELS that way.... I don't know. It's up to the Divine Will. Because a certain part will necessarily have to be miraculous.

Yes.

Without a miracle, it.... But then, the miracle depends on the Lord.
Well. Anyway, we have some time to think about it! *(laughter)*

But it HAS to take place, Mother. It's not just faith, it's a logical outcome.

It all depends *(Mother touches her hands)* on the proportion of what needs to be eliminated, you see. And the capacity for transformation.

But, Mother, I think it depends even more on its necessity for the world – on the necessity of your transformation for the world.

You think it's necessary?

But of course!

(Mother laughs)

It's the only chance we have.

Oh!...

If it isn't done in you, that means the thing is put off again for ... for centuries. Well, that's just impossible! It's not possible.

(after a silence)

I am fully open to anything the Lord wants – anything, even the most difficult of things. I am fully open like this *(Mother opens the palms of her hands upward)*: what You want, Lord, what You want – that's my joy. That's all.

It's my LIFE. It's the essence of the life in me, in the body. It is like this: what You want – with a joy, a joy that is ... unadulterated.

That's all.

(silence)

Do you want a little concentration?

(Mother goes within)

October 9, 1971

Did you send your letter to ... what's his name, in France?

My letter?... You mean to Malraux. Yes, yes, I sent it.

With whom?

Directly, to an address in Paris.

Registered?

No, Mother.

The mail works very poorly these days.... Did you keep a copy?

(Mother goes within for 25 minutes)

Do you have a question?

You know, I think I've seen Malraux's inner being.

Really!

Yes, just the day before I received his card, at night I saw a being dressed in golden clothes, all golden, and he was even wearing a golden turban. And he came to me and offered me something on a tray.... But the clothes were very important! And he was quite handsome.... With a turban![94]

He intends to come to India. Perhaps he had an Indian life?

(Mother goes back within)

October 13, 1971

(Mother hands Satprem an unusual "transformation"[95] *flower.)*

Nine petals.... That's the new creation – it's the transformation for the new creation.

I see!

So what have you brought?

Oh, nothing much.... I'm a little overwhelmed by all the material problems.

Oh! Yes.... You have nothing to ask, nothing to say?

And what do you have to say, Mother?

Me?...

(Mother goes within for a half hour)

You're not saying anything.

No. Nothing to say.

Are we getting near something?

(after a silence)

Do you know the story of the new moon?... They've discovered a new moon.[96]

Oh, yes, a very small one. Does it mean something?

They say it is the supramental creation!

What!

And that it is approaching the earth.

And then?

Well, it may fall on it!... What do they mean, very small? Smaller than the earth?

Yes, I think it's a mile in diameter.

That's very small!

It seems it approaches the earth every 8 years.... But what does that have to do with the supermind!

I don't know! *(Mother laughs)* I have no idea myself.... A mile, but then it could fall somewhere....

Yes, it would make a dent!... Sometimes one really gets the feeling that all this needs to be shaken up a little, don't you think?

(Mother makes a gesture of not knowing)

Aren't you in favor of "shaking up"?

(Same gesture with a smile) When I was told that, I had the impression it would become part of the earth.... But it would cause a disaster, wouldn't it?

Perhaps not extensive? It would certainly create enough of an upheaval.

Unless it chooses the north pole or....

Would that make things on earth better?...

(negative gesture)

You are not very much in favor of shaking things up, are you?

(same gesture

silence)

I have more and more the impression that we know nothing, that we can do nothing, that we.... We're really ... *(helpless gesture)* – we know nothing. All our so-called knowledge is....

We don't even know our own destiny.

Yes!

It's pathetic.

(silence)

And materially, in the material life, you feel you are entangled in something in which every solution is false.

Yes, yes, that's exactly it.

So you don't know what to do. In practical life, you don't know what to do.... You can turn in every direction and in every direction it's false.

Yes, it's false.

So those who want to live authentically, what should they do in a practical way? We are in this world of falseness – it's in us and around us – and if we try to intervene in circumstances to correct them, we get even more entangled in the knot. Should one simply withdraw and leave things as they are?

This is what I do more and more *(gesture of interiorization)*. I speak less and less, because everything one says is false.

(silence)

For instance, I say "the Divine" – what is the Divine? I don't know – and

yet I can't say that I don't know. And even saying that is false – that's not it. Everything is NOT IT. It isn't it.

Even material life is like that. Take eating, for example, depending on a certain attitude (is it an attitude? I don't know, because the consciousness is the same), the SAME food can be either absolutely detestable and impossible to swallow, or quite good.... The material circumstances themselves, the SAME circumstances can have very negative and serious consequences, or totally positive ones, depending on.... What does it depend on? That's the point. Because the consciousness is apparently the same, you simply don't know what causes the change.... In other words, the whole material life is ... unreal. You were talking of fighting, but fighting what? Everything is a mirage. We don't know what it is, we don't know WHAT there really is. What does it depend on?

There is something to discover.

Sometimes the body is seized by an unbearable pain, so painful it wants to scream – and a minute later, everything is perfectly fine. And the physical conditions are the SAME, the consciousness is the SAME.... What does it depend on?...

So you see *(Mother suddenly clasps her forehead as if she were suffering or caught in an impossibility),* better not to speak.

(long silence)

It's something.... Something....[97]

October 16, 1971

So, what's new?

> *I have something here.... Some time ago I received a letter from a man who had worked with Théon.*[98]

Oh, really!

> *So he asked about you, if you were still alive, and also he has written a book on the "cosmic tradition." He wanted to send you a copy of the book as an expression of his "respectful admiration." And finally he sent the book by air. Here it is: it's called "In the Shadow of the Cosmic Tradition."*

(Mother laughs) Have you looked at it?

> *I didn't read it, but I looked at it.*

(Laughing) It's very fantastic!

He mentions you only in the preface and says this: "The influence of the cosmic philosophy goes beyond the boundaries of the cosmic groups of France. Consider, for example, that the Reverend Mother of the Pondicherry Ashram (!), Sri Aurobindo's collaborator, was a student of Max Théon in Tlemcen...." That's all he says about you.

I told you the story. There were some astonishing things.... I told you I saw him deflect lightning!

Yes, I remember.

I SAW it *(Mother touches her eyes)*. I can't say I dreamed it: I SAW it. How did he do it? I don't know.

He's not alive anymore? He left his body?

Oh, yes, long ago. He left, I think, before I came here. A long time ago.
The book must say when, no?

No, it doesn't say. Well, of course, I didn't read the whole book, but he doesn't say it in the preface.

Anyway, the cosmic tradition is quite fantastic, but just the same there is something there.... You could have a look if you have time.

Yes, Mother.

You can see in the preface whether he says when Théon left.

No, I read the preface, but there's nothing about the passing of Théon. He says, "the Eastern Sage, Max Théon," that's all.

He was.... I don't know if he was Russian or Polish.

But all that kind of power they had over material things, wouldn't all that have some use for you materially?

No, no use at all – absolutely NO use.
Only he did teach me occultism very well. At the time I was really very skilled!... *(Laughing)* I too did a number of miracles! But I didn't attach any value or importance to them.

Well, for instance, the capacity Madame Théon had to absorb vitality, etc. – you remember, when she put a grapefruit on her chest?...

Yes.

Wouldn't things like that be useful either?

That, yes. That could be useful.... But Théon couldn't even protect her! – She lost an eye in one of those experiences (I don't remember now).

Yes, it's a profounder change that is needed.

Oh, yes!

(silence)

So, shall we send him something?

> *Yes, Mother. He seems to be a good man from what I've seen. He was severely wounded in the first World War. And in his dedication (he wrote you a dedication), he asks you a question. He asks you for an answer. Here is what he says:*
>
> *"To the Mother. To the ideal Initiatrix of the spiritual divine and cosmic universalism....*

What? I don't understand.

> *He says: "To the ideal Initiatrix (that's you, the initiatrix) ... as an expression of admiration and gratitude. The respectful homage of the author, who would be most happy to receive, written in her hand, some advice concerning the psycho-mental technique whose practice would give ... mastery and control over the neurophysiological functions with a view to diminishing and conquering the sensation of pain and physico-nervous suffering."*

Oh! Oh!... It's curious, it's just the experiences I am having now. That's rather strange. I just wanted to tell you about that today.

The body is in a state in which it sees that everything depends only on ... how it is tuned in to the Divine – on its state of receptive surrender. I had the experience again a few days ago (I told you the last time, but I had it again in a very precise way): the same thing that causes much more than a discomfort – a suffering, an almost unbearable condition – disappears immediately with just a change into a blissful state. I had the experience several times. And for me it is only a question of a certain sincerity having to do with intensity in the realization that everything is the work of the Divine and His action is moving towards the swiftest realization possible, given the present conditions. Something like that.

What was his question?

> *I suppose he must be suffering. He asks for some advice concerning:*
>
> *"The psycho-mental technique whose practice would give to the 'brain center' of the psychological faculties mastery and control over the 'brain center' of the neurophysiological functions, with a view to diminishing and conquering the sensation of pain and physico-nervous suffering."*

(after a silence)

I could say the cells of the body have to learn to seek their support ONLY

in the Divine, until they are able to feel that they are the expression of the Divine. Is it clear?

Yes, Mother, very clear.

It is actually the experience I am having now. The experience (as I told you) of changing the consequences of things – I am having it. But it's not mentalized, so I can't put it into words. But the cells really have to become capable of feeling, first, that they are entirely controlled by the Divine (which is expressed by "What You want, what You want," that state), and then a sort of receptive... (what shall I say?) it's not immobile, it's.... Probably you would say a PASSIVE receptivity *(Mother opens her hands in a smile).* But I don't know how to explain it.

(Mother closes her eyes in a smile)

All words are false, but you could say: "You alone exist." You know, what the cells feel: "You alone exist." Like that. But all that becomes hard – words harden the experience. It's a kind of plasticity or suppleness, very trusting): what You want, what You want....

(silence)

Will you take care of an answer to that man?

Yes, certainly, Mother. What about sending him a "blessing packet" as a support to your words?

(Mother gives a packet)

You know, the "Cosmic" had a very interesting effect in my life. I was completely against "God." The European notion of God was quite repulsive to me. But at the same time naturally, that prevented me from having any experience. And with the "cosmic teaching" of the inner god (that was Théon's idea, the inner god – *Mother touches her chest* – the one that is inside each of us), brff! *(gesture as if walls were crumbling).* The experience was fantastic. I am very grateful to him. That's how it happened; I found it by following his instructions and searching within, behind the solar plexus. I found it, I had an experience ... an absolutely convincing experience.

Only people will stumble upon some vital force and mistake it for the soul, so.... You have to be VERY sincere, that is the absolute condition. You have to be VERY sincere, VERY sincere – not only must you not deceive others, but you must not deceive yourself. You have to be VERY sincere. And then you find it. You find it, it's an absolutely concrete experience.

I had the experience before coming here. Before I came, before knowing Sri Aurobindo, I had the experience. So three quarters of the work was already done, you could say.... I didn't have mental knowledge (the mental knowledge was nothing to talk about), but it's not necessary for the experience. If you're sincere, you have the experience without thinking, you don't NEED to think. But you have to be sincere.

And now that's what my body has, it's having those same experiences. But words are....

In a certain attitude (but it's difficult to explain or define), in a certain attitude, everything becomes divine. Everything. And what is marvelous then is that when you have the experience that everything becomes divine, everything that is contrary quite simply disappears (fast or slow, right away or little by little, depending on circumstances).

That's really marvelous. That is to say, becoming conscious that everything is divine is the best way to make everything divine – you understand – to eliminate all opposition.

(Mother goes within)

When did you receive that book?

I received it yesterday.

Ooh!...

We could say that the cure for all physical disorders lies in the cells becoming convinced – conscious and convinced – that they are an expression of the Divine, or even that they are divine in their essence.

Just last night, I stayed for hours.... (nowadays I sleep very, very, very little, I spend hours in a kind of state that is not sleep and not activity, it's something rather new), and in that state the body became conscious that it was nothing, that it knew nothing, that it could do nothing, that it ... a kind of almost total nullity. It had that for hours. And then slowly that feeling changed ... it changed into a ... something like a sensation (it's not an ordinary sensation, but it's something similar to a sensation); the "nothing" – the nothingness, the total nullity – began to feel that it existed only THROUGH the Divine; and then gradually, FOR the Divine, and ... a kind of peace settled in... *(Mother closes her eyes with a smile ... then she opens her eyes wide),* an all-powerful peace.

And everything that was painful disappeared.

Peace....

Only, the body [Mother's body] has an advantage in life: it was built and conceived in such a way that it does not desire pleasant sensations. It does not desire (what shall I say?), yes, the sensation of pleasure, pleasant things, it is quite indifferent to them – and spontaneously. It took no effort to overcome its desires, it never cared about them. It only protested against pain, but that is disappearing totally.

Now, I think the bodily ego is in the process of disappearing. Then it will be perfect.

It's really quite spontaneous – spontaneous and sincere: You, You, You.... What You want, what You want.... what You want.

October 20, 1971

(Mother begins by translating into French the message by Sri Aurobindo that she wants to give on 24 November.)

> "One must rely on the Divine and yet do some enabling sadhana – the Divine gives the fruit not by the measure of the sadhana but by the measure of the soul's sincerity and its aspiration. Also, worrying does no good – 'I shall be this, I shall be that, what shall I be?' Say: 'I am ready to be not what I want but what the Divine wants me to be,' – all the rest should go on that base."
>
> April 13, 1935
> Sri Aurobindo
> *Letters on Yoga*, XXIII.582

They have found some letters – some old letters – from Sri Aurobindo to Barin and the lawyer[99] – extraordinary! They are incredible. They give the measure of Sri Aurobindo as a man of action. Even in 1920, he intended to undertake an action. To organize centers all over India, the world, oh!... a plan!... And that was before the liberation of the country!

He says that he has completely withdrawn to find his yoga, but once he had found it, he is going to start his action[100]....

* * *

(A little later, Mother signs the contract for the German edition of "Supermanhood.")

And in Russian?
The 30th is your birthday....

> *You must admit, it's strange that the book is being published in Germany before being published in France.*

The book?

> *Yes, it is being published in Germany, but not in France, they don't want it. I find that rather....*

It's because there's no one to look after it.

> *In any event, wherever we tried it was refused.*

Have you seen M.'s translation [another English translator]?

> *Yes, in part. Many passages are very beautiful.*

Ah!

I think that on the whole it will be effective – not everything is understood.

Really?

No, but ultimately that doesn't matter. What she has understood and brought out is brought out well and forcefully. Many deeper things are omitted. But we have no choice. Her merit is that what she has understood comes through with force and sometimes even beauty.... I told her I was very happy. And in fact I am happy, because that's enough, it's effective.

I spoke to her about the publication. She said it was easier for her in America than in England, but she had to see.

We'll see.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Letter from Sri Aurobindo to C.R. Das, his lawyer in the Alipore bomb case.)

18 November 1922

Dear Chitta,

It is a long time, almost two years I think, since I have written a letter to anyone. I have been so much retired and absorbed in my Sadhana that contact with the outside world has till lately been reduced to minimum.

... I have become confirmed in a perception which I had always, less clearly and dynamically then, but which has now become more and more evident to me, that the true basis of work and life is the spiritual, – that is to say, a new consciousness to be developed only by Yoga. I see more and more manifestly that man can never get out of the futile circle the race is always treading until he has raised himself on to the new foundation. I believe also that it is the mission of India to make this great victory for the world. But what precisely was the nature of the dynamic power of this greater consciousness? What was the condition of its effective truth? How could it be brought down, mobilised, organised, turned upon life? How could our present instruments, intellect, mind, life, body be made true and perfect channels for this great transformation? This was the problem I have been trying to work out in my own experience and I have now a sure basis, a wide knowledge and some mastery of the secret. Not yet its fulness and complete imperative presence – therefore I have still to remain in retirement. For I am determined not to work in the external field till I have the sure and complete possession of this new power of action, – not to build except on a perfect foundation.

But still I have gone far enough to be able to undertake one work on a larger scale than before – the training of others to receive this Sadhana and

prepare themselves as I have done, for without that my future work cannot even be begun. There are many who desire to come here and whom I can admit for the purpose, there are a greater number who can be trained at a distance; but I am unable to carry on unless I have sufficient funds to be able to maintain a centre here and one or two at least outside. I need therefore much larger resources than I at present command.

I have thought that by your recommendation and influence you may help Barin to gather them for me....

Yours,
Aurobindo
On Himself, XXVI.436

* * *

(Letters from Sri Aurobindo to his younger brother Barin.)

18 November 1922

Dear Barin,

... I have been till now and shall be for some time longer withdrawn in the practice of a Yoga destined to be a basis not for withdrawal from life, but for the transformation of human life. It is a Yoga in which vast untried tracts of inner experience and new paths of Sadhana had to be opened up and which, therefore, needed retirement and long time for its completion. But the time is approaching, though it has not yet come, when I shall have to take up a large external work proceeding from the spiritual basis of this Yoga.

It is, therefore, necessary to establish a number of centres small and few at first but enlarging and increasing in number as I go on, for training in this Sadhana.... The first, which will be transferred to British India when I go there, already exists at Pondicherry, but I need funds both to maintain and to enlarge it....

Many more desire and are fit to undertake this Sadhana than I can at present admit and it is only by large means being placed at my disposal that I can carry on this work which is necessary as a preparation for my own return to action....

Aurobindo Ghose
On Himself, XXVI.435

* * *

1 December 1922

Dear Barin,

... I must now make clear the reasons why I hesitated to sanction the publication [of certain texts].... But that about noncooperation would lead, I think, to a complete misunderstanding of my real position. Some would take it to mean that I accept the Gandhi programme.... As you know, I do not believe that the Mahatma's principle can be the true foundation or his programme the

true means of bringing out the genuine freedom and greatness of India.... My own policy, if I were in the field, would be radically different in principle and programme.... But the country is not yet ready to understand its principle or to execute its programme.

Because I know this very well, I am content to work still on the spiritual and psychic plane, preparing there the ideas and forces, which may afterwards at the right moment and under the right conditions precipitate themselves into the vital and material field, and I have been careful not to make any public pronouncement as that might prejudice my possibilities of future action. What that will be will depend on developments. The present trend of politics may end in abortive unrest, but it may also stumble with the aid of external circumstances into some kind of simulacrum of selfgovernment. In either case the whole real work will remain to be done. I wish to keep myself free for it in either case....

Aurobindo
On Himself, XXVI.438

October 23, 1971

(Satprem reads to Mother a letter from G., which ends with the following question.)

He asks a question?

Yes, at the end he says: "Mother, what sort of change may take shape in life if one becomes just Thy Will but nothing else?"

(after a silence)

Supreme Peace, certitude, and even the functioning of the body can change.

(Satprem has not heard well:) You said Supreme Peace....

Supreme Peace is established and becomes constant, and then....

Then the functioning of the body can change.

And certitude in the action also. A certitude in the action when you do things. That's all?

It's very difficult to know what to do.... You get the feeling there's a Silence, that nothing responds – nothing tells you: "Do this or do that." So you wonder if that silence means you should simply

remain inactive and still, or if you should undertake a positive act, "pull" something and act.

It depends on the case. There's a slight difference.... There are cases when nothing comes – nothing, everything is stopped. So there you have to wait until it runs its course. There are cases where you are NATURALLY led to do one thing or another, which seems totally indifferent but is part of the Action (I don't know how to say it). I have experienced both. It depends on the case. There are cases where nothing is needed. There are cases where it's simply as though you put the Divine ON the thing *(Mother makes a gesture of aiming a beam).* You know, you're like ... not an intermediary, I don't know ... it's like a power of concentration on something; then the Divine Force flows through and is focused *(same gesture of aiming a beam),* but you yourself do nothing – yet the thing is done. Sometimes, if there is a word to be said, then the word comes to you; or if there is something to be done (it may seem like a very small, indifferent thing), you just have to do it quietly – you are LED to do it.

You're led, yes, I understand....

(silence,
torrential rain)

Because, my own fear is that I am divided between the idea that I must do something and the idea that if there is really something to be done, inevitably the Divine will make me do it.

But then, you wonder whether that's inactivity, passivity [or even somnolence], or whether you should do something – that's the only thing.

No, there is a moment when it becomes clear. It all depends on.... All personal preferences and desires must disappear.

Yes, that's it.

Then, in that case, it becomes very clear. There are times when you're sort of COMPELLED to do something. There are times when ... nothing – you feel the Force passing and having an effect, but you yourself (I mean, the body), the body doesn't move. It becomes very perceptible. And I've had proof that that's right, because I've had examples: at times, when I've remained still like that, without saying anything, simply letting the Force be focused on someone or something through the body *(same gesture of aiming a beam),* it does it, it acts miraculously like that. And the body has done nothing, hasn't moved, just let it pass through and be focused on a particular spot *(same gesture).* It's automatically focused. Because it's in our consciousness that the world is divided like this *(gesture of little pieces),* and there's one person, another person, one thing, another thing – it's our consciousness which is like that; so "one" uses that [the individuality] as a channel for the Force to go exactly where it is supposed to go. The action is not a personal action: it's an Action of

the Force using the personal consciousness as a pipe – you understand?

It's very difficult to say that one no longer has any preferences and desires....

(Mother laughs)

Because it's so subtle!

Oh!... But that's progressive, you see; you can go on working at it all the time, all the time, all the time.... It's my constant occupation: eliminating all preferences. But the positive means is (we always come back to the same thing): "What You want, what You want.... What You want, what You want...." And when you're completely still and free from any trepidation (what I call "passive receptivity," that is, there isn't any activity, and yet: what You want, what You want ...), then – then only – That works. And you really have the feeling (I don't know how to say it), really that you're used only as a channel so the Thing – the Force or the Action – can go exactly where it is supposed to go. That's what our consciousness is used for *(gesture of a pipe)*.

October 27, 1971

What do you have to say?

There's a practical problem, Mother....

(Mother gives a transformation flower)

That's all.

But that's enough!... A practical problem concerning the statue of Sri Aurobindo in Calcutta. You know that the government of Bengal decided[101] *to erect a statue of Sri Aurobindo in place of Lord Curzon's – the very man who had sought the division of Bengal, and Sri Aurobindo had tried to stop him. Sri Aurobindo would take the place of Lord Curzon, across from the "Victoria Memorial." It's at the entrance to Calcutta. That's what they decided in principle. Then the government of Bengal was overturned and their decision wasn't put into legal terms, so now everything is pending. Now to restore the momentum, the people of "Pathmandir"*[102] *have to do something. But the people of Pathmandir have another idea. They purchased some time ago the house where Sri Aurobindo was born in Calcutta....*

Ah!

And they propose, instead of putting the statue of Sri Aurobindo on a public street, to put it in the house where Sri Aurobindo was born.

But would it be in the open?

No, it will be in the house.

But no one will see it, then!

That's what I think too. But they say, their argument is: if we put it in the house, it will be protected – the crows will not make a mess on it, and the students won't decapitate it!

Are the students of Bengal against Sri Aurobindo?

No, no, Mother! But it so happens they decapitated the statue of Gandhi, for instance!

(With a smile) Ooh!

For Sri Aurobindo himself, it's better in the house – it's more in keeping with his temperament and character. For the people, it's better outside.

Yes, certainly. A statue is made to be in public, so the image is there for everyone to see.

Yes, but if they are likely to damage it or.... That should be absolutely avoided.... I don't know, they're mad there – they're mad everywhere. They're mad here too.

Here too, it came here, the same idea of killing, destroying.... It's everywhere. It's as if the whole vital world had descended on earth *(gesture of a crushing mass).*

I wouldn't want anything to happen to the statue.

Yes, Mother, but in my opinion, the statue loses its meaning if it isn't in public. If it's put in a house, it loses its meaning.

Obviously! Obviously.

What had a meaning is putting Sri Aurobindo across from the Victoria Memorial, in place of the Englishman who wanted to divide Bengal – that has a meaning.

Yes, obviously. But then the Indians would have to behave decently.

Anyway, the people of Pathmandir will do what you say.

(Mother remains concentrated)

The best thing is to have two statues: one in public and one in the house.

All right, Mother.

That would be the best.

I'll tell them.

And they don't have to be the same. One can be sitting and the other standing. The one in the street, standing; and the one in the house, sitting. That will be very nice. Because in the house there's no need to ask anyone's permission. I hope the one in the street is standing?

I believe you had chosen a photo of Sri Aurobindo in which he was looking toward the future. I think it's the photo by the Dutch painter.

Yes, that's it. I would like the one in the street to be standing.[103] And then, in the house, sitting at a table.

At a table?

Or simply sitting. That way, it's fine.

(silence)

If something happens to the statue in the street, well, it will be the sign that Bengal will go under. That's all. It will be too bad for them.

That's the point, I don't want his action to be dependent on that. So, if he is seated in the house, his action continues – even if they destroy his statue [in the street]....

But they won't touch it, Mother!

I don't think so.

He is too beautiful!

Oh, but people are going mad. I really don't know how long it will last, but there is a wind of madness everywhere. They talk only of killing. It's as if ... *(gesture showing the onrush of vital forces on earth),* oh!... The world has become repugnant.

Division is very strong.

But an ABSOLUTE sincerity is required for those who want to work.

Yesterday I had some experiences that showed me how the usual habit of thinking that "things will somehow be taken care of" within, that they are "being taken care of," is no longer sufficient. Now we need this *(Mother lowers her fist forcefully into matter, like a blade of light)*: like this.

You mean Kali?

An ABSOLUTE is needed, you follow. You must accept nothing in yourself that says: it will come, it will come....

I had an experience.... That's all right, I was happy, I was very happy

because that requires some integrality, you know – an absolute sincerity and integrality – otherwise.... But the experience itself was terrible.

(long silence)

Was it a personal physical experience?

(Mother nods her head yes silence)

Outside there is a lot of trouble in town because of....

The university?[104]

Yes, a lot.

But it's not the students' doing.

It's the students.

Yes, but behind, there's something else, Mother.

Yes it's the Mission, of course.

Yes, exactly!

It's the Mission. And the French consul is with them.

Yes, of course!

Last evening there was a meeting of 2,000 people – with inflammatory speeches against the Ashram, against the university, and against the central government because the government is in favor of the university.

Humanity is really petty.

Oh, yes! It has descended very, very low.

Sri Aurobindo!... For them Sri Aurobindo is a "foreigner" (!) because he comes from Bengal – it's dismaying! He who did everything for this country. It's dismaying.... Really only the Divine can put up with that.

Yes.

Because humanly I would say: very well, let this humanity fall into the pit! Let it be crushed, what does it matter!

There would not remain too many living beings.

Yes, Mother, certainly.

(silence)

But one really doesn't see what miracle can change all that.

Oh, there WILL BE a miracle. But what, I don't know.

(silence)

Because this whole reaction, this whole movement *(gesture at ground level)* belongs to the lower mind and vital, and it's pretty low; but a Pressure from above would make a pulp of all that – how will it come about? I don't know.... But one can see – one sees clearly that external circumstances are being brought to the point where things will suddenly crack up. But how? I don't know.

(long silence)

Were you given the quotations from Sri Aurobindo?... They're interesting.

I haven't seen them yet.

Oh, you must see them, they're very interesting.

I have them here.

There are two long ones and four short ones. We'll put them in February and August next year.

(Satprem, leafing:) I've just chanced on this one!

> "One must have faith in the Master of our life and works, even if for a long time He conceals Himself, and then in His own right time He will reveal His Presence."

That's it! That's exactly it! Exactly. But the ones from "The Life Divine" are really interesting:

> "The tree of the knowledge of good and evil with its sweet and bitter fruits is secretly rooted in the very nature of the Inconscience from which our being has emerged and on which it still stands as a nether soil and basis of our physical existence; it has grown visibly on the surface in the manifold branchings of the Ignorance which is still the main bulk and condition of our consciousness in its difficult evolution towards a supreme consciousness and an integral awareness. As long as there is this soil with the unfound roots in it and this nourishing air and climate of Ignorance, the tree will grow and flourish and put forth its dual blossoms and its fruit of mixed nature. It would follow that there can be no final solution until we have turned our inconscience into the greater consciousness, made the truth of self and spirit our life-basis and transformed our ignorance into a higher knowledge. All other expedients will only be makeshifts or blind issues; a complete and radical transformation of our nature is the only true solution."
>
> *The Life Divine,* XVIII.627

I would like to keep that one for February 21.

(silence)

I'm thinking of what he says there, those "unfound roots".... What is that root, that unfound root?

Root of what?

The root that hasn't been found. The root of all the evil, the Ignorance, everything: "As long as there is this soil with the unfound roots in it and this nourishing air ...," etc.

(after a silence)

What I found with yesterday's experience – what the experience demonstrated to me – is that the physical being, which thought it was exclusively turned to the Divine, is turned in a ... (what shall I say?) an almost superficial way. That is to say, it is still capable of feeling certain occurrences as "catastrophic." I was made to live all the possible things that could still happen to me, to the body, if things went wrong and precisely if men were driven by the adverse force. And I could see to what a degree (there were the most dreadful possibilities, you know), I saw to what a degree the body is not ... *(imperturbable, immobile gesture).* For several hours it was truly, oh, completely upset, ill with the horror of those possibilities.[105] And then it was able to offer all that to the Divine and say, really say consciously: "Your Will."

But there was that kind of incapacity we have to know truly the Divine Will – especially concerning the future, tomorrow, what's going to happen right at this minute – it was dreadful. How we know nothing, how utterly ignorant we are!

Yes, that's something I feel very strongly too. I feel very strongly how much we don't know – we don't know!

It was yesterday afternoon between one and two o'clock, I think. But it was dreadful, you know, it was worse than hell – simply to see ... just how little we know.

(silence)

And it was a very complete experience, because it wasn't the experience of a person but of all humanity: I saw absolutely concretely that all men who THOUGHT they knew they had Experience [of the Divine], well, it was ... *(wavering gesture, just above the head),* it was halfway, so to say. Whenever we rise a little higher than the ordinary consciousness, we at once think we have touched the Divine.

And that experience yesterday did not culminate in any knowledge; it culminated in ... *(Mother opens her hands in a gesture of surrender).*

So individual existence – what we call "existence" – seems such an abominable, such a horrible thing!... *(Mother pants)*

And at the same time, a very distinct perception that this is not ONE single existence in a material body: it's the personal, individual existence throughout all time that goes on like this *(infinite gesture ahead).* So the solution was *(gesture of open hands)*: to give oneself without any ambition to know, to unite

without having the illusion of feeling union. Like that. A total surrender.

You see, death is not a solution! NOT AT ALL. There is no solution except ... except if ... what? *(Mother touches her body, indicating material transformation)*. Perhaps when we're ready – if we're ready.

It's ... it was unbelievably horrible.

I came out of it. But I came out of it like this *(gesture of open hands)*.

An effort – a little more sincere effort – and a little more sincere realization: what You want.

(Mother goes off into a smiling silence)

October 30, 1971

Happy birthday! Happy birthday!...

(Mother gives presents)

My card is there – nothing much. I don't even know what I wrote you.

> *Shall I look? [Satprem opens the card.] You said, "With my affection and blessings."*

Just that. It's better than a lot of words. I don't like big words. I have but one thing to tell you: I need you. There! *(Mother laughs)*

> *Oh, Mother, I wish I could serve you better.... It's a grace to work for you.*

But I am so happy with your work! It's so helpful to me, you know – just the way I want it to be. Exactly. Not once have I thought: Well, he could do this, he could do that – no, it's just the way I want.

Mon petit....

So what do you have to tell me?

> *I don't know....*

There's nothing?

> *I often think of the next book I should write, and I wonder in what direction it will be?*

(Mother goes within for a long time, then a smile spreads over her lips)

I have a sort of impression of knowing the why of the creation.

It was to realize the phenomenon of a consciousness which would have at once an individual consciousness – the individual consciousness we have naturally – and a consciousness of the whole, a consciousness (how to put it?) ... it could be called global. But both consciousnesses merge into something ... which we have yet to find.

A consciousness at once individual and total. And all the work is to merge the two consciousnesses in a consciousness which is both at once. That is the next realization.

(silence)

For us it takes time (what is translated for us as time), as if it were something "being done," or which is "to be done." But that is the illusion we're still in. Because we have not ... we have not yet crossed over to the other side.

But the individual consciousness is not at all a falsehood, it has to be associated with the consciousness of the whole so as to make another kind of consciousness which at the moment we still don't have. Not that it will cancel out the other, you understand? There has to be an adjustment, a different aspect, I don't know ... so that the two can manifest simultaneously.

For example, right now I am having a whole series of experiences concerning the latent power of creation of the individual consciousness, I mean the capacity we have of knowing things – knowing or wanting them, as we say – in the individual consciousness before they take place. We say "I want this," but that's merely an intermediary device, it's actually the consciousness on the way to something and having at once the vision of what is to be and the capacity to realize it.

That's the next stage. Afterwards....

So, for us, meaning for the individual consciousness, that is translated by time, the time it takes to.... I don't know how to say it.

This is the way I feel: no longer this, not yet that; and there's no need to leave one to be the other – the two must combine and give birth to something new.

(long silence)

I have a very strong feeling I have caught the true thing, as if I held *(Mother clenches her fist)* the tail of the true thing. And it explains everything – absolutely everything. And it cancels nothing.

(Mother goes within for a long time)

You have nothing to tell me?

So I shouldn't worry?

No. No, no! If you knew how marvelous it is! Absolutely all the problems have been solved all at once. Only, I can't talk about it.

Don't worry.

It's a hundred times more marvelous than we can possibly imagine.

The question is to know if this *(the body)* will be able to follow.... To

follow, it not only has to last, but it has to acquire a new strength and a new life. That I don't know. In any case, it doesn't matter – the consciousness is clear, and the consciousness is not subject to this *(Mother points to her body).* If it can be used, so much the better, if not.... There are still things to be found.

Oh, many things to be found! The old routine is over.

It's over.

We need to find the plasticity of matter – so that matter can progress forever. That's it.

How much time will it take? I don't know. How many experiences will it take? I don't know. But now the direction is clear. The direction is clear.

Mon petit, you've given me the most marvelous gift today that anyone could give!

(Laughter) It has nothing to do with me, Mother!

But it chose today, your birthday, to come. That's clear.

So then, you'll come a little before 3 o'clock for Sunil's music. *(Turning to Sujata)* Naturally, if she wants to, she can come!

We are happy together at your feet, Mother.

Yes, she complements you well.

(Satprem puts his forehead on Mother's knees)

November

November 10, 1971

Well, do you have anything?

I have something, but what about you?

Me ... for the moment.... *(Mother seems tired)* I don't know if something will come later.

The consciousness [of the body] is changing very fast.

I'll see later if something comes.

Tell me first what you have.

An Auroville story.

Auroville? What happened?

A few days ago I received a letter from a young man who is an architect there, Z (I don't know him). He wrote me saying that he would like to see me.

Ah, why?

Because he would like to explain to me Auroville's problems. So I replied: "Auroville's problems will be solved and cleared up only when Aurovillians turn directly to Mother, and hence I wish they would go directly to the Source instead of going to an intermediary." Then I added amicably that I could nevertheless ... etc.

You did well.

He has an idea of how to make the Matrimandir, and others have another idea, but then R. [the architect] is going to arrive soon – I would like to wait for R. to be here, and he will decide.

Because he wrote me a second letter, saying, "I agree that one must turn to the Source, which is the 'stable and welcoming' reference, but unfortunately one doesn't have direct access to the Source, one has to go through intermediaries...."

(Mother nods her head)

So there are some problems, and he has explained one of them in his letter to me.

Tell me what it is.

For example, he says he wrote you a month ago, in October, and you answered him in writing. He wrote you this: "I have made a detailed study of the work to be done, and I have reached the conclusion that we [Aurovillians] can take upon ourselves the responsibility for the excavation and construction work of the four pillars; then a commercial firm such as EEC [I don't know what it is, it's in Madras, I think] would agree to take over the construction of the Matrimandir itself ..., etc. It therefore appears that the work of the Aurovillians is not an obstacle to the rest of the work being handled by a specialized firm...." Then you answered, "That's very good, I am fully in agreement. The safety and solidity of the work should come BEFORE PERSONAL QUESTIONS. I am counting on you to see that everything goes harmoniously."

And then I realized.... Afterwards, the others told me that he had written that without consulting them.

And he tells me he did it "after consultation with about 50 Aurovillians."

No.... Listen, those things are enough to drive anyone crazy!

In a nutshell he wants the work to be handled by the Aurovillians, without barring the participation of experts.

But that's how it is. It will be that way. That's what I said; but when it comes to the actual execution.... I advise you not to get involved in this!

Oh, but I don't intend to at all!

Yes, they're.... It's pretty complicated!

I'll simply tell him to wait for R.'s return and that the decision will be made then.

Yes. But the decision has been made – I don't know, I thought they were already working.

The "official" decision is that a firm in Madras will do the work.

Not all the work. We have asked the Aurovillians to be there – exactly as he puts it.

Well, because he says he is ready even to undertake the foundation work for the pillars.

Oh, no! That's.... Look, tell him that R. will soon arrive and everything will be decided when he's here.

But I really don't want to get involved in their problems!

Well, no!... Did you see the sentence in my letter – there are also personal questions behind. He is not saying it, but that's what it is. He's hoping to find someone (Satprem) who will give him the authority, you understand?

Yes, I think he is.

So just tell him what I said.

(silence)

I don't know if I'm right or wrong, but for a very long time I've made it sort of my duty to see all those people, to receive them whenever they wanted. So I used to see lots of people....

Ooh!

Either from Auroville or the Ashram, or French or Germans.... I have seen lots of them – anyone who came to the tennis court could see me. I did that for several years. And then I don't know, all of a sudden I completely stopped. I said I wouldn't see anyone anymore.... I don't know if I was right. Because sometimes, I feel it would perhaps be good, it might help people, but on the other hand I have the feeling that ... it's not the solution.

From your personal point of view, you were quite right.

Yes, but then I wonder if it isn't egoistic?

No, mon petit! Sri Aurobindo used to tell me, "The Divine is the supreme egoist!" *(Mother laughs and everyone laughs.)*

(long silence)

There's something I wanted to read to you, but ... *(Mother looks among the papers beside her, without success).*

The external circumstances have become intensified, as if there were a pressure, you know; so the equilibrium in which things were being kept is totally demolished. There's a kind of hatred against the Ashram....

But the Ashram needs to be purified, Mother!

Yes, oh, yes! *(Mother nods vigorously)* That's exactly it, I know!

As a matter of fact I wondered if there wouldn't be a new attack on the Ashram, just to purify it.

They had organized one [against the "Sri Aurobindo University"].

So, of course, we are being accused of all sorts of things which are absolutely untrue, but.... It's published in the newspapers.[106] Although that is.... That's it, one feels the need for a growing sincerity.

Yes.

All those who are like this *(vacillating gesture)* must make a choice.

But all those people who are doing business here, do they really bring you something, or are they just after their own gain?

Yes. Some of them bring me a lot. Some bring me nothing, and some simply look after their own gain.

Well, yes, that's the point.

But that....

They simply use the name of the Ashram for their business.

Yes, but they aren't the largest ones.[107]

Really?...

Well, obviously each of them – each one – needs purification.... Some have a lot to do, some have only a little. But very few have completely ... remained in the true spirit.

(silence)

There was a sentence in one of my "Notes,"[108] I was wondering if it should

be left in.

What sentence?

I don't remember now.... It's the sentence where I speak of the Power.

... becoming overwhelming?

Yes. And then I gave two examples.

Yes, curing people and going over to the other side.

Yes, but then regarding going over to the other side, I wondered if people weren't going to think that I purposely killed people! – It would be better perhaps not to put it.

!!!

Or is it clear?

Obviously, one can deduce anything, Mother.

Yes. But since people are so ill-disposed....

But then one would have to stop talking altogether.

There's also a sentence by Sri Aurobindo which I always remember, where he said, "When God ... (these are not the exact words) when God bids you to kill, you must kill."[109]

That can be wrongly interpreted too.

Oh, I should think so!

But then everything can be twisted, everything!

Well, let's just leave it [Mother's sentence], never mind....

A word or two would be enough to say "those who want to leave" – that it's the choice of the one who leaves. That's all. That indication would be enough.

I can see at the Press if it isn't too late.

Just add a word like that. It's rather "to help them leave" than "against their will" (!).

As you say, one with a straight mind will understand, but.... Only the twisted ones – and you can't do anything about that, they'll always do it. But it's better not to give them too many opportunities.

(silence)

There's something interesting, I don't know if you know this. The government of Orissa before was completely for Sri Aurobindo, and they were very faithful. Then there was a terrible cyclone that came straight at them, but it was deflected, went to Bengal [East-Pakistan] instead and killed an enormous

number of people (that was last year, I think).[110] Then, the government of Orissa changed. They've become aggressive, dark, just the opposite. They've turned against Sri Aurobindo. And this time, a few days ago, the cyclone struck and did terrible damage....

Some have understood.

On the other hand, naturally, some say, "How come? Last time you protected us and this time ..." – they don't understand. But those who understand have very clearly seen the difference.

There are interesting things. But you have the feeling of being, you know *(gesture of instability),* on the edge of a cliff – you mustn't make a single false step.

As if the Consciousness were putting pressure on circumstances so they become more definite and clear. Only, then, it's the end of peace and tranquility.

(silence)

But also, under that pressure, the consciousness [Mother's physical consciousness] is becoming clearer and clearer, and realizes how much work we have to do for everything in the being to be in tune with the Divine alone, oh!... One sees – sometimes I spend almost the whole night seeing all the things that have to change their attitude, things you thought were fine, which you didn't worry about. Now you can see. Compared with what should be, there remains so much to be done....

(Mother goes within)

November 13, 1971

(Concerning the corrected sentence in the "Notes" of August 28 about the power to bring about death.)

How was it worded?

> *"... For another WHO WANTS TO LEAVE, it's the end, he goes over to the other side."*

It happened again yesterday, I saw the same thing. I was told about a child who was very ill, incurable, and they said he was in terrible pain, he was very miserable – the parents wanted him to pass away. He passed away an hour later. This morning I knew. I thought: Well, it's like in the "Notes" – either the person himself wants to go, or those who are looking after him find he's too

miserable, and they ask; so instead of suffering for a long time, he leaves. That's what I meant.

* * *

A little later

It's really interesting, it's as if my body were a battlefield between what obstinately wants to stay and what wants to take its place. There are such marvelous moments – glorious moments – and then, a second later, a minute later, such a violent attack! It's like that. And my body is.... For food, for instance, there are times when I eat without even noticing I am eating, except that everything tastes delicious; and then a second later, I can't swallow a thing! It's like this *(gesture of tugging from one side or the other).* So the only solution I have is to be as QUIET as possible. As soon as I am quiet, it feels better. It's as if.... All of a sudden you have the impression that you are about to die, and a minute later, it's ... it's eternity. Really an extraordinary experience. Extraordinary. Sometimes everything, everything seems so foggy, dark – there's no hope, no possibility of seeing clearly – and a minute later, everything becomes clear.

And at the moment, it's like this *(swinging gesture).* It's only because my body has faith that – that it can go on.

It's quite interesting.

(long silence)

When you let the Power flow through without diminishing or distorting it or ... it's unbelievable! Unbelievably powerful. And a minute later, you feel that the world is so dark and distorted that it's *hopeless.* Although perhaps there's – perhaps – a small beginning of improvement in the proportion.

(Mother goes within
long contemplation)

Did you feel anything? What did you feel?

I don't know.... I was trying to give myself.

(Mother smiles and takes Satprem's hands) It came very strongly, very strongly, like this *(massive gesture falling from above).* You were in it.

(silence)

It's all right – it's all right.

Yes *(gesture of surrender, hands open),* that's the best thing to do.

Oh, it's so strong!

November 17, 1971

I had things to tell you, but ... I don't remember now.

Things about your experiences?

Yes, something like that.

It's very strange, my whole vision of things has changed.... There were some very significant experiences, a change.... I remember when I noticed it, I thought, "This would be interesting for Satprem to know." And then, gone.

So totally changed....

(long silence)

I don't know if you knew this. One day a disciple from Germany saw a blind beggar in the street, sitting (you know how they wear a sign on their chest), and on the sign, in German, "The Order of Sri Aurobindo." "The order," what's the word? Not "command," no: group.

You mean society?[111]

Yes, that's it – the order of Sri Aurobindo. So this person asked him, "But there aren't any beggars in the order of Sri Aurobindo!" And he replied, "Oh, Mother knows very well!" (All this in German naturally.)

It's curious.

There are things like that: people in Canada, America, Germany seem to be receiving communications, instructions. And very precise.

About current events, or what?

Yes, or about their life. It depends. Here [in India], about current events.

(silence)

But in the radical change of vision you speak of, what makes the difference?

(after a long, smiling silence)

It's as if the consciousness were not in the same position with respect to things – I don't know how to say it. So they seem completely different.

(silence)

I don't know how to explain it.... The ordinary human consciousness, even in people who are broad-minded and all that, is always at the center, and things are like this *(gesture converging from all sides toward a center),* you understand. Things exist (words reduce everything), things exist in relation to a center. While here ... *(Mother drops a multitude of points throughout space).*

Yes, that's what expresses it the best, I think: in the ordinary human

consciousness, you're at one point and everything exists in its relation to that point of consciousness *(same star-shaped gesture).* While now, the point no longer exists, so things are selfexistent. The point is no longer the source. That's the closest (that's not it, but ...). You see, my consciousness is IN things – it isn't "something that receives" (it's much better than that, but I don't know how to put it into words).

It's better than that because it isn't just "in things": it's in "something" which is in things and which ... moves them.

I could be flowery; I could say (but that's not it): it's no longer one being among other beings, it's ... it's the Divine in everything. But that's not the way I feel it. It's what moves things or what is conscious in things. "What is conscious".... It isn't exactly "governs" because the word "govern" doesn't convey the right sense – "animates" (not that either, all those words reduce and materialize the experience).

(silence)

Evidently, it's a matter of consciousness, but not consciousness as human beings ordinarily have: it's the QUALITY of the consciousness that has changed.

There's a phenomenon, for example (among many others), a curious phenomenon: when I am like that, the consciousness in things, in movements, in life, and I eat lunch, the food is ... there's no effort ... *(Mother remains silent).* It's too difficult to say.... I don't feel "I" am eating, you see, so I am not aware of putting things in my mouth and having to swallow them and....

Yes, I understand.

I can't say, but the fact is like this: in the new consciousness, I eat very easily, without noticing it, and everything goes very well; as soon as I become conscious in the old consciousness, which means eating, tasting the food, putting it in my mouth – it's difficult! I have all the trouble in the world not to swallow wrong.

It's really something new because I don't know how to describe it.

But then it's extremely concrete: when I am in that consciousness, my whole lunch is taken effortlessly, without any difficulty; I am given food, I swallow and I don't notice ... not that I don't notice it (I have taste, I have everything), but the position is different.

Yes, at that moment it's part of the universal movement.

No, it's something which is at once in me and IN THE FOOD, which tastes and takes, but is no longer ... it's no longer the way it was before, that's all I can say.

It's really new.

And it's particularly noticeable for food, because when I am in that consciousness – which comes as soon as I don't do anything, as soon as I sit quietly – it isn't like something that "comes in" *(gesture toward a center),* it's like something *(expanding gesture)* ... which develops, which is free to develop. Well then – then it's very good. But if I am in the ordinary

consciousness and I eat (it's "time" for a meal), oh, it's so difficult that I feel it's going to be impossible to eat anything! And in the other case, it goes down without my even noticing it. And yet I am conscious of what I am eating.

But what I am saying now isn't it. It's something else.... You see, the consciousness is still like this *(gesture of oscillating from one side to the other)*. Both are there. So.... But then I can't find a way to make myself understood, because new words would have to be invented.

That's increasing from day to day.

It's like at night: I don't sleep and I am not awake; I go into a state in which I don't sleep at all – yet I am not awake. And I don't know how to describe what it is. And when it's normal, it could ... it can last indefinitely, there's no sense of time or fatigue or duration. When the old consciousness comes back, there's almost unbearable suffering: I am suffocating or I can't breathe, or it's a consciousness which shouldn't be there anymore. So quite naturally and effortlessly, I am in the new state, but if I am drawn into the old consciousness by circumstances, it becomes almost unbearable. You see. And it results in pains in the body or ... a body malfunction. But when I enter the new consciousness, everything takes place quite ... without my even noticing it and without any effort.

That's all I can say for the moment.

You see, my body is full of pains and malfunctions, but as soon as I go into that state *(vast, peaceful gesture)* everything is done – time doesn't exist anymore. Time is endless in the old consciousness, while it doesn't exist in this one. I don't know how to describe it.

(silence)

Being flowery, I would say: the old consciousness is like ... it's death, it's as if you were going to die any minute: you suffer, you ... it's the consciousness that leads to death. And the other one *(vast, immutable, smiling gesture)* is life ... peaceful life, eternal life. Yes, that's it.

But it's not that, you follow, these are just words.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

I can't express it.

It's not necessary.[112]

November 20, 1971

(Mother hands Satprem two notes.)

"We are at a moment of transition in the history of the earth. It is a moment only in terms of the eternity of time. But compared to human life this moment is long. Matter is in the process of changing to prepare for a new manifestation; but the human body is not sufficiently plastic and offers resistance. This is why the number of incomprehensible disorders and diseases is increasing and becoming a problem for medical science.
The remedy lies in union with the divine forces which are at work and in a confident and quiet receptivity that facilitates the process."

November 18, 1971

"Those who want to progress have an exceptional chance; because the transformation begins by opening the consciousness to the working of the new forces; and thus individuals have a unique and marvelous opportunity to open to the divine influence."

November 20, 1971

* * *

(Then Mother listens to Satprem read a letter from the disciple in the Vatican.)

And what about the cardinal who was supposed to come here?

Not a cardinal.

He's not a cardinal?

No, but he handles millions. He's a Monsignor.

That means archbishop?

I don't know, Mother. I just know that he is in charge of an enormous "charity" which has millions, and he gets all his money from women – he has a power over women. A colossal fortune. Were he to turn it to the right side, it would be good.

(Mother nods)

But he's a man who is enslaved to his lower nature, I think. He has both an intelligence that would enable him to reach very high and a lower nature ...

Very assertive.

And nothing in between.

Because, I had counted a little on his coming here and telling the people at the Mission to keep quiet – they're a nuisance. They're creating all sorts of trouble for us (they're not the only ones, but they're contributing). So I had

hoped he would come here and tell them to keep quiet.

I'll tell P.L. He can do that; he is a very intimate friend of the cardinal of France, Tisserant. He would just have to say a word to him and it would be taken care of.

Good.

There are the Sisters, the ones who have a kind of hospital – they're very nice, they work very well and take very good care of the people who go there. But the College ... they've played a great part in the troubles that took place here.[113] It's not the Sisters, they're very nice. It's the College.

I'll tell him.

(silence)

You don't have any questions?

What about you, what do you say?

I am asking if you have any questions.

There's a lot of talk of war....

Well, they've begun fighting.

No, they haven't!

They've begun fighting; I received a letter yesterday or the day before. They've crossed the border[114] [of East Bengal].

You think that means war?

(Mother makes a gesture of not knowing)

This is not the official news. It's the "combatants"[115] who write me: the general who came here....

November 24, 1971

I always have the impression I had something to tell you....

(Mother tries vainly to remember. Then Satprem goes on to read several letters by Sri Aurobindo, and in particular this one, addressed to a Muslim disciple who wanted to leave the Ashram to practice his religion exclusively, taking with him and against their will his young brother, X, and his sister, Y.)

"... As for X and Y, you have no claim over them and no right to control

their thoughts and actions. X is of an age to choose and decide; he can think and act for himself and has no need of you to think and act for him. You are not his guardian, nor Y's; you are not even the head of the family. On what ground do you claim to decide where he shall go or where he shall stay? Your pretension to have the responsibility for him or her before God is an arrogant and grotesque absurdity. Each one is responsible for himself before God unless he freely chooses to place the responsibility upon another in whom he trusts. No one has the right to impose himself on others as a religious or spiritual guide against their free will. You have no claim at all to dictate to X or Y either in their inner or their outer life. It is again the confusion and incoherence of your mind in its present state that prevents you from recognising these plain and simple facts.

Again, you say that you ask only for the Truth and yet you speak like a narrow and ignorant fanatic who refuses to believe in anything but the religion in which he was born. All fanaticism is false, because it is a contradiction of the very nature of God and of Truth. Truth cannot be shut up in a single book, Bible or Veda or Koran, or in a single religion. The Divine Being is eternal and universal and infinite and cannot be the sole property of the Mussulmans or of the Semitic religions only, – those that happened to be in a line from the Bible and to have Jewish or Arabian prophets for their founders. Hindus and Confucians and Taoists and all others have as much right to enter into relation with God and find the Truth in their own way. All religions have some truth in them, but none has the whole truth; all are created in time and finally decline and perish. Mahomed himself never pretended that the Koran was the last message of God and there would be no other.

God and Truth outlast these religions and manifest themselves anew in whatever way or form the Divine Wisdom chooses. You cannot shut up God in the limitations of your own narrow brain or dictate to the Divine Power and Consciousness how or where or through whom it shall manifest; you cannot put up your puny barriers against the divine Omnipotence. These again are simple truths which are now being recognised all over the world; only the childish in mind or those who vegetate in some formula of the past deny them.

You have insisted on my writing and asked for the Truth and I have answered. But if you want to be a Mussulman, no one prevents you. If the Truth I bring is too great for you to understand or to bear, you are free to go and live in a half-truth or in your own ignorance. I am not here to convert anyone; I do not preach to the world to come to me and I call no one. I am here to establish the divine life and the divine consciousness in those who of themselves feel the call to come to me and cleave to it and in no others. I am not asking you and the Mother is not asking you to accept us. You can go any day and live either the worldly life or a religious life according to your own preference. But as you are free, so also are others free to stay here and follow their own way...."

23 October 1929
Sri Aurobindo
On Himself, XXVI.482

* * *

(In another letter, Sri Aurobindo replies to a journalist who wanted to bring out, 27 years later, an article on "The Ideal of the Karmayogin." This book is made up of a series of political articles written by Sri Aurobindo between 1909 and 1910 when he was leading the struggle against the British.)

"Yes, I have seen it, but I don't think it can be published in its present form as it prolongs the political Aurobindo of that time into the Sri Aurobindo of the present time. You even assert that I have 'thoroughly' revised the book and these articles are an index of my latest views on the burning problems of the day and there has been no change in my views in 27 years (which would surely be proof of a rather unprogressive mind). How do you get all that? My spiritual consciousness and knowledge at that time was as nothing to what it is now – how would the change leave my view of politics and life unmodified altogether?..."

21 April 1937
Sri Aurobindo
On Himself, XXVI.372

That is very important. That is very important.

I knew it, but no one believed me! He had completely changed his point of view.

I am glad.

November 27, 1971

So, how are you?

So-so.

So-so!...

I have some notes that can be used for February – things I said.

(Mother hands a piece of paper to Satprem)

> "A victory won over the lower nature will give a deeper and more lasting joy than any outer success."

And then this *(Mother hands another paper).* This is an experience I had yesterday ... *(Mother smiles with her eyes closed).* All of a sudden I saw – I saw the world in another way. For a moment, all of a sudden I saw as ... as the Divine sees the world, you understand? There was no longer the human vision.

And I saw something so marvelous.... It was so marvelous I can't describe it. Then slowly the human consciousness came back and ... oh! *(Mother takes her forehead in her hands)*

> "The Divine has an equal love for all human beings, but it is the obscurity of consciousness of most men which prevents them from perceiving this divine love...."

I said it, and then the experience came, the experience I just told you:

> "... Truth is wonderful. It is in our perception that it is distorted."

Yes, as if all of a sudden.... For a few moments I saw the world as the Divine sees it. It's.... There are no words, it's inexpressible. Then I understood. Everything became clear, clear, clear....

You remember, I had told you that the Divine wanted the individual consciousness to have the experience of the Divine; well that was it. That was it, it was the individual consciousness (since I became conscious of it) seeing the world.... All of a sudden the world became what it is for the Divine.... It is indescribable.

Obviously it has to begin with the consciousness, and afterwards, little by little, things will become such, meaning, become aware of themselves such as the Divine is aware of them.

Do you feel better, mon petit?

A little, Mother.

You have a cold?... Do you want to be quiet, does this tire you?

No, no, Mother, it doesn't tire me at all; listening to you certainly doesn't tire me!

* * *

(A little later, Satprem reads several letters by Sri Aurobindo and in particular this one:)

(Question:) Somebody told X that Sri Aurobindo brought about the Russian revolution through Lenin. X told Y that people here were over-credulous and believed such things. Y said that if it is possible to cure dangerous diseases of the body by Yogic power, why should it not be possible to act on the mind of another person and pour in him immense vital force which can bring about such results as the Russian revolution?

(Answer:) The statement made to X was not quiet correct; it is putting things in too physical a form. A spiritual and occult working supplies forces and can watch over the members of the execution of a world event, but to put it like that makes the actual workers too much of automata which they are not.

25 January 1937
Sri Aurobindo

At any rate, Sri Aurobindo doesn't deny that he did something!

No! *(Mother laughs.)*
Do you want to be quiet a little?

Yes, Mother, but I would like to ask you something. Through Sujata you told me that I should write something for Indian radio.

Yes, they asked for something. They want it in French. There's no one who can write in French.

What do you want me to write?

I don't remember now what they asked.

The radio station wants someone to speak on "Sri Aurobindo and brotherhood or human unity."

Yes, that's what they said.

Is that what you want?

Yes.... It's not for Pondicherry. They're going to send it to Delhi, and Delhi is going to send it to all the French-speaking countries everywhere in the world. It will be a worldwide communication for Sri Aurobindo's centenary. They want to broadcast it everywhere – wherever French is spoken.

In that case, don't you think it would be more to the point to take a more general subject: to say what Sri Aurobindo represents?

I think you can do that, they weren't very precise. Did they say how much time?

Ten minutes.

Ten minutes is nothing.

It's long! Ten minutes is long!

Yes, that's better, a theme that can interest the whole world.

Basically what would be good is to say, "Sri Aurobindo came to tell the world the beauty of the future to come." And then, explain it.

"He came to give – not a hope: a certitude of the splendor towards which the world is moving...." That's exactly all the experiences I've had recently. And I see Sri Aurobindo's letters, that's what he says. "The world is not an unhappy accident, it is a marvel moving towards its expression."

And then give all the quotations from Sri Aurobindo on the subject.

I think that's what the world most needs now, a word that gives the sense of what is to be realized – of what will be realized. And then, to awaken in each one the desire to collaborate.

To understand oneself and transmit it to others.

The world needs an assurance of beauty – of the future beauty. And Sri Aurobindo gave the assurance.

Along those lines.

They had asked me that. So I looked and I saw only you could say it – they want it to be spoken. Did you hear yourself when you spoke for me [the last message to the radio station]?

Yes, yes, Mother.

It was very good. It was very clear, and that's why I thought you could do it.

As you say, Mother, I'll do it and read it to you.

If it tires you, tell me.

No, no, Mother! I'm very well.

You don't want to be more comfortable?

I'm very comfortable!

(meditation)

Mon petit....

December

December 1, 1971

Nothing new on your part?

I am becoming a new person.... But....

It's interesting.

(Mother goes within)

You see, I am witnessing nature's transformation. When I have nothing to do and I sit very quiet, it's very clear. I see three things: the nature being transformed, or rather the new nature, what we can call the supramental way of seeing things (it's getting clearer and clearer; the memory of the old nature

remains but is fading more and more, to such a point that sometimes it's almost incredible, it seems fantastic to have been like that). Then there's the physical deterioration that comes with age: for example, the physical inability to do what I used to do, the body getting old. But the aging is PURELY physical, I mean, I sit here all day long and have trouble moving about, things like that, but from the standpoint of perception, consciousness, there's no diminution. On the contrary, it's getting clearer and clearer and more and more precise. But, for instance, I have trouble speaking *(Mother touches her chest, she is out of breath)*, it's hard for me to speak; I can't speak easily, it's hard. Things like that. That makes three things.

But when I am very quiet (at night, for instance), the new consciousness becomes clearer and clearer, but words cannot easily express it because ... it's a kind of ... (how shall I say?) it's almost as if a new mind were being formed (but not a mental one). And so speech, words ... are a poor means, while the direct communication is getting more and more precise and strong. That's why I can't speak. It's purely physical. But the foundation of the physical poise, I mean the physical health, is changing, that is, it's being shifted: what used to be the condition of good health is practically gone; it is gradually replaced by another condition, but which isn't there yet; so everything is in ... *(gesture of instability),* everything is no longer this, is not yet that. That's how it is. It's inexpressible. That's why I can't express myself.

(silence)

Interestingly enough, I notice it in my way of understanding things. For instance, what Sri Aurobindo wrote is VERY different.... It's a little as if, before, you used to see through a screen and, now, the screen is being lifted – it's not completely gone yet, but it's not completely there either.

But, as you see, speaking makes me short of breath – without reason, simply because ... because it's not natural anymore.

(silence)

And then, the way of perceiving time and space is becoming very different. It's completely changing. The notion of time and space, objectivity and subjectivity – whether things are concrete or not -- all that seems to have been ... *devices* for preparing the consciousness for a new way of being.

The functioning of the consciousness is beginning to be different. But I can't explain it.

(silence)

And then, for sight, for instance, sometimes I see more clearly with my eyes closed than with them open, and the vision is the SAME, physical, purely physical vision; but a physical that seems ... more complete, I don't know what words to use. For instance, when I write; sometimes with my eyes closed I see what I write or see the same thing, but I see it ... (what shall I say?... I could be wordy, but I don't like that). You know, it's as if what you see were more complete, yet it's the same thing, but containing more than the purely physical vision.

I write birthday cards, and Sri Aurobindo.... I was about to say I have the feeling that Sri Aurobindo makes me write, but it's not like that, it's much better than that!... But when I start to write, for example, I close my eyes, and I see better what I am writing. Champaklal asks me to sign the cards, and he tells me that I sometimes write 3 or 4 cards in a row with my eyes completely closed, then my handwriting is much straighter and much more where the writing should be.

But there's no personal will involved, no personal effort, it's ... it's spontaneous. So....

And then, there is a kind of "something" that has been formed in the body to replace the mind, which is gone. This "something" has its mental ways of saying things, but it's very imperfect. For it, mental perceptions seem so thin, like a husk, the husk of something – so dry, with no real life behind them.

But the main trouble is in speaking *(Mother touches her chest).* I don't know, I have the same trouble eating. I don't think it's the result of age because I feel strong: I feel strength, it's not that I am tired, I don't at all feel tired – it's ... a change. But then my age gives it a semblance of reason. Well *(laughing)* I don't know if it was these last few days (yesterday or the day before), all of a sudden I understood, as if Sri Aurobindo made me understand that it has come at this advanced age to give the semblance of reason, in order to ... to assure me the utmost peace possible in my relations with people.

I can't explain it.

Things are essentially what they are supposed to be, but the problem is this human consciousness, which is so ... (what's the word?), so thin: it lacks something, which prevents us from seeing things as they really are, or feeling them as they really are.

As for hearing, I've noticed one thing: for instance, someone may tell me something in a very loud voice, making a lot of noise – I understand NOTHING; while other times, a noise that others don't hear I hear very clearly....[116] I need a certain CONSCIOUS atmosphere in order to hear, and that atmosphere is not perceived by most people.

December 4, 1971

(On December 2, eight months after the bloody repression in Bangladesh, India launched a general offensive against the Pakistani troops.)

So they've declared war.

Yes, it's done.

It began, yes, yesterday.

The ministers in Delhi have made a brochure on Sri Aurobindo, and they asked me for a message. I sent it in English. This *(Mother hands a text)* is the French.

> "Sri Aurobindo est venu annoncer au monde un glorieux avenir et a ouvert la porte sur son accomplissement."[117]

(silence)

Will they go to the end this time, without stopping halfway?

Don't know.... It seems serious.

We get news from the front (from a general who is at the front[118]), but this morning, I think, the news was broadcast on the radio. They could tell you exactly.

Well, I know that. What I'm hoping is that for August 15, '72, Pakistan will disintegrate.

Oh, that would be nice!... It's quite soon.

Do you have anything?

No, Mother.... The trouble is that the people in power in India have not yet acknowledged in their consciousness that India is ONE; they have not yet acknowledged the nonexistence of Pakistan, that's the trouble.

(Mother nods,
then goes within for 20 minutes)

* * *

(A little later, Mother listens to Satprem read various letters of Sri Aurobindo, then a letter she herself wrote in English during World War II about the attitude of the disciples toward Hitler and the Allies.)

May 25, 1941

"The world situation is critical today. India's fate too is hanging in the balance. There was a time when India was a absolutely secure, there was no danger whatever of her being victim to Asuric aggression. But things have changed. People and forces in India have acted in such a way as to invite Asuric influences upon her: these have worked insidiously and undermined the security that was there.

If India is in danger, Pondicherry cannot be expected to remain outside the danger zone. It will share the fate of the rest of the country. The protection I can give is not unconditional. It is idle to hope that in spite of anything and everything, the protection will be there over all. My protection is there if conditions are fulfilled. It goes without saying that any sympathy or support for

the Nazis (or for any ally of theirs) automatically cuts across the circle of protection. Apart from this obvious and external factor, there are more fundamental psychological conditions which demand fulfillment. The Divine can give protection only to those who are whole-heartedly faithful to the Divine, who live truly in the spirit of sadhana and keep their consciousness and preoccupation fixed upon the Divine and the service of the Divine. Desire, for example, insistence on one's likes and conveniences, all movements of hypocrisy and insincerity and falsehood, are great obstacles standing in the way of the Divine's protection. If you seek to impose your will upon the Divine, it is as if you were calling for a bomb to fall upon you. I do not say that things are bound to happen in this way; but they are very likely to happen, if people do not become conscious and strictly vigilant and act in the true spirit of a spiritual seeker. If the psychological atmosphere remains the same as that of the outside world, there can be no wall of security against the dark Forces that are working out in it the ordeal of danger, suffering and destruction entering here."

The Mother

I would say *it is terribly to the point*!

Exactly what I was seeing now.... If it were from Sri Aurobindo, I would say publish it.

> *It seems to me that, given the present circumstances, your letter ought to be published.*

I could have written it now.

> *Shall we publish it now, in the next "Bulletin," with your comment "It is terribly to the point"?*

In the *Bulletin?* But we've never spoken of politics in the *Bulletin.*

> *But this isn't politics. It's the world situation!*

(Mother laughs) You'd say it was written now. In February then, all right.

(silence)

> *Mother, is the present upheaval going to affect your work of personal transformation?*

That, I don't know.

> *I remember Sri Aurobindo said that the Second World War had in fact interrupted the work of transformation.*

Yes, it's true.

> *Is this ...?*

(silence)

We'll see. I don't know.

Someone (someone who knew nothing about the news announced on the radio) had a dream last night, and in the dream she saw armies going off to war (she didn't know war was coming, she's totally out of things), Indian armies going off to war – and when she looked at them, she saw that each soldier had my face.

Interesting.

She sent word to me this morning and she didn't even know war had been declared.

For the moment it's not disturbing. But we'll see.

Sujata says that her impression is that the transformation is now so stable, the basis is so well established, that no matter what happens, it can no longer be disrupted.

I have somewhat that impression too, but....

And perhaps that's why the war was so delayed....

Yes.

... To wait for everything to be really very stable.

Possible.

Possible. Oh, more and more I live in a ... it's more than a conviction – it's a positive certitude that things are the result of the Divine Wisdom.

Even when you fall flat on your face?

Even when you fall flat on your face – it's the best thing that could have happened to you.

Always?

Always.

Even when you make a mistake?

Even when you make a mistake.... You see, there are several types of mistake. I don't know how to explain it.... I've also seen that this very impression of making a mistake, or being the victim of an accident, or any of that is necessary – the impression is necessary in you so that everything turns out exactly as it should. Except those who have (what's the word?) the destiny or role of seeing the Truth and living the Truth, which they do in any case.... I don't know how to explain it.

(silence)

I could say that my physical capacity has been greatly diminished by age, but I see why that's so, why it had to wait for this advanced age.

Yes, that I too understand, because had it happened to you at thirty, say, no one would have understood the physical ordeal you are going through – because it's as if the body had to die in order to

get to the other side....

Oh, yes. Yes indeed. Oh, how well my body knows that!

So had that happened to you when you were young, no one would have understood....

Yes.

While now, they're putting the blame on age.

Yes, they're putting the blame on age.

So it seems reasonable that way!

(Mother laughs silence)

My body is like this *(Mother opens her hands)*: "What You want...." – but not even, not even with words.

(long silence)

Yes, everything is part of the divine plan.

Yes, yes.

It's only due to our need to struggle that we say, "This is bad, it is wrong ..."

Yes, yes.

"... this is an 'error,' I've made a 'mistake'" – it's due to our need to fight.

Yes, exactly, because we MUST fight. And if we did not have that illusion, we would become passive – passive and languid. You know, there's something in the consciousness now that smiles at everything – I am well aware of it – although I see that physically it is not supposed to be like that yet.

Yes.

We're still in the period of struggle.

Now, the body has the conviction that only death can stop its transformation. So it's impossible. Only some kind of violent death, an "accident" (well...) could stop the transformation, otherwise the work is being done regularly, regularly *(gesture of irresistible advance)*. It's like that, the body is convinced of it now, that only violence could stop it – but then if that happens, it's certainly because it had to happen, you see, for some reason ... which it has no desire to know, it doesn't care a button. But otherwise, as long as it's here, it knows that the work will go on and on and on ... in spite of everything. That's it.

December 8, 1971

(Mother gives Satprem a note she has just written.)

Our human consciousness has windows opening on the Infinite. But generally men keep the windows tightly closed. We must open them wide and let the Infinite penetrate us freely to transform us.

Two conditions are required to open the windows.

1. Ardent aspiration. 2. Progressive abolition of the ego.

The divine help is assured to those who set to work sincerely.

* * *

(Mother goes on looking above Satprem's head as if she were seeing something. Then she plunges within.)

What did you see?

(Mother shakes her head negatively several times, then plunges again)

The work being done is constant. And I see now that the body seems to be used as a ... (what?) a connecting point *(gesture like a channel going through Mother),* like that. But without its even knowing it. Because the action is very vast, you see – very vast and complex – and the consciousness is not aware of all the details: it only feels the Force working, that's all. And that's constant, day and night, nonstop.

My nights. I don't have the impression of sleeping, but time goes by without my noticing it, like that, simply feeling the Forces going through.... But I don't know what they do – I know they're going through [Mother] and are focused here or there. But I have no curiosity; just the impressions of being very quiet so the process can go on unhindered – so that nothing creates an obstacle to the passing of the forces at work.

And hour after hour, hour after hour, day after day it's like that. With the impression that the time goes by unnoticed. Not long, not....

(Mother goes off)

December 11, 1971

(At the start of this conversation, Satprem reads to Mother the text she had asked him to write for Indian radio for Sri Aurobindo's centenary. This text is included at the end. Then the conversation continues.)

I'd like to ask you something about one of Sri Aurobindo's aphorisms. When the aphorisms were first published in the "Bulletin," you had said to omit this one. It's a rather mysterious aphorism – which I must say I would like to understand correctly. So, since we are going to bring out a complete edition of all the aphorisms, I would like to know if we should publish it or not.... Sri Aurobindo says this:

76 – Europe prides herself on her practical and scientific organisation and efficiency. I am waiting till her organisation is perfect; then a child shall destroy her.

Where did he write that?

In the aphorisms.

Yes, but he didn't mean to make a book out of them: it was compiled from here and there.

No, no, Mother! Not at all. Sri Aurobindo had a special notebook in which he put the aphorisms one after another.

Oh, he wrote it in the notebook....

And he wrote this one along with the others....

(after a silence)

A "child"....

What did he put in English, at the beginning?

"Prides herself."

Prides herself....

(silence)

I'd put it in.

But what did he mean?

I don't know.

Of course, only the power can be destroyed, because the earth isn't destroyed.

Yes, you don't destroy the earth, but a civilization can be destroyed.

Yes.

Well, he says "Europe will be destroyed."

Yes.... But what child? What child?

(Mother sits absorbed)

Right now, I don't know.

I have the feeling that it came as something absolutely true, an absolutely true prediction – but I don't know.

Earlier you had said it was better to omit it.[119]

But now, on the contrary, my impression is that it SHOULD be said.

But I don't think the time has come yet – I mean "come" for the realization; the time has come to say it but not for its realization.

"A child ..." maybe it's the child of the New World?... with a smile, he'll bring it all down.

Yes, quite possible – quite possible.

(silence)

It contains a frightening power.... Something staggering.

You can't imagine the power contained there, it's really like the Divine Himself saying: "I am waiting"....

He put *"I am waiting"*?

Yes.

Next year....

I'll see if something comes.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Text for "All-India Radio" on the occasion of Sri Aurobindo's centenary.)

SRI AUROBINDO AND THE EARTH'S FUTURE

Sometimes a great wandering Thought sees the ages still unaccomplished, seizes the Force in its eternal flow and precipitates upon earth the powerful vision, which is like a power of realizing what it sees. The world is a vision

becoming real. Indeed its past and its present are not the result of an obscure impulse coming from the womb of time, of a slow accumulation of sediments which little by little mold us – and stifle us and imprison us. It is the powerful golden attraction of the future which draws us in spite of ourselves, as the sun draws the lotus from the mud, and forces us to a glory greater than any our mud or efforts or present triumphs could have foreseen or created.

Sri Aurobindo is this vision and this power of precipitating the future into the present. What he saw in an instant the ages and millions of men will unwittingly accomplish. Unknowingly they will seek the new imperceptible quiver that has entered the earth's atmosphere. From age to age great beings come amongst us to hew a great opening of Truth in the sepulchre of the past. And in actuality, these beings are the great destroyers of the past. They come with the sword of Knowledge to shatter our fragile empires.

This year, we are celebrating Sri Aurobindo's Birth Centenary. He is known to barely a handful of men and yet his name will resound when the great men of today or yesterday are buried under their own debris. His work is discussed by philosophers, praised by poets, people acclaim his sociological vision and his yoga – but Sri Aurobindo is a living ACTION, a Word becoming real, and every day in the thousand circumstances that seem to want to rend the earth and topple its structures we can witness the first reflux of the Force he has set in motion. At the beginning of this century, when India was still struggling against British domination, Sri Aurobindo asserted: "It is not a revolt against the British Government [that is needed].... It is, in fact, a revolt against the whole universal Nature."[120]

For the problem is fundamental. It is not a question of bringing a new philosophy to the world or new ideas or illuminations, as they are called. The question is not of making the Prison of our lives more habitable, or of endowing man with ever more fantastic powers. Armed with his microscopes and telescopes, the human gnome remains a gnome, pain-ridden and helpless.

We send rockets to the moon, but we know nothing of our own hearts. It is a question, says Sri Aurobindo, "of creating a new physical nature which is to be the habitation of the Supramental being in a new evolution."[121] For, in actuality, he says, "the imperfection of Man is not the last word of Nature, but his perfection too is not the last peak of the Spirit."[122] Beyond the mental man we are, there exists the possibility of another being who will be the spearhead of evolution as man was once the spearhead of evolution among the great apes. "If," says Sri Aurobindo, "the animal is a living laboratory in which Nature has, it is said, worked out man, man himself may well be a thinking and living laboratory in whom and with whose conscious co-operation she wills to work out the superman, the god."[123] Sri Aurobindo has come to tell us how to create this other being, this supramental being, and not only to tell us but actually to create this other being and open the path of the future, to hasten upon earth the rhythm of evolution, the new vibration that will replace the mental vibration – exactly as a thought one day disturbed the slow routine of the beasts – and will give us the power to shatter the walls of our human prison.

Indeed, the prison is already starting to collapse. "The end of a stage of evolution," announced by Sri Aurobindo, "is usually marked by a powerful

recrudescence of all that has to go out of the evolution."[124] Everywhere about us we see this paroxysmal shattering of all the old forms: our borders, our churches, our laws, our morals are collapsing on all sides. They are not collapsing because we are bad, immoral, irreligious, or because we are not sufficiently rational, scientific or human, but because we have come to the end of the human! To the end of the old mechanism – for we are on our way to SOMETHING ELSE. The world is not going through a moral crisis but through an "evolutionary crisis." We are not going towards a better world – nor, for that matter, towards a worse one – we are in the midst of a MUTATION to a radically different world, as different as the human world was from the ape world of the Tertiary Era. We are entering a new era, a supramental Quinary. We leave our countries, wander aimlessly, we go looking for drugs, for adventure, we go on strike here, enact reforms there, foment revolutions and counterrevolutions. But all this is only an appearance; in fact, unwittingly, we are looking for the new being. We are in the midst of human evolution.

And Sri Aurobindo gives us the key. It may be that the sense of our own revolution escapes us because we try to prolong that which already exists, to refine it, improve it, sublimate it. But the ape may have made the same mistake amid its revolution that produced man; perhaps it sought to become a super-ape, better equipped to climb trees, hunt and run, a more agile and clever ape. With Nietzsche we too sought a "superman" who was nothing more than a colossalization of man, and with the spiritualists a super-saint more richly endowed with virtue and wisdom. But human virtue and wisdom are useless! Even when carried to their highest heights they are nothing more than the old poverties gilded over, the obverse of our tenacious misery. "Supermanhood," says Sri Aurobindo, "is not man climbed to his own natural zenith, not a superior degree of human greatness, knowledge, power, intelligence, will, ... genius, ... saintliness, love, purity or perfection."[125] It is SOMETHING ELSE, another vibration of being, another consciousness.

But if this new consciousness is not to be found on the peaks of the human, where then, are we to find it? Perhaps, quite simply in that which we have most neglected since we entered the mental cycle, in the body. The body is our base, our evolutionary foundation, the old stock to which we always return, and which painfully compels our attention by making us suffer, age and die. "In that imperfection," Sri Aurobindo assures us, "is the urge towards a higher and more many-sided perfection. It contains the last finite which yet yearns to the Supreme Infinite.... God is pent in the mire ... but the very fact imposes a necessity to break through that prison."[126] That is the old, uncured Illness, the unchanged root, the dark matrix of our misery, hardly different now from what it was in the time of Lemuria. It is this physical substance which we must transform, otherwise it will topple, one after another, all the human or superhuman devices we try to graft on it. This body, this physical cellular substance contains "almighty powers,"[127] a dumb consciousness that harbors all the lights and all the infinitudes, just as much as the mental and spiritual immensities do. For, in truth, all is Divine and unless the Lord of all the universe resides in a single little cell he resides nowhere. It is this original, dark

cellular Prison which we must break open; for as long as we have not broken it, we will continue to turn vainly in the golden or iron circles of our mental prison.

"These laws of Nature," says Sri Aurobindo, "that you call absolute ... merely mean an equilibrium established to work in order to produce certain results. But, if you change the consciousness, then the groove also is bound to change."[128]

Such is the new adventure to which Sri Aurobindo invites us, an adventure into man's unknown. Whether we like it or not, the whole earth is moving into a new groove, but why shouldn't we like it? Why shouldn't we collaborate in this great, unprecedented adventure? Why shouldn't we collaborate in our own evolution, instead of repeating endlessly the same old story, instead of chasing hallucinatory paradises which will never quench our thirst or otherworldly paradises which leave the earth to rot along with our bodies? "Why be born if it is to get out at the end?" exclaims the Mother, who continues Sri Aurobindo's work. "What is the use of having struggled so much, suffered so much, of having created something which, in its outer appearance at least, is so tragic and dramatic, if it is only to learn how to get out of it – it would have been better not to start at all.... Evolution is not a tortuous course that brings us back, somewhat battered, to the starting point. Quite the contrary, it is meant," says Mother, "to teach the whole of creation the joy of being, the beauty of being, the grandeur of being, the majesty of a sublime life, and the perpetual development, perpetually progressive, of this joy, this beauty, this grandeur. Then everything has a meaning."[129]

This body, this obscure beast of burden we inhabit, is the experimental field of Sri Aurobindo's yoga – which is a yoga of the whole earth, for one can easily understand that if a single being among our millions of sufferings succeeds in negotiating the evolutionary leap, the mutation of the next age, the face of the earth will be radically altered. Then all the so-called powers of which we boast today will seem like childish games before the radiance of this almighty embodied spirit. Sri Aurobindo tells us that it is possible – not only possible but that it will be done. It is being done. And perhaps everything depends not so much on a sublime effort of humanity to transcend its limitations – for that means still using our own human strength to free ourselves from human strength – as on a call, a conscious cry of the earth to this new being which the earth already carries within itself. All is already there, within our hearts, the supreme Source which is the supreme Power – only we must call it into our forest of cement, we must understand the meaning of man, the meaning of ourselves. The amplified cry of the earth, of its millions of men and women who cannot bear it anymore, who no longer accept their prison, must open a crack to let the new vibration in. Then all the apparently ineluctable laws that bind us in their hereditary and scientific groove will crumble before the Joy of the "sun-eyed children."[130] "Expect nothing from death," says Mother, "life is your salvation. It is in life that you must transform yourself. It is on earth that you progress and on earth that you realize. It is in the body that you win the Victory."[131]

"Nor let worldly prudence whisper too closely in thy ear," says Sri

Aurobindo, "for it is the hour of the unexpected."[132]

Pondicherry, 9 December 1971
Satprem

December 13, 1971

(A note by Mother)

Communications from the psychic do not come in a mental form. They are not ideas or reasonings. They have their own character quite distinct from the mind, something like a feeling with a self-contained meaning and influence.
By its very nature, the psychic is calm, quiet and luminous, understanding and generous, wide and progressive, it is forever striving for understanding and progress.
The mind describes and explains.
The psychic sees and understands.

December 15, 1971

I sent you this note, can it be used for something?

Yes, Mother, certainly.

"Difficult periods come on earth to compel men to overcome their small personal egoism and to turn exclusively to the Divine for help and light. The wisdom of men is ignorant. Only the Divine knows."

It came imperiously.

What wants Peace and Harmony was in me and....[133] I was feeling a sort of pressure, and that came. It came imperatively – plain, imperative. Without that, men would never have progressed – they would never progress.

(silence)

That war is very absorbing.

The war?

Yes, it's day and night, day and night....

Unfortunately you get the impression that in the west [the western front with Pakistan, i.e., Kashmir and Rajasthan], they don't want to do anything. Indira has declared that India had absolutely no interest in the breakup of Pakistan: "Not at all interested."[134] *They just want to liberate Bangladesh and that's all.*

(Mother sits absorbed for a very long time)

There's nothing?

No, it's late, Mother.

What time is it?

Twenty-two past eleven.

Twenty-two past ten.

No, twenty-two past eleven!

Oh!...
This war is.... I am busy all the time, all the time.
We get letters from the front; several generals and high-ranking officers say they feel my presence all the time. And it's true, I am busy all the time.

Did they tell you that the Americans are there with their "nuclear ship"?

They're not there yet, it seems. It's not quite sure – they've sent it, but it's not quite sure.[135]

They're completely mad.

Yes, that would be a disaster.

They're mad – and stupid.

Yes. That president should be toppled.[136]

Oh, yes! Yes.

The one they want to put in his place is a friend of India. But no one likes that ... [Nixon], only a minority supports him – not everyone.
They should just ... *(gesture of sweeping clean).*

Can't you arrange that?

(Mother laughs a lot)

... I am constantly busy.

December 18, 1971

Good morning! Here, I was going through my handkerchiefs the other day, and kept three for you!

How are you? What's news?

Well, they've stopped fighting in the west....[137]

(Mother nods her head)

Which means it's not the end of the problem.

Again it won't be for this time.

It won't be done that way. I've seen how. It won't be done through a battle: the different parts of Pakistan will demand separation. There are five of them. And by separating, they'll join India – to form a sort of confederation. That's how it will be done.

It will break up from within, yes, I see.

That's right. That's how it will be done.

I saw it, I don't remember what day (recently), all of a sudden, for several hours there was a contact with the Divine Power and Vision – it was ... it was magnificent, things became extraordinary; then, immediately the next day, all the news changed. Really extraordinary. What actually took place isn't what I saw, for it was seen years ahead.... But that doesn't matter, it's all right.

(Sujata comes in late.
Mother hands her the handkerchiefs, laughing)

These are my handkerchiefs!

We're always in a hurry, because life on earth is short, but when you see what is in the offing ... *(vast, circular gesture).* Really beautiful, much better! It takes more time, but it's much better.

One of the things in the offing is the conversion of America, the United States, but it will take time.

The conversion of the United States.

Already, most of the country is against that president, but it has to become strong enough for that ... particular policy to disappear.[138]

In a word, as always, it has to go to absurd lengths for people to understand how false it is.

Yes. Yes.

Do you have anything?

Nothing.... Maybe some personal questions.

Well, ask.

I have the impression that for about a year now there has been no creative force coming into me – no inspiration and no creative force. I was speaking about it with Sujata a few days ago, and she had a vision: she saw something like two enormous silver doors – which were closed. So I don't know, I wonder what that means. Why that closure?

(after a silence)

Well, for some time there's been much more insistence on personal transformation than on creation, for you. I have seen that. And it seems to me of capital importance, you understand?... There's a special insistence on personal transformation. Which means that, when that is done, the creative work will be of a much, MUCH higher order.

So, I shouldn't worry?

No, not at all. On the contrary.

Really, to put it childishly, the Divine Wisdom is far greater than ours. I perceive that constantly. We have a very short view of things – very short and limited. While the Divine Wisdom is.... You get such a feeling of not knowing anything when you compare your way of seeing to the Divine's way of seeing (I am putting it rather childishly).

Yes, but practically, there are two possible attitudes with respect to the creative force: either to be completely passive and wait (but then, isn't that passivity simply a kind of inertia?), or else do as those who create do, that is, call the Force and pull it down. In other words, they actively intervene to create.

There is a third attitude. It's the best. To be very attentive; rather than being passive and inert, to be very attentive and alert. And then, to feel when the Impulsion to do something comes, and to do it. I have put that into practice these last few days, and that's the solution. You see, the difficulty lies in having action WITHOUT the personal limitations – they are inextricably bound up in our consciousness, and the passivity you speak of is there to separate the two; but once you have ... I don't know, the perception or sensation of the state in which you are completely open to the Divine Impulsion, then you can allow action to take place again. And that is the solution.

It's very difficult to explain, but I've had the experience recently (yesterday or the day before, it's very recent), the experience of an attitude of unmixed receptivity – unmixed with any personal activity – an activity whose impulse comes only from the Divine (I had this in connection with the war, the current events, and that's how I understood). But it's beyond words.

So, the things in the offing are a federation of all the states of India, and

another one in the offing is the conversion of the United States. A federation of the states of India along the lines of *The Ideal of Human Unity,* as conceived and explained by Sri Aurobindo. And the conversion of the United States is in the same idea, just according to Sri Aurobindo's revelation. But that will take time.

It came in an imperative way.

Also I heard something Sri Aurobindo wrote, where he says that in order for the Supermind to manifest on earth, the physical mind has to receive and manifest it. And the physical mind, I mean the bodily mind, mine, is precisely the only one I have left now. And so it came to me very clearly that that is why that one alone was left. And it is being converted very rapidly and interestingly. The physical mind[139] is developing under the supramental influence. And it's just what Sri Aurobindo wrote, that it was indispensable so the Supermind could manifest on earth in a permanent way.[140]

So all's well – it's not easy! *(Mother laughs)* But all is well.

> *Yes, that's just the problem I wondered about. You say that for me, for instance, the insistence is on personal transformation – well, I saw something ("I saw" – well, anyway I felt something), I felt that the transformation (of the lower nature, for example) is not really possible unless a sort of radical change of position in the consciousness takes place, or a change of vision....*

Yes.

> *... unless things and people are seen differently.*

Yes, yes.

> *But then I wonder how it's possible.*

That way it's possible.

> *But it has to be pretty radical.*

But it is radical, mon petit! You can't imagine, it's like.... I could really say I've become another person. Only this *(Mother indicates the appearance of her body)* is still like this, the same as it was.... To what extent will it be able to change? Sri Aurobindo said that if the physical mind is transformed, the body's transformation will follow quite NATURALLY. We'll see.

> *But could you give me a key or a lever to effect the radical change?*

Ah, I don't know, because for me everything was simply taken away – the mind is completely gone. If you like, in appearance I had become an idiot, I didn't know anything. And it's the physical mind that developed, slowly, slowly.

In my case, I don't know, the work was done for me – I did nothing. That's how it was done, very radically. It could be done because I was VERY conscious of my psychic (the psychic being which was formed through all the lives), I was very conscious of it, and it remained; it remained and enabled me

to deal with people without its making any difference, thanks to that psychic presence. That's why there were very few apparent changes. So I can speak only of what I know, and I'll say this: the psychic has to remain very much in command of the whole being – the whole bodily being – guiding the life, then the mind has time to be transformed. Mine was simply sent away.

You see, the transformation of the bodily mind was indispensable because that's the only one I had left, you follow?... Very few people would accept that. *(Laughing)* In my case, it was done without asking my opinion! The work was very easy.

That's exactly what happened.

I wish something drastic would happen to me....

(Mother laughs)

For instance, I was thinking (it's childish), but I was thinking the other day: if I could just see with Sri Aurobindo's eyes....

(Mother laughs)

Instead of seeing through my eyes, let me see things through his eyes.

But it wasn't his physical eyes. It wasn't his physical eyes.

I wish it could be like that. But is it possible?

You mean to see with Sri Aurobindo's consciousness?

Yes, that's right. But to see people, things, circumstances PHYSICALLY, that way.

It's possible. It's possible.... But would you accept what happened to me, that is, the individual, the person feels itself absolutely stupid?

Oh, I'm ready!

You wouldn't despair?

No, no. Absolutely not.

You see, what's taking root permanently, as it were, is this: the nonentity of the person – the absolute nonentity and incapacity. And then you're ... you're fine; you're quite naturally like a child, you say to the Divine, "Do everything for me" (there's nothing left, so you can't do anything!), then everything goes well immediately – immediately.

You see, the body has given itself entirely. It even said to the Divine, "I beg You to make me want my dissolution if I must die," so that EVEN THERE I won't offer any resistance, should it be necessary for this body to die – to want my dissolution. That's its attitude, it was like this *(gesture of open hands).*

But instead, there came a sort of ... (I could put it into words, but it wasn't words): "If you accept suffering and discomfort, transformation is better than dissolution." And so when it feels uncomfortable, it accepts.

It's not like that; what I say is [inadequate]. It's not really like that, but it's hard to explain. It's really a new attitude and a new sensation, I can't express it.

And for each one obviously it must be different.... For me it was very radical – I didn't have any choice, you understand: it was like that, and that's that.

But we truly have to.... What made things easy is that the psychic consciousness was completely in the forefront and ruling the life, so it just went on quietly without being concerned with the rest.

It's like sight and hearing, I've noticed that it's not a physical deterioration: it's simply that I understand and hear people only when they think clearly what they say. And I see only what is ... what expresses the inner life, otherwise things are ... hazy or veiled. It's not that my eyes don't see, it's "something," it's something else – everything is new.

(silence)

It was what Sri Aurobindo told me when I asked to leave (we both knew one of us had to go); I immediately said to him, "I will go." And he said no, he told me, "Your body is much more capable than mine of bearing the work of transformation." Sri Aurobindo told me that. And so it accepted, but....

It's true, the body has to be VERY goodwilled – it so happens that mine is; and it's not a mental goodwill, of course, it's really a bodily goodwill. It accepts, it accepts all the drawbacks.... But the attitude is important, not the consequences (I am convinced that the drawbacks are not indispensable), it's the attitude that is important. It has to be like this *(gesture of open hands),* you see. Truly I have noticed that in most cases, surrender to the Divine does not mean trust in the Divine – because when you surrender to the Divine, you say, "Even if You make me suffer, I surrender," but that's an absolute lack of trust! That's really amusing, surrender DOES NOT IMPLY trust; trust is something else, it's ... a kind of knowledge – an *unshakable* knowledge, which nothing can disturb – it's WE who change into difficulties, suffering, misery what is ... perfect peace in the Divine Consciousness. It's we who create that little "transformation."

And I had some extraordinary examples.... It would take hours to describe.

But it's really the consciousness that must change – and even the consciousness OF THE CELLS, you understand?... That, that's a radical change.

And there are no words to express it, because it didn't exist on earth – it was latent, but it wasn't manifested.

All words ... miss the mark, that's never quite it.

(silence)

If you like, I could say that at each minute you feel you can either live eternally or die *(gesture of a slight tilt from one side to the other).* Every minute is like that. And the difference [between the two] is so slight that you

can't say: Do this and you'll be on this side, do that and you'll be on the other – not possible. It's a way of being almost beyond description.

(silence)

When did you come to the Ashram?

Seventeen years ago, Mother.

Did you see Sri Aurobindo?

Yes, once.

On the 24th of November? When?

I don't remember now when I saw him, but it was in 1947.

Oh, in 1947 – three years....

I saw him only once.

Only once?

(silence,
then Mother goes within for a long time)

Did you feel anything?

Your force very much. The Force very much, yes.

(Mother shakes her head no)

It's such an extraordinary Peace. Don't you feel it?

Yes, I feel Force, Peace, Power....

But me, when it's like this, I become aware that there is no time anymore. I don't know how to explain it. It's entirely outside of time – it may be a minute, it may be an hour.... Something else.

(Satprem leaves,
Sujata goes up to Mother)

And you? What do you feel?

For me, Mother, it's very physical.

Yes.

Physical – an absolute silence....

Ah!

... Everywhere, inside, outside.

It's physical, isn't it? That's it, PHYSICAL.

Tensed nerves relax, absolutely.

Yes, that's it. That's good. Good.

December 22, 1971

This is my Christmas message:

"The time has come for the rule of falsehood to end.
In the Truth alone is salvation."

So, what have you brought?

I have received a brief note from P.L. You had said that the people at the Mission should be "calmed down," they were creating a lot of difficulty, and you said we could ask P.L. to do something. So he's done something.

Aha!

He says this: "I spoke to Cardinal Tisserant[141] about the problem you mentioned. He is writing this very day to the bishop of Pondicherry along the lines you gave me – he is indignant to learn that you are the object of such un-Christian manifestations and feelings. I hope this letter will 'calm down' the Mission."

Oh, they're not stirring anymore, that must be it. I don't hear about them anymore. Precisely, I noticed yesterday or the day before that they had grown completely quiet. That must be the reason. So you can tell him that for the moment everyone is quiet, things are all right.

(Mother looks for a paper on the table)

Send him the Christmas message. And then this:

"The red lotus is the flower of Sri Aurobindo, but specially for his centenary we shall choose the blue lotus, which is the colour of his physical aura, to symbolise the centenary of the manifestation of the Supreme upon earth."

* * *

A little later

I heard (yesterday, I think, or the day before) a letter of Sri Aurobindo's in which he said that for the Supermind to be fixed here (he had noticed that the Supermind came into him and withdrew, came back and withdrew – it wasn't stable), so he said: to become stable, it has to enter and settle in the physical

mind.[142] And that's just the work being done in me for months now: the mind has been removed, and the physical mind is taking its place, and for some time I had noticed that it was ... (I told you that it was seeing everything in a different way, that its relationship with things was different), I have been noticing these past few days that the physical mind, the mind that is in the body, was becoming vast, its visions were comprehensive, and its whole way of seeing was absolutely different *(Mother extends her arms in an immense, quiet gesture)*. I saw, that's it: the Supermind is working there. And I spend extraordinary hours.

What is left is just the things that resist – you feel (I told you this) that it's as if every minute (and it's getting more and more pronounced), every minute: do you want life, do you want death; do you want life, do you want death?... That's how it is. And life is union with the Supreme. And consciousness, a COMPLETELY new consciousness is coming. That's how it is, like this *(Mother makes a gesture of swinging from one side to the other)*. But yesterday or the day before, I don't know, all of a sudden the body said, "No! I am through – I want life, I don't want anything else." And since then I've felt better.

Oh, it would take volumes to narrate what is happening. It's ... remarkably interesting, and ENTIRELY new. Entirely new.

(Mother goes within)

Because of physical death, the subconscient is defeatist. You see, the subconscient feels that whatever the progress, whatever the effort, it will always end with that, because up until now, it has always ended like that. So then the work now being done is to try to bring faith and the certainty of the transformation into the subconscient. And that ... is a struggle at each second.

(Mother goes back within until the end)

December 25, 1971

Good morning! It's the festival of Light: Christmas is the festival of the return of the Light – it's much older than Christianity! – when the days were beginning to grow longer *(Mother laughs)*.

And next Saturday is the first of January. I'll see you....

I hope that '72 is going to be better!

(Mother nods her head)

More and more I am convinced that we have a way of receiving things and reacting to them that CREATES difficulties – I am more and more convinced of it. Because, for example, I have rather unpleasant physical and material experiences about food. You know that for a very long time now I have completely stopped being hungry (I eat only to be reasonable, because "one must" eat, otherwise ...), and I have some small difficulty in swallowing, or breathing (ridiculous things), but everything changes depending on whether you pay attention to them or not, depending on an attitude like this *(gesture of being focused on oneself)* in which you watch yourself living, or an attitude in which you're *(vast gesture)* in things, in movement, in life; and a third attitude in which you pay attention only to the Divine. If you succeed in being like that all the time, there are no difficulties – and yet things are the same. That's the experience: the thing in itself is as it is, but it is our reaction to it that differs. The experience is more and more conclusive. You see, there are three categories: our attitude with respect to things, the things in themselves (those two always give you trouble), and there is a third category in which everything, but everything is in regard to the Divine, in the Consciousness of the Divine – all is marvelous, all is easy! And I am speaking of material things, of the material, physical life (for psychological things, we've known it for long), I mean material things like little discomforts of the body, or reactions, feeling pain or not, circumstances going wrong, not being able to swallow your dinner – the most banal things you don't pay attention to when you're young and strong and in good health (you don't pay any attention to them, and it's like that for everyone), but when you live in the consciousness of your body and what happens to it and its ways of receiving things that come and so on – oh, it's misery! When you live in the consciousness of others, of what they want, what they need, their relationship with you – it's misery! But if you live in the Divine Presence and it's the Divine who does everything, sees everything, is everything ... it's Peace – it's Peace, time has no duration, everything is easy and.... Not that you feel joy or feel ... it's not so ... it's the Divine who is there. And it's the ONLY solution. That's where the world is going: the Consciousness of the Divine – the Divine who does, the Divine who is, the Divine.... So then, the same IDENTICAL circumstance (I am not speaking of different circumstances), the same IDENTICAL circumstance (it's my experience these last few days, so concrete, you know, so concrete); day before yesterday I was sick as a dog, and yesterday circumstances were the same, my body was in the same state, all was the same and yet ... all was peaceful.

I am thoroughly convinced of that.

If only I didn't have so much trouble speaking.... That explains everything. It explains everything, all, all.

The world is the same – it is seen and felt in a totally opposite way.

Everything is a phenomenon of consciousness – everything. Only, it is not a matter of this consciousness, or that one, or that other one, that's not it: it's our way, the human way of being conscious versus the divine way of being conscious. That's all. That's the whole question. And I am thoroughly convinced.

(silence)

In a word, the world is as it should be at each second.

Yes.

It's we who see it wrongly or feel it wrongly or receive it wrongly.

It's like death, you see. The phenomenon is transitional, but seems to us to have existed forever (it's forever for us because our consciousness is like this – *Mother draws a little square in the air),* but when you have that divine consciousness, oh!... things become almost instantaneous, you understand. I can't explain it.

There IS movement, there IS progression, there IS what is translated for us by time, that exists, it's something ... something in the consciousness.... It's hard to express.... It's like an object and its projection. A little like that. All things ARE, but for us, we see them projected on a screen, as it were: one comes after another. It's a little like that.

> *Yes, Sri Aurobindo said that in the supramental consciousness, past, present and future exist side by side on a single map of knowledge.*[143]

Yes, that's it. That's right. But for me it is an experience. Not something I "think" (I don't think), but an experience. And hard to explain.

And its effect on us, the sensation it produces in us depends exclusively on the position of our consciousness. There is the consciousness of being in oneself or being in the whole (being in the whole is already a bit better than being egoistically oneself, and it has its advantages and disadvantages, but it's not the truth), the Truth is ... the Divine as totality – totality in time and totality in space. And that consciousness, the body CAN have, because this body had it (momentarily, for a few moments), and while it has it, everything is so ... you see, it's not joy, it's not pleasure, it's not happiness, nothing of all that ... a sort of blissful peace ... and luminous ... and creative. Magnificent. Only, it comes and goes, comes and goes.... And when you go out of it, you have the impression of falling into a horrible pit – our ordinary consciousness (I mean the ordinary human consciousness) is a horrible pit. But we also know why it had to be momentarily that way, for it was necessary in order to go from this to that: everything that happens is necessary for the full development of the goal of creation. You could say (we could word-paint): the goal of creation is for the creature to become conscious as the Creator. There you are.

It's word-painting, but it's in that direction.

This creation's goal is that Consciousness of the Infinite, the Eternal, which is omnipotent – Infinite, Eternal, Omnipotent (which our religions have called God: for us, with respect to life, it's the Divine) – Infinite and Eternal, All-Powerful ... outside of time: each individual particle possessing that Consciousness; each individual particle containing that same Consciousness.

Division created the world, and it is in division that the Eternal manifests.

Words are stupid, but that's how it is. I don't know if you follow.

(silence)

With, in addition (and not as a contradiction, but as a complement), the exact sense of what you are supposed to do – what you are supposed to be, what you are supposed to do and why you have been created. And all that TOGETHER ... OH!... *(Mother has a blissful smile)*

That gives both the reason and the goal of creation – both at once – and almost the method of development.

(silence)

Yes, it's like something that IS, that is as a whole and is successively projected on a screen. And yet it exists as a whole – and it is projected successively on a screen.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

I have the impression that I am on the way to discovering ... the illusion that must be destroyed so that physical life can be uninterrupted – discovering that death comes from a ... a distortion of consciousness. That's it.

It's this close, you know *(Mother makes a gesture as if she were about to grasp the secret)*.

And as I told you, sometimes I feel that the great number of years makes the work somewhat more difficult, but taken on the whole, it is a GREAT help – I understood that were I young, I could never have done what I am doing. And when I am in the true consciousness, the moment I am in the true consciousness, the number of years is nothing! – The body feels so young, so full of ... something else than young (for it, young is *immature* and ignorant, it's not that), it's ... you're in communion with "something" ... which changes according to the need.

Our language (or our consciousness) is ... inadequate. Later I'll be able to say.

Something IS HAPPENING – that's all I can say. *(Mother laughs)* Merry Christmas, mon petit!

Merry Christmas to you too.

The festival of Light....

December 27, 1971

(Sujata's visit to Mother.)

A disciple in America had sent a cartoon published in an American newspaper showing Bangladesh ("East Pakistan") bloody and gored by the

horns of a furious Indian "sacred cow," equipped with Soviet weapons. When the drawing was shown to Mother by Sujata, she angrily rejected it, sweeping it off her knees: "Take it away." Then, a few moments later, she asked for the drawing back, took a pen and wrote across the drawing: "This is disgustingly untrue," *the way one performs an occult act to destroy or neutralize something.*

December 29, 1971

(A note by Mother in English)

We are at a decisive hour in the history of the earth. The earth is preparing for the advent of the supramental being, and because of this the old way of living loses its value. One must launch oneself consciously on the path of the future in spite of the new exigencies. The pettinesses tolerable at one time are no more so; one must widen oneself to receive that which shall be born.

December 29, 1971

(Mother caresses Satprem's swollen eye.)

> *No, no, it really doesn't hurt, Mother! ... Do you have anything new?*

It's moving – moving fast.

Because it's moving fast, it's excessive *(gesture of straining).*

For example, during the same meal, I eat without even noticing it, solely in the divine consciousness, then all of a sudden I am back – and I can't swallow anymore! I choke. It's very extreme, because it's going so fast. But I know what it is.

I just gave a meditation to X.[144] It is not AT ALL what it used to be ... (what shall I say?). There's a sort of quiet authority now. But he is receptive.

The Force ... *(Mother lowers her hands in an irresistible gesture),* ohh! there's a great change.

(long silence)

I have received a letter from Indira.

Oh, really?

(Mother hands an envelope)

Revered Mother,

Through these critical months I have thought constantly of you. I can find no words with which to express my gratitude for your support. Your blessings are a great source of strength. Our difficulties are not over....

(Mother nods her head)

... The American administration is most upset that its calculations were so completely wrong, and they will use their power to try to humble us and specially to create division between Bangla Desh and ourselves. I think our nation has taken a step towards maturity. Yet there are many who look only to today. If India is to be great we must improve the quality of the minds of our people. I know that this is your desire. In my humble way I am trying to do what I can.

With respectful regards,
Yours sincerely,

Indira Gandhi

That's good, indeed.
It's good. So I replied this:

To Indira
With blessings.
India must be proud of your leadership.
Let the country take its true place
in the world for showing the way
towards the supreme Truth.

with love
Mother

It's good she has taken this tack.

Yes, it's good.

I didn't think she was like that.

(Mother nods her head)

But there are still many difficulties.

Oh!... Oh!... It's a scoundrel who's become the ... [president of Pakistan, Bhutto].

Oh, you mean that one!

Quite a scoundrel. And he's killing his own people. Some teachers have been executed because they had a different opinion. He's committing atrocities in his own country.... In a way, it's what is needed to show the falsehood of the whole thing [the division of Pakistan and India].

And yet Pakistan's new president is putting up a democratic front.

By killing people!

Several provinces of West Pakistan have revolted against the people he had put in to govern them.[145]

We'll see.

(silence)

Things are going fast.

I personally feel they're very grating.

Oh!... It's going fast. The faster it goes, the more it pulls.

I badly need your help – your active help.

What's wrong?

It's difficult.

(long silence)

The fastest way for me was ... (how shall I put it?) the growing sense of my own nonentity – nonexistence. To feel I could do nothing, knew nothing, wanted nothing; but then the WHOLE being filled with ... it's not even an aspiration now, it's like this *(gesture of surrender, hands open),* an inescapable fact: "Without the Divine, nothing, nothing – I am nothing, I understand nothing, I can do nothing. Without the Divine, nothing." To be like this *(same gesture, hands open).* And then ... a Peace ... a luminous Peace ... and so powerful! And when I am quiet (I saw it again very interestingly, because before when I gave a meditation to X, there was still an effort, an effort to meditate, an effort to ...), while this time ... *(Mother sharply lowers her hands),* it was compelling. A compelling Presence – compelling. Extraordinary.... In fact I wondered what the meditation would be like, if it was going to be like before – not at all, it's like this *(Mother sharply lowers her hands).*

So, it's going well.

But first there must be an absolute sincerity, that is, a CONVICTION: I am nothing, nothing – I can do nothing, I know nothing, I have absolutely NOTHING ... *(Mother raises an index finger)* except the Divine. Then it's all

right.

As I told you, it's so strong that at times I can't even eat; whereas when it's like this, when the consciousness becomes like this *(gesture of surrender, hands open),* I finish my dinner without even knowing I am eating.... It's inexpressible. But wonderful.

Only, there is no place for fear – if you're afraid, it becomes dreadful. Fortunately my body is not afraid.

(silence)

It's a bit difficult, yes, but ... *(Mother takes Satprem's hands).*

(silence)

The next time is the first.

Yes, Mother, Saturday the first – what luck![146]

(Mother smiles.) Yes, it will be all right.

Yes??

(meditation,
then such a beautiful smile,
Mother hands the 1972 photo
in which she looks like
a Chinese baby smiling)

Do you have this?

Oh, this is so very charming!

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[1]Mother means it will produce an effect anyway.

[2]This particular problem will become very acute. One could hear – and would hear more and more often – down in the Ashram courtyard the voices of those who were telling her, "Eat, Mother, it's good, it's good for you," the way you speak to a child or a senile patient. She was never allowed to go through with her experience.

[3]Throughout the *Agenda,* words Mother originally spoke in English are italicized.

[4]The long period of suffering.

[5]In fact, Mother has spent a great part of her time in deep contemplation since the latest "accident."

[6]*On the Way to Supermanhood*.

[7]An oculist's chart with letters of various sizes. Mother does regular reading exercises.

[8]Mother walked out on the balcony without help, after having practiced every day.

[9]Let us recall the *Tantrasara*: "Although thou art the primordial cause of the worlds, yet thou art forever young."

[10]*The Adventure of Consciousness.*

[11]Thirty-nine years.

[12]Satprem is especially thinking of East Bengal (Bangladesh), which has just proclaimed independence amid massacres perpetrated by the troops of West Pakistan.

[13]To recognize officially the "provisional government" of Bangladesh under the leadership of Sheikh Mujibur. Only eight months later, on December 6, would India recognize Bangladesh.

[14]t was more a matter of making sure America would not oppose the independence of Bangladesh!

[15]President Nixon will send warships to threaten India in case she intervenes on the side of Bangladesh.

[16]Alas. . . .

[17]Satprem was thinking of the subconscious level.

[18]See previous conversation. It is in reference to this man that Mother said, "You have to be very thick-skinned to lie to my face."

[19]This version will be adopted for the message of April 24.

[20]On April 3, Mother sent a written message to Indira.

[21]To coerce him publicly to abjure the independence of Bengal.

[22]Satprem does not mean the physical liquidation of Pakistan, of course, but the disappearance of the artificial separation created by the British in order to "divide and rule." It should be recalled that for centuries the Muslims lived in perfect harmony with the Hindus, until the day in 1947 when Downing Street decided otherwise, playing on the political ambitions of some Indians eager to have their share of power.

[23]In 1965, with the infamous cease-fire and the Tashkent surrender.

[24]The tape recorder failed right at this moment, while this was precisely the passage Satprem wanted most to record. So he hastily scribbled down Mother's words as she spoke.

[25]*The Doctrine of Passive Resistance,* I.122.

[26]*The Karmayogin,* III.347.

[27]The big book entrepreneur of the Ashram and brother of the would-be owner of Auroville.

[28]The book cover took the forefront in the affair. What seems to have been conveniently forgotten is the sales methods of that Press: someone had dared to put his finger on the vast network of financial manipulations in foreign currencies. This is far from being the end of the story.

[29]Pakistani troops launched a general attack on Bangladesh before the monsoon; they succeeded in sealing off almost entirely the border with India, cutting off all possibility of help from India. Meanwhile the Chinese have massed their troops near the northeastern borders.

[30]"The end of a stage of evolution is usually marked by a powerful recrudescence of all that has to go out of the evolution."

[31]China announced that, if India interfered in the "internal affairs" of Pakistan, she would attack.

[32]*On the Way to Supermanhood.*

[33]To throw some light on the nature of the "schism," we include at the end of this conversation the text of a letter written by Satprem to an enthusiastic and erroneous reader.

[34]Satprem was even accused of having "betrayed Sri Aurobindo." There was a little clique of "intellectuals" in the Ashram, who after Sri Aurobindo's passing refused for a long time to give recognition to Mother (and even while Sri Aurobindo was there, how many letters did he have to write to defend Mother). So we suspect that this same little clique, very influential today, has never really recognized Mother, except by paying lip service, preferring to hide behind a "philosophical Sri Aurobindo," while Mother was forcing them (or trying to force them) to do a more thorough yoga. This is the essence of the "schism." This first reaction of the English translator thus prefigures what will break out after Mother's passing. One by one all the little waves were beginning to pile up.

[35]The first version, the one of the third, read: *India must recognize Bangla-Desh. This is urgent.*

[36]In fact, again on the 18th, the day after this conversation, the president of India, V.V. Giri, in a press interview in which he was spiritedly asked why he still had not recognized Bangladesh, said, "The central government is studying the question whether recognition should be granted to Bangladesh." Then he added, "Our sympathy is with the people of Bangladesh. It is up to the Prime Minister [Indira] and the central cabinet to decide the question." (P.T.I)

[37]One wonders what kind of news Mother was getting from her entourage.

[38]By boat.

[39]Satprem's letter was misunderstood and published abridged to suit the comprehension of the editors.

[40]Here is Mother's text:

"Consciousness develops best through work done as offering to the Divine. Indolence and inaction lead to *tamas*: That is a fall into unconsciousness, it is contrary to all progress and light.

To overcome one's ego, to live only in the service of the Divine – that is the ideal and the shortest way towards acquiring the true consciousness."

[41]Nor do we know what kind of report Mother was getting from the trio of intriguers who were already quarreling over the direction and funds of Auroville. Certainly there was a lazy group in Auroville, but that group quickly disappeared on its own. Is it a "lack of authority" over the Aurovillians or over the trio, whose rivalries were beginning to arouse the mistrust of the Aurovillians?

[42]From the state of Andhra Pradesh.

[43]Satprem was thinking in particular of the students in Sri Lanka who had just been massacred while the whole world, including India, acquiesced in total silence.

[44]The Sri Aurobindo School in Delhi, known as *The Mother's School,* was closed by Mother following a strike by teachers protesting the dismissal of one of them.

[45]The translation never went beyond the introduction.

[46]Conversation of March 3, 1971.

[47]A disciple who left for Delhi several days ago, on the 2nd.

[48]Mother wrote only a note that was published in one of the Ashram periodicals: *"The situation is serious. It is only a strong and enlightened action that can pull the country out of it."* (April 30, 1971)

[49]Mother is probably alluding to the Naxalites of Calcutta.

[50]In fact, it is still "under study"; America has received the economic envoys of Yahya Khan.

[51]In September 1965.

[52]Satprem had even wondered how to save Mother's papers. During the years 1960 and 1961, when Mother was still seeing him downstairs, he used to have a recurring dream: some "enemies" were after him, and he had to hide Mother's papers (the Agenda) at any cost. But these "enemies" were not particularly Chinese. Quite possibly that situation of being pursued was not from this life alone – whence the imprint – and must have characterized other past meetings with Mother.

[53]"The affair of Korea ... is the first move in the Communist plan of campaign to dominate and take possession first of these northern parts and then of South East Asia as a preliminary to their maneuvers with regard to the rest of the continent – in passing, Tibet as a gate opening to India. If they succeed, there is no reason why domination of the whole world should not follow by steps until they are ready to deal with America.... One thing is certain that if there is too much shilly-shallying and if America gives up now her defence of Korea, she may be driven to yield position after position until it is too late: at one point or another she will have to stand and face the necessity of drastic action even if it leads to war." – Sri Aurobindo, January 28, 1950.

[54]The article appears at the end of this conversation

[55]A minister in the Indian government and, at the time, a friend of Indira's.

[56]This is the beginning of the break between N.S. and Indira. These assertions are hence highly unreliable. Let us note that Mother's own emissaries N. and U. will take N.S.'s side against Indira. So we are not sure what to make out of the words reported to Mother by those scheming emissaries. Mother was betrayed on every side.

[57]Two months before the massacre in Bangladesh, an Indian plane hijacked by some Pakistanis enabled India to close her airspace to Pakistani planes, thus forcing Pakistan to go around Ceylon to carry her troops to Bengal, which once more underscores the geographical absurdity of these two parts of a single country separated by fifteen hundred miles of Indian territory.

[58]These past few days, Sujata had seen two eyes appear on Mother's forehead (a very high forehead), rather far above her physical eyes. She could clearly distinguish the eyelids and the half-closed eyes as if they were about to open.

[59]The translation of Satprem's article appearing in this book under the date May 15, 1971 has been done specially for the *Agenda.*

[60]Satprem had informed Mother that he felt he was in the blackest hole of his life and that everything was as it used to be before, as if the seventeen years in the Ashram had never existed.

[61]What made Satprem put this laconic note in his notebook, what was the occasion, the reason? It is like a forewarning, which we shall leave as it is. Pranab is the name of Mother's "guard." Desh = territory or country.

[62]Satprem had read other letters of Sri Aurobindo about the Ashram, Mother had selected the last one, just quoted.

[63]Ten or twenty thousand (?) copies had been printed; the article was translated into all the Indian languages and sent in particular to all the members of the Indian Parliament.

[64]Swaran Singh, minister of foreign affairs, who has just visited Washington, London, Moscow, Paris, etc.

[65]India will go into action only in December.

[66]Some eight million by now, from Bangladesh.

[67]"The Sannyasin" was submitted to five publishers. It had not yet found Robert Laffont.

[68]America as a matter of course refused – and sent three or four more shiploads of arms a few days later.

[69]The invasion of refugees from Bangladesh, with an epidemic of cholera.

[70]And what exactly did Mother's "emissaries" report to one and to the other?

[71]Let us point out that on this day Mother had an indirect contact (through the family) with a disciple stricken with cancer.

[72]These letters are included at the end of this conversation.

[73]A disciple who went to Europe with her children, then came back.

[74]Aphorism 228.

[75]See conversation of April 7.

[76]The Indo-Russian pact which has just been signed in Delhi by Gromyko and Swaran Singh. This is also the time of Mujibur's trial in Pakistan.

[77]Perhaps coincidentally, two days later, on August 16, the dollar was "devalued" and the Bretton-Woods accords were broken.

[78]Mother means that while Sri Aurobindo was alive, it was not necessary for him to be concerned with money because Mother was there.

[79]Satprem means not permanently in contact with the inner.

[80]Mother means that there is no difference between the "living" and the "dead."

[81]Purani died in December 1965; M. and D. are "living."

[82]But for someone on the other side, how would a man turning on a faucet and brushing his teeth look?

[83]Pleasure, displeasure.

[84]Approximately at that time, a former disciple, Rani Maitra, wife of the former chancellor of Benares University, was dying without Mother's knowing anything about it in her outer consciousness.

[85]Actually, Satprem well remembered that encounter, but he wanted to spare Mother the account of his own state of mind that day, for he was angry with Mother (!) because she was paying a visit to the man who had schemed to take Governor Baron's place. Thus the great story and the small one go hand in hand.

[86]Quite a number of the tapes used to record these conversations were procured thanks to this very nice German man. We would also like to mention an American couple, M.R., who gave the majority of the tapes, and a few others, with gratitude.

[87]This is what Mother wrote to Sujata's father, Prithwi Singh, in 1953 about the passing away of Sri Aurobindo: "At 1:26 in the morning, when I was in his room, he was steadily coming out of his body into mine; it was so much that I felt a physical friction in the cells of my body; with it a great power entered into me and I felt capable of resuscitating him. But when I told him, he said, 'No, it is purposely that I have left my body, I will not come back into it, I will return in a new body, the first body built in the supramental way.' But," Mother added, "he did not tell me the time when he would return."

[88]Mother had at first said, "Then it would be finished," then she changed it to "It would be the real beginning" when Satprem published this portion in *Notes on the Way.*

[89]Portulaca, tuberose, and basil.

[90]Satprem's brother will commit suicide two years later, shortly after Mother's passing.

[91]Once, several years ago, Mother had received both Satprem and his brother together, and they had sat at her feet, side by side. Then, after the interview, Mother told Satprem: "It's strange, he seems to be like an emanation of you."

[92]Alas, Satprem's next book will be the trilogy on Mother, in 1975.

[93]"Coincidentally," that day Mother was wearing a white silk dress with peacock feathers painted on it.

[94]It was very striking: the clothes were supremely important. Literary clothing, probably.

[95]Indian Cork Tree.

[96]Called Toro. Although it orbits the sun in an 8-year cycle, it approaches to within some 12 million miles of the earth. Its next approach to the earth is due in August 1972.

[97]These last words were said in such a moving tone, as if they were at once invocation, pain, prayer....

[98]Mr. Benharoche-Baralia, who didn't really "work" with Théon, but later became a member of the "cosmic groups."

[99]C.R. Das, Sri Aurobindo's lawyer in the Alipore bomb case. There are three letters; one dated November 18, 1922, to C.R. Das, and the two others to Barin, Sri Aurobindo's younger brother, dated November 18, 1922 and December 1, 1922. The letters are included at the end of this conversation.

[100]Even in 1928, when Tagore came to Pondicherry to visit Sri Aurobindo, he repeated his intention to go out of Pondicherry and launch an external action. But probably on the way, Sri Aurobindo realized ... just what Mother was discovering.

[101]By a resolution of 26 June 1971.

[102]An Ashram center in Calcutta.

[103] The statue in bronze, done by the sculptor Hrishikesh Dasgupta, will be unveiled on 16 August 1975 by the vice-president of India, B.D. Jatti.

[104]A students' strike, public manifestations, parades (the government has had to close all the Pondicherry schools), protesting "Sri Aurobindo University," which was to be inaugurated for the Centenary. There were even graffiti on the walls of the Ashram tennis ground: "Sri Aurobindo, the head of thieves and scoundrels." It was in fact an expression of anger against the businessmen and shopkeepers of the Ashram. Instead of Sri Aurobindo's name ("the foreigner"), the students wanted the name of Gandhi, or a Tamil saint, or even the minister of the State of Madras (!).

[105]Mother's groans of pain could be heard downstairs, in the Ashram courtyard.

[106]The organ of the party in power in the state of Madras (the DMK) just published a long article on "the exploitation by the Ashram," the unscrupulous businessmen of the Ashram who were killing local business, the loose morals of the Ashram girls, the enormous unexplained wealth of the Ashram, the "regimentation" of the boys and girls of the Ashram – and the possibility that one day troops from the Ashram would drive the Tamils out of Pondicherry, "like Yahya Khan in Bengal," to establish an "Aurobindo-Desh"!

[107]Among the band of doubtful businessmen who used Mother, there were indeed a few notable exceptions, such as New Horizon Sugar Mills, to mention only the most honest.

[108]*Notes on the Way* of 28 August 1971, which is to appear in the next *Bulletin.*

[109]Aphorism 228.

[110]It is worth noting that the cyclone Mother mentions here was followed a few weeks later, in March 1971, by the revolt that ended up in the creation of Bangladesh.

[111]Mother clearly meant "order" as a monastic order.

[112]A long meditation which was like a bath of dense, concentrated power as if you were in a "solid flow." It seemed to become more tremendously dense each time – though perhaps that is a subjective impression. We can't help mentioning a phenomenon that Satprem observed often enough: each time Mother came out of her contemplation, she had a sort of momentary suffocation and could not find her breath, as if she were really coming out of another air.

[113]Against the Sri Aurobindo University.

[114]Only 12 days later, on December 2, will India launch a general offensive.

[115]"Mukti Bahini" army of liberation or Bengali resistance.

[116]Here the recording tape ran out and Satprem made a movement of anxiety, which Mother immediately perceived (she was speaking with her eyes closed) and she almost instantly interrupted the conversation. In fact, Mother could speak only in a totally transparent atmosphere.

[117]"Sri Aurobindo came to announce to the world a glorious future and opened the door to its realization."

[118]The Commander-in-chief of the eastern sector, who asked for Mother's blessings.

[119]See *Agenda IV,* August 28, 1963.

[120]A.B. Purani, *Evening Talks,* p. 45.

[121]*On Himself,* XXVI.112

[122]*The Life Divine,* XIX.763.

[123]*The Life Divine,* XVIII.3.

[124]*The Ideal of the Karmayogin,* III.347.

[125]*The Hour of God,* XVII.7.

[126]Dilip K. Roy, *Sri Aurobindo Came to Me,* p. 415.

[127]*Savitri,* IV.III.370.

[128]A.B. Purani, *Evening Talks,* p. 92.

[129]*Questions and Answers,* November 12, 1958.

[130]*Savitri,* III.IV.343.

[131]*On the Dhammapada.*

[132]*The Hour of God,* XVII.1.

[133]Mother is alluding to the Bangladesh war. Mother's note was probably written in reference to that war.

[134]Mrs. Gandhi stated that India has nothing against Pakistan. The government and people of India are not at all interested in the breakup of Pakistan." (*The Hindu,* 11 December 1971)

[135]"Not sure" that they will go as far as Bangladesh to help the retreating Pakistani army.

[136]Watergate will break out six months later, on June 17, 1972.

[137]On the Kashmir and Rajasthan front, that is, the road to West Pakistan, the heart of the trouble.

[138]It will reappear ten years later, in 1981.

[139]Let us point out that Mother's "terminology" was not fixed, probably because the experience was in process, but she almost always means the BODILY MIND, as the remainder of the conversation shows.

[140]Perhaps Mother is referring to this text of Sri Aurobindo: "And there is too an obscure mind of the body, of the very cells, molecules, corpuscles. Haeckel, the German materialist, spoke somewhere of the will in the atom, and recent science, dealing with the incalculable individual variation in the activity of the electrons, comes near to perceiving that this is a very tangible truth; owing to its obscurity and mechanical clinging to past movements and facile oblivion and rejection of the new, we find in it one of the chief obstacles to permeation by the supermind Force and the transformation of the functioning of the body. On the other hand, once effectively converted, it will be one of the most precious instruments for the stabilisation of the supramental Light and Force in the material Nature." (XXII.340)

[141]The Cardinal of France.

[142]Actually, Mother means the bodily mind.

[143]"For while the reason proceeds from moment to moment of time and loses and acquires and loses and again acquires, the gnosis dominates time in a one view and perpetual power and links past, present and future in their indivisible connections, in a single continuous map of knowledge, side by side. The gnosis starts from the totality which it immediately possesses; it sees parts, groups and details only in relation to the totality and in one vision with it." (*The Synthesis of Yoga,* XX.464)

[144]A Tantric adept to whom Mother gives a meditation every year on his birthday.

[145]Particularly in Quetta, Baluchistan.

[146]Luck that the interview coincides with the first day of the year.

Mother's Agenda
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January 1, 1972

Happy New Year, mon petit!

(Mother takes Satprem's hands. He offers her a "Divine Love."[1] She then distributes some presents.)

You saw Indira's letter, I showed it to you....

Yes, Mother, I noted it down.

They're becoming conscious up there, some very interesting things are happening.

You mean at the Center, in Delhi?

No, at the front, in Bangladesh. That fellow who returned from America[2] says he doesn't want to end the war – we'll see.... But we're plainly heading for the breakup of Pakistan.

(long silence)

The Force is working very strongly, it's very very strong. And you, how is it going?

Trustingly.

Ah, good! That's all we need. All we need.

(silence)

The power of "that" is stupendous. But human bodies aren't used to it, so it's hard for them to bear it. But that doesn't matter.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands meditation)

(Message of January 1)

> Without the Divine, we are limited, incompetent and helpless beings; with the Divine, if we give ourselves entirely to Him, all is possible and our progress is limitless.

A special help has come onto the earth for Sri Aurobindo's centenary year; let us take advantage of it to overcome the ego and emerge into the light.

Happy New Year.

January 2, 1972

(Message from Mother)

When Sri Aurobindo left his body he said that he would not abandon us. And in truth, during these twenty-one years, he has always been with us, guiding and helping all those who are receptive and open to his influence.

In this year of his centenary, his help will be stronger still. It is up to us to be more open and to know how to take advantage of it. The future is for those who have the soul of a hero. The stronger and more sincere our faith, the more powerful and effective will be the help received.

January 5, 1972

How are you?

It still drags.

(Mother gives Satprem her latest message)

"Sri Aurobindo does not belong to any one country but to the entire earth. His teaching leads us towards a better future."

(Then Mother listens to Satprem read a letter from a disciple who had felt a specially strong descent of force and was asking it it was related to the new year.)

It is related to the year of Sri Aurobindo.

Sri Aurobindo's Force will exert a pressure this year. I felt it immediately, on the very first of January. A strong pressure from his force, his consciousness, like this *(Mother lowers both arms).*

(silence)

Well then?

Won't you say something?

No.... I have trouble speaking.

But the experience continues; it is getting increasingly stronger and more precise.... But expressing myself is difficult.

The Consciousness is VERY active, but in silence. As soon as I speak....

(Mother goes into contemplation until the end)

What time is it?

It's eleven o'clock, Mother.

The atmosphere is very peaceful, very clear.

January 8, 1972

What's new? ... Feeling better? ... No? ...

I don't know. I don't quite understand what course we're following.

Why, I myself don't understand it at all! Simply ... *(Mother opens her hands in a gesture of surrender).*

It isn't easy.

It isn't easy, but it's what I was telling you: both extremes. It isn't easy, but all of a sudden, for a few seconds, everything becomes wonderful, and then again.... So I'd rather not speak about it.

(silence)

Now that I am here like this, in seclusion, the lowest nature of everyone comes out. They do things, thinking "Oh, Mother won't know." That's how it is. So this "Mother won't know" means there's no more restraint. I would say it's rather disgusting.

People to whom I have said, "You can't stay in the Ashram" move in anyway. And nobody stops them. Not only that, but they go to the Auroville

offices and try to direct things. I tell you ... it has become really, really disgusting.

Because I am here, because I don't see so clearly anymore and my hearing isn't so good – so they take advantage of it.

People say that I am no longer in control in the Ashram, that those around me direct and do exactly as they please.

!!!

But it's not true.

Of course, it's not true![3]

It's not true.

In terms of consciousness, the consciousness is FAR superior to what it was – that I know – but my expression is.... I no longer have any power of expression. And then, I never go out of this room, so they are all convinced that I won't know what's going on.

I prefer to.... You see, I would like to abolish this personality as much as possible, leaving only an external form. All the time, I would be ... only a transmitting channel, like this *(gesture of something flowing through Mother)*. And I don't even ask to be conscious of it.

I feel the Divine Presence all the time – all the time – very strongly, but....

(long silence)

And this is what happens: at times, in some cases, the Power is so tremendous, so potent that I myself am flabbergasted, while at other times I sense, not that the Power has gone, but ... I just don't know what happens.

I don't know how to explain it.

And naturally people tell me, "You have cured me, you have saved so-and-so, you ..." I almost perform miracles, but ...

They think it's me, but there's no "me"! There's nothing, there's no "me" here; it's only ... *(gesture of something flowing through Mother)* the Force flowing. I try, I only try not to block, not to check or diminish anything, that's my sole effort: let it go through me as impersonally as possible.

You're the only one I can say these things to – to the others I say nothing, absolutely nothing.

But you, I don't even know if you feel the same thing.... I don't know if you feel that the Power is here. Do you feel it?

Oh, yes! The Power, I feel it tremendously! Certainly. It is tre-men-dous.

But what is it that you don't feel, then? You seem to have a reservation. Tell me.

It all depends whether I am with you or away from you. When I'm away from you, possibly.... Well, my complaint has to do with a lack of presence, a presence that's ... what's the word?

Tangible?

No, not that. I feel the Power, but ... if I could feel something more in the heart, you understand, something more ... intimate, something more vivid, less impersonal as a matter of fact.

Oh, that! Yes, I agree. But everything tends to insist on that impersonalization.

In my consciousness it is like a transitional condition (not a final condition, a transitional one) required to attain immortality. That's what it is. There is something – something to be found. But what, I don't know.

(long silence
Mother shakes her head as if at a loss)

Well, the old way of seeing things (I don't mean the ordinary way), the old way of seeing things has sort of dissolved leaving the place for ... everything to be learned anew *(Mother opens her hands, attentive to what comes from above).*

(silence)

It's in the consciousness of the physical body, you know. A sort of ... not even an alternation of states, it's as if both were constantly together: the sense that you know nothing and are completely impotent in terms of, well, the "present" way of doing and knowing things; and at the same time – at the very same time (not even one behind the other, or one in the other or beside the other; I just don't know how to put it in words) – at the same time, the sense of an absolute knowledge, an absolute power. And the two states are not in one another, not behind one another, or beside one another, they're ... I don't know.... Both are there *(simultaneous gesture).*

I could almost say that it depends on whether I am according to others (by "I," I mean this body), according to other human beings, or according to the Divine. That's it. And both states are ... *(same simultaneous gesture).*

It's very concrete. Take food, for example ... the best example is food. The body needs food to live, yet everything in the body is a stranger to food. So meals are becoming an almost unsolvable problem.... To put it in a simplistic way, it's as if I no longer knew how to eat, although another way of eating comes spontaneously when I don't observe myself eating. Do you understand what I mean?

Yes, yes, Mother.

And the same applies to seeing, to hearing. I feet all my faculties diminishing. In that respect, it is true, I don't know what people are doing, saying or anything, but at the same time ... At the same time – I have a MUCH TRUER perception of what they are, of what they think and do: of the world. A truer perception, but so new that I don't know how to describe it.

So ... I am no longer this, but I am not yet the other. It's like this *(gesture in between).* Not easy.

No!

And people's reactions *(Mother holds her head between her hands)* are so utterly false! ...

(Mother plunges in)

January 12, 1972

Do you happen to remember where I wrote the twelve attributes of the Mother (the symbol with twelve petals)? There's one, four, and twelve.

Yes, I think it was for Auroville.

For Auroville? But I said it years ago....

I saw it recently.

The twelve?

(Sujata goes out in search of the paper)

On this one there aren't any details.

(Mother extends a note in English)

The Mother's Symbol

> The central circle represents the Divine Consciousness. The four petals represent the four powers of the Mother. The twelve petals represent the twelve powers of the Mother manifested for Her Work.

January 24, 1958

The Mother

(silence)

Recently, between your last visit and this one (two or three days ago), I suddenly had a revelation of the purpose of creation – what it signifies and the why of it: the meaning of creation. It was so clear! So clear. The vision of its reason and where we are going – simply impossible to describe it in words.

Some words came *(Mother shows Satprem a piece of paper),* but then they had a very special meaning. Here:

> The result of creation is a detailed multiplication of consciousness. When the vision of the whole and the vision of all the details join together within an active consciousness, the creation will have attained its progressive perfection.

"Progressive" means ... *(expanding gesture)*. No word, no image can convey the experience. It was a real comprehension, a real vision of the thing. This *(Mother points to her note)* seems hollow in comparison. To use a very childlike metaphor, it's as if the creation unfolded on a screen, were projected on a screen. Or rather, the Supreme Consciousness is projecting itself on a sort of infinite screen.

The experience was ... it was obviousness itself! That was IT. But it lasted only a moment. Then, I tried to put it in words. And these words had meaning, a special meaning.

To a child, you could say that the Supreme unfolds himself before his own consciousness, like someone unreeling an endless film. He projects what is here *(gesture pointing within, at heart level),* in front of him, like that. And since the supramental being would have the capacity to be consciously one with the Divine, he would at once be the seer and the seen.

There are just no words to say it.

(silence
Sujata enters with a piece of paper)

Did you find it?

There aren't any details.

Oh! No details....

You simply say:

> The dot at the center represents unity, the Supreme. The inner circle represents the creation, the conception of the city [Auroville]. The petals represent the power of expression, the realization.[4]

No that's not it.

> I wrote something, or rather I told Sri Aurobindo, who wrote down what the twelve petals were (the four petals are the four main aspects of the Mother, and the twelve are the twelve qualities or "virtues" of the Mother, her powers). I said it one day, and Sri Aurobindo wrote it down; that's when we were living in the other house.[5] I put it in a drawer among other papers of mine, but the drawer disappeared when we moved here, someone took it. Who, why, how, I have no idea. But the drawer disappeared. Then, I remember writing the twelve names again on a piece of paper which I kept with me, but now I can't find that one either.... Strange.[6]

When you made the sketch for Auroville, you said there would be twelve gardens, each one with a particular meaning.

That's Auroville – that's not what I am talking about.

But don't those twelve gardens correspond to the twelve qualities you mentioned?

No, no. No, I wrote it at least twenty-five years ago, at the very least – oh, even more than that! I don't remember when we moved here, when was it?...

In 1927 ... forty-five years ago!

It's the same with the four. What are the four?

They must be Mahakali, Maheshwari, Mahalakshmi, and Mahasaraswati.

Yes, but I don't mean the popular deities. Sri Aurobindo gave each one a special significance.

Yes, you mean what he wrote in "The Mother."

But that's a long text.

What are these four? ... *(Mother tries to remember, in vain).* How strange, I've forgotten.

(silence)

Did you read in the *Cosmic Review* about the "cosmic square": 1, 2, 3, 4, and one in the center? The cosmic square was conceived by Théon, and I know he put Love in the center. But the four sides ... what are the four sides? I don't remember anymore. I used to know all that so well; it's all gone. I know there was Light, Life, and Utility – the fourth was Utility, but the first? Utility was the last. What was the first?... It's all gone.

That would have given me a clue.

I remember writing down the twelve. Yesterday I even recalled three of them, but now I don't remember. The first one was Sincerity....

I don't know anything anymore.

(silence
Sujata goes out to look for another text)

When it comes, it doesn't come as a thought: it comes as a vision. So when it's gone, it's gone.

I know there was Perseverance.

When it's there, it's clear, it's obvious. It's like a vision, you know. But then when it's gone, it's really gone.

What sort of clue would it have given you?

(Mother remains engrossed)

It's like that paper I gave you ["The result of creation"]. When I was in the experience, it was evident, the total key to understanding how everything works – why and where it is all going and how. It was clear, thoroughly clear. But you see the paper, it looks like nothing. Yet when the experience was there, it was so evident! It was wonderful. The key to understanding everything-the key to ACTION. The secret uncovered. As if it gave you the power. And then it left.

I remember when I wrote the note, the words had a special meaning for me, a depth they don't usually have. Well....

(Sujata returns with "Words of Long Ago')

Mother, here in "Words of Long Ago" you have written the twelve "Virtues."[7] First you mention Sincerity.

Yes.

Then Humility.

Yes.

Then Courage. Then Prudence, Charity, Justice, Goodness, Patience, Sweetness, Thoughtfulness.... And then Gratitude.

Yes.

The first is Sincerity; the second, Humility. Yes, that's how it came back to me the other day – Sincerity, Humility.

And Courage.

Perseverance came first, then Courage followed. Sincerity, Humility, Perseverance and Courage. That I remember. But there were twelve.

Next you mention Prudence.

That's not it.

Charity.

No.

Goodness.

No.

Patience, Sweetness, Thoughtfulness....

No.... That was written before I met Sri Aurobindo.[8]

(silence)

Had you been there when it came[9] (it came in connection with a question T.J. asked me), you would have understood it from what I wrote, because the consciousness was there. But I never know when it comes – it doesn't come at

will. I remember when I had the experience, all at once I felt I understood, everything became clear. But when I tried to formulate it, it had already receded into the background.

> *You told me once in an "Agenda" about a similar experience you had.*

Oh?

> *You said that the goal of creation is to join within the individual the total Consciousness (the consciousness of the whole) and the individual consciousness-the two together.*[10]

Yes, something like that, but here it was clearer, more precise.... It's not that I "think," mind you.

> *Of course!*

That's not how it works. I am as though bathed in it and start seeing ... I don't know. It isn't something I "see" (something foreign to me that I see), it's ... suddenly I AM it. There's no longer any person, any.... I can't find words to describe these experiences.

Everything I say or write gives me the feeling of something cast into an inert substance-like a photograph, if you will.

> *Yes, of course! When you talk with me, for instance, well, I feel the whole world of consciousness behind, your words are merely a prop for all that I sense in the background, which you make me perceive.*

Yes, exactly.

> *So obviously, when there's nothing but words on paper, a whole depth is gone.*

Yes, exactly, gone.... And unfortunately, it doesn't always come back.

Well, too bad.

(silence)

I remember, the experience is still very vivid. As I told you, T.J. has a very childish consciousness, so I said to her: you see, it's as if the Whole (not the Divine separate from the creation: the Whole) projected itself on a screen in order to see itself. Therefore it's infinite, it's "forever" – it's never the same and it never ends. It's like a projection to visualize the details and be conscious of oneself in another way.[11]

The metaphor is quite childlike, of course, but very evocative – that's how I saw it then. Exactly the impression of an infinite Whole projecting itself endlessly.

(Mother remains absorbed a long time)

For instance, the memory mechanism is gone, but I feel it's on purpose. My

vision of things would be much less spontaneous and sincere (possibly) if I remembered.

Yes, I get it.

Things always come as a new revelation-and not in the same manner.

That's it – you BECOME the thing, you become it. You don't "see" it; it's not something you see or understand or know, it's ... something you ARE.

When I had that experience of the world, it was the experience itself, conscious of itself. It wasn't something I "knew," it was something that WAS.

But language, words are inadequate.

January 15, 1972

(Mother gives Satprem her latest notes.)

Do you have all these papers? ... I had given this message [in 1966]: *Let us serve the Truth,*[12] and someone asked me *(in a childlike tone),* "What is the Truth?" So I answered:

> Put yourself at the service of Truth, and you will know the Truth.

* * *

Is it possible to develop in oneself a capacity for healing?

> By consciously uniting with the Divine Force, all is possible in principle. But a procedure has to be found, depending on the case and the individual.
>
> The first condition is to have a physical nature that gives energy rather than draws energy from others.
>
> The second indispensable condition is to know how to draw energy from above, from the one impersonal and inexhaustible source.

January 12, 1972

* * *

> Sincerity, humility, perseverance and an insatiable thirst for progress are essential for a happy and fruitful life, and above all, to be convinced that the possibility of progress is limitless. Progress is youth; one can be young at a hundred years.

January 14, 1972

* * *

I would like to ask you about a physical problem.

Ah?

Whether or not I should have an operation.

An operation for what?

My whole right leg is in bad condition – all the veins are sclerotic.

Oh!

It's the result of an operation I had five years ago. I was operated on at the hospital here five or six years ago, they opened me up....

(Mother laughs)

And for five or six days I was fed intravenously ...

Oh, they ruined your veins!

Yes, completely! And it has kept getting worse ever since.

And now they want to operate again?

One possibility is to wear a bandage, but Dr. Sanyal says the bandage won't help much; it won't stop the veins from deteriorating.... But it's quite a radical operation, you know: they open up the leg all the way from top to bottom and rip out your veins.

And?

And they leave you only with the main vein. All the others are ripped out.

Oh, but then they may immobilize your leg! ... With bandages, at least you can walk. Personally, I would choose the bandage, I am not in favor of these....

Yes, it's pretty radical.

But if you could – if you could call the Force. Take the bandage. I myself have been wearing one for months. Put the bandage on and then concentrate. When you go to sleep and before you get up in the morning concentrate and call the Force on it. I am confident that this is a much better solution – much better.

Yes, Mother.

Personally I am not in favor of those things. No, don't do it.

I'd rather avoid it if I can!

Absolutely. It's better even to limp a little than.... And if you concentrate the Force.... Just offer your leg to the Divine, morning and evening! *(Laughing) I* have more confidence in that method!

Yes, Mother.... There are so many obstinate obscurities in me. One offers them, of course, but they just don't budge.

Yes, but you can do what I just told you.

(silence
Sujata comes up to Mother)

(Sujata:) Mother, he is always so depressed. He always says he has many obscurities. But I feel that even our obscurities are part of our nature, we have been made that way by the Divine, so it's up to Him to change us, no, Mother?

(Mother laughs) Yes, but you must want to change.

(Sujata:) Yes, of course, Mother, we want to. But why get all upset when it's not changed immediately?

What I am telling him is to want it – to want it morning and evening. When you're in bed, concentrate for a moment *(laughing),* with as much faith as possible!

(Satprem, coughing:) Yes, Mother.

You're coughing?

I don't know, some dust caught in my throat.

The obscurity is going out!

If it were only true....

(Mother laughs) It is going out!

I have a feeling the problem of my leg is quite symbolic.

Yes, yes.

There are two beings in me.

Yes.

Besides, I see the "other one" more and more distinctly. And I find it has a totally self-contained and independent existence ....

Aah! ...

Nothing seems to have any influence over it.

(silence)

We really have two beings in us.

Yes, I have noticed that. I noticed. But that doesn't matter. It makes things a little more difficult, that's all.

Yes, difficult.

(silence)

I don't know what could have power over that being.... What could sway it.

(silence)

Well, that's the reason. That's what I meant – offer that being to the Divine. You who know (the part of you that knows), offer it, just offer it.... Never mind if it protests, don't pay any attention – offer it OB-STI-NATELY to the Divine, morning and evening, morning and evening ... using your leg as a symbol. And we will see.

We will see.

As you say, Mother.

That's the only way.

The Divine knows.

Yes.

He knows what to do.

You just give it to Him, you understand. Even if it protests, even if it is skeptical, it doesn't matter at all, you give it anyway – you follow?

(silence)

In fact – in fact, there's a BIG change.

A big change. But these are its last attempts to remain what it is. So it goes all out-you just have to outdo it, to put a special pressure. And the only way to

do that is: "Here, take it." Give that being, give it to the Divine! Tell Him, "Here, I give it to you *(laughing),* I don't want it anymore, take it!" Just like that.

But you do find there's a change ?

YES – yes, oh, yes! There's a big change! A big change. Only, the resistance has sort of *(Mother clenches her fist)* crystallized a little to resist, so it's become more evident. That's all. You have to be more obstinate. More obstinate. I tell you, just offer that being; you are conscious of it, you offer it to the Divine morning and evening: "Do whatever You want with it, do whatever You want...." You understand? Using your leg as a practical reference.

Yes, Mother.

We'll succeed.

Yes, Mother, yes.

(concentration)

* * *

(A little later, Satprem reads to Mother some passages from the "Agenda" for the next "Bulletin," in particular the conversation of December 18, 1971, in which she said, "At each minute you feel you can either live eternally or die.")

That experience is more and more constant. It's become very.... Sometimes it's for one thing, sometimes for another (the practical things of life like eating, walking, etc.). It has become very intense. But at the same time, there's the knowledge *(Mother raises her forefinger):* "Now is the time to win the Victory." Which comes from the psychic, from above. "Hold on ... hold on, now is the time to win the Victory."

Quite interesting really.

I am experiencing a pain (physical pain), which becomes almost insurmountable and suddenly ... something happens ... the offering, the offering of oneself ... the sense that the Divine alone exists. Well ... the pain disappears almost miraculously.

But it can return the next second. It's not yet.... My body is in the middle of living the process.

It's only when I am immobile, in a sort of cellular contemplation ... then – then it's magnificent. Time vanishes, everything ... everything is changed into something else.

(silence)

When the body became conscious of what was happening, its prayer, the

prayer of the body was: "Let me know when the time for dissolution comes, if dissolution is necessary, so that everything in me will accept the dissolution, but only in that case." Well.... Oh, it's so strange, the states of consciousness are strong, limpid, precise, but they can't express themselves. There are no words.

One day it's one thing, another day another thing.

(silence)

So, no operation.

Yes, Mother.

Offer, offer your leg to the Divine, day and night! *(Mother laughs.)*

(Satprem rests his head on Mother's knees)

You should be able to cure it.

January 19, 1972

Last time I told you I was looking for the twelve attributes *(Mother takes out a sheet of paper).* Here they are, someone found this.

Sincerity, Humility, Gratitude, Perseverance
Aspiration, Receptivity, Progress, Courage
Goodness, Generosity, Equanimity, Peace

The first eight concern the attitude towards the Divine, and the last four towards humanity.

And we also found a text from Sri Aurobindo *(with a colored chart of the twelve petals):*

> Centre and four powers, white. The twelve all of different color in three groups: top group red, passing to orange towards yellow. Next group, yellow passing through green towards blue. And third group, blue passing through violet towards red. If white is not convenient, the center may be gold (powder).
>
> March 20, 1934

The center is gold.

But what did you need these twelve attributes for?

They're going to build twelve rooms around the Matrimandir, at ground level, and R. wanted each room to have a name: one of the twelve attributes of the Mother, and the corresponding color.[13]

* * *

A little later.

Nirod is reading me his correspondence with Sri Aurobindo. Strangely enough, there are all sorts of things that I said much, much later, I had no idea he had written them! Exactly the same things. I found that very interesting.

In the correspondence, he tells Nirod in one of his letters (he repeated it several times), "I may take a fancy to leave my body before the supramental realization ...."[14] He said that a few years before he died. He had sensed it.

(silence)

But he did speak of a transformation preceding the appearance of the first supramental being. That's what he had told me. He told me that his body wasn't capable of withstanding the transformation, that mine was more capable – he says it there too.

But it's difficult. As I told you the other day.

Especially, especially for food ... it's become a real labor.

January 22, 1972

(Two days earlier, as Pranab was leaving Mother's room late, he had remarked to Sujata, "Usual trouble. Heart, giddiness.")

The work is going on with increasing clarity. But it's difficult.... On its own, the physical is terribly pessimistic. It is steeped in atavistic habits of helplessness, contradiction, and also catastrophe – it is terribly pessimistic. What a work it is.... Only gradually, by constantly turning to the Divine, can it start to hope things will improve a little.

Can't eat, you know, not a morsel.... This physical world is terrible, terrible, terrible.

It's the mind and vital that make it bearable and permit us to go on, but once they're gone – awful!

(silence)

Yesterday was detestable all day; this morning it started to get a little better ... but then I don't know how things work out, I don't understand .... The body feels it has lost all control over time.[15]

(Mother plunges in)

* * *

(Then Mother proceeds to sort out some papers.)

There's a great need to file, to put things in order.... Perhaps it's simply the Force pressing down, that wants everything to be in order (I think that's what it is) ... or else it may be that the body knows it is going to leave.

No, no! No, no, no – that is not possible!

(Laughing) No, of course not!

It does feel a process of transformation taking place. But sometimes it feels it's impossible – it's impossible, you simply can't go on existing like this – but then, just at the last minute, something comes, and then it's ... it's a Harmony totally unknown to this physical world. A Harmony – the physical world seems appalling in comparison. But that doesn't last.

(Mother touches her chest, she is always short of breath when she speaks)

I am finding it more and more difficult to speak.

But my perceptions are clearer and clearer *(Mother draws a sort of picture in front of her),* clear, luminous. My perceptions are getting clearer and clearer, more and more luminous – vaster and vaster.

It's really like a new world that wants to manifest itself.

In silence, I am comfortable.

(Mother goes into contemplation. After a few moments, a blissful smile spreads over her face.)

January 26, 1972

What's new?

Nothing. Nothing to say.

How are you?

I don't know.

(silence)

The doctor who took care of my leg and had gone to Delhi has returned. He looked at my leg today and said it was a miracle the way it healed. It's almost all better – not completely, but almost.

(silence)

What I told you is continuing-but it's continuing *with an improvement. I* mean, it's taking a turn for the better. But speaking is still difficult – speaking and eating are the two most difficult things.

January 29, 1972

(Mother listens to Satprem read a letter from Msgr. R., the friend of P.L., who is intently turning to Mother to start a new life. Mother concentrates on him for a quarter of an hour.)

Is he ill?

He had several very serious operations in a row, and I think he had a lung removed in the last one.

Ooh!

He's a man who has been severely stricken. He went through a record number of operations.

What's the time difference between here and France?

Five or five and a half hours.

Which means?

Which means, it is now five-thirty or six in the morning there.

Note the time it is now.

It's eleven o'clock.

Could you ask him if.... What's the date today?

The 29th.

Ask him whether on the 29th at eleven o'clock (put it in local time there) he felt something. And if he did feel something – whatever it is, an impression (I don't want to define it), something, a Force, some phenomenon – if he felt something at that hour, we could agree on a particular day and time, and try: I

would do a special concentration on him. If he could send a photo, it would be easier. That's all I can do. Send it registered.

(silence)

It would be better if he set a time when he can be free and quiet a little.

(silence)

What did I say to ask him?

First, if he felt something ...

Better not say "felt": ask whether he was CONSCIOUS of something – because "felt" may suggest a vital or physical sensation – if he was conscious of something.

(Mother plunges in till the end, then Sujata approaches her)

Mother, I would like to tell you about a rather strange occurrence. The night before last, independently, Satprem, F. and I had similar dreams.

Ah! And what was it.)

Violent attacks.

By whom?

I don't know, Mother. As for me, I was in a large group of Ashram people, and we were about to be executed. But I had a tremendous faith: "It's not possible," I thought, "a miracle is bound to happen at the last minute ..."

Yes.

"... and stop this." I was saying this to someone who was greatly worried and depressed ...

Who?

I can't say. I don't remember. Someone who was also going to be executed. There were also many children. Then I heard a sort of great chant (many people were gathered there, it was time for the execution), like a mantra rising up from each of us, like this: OM Namo Bhagavate Sri Arabindaye.

Ah!

And everybody was chanting it – everybody was chanting. And the threat withdrew.

Who else had this dream?

Satprem saw himself heavily attacked by bombs and grenades.[16]

F.'s dream: she was trying to see you, but she was locked in a room. She wanted to feed you, and she was told, "No, no, Mother doesn't eat." She knew it was a lie, but she was denied access to you.

When was that?

Not last night, but the night before.

Yes, yes. Your dream was the most complete of the three. And you saw that the attack was averted.

Yes, Mother, it went away because we were chanting Sri Aurobindo's name. [Sujata sings:] OM Namo Bhagavate Sri Arabindaye....

Yes, exactly. Exactly. But it's true, mon petit! ... That was good.

Were we attacked?

Not physically, of course.
It's good – very good. It's true. It was the night before last.
Personally, I repeated the mantra all night long.
It's good, mon petit.

January 30, 1972

(Message from Mother:)

Sri Aurobindo came upon earth to announce the manifestation of the supramental world. Not only did he announce this manifestation, but he also partially incarnated the supramental force and gave us the example of what we must do to prepare ourselves for this manifestation. The best way for us is to study everything he told us, strive to follow his example and prepare ourselves for the new manifestation. This gives life its true meaning and will help us to overcome all obstacles.

Let us live for the new creation and we will become stronger and -stronger, while remaining young and progressive.

February 1, 1972

(Notes from Mother)

Auroville is intended to hasten the advent of the supramental reality upon earth.

The help of all those who find that the world is not what it ought to be is welcome.

Each one must know if he wants to associate himself with an old world on the verge of death, or to work for a new and better world ready to be born.

* * *

The first thing the physical consciousness must realize is that all the difficulties we encounter in life arise from the fact that we do not rely exclusively on the Divine to find the help we need.

The Divine alone can liberate us from the mechanism of universal Nature. And this liberation is indispensable for the birth and development of the new race.

Only if we give ourselves entirely to the Divine with total trust and gratitude will the difficulties be surmounted.

February 2, 1972

(Mother listens to the English translation of "Notes on the Way" of December 18, 1971, which causes a good deal of confusion between R., the American translator, and Nolini: "a muddle." Mother stops in particular at the following sentence.)

> "... Everything was simply taken away from me – the mind is completely gone. If you like, in appearance, I had become an idiot. I didn't know anything. And it's the physical mind that developed little by little, little by little ..."

(Mother comments in English)

One shouldn't repeat "little by little." It is not little by little. It was rapid because it took place suddenly. It came like this – one night I understood.... It came ... truly it was miraculous (but I didn't want to say anything); suddenly the vision of the world and then the vision I had ... were removed and this [new] knowledge was simply put like that *(Mother gestures as if she had been suddenly crowned by or immersed into that knowledge).* But that I did not want to say.

(Mother speaks French again)

One shouldn't repeat "little by little." The correct phrase is: little by little, through successive revelations. That's how it was.[17]

(Mother stops at another sentence)

> "This [radical change] could be accomplished because I was very conscious of my psychic ... it remained and enabled me to deal with people, with no difference-thanks to that psychic presence...."

It is the psychic that deals with people. It was ALWAYS the psychic that dealt with people, and it continues. This [radical change] didn't make any difference.

(then another sentence)

> "I understand and hear people only when they think clearly what they say. And I see only what expresses the inner life."

Well, some people come to see me, they come in: I see only a silhouette. Then suddenly it becomes clear-cut. Then off it goes again – DEPENDING ON THEIR THOUGHT. It's extremely interesting!

(again this passage)

> "Surrender does not imply trust; trust is something else, it is a kind of knowledge – an *unshakable* knowledge, which nothing can disturb – that WE change into difficulties, suffering, misery what is ... perfect peace in the divine Consciousness."

This is extremely important. An extremely important discovery. It was fundamental. It is WE, the distortion within OUR consciousness that changes into pain what in the divine Consciousness is perfect peace, and even joy – an

immutable joy, you know. It's fantastic. And I've experienced this CONCRETELY. But it's difficult to put into words.

* * *

(After Nolini and R. leave)

It's becoming difficult because I am talking about new things, and words are old, old, old.... The experience is very clear, very conscious, but when you want to describe it, it comes out as nonsense.

> *No, something filters through at any rate. Even if words are inadequate, one can still capture something.*

(Laughing) Yes, provided you want it!

> *Well, yes, obviously.*

No, but I feel that the body itself must learn to express itself. It doesn't know how to express itself yet.

And also ... *(Mother gasps for breath)* speaking is difficult.

> *I think it will gradually evolve its own language, Mother.*

Oh, yes, it must!

February 5, 1972

(Mother listens to the conclusion of the English translation of "Notes on the Way"; she looks weary and tired from the confusion created by the translators. After they leave, she simply hands Satprem the text of a recent note, then plunges in.)

> To want what the Divine wants in all sincerity is the essential condition for peace and joy in life. Almost all human miseries come from the fact that human beings are almost always persuaded they know better than the Divine what they need and what life is supposed to bring them. The majority of human beings want other human beings to behave according to their own expectations and life circumstances to follow their own desires, hence they suffer and are unhappy.

Only by giving oneself in all sincerity to the Divine Will does one gain the peace and calm joy that arises from the abolition of desires.

The psychic being knows this definitely. Thus, by uniting with our psychic being, we can know it, too. But the first condition is not to be the slave of personal desires and mistake them for the truth of one's being.

February 4

February 7, 1972

(A note from Mother)

In the depths of our being, in the silence of contemplation, a luminous force permeates our consciousness with a vast and luminous peace which prevails over all petty reactions and prepares us for union with the Divine, the meaning of individual existence.

Thus, the purpose and goal of life is not suffering and struggle but an all-powerful and happy realization.

All the rest is but a painful illusion.

February 8, 1972

(A message from Mother to some Aurovilians)

From a spiritual point of view, India is the foremost country in

the world. Its mission is to give the example of spirituality. Sri Aurobindo came on earth to teach this to the world.

This fact is so obvious, that even a simple, ignorant farmer here is in his heart closer to the Divine than all the intellectuals of Europe.

All those who want to become Aurovilians must know that and behave accordingly, otherwise they are unworthy of being Aurovilians.

* * *

(Another note)

In the beginnings of humanity, the ego was the unifying element. It is around the ego that the various states of being were formed. But now that a superhumanity is about to be born, the ego must disappear and leave place for the psychic being which has slowly developed through divine agency to manifest the Divine in man.

The Divine manifests in man under the psychic influence, and that is how the coming of superhumanity is prepared.

The psychic being is immortal, so through it immortality can manifest on earth. Hence, the important thing now is to find one's psychic being, unite with it, and allow it to replace the ego, which will be forced either to convert itself or disappear.

February 9, 1972

Good morning, Mother.

I have nothing, mon petit, you're going to get skinny!

No!

(Mother gives some flowers, then her latest note)

> The first thing one learns on the way is that giving brings much greater joy than taking.
>
> Then, gradually, one learns that selflessness is the source of an immutable peace. Later, in this selflessness one finds the Divine, and that is the source of an unending bliss....
>
> One day Sri Aurobindo told me that if people knew that and were convinced of it they would all want to do yoga.

(silence)

We need a message for the 21st.... Do you have something?

> *There are several probable texts, but perhaps you have something of your own?*

Texts from where?

> *From Sri Aurobindo.*

That would be nice.

> *But for the 21st, it would be nice to have something from you also, no?*

Not necessarily.... Do you think this *(Mother hands Satprem a scrap of paper)* would do?

> The complete unification of the whole being around the psychic center is the essential condition to realize a perfect sincerity.[18]
>
> I have noticed that people are insincere simply because one part of their being says one thing and another part says something else. That's what causes insincerity. It came very clearly: a vision, you know, an inner vision. So I tried to put it down on paper; I don't know if it's clear.

> *But it's very difficult to remain in a permanent state of consciousness, to have always the same consciousness prevailing at all times.*

But that's when you're not unified, mon petit. It's been a-l-w-a-y-s like this for me *(Mother draws a straight line in front of her)* for years and years. It comes from here, the psychic consciousness, and it's CONSTANT.

Recently, for a few moments, I had the experience (of the nonunified consciousness]; I hadn't known that in years-many years, at least thirty years.[19] From the moment the psychic being became the master and ruler of the being, it was OVER – it is over – and now it's like this *(same straight gesture).* That

is the sure sign. Constantly like that, constantly the same. And all the time: "What You will, what You will." Not a "You" up there, at the back of beyond, whom one doesn't know; He is everywhere, He is in everything, He is constantly there, He is in the very being – and one clings to that. It's the only solution.

Do you think that note makes sense?

Certainly, it makes sense!

Read it again.

(Satprem reads the message again)

Is it understandable?

Well, I for one, understand!

What do you think? ... Because it's something I discovered recently. I saw why people are insincere (even when they make an effort): because now it's one part, now the other, now yet another part of them that asserts itself; each part is quite sincere in its own assertion, but is in disaccord with the others.

But that means the psychic consciousness must penetrate the PHYSICAL consciousness.

Yes.

Because that's the only place where there is permanence.

Yes....

The psychic consciousness must penetrate the ordinary physical consciousness.

Yes.

That's what is difficult!

But, mon petit, I tell you, that's what happened to me at least thirty years ago.

The psychic consciousness has always been there, controlling and guiding the being. All the impressions, everything was referred to it, like this *(gesture of placing something before a spotlight)*, so it would give the true direction. And the physical, for its part, is sort of constantly attentive to the Divine Command.

And that was constant, constant – even BEFORE coming here. It was so when I arrived here (long, long ago). And it has remained unchanged. Only recently did I have the experience [of the nonunified consciousness], for a few hours one night, two or three hours – it was horrible, really, it seemed like hell. It was to make me touch, to make me grasp the condition people live in. Imagine when the psychic is no longer there....

But it's in the BODY – in the body: the body is listening, listening, constantly listening *(gesture above o*r within) – listening. But the Divine

Command is not expressed in words, it comes as a will asserting itself *(a straight and imperturbable descending gesture).*

Should I add something to make it clearer?

You said, "The complete unification of the whole being."

So that means the physical, too.

People never understand anything. But it's perfectly clear.

Oh, yes!

So you think it's all right?

Yes, Mother, certainly!

I think it's important, because it came as an experience, precisely to make me grasp its importance.

We must put: "Message for the 21st."

Yes, Mother. We need another one for the 29th, too.

February 29th, what's that?

It's the fourth anniversary of the supramental descent, in '56.

Oh! It was the 29th....

The 29th, in 1956 ... sixteen years ago.

(Mother smiles and remains absorbed awhile)

Could we say:

> It is only when the supramental manifests in the physical mind that its presence can be permanent.

Do you think it will do?

Yes, Mother!

We should say "in the body-mind."

Well, we could add "and body-mind": in the physical mind and body-mind... ?

Yes, but then it seems as if there were two of them – there aren't two.[20]

So simply "body-mind.

Is it enough, then?

Yes, Mother, we have both messages now.

So they're expecting me to go out on the balcony. I am going out on the balcony only for the 21st.... What have you heard? What are people expecting?

They're expecting to see as much of you as possible! [Laughter]

I don't know. The 29th is just one week later.... It's a big strain -not a strain, but a difficulty.

What if everyone passed in front of you, would that be more difficult?

Ohh ... two flights of stairs to climb! It used to be possible down in the garden, but two flights of stairs....

But people can move along more easily now, they've built new stairways. It's really up to you: wouldn't it be more tiring to sit there while so many people file past?

Yes, I think it would be too much.

Yes, Mother, it would be too long for you.

And it isn't very practical here: they would have to leave through the same door they come in. There should be another exit, then people could make a circle.

But will you give a meditation on the 29th?

All right, I don't mind. Let's have a meditation at 10 a.m., then.

You wouldn't want to go out on the balcony a second time by any chance? [Laughter]

That would be a bit too much.

The body is no longer quite on this side, you see, and not yet on the other, so it lives in a kind of precarious balance, and the slightest thing upsets it – I can't swallow anymore or even breathe anymore.... The feeling of a life which is about to depend on different conditions than the usual ones. But those other conditions aren't there yet, nor is the body familiar with them, and so the transition from one state to the other is a perpetual source of problems. When I am very quiet – very quiet – everything is fine, but if there's the slightest effort, everything goes awry.

(Mother gasps for breath)

You see how it is.

(silence)

I think ... I have the feeling that if all goes well, in a few years I'll be able to do many things ... but not yet. If all goes well, at one hundred – I feel at one hundred years I Will be strong. The body itself has a conviction that if it lasts

till one hundred, then at one hundred it will have a new strength and a new life. But ... these are just the difficult years.

The years of transition ... *(Mother puts her head in her hands).*

(brief silence)

It's interesting. When I am quiet, I hear a kind of great chant – almost a collective chant, I could say: OM Namo Bhagavateh .... As if all of Nature went *(rising gesture):* OM Namo Bhagavateh ...

(Mother goes into contemplation)

February 10, 1972

(A note from Mother)

Human consciousness is so corrupt that people prefer the misery and ignorance of the ego to the luminous joy that comes from sincere surrender to the Divine. Their blindness is so great that they refuse even to attempt the experience and prefer to be subjected to the misery of their ego rather than make the necessary effort to free themselves from it.

Their blindness is so total that they would not hesitate to make the Divine a slave to their ego, if such a thing were possible, just to avoid giving themselves to the Divine.

February 11, 1972

(A note from Mother)

Supreme Lord, teach us to be silent, that in this silence we may receive Your force and understand Your will.

February 12, 1972

I have a letter from P.L. [the friend in the Vatican]. Here's what he says:

"... Thanks to Mother's Protection, things around me had calmed down a little, when suddenly the storm broke out again. To the former intrigues have now been added slander and ... a threat of expulsion (which in itself I would not mind, but they should not triumph!). This threat is in fact meant to upset me and force me to change my attitude. I feel the need to go back and see Mother – the sooner the better. But practically I cannot do it; furthermore, I am being watched; I am afraid that if they find out I am going to Pondicherry, they will try to set the Bishop against the Ashram, for, as you know, if he is now quiet, it is because of a certain intervention, which was very discreet but effective. Naturally, the others know nothing of my intercession with T.[21]

I have been preoccupied with him.

One day, I was very much preoccupied with him.

(silence)

Would you like us to go into silence?

(meditation)

February 16, 1972

How are you?

Don't know.

(Mother laughs and goes on looking at Satprem)

You don't have anything, no letter?

Yes, I received a letter from A., conveying a message from my publisher B.C. (you know, the one who published "The Adventure of Consciousness"). B.C. wrote a letter [Satprem reads it to Mother] saying he's reading "The Ideal of Human Unity," but would like to publish "The Synthesis of Yoga." So A. replied to him [Satprem reads the reply to Mother] that he is sending his letter to Pondicherry "for instructions," but that in his opinion "it would be better to publish first the 'Ideal,' which may be accessible to a larger Western audience than the 'Synthesis' and might be more suitable for Sri Aurobindo's centenary year."

That's not my opinion at all! I think it would be far better to publish "The Synthesis of Yoga" than "The Ideal."

"The Synthesis" first?

Yes. There's a difference of level between the two.

Yes, of course. But what A. means is that "The Ideal of Human Unity" is a theme with a universal appeal.

Yes, but that's just the point, it doesn't take them out of what they know! While "The Synthesis" (they won't understand much of it, but ...) may pull them out of their routine.

Right, Mother, understood.

Perhaps only two or three people will understand, but that's better than the other one and having people say, "Oh, how nice! How very, very nice!" – but it won't jolt them out of their routine.

A question of principle remains: do we give these books to B.C. and thus encourage him to publish the bulk of Sri Aurobindo's works? After all, he's the first publisher who seems to be interested in Sri Aurobindo.

Yes! Why not? ... Good for him! *(Mother laughs)* Everybody, including A., always sees things from the wrong end, you know, as if WE had to gain something-well, it's not so! It's THEM. It's THEIR chance....

Yes, of course! I fully agree, Mother!

The chance isn't ours!

It's a grace given to them.

Yes. In fifty years the whole world, all the receptive section of humanity (I am not saying intellectual, I am saying receptive), all the receptive section of the world will be embraced – not "embraced": ABSORBED in the power of Sri Aurobindo's thought.

Those who already are have the good fortune of being the first ones, that's

all.

(silence)

It's very interesting, you know, the greater part live in the past; a good number (they are more interesting) live in the present; and just a few, an infinitesimal number, live in the future. That's true.

Whenever I look at people and things I always get the feeling of going backwards! *(gesture of turning around and looking behind) I* know (it's not even "I know," or "I feel," it's none of that), I AM – I am ahead. In consciousness, I am in the year 2000. So I know how things will be, and ... *(Mother laughs)* it's very interesting!

(long silence)

Three quarters of humanity are obsolete.

Yes! [Everyone laughs]

(silence)

That's all you have? ... A. needs to take a dip here again, he's starting to ... *(gesture of going around in circles).*

Well then, I'll encourage this man to publish as many books of Sri Aurobindo as possible.

Yes, yes.

Starting with the "Synthesis.

The *Synthesis.*

Personally, of all those I have read, it's the book that has helped me the most. It comes from a very high and very universal inspiration, in the sense that it will remain new for a long time to come.

(silence)

Did you read all the "Correspondence with Nirod"?

I'm translating it as I go along, so I haven't read it entirely yet.

There are fabulous things in it. He seems to be constantly joking, but ... it's fabulous.[22]

How many years did I live with Sri Aurobindo? Thirty years, I think – thirty years, from 1920 to 1950. I thought I knew him well, but when I listen to that, I realize ... *(gesture as if new horizons were opening up).*

(silence)

But how wonderfully things get organized when you really and sincerely put yourself in the Divine's hands! This year, for instance, is like being bathed in Sri Aurobindo, you know.

(Mother goes into meditation)

You have nothing to ask, nothing to say?

There are some passages from Sri Aurobindo you might want to use this year, for the Centenary:

> "I have never known any will of mine for any major event in the conduct of the world affairs to fail in the end, although it may take a long time for the world-forces to fulfil it." (October 1932) *On Himself, XXVI.55*

> "I have never had a strong and persistent will for anything to happen in the world – I am not speaking of personal things – which did not eventually happen even after delay, defeat or even disaster." (October 19, 1946) On Himself, XXVI.169

It's interesting.

Do you want to use one of them for the 15th of August?

Which is stronger?

The second, I think.

I think so too.

The former is from 1932, the latter from 1946.

Oh! ...

February 19, 1972

(Mother gazes at Satprem for a long time.)

Do you see something?

(Mother plunges in.
Half an hour goes by)

No inclination to speak unless you put questions....[23]

Am I getting a little closer?

Oh, you're doing very well, mon petit! That....

(Mother takes Satprem's hands
long silence)

Last time, my impression was that the old man in you had awakened in order to be transformed. But only you can know.... I felt that because he was a totally different man from the one I know now. But only you can tell me if he has actually been transformed or if he has disappeared.

I don't know. I think he's trying to get transformed ...

Yes, that was my impression. But now I have the feeling that that division no longer exists. When I look at you.... When I was there [in Satprem], I felt that the division no longer exists – only you can tell me if at other times it comes back.

As you are now, near me, it's very good – very good, it's *smooth.* I don't know how to put it, *smooth....* I don't sense any struggle or conflict or difficulty in you, none at all. Perhaps I don't see it or....

No, no! Of course, you see, Mother!

You see, the Presence is constantly here; when people come, they dim it, as it were, they create obstructions, but when you are here *(immutable gesture),* there is none of that, it's quiet, it's.... In other words, He is here. Which to me is a sign that you're doing well.

(Mother plunges in)

All I see is very good – very close. Very close.

What shall I say ? ... How shall I put it ? ... You see, when there's nobody here, there's an eternal and luminous existence; when people come, they bring problems, difficulties. But, when you are here- when you are here, even when I hold your hands, like now – there's the same Quiet. A luminous peace that ... that leads to Joy, you follow?

It's good, mon petit, very good.

Don't worry. I can tell you: it's good.

(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)

What day is today?

It's Saturday.

So in two days, it's the 21st.

Yes, Mother.

So I won't see you again!

No, Mother ... Happy birthday, Mother!

February 22, 1972

A Note from Mother

(The day before was Mother's ninety-fourth birthday.)

All day long on the 21st I had a strong feeling that it was everybody's birthday, and I felt an urge to say "happy birthday" to everyone.

A very strong impression that something new was manifesting in the world, and that all those who were ready and receptive could incarnate it.

In a few days, probably, we will know what it was.

February 23, 1972

(Mother gives Satprem some papers, most of which have been published in this Agenda as "Notes.")

And here is more of T.J.'s notebook – I haven't reread it, I don't know what she put in it. You'll see if something is interesting.

Normally, part of it is scheduled to be published in the next Bulletin.

No, only what's worthwhile. Certain things are.... One or two things are revelations, but I don't know if she included them. I had one or two important revelations; they seemed like nothing, but they were.... But I don't know if they're included.

Do you want me to read them to you?

There's not enough time, mon petit. Do you have something?

Nothing particular. How was the 21st?

(after a silence)

From the standpoint of the work, it was very important, but physically.... I had trouble on the balcony. There was a formation (from whom I don't know); I had seen it already for some time (I have a vague idea who it comes from, but I am not sure ... and in fact I don't care): I felt I was going to die on the 21st.

!!!

But....

It was a formation. Naturally, it had no effect, except physically when I went out on the balcony: it was difficult.

But you stayed out for a long time.

I stayed for five minutes.

It was a long time, much longer that usual.

Ah? ...

Yes.

That's because I was determined to hold out.

I think that ... (all these are big words for small things) I think that I have won a victory. But it was difficult.

Something changed afterwards.

In terms of consciousness, it's fabulous, but it would take hours to describe.

(silence)

But life isn't organized as it should be.... You see, the sense of time is different; sometimes I go into a certain consciousness – I think only a few minutes have elapsed, while it's been a very long time.

Inwardly, it's going very well – very well. That's all I can say.... The body is learning, but teaming slowly.

(silence)

I don't know about those papers I gave you. There were one or two very important things. I don't know if they're there.

What's the last one?

> Life on earth is essentially a field for progress; how short life is for all the progress we have to make!
>
> To waste time seeking the gratification of one's petty desires is sheer folly. True happiness can be attained only by finding the Divine.

There were others after this one ....[24]

(Satprem leafs through the pages and comes across this passage.)

... Almost all human miseries come from the fact that human beings are almost always persuaded they know better than the Divine what they need and what life is supposed to bring them....

(Mother plunges in)

* * *

(A note dated February 23)

Supreme Lord, Perfection we must become, Perfection we must manifest.

This body lives only by You and says to You over and over again:

"What You will
What You will"

until the day it knows it automatically because its consciousness will be completely united with Yours.

February 26, 1972

(Mother hands Satprem her message for February 29, the fourth anniversary of the "supramental descent" of February 29, 1956.)

It is only when the Supramental manifests in the body-mind that its presence can be permanent.[25]

Mother

This message comes from Sri Aurobindo – although it is made to appear as

mine. It was Sri Aurobindo who wrote it. All I said was: Sri Aurobindo said "permanent."

But, Mother, it's also your own experience, isn't it?...

Yes, evidently.

(Mother laughs silence)

But wiser to let it settle in before we talk about it!

Once things are established, then.... For the moment, it's ... *(oscillating gesture from one side to the other).*

This taming of the physical mind is.... I don't know how to tackle it, I find it very difficult.

Very difficult. It's very difficult.

First, one must be able to obtain silence at will – at any time at all, to obtain silence. I think that's the starting point.

But obtaining silence at will is no problem, Mother. You concentrate for a second and everything is stilled, and it lasts perfectly as long as you remain concentrated. But the moment you let go of the concentration, pfft!...

(Mother laughs)

... Off it goes. It rushes off here and there....

Well, mine has now lost the habit of running about. This habit must be got rid of.

But how does one do that?

I don't know, for it's spontaneous. Except when someone talks to me or something comes and breaks that state, but otherwise, left to itself, the body is quite naturally like this *(immutable gesture, turned to the above).* Perhaps this is the means *(same gesture upwards):* a contemplation of the Divine.

(smiling silence)

This is its natural state *(same gesture).* The actual feeling is even curious, you know ... the body feels as if it were completely enwrapped like a baby, exactly like this *(gesture),* enfolded in the Divine.

(silence)

Two or three days ago (I don't remember when), something was pressing on my heart – and it hurt. It hurt, it was the 24th. I really had the feeling that ... the body had the feeling it was the end. But then immediately, it felt as if enfolded ... like a baby carried in the arms of the Divine. The exact sensation,

you know, as if I were a baby being carried in the arms of the Divine. And after some time (a long time), when the body was exclusively in the Presence, it went away. The body didn't even ask for the pain to go; it just left. It took a little while, but it left.

I haven't told anyone. I thought ... I thought the end had come. It was just after lunch....

Absolutely, but absolutely the sensation of being a baby nestling *(gesture)* in the Divine's arms. Extraordinary!

(silence)

You see, for a time it's like this: "What You will, what You will...." And then this too falls silent and ... *(Mother opens her hands upwards in a gesture of offering and immobile contemplation).*

(silence)

The type of concentration itself must change, then.

Yes.

Because when you try to tame the physical mind and it rushes off here and there, it's mentally that you concentrate and restore the silence. So each time you use the mind to enforce discipline....

Ah!

The trouble is, the second you relax that mental pressure, it.... There has to be a "descent" of something else. A takeover.

I think it's really the sensation of the helplessness of a baby, you understand? And it's not something you "think" or "want": it's totally spontaneous. And from there, you go into a state of ... *(Mother opens her hands, a blissful smile on her face).*

As long as there's the sense of a person who wants, a person who does, it's hopeless ... *(same gesture, smiling with hands open).*

(Mother goes into contemplation)

Is the Lord taking care of us?

(Laughing) I believe so!

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

Don't you feel Him?

Yes, Mother, yes.

Ah!...

And you *(to Sujata, who comes closer),* do you feel Him?

Yes, Mother.

(silence)

(Sujata:) Mother, what does it mean when the body itself feels a great need to be enwrapped?

Yes, isn't it! – Like this *(gesture).*

Yes, Mother.

Yes, that's it.

To be enfolded. Enfolded.

Yes, exactly. That's exactly what my body feels all the time. You see, it is like ... like a baby nestling. Exactly that sensation.

I think ... I think my body has become excessively sensitive and needs to be protected from all those things coming in.[26] As if it had to work inside, you know ... as in an egg. Yes, that's it. Exactly.

Yes, that's it. Exactly so. I think a whole work is being done within.

Oh, in terms of the old way, it's becoming more and more stupid, but the new way is beginning to emerge.

One would like, so much, to remain like this *(same enveloping gesture),* to remain like this for a long, long, long time.

(Sujata:) Yes, Mother.

And not move.

As if one constantly felt like resting one's head on your breast, enfolded in your arms.

(Mother laughs tenderly) Yes.
(To Satprem:) Do you feel that way too?

Oh, yes, Mother! Yes, Mother.

Mon petit ... *(Mother takes Satprem's hands again).*
It's coming, we must be patient.

March 1, 1972

(After a long contemplation.)

I have a feeling I had something to tell you. Last time too – as soon as you left, I knew what it was. But then it faded again. I don't know why.

March 4, 1972

(Mother has a cold. She remains in contemplation for hall an hour.)

Nothing to say?

What about you, Mother, how are you?

I have a fever.
It was mad yesterday, they made me see two hundred people.

Yes, it's too much.

It's mad.

(Mother plunges in again)

Nothing?

And you, nothing to say?

(Mother shakes her head)

What time is it?

Ten to eleven, Mother.

Do you want to stay ten minutes more?

Yes, if you like, Mother, gladly!

Willingly. When I remain quiet like this, I am all right.

(Mother plunges in)

March 8, 1972

(Mother holds a "Transformation" flower in her hand)

For whom?

(she looks for another flower to give Satprem and Sujata one each)

Ten lakhs of rupees have just burned up in Auroville.

Ten lakhs![27]

Yes. A workshop with machines as well as the godown [storeroom] next door which contained the stock of food. Brrff!

That's how it is, like an imperative Order: Don't step out of line or else everything will go wrong.

It's become terrible. Another Auroville child died (a one-and-a-half-year-old baby) because his parents didn't have the right attitude. He has just died. That's how it works. It's getting terrible. Terrible. A kind of Pressure – a frightening Pressure – which compels the necessary progress. I feel it in myself, on my body. But my body isn't afraid; it says *(Mother opens her hands)*, "Well, if I must be finished, I'll be finished."

That's how it is at every instant: the truth ... *(Mother brings down her fist)* or the end.

That's what seems to have descended – you remember, I said something had descended on the 21st (I wrote it somewhere), and one day we would know, we would know soon what it was.[28] Do you remember?

Yes, it was the 21st of February.

Well, this is it. Something like: "No half measures, no compromises, no halfways, no..." None – it's like this *(Mother brings down her fist).*

And that's how it is for the body. Every instant is imperative: life or death. No halfways. You know, we have spent centuries being neither too uncomfortable nor too comfortable. Well, that time is over.

The body knows this is necessary for the supramental body to be formed: it must be ENTIRELY under the Influence of the Divine. No compromises, no half measures, no "It will come later." Just like this *(Mother brings down her fist):* a dreadful Will.

And that's the only way for things to go fast.

(silence)

There was probably nobody over in the workshop; it wasn't open yet. But when I was told the news, I had a feeling someone had been burned inside – I didn't say anything because.... It's only a vision, of course, but....

All the machines, all the stock of food, everything was burned to cinders.

Due to a wrong attitude over there?

Yes. Oh, they're all quarreling among themselves! And some even disobey deliberately, they refuse to recognize any authority.

(long silence)

When you begin to understand practically the need for transformation, when the understanding dawns and you try to do something about it, you notice that every time the material substance receives a blow, the message gets across: for one or two days it aspires for something, it searches; and then ... it slackens.

Yes, yes.

It is just incapable of keeping up a tension.

Not incapable.

What is it, then?

Unwillingness. Egoism (what we call egoism), Matter's egoism.

Matter's egoism....

... Which refuses to surrender.

I know it very well. I keep catching my body doing that all the time, in one part or another. It simply wants to putter along in the same old way.

It's like a slackening of aspiration, of tension.

Yes, exactly.

But what to do, then? Should one try each time to recapture it, or what?

Yes. Because it can't be stable unless it is POSITIVELY anchored to the Divine. When you are like this *(gesture, fists clenched in the air as if clinging to a rope),* then, automatically, all the critical moments take the right turn. The right turn. It's like a constant feeling of hovering between life and death, and the minute you take the right attitude – the minute the PART CONCERNED takes the right attitude – all is well. All is well, quite naturally and easily. Really extraordinary. But it's also terrible because it means perpetual danger. I don't know, perhaps a hundred times a day, a sensation like: life or ... dissolution (I mean a sensation in the cells). And if they become tense as is their wont, it gets awful. But they're learning to ... *(Mother opens her hands in a gesture of surrender).* Then things are fine.

It's as if the body were being practically obliged to learn eternity. It's truly interesting. And then I see external circumstances becoming DREADFUL (from an ordinary standpoint).

(Mother goes into contemplation)

What would you like to say?

Well, that was it; what I was finding difficult was to keep that stability.

Yes.

I find it very difficult. You try to catch hold of yourself once, twice, ten times, but you get the feeling that it's not the right way, that something else is needed, and ... really, if some higher Power doesn't do it FOR YOU, it's simply hopeless.

Yes, exactly. But I have had experiences – hundreds of experiences – showing that the minute you take the true attitude, it is DONE.

It is WE who prevent it from getting done. As though our personal control over things prevented the action of the Force (something of the sort). We must ... *(Mother opens her hands).*

(silence)

I think – I think it's the subconscient which is convinced that if it doesn't keep control, everything will go wrong. That's the impression I have, it's the subconscient which says, "Oh, I must watch over this, I must be careful about that...."

(Mother opens her hands and plunges in)

March 10, 1972

(A conversation with Auroville's architect, who, after the recent "accident," asks for money for "fire protection.")

Well, there isn't enough money here, and there's even less there.... Because in people's minds, it's all the same thing [the Ashram and Auroville], and so they don't know where to give anymore.

There's so much money wasted in the world – some people don't even know what to do with it!

What would be needed for Auroville's protection, how much?

(The architect:) We have to make a study, Mother. I think perhaps one or two lakhs for all of Auroville (for wells and fire hoses). That's for the time being, but there's also the future: how are we going to develop Auroville, now that it's started? At this point the main question is to know whether we shouldn't try to raise money, to ask people in the world for personal contributions in rupees, francs or dollars, so that Auroville can be built by individual people. Perhaps some action along those lines could be undertaken in various countries as well as in India? Because Auroville's financial situation is getting worse. It's worse than it was six

months ago, and the needs are increasing, so ... I don't know, waiting may be a solution, but you should know the exact situation.

(after a long silence)

What can we do? Do you have a suggestion?

Some time back, L. [an Indian industrialist] came up with an idea which I would like to discuss further with him. The idea was to interest individuals, give them a sort of participation in Auroville. I don't exactly know what India's financial situation is, but....

India's financial situation is VERY bad. Because they used to receive a lot of money from America, but that has practically stopped. It's very bad – India has become poor, that's the trouble. Otherwise we could ask, but they are really in trouble.

Perhaps some other countries are ready to help.

Yes, certainly!

Germany can help, maybe the United States. But the thing is, Mother, all this should be done as a coherent policy, no longer in a haphazard way.

Yes, yes!

We should try.

If only I were given a plan. I haven't seen to these things so far, but if there were an acceptable plan, I could work on it. Right now I don't know what to do.

I'll speak to N. right away, Mother, and see what he thinks. Perhaps today we can bring you a proposal and make some decisions – leaving things as they are may be possible but dangerous.

Dangerous.

I think something should be done. But I can't say what because I don't know – I don't know what can be done practically.

For many, many years, I had merely to exert a little pressure to get money – and I got it. But that was for the Ashram. Now the Ashram doesn't have enough, and nothing comes no matter how much pressure I exert – people no longer know where to give: there's this thing and that thing, and this and that ... they are confused!

Give me a plan and I'll work on it.

There's too much dispersion, Mother.

Yes, yes!

You no longer know where you stand: there's "Sri Aurobindo

Society," "Sri Aurobindo's Action," "Sri Aurobindo this and that...." The result is dispersion.

Yes, but when you tell them that – especially if you put it that way to N. [Sri Aurobindo Society], he'll say, "All right, Sri Aurobindo's Action [U.'s operation] has got to go." Each one says, "I am the one who should stay!"... That's no solution.

The solution is that people should become one, Mother: unity.

Yes, yes, yes – yes, exactly. Exactly!

Instead of a combination where each one has his place within a harmonious unity, instead of that, everyone pulls in his own direction. The real progress to be made is a moral one.

You have hit the point: lack of unity is the cause of all the difficulties.

Even the Ashram has been contaminated by the disease: each department considers itself a separate entity. And since there's no more cohesion, nothing works! That's the situation.

And I can no longer go from one place to another and bring a vigorous action. I can't anymore, I am held here.

That's it, you've put your finger on it. If you could propose a specific plan of action, we could see. That's what is needed: to coordinate the efforts and create a unity with the parts.

From the beginning there has been this lack of unity, and also because of the action I no longer perform. No matter how much I tell them, "You are not here to represent your own interests. You are all one and the same" – they just don't understand! So the result is *(laughing):* N. is sick and U. doesn't feel well – there you are.

In the end it always boils down to the same thing: a SUBSTANTIAL individual progress is required – a serious and sincere progress – then everything works perfectly.

The atmosphere is dislocated; it has lost the cohesive power it had.

But if you want to collaborate, it would be wonderful, you know! I need someone, you see, someone who could get around, talk to people, see, take notes: reestablish unity on a higher level. oh, that would be a wonderful work! Wonderful.

Once that is done, things would ease up. It's not that money is lacking, it's just being wasted, scattered.

You see, N. keeps wanting to expand and expand the Sri Aurobindo Society, he buys plots of land worth lakhs of rupees, and instead of the money being used for the general work, it is frittered away ....[29] I told him, but he didn't understand. And today, the result is that he is sick.

That's the situation.

Success is certain, but on one condition – ONE condition – that we become united. Supposedly, we are preaching unity to the world – it would be only decent to do it ourselves!

Instead, we are the example of exactly the opposite.

To visitors we say, "Here we seek human unity." But WE constantly

quarrel among ourselves, and we preach human unity!

That's absurd. Totally absurd! We can't even be ONE in our own work. I keep telling them, but they don't understand. Do you want to help me?

Yes, Mother.

Good. Would you like us to work together?

Yes, Mother.

Good.

I'm ready to speak to N., Mother, if you permit me.

Yes, speak to N., it will do him some good.

I'll speak very fraternally, Mother, very sincerely, for I have a lot of things to say.

Good, good.

If he gets annoyed, tell him, "Then go talk to Mother." And....

I'll try to speak to N. first, he's the hardest. I'll speak to U. after.

U. is very bright, he'll have very good answers to offer you! *(Mother laughs)*

I've already spoken to U., Mother, I already know his answers.

But U. is beginning to change, because he is an extremely bright man, so he understood he had to change. I am with you.

* * *

(The architect leaves. R., an American disciple, enters.)

I could put it this way: it's either progress, or death. Each and everyone must, must absolutely progress, make the required progress, or else ... *(gesture of dissolution).*

That fire was symbolic – I suppose you know about it: there's been a terrible fire.

(R.:) Yes, yes. And I wanted to know what is the symbolic significance.

You see, we preach Unity, we say that humanity must be one, that all efforts must join together for the general progress, for the advent of the Supramental ... but everyone pulls as hard as he can in his own direction. That's the situation.

So I wanted to tell all of you, "Practice what you say, or you will cease to exist."

One has no right to preach unity to the world when one gives such an

example of utter division.... That's all. It's quite simple, so simple that a child could understand – but THEY don't understand.

As for me, the power of consciousness goes on increasing; for the time being – I repeat, for the time being – the physical power is reduced to almost nought. I am forced to stay here, minding *nothing, and* make shift with seeing people. So I need some persons to do the practical work I used to do before and can no longer do ... *(Mother is short of breath).* I can't speak with the same strength as before – the physical is undergoing a transformation, you know. Sri Aurobindo himself had said – and rightly so – he said (because one of us had to go, and I offered to go), "No, your body is capable of enduring it, it *has the strength* to undergo transformation." It's not easy. I can assure you, it's not easy. Yet my body is good-willed, it is really good-willed. But for the moment it is in the process of ... well, it is no longer quite on this side but not yet on the other. The transition isn't easy. So I am stuck here, like an old woman, incapable of doing any work.

If I can hold on – if only I can hold on – at one hundred things will be better. That I know. I am absolutely convinced there will be a renewal of energy. But I have to hold on.... That's all.

(silence)

So for the moment, we lack money. We lack money because money is being scattered. People no longer know where to give, so they stop giving: "Should I give here, should I give there, should I... ?" They don't give anything anymore.

(silence
then Mother speaks in English)

I can see, I have truly the occasion to see that if I left, I have nobody here, it would be our destruction.

(R.:) Oh, complete collapse – nothing!

Then if the work must be done, if Auroville must be built, not only do I have to remain in my body but the body must become strong.

I know. I know that. All depends on what the Divine Will is – He doesn't tell me! When I ask Him, I have the impression ... (once or twice, in moments of difficulty, I have put the question regarding this body), and then *(laughing)* I seem to see a smile, you know, a smile as big as the world, but no answer.

I can still see that smile: "Don't try to know, it is not yet time."

(the clock strikes)

If we knew how to remain always in the true consciousness, there would be ... a smile. But we have a tendency to become tragic. It's our weakness.

It is our limitations that make a drama. We are too small – too small and too shortsighted. But ... the Consciousness knows – it knows.[30]

March 11, 1972

I've received a letter from P.L. This is what he says:

> *You may have already learned that Cardinal Tisserant died on the 21st [of February]. As he was in reality the Vice-Pope, you can imagine the pomp of the funeral ceremony, with representatives from the French government, the French Academy, the Italian government, etc.: one full week of ceremonies. Being his secretary, I had to organize everything. I am very tired.... Msgr. R. very much suffered from this loss. I think he will be coming to you in a few weeks, or a month at most: he is determined to get out. Many things have happened since his meeting with Mother ....*[31] *While filing some papers, I came across the enclosed document which may interest you. I hope the bishopric continues to leave you in peace ...."*
>
> *The document is a copy of Cardinal Tisserand's letter to the Archbishop of Pondicherry:*
>
> Albano, Regina Apostolorum, 13 January 1972
>
> To His Excellency Msgr. A.R.
>
> Archbishop of Pondicherry
>
> *Venerable Lord,*
>
> *As Your Excellency knows, I have directed the Holy Congregation for the Eastern Church for nearly twenty-five years, and one of my most cherished memories is the journey I made to your beloved country in 1953. I have always held a keen interest in your great nation, but even more so after I visited it. It was thus with a very special pleasure that I accompanied His Holiness Pope Paul VI to the International Eucharistic Congress in Bombay.*
>
> *On that occasion, the Holy Father expressed the wish to come in contact with representatives of your country's main religious movements, and I know, Excellency, that he was given a biography of Sri Aurobindo.*
>
> *It is in fact in connection with the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry that I am taking the liberty of writing Your Excellency. I am sure you are aware of the reputation it has earned beyond India's borders; I have been following its work and achievements*

for years. Recently, I was told of the difficulties encountered by those in charge of the Ashram in regard to the proposed creation of a university – a project expressly favored by the Indian Government; some Catholic students, in conjunction with a few priests, are displaying a strong opposition to this project.

I therefore request Your Excellency kindly to use his authority to avoid any incident that, at all events, would be highly detrimental to the harmony that His Holiness Pope Paul VI so much desires, in accord with the rules laid down by the Ecumenical Council Vatican II.

With gratitude, I remain, Venerable Lord, respectfully and faithfully yours,

Signed: Eugène Card. Tisserand

It's interesting. Who has replaced him?

I don't know, nobody has been appointed yet.

But since then, they've been quiet here.

(Mother plunges in
Champaklal comes up to Mother,
abruptly pulling her out of her state)

I was in Italy.
Stories with cardinals....

March 15, 1972

(Satprem reads Mother some parts of the conversation of March 8 for the next "Bulletin": "No compromises, no half measures, no 'It will come later'... it's like a constant feeling of hovering between life and death...".)

It's very true. And it keeps getting more and more acute, more and more acute. That's it. All the time, all the time like that....

Eating has become a problem. But ... at times, when the attitude is right, it's so easy!

It's good what you did.

But you said that, Mother, not me!

(Mother plunges in she tries to say something, then plunges again)

March 17, 1972

(A note by Mother)

To prepare for immortality, the consciousness of the body must first become one with the Eternal Consciousness.

March 18, 1972

(No sooner has Satprem entered her room than Mother looks at him and declares categorically:)

Things are better – aren't they?

For me or for....

Yes, for you.

Well, I think so, I hope so.

Yes, but I am telling you: things ARE better – I know! *(Mother laughs)* It's cleared up.

It was pretty tough.

(Mother signs the contract for the publication of the "Synthesis" in France – silence)

Do you feel that things are also better in general, or ...

Yes.

... or is it specific?

Things are better.

A dawning of joy in the body.... It's coming, it's coming.

You remember, I told you everything was like this *(gesture on the brink of catastrophe),* but now we are plainly – plainly on the bright side. From time to time *(a little wobbly gesture),* but ... plainly on the bright side.

It's much better.

(silence)

And your atmosphere is much clearer, MUCH clearer. There are less ... *(gesture of conflicts).*

Have you seen this?

(Mother hands Satprem a paper about the restrictions on admission to the Ashram)

Don't people ask you to come to the Ashram?

I never encourage them.

Shall we meditate?

(long meditation)

You have nothing to say?

I wish everything would melt.

(Mother laughs and takes Satprem's hands)

It's very clear. Very clear.

(Mother goes off again, holding Satprem's hands)

March 19, 1972

(A note by Mother)

> The truth, which man has vainly sought to know, will be the privilege of the new race, the race of tomorrow, the superman.
>
> To live according to the Truth will be his privilege.

> Let us do our best to help prepare the advent of the New Being. The mind must fall silent and be replaced by the Truth-Consciousness – the consciousness of details integrated with the consciousness of the whole.

March 22, 1972

(For the last three days, Mother has been "ill": violent vomiting, etc. She gasps for breath as she speaks.)

This time it's serious.

I haven't been able to eat – I can't eat *(gesture of vomiting).* The body is reduced to the minimum. We shall see. If it holds on, it will be all right.

> *But three nights ago, I saw a gigantic tidal wave – a tidal wave submerging everything.*

Aah!

> *When I see that, there's usually a catastrophe the next day. But there was no catastrophe the next day – it seems to have fallen on you. I don't know ... a gigantic tidal wave.*

(after a silence)

At night, I don't sleep, you know, but I go into a deep rest, and there remains only the body consciousness. Twice, last night, the body saw all sorts of images and activities showing a widespread incomprehension in people.

The body was in certain situations.... One was taking place here and the other was in Japan. I realized that the body holds certain impressions, impressions of being in a.... It wasn't in the Ashram, but the one in Japan, exactly as I was in Japan (but these are not memories, they were entirely new activities, something entirely new), showing that I was surrounded by people who don't understand. And here, too (it wasn't the Ashram, the situations were symbolic and involved people who are no longer in their bodies), I was surrounded by people and things that didn't understand. And I saw that these impressions are in the body and make things even more difficult.

They weren't actually physical things: they were the transcription of people's attitude and their way of thinking.

(silence)

I have been well aware for a long time now that there are ... I am not even sure that some people haven't been doing black magic against me.

> *Oh, Mother, that same night, the night I saw the tidal wave, I saw also a sudden image: you were lying down and I was holding tightly onto your feet, and by our side was a tall black being – jet-black – maybe ten feet high, who was all ... it's not that he had black skin, but he was all dressed in black. And he was standing on a kind of black carpet.*

Yes, that's it. I have the same impression. I don't say anything (for it sounds ridiculous), but my feeling is that some people have been using black magic against me. Naturally, my only recourse is to envelop and surround myself with the Divine. But ... that causes a lot of difficulties. I wanted to see you to tell you that. But speaking is difficult.... Would you like some silence?

(meditation)

March 24, 1972

(Mother sees Sujata)

For the first time, early this morning, I saw myself: my body. I don't know whether it's the supramental body or ... (what shall I say?) a transitional body, but I had a completely new body, in the sense that it was sexless: it was neither woman nor man.

It was very white. But that could be because I have white skin, I don't know.

It was very slender *(gesture)*. Really lovely, a truly harmonious form.

That's the first time.

I hadn't the least idea, the faintest notion what it would look like, nothing, and I saw – I WAS like that, I had become like that. I thought Satprem should know, so he can note it down.

I don't know if I'll remember, that's why I am telling you. Because today is Friday and I won't see him till tomorrow. This way, I am sure I won't forget. You'll tell him, won't you?

> *Yes, Mother.*

It's been hard.

Especially for food: it will be very different. I am BEGINNING to understand how it will work, but I don't know enough yet to describe it – I

haven't had the experience, so I don't know.... Most probably, we will absorb things that don't need to be digested – there are some. But not food as such. For example, one idea these days is glucose (things of that sort). But I am not sure because I am just undergoing the experience. Once I have the vision of what to do, I'll do it.

Anyway, I wanted to tell you.[32]

Are you all right? ... And Satprem?

Yes, Mother.

I'll see you tomorrow.

March 25, 1972

Did you receive the last answers to T.J. [the "Notes"]?

I think there were one or two, I don't quite remember.

The last one I received is this one:

> The truth, which man has vainly sought to know, will be the privilege of the new race, the race of tomorrow, the superman....

Is that all ? ... See if there is something you can use....

Yes, certainly there is![33]

(silence)

Sujata told me about the experience you had the other day, that vision you had of your body, the transitional body.

Yes, I WAS like that. It was me; I didn't look at myself in a mirror, I saw myself like this *(Mother bends her head to look at her body),* I was ... I just was like that.

That's the first time. It was around four in the morning, I think. And perfectly natural – I mean, I didn't look in a mirror, it felt perfectly natural. I only remember what I saw *(gesture from the chest to the waist). I* was covered only with veils, so I only saw.... What was very different was the torso, from the chest to the waist: it was neither male nor female.

But it was lovely, my form was extremely svelte and slim – slim but not

thin. And the skin was very white, just like my skin. A lovely form. And no sex – you couldn't tell: neither male nor female. The sex had disappeared.

The same here *(Mother points to her chest),* all that was flat. I don't know how to explain it. There was an outline reminiscent of what is now, but with no forms *(Mother touches her chest),* not even as much as a man's. A very white skin, very smooth. Practically no abdomen to speak of. And no stomach. All that was slim.

I didn't pay any special attention, you see, because I was that: it felt perfectly natural to me. That's the first time it happened, it was the night before last; but last night I didn't see anything. That was the first and the last time so far.

But this form is in the subtle physical, isn't it?

It must be already like that in the subtle physical.

But how will it pass into the physical?

That's the question I don't know.... I don't know.

I don't know.

Also, clearly there was none of the complex digestion we have now, or the kind of elimination we have now. It didn't work that way.

But how? ... Food is already obviously very different and becoming more and more so – glucose, for instance, or substances that don't require an elaborate digestion. But how will the body itself change? ... That I don't know. I don't know.

You see, I didn't look to see how it worked, for it was completely natural to me, so I can't describe it in detail. Simply, it was neither a woman's body nor a man's – that much is certain. And *the outline* was fairly similar to that of a very young person. There was a faint suggestion of a human form *(Mother draws a form in the air):* with a shoulder and a waist. Just a hint of it.

I see it but.... I saw it exactly as you see yourself, I didn't even look at myself in the mirror. And I had a sort of veil, which I wore to cover myself.

It was my way of being (there was nothing surprising in it), my natural way of being.

That must be how it is in the subtle physical.

But what's mysterious is the transition from one to the other.

Yes – how?

But it's the same mystery as the transition from chimpanzee to man.

Oh, no, Mother! It's more colossal than that! It's more colossal for, after all, there isn't that much difference between a chimpanzee and a man.

But there wasn't such a difference in the appearance either *(Mother draws a form in the air):* there were shoulders, arms, legs, a body, a waist. Similar to ours. There was only....

Yes, but I mean the way a chimpanzee functions and the way a man

functions are the same.

They are the same.

Well, yes! They digest the same, breathe the same.... Whereas here....

No, but here too there must have been breathing. The shoulders were strikingly broad *(gesture),* in contrast. That's important. But the chest was neither feminine nor even masculine: only reminiscent of it. And all that – stomach, abdomen and the rest – was simply an *outline,* a very slender and harmonious form, which certainly wasn't used for the purpose we now use our bodies.

The two different things – totally different – were procreation, which was no longer possible, and food. Though even our present food is manifestly not the same as that of chimpanzees or even the first humans; it's quite different. So now, it seems we have to find a food that doesn't require all this digesting.... Not exactly liquid, but not solid either. And there's also the question of the mouth – I don't know about that – and the teeth? Naturally, chewing should no longer be necessary, and therefore teeth wouldn't be either.... But there has to be something to replace them. I haven't the slightest idea what the face looked like. But it didn't seem too, too unlike what it is now.

What will change a great deal, of course – it had acquired a prominent role – is breathing. That being depended much on it.

Yes, he probably absorbs energies directly.

Yes. There will probably be intermediary beings who won't last, you see, just as there were intermediary beings between the chimpanzee and man.

But I don't know, something has to happen that has never before happened.

Yes.

(silence)

Sometimes I have a sort of feeling that the time of realization is very close.

Yes, but how?

Yes, how – we don't know.

Is this *(Mother points to her body)* going to change? It either has to change or else follow the old, ordinary pattern of coming undone and then being redone again.... I don't know. True, life can be greatly prolonged, there have been examples, but.... I don't know.

I don't know.

Several times I felt that instead of a transformation, there will be a concretization of the other body.

Ahh! ... But how?

We don't know the process either. But instead of this body becoming the other, the other body will take the place of this one.

Yes, but how?

How, I don't know.

(after a silence)

Yes, understandably, if the body I had two nights ago were to materialize.... But how? Do you want to meditate?

(Mother goes into contemplation)

We know nothing! It's amazing how we know NOTHING.

(Satprem prepares to leave,
Sujata draws near to Mother)

(Sujata:) You know, Mother, in his poem "Transformation, Sri Aurobindo's opening lines are:

My breath runs in a subtle rhythmic stream
It fills my members with a might divine ...[34]

Breathing, yes, that's important. "A might"?

"Might," yes, Mother.

(Mother caresses Sujata's cheeks)

March 29, 1972

I received a letter from Y.L. You remember, last year she came to ask you Malraux's question about Bangladesh – Malraux wanted to participate in the struggle for Bangladesh. You told her to tell him he would have the answer when he came to India ...

(Mother nods)

... He never came to India. He dropped his project after meeting Indira Gandhi [in Paris].

Oh?

Yes, since India was officially going to war in Bangladesh, he didn't think there was any more reason for him to get killed ... on the official side. So instead of going to Bangladesh, he went to the United States to meet Nixon.

(Mother frowns)

Well, anyway, Y.L.'s idea is to get Malraux to participate in Sri Aurobindo's Centenary. You know that for years I've been trying to interest Malraux in Sri Aurobindo's thought, I wrote him the first time ten or fifteen years ago. And here's what Y.L. writes to me:

> "... Malraux again and again! In your last letter, at the end of December, you wrote, 'He could be the herald of the new world.' Invited by Nixon, he obeyed the outward call. Now remains the return journey via India and Bangladesh. This morning I received a copy of your speech on the Delhi radio. I immediately sent it to Malraux ...."

She means my article "Sri Aurobindo and the Earth's Future." Then, a few days later, I received a second letter from Y.L., in which she says:

> "This morning I received the enclosed reply. Please read it to Mother. I leave it to you to decide what should be done now. I have not informed A. ['Sri Aurobindo Study Center' in Paris]. Your article on 'Sri Aurobindo and the Earth's Future' is what has won his support....

Malraux agrees to be a member of the Centenary Committee.
His secretary sent the following reply to Y.L.:

Verrieres-le-Buisson March 13, 1972

> ... Monsieur André Malraux is traveling abroad and is not expected back before April 15, but he has asked me to request you to tell the Mother that he is at her entire disposal for anything concerning the Committee, and that he considers it an honor.

Signed: S.R.

Oh, that's good! We will have to speak with A. It's good. Very good.[35]

* * *

ADDENDUM

Satprem's letter to André Malraux, seventeen years earlier.

(In an interview in a Swedish magazine, Malraux had said, "For the last fifty years, psychology has been reinstating the demons in man. Such is the real result of psychoanalysis. Faced as we are with the most frightening threat humanity has ever known, I believe that the task of the next century will be to reinstate the gods in man.")

August 2, 1955

Dear Mr. Malraux,

Your reply to the questions of a Swedish magazine regarding "whether religions have in fact promoted the conditions of tolerance and understanding among men" happened to fall into my hands just as I have started giving a series of lectures on your works at the "International University Center" of Sri Aurobindo Ashram. This coincidence, along with a long-standing familiarity with your books, prompt me to write you a few words about another testimony, that of Sri Aurobindo, which I am sure you are aware of, but whose work, still incompletely translated in French, remains poorly known in Europe.

I seem to find in Sri Aurobindo's work an answer that meets yours and develops it – for the question is indeed to "reinstate the gods IN man" after having reinstated the demons, as you rightly stated in the Swedish article – but I also find there an answer to the agonizing question constantly raised by your characters from *The Royal Way* to *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg.* Indeed, all of them seek a "deeper notion in man" that will deliver them from death and solitude – this is THE question of the West, to which Sri Aurobindo brings a solution at once dynamic and illuminating. Hence, I am taking the liberty of sending by surface mail one of Sri Aurobindo's books in the original English entitled *The Human Cycle. I* hope it will interest you.

I call on you rather than any other contemporary writer because I think your works embody the very anguish of the West, an anguish I have bitterly experienced all the way to the German concentration camps at the age of twenty, and then in a long and uneasy wandering around the world. Insofar as I have always turned to you, daring and searching with each of your characters what "surpasses" man, I am again turning to you because I have a feeling that, more than anyone else, you can understand Sri Aurobindo's message and perhaps draw a new impetus from it. I am also thinking of a whole generation of young people who expect much from you: more than an ideal of pure

heroism, which only opens the doors (as does all self-offering) on another realm of man we have yet to explore, and more than a fascination with death, which also is only a means and not an end, although its brutal nakedness can sometimes open a luminous breach in the bodily prison – where we seem to have been immured alive – and we emerge into a new dimension of our being. For we tend too often to forget that it is "for living" that your heroes think so constantly of death; also I think that the young people I mentioned want the truth of Tchen and Katow, the truth of Hernandez, Perken and Moreno [characters in Malraux's novels] beyond their death.

It may seem strange to speak of you in an Indian Ashram that one would consider far removed from the world and the agonizing problems and struggles of the "Human Condition," but as a matter of fact Sri Aurobindo's Ashram is concerned with this earthly life; it wants to transform it instead of fleeing it as all traditional Indian and Western religions do, forever proclaiming that "His kingdom is not of this world." Knowing that there exists a fundamental reality beyond man, religions have focussed on that other realm to find the key to man just as your heroes focus on their death to discover the fundamental reality that will be able to "stand" in the face of death. But religion has not justified this life, except as a transition toward a Beyond which is supposedly the supreme goal; and your heroes – though so close to life's throbbing heart that at times it seems to explode and reveal its poignant secret – finally plunge into death, as if to free themselves from an Absolute they cannot live in the flesh.

The young Indian students with whom I discuss your books understand perhaps better than Westerners the reason for all those bloody and apparently useless sacrifices – the torments conflicts and revolts of your heroes condemned to death, the great Hunger that drives them beyond themselves – for they know that these are like the contractions of childbirth, and that the thick shell of egoism, routine, conformism, intellectual and sentimental habits must be broken for the inner Divine to transpierce the surface of this life – for the Divine is indeed WITHIN man, and life harbors its own hidden justification. Echoing the Upanishad, Sri Aurobindo tells us that "The earth is His foothold." He also wrote, "God is not only in the still small voice, but in the fire and the whirlwind."

I think I am correctly interpreting the feeling of my young Indian friends when I say that they see the heroes of your novels as "raw mystics," to use Claudel's description of Rimbaud. This may seem a surprising attribute, considering your heroes' atheism, but that is because we have too often confused mysticism or spirituality with religion, as Sri Aurobindo stresses. One need not believe in a personal, extracosmic God to be a mystic. (That is certainly why religion has from time to time taken upon itself to bum alive all the "non-regular" mystics.) Here we touch upon a huge confusion rooted in religions. Through their monks, sannyasins and ascetics, religions have shown us a purely contemplative, austere and lifeless side of mysticism – indeed those mystics, like the religions they practice, live in a negation of life; they go through this "vale of tears" with their eyes exclusively fixed on the Beyond. But true mysticism is not so limited as that, it seeks to transform life, to reveal the Absolute hidden in it; it seeks to establish "the kingdom of God in man," as

Sri Aurobindo wrote, "and not the kingdom of a Pope, clergy or sacerdotal class." If the modem world lives in conflict and anguish, if it is torn between "being" and "doing," it is because religion has driven away God from this world, severed him from his creation and flung him back to some distant heaven or empty nirvana, thus denying any possibility of human perfection on this earth and digging an unbridgeable gulf between being and doing, between mystics sunk in their dreams and this world abandoned to the forces of evil, to Satan and all those who consent to "get their hands dirty."

That contradiction is powerfully expressed in your books, it is striking to my Indian students. And they are surprised, for the urge to "do" something at all costs – "to do anything at all, as long as we do something," as one often hears in Europe – without this action being based on a "being" which it expresses and of which it is but the material translation, appears to them a strange attitude. Neither the despair, the silence or the revolt, nor the absurd pointlessness that sometimes surrounds the death of many of your heroes escape them. They feel that your heroes flee from themselves rather than express themselves. This torment between "being" and "doing" can be found in each one of them. They have apparently renounced to "be" something in order to "do" something, as one character stresses in *Hope,* but are they not desperately seeking to "be" through their actions, a "being" that they will capture only as time is abolished, in death? The same obsession seems to run through each of them: from Perken, who wants to "leave his scar on the map," to "outlive himself through twenty tribes," who fights against time as one fights against cancer, to Tchen, who shuts himself in the world of terrorism: "an eternal world where time does not exist," and to Katow, who whispers to himself, "0 prisons, where time stops." In that respect, these characters clearly symbolize the impotence of a religion that has not been able to give the earth its meaning and plenitude.

To the question raised by the Swedish magazine and to the one many characters in your books ask themselves, I believe that Sri Aurobindo and his vast synthesis bring the key to a reconciliation and long-sought answer, a reconciliation between being and doing, which religion is incapable of supplying. "Through our Yoga," Sri Aurobindo wrote, "we propose nothing less than to break totally the past and present formations which make up the ordinary mental and material man and create a new centre of vision, a new universe of activities in ourselves, which will form a divine humanity or a superhuman nature." This is not an "idea" but an experience *to be lived,* which Sri Aurobindo has minutely described in his extensive body of works. It is what some thousand men and women from all over the world are trying to do at the Pondicherry Ashram.

In your reply to the Swedish magazine, you emphasize, "The major obstacle to tolerance is not agnosticism but Manichaeism." That is also why religions will never be able to unite humanity, because they have remained Manichaean in their principle, because they are founded on morality, on a sense of good and evil, necessarily varying from one country to the next. Religions will not reconcile men with one another any more than they have reconciled men with themselves, or reconciled their aspiration to "be" with

their need for action – and for the same reasons, for in both cases they have dug an abyss between an ideal good, a "being" they have relegated to heaven, and an evil, a "becoming," which reigns supreme in a world where "all is vanity." I would like to quote here a passage from Sri Aurobindo's *Essays on the Gita* which throws a clear light on the problem: "To put away the responsibility for all that seems to us evil or terrible on the shoulders of a semi-omnipotent Devil, or to put it aside as part of Nature, making an unbridgeable opposition between world-nature and God-Nature, as if Nature were independent of God, or to throw the responsibility on man and his sins, as if he had a preponderant voice in the making of this world or could create anything against the will of God, are clumsily comfortable devices in which the religious thought of India has never taken refuge. We have to look courageously in the face of the reality and see that it is God and none else who has made this world in his being and that so he has made it. We have to see that Nature devouring her children, Time eating up the lives of creatures, Death universal and ineluctable and the violence of the Rudra forces in man and Nature are also the supreme Godhead in one of his cosmic figures. We have to see that God the bountiful and prodigal creator, God the helpful, strong and benignant preserver is also God the devourer and destroyer. The torment of the couch of pain and evil on which we are racked is his touch as much as happiness and sweetness and pleasure. It is only when we see with the eye of the complete union and feel this truth in the depths of our being that we can entirely discover behind that mask too the calm and beautiful face of the all-blissful Godhead and in this touch that tests our imperfection the touch of the friend and builder of the spirit in man. The discords of the worlds are God's discords and it is only by accepting and proceeding through them that we can arrive at the greater concords of his supreme harmony."[36] I believe that the characters of your books would not be seeking sacrifice and death so intensely if they did not feel the side of light and joy behind the mask of darkness in which they so passionately lose themselves.

Sri Aurobindo has constantly stressed that, through progressive evolutionary cycles, humanity must go beyond the purely ethical and religious stage, just as it must go beyond the infrarational and rational stage, in order to reach a new "spiritual and suprarational age" – otherwise we will simply remain doomed to the upheavals, conflicts and bloody sacrifices that shake our times, "for living according to a code of morality is always a tragedy," as one of the characters in *Hope* notes.

The tragedies we are experiencing – communism, Nazism – are not rooted, as the Swedish magazine implies, in the weakening or disappearance of religion, it is religion itself which is the source of the disequilibrium insofar as it is fossilized in dogmas, as it clings to a power it possesses in a human cycle drawing to its close, and as it refuses to open itself to a "new deeper notion in man" which would at long last reconcile heaven and earth. As a result, men go elsewhere to seek what religion is unable to provide: in communism or any other "ism," so great and persistent is their thirst for the Absolute – for *that* abides under one name or another and that very thirst is the surest sign of a fullness to come.

At this crucial juncture in human evolution, Sri Aurobindo brings a luminous message to which I hope to draw your attention through this letter and the book I am taking the liberty of sending you. I think the youth of Europe have a profound need to hear a great voice that would bring them face to face with their fundamental truths; none can, better than you, touch that youth and awaken the anguished Occident.

I deeply hope, Sir, that Sri Aurobindo's works will be a new source of inspiration for you.

With my best and most considerate regards,

Bernard E.

* * *

(André Malraux's reply)

August 10, 1955

Your letter keenly interested me. I am familiar – relatively of course – with the works of Sri Aurobindo (whom I met by chance a long time ago, without any exchange of words ...), but I did not know the book you are kind enough to send me, and which I look forward to receiving.

I agree – as you have seen – with your main thesis. But the text in question (the reply to a specific inquiry) was limited in its very scope.

Thank you again, and with sincere regards.

André Malraux

March 29, 1972

(That same day, after Malraux, the conversation took a completely different turn, which is why we publish it separately, although under the same date.)

I had a feeling I had something to give you....

Did they give you a *tape-recording?* ... I had said something to R. and to Sujata.

Is it good?

Yes, Mother, yes, it was good! We could perhaps publish it? It was about the vision you had of your own transitional body.

I simply wanted to make sure you had received it.[37]

Yes, Mother, it's extremely interesting.... Did you see anything new since that vision of the new body?

No. It's something totally new for me – it was the first time and it seems it's going to be the last.

(silence)

My body has asked for ... (it is in a constant state of aspiration, you know), it has asked for.... It feels (I don't know how to explain it), it feels the complete Presence of the Divine, I mean in all things, everywhere, all the time, as if it were at once enveloped and permeated by it – and it asked for something even more concrete. Then, a kind of Consciousness answered me that the body wasn't given a more complete perception because it would still feel like ... (what shall I say?) fusing into the Divine, and then the cells would ... *(gesture of explosion)*. So the body would lose its form.

Oh, I see!

Something like that, you understand? And I felt it was very true. I felt it.

For instance, eating is still a major problem – it's been ages since I've derived any pleasure from eating, but now it's become a real problem; well, any cellular contact with the divine Presence magnifies those things [like refusing food]. I mean all external processes – food and so on – seem then so cumbersome! Without a doubt the next creation will use something else, another way of staying alive, but we don't yet know what it is. I have a feeling there already exists a certain type of food – an intermediary type of food – which is no longer like the old kind but isn't yet ... [the direct absorption of energy], and which has a minimal material basis. But we don't know anything about it, we don't know, nobody knows, we are still inexperienced; we have to find it – but how? Nobody knows about it; nobody can say do this or do that. I don't know.

The only thing we really know is glucose.

Yes.

That's what they give to people who can't eat normally.

Yes, that's what the doctor told me; he told me to take glucose. I take some, but is that enough in itself ?

(silence)

How does glucose enter the bloodstream?

I think it's directly assimilated.

But what does directly mean? You have to swallow it.

Yes, of course, you have to swallow it!

And how....

It goes into the stomach and enters the bloodstream through the intestinal walls.[38]

Oh, that's how! It doesn't go through the kidneys?

Yes, Mother, automatically. After entering the blood, there's elimination through the kidneys.

Ah!

Always, I think.

But does the glucose itself change into blood?

No, I think the intestinal walls absorb it and the necessary chemical reactions take place during this absorption through the walls – I think (!)

Oh, that's how it is.

Yes, Mother, at least I think so.

Is there anything else besides glucose that works like that.)

In liquid form, yes. There is glucose or very pure fruit juice – which is more or less the same thing.

That's almost all I take: glucose and fruit juice.

But many yogis – at least some – had the capacity to absorb energy directly, Mother, without eating. There are many such stories from the past.

Yes, but I don't know if they're true.

You don't know if they're true? ... They are quite common, though, and often cited.

All that Sri Aurobindo told me is that people always eat too much. That was his experience. He went forty days without food, you know.[39] I myself went without food (I don't remember for how long) and felt I was receiving nourishment directly,[40] it simply passed through like this *(gesture through the pores of the skin).*

But couldn't you again use that sort of thing now, through the breathing process?

Yes, but I lost a tremendous amount of weight, you see, which means that I wasn't getting the proper nourishment, I was feeding on my body.

But I haven't lost too much weight now, have I? I don't know, I can't see.

Since when?

Since I was supposedly ill.

No, not since then.

No?

No, I don't find you have.

I went foodless for a few days – almost without food.

No, I don't see any change. Although, of course, there is so little left of your body! [Laughter]

I am pretty thin! ... I can't see, you know. But I don't look thinner than usual, do I?

No, you don't, Mother. But getting any thinner would be difficult!

If something new comes, I'll tell you.... Is today Wednesday? If something comes, she [Sujata] can come in, just come in, and if there's something new I'll tell her.

Yes, Mother. As a matter of fact, Sujata has been wondering about her visits to you: she is afraid of imposing her presence, of disturbing you.

No, she doesn't disturb me! I'll give her a flower and she can leave, unless I have something to tell her. It's better that way; every day she'll know if there's something to tell you.

Yes, Mother, every day – but she was getting the feeling she was ... intruding upon you!

No, not at all! It's not that. I am inundated with people so I had to stop, but it was mostly *birthdays,* things like that. But she can come, bring me her flowers, take flowers from me, and if I have something to tell her, I'll tell her, otherwise she'll leave immediately. Is it all right like that?

(Sujata aside:
"My thought is mainly for Mother.')

Sujata says it's all right, but what about you?

For me it's fine. It doesn't tire me.

She's a little.... I don't know, she has something of a heavy heart.[41]

Why?

Well, exactly because of that.

Oh, no! Come here, mon petit! Oh, no, not at all.

(Sujata comes near Mother)

You know ... you see, the consciousness is very clear, clearer than it has ever been, but I can't speak – something has to be found. So I am unable to tell you, but I am always happy to see you. I haven't said anything these last days because "saying" means explaining.... But I am always happy to see you, I have thought of you very, very, VERY, often – you understand? ... Do you understand?

You don't seem to understand.

(Sujata:) Yes, Mother, I do.

In any case, one thing you know: I tell the truth. If I say I am happy to see you, it means I am happy to see you. That you understand.

Yes, Mother.

What is it, mon petit? You've been hurt, did someone hurt you?

Very hurt, Mother.

Why, mon petit? Did someone tell you something?

No, Mother, I was simply told that you see me far too often, and ... and that you didn't want to see me.[42]

But that's not true! I never said that to anybody.[43]

Well, Mother, each time, I see Sujata's name just crossed off [the list of visitors], so I take it that you don't have time or don't wish to see Sujata. So Sujata simply withdraws.

Who said that?

No one: I am telling you. That's how it happens.

But it's not true!

It is, Mother, that's what happens every time.

It's not true. It's not true that not to see you makes me happy – it's not true. I don't understand. I am not the source of that.

Well, practically, that's what happens. The slightest thing, and Sujata's name is crossed off. So I take it that you don't have time or don't wish or don't like to....

But that's not true! It's not true, mon petit! These last few days, I stopped everything because I had to, but again and again I thought it would be good if you were here. Only ... you see my difficulty to speak, so....

Listen to me now – will you do as I say? Come to see me every day. Come to see me every day as before. If I have nothing to say, I'll give you flowers; if

there is something I want you to convey to Satprem, I will tell you. But come, just come.

The time will be more or less the same as before. You came after who?

I used to come after R.

Well then, come after R. That's settled: you come every day after R. I even had practical things for you to do: sometimes I rearrange my cupboards and I may have things to give you and explain to you[44]; and I was thinking, "I must see her every day."

If it's all right with you, come every day after R. If I have something to say, I will tell you; if I have nothing to say, I'll give you some flowers. But never, never think that I don't want to see you, it's not true – it's a BIG lie, it's not true. It's a big lie.

You know, you must be sure of one thing: I say things exactly as they are. I may say them poorly, but I say exactly what is true. I can't speak very well nowadays, I find it difficult, but the consciousness is clear. So I am telling you: I want to see you every day. Understood?

Yes, Mother.

Good.

(Sujata returns to her place
Satprem comes near Mother)

That's what it is: I have difficulty speaking, I immediately ... *(Mother gasps for breath)*. There's obviously something happening here *(Mother touches her chest)*.

But the consciousness is clearer and stronger than EVER before. And I see that people think I am getting senile because I can't speak anymore. But the consciousness is clearer and stronger than ever before.

It's perceptibly stronger. It's quite perceptible.

(after a silence)

The biggest difficulty is this: if only there were someone to tell me what I should take.... Although I must say glucose is what I drink the most easily – so I'll just take more of it.

I think it's the only physical, material means; people who are hospitalized for months at a time take only glucose (usually intravenously). Well Mother, you can be fed that way indefinitely.

Good. It's all right, then.[45]

I'll see you Saturday; and if I have something, I'll tell you through Sujata.

March 30, 1972

(A conversation with R., an American disciple, then with Sujata)

(Mother speaks in English)

Since we have set aside all conventions, immediately everybody thinks, "Ah, nice place to fulfil our desires!" And they almost all come with that intention.

And because I made a maternity clinic for the children of those people that I was obliged to send away from the Ashram, so that they could have a place to have their child, people think that the maternity clinic is established for all children born in an illegal way!

I don't care for legality, I don't care for law, I don't care for convention. But what I want is a more divine life, not an animal life.

And they use the liberty for license, for the satisfaction of desires, and all these things that we truly have worked all our life to master, they indulge in – dissipation. I am absolutely disgusted.

We are here to give up all desires and to turn towards the Divine and to become conscious of the Divine.[46] To realize and manifest the Divine in our life is the way, not to become animals, living like cats and dogs.

Sujata enters.

(In French) How I would like to be able to go and tell all of them, right to their faces, that they are wrong, that this is not the way. But I think it's time to put it in writing.

Because I say I am against the old conventions, it means we can live like animals.

But, Mother, your force is extremely active right now, you know.

Yes, I know. I know: when I am like now, I always see the Force – it isn't "my" force, it is the Divine Force. I try – I only try to be like this *(gesture like a channel).* This body tries to be simply ... simply a transmitter, as transparent as possible, as impersonal as possible. So the Divine can do whatever He wants.

(silence)

It has become very transparent. For as soon as something is put before you, the action is done immediately.

(silence)

Yesterday, it was fifty-eight years since I came here for the first time. For

fifty-eight years I have been working FOR THAT, for the body to be as transparent and immaterial as possible, so that it doesn't obstruct the descending Force.

Now – now it's the body itself, the body wants this with all its cells. That is its only purpose in life.

To try, to try to create on earth one completely transparent, translucent element that would let the force pass through without any distortion.

(silence)

Au revoir. You'll tell Satprem. Satprem will see what he can do with all this.

April 2, 1972

(Sujata's vision the night of April 1)

One Thousand Years

(original English)

We enter the courtyard of a building, Satprem and I. We see sadfaced people. Head bent, solemn and silent. The Mother is dead. Everybody thinks that The Mother is dead.

A few are scattered here and there, individuals or groups of three or four. But most go out from a side door to our left. Another door is to the left at the top of a stairway which mounts from the courtyard below and ends in a sort of bridge or passage. I see one or two persons going out from this bridge-door. Turning to the right, this passage leads straight to the Mother's room.

We enter Mother's chamber. The Mother is lying on a bed. She is dressed in white satin or silk (the couch also). Four or five people are inside, disconsolate. Slowly they wander out. One or two Pass to the adjoining chamber. Finally only Satprem and I remain. He is near the Mother's bed The Mother sits up and starts talking to Satprem. She is explaining to him about the transformation of the body. She talks for a long time.

I am standing a little away and behind.

Suddenly Sri Aurobindo beckons me from the adjoining chamber which is His. He too is lying on a cot. I draw near Him. He puts two fingers *(index and middle)* on my right palm, and says, "You have to carry faith and aspiration during one thousand years."

Satprem and I come out from the Mother's chamber and take the passage

leading to the left *(exit)* door to announce to the world that THE MOTHER IS ALIVE.

My dream ends before we have crossed the threshold.

April 2, 1972

(Meeting with Auroville's architect, N. and U. – N. is the Secretary of the Sri Aurobindo Society and U., his rival, the Secretary of Sri Aurobindo's Action. The architect gives Mother a flower.)

What is it?

I think it's "Supramental Clarity" or Vibration.

(Mother speaks in English)

I will tell you that we are preaching unity – unity of humanity – and we are all quarreling – horrible quarrels, resentments and all sorts of urgings that we condemn in the others. We are giving a nice example, and people laugh! Voilà.

It has come to me from many quarters.

Begin with yourself, they say, and they are right.

Each one, all of you have good reasons, everybody seems to lie. Everybody has "good reasons." You know, the ego is the most clever rogue I have ever met. He takes such nice, nice appearances, and each one says: "I would, but I can't." Voilà. And I tell you, from some places far away and from near, from far and from near, from India and from other countries: Begin with yourself. That is, we are ridiculous – ridiculous. And such good reasons we have! – all the people have good reasons. It is above reason, it has nothing to do with reason, nothing to do with that, we want ... a new creation.

If the Divine had only for one hour the same feelings as men have, there would be no more world. That I can tell you. I have seen clearly – you believe me if you want – I have seen the world with the eye of the Divine. It is something so terrible, you know, so contrary to what it must be, that if the Divine said "only He," brrt! everything would go, there would be no world, there would be no men, there would be only That. Des ego pulvérisés [smashed egos].

It is difficult, it is the most difficult thing – we are here to do difficult things. We are in the period of transition. I can't tell you: be like this or be like that, because there is no example as yet. It is being done, and we are just at the time of the transition. It is very, very difficult – but very interesting.

For centuries and centuries, humanity has waited for this time. It has come. But it is difficult.

I don't simply tell you we are here upon earth to rest and enjoy ourselves, now it is not the time for that. We are here ... to prepare the way for the new creation.

The body has some difficulty, so I can't be active, alas. It is not because I am old – I am not old. I am not old, I am younger than most of you. If I am here inactive, it is because the body has given itself definitely to prepare the transformation. But the consciousness is clear and we are here to work – rest and enjoyment will come afterwards. Let us do our work here.

So I have called you to tell you that. Take what you can, do what you can, my help will be with you. All sincere efforts will be helped to the maximum.

(Here Mother starts talking in French again)

Now is the time to be heroic.

Heroism is not what people say, it is to be completely united – and the divine help will always be with those who have, in all sincerity, resolved to be heroic. Voilà.

You are here now, I mean on earth, because you once chose to be – you don't remember it, but I know; that's why you are here.' Well, you must stand up to the task. You must make an effort, you must conquer pettiness and limitations, and above all tell the ego: your time is over. We want a race without ego, with the divine consciousness in place of the ego. That's what we want: the divine consciousness, which will enable the race to develop and the superman[47] to be born.

If you think I am here because I am bound, you are wrong. I am not bound. I am here because my body has given itself for the first attempt at transformation. Sri Aurobindo told me so, he told me, "I know of no one who can do it, except you." I said, "All right, I will do it." It's not ... I don't wish anyone to do it in my place, because ... because it's not very pleasant, but I am doing it gladly, because everybody will benefit from the results. I ask only one thing: don't listen to the ego. That's all. The time of the ego is over. We want to go beyond humanity and its ego, to leave it behind, we want a race without ego, with a divine consciousness in place of the ego. There, that's all.

Anything to say?

(silence)

If there is a sincere "yes" in your hearts, you will have satisfied me fully. I don't need words: I need your hearts' sincere adherence. That's all.

(silence)

(To the architect:) Did you follow?

Yes, Mother.

Are you in agreement?

Fully in agreement.

(the other two are silent
Mother turns to them and speaks in English)

(To N. and U.:) You and you, you must agree. You are here for that. You have come to this place at this time for that. We must give to the world the example of what must be, not petty egoistic movements, but an aspiration towards the manifestation of Truth. Voilà.

(silence)

I can assure you that all sincere effort will be *pleinement,* fully helped by the Divine. Of that I am sure. And I can assure you of that.

(silence)

That is all I had to say.

April 3, 1972

(Meeting with the American woman disciple)

Things are going fast.

The body must learn not to think of itself. That's the only way. As soon as it thinks of itself, its condition gets horrible.

But honestly, sincerely, it doesn't think anymore. It is here for a certain work; the work must be done, and that's all. What will be will be – it's true, after all, what will be will be, what does it matter to it! ... It says, "Everything is for the best." It can't stay forever in its present precarious condition; so it must either be transformed, or else lose its form and come undone. Well ... it needn't worry about it, just leave it to the Lord to decide – truly and sincerely.

If it can abdicate to the point of really becoming a transparent instrument, so much to the good.

It's none of its business – it is incapable of knowing what has to be done. And it is becoming increasingly incapable PURPOSELY, I know it. So ... let Your will be done, Lord, that alone matters. Nothing else.

* * *

Sujata enters

(What has happened between April 2nd and 3rd that Mother should suddenly speak in the following terms?)

Good morning, Mother.

Good morning, mon petit.
Everything's all right? ... Really?

Yes, Mother.

(silence)

I want to tell you something.... I had already explained to Satprem that if the time for transformation comes, if my body grows cold, they should not rush to put it in a hole in the ground. Because it could be ... it could be only temporary. You understand? It could be momentary. They should arrange to keep it here until it shows signs of complete ... of the beginning of decomposition. I am telling you this because I want to make sure it's understood; it would be stupid to put it in a hole and have all the work stop because of that.

You understand? Do you understand what I mean?

Yes, Mother, your instructions are noted ...

You see, make absolutely sure that I have left my body.

I don't know.... I know an attempt is being made to transform it – it knows it and is very willing – but I don't know if it will be able to do it.... Do you follow? So for some time it may give the impression that it's over, although it would be only temporary. It would start again – it might start again. But then I would be ... I may be incapable of speaking at that time, of saying this.

So I am saying it to you – Satprem knows. One other person should also know.

I believe Pranab also knows it.

I don't know, I have never said anything to him.

Because we had noted it down, and your instructions are here in the drawer. They've been kept here as "instructions."[48]

I don't know, I have never said anything to him.

(Mother's attendant, speaking in Bengali to Sujata:) He knows.

It seems silly to make a fuss. Better say nothing. It's enough if just a few people know.

It doesn't really preoccupy me, but.... This body is truly very willing, it wants to do its best.... Will it be capable? ... Ultimately, if the Lord has decided this one will be transformed, it will be transformed, that's all!

(Laughing) For the time being, it feels very much alive! That much it can

say.

And I have nice children to look after me![49]

April 4, 1972

(Meeting with S.S., the third member of the trio of rivals. He reports to Mother that some Aurovilians are rumored to be "American spies. ")

(Mother speaks in English)

Some people say that they are spies and are kept by the American Government, some others (some Americans) tell me that the Americans would never take such incapable spies! So myself I don't see the.... To tell the truth, I don't appreciate them very much, but I have nothing very positive against them. That's all. It's all like that.

I tried my best to push them out, that is to say, that they would WANT to go. But they ... it didn't happen, they really willed to remain. If we could have evident proof that they are spies, then it would be very easy. I would tell them to go. But for so many years they have been here. It must be proved, it can't be a feeling or an idea or something like that, there must be a concrete proof. Voila. I would like that the Divine's will should manifest very clearly, in a very positive way. Because human appreciation is worth nothing. He alone knows the Truth, and it is He who has to decide. Like that. I don't know if you understand and follow; what I say may not be clear. But I – you see, to tell the truth, I have no respect for human appreciation and outlook, and I am absolutely convinced that only the Divine can see the truth. What I do is to tell, to show clearly His way so that we will do only what He says, what He sees. We are not capable of seeing. We will go by the Divine.

(silence)

Que Ta volonté soit faite [let Your will be done] – WHATEVER it is. Voila. That's my position.

(Auroville's architect enters)

(The architect:) There has been a chain of events which makes it necessary for me to ask you a question. I have read this question to S.S., because we have spoken together at length, insofar as we feel that certain decisions must be made to try and improve the situation in Auroville. But we keep running up against the same problem, which I have summarized in this letter:

"Auroville is burdened by a small group of people who are contaminating its life and spirit and jeopardizing its progress. They thwart any effort to implement safety and hygiene measures, working decisions, and they behave in contradiction to Auroville's ideal. One solution would be to send some of these people back home and, for a certain period, to limit newcomers to those elements directly useful to the building of Auroville.

"We see that, in practice, this possibility has not been endorsed by you. Is the presence of these elements – which according to us are undesirable – necessary to Auroville for reasons known to the Divine Consciousness? Are we supposed to build Auroville amidst the difficulties they represent? And are they useful to Auroville's development?"

(Mother speaks in French)

In a general and absolute way, difficulties are ALWAYS graces. And due to ... (how can I put it?) human weakness they fail to be helpful. Difficulties are ALWAYS graces. I have been on earth for quite a while this time and always – always, always, always, without a single exception – I have seen in the end that difficulties are nothing but graces. I can neither feel nor see things otherwise because it has been my experience all my life. I might be upset at first and say, "How come, I am full of goodwill, yet difficulties keep piling up...." But afterwards, I could have simply given myself a slap: "Silly you! It's just to bring more perfection to your character and the work!" There.

(silence)

Some persons have been driven out of the Ashram into Auroville. Those, I admit, are difficult elements who make things difficult. I wish they would be naturally driven out of Auroville to ... somewhere else. This wouldn't be very nice for the rest of the world – but never mind! Although in a free environment, they may be tolerable. Practically, one would have to speak to each one individually.

Now go on, tell me what you wanted to say.

(The architect:) Well, Mother, I simply wanted to know if we are supposed to accept the presence of these seemingly undesirable people as a necessity for Auroville's growth, and if so, we'll just have to act accordingly and face the difficulties they represent; or should we take definite measures to solve the problems of safety, the problems of hygiene....

What problems of hygiene? What problems of safety?

For example, Mother, it's absolutely useless to give them fire extinguishers, hoses and water if they don't make any effort to

learn how to use the fire extinguisher and keep the water hose in proper condition.

Yes, that's plain.

The same for hygiene.

Is there no one who could be given the responsibility for those things ?

Yes, Mother, we'll have to manage with what we have.

Yes. Something could be organized with the people we can trust, and if the others are dissatisfied, they can leave. Do you understand what I mean? Instead of taking an active position of "Go away" (which for many reasons is very difficult), if we put them under an authority they don't accept, they will be forced to leave. They will protest at first, but we must remain firm: "This is how it is."

We must find the people capable of doing this, with the required strength of character, and once we find them, they can be given the authority, and if the others don't like it, they'll have to leave! And that's that. But we can't dismiss people who are already there as long as we don't have the person or persons capable of actively assuming that position.

Yes, Mother, it's clear. But there's also the problem of admissions to Auroville.

Oh – well?

For instance, certain elements seem absolutely undesirable to us from the start. And yet these people are sometimes accepted Is there a reason for this?

On trial. Only on a trial basis, never otherwise.

But, Mother, once they're here on trial, nobody can ever send them away!

Ah, no! If they are not satisfactory, they can be sent away. I was only speaking of those (this is in fact what I was saying to S.S.) whom I was forced to remove from the Ashram because they were totally undesirable in the Ashram,[50] and they went to Auroville; these people should either go, or else feel ... as I said, feel that they have no place here. But the newcomers, those who are accepted on a trial basis and who turn out to be undesirable, can be sent away. I meant the old-timers, those who have been here for years and years. But the newcomers, all those who have been taken on trial and are not satisfactory, they can leave – they MUST leave. I give you full authority to send them away.

You see, some people come to me – I don't know their names, I don't know what they do, I know nothing about them; the new requests for admission should come to me through one of you two (because you know the practical situation and the people). Unfortunately, many people write to me,

and I don't know, you see, I never remember names; I only remember when I know who they are, what they do and so on. But if you know these people's worth and can tell me, "This one is like this or that," I trust what you say; and if you tell me, "That person is undesirable," well, he must go. But I have to be informed beforehand, because people usually go through one person, then another to get their request to me, and I don't keep track, I don't know. Do you see the picture? I give a general answer, and they take it as ... because I think it's somebody else. I don't remember, I forget names – the next minute I have forgotten. My head is full of ... something far vaster than all that, you know. There should be one person – one or two (two is very good) – to present the admissions to me, the new admissions to Auroville, and I fully agree to send back those you find undesirable.

Do you understand?

> *Yes, Mother. But at present all the requests are presented by S.S. No one else presents requests from newcomers. So things should be simple?*

Are you sure about that?

> *For instance, the other day (I use this example, Mother, because for me it was a real problem), there was a girl who was on drugs and who had been expelled from Auroville; she asked S.S. to be allowed to come back. And we ...*

A girl?

> *Yes, Mother. S.S. and I were against it, but you said, "She must be given one more chance."*

Yes – yes, for one month?[51]

> *(S.S.:) They have been there for a week now, on trial.*

You must give them at least one month. At least one month. But if they show the slightest insincerity, you understand, if they say, "I don't do this, I do that, I won't do this, etc ...", just tell them, "You can leave." You don't even need to ask me, you can just send them away. Simply inform me: such and such person has been found unsatisfactory. I give you the authority to do it. I won't protest. But I must be informed because plenty of people come to me and ... they're very cunning, you see: they find another person to channel their request.

> *(The architect:) The question in our minds, Mother, was to know whether you saw these people as being useful in providing Auroville with a certain type of difficulty.*

No! Certainly not! No, no, I don't favor deliberately adding difficulties! I know they come for.... But they shouldn't be invited – on the contrary. They shouldn't. Things should be made as easy as possible. Only, we shouldn't be

ruffled by difficulty, that's the point. I am not at all saying that difficulties should be accepted – don't invite them at all, at all, at all; life is difficult enough as it is! But when a difficulty comes, you must take heart and face it courageously.

We must strive for Order, Harmony, Beauty and ... collective aspiration – all the things which for the moment are not there. We must ... you see, being the organizers, our task is to set the example of what we want others to do. We must rise above personal reactions, be exclusively attuned to the divine Will and be the docile instruments of the divine Will – we must be impersonal, without any personal reaction.

We must "be" in all sincerity. What the Divine wants – let it be. That's all. If we can be that, then we are as we ought to be, and THAT is what we must become. For the rest ... for all the rest, we do the best we can.

I know it's not easy, but we are not here to do easy things; the whole world is there for those who like an easy life. I would like people to feel that coming to Auroville does not mean coming to an easy life – it means coming to a gigantic effort for progress. And those who don't want to keep up with it should leave. That's how things stand. I wish It were so strong – the need for progress, for the divinization of the being, so intense – that those who are unable (unable or unwilling) to adjust to it would leave by themselves: "Oh, this is not what I expected." As it is now, all those who want an easy life and to do what they please as they please, say, "Let's go to Auroville!" It should be just the opposite. People should know that coming to Auroville means an almost superhuman effort for progress.

It is the sincerity of our attitude and effort which makes a difference. People should feel that insincerity and falsehood have no place here – they just don't work, you can't fool people who have devoted their entire life to go beyond humanity.

There is only one way to be convincing – it is to BE that.

Then we'll stand strong, we'll have all the divine force on our side.

We are here to prepare a superhumanity, not to fall back into desires and easy life – no.

People must feel it; it should be so strong that the sheer force of our sincerity would drive them out – that's what they have to feel. At that point, we will be what we should be. The power of the realization – of the sincerity of the realization – is such that it's UNBEARLABLE to those who are insincere.

(silence)

That's all.

Yes, Mother.

(silence)

If in all sincerity we are on the side of the Divine, we ARE all we should be.

That's what Sri Aurobindo always said. If men only knew this: if in all

sincerity – in all sincerity – they give themselves to the Divine and side with the Divine, they become all they should be.

It may take time, there may be turmoil and difficulty – you must be ... inflexible: -I am for the Divine and the divine manifestation, in spite of everything and anything." Voilà. Then it is omnipotence -EVEN OVER DEATH.

I am not saying tomorrow, I am not saying immediately, but ... it's a certainty.

April 5, 1972

(The first part of this conversation concerns the translators of "Notes on the Way." One of them wants to give up the work.)

It's the ego demanding that things be done without forgetting its due respect – *(laughing)* Mister Ego wants to continue enjoying all due respect! ... It complains shrilly before departing.

Oh, I have seen such fascinating things, mon petit! For hours I was a spectator – the consciousness witnessed an encounter between the Ego and the superman's consciousness ... *(laughing) it* was like a duel! The ego was arguing so glibly! It seemed to be saying, "See, if you send me off, the world will become hellish!" And it was showing the most frightful scenes: "If I withdraw from this one," it said, "this is what he will do; if I withdraw from that, this is what will happen ... *(Mother laughs)* Horrible things, you know, the most staggering catastrophes! ... It went on for hours.

At night I don't sleep, you know; I remain very still, and I am then a spectator of all those scenes.

Told in detail, they would be very interesting.... Later, perhaps?

The Characters in the Play

The following conversation makes it necessary to explain the physical conditions Mother was living in. Alas, at the time I was still half-blind to these conditions, for Mother had wrapped me in such a cocoon of light that I could not really see what was happening – she knew my impetuous nature, she knew I would never have tolerated the situation in her room nor people's petty intrigues had I known what was really happening there. But gradually I did become aware of certain things.

Unknowingly, I was a witness to a tragedy.

But "tragedy" is afterwards, when it's too late. At the time, there are only people coming and going, with their everyday gestures, their empty words and

simmering little desires, no worse or better than anybody else, and who don't really know what they are doing or where they are going. And yet the tragedy is already sealed in this little gesture, that careless action, those few fleeting words. Was the Trojan War not taking place "every day"? Did Alexander not die on "one fine day"? Destiny seizes upon a few beings and abruptly crystallizes a great moment in History, but the players are neither "cruel" nor "gentle" – they are much like everyday people, but with only a tiny distinction in their hearts. Each player plays his part, in black or white, for an unfathomable goal where everything is reconciled ...

But in the meantime....

Mother's immediate entourage was then composed of: Pranab, her "bodyguard," a former boxer, a violent and arrogant man whose flagrant flaws were the reverse side of a Love he never accepted, because it would have meant surrendering himself. "A for-mi-dable pride," Mother once told me.[52] *He trusted nothing except his biceps and was frustrated in his dreams of "superman" without any tangible physiological realization. In his own way, he was perfectly devoted, as a sportsman who knows he has lost the game he had hoped to win but sportingly plays on till the end. He treated Mother like a brute and talked to her like a brute, but he served her brutishly, sparing no pains, although with a growing impatience. He served Mother for more than twenty-five years. Pranab had an instinctive aversion toward me, as he had toward Pavitra (whom he badly mistreated), and in general toward anything that exceeded his primitive intellect – Pranab could only love what he was able to dominate. He was also openly xenophobic: the "sahibs," as he would say, forgetting, or maybe not, that Mother, too, was a "foreigner." There were never any exchanges between Pranab and myself, we lived in completely different worlds and the work of one did not infringe upon that of the other. He only showed his annoyance and contempt for me when, entering Mother's room ponderously, he would find her in contemplation, holding my hands – perhaps he was eager for a Love that eluded him. I never spoke a word to him. He never said anything to me.*

The second person in Mother's entourage was her -physician, Dr. Sanyal. A completely devoted, clear and uncalculating man but with a total lack of faith, except in his medicine and medical methods. He lived for some twenty years with Mother with no understanding of what she was doing, sowing her bodyconsciousness with his doubts and medical impossibilities. Mother has referred to him on several occasions in this Agenda.

The third person was Mother's helper, Champaklal, who had also been Sri Aurobindo's attendant. A pure-hearted man, simple and utterly devoted There is nothing to say about him, except my respect. He had come from his Gujarati village straight to the Ashram, some fifty years earlier, at the age of eighteen. There was nothing between his village and Sri Aurobindo. He understood nothing of what was happening – he simply served and did as he was bidden.

The fourth and last person was Mother's new attendant. She is going to appear in the following conversation. I was particularly blind about her because she was young and affectionate – but she was completely under Pranab's thumb and ruled by her passions. I had, of course, noticed that she

was listening in on my conversations with Mother, thus subtly clouding the atmosphere, invisibly breaking in upon Mother's free expression; for, needless to say, Mother sensed all that went on in the atmosphere. How many times did she stop in the middle of a sentence, invisibly interrupted: "I can't speak" – that was not just because she was short of breath. Hence, the atmosphere of our conversations was no longer what it had been for the last fifteen years, until 1970. But in addition, we were responsible for a new and sad turn of events. We knew that Mother frequently spoke about Auroville, or with one disciple or another, and we regretted the loss of those words – to us each of her words seemed to have so much importance for the world, even if we were not yet fully able to understand all that she was saying. So with her approval, we managed to obtain a small, easy-to-operate cassette recorder. It had been agreed with Mother that her attendant would record all the important conversations in Mother's room, then pass them on to me to be added to the Agenda. At first, I noticed that the attendant was keeping the tapes, but an innate shyness kept me from saying anything lest I appear to "monopolize" things or seem pushing, and also I didn't know exactly whose instructions she was obeying. Then, gradually, the attendant stopped giving me the recordings altogether, even those of Mother with Sujata. At that point, the situation in Mother's room was so fragile that I didn't want to say anything, for fear of sparking an outburst that would have ultimately bounced on Mother. I was already feeling also the invisible barrier against Sujata, whose name was systematically crossed off the list of visitors under one pretext or another, along with those of the few young women who were the Ashram's positive – and silent – elements. And how could we possibly argue when Sujata was told, "Mother cannot see you ... Mother is sick ... "? Once, Sujata mentioned it to Mother, but when the same incident occurred three, four, ten times, there was nothing to be said. Without knowing why, I too was feeling my own meetings with Mother threatened and precarious. In fact, we were alone, facing an obscure league of opposition. Why the opposition? There is no answer – except human pettiness, which does not understand and hates everything that exceeds it. Even Mother's own son was jealous of my place near her, not to mention the others, the "liars" pure and simple, as Mother used to call them, who were, and still are, directing the Ashram. Finally, much later, I discovered that the notorious cassette recorder, whose recordings I was no longer even receiving, was clandestinely used to record my own conversations with Mother – on whose behalf?

That was the end. The atmosphere had become so rotten that, obviously, it could not last much longer – Mother was suffocating there. I later discovered in my own body and from direct experience that all bad thoughts are agonizing to the body, they create a sort of oppression as if you were short of air. Yet, even when they closed Mother's door on me, a year and a month later almost to the day, on May 19, 1973, I COULD NOT believe it was the end. I was convinced that this was the last stage, that Mother was finally going to shake off the old slavery to food: the last tie to the old physiology. But, as we now know, her "bodyguard" would not let her. In his speech on December 4, 1973, he declared, "In the beginning [from May 201, She refused to take any food or drink, but somehow we persuaded Her to take them."[53] *She did fight as much*

as she could, and then.... At times, I seemed to hear her faltering little voice up there: "Where is Satprem? Where is Satprem?..." and then silence. Had I attempted to force the barrier, this Agenda would never have seen the light of day. In a way, the following conversation is therefore prophetic.

Such was Mother's immediate entourage: a devoted but uncomprehending helper, a doctor with no faith, a violent and despotic bodyguard, and a blind and blinded little being controlled by her passions and by Pranab.

Henceforth, we will let the facts speak for themselves.

* * *

(After a silence, Mother resumes the conversation.)

The body has been weakened by the transformation, the doctor says it is showing signs of weakness.

What is true is that it feels a kind of tension whenever it has to exert too great an effort. But I think that will pass. I am convinced – as I have already told you – that if I reach one hundred, at one hundred I will be strong.

> *But what about the other day, Mother, when you told Sujata again about the possibility of your body becoming apparently lifeless, "dead," as they say ...*

Yes.

> *... as part of the process of transformation. And if this were to occur, we should make sure not to put you into the hole....*

Yes.

> *But why? ... Did the thought occur again that you may have to....*

Yes.... I don't know. At any rate, I would like someone to prevent such a stupid thing, because then all the work would be ruined.

> *Yes, of course. But people like K. will be there [Satprem turns toward the bathroom door and gestures to Mother's attendant to come closer].*

Yes.

> *People like K. will be near You.*

Yes, mon petit, but K. is a young girl, she does not have any authority.

> *Of course, she does, Mother! [K. laughs]*
>
> *(Sujata:) As a matter of fact, Mother, we don't have any authority either.*

People with some authority should be there and say *(Mother speaks forcefully):* YOU MUST NOT DO THIS – Mother DOES NOT WANT.

(Satprem:) Yes, Mother, but I see only K. or Sujata near you who could say that – I mean, what can the others possibly say?

Yes, and what about you?

Me? What say do I have? Who will listen to me? They'll say I'm crazy – they won't even let me enter your room![54]

(Mother laughs with a sort of surprise)

It's true, they won't allow me to enter your room. But people who are here, like K. or Sujata, WITH THEIR FAITH, they can do something – or Pranab. But Pranab, only you can....

But Pranab ... Pranab will think I am dead!

Yes, that's so.

Exactly.

Yes.... Yes, Pranab doesn't believe, he doesn't have faith.

(Mother nods)

Personally, I think that only the faith of people like – well, yes, "little girls" like K. or Sujata can have authority with their faith. That's all I can think of. They will have to be there.

(Mother nods approvingly,
Sujata remains silent till the end)

Possible, but not certain it will happen [the deep trance]. Sometimes, when I see all these things, I am.... My difficulty of speech is caused by that weakness, you see; I have trouble expressing myself; all of a sudden, I feel ... I feel a sort of ... I don't know, I can't say fatigue or exhaustion but ... as though life were literally drained out of me – and yet the consciousness is more ALIVE, stronger than ever!

Suddenly, the body doesn't know if it will be able to go through it – that's what happens.

So, for this reason, appearances may be very deceptive.

(Satprem, aside to K.:) But couldn't someone like Champaklal understand that?

(K.:) I don't think so.

The big difficulty is the government, you see: a bunch of dimwits who know nothing outside of their rules and regulations.

(Satprem:) No, no, Mother, I can assure you that....

(K:) No, no!

(Satprem:) In any event, as long as we're alive, we will do everything we can to safeguard you....

Yes.

For sure.

Mon petit....

(silence)

No, I really don't think anything will happen, Mother.

(K:) I don't either.

(Satprem:) I don't think anything will happen. If you must remain for a given number of days in a state of apparent samadhi, well, you will be protected and everything will be all right, that's all.

(Mother nods approvingly)

All that's needed is ONE person with real faith.

Yes, YES, exactly. Exactly so. Yes.

Well, there are at least three of them right here with real faith!

(Mother laughs) Yes.

Even four! [Vasudha, Mother's former assistant, has just entered the room.[55]*]*

(The clock chimes
Mother takes Satprem's hands
she looks reassured
long silence)

So, K. has recorded a lot of things – did she give them to you?

This morning?

(K.:) Not today – yesterday.

(Satprem:) Yesterday, yes, Mother. I haven't yet looked at them.

I no longer speak with the force I used to have, because speaking is difficult. What I say doesn't have the power it used to have.

But there's power behind it!

Yes, the consciousness is stronger than it has ever been.

Exactly! ... No, I really find that the power is still there, behind .... True, you don't speak like an orator!...

That's right! Far from it! Well, my children, there. We'll do what we can, we'll do as best as we can.

Yes, and we'll look after you well and ... WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN.

Good. Well, all right, then! *(Mother laughs)*
Au revoir, mon petit.

(to Sujata, very tenderly)

Mon petit ....

PostScript

"We won't let you down ... How these words still ring with an agonizing question mark, eight years later! What could we possibly do? A scandal? Useless – it would only have unleashed the pack before we had time to get this Agenda to safety. Here are the facts, as reported in English by Pranab himself in a public speech, on December 4, 1973:

"I arrived at about five past seven [in Mother's room, the evening of November 17] and saw that Dr. Sanyal was already there examining Her. Dyumanbhai [the disciple who brought Mother her meals] also had come. I went and felt the Mother's pulse. It was still there, beating at long intervals. There was still some respiration. But slowly everything stopped. The doctor gave an external heart massage to Her. It had no effect. Then he declared that the Mother had left Her body. This was at 7:25 p.m. Then, being present and feeling my responsibility, I thought what I should do. At that time there were present André [Mother's son], Champaklalji [the helper], Dr. Sanyal, Dyumanbhai, Kumud [the attendant] and myself. I talked with André and told him that I wanted to wait for some time and then take the Mother's body down, place it in the Meditation Hall for people to see. We would keep the body in such a way that it was not disturbed, then we would decide what to do. André agreed to my proposal. He wanted to remain with us but as he was not well I

suggested that he should go home and take rest and come the next day. He left. We remained there and discussed what to do.

Now we thought that if people immediately came to know about the Mother's passing there would be a big rush, and the crowd would all clamor to see Her. There would be noise and shouts and a tremendous confusion. So we thought of keeping the event secret for some time. Also Dr. Sanyal said that we must not disturb the body in any way for several hours. So the Mother was left as She was and after I I o'clock, when the gate of the Ashram was closed, we cleaned Her body with eau de cologne, put a nice dress on Her, arranged everything and then Dyumanbhai and I went down and called Nolinida. Nolinida came up, saw everything, and asked what we were going to do. I mentioned my plans to him. He said the Mother had once told him that if it looked to us that She had left her body we should not be in a hurry, but see that Her body was properly kept, and then wait. I said, "We are just about to do the same. We have cleaned Her, otherwise ants and insects would have come. We have put on Her a new dress and we shall carry Her quietly, carefully downstairs and lay Her in the Meditation Hall. After some time we shall call people." He agreed to our proposal.... At about 2 o'clock [in the morning] we brought the Mother's body down, placed Her on the bed, arranged everything. Then I went out, called Mona, told him to come and see me with four other boys, five of my lieutenants, so to say. When they came I explained to them what to do: to call the photographers first, then to call the [Ashram] trustees, then all those who were very close to Her.... From 3 o'clock the people who had been called started coming. While we were upstairs, we prepared some kind of statement that could go to the Press and to All India Radio so that no wrong information might go out.... Our draft of the statement we got corrected by Nirodda and gave it to Udar to circulate. At 4:15 in the morning we opened the gate of the Ashram for people to come in and have a last Darshan....

> *Thus, SIX HOURS AND THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES after Mother's so-called death, they brought her downstairs, they removed her body from the peace and protection of her atmosphere ... and then they threw her to thousands of avidly curious visitors amidst glaring neon lights and droning fans, just EIGHT HOURS AND FIFTY MINUTES after her heartbeat stopped ...*
>
> *What universal complicity bound all these people together, who ALL fully knew that Mother's body was to be left in peace in her room, who ALL were fully aware of Mother's "instructions"?*
>
> *Had they wanted to get rid of her, they could not have rushed any faster.*
>
> *Pranab himself brazenly declared in his speech:*
>
> > "One thing She repeated to me often quite some time back, and to some other persons also. She said that all the work She was

> doing on Her body could be spoilt in two ways-one, this force She was pulling down on Her could be so strong, so great, that the body would not be able to tolerate it and the body might fail.[56] That was a possibility. The second thing was that if ever She went into a deep trance and it looked to us that She had left Her body, then if by mistake we put Her in the Samadhi [tomb], that would absolutely spoil Her work. And She gave instructions that we should give the body the necessary protection, we should watch, and only when we would be absolutely sure that She had left Her body we should put Her in the Samadhi. I think we have done as She had wanted."

True, they did all that was necessary "to be absolutely sure." Removing her from her room was in effect condemning her to a sure death.

Naturally, no one ever informed us of anything. We were not among those "close" to Mother. It is Sujata's brother, Abhay Singh – himself alerted by the public rumor, who sent word to us. We arrived at the Ashram around six in the morning, stunned, to find thousands of people in line, waiting their turn – it had been six months since we had last seen Mother. Less than five minutes later, Nolini called me to translate the press release into French as well as his own "message" – they all had a "message" ready. He handed me a piece of paper. I could not believe my eyes. I read like an automaton:

> "The Mother's body belonged to the old creation. It was not meant to be the New Body.[57] It was meant to be the pedestal of the New Body. It served its purpose well. The New Body will come.... The revival of the body would have meant revival of the old troubles in the body. The body troubles were eliminated so far as could be done being in the body-farther was not possible. For a new mutation, new procedure was needed. 'Death' was the first stage in that process."

I read once again, in speechless outrage: "The Mother's body belonged to the old creation. It was not meant to be the New Body ..." I looked at all those people staring at me in Nolini's room. A terrible silence fell. And then I said NO. "I will NOT translate that." They looked at me as if I had gone mad I left.

The battery of droning fans, the huge crowd, the glaring lights reflected on the zinc ceiling. Her little white figure, which seemed to be absorbed in a powerful, almost fierce concentration. Scream?

Scream what? To WHOM? Could my screams bring her back to her room? Were they going to cancel their messages and prepared statements? There was no one to listen. They had arranged everything to perfection. There was not a single dissenting voice. The collusion was total.

April 6, 1972

(Mother sees Sujata)

I don't want to speak anymore.
Yesterday, I told Satprem what I had to say.

(silence)

Some people come and deluge me with their problems; others come and say nothing; in both cases, I am silent. I don't care what they say, even that I've become stupid, I don't care in the least.

Oh, no!... People who can say such things are only showing their own colors.

Yes. That's their own business, I have nothing to do with it. Up above, in the consciousness, I *am with those who are there.* And that's that.

(Mother clasps Sujata's hands and sits gazing)

Yes, this is good, this is good. You know I am with you! Do you know that? Tell Satprem too I am ALWAYS with him. There, mon petit.

(Then Sujata relates the dream she had on Sunday in which she and Satprem saw Sri Aurobindo and Mother in a room at the end of a footbridge. The dream had to do with the physical transformation of Sri Aurobindo and Mother. While Mother was talking to Satprem, Sri Aurobindo called Sujata and, placing two fingers in the palm of her right hand, said, "You will have to carry faith and aspiration during one thousand years." After listening to Sujata, Mother remains silent. Sujata tries to comment on her dream.)

The thousand years are over.... And now the transformation is accomplished ...

Yes, that's it, mon petit. Good, mon petit. Good. Now there remains only to transform ourselves! *(Laughter)*

April 8, 1972

Perhaps you remember that in January, Msgr. R. wrote to you, and you concentrated on him for a long time; then you asked me to write him and ask "if he had been conscious of something."[58] *I have received his reply: one letter addressed to me and another to you. Here's what he writes to me (his answer was delayed because of Cardinal Tisserant's death):*

"My brother,

... Actually, on the 29th of January (between five and six o'clock), Mother paid me a visit. An inner visit, but to me it was beyond a shadow of doubt. She told me so many things ... in so short a time.

I think I am now ready to break with an entire past that has brought me nothing but deception, illusion and trickery...."

And this is what he writes to you:

"Since that unforgettable 29th of January (between five and six o'clock), I have been constantly living with you. I have never felt your presence so strongly. Not a bodily presence next to mine, but a spiritual presence made of affection and love.

I have heard and understood your message.

Yes, I know, I must change the direction of my life. The time has come. Soon nothing will keep me from doing it ... not even pseudo-duty to this one or that one.

I would like, I want to work with you to pursue an ideal – an ideal that fills my whole being with enthusiasm.

Everything I have so painstakingly created is collapsing.... I am

left with a feeling of having worked and suffered in vain and for nothing.

And so I turn to you in total trust.

The death of Cardinal Tisserant, who for twenty-one years was a peerless father to me, has plunged me into total disarray.... I feel like an orphan.... It is thus with all my earnestness that I say to you: Mother, help me to live again."

(Mother remains concentrated for a very long time)

It's a beautiful letter.

(silence)

Is he French?

Yes, Mother.

What day is it today? And what time is it there?

Today is Saturday. It's about five o'clock in the morning there.... Do you have a message for him?

Tell him (words are so restrictive) that when I heard his letter, I saw – I saw and felt – the marvelous action of the divine Grace. There was a sort of ... flood of Grace concentrated on him, and it stayed there, on him – it is there, concentrated on him *(embracing gesture)*.

It is very concrete – very concrete and very powerful: a concentration.

As if the Grace were concentrated on an instrument of the Divine, of the divine Power – an instrument.

For me, you see, there was constantly: May Your Will be done, Lord, may Your Will be done, Lord.... As if he were chosen as an instrument, as one of the instruments. May Your Will be done, Lord ... with a great force of concentration.

(Mother plunges in)

* * *

(Mother then listens to several texts from Sri Aurobindo for the message of April 24. Sujata suggests the following passage from Savitri, which Mother immediately accepts:)

He comes unseen into our darker parts

And, curtained by the darkness, does his work,
A subtle and all-knowing guest and guide,
Till they too feel the need and will to change.
All here must learn to obey a higher law,
Our body's cells must hold the Immortal's flame. *Savitri*, I.III.35

That's excellent.

April 12, 1972

(Mother shows Satprem a card with her photo and the following text in English printed on it.)

No human will can finally prevail against the Divine's will.

Let us put ourselves deliberately and
exclusively on the side of the Divine
and the victory is ultimately certain.

The Mother

Strange how human nature resists that. Ordinary human nature is such that it prefers defeat on its own terms to victory in another way. I am making amazing discoveries these days – just amazing.

Human stupidity is abysmal. Abysmal.

It's as if the Force I mentioned before[59] wanted to go like this *(gesture like a power drill),* deeper and deeper into the subconscient.

There are incredible things in the subconscient – incredible. I spend entire nights watching them. And it goes down and down and down ... IMPERATIVELY.

So the human subconscient cries out, "Oh, not yet, please, not yet – not so fast!" And that's what you are up against. A general subconscient.

Naturally, the resistance brings about catastrophes, and then people say, "See! See your beneficient action, it is only causing catastrophes."

Unbelievable, they are unbelievably stupid.

I see it in myself; never have I felt the resistance of the lower nature in such a....

Yes, oh yes! It has increased tremendously.

Yes, tremendously. One wonders how it will end, and at times one gets really worried.

No, you shouldn't. You simply ... keep clinging to the Divine. For, of course, the resistance has such wonderful reasoning! "You see," it says, "You see where all this is leading you, you see ..... Oh, it's ... it's more than a resistance; it is PERVERSE.

Yes.

A perversity.

Yes, Mother, quite so. I can see that. I clearly see that it really is a perversity.

Yes, a perversity.

But I don't know what to do. Nothing seems able to subdue it. I don't know what to do.

Well, the only way is.... If you can avoid listening, it's better, but if you do listen, the only reply is: "I don't care what you say, I don't care" – constantly. "You'll become stupid" – I don't care. "You'll spoil all your work" – I don't care.... To all those perverse arguments the same reply: I don't care.

If you can experience that it's the Divine that does everything, then with an unshakable faith, you say, "All your arguments are worthless; the joy of being with the Divine, conscious of the Divine, surpasses everything" – it surpasses the creation, surpasses life, surpasses happiness and success, it surpasses everything *(Mother raises one finger):* THAT.

That's all. Then all is well. And it's over.

It's as if That drove all the worst things in nature out into bright daylight, out into the open, into contact with that Force ...

Yes!

... so as to have done with them.

Besides, it seems to attack what was good-willed in us.

After some time it becomes absolutely wonderful, but one goes through some difficult moments.

Yes. Yes, there are times when you wonder if everything isn't going to be swept away.

(Mother laughs) That's absurd! Absurd. What's going to be swept away is the resistance.

But....

(Mother plunges in, smiles)

More and more I feel there's but one way.... *(Laughing)* It makes an amusing picture: to sit on the mind – just sit on the mind: shut up. That's the only way.

You sit on the mind *(Mother gives a little slap):* shut up.

(silence)

The subconscient contains the memory of all the *previous* "pralayas,"[60] and this memory is what always gives us the impression that everything is going to dissolve, to collapse.

But if you look at things in the true light, there can only be a more beautiful manifestation! Théon had told me this was the seventh and last one. Sri Aurobindo (I had told him what Théon said), Sri Aurobindo concurred, for he said, "This one will see the transformation towards the Supermind." But to reach the Supermind, the mind must SHUT up! And I always get the impression *(laughing)* of a child sitting on the mind's head *(gesture like a child kicking its feet),* playing on the mind's head! If I could still draw, it would make something really funny. The mind – that huge terrestrial mind *(Mother puffs out her cheeks)* – which thinks itself so important and indispensable, and then a child sitting on its head and playing! It's so funny.

Ah, mon petit, we don't have faith! The moment one has faith....

We say, "We want a divine life" – but we're afraid of it! The second the fear disappears and we are sincere ... really, everything changes.

We say, "We want nothing more of this life," but ... *(laughing)* something in us clings to it!

Yes!

It's so ridiculous.

We cling to our old ideas, our old ... to this old world bound for extinction – we're afraid!

While the divine child sitting on the mind's head plays! ... I wish I could draw that picture, it's so wonderful.

We are so silly we even say *(Mother puts on an air of offended dignity):* the Divine is wrong, "You shouldn't handle things that way!" It's comical, mon petit.

(silence)

The best remedy (I mean the easiest) for me, is: what You will – what You will, in all sincerity. In all sincerity. And then – then understanding comes. Then you understand. But you don't understand mentally, not here *(Mother touches her head).*

What You will.

(silence)

So I can see the resistance in people, I see (they don't say anything, but they think it; I see it in the mental atmosphere like this – *gesture all around):* the twaddle of an old woman!

That's the situation.

Oh! ...

April 13, 1972

(Conversation with Sujata. From now on, none of the recordings made in Mother's room by her attendant will be communicated to Satprem. What follows was noted down from memory by Sujata. She first reads to Mother a letter from one of the schoolchildren; Sujata was trying to build a bridge between Mother and the mass of anonymous people who truly loved her but had no access to her.)

> Sweet Mother,
>
> It seems that you no longer see everyone on their birthdays. Is it because of a lack of time or for some occult reason? People say that seeing too many people every day tires you, but if such is the reason, twenty people coming to receive your Blessings on their birthdays take perhaps less time together than one person who sees you every day! Besides, it is the only day – once a year – when we can see you to receive your Blessings and be near you. Of course, no one wants to disturb you, and I certainly don't.
>
> But I was curious to know the reason for this new arrangement. I hope I am not being impertinent to write this way to you.
>
> Signed: V.

(Sujata:) ... They need to see you, they need your help, it's a difficult period for everyone.

My help is there for all those who need it – it's the ego that prevents people from receiving it. Does V. understand the difference between the ego and the psychic being? ... Ego is the obstruction. Ego was necessary to shape humanity, but we are now preparing the way for a superhumanity, a supra- humanity. The job of the ego is over – it did its job well, now it must disappear. And it is the

psychic being, the Divine's representative in man, that will stay on and pass into the next species. So we must learn to gather all our being around the psychic. Those who wish to pass to the supra-humanity must get rid of the ego and concentrate themselves around the psychic being.

But does he know the difference between the ego and the psychic? Because the ego is very artful – a rogue! ...

April 15, 1972

(Mother had some cardiac trouble the day before.)

So? ... Do you have something?

What about you? [Laughter]

Me ... *(laughing)* it's all right. It's one difficult thing after another. Yesterday was what I call the "change of government" for the heart, so ... it's a difficult moment. But now it's all right.

The other day, when I saw that little child playing (I still see it), on top of a HUGE mental head, kicking it – it's the supramental. But what are we going to call that being? ... We mustn't call it "superman," it isn't the superman: it's the supramental. Because, you see, the transition from animal to man is clear to us; the transition from man to supramental being is accomplished (or isn't) through the superman – there may be a few supermen (there are) who will actually make that transition, but that's not actually how it works. First, that supramental being has to be born.[61]

Now it's becoming plainer and plainer. The other day, I saw that little being (symbolically a child) sitting on a big mental head: it was the supramental being sitting, to symbolize its "independence," I could say, over the mind.

Things are becoming clearer. But we are just in the transitional period, the most difficult time.

Will some reach a similar state – at least similar or at any rate precursor to the supramental?.- . Such seems to be the present attempt, what is taking place now. And so you are no longer on this side, not yet on the other – you are ... *(gesture in suspense)*. Rather a precarious condition.

Evidently, all those who are born now and are here now have asked to participate in this, they have prepared for it in previous lives. From the standpoint of global knowledge, it would be interesting to know what's happening and how it's happening. But from the individual standpoint, it's not exactly pleasant (!), the period is difficult: you are no longer on this side, not yet on the other-just in between. There we stand.

Indeed, for passing into the supramental being it isn't necessary to pass though the overmind ...

I don't understand.

I mean that for contacting or reaching this SUPRA-mental consciousness or being, it is not necessary to pass through the overmental being.

What do you call "overmental being"?

What Sri Aurobindo calls "overmind. "

Oh, no! No.

I see. Not necessary.

What Sri Aurobindo called overmind is the realm of the gods.

So it isn't necessary to pass through that.

Oh, no, the realm of the gods ... stands apart. I don't think it has much to do with the earth's problems. Only sometimes those gods enjoy meddling in earthly affairs. But they don't have much in common with the great Movement of transformation.

Yes, quite so.

They are immortal, aren't they, they are free (to a large extent, they are free and immortal). They have taken part in the earth's development only out of curiosity, as a sort of pastime!

Yes.

They may have helped humanity to understand that there is something beyond earth-life.

That was their usefulness.

At one time *(laughing), I* was very close to all these beings, they used to manifest in me, they would – well, they enjoyed it! And I enjoyed it, too! I was interested; but I never considered it as something essential.

So, in other words, the new being you saw is the supramental baby!

(Laughing) Yes! But I think this "baby" is a baby only symbolically.... I don't know if he will come as a child and then grow up – I have no idea. There are still some things that I don't know – plenty!

But what happened the day before yesterday is that, in the middle of the night, the heart passed from the old government of Nature to the divine government, so at one point there was ... it was difficult. But accompanied by a ... strange sensation, a sort of feeling that ... the closest thing is the psychic consciousness. It has been governing the being for a long, long time – that's why the mind and the vital could be removed, because the psychic being had taken up the reins long, long ago.

As a matter of fact, I wanted to tell you (I don't know if I did[62]): the first time I went to Tlemcen (I don't remember the year), the first day I arrived at Tlemcen, Théon came to meet me and said ... (I didn't understand then, but now I do!), he said, "You are now alone with me, aren't you afraid?" And I replied (I was absolutely conscious and calm).... I remember we were walking in his huge estate, we were walking up towards the house, and I told him *(Mother raises her index finger),* "My psychic being governs me – I am afraid of nothing." Well ... *(gesture of Théon starting as if he had been burned).*

I acquired that psychic consciousness just before leaving for Tlemcen. And it grew stronger there.

I don't know if this has been noted down somewhere....

Yes, you did tell me once.[63]

Oh, I told you about that conversation?

Yes, Mother, you told me about it.

It struck me, I never forgot it. All at once, my psychic being was there: "I am conscious of my psychic being, it protects me, I fear nothing...." Those may not have been the exact words, I don't know, but that was the general reply.

(long silence)

You have something?

I sense a change in me.

Ah! What?

I don't know. Last time you spoke of the "resistance" [of the subconscient] and that very evening I felt something like "a light of grace.

Yes.

And then I felt lighter.

Aah! Yes....

And now I have the feeling – I don't know if it's an illusion, but I really have the impression that something has changed, as if ... the Grace came and untied a knot in me.

Yes.

I feel something has changed ...

It's true. It is true, but I wasn't sure you were fully conscious of it.

Oh, I was! I felt ... but I'm always afraid of deluding myself, you know.

No – no, that's the mind in you, mon petit, give it a tap on the head!

I tangibly felt that ... the Grace had DONE it.

Yes, that's right. Only the Grace can do that.

Yes, Mother, yes!

This is exactly the meaning of my vision: the transition won't take place according to mind's ways, it's a baby sitting on the mind and playing. I can still see it.

Yes, I experienced strongly how it's really the Grace that accomplishes everything.

Yes, yes.

All we can do is ... call the grace, and that's all.

Yes, call, be receptive – eager for an answer.

I felt that very strongly, yesterday. I was going through a difficult moment – pain in the body, with irregular heartbeat (alternately starting and stopping), painful – when, just at that instant, the being simply ... *(Mother opens her hands):* "What You will, Lord, what You will." Within a few hours everything was back in order. How was it done? I don't know. Only this *(Mother opens her hands).*

And for everything, everything, all problems, do like this *(Mother opens her hands):* what You will, Lord, what You will....

I know – I say "will," but it's neither a vision nor the will of the Divine, it's ... His way of being. A particular way of being – successive ways of being. We always think of a "conscious will," but it isn't like that: it's His way of being. The way of being of His consciousness. He has projected His consciousness into a creation: it's His way of being. And it's His way of being that changes.

Then, one understands that the mind isn't necessary – it's the way of being that changes. You follow?

(meditation)

April 19, 1972

And what about your "change" [of government]?

It's going on!

(silence)

The conscious will seems to want to assume a larger role. It makes life ... much more efficient, obviously, but also more difficult.

More difficult in what way?

Well, usually we passively leave it up to Nature to set things right when something goes wrong – that's totally disappearing. Now it is a process of consciousness, and no longer.... You see, the mind *(laughing:* it's going on – the supramental is still sitting on it!), the mind has been worked upon for years, so that it doesn't meddle when it's none of its business and lets Nature take care of all the damage; but now Nature is being told," Keep quiet, a higher Consciousness will settle things." But that means the consciousness must be CONSTANTLY alert.

Constantly alert.

The consciousness' own attitude towards the Divine is to be as if nestling in the Divine – I could even say engulfed in the Divine: what You will, what You will, what You will, what You will.... As a "basic" attitude it's very good, I could say. But when suddenly, something in the body goes wrong, and you don't know why (oh, most of the time it's due to an outside cause, like a disorder coming from outside), so then you don't know what to do – there is no longer a mind to decide what to do; while the consciousness remains like this *(hands open upwards).* But then you don't know what to do, so you do nothing.

There is certainly something to be learned.

But if the consciousness is turned upward, doesn't the Intervention or the Action take place automatically?

Probably.

It must.

That's my constant experience. But.... How are things for you?

I don't know. Better, I think.

Yes. Do you want me to see?

(Mother holds Satprem's hands, and closes her eyes)

Much better.

(Mother plunges in until the end, smiling and holding Satprem's hands)

April 22, 1972

(Mother silently hands some flowers to Satprem. Then she looks ... at what? She seems quite tired. Satprem informs her that he is moving to his new house at "Nandanam," on the outskirts of Pondicherry. Mother goes off ... somewhere, for forty minutes.)

April 26, 1972

(Mother hands Satprem a letter:)

This is what I sent to Indira. You can read it to me, I don't even remember what I put.

> "India shall take her true place in the world
> only when she will become integrally
> the messenger of the Divine Life."[64]

What was the occasion?

She wrote me a very nice letter to express her gratitude, and she asked if I had something to tell her, so that's what I replied.

It seems she speaks in earnest about India's spiritual mission.

She's worried about America. She wants to send people to America to try to create a harmonious atmosphere.

We shall see.

But isn't the danger rather from the Chinese side?

I don't think so.

I have always seen material help coming from the United States – always. But that President,[65] who is a brute, stands in the way. There won't be a new President until November. Something should be done in the country to block him (because he's a candidate), so that he doesn't get reelected.

He's virtually the favorite.

Over there people don't like him.

Yes, but he has the backing of Big Business.

Yes, quite so.

He MUSTN'T be reelected, and there's no point in seeing him either [Indira's overtures]. He mustn't. It MUST NOT happen.[66]

The consciousness must support, help, enlighten and strengthen all those who don't want him.

(silence)

And how are things for you?

... What shall I say? Physically it is still difficult, but the body has understood, I think *(Mother opens her hands)*. The body has understood, but there are still some old habits, some semiconscious reactions. That's what pulls. To me, you see, if the body had truly understood, it should become younger – not "younger" but conscious. Instead of founding its base in the subconscient as everybody else, it should found it in the consciousness – it is beginning to do it. It wants to; it wants, it strives. But there are still some ... sort of habits. All in all, it's the subconscient that should be transformed.

Almost no spontaneous reactions remain of the kind that come from the subconscient – almost none, but still a few ... still far too many.

How was the balcony?[67] Where were you?

I didn't come.

Oh, you didn't come.

No, Mother, I didn't come. Sujata was there.

(Sujata:) It was very good, Mother.

I wasn't too stooped?

No, Mother, you looked better than the last few times.

Ah! It was better.

Yes, Mother, better.

I tried.

You also walked much more, and you stayed for a long time.

Where were you?

As usual, Mother, in my house, downstairs.

Ah, there; yes, I went that side [with inner eyes].

Yes, Mother!

The body is more conscious – the consciousness is penetrating. But....

I have a strong feeling (I mean the body), the body has a strong feeling that if I can last until one hundred it will become younger. Not younger, but ... more capable of manifesting the Force. I don't feel weak, but some things still drag.

The subconscient is full of stupid fears, of lack of trust and ill suggestions (although I am not so sure it's the body's fault, I have the feeling that some people – at least one person, I don't know who – are sending catastrophic suggestions[68]). The body fights all it can to accept only the suggestions from the Divine, but there's still a pull.

Whenever I protest or complain, I am "told" (that's how it comes), I am told that things come to me from here or there ... *(gesture to the four corners)* for me to act upon them, for That to act upon the world – it has nothing to do with thought, it isn't a thought, this *(the head) is* very silent; it's here *(gesture above),* and then like this *(gesture rising from the bottom to be offered),* from the subconscient. And all the work that is being done is not just for this body; the body is doing it for all those who are receptive. In which case I have nothing to say, everything is perfectly all right. If such is the case.... Because *(Mother turns her head toward the bathroom door)* the body lives in particularly good conditions. It is very well taken care of.

(silence)

How is it over there?[69]

> *(Satprem:) I have to get used to it.... I find it very difficult to reconcile the inner consciousness with material life. Material life is a dreadful burden to me: all material things are so heavy, so leaden.... I find it very difficult. I can't seem to reconcile the two.*

Oh! ... Did you go to the performance of *The Gold Washer?*[70]

> *Yes, Mother.*

Was it good?

> *Hmm ... sort of They did it with a lot of love and – with lots of love. But their interpretation of it was.... I don't know, it seemed a bit sinister.*

Sinister?

> *Yes. I don't know, they showed me an aspect I didn't recognize.*

(Mother laughs) Well, well! That's funny.

> *You see, in that book, I was trying to create light out of pain; and, well, there's only pain in what they staged, not too much light.*[71] *They made it into something very melodramatic, you know.*

Oh! ...

Nevertheless, the atmosphere is good, a surprisingly good atmosphere. But strange: something I didn't recognize.

(Mother remains silent, gazing)

Strange. I liked the book very much when I read it, but the only image that remains now is a primeval forest with a huge tree and you struggling to blaze your way through the tree – that's what I see all the time *(Mother looks again).* Why? ... That's it, that's what stayed in the consciousness. I can still see you with an axe, hacking off huge branches to open up a passage. Strange. Is it symbolic? Do you mention that scene in your book?

Not exactly, but I lived something like that[72] *– it's both true and symbolic at the same time.*

Strange, when I think of that book, that's the image I see. I also remember ... you described the death of your friend?

Yes.

That struck me very much. That and the huge tree. But the tree is larger than life, it's symbolic; and with a big axe you are hacking off branches – huge branches, as big as trees – to open up a passage. Strange.

Well, I guess I'm still hacking away at branches!

(Mother laughs) Yes, exactly! That's right.

Material life is.... I don't know why, perhaps it comes from past lives, but I find it unbearable.

Oh! ... In what way is it unbearable? Do you have particular difficulties ?

No, nothing, small difficulties, nothing to speak of, but everything is a burden. I can't seem to infuse any consciousness into this material life, you know; there's a sort of gulf between the two. I feel well only when I stop everything and sit. Then everything is fine.

Ahh!

But as soon as I touch material things ... it's awful. There's no bridge between the inner life and Matter – none AT ALL, a complete chasm.

(after a silence)

From what Nirod is now reading me from his correspondence with Sri Aurobindo, it seems to have been the same with Sri Aurobindo. From what he writes (you'll see when you read it), everything is always done by me. He says, "Mother says, Mother does, Mother ..." I mean, for anything involving the Ashram organization – contact with people and so on – it seems to be done

quite naturally and all the time through me.

But what a humor! Oh, you know, I've never read anything so marvelous! ... He had such a way of looking at things ... it's extraordinary. Extraordinary. But it would seem that the external world was something ... absurd to him, you know.

Yes, exactly.

Absurd.

Absurd. Yes. I've reached the point where the only material life I could tolerate would be that of a sannyasin in a hut – and even then, a naked sannyasin, because even clothes are a nuisance!

Ohh!

You see, everything seems dreadfully.... I just can't infuse any consciousness there.

(Mother continues smiling)

Oh, it's so interesting. So interesting. Since childhood, I have always endeavored, as it were, to attain total indifference-nothing is annoying, nothing is pleasant. Since childhood, I recall a consciousness striving for ... (that's what Sri Aurobindo meant) for indifference. Interesting! It makes me understand why he said that it was I who could attempt the transition between human consciousness and supramental consciousness. He said that. He said it to me and he says it here (it's written among Nirod's things). Now I understand why....

Ah, I understand!

(silence)

Yes, I understand. Well?

The farther I go, the worse I feel I'm getting.

Oh, no! Not at all!

But I feel I'm downright awful!

(Mother laughs cheerfully) That, mon petit, may be my.... My body is exactly in that condition! *(Laughing)* Maybe that's why!

What's more, it feels awful and ridiculous. Ridiculous and awful. It's the first effect of the consciousness of what has to be, it exerts a pressure. Even higher humanity is an awful and ridiculous thing for the overmind *(Mother corrects herself),* for the supramental ("supramental" is a word I don't like too much; I understand why Sri Aurobindo used it, he didn't want "superman" – it's not superman at all). There is a far greater difference between a supramental being and a human being than between a human being and a chimpanzee.

Oh, yes!

But the difference is not so much external: it's a difference of consciousness. I can sense it, I sense it so vividly, and so close! When I am very still, it comes, from over there, and even the highest and most intellectual human consciousness is ridiculous in comparison.

Yes.

Awful.

Yes, Mother. I don't know if I am in contact with "that," but when I remain still I sense something so full, so strong....

Yes, yes, that's it.

I am at ease.

Yes.

You feel that's IT. But then when you leave it to go back into Matter, it's terrible....

(Mother laughs)

Because "that" doesn't permeate here....

It does permeate, but.... To be exact, we can say that it permeates with difficulty, but it does permeate. That's what causes the impression that life is awful. Personally, I feel that life is downright ridiculous – grotesque. Grotesque.

(silence)

One must be thoroughly convinced of it before one can expect to receive that Consciousness. You know what I would say? It's a good sign – it's not pleasant, but it's a good sign.

But, of course, at best – at the very best – we are transitional beings. And well, transitional beings.... But the consciousness of the inner being ultimately gets stronger, you follow? Stronger even than the consciousness of the material being. So the material being can be dissolved, but the inner consciousness remains stronger. It is of that consciousness that we can say, "This is me."

Yes.

There you are. THAT is the important thing.

The important thing.

As for me, the purpose of this body is now simply: the Command and the Will of the Lord, so I can do as much groundwork as possible. But it isn't the Goal at all. You see, we don't know, we don't have the slightest knowledge of what the supramental life is. Therefore we don't know if this *(Mother pinches the skin of her hand)* can change enough to adapt or not – and to tell the truth, I

am not worried about it, it's not a problem that preoccupies me too much; the problem I am preoccupied with is building that supramental consciousness So IT becomes the being. It's that consciousness which must become the being. That's what's important. As for the rest, we'll see (it's the same as worrying over a change of clothing). But it must truly be IT, you see. And in order to do that, all the consciousness contained in these cells must aggregate, form and organize itself into an independent conscious entity – the consciousness in the cells must aggregate and form into a conscious entity capable of being conscious of Matter as well as conscious of the Supramental. That's the thing. That's what is being done. How far will we be able to go? I don't know.

You understand?

Yes, Mother, I understand very well.

How far we'll go, I don't know. I feel that if I last up to my hundredth birthday, that is, another six years, much will be accomplished – much. Something significant and decisive will be accomplished. I am not saying that the body will be able to get transformed ... I have no such signs, but the consciousness – the physical, material consciousness becoming... "supramentalized."

That's it, that's the work now in progress. And that's what's important. You too, you must be able, you must be destined to do that also, hence your disgust. But instead of dwelling on the disgust, you should dwell on the identification with the consciousness you are in when you are sitting still. You follow? That's the important part.

That's the important part.

(Satprem rests his forehead on Mother's knees. Sujata approaches)

I am beginning to understand why Sri Aurobindo always said it was woman *(Mother caresses Sujata's cheek with her finger)* that could build a bridge between the two. I am beginning to understand. One day, I'll explain. I am beginning to understand. Sri Aurobindo used to say: it is woman that can build a bridge between the old world and the supramental world. Now I understand.

(Satprem:) Yes, I understand too.

Then it's all right. We must have patience.

(Mother presses her index finger against Sujata's chest.)

Will you remember what I said?

April 29, 1972

How are you?

I don't know, so-so.

Nothing particular?

No, Mother, nothing particular. And you?

(silence
Mother sits gazing)

You are more conscious of what has to be demolished than of what is being built.

Yes, it's true – yes, I am very conscious of that.

Yes, of what must be demolished, but it's more interesting to be conscious of what's being built.

But, Mother, when at every step you're made to face all sorts of things that aren't very ... that you want to get rid of.

But that's down there *(gesture to the ground). You* must look above.

(silence)

But is it getting built in spite of all the resistance?

Fortunately! Fortunately – because those who ought to be helping aren't helping. Thank God it's happening in spite of everything!

(silence)

It's like asking me whether the divine Consciousness is stronger than the obscure little consciousness of humans.

(Mother plunges in)

May 4, 1972

(Mother sees Sujata)

Strange feeling.... Since last night, a strange impression that the Divine has become ... (how to formulate it?) like a golden Force pressing down like this *(gesture of pressure on the earth).* They alone, who by their aspiration are able to pass through to the Divine Origin, will escape catastrophes.

There was a catastrophe in Madras: one of our best cars was in a very serious accident.

Only those who have an aspiration, a sincere and *unconditional* aspiration towards the Divine, only they will escape – they will stand in a golden glory.

Extremely interesting.[73]

May 6, 1972

(Mother sits "looking")

What do you see?

(silence)

I think I already told you, there's a kind of golden Force pressing down *(gesture);* it has no material substantiality, and yet it feels terribly heavy....

Yes, yes.

... It presses down on Matter, to force it, to compel it to turn INWARDLY to the Divine – not an external flight *(pointing above)* but inwardly turning to the Divine. And the apparent outcome seems to be inevitable catastrophes. But along with this sense of inevitable catastrophe, there come solutions to situations or events that look simply miraculous.

As if both extremes were becoming more extreme: the good getting better and the bad worse. Like that. And a stupendous Power PRESSING down on the world. Such is my impression.

Yes, it's very perceptible.

Yes, it's as tangible as this *(Mother feels the air between her fingers).* And even in life circumstances, many things otherwise indifferent are becoming suddenly acute – acute situations, acute differences, acute ill wills – and at the same time, singular miracles. Singular. People on the verge of death are saved, inextricable situations are suddenly untangled.

And the same for individuals too.

Those who know how to turn to ... (how shall I put it?) who SINCERELY call upon the Divine, who feel it's the only salvation, the only way out, and

who sincerely offer themselves, then ... *(gesture of bursting open)* within a few minutes, it becomes a wonder – for the least little thing: there's no big or small, important or unimportant, it's all the same.

The whole scale of values changes.

The vision of the world is as though changed.

(silence)

This gives an idea of the change brought about in the world by the supramental Descent. Things that were insignificant are becoming quite categorical: a small mistake becomes categorical in its consequences while a little sincerity, a true little aspiration becomes miraculous in its results. The values are intensified in people. Even materially, the least little error has huge consequences, while the slightest sincerity of aspiration has extraordinary results. The values are intensified, they stand out more.

> *Mother, you speak of mistake, of error – I don't know, maybe it's a fallacy, but I have a stronger and stronger notion that mistakes, errors are unreal. It doesn't work that way. They're only a means, as it were. Yes, a means of broadening the scope of our aspiration.*

Yes, that's perfectly correct.

> *They cause pain – mistakes, errors are basically pain, which is the means of awakening some aspiration in the deeper recesses of our being.*

Yes, quite true. The overall perception is that everything is ... everything is meant to lead to the conscious ascent of the world. It is consciousness evolving towards divinity. And perfectly true at that: what we perceive as mistakes stems entirely from an ordinary human conception – wholly and entirely.

> *The only mistake – if it exists at all – is in not wanting something else. But when you start wanting something else....*

Well, that's not a mistake, it's plain stupid!

> *Yes, exactly, stupid. But it seems to me, the moment you want something else, each error or mistake – everything – serves a purpose.*

Yes, yes. Perfectly so. Really, it's very simple: the whole creation must want nothing but the Divine, want nothing but to manifest the Divine; all its actions (including its so-called mistakes) are a means to make it inevitable for the whole creation to manifest the Divine – but not a "Divine" as man usually conceives of, with all kinds of limitations and restrictions: a TOTALITY of tremendous power and light.

Truly the Power is IN the world, a new and stupendous Power which has come into the world to manifest the divine Almightiness and make it "manifestable," so to say.

Through careful observation and attention, I have come to this conclusion:

I have seen that what we call the "Supramental," for lack of a better word, is actually making the creation more susceptible to the higher Power, which we call "divine" because we ... (it is divine compared to what we are, but ...). It's something *(gesture of descent and pressure)* that will make Matter more susceptible and *responsive* to the Force. How can I explain it? ... At present, whatever is invisible or imperceptible is unreal to us (I mean to human beings in general); we say that some things are "concrete" and others are not. But this Power, this Might, which is NOT MATERIAL, is becoming more concretely effective on earth than earthly material things. That's it.

And that is how the supramental beings will protect and defend themselves. In its appearance it won't be material but OVER MATTER its power will be greater than material things. Day by day, hour by hour this is getting truer and truer. The feeling that when this Force is guided by what we call the "Divine," it has POWER, a real power – the power to move Matter, you understand; it can cause a MATERIAL accident, or save you from a wholly material accident, it can cancel the consequences of an absolutely material event – it is stronger than Matter. This is the totally new and incomprehensible fact. But it ... *(fluttering gesture in the atmosphere),* it creates a sort of panic in the ordinary human consciousness.

That's it. It seems that ... things are no longer what they were. There's really something new – things are NO LONGER what they were.

All our common sense, our human logic, our practical sense – collapsed, finished! No longer effective. No longer realistic. They are no longer relevant.

A new world, really.

(silence)

And in the body, whatever has trouble adjusting to this new Power creates difficulties, disorders and illnesses. Yet in a flash you sense that if you were totally receptive, you would become formidable. That's the sensation. That's more and more my sensation: that if the entire consciousness, the entire most material consciousness – the most material – were receptive to this new Power ... one would become for-mi-dable.

(Mother closes her eyes)

But there is one essential condition: the ego's reign must come to an end. The ego is now the obstacle. The ego must be replaced by the divine consciousness – what personally I call divine consciousness. Sri Aurobindo called it "supramental," so we can call it supramental to avoid confusion, because as soon as you say "Divine," people start thinking of a "God," and that spoils everything. It isn't like that. Not like that, it is the descent of the supramental world *(Mother slowly lowers her fists),* which is not mere imagination *(pointing above):* it is an ABSOLUTELY material Power. But *(smilingly)* with no need for any material means.

A world is trying to be born into this world.

(silence)

On several occasions, my body felt a sort of new discomfort, an anxiety; and something, not exactly a voice but it became words in my consciousness, said, "Why are you afraid? This is the new consciousness." It happened several times. Then I understood.

(silence)

You see, what in terms of human common sense says, "This is impossible, it's never been before," that's what is finished. This idiocy is over. It's become a stupidity. Now we could say: it's possible BECAUSE it has never been before. This is the new world and this is the new consciousness and this is the new Power; it is possible, and it is, and will be more and more manifest BECAUSE it is the new world, because it has never been before.

It will be because it has never been before.

(silence)

It's lovely: it will be because it has never been before – BECAUSE it has never been.

(Mother looks up as if about to say something, then goes into meditation)

It is active – in you too. Not material and yet more concrete than Matter!

Yes, almost crushing.

Crushing, yes, just so.... Oh, it's....

Whatever isn't receptive feels crushed, but all that is receptive on the contrary feels a sort of ... extraordinary expansion.

Yes. But that's what's so odd, there's both!

Yes, both together.

You feel so expanded, as if everything in you would blow up, but at the same time there's a sensation of being crushed ...

Yes, but what feels crushed is what resists, what is unreceptive. One has only to open oneself. Then it becomes like a ... a for-mi-dable thing. Fabulous! It's our centuries-old habits that resist and give us that feeling, you know, but whatever can open up.... You feel as if you were becoming larger and larger and larger.... Magnificent. Oh, that's it! ...

May 7, 1972

(Mother sees Sujata)

The Force I spoke of yesterday is more and more active *(gesture pressing down).* The Action is becoming imperative. Crushing.

May 13, 1972

(The subject here is the conversation of last April 2 with Auroville's architect, N. and U., when Mother was trying to bring some harmony among the three. The recording of the conversation, which was never returned to Satprem, started circulating in the Ashram in all kinds of distorted transcriptions. Satprem's initiative in giving the tape, which was intended to preserve the authenticity of Mother's words, was diverted for a typical Ashram purpose: gossip and one-upmanship, each party using Mother's words to outdo the other. Nor do we know what happened to all the other similar recordings ....)

Did they give you that text? ... It was corrected a little. Did you see it? Is it all right?

Yes, Mother, certainly! Is it for the "Auroville Gazette"?

There's a complete confusion.... Don't ask me *(Mother turns towards the bathroom).*

Yes, yes, Mother.

But I thought of one thing that would be good for the *Bulletin.*

Oh, yes, Mother, that's something else. We kept it, and it will be published in the next Bulletin. Yes, it's done.

What was it? I don't remember.

It's when you say, "You are here now on earth because you once chose to – you don't remember it, but I know; that is why you are here .....

Yes, I feel such people are found EVERYWHERE on earth. That was the idea: that some people reading this suddenly feel it's their destiny.

(silence)

Nothing to ask?

> *The other day you spoke of that golden Pressure becoming stronger and stronger ...*

Yes, yes.

> *... perhaps bringing a possibility of catastrophes, you said. Are you thinking of a collective danger?*

America is doing horrible things. They have mined Haiphong.[74] Nobody had ever dared do that so far.

> *Yes, there's a strong impression that that whole abscess should burst open – that nest of wickedness should burst.*

(after a silence)

But how to put it into words? ... There are also things that were miraculous in the past and will no longer be so – both possibilities. Both are there together.

I don't know if it's just because of this transition period, or if the Supramental will in fact bring about very categorical effects....

The same for the body: the least thing seems to produce consequences completely out of proportion – in either good or bad. The customary "neutrality" of life is disappearing.

(silence)

For the individual being [Mother], it's peculiar how both extremes coexist: the individual feels like a complete cipher ... a thing with no strength, no force, no power of decision of any kind, but at the same time *(Mother slowly lowers her fist),* through that individuality such a TREMENDous Action is taking place! And totally unexpected, you know. Both collective and individual actions, which seem absolutely miraculous because they are like this (same gesture) – all-powerful. And the two extremes are there AT THE SAME TIME.

I've never had such a feeling of ... nothingness – nothingness. Nothing. I am nothing anymore. But at the same time, there's the vision, the perception of an absolutely irresistible Force *(Mother lowers her fist)*. It's as if the individual had to be nonexistent first in order to become a real instrument.

Yes, I too often have that feeling of complete void.

Yes, void. Complete void. But then, at the same time (almost the same time, sometimes even exactly at the same time), you perceive a Power acting so formidably through that void! And on a collective scale, you know: winning victories, destroying certain things – fabulous! Fabulous.

(silence)

And the same for the body. It's as if every minute the body could die, and every minute it's miraculously saved. It is ... incredible. Incredible.

And with a constant perception of world events, as if everything, but everything were *(Mother intertwines the fingers of her hands)* ... as if interlinked – a link.... One could say: one single Will manifesting in innumerable actions.

(Mother plunges in, palms open)

May 17, 1972

How are you?

How about you? You haven't been well lately?

It's strange, luckily – luckily – one thing happens after another, one after another, but every single bodily function is changing ... (what's the right word?), I have it, "changing government." Functions that worked naturally – that is, in accord with the laws of Nature – all of a sudden, brrm, finished! They stop. Then ... something ... which I call the Divine – perhaps Sri Aurobindo called it the Supramental, I don't know; it's something like that, something that is plainly concerned with Matter, with this Manifestation, and which is tomorrow's realization (I don't know how to name it); so when everything is thoroughly upset and I feel really awful, then "That" consents to intervene.

The transition isn't pleasant. That's all.

(Mother gives some flowers to Sujata)

Here, mon petit.

Along with sharp pains, and ... impossible to take any food, etc. etc.

Evidently someone had to do it. When Sri Aurobindo left, he told me that I alone could do it. I said all right.... So, I don't do it out of ambition – I just accepted, that's all.

Possibly it's due to the stupidity of my body that I suffer the way I do. If it were more receptive and more ... *(Mother opens her hands),* yes, more receptive, there would be less friction. I can see, I see clearly that pain, conflict, incapacity are all a product of our own stupidity. There's no doubt about it. We have only ourselves to blame. Every time – EVERY single time and in whatever circumstances – every time we take the right attitude, that is, when we are like this *(Mother opens her hands):* let Your Will be done – honestly, sincerely, integrally – everything is fine.

Therefore it's entirely our fault, we can only blame ourselves. And our complaints are childish – oh, personally I don't complain but ... abruptly I can't

do anything anymore.

There.

And what about you, what do you have to say?

Nothing, Mother.

Nothing happened to you? ... I was hoping it would have helped you at least a little!

Nothing happened?

No.

Well, never mind.

Still too mental.

(silence)

So if you like, we can go into silence. Don't you have anything to ask? No news?

You said "still too mental," do you mean ... ?

It means that instead of receiving directly, you see, without thinking, thoughts come in and disturb the process – they limit the receptivity and disturb. That's the point. I see it in myself, you know; I've had to struggle so hard with this, in order to.... The need to understand things, the need to find explanations is simply a return to the old habitual movements. We must consent to be imbecile – for as long as necessary. Personally, as soon as I consent to be imbecile ... beatitude. But the old habits return.

The foremost realization for man is understanding – under- standing things. For the Supermind, realization means Power *(Mother stretches out her arms in a sovereign gesture),* the creative willpower.

But naturally, it would be quite disastrous if human intellectual capacities, mental capacities, were to gain control of that power – it would be terrifying! It would cause terrible havoc. Hence the need to consent in all humility to become imbecile before being able to acquire it.

(silence)

But I must tell you that you were all the time in my consciousness – and there are only very few *(Mother counts on her fingers),* perhaps two or three. Otherwise, ohh, they are far, far away.... You were continually present, that's why I was hoping you would feel a change. You were all the time in my consciousness.

I saw you last night.

Ahh! You see! Then?

Then I don't know, I looked at you and.... How to put it into words? At first I was a little afraid, then I don't know, it all melted and I lost consciousness in a kind of deep sleep. And I had a feeling you

were smiling.

(Mother smiles) But that's very good! What you call your consciousness is your intellectual consciousness.

Afterwards I had great difficulty coming out of that so-called sleep. I had to exert a great effort to come out of it.

But why did you want to come out of it!

I suppose it was time to wake up.

(Mother laughs) It doesn't matter.

(Mother goes into contemplation till the end and opens her eyes just as the clock strikes eleven)

What's the time?

Eleven o'clock, Mother.

So you see, when I went in, I told myself: I will come out of the meditation (not "meditation," but anyway ...), I'll speak at eleven o'clock! *(laughter)* That's why I asked you the time. Interesting!

When you become simple, you know, like a child ... all goes well.

But you mustn't be afraid. Neither afraid of falling ill, nor of becoming imbecile, nor even ... of dying – you must be like this *(vast and quiet gesture, like the sea)*.

If we could only have (I have it from time to time, it comes: it's on its way) a feeling of smiling trust. But to get that the consciousness must be as vast as the creation itself. You are as vast as the creation, and totally trusting.... Ultimately, it always boils down to this (which can be put in a very childlike manner): He knows better than we what has to be done.

There.

He knows better than we what has to be done.

That's my own method. I find it the easiest; there may be other methods (I am sure there are), but for me it's the easiest. Whenever something is apprehensive or balks: "He knows better than you what's necessary." That's all.

(Holding Satprem's hands) If we could smile, it would be so much easier.

(Satprem rests his forehead on Mother's knees)

Au revoir, mon petit.... But truly (it's not mere words), I am always with you. It's a fact. The kind of fact, you know *(Mother feels the air between her fingers),* palpable.

It has reorganized the environment in a most interesting way. Most interesting.

As much as possible, as much as it can, the body tries to be nonexistent: just letting That pass through, That pass through all the time, like this *(gesture with her hands)*. Let the body be only a point of concentration and diffusion, like this *(gesture of something flowing through Mother)*. As supple, as

impersonal, as ... (how to term it?) without any personal will. Without any personal will, just like that, like a transmitter: let That pass through – untainted.

Untainted, undiminished.... Just as it is.

(Satprem gets ready to leave,
Sujata approaches Mother)

You know, Mother, I had an odd dream yesterday morning.... In my dream I saw Satprem's garden. I was walking in the street, passing by his garden, and I glimpsed an "Adoration" tree[75] *covered with adoration flowers. I was filled with such joy. Then, a little farther on, behind this tree, I glimpsed another plant – it was very tall and it was the "Mind" ...*

(Mother nods her head)

Then, I really looked, and on the branch of a tree (a coconut tree, I think, or a palm tree), I saw a bird ... it was mostly white, a bird much like a pigeon but with a very long tail and a kind of golden circle on its breast, I think.

Oh!

Its head was a little ... not quite orange, a little gerua[76] *(you know, like the earth), like that, and it was perched on a branch.*

(Pointing to Satprem) It was him.

(Sujata, surprised) Him, Mother!? I don't know.

Yes, I am telling you, it was him! *(laughter)* It's good.

May 19, 1972

(Coincidentally, this conversation with Sujata took place exactly one year before Mother's last meeting with Satprem, on May 19, 1973. These last few days, transcriptions of some recordings made in Mother's room were on display in the showcase of SABDA, the book business. Sujata voices her surprise.)

How can this be, Mother? For so many years we have kept all your

recordings private and nobody knew anything, and now they are on public display – and in an incorrect transcription moreover.

They don't listen to me.

But, Mother, how did they get out of here?

The Ashram no longer belongs to me.

(Sujata, taken aback) I feet very distressed. The Ashram belongs to Mother....

Oh, mon petit, that ceased being true a long time ago. Ever since I stopped going out, people have been thinking that Mother is no longer looking after things, she doesn't know what's going on.... We ought to start a new Ashram with perhaps a nucleus of ten people – and even then.

May 20, 1972

Are you tired?

Me, it's continuing....

(Mother plunges in, has great difficulty surfacing, then plunges in again)

May 24, 1972

You are ... *(Mother holds Satprem's hands).* I don't know if you are aware of it, but you are associated in all this work of transformation, like this *(gesture of being carried along in the wake)* ... as if you were fastened to it.

(silence)

But the work is taking place in a region beyond words.

Yes.... For some time now I've been very much feeling your presence.

Ahh! ... As for me, I always feel you're there, as though you were clinging to me, so each time something is accomplished, it is naturally passed on to you. *(Laughing)* Clinging like a child.

Yes, I really feel it's the only solution.

(long smiling silence while holding Satprem's hands)

All depends ABSOLUTELY – absolutely and uniquely – on the divine Will. If He has decided we will be transformed, we will be transformed. I myself am powerless – there is no "I," it doesn't exist as this! *(indicating her body)* For those who cling to me, it's the same as clinging to the Divine, because ... *(Mother smiles exquisitely).* Ultimately, what happens is His will.

(Mother goes into contemplation for forty minutes, while holding Satprem's hands. That day there was realization.)

Mon petit....

(Mother opens her eyes wide)

May 26, 1972

(The following text is read aloud to Mother.)

> "Each cellular nucleus holds in its chromosomes the plan of the entire organism.... The chromosomic apparatus of any one cell represents both the "totality" of the individual and the "local" organ it belongs to. This organization could best be compared to that of an ideal human community in which each member would be conscious of the whole community and at the same time of his own intelligent personal function within the community. (Werner Schupbach)

May 27, 1972

(Mother is late)

There's a concrete proof (not always convenient) that supramental time is not the same as physical time.... Sometimes, a few seconds seem, oh, endless, while at other times several hours go by in an instant. And concretely so. The result: I am late, I am always late.

But what can I do? I don't know.

(silence)

The consciousness is really changing – not the deeper consciousness (which is becoming clearer and clearer), but the consciousness we might call "practical" is in the process of changing in quite a striking way.

I'll be eating, and suddenly everything present vanishes, and long afterwards, I realize I am like this *(gesture, one hand suspended in midair),* with a spoon in my hand! ... Not very practical! *(Laughter)*

But during that time, when you suddenly go off ...

Oh, it's quite interesting! But I don't "go off," you see.... I am not at all in a trance, not at all: I am wide awake and FULLY active. I see things, I do things, I hear people, I ... the whole time. But I forget – I simply forget about material life. Then someone comes and abruptly calls me back.

I don't go out of material life, but ... it appears different.

(silence)

Nothing to ask?

No, Mother.

Or to say?

No, Mother, not really.... I am in the course of revising the "Sannyasin," the book I wrote a few years ago, and I must say that all those experiences from above just seem so pale now....

Ahh!

Almost like a dream ...

Yes.

... compared to what there is now.

So true!

I really think the physical world is changing. People will probably notice it only in a few hundred years, because it takes a long time for it to become visible to the ordinary consciousness. But the touch *(Mother feels the air*

between her fingers), feels ... as if a different texture.

From time to time, something tells me, "Don't talk, don't talk!" I have to keep quiet otherwise people around me would think I am becoming deranged.

!!!

(long silence)

You say it isn't the way you see the physical world that's changing but the very quality of matter?

Yes, yes, it's not at all my own way of seeing – not at all.... I don't know.... But it's odd.

You see, I have at the same time (to speak in the old way), at the same time the CONCRETE experience of a tre-men-dous Power and of total impotence.

The old methods, the methods that even yesterday were effective and powerful, all seem nonexistent. Yet, side by side, when that Force comes, I concretely feel (and I have proof, a factual proof) that a simple expression of will, or even a simple vision of something is ... *(Mother lowers her hands)* all-powerful. Materially so. Some people on their deathbeds are returned to life; some healthy people, brrt, suddenly pass away – to that extent, you know. Circumstances that seemed inextricable find marvelous solutions – people themselves say it's miraculous. It's not miraculous to me, it's very simple: just like this *(Mother lowers a finger).* But it's INDISPUTABLE. Indisputable and new in the world. No longer the old method, no longer a mental concentration or a mental vision, none of that *(Mother lowers a finger):* a fact.

A fact.

I am myself still too much tied to ... [people's thoughts]. Thank God *(Mother sweeps her hand across her forehead),* the mind is gone! Ah, you know, I am ... what an extraordinary blessing it is! But from the ordinary external standpoint, I seem to have become an utter imbecile.

!!!

It's good that I have someone like you near me who knows there's something else [than what they think].

Oh, indeed! [laughing] Indeed, there's "something else"!

And I feel such a force, you know.... When I rest, I don't sleep, I consciously enter that supramental activity, and.... Oh, mon petit! ... I see myself doing things with such a fabulous power! And there's no longer any ... you see, when I speak, I am forced to use "I," but it corresponds to nothing, it's ... it's the Consciousness, it's a consciousness. A consciousness that knows and has power. Yes, a CONSCIOUSNESS; not a person but a consciousness – a consciousness that knows and acts. And which uses this *(Mother points to her body)* to keep a contact with people.

Yes, that's it, it's not a person anymore – sometimes, you know *(laughing),* I feel like a puppet *(gesture of dangling at the end of a string)* whose purpose is

to enable contact with people. But the physical strength is like this *(wobbly gesture)....* I feel very strong – very strong, and almost nonexistent. Both extremes together, you understand.... I must really look stupid.

But there *(Mother stretches her arms upwards, then slowly extends them as if to embrace the universe),* it's luminous, it's clear, it's strong, it's wide.... Physically, too. It is PHYSICAL, that's what is amazing! Before, I used to withdraw into an inner state of being (I know them all, I've experienced them, I've had a conscious life), but all that, all that is ... finished. Completely finished.... *(Smiling)* As if the physical world were becoming double.[77]

Naturally, to the ordinary eye, I am still an old woman sitting in a chair and unable to move freely. Although at times, I suddenly feel that if I stood up, I could walk perfectly well.... But something tells me, "Patience, patience, patience ..." So I wait.

And there's a persistent idea *(hammering gesture)* that if I can reach, if my body can reach one hundred, it will become young again. It's very persistent, but doesn't come from me, it's like this *(hammering gesture from above), so* that I remain patient (although I am not impatient). Patience.

From now to one hundred is six years?

Yes, six years, Mother, it's not much.

But the body's capacities will change BEFORE its appearance changes – the appearance changes LAST; and I don't know, that never enters the picture.

What really matters is how the Consciousness can use this. It's not that I will become young again, it's not "young," it's another type of capacity that will emerge and use this body. Will it transform it? Or will it use it for another purpose? That I don't know.... I don't know. Strangely enough, only when you are here do I speak or think about these things, as if it were necessary for someone to know – otherwise, I never think about these things *(gesture of hands open).*

Sometimes I spend hours in contemplation doing a very, very active work. Sometimes there are a few minutes ... a few minutes of silence and contemplation ... that last hours. And they seem like a few minutes. That's how it is.

(silence)

And you?

I'm all right, Mother.

Oh, mon petit ... *(Mother takes Satprem's hands).*

You overwhelm me.

Something ... *(Mother leans towards Satprem)* something in me takes you in my arms and embraces you very, very tenderly.

(contemplation)

May 29, 1972

(Mother sees Sujata. On this day, thirty-four years before, Sujata decided to stay with Mother. She was twelve and a half years old, the youngest disciple in the Ashram. She had made her first visit to Pondicherry when she was nine. She gives Mother a spray of "Service" flowers. This will be the last May 29th.)

It's from your tree.

(Mother holds the flowers for a long time, then gives them back to Sujata)

I've put something there. For you and Satprem.

May 31, 1972

(Mother remains absorbed a long time. She often asked Satprem if he had any "questions," but truly speaking Satprem didn't come to see Mother to "ask questions." Rather he wanted to efface himself all he could and let her experience flow out it she liked to give it expression, or remain silent if so she preferred He did not want his mind to grind thoughts, with its thousand questions, lest it should cloud the atmosphere and bring pressure upon Mother. Questions seemed pointless to him unless they arose on the spur of the moment, springing from within, because then they responded to something iN Mother. Indeed, Satprem wanted to be simply a sort of catalyst for what was happening in her. And then, too, seeing her gasping for breath very much affected him.)

So what do you have to say?

Nothing much.

(Holding Satprem's hands) What do You have to say?

Really nothing much, Mother.... I wish all the last recesses of my

being would open up – that's what I wish.

Why – tell me why do I keep seeing an image of you (it's strangely persistent), as I saw you the last time at the Government House.[78] I had gone to see the new governor, and you were sitting in the room ... on the verandah.... There was a bench, a sort of long bench, and you were sitting there, and when I came out I saw you sitting there, silhouetted against the sky. It was either a balcony or a verandah, I don't remember....

It keeps returning again and again and again.... Why?

Do you remember that?

No, Mother [= I don't want to remember].

Why did it strike me so? ... You weren't alone, there were other people with you, perhaps two or three, I don't know. I don't even remember who they were or what they looked like or anything-I saw only you. And I was....

It was actually my last visit to Government House. You were still there, but the governor had left – I mean Baron.

Why?

You don't remember your own feeling?

No, Mother.

Why does it keep coming back to me like that?

It was like a foreknowledge of the place you would occupy in my life.

Everything else was blurred, indistinct – nonexistent – but you ... I still see it as if it were yesterday. And you were sitting ... sitting on that.... You were in a rather mocking mood.[79]

I was quite stupid.

What?

At the time I was pretty stupid – now I'm a little less....

(Mother laughs)

Thanks to you.

(silence)

Mocking, I don't think so, Mother. I was never really the mocking type.

No, not mocking....

I was rather defiant, or suspicious!

Yes, yes! That's it. Yes, that's exactly it.

As if you were saying to yourself, "What on earth is this!" *(laughter)*

Ah, Mother, what a grace to have met you!...

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)

I KNOW.

(after a silence)

Oh, mon petit ... both together, you know, it's so incredible: a fabulous power – you feel you just do this *(Mother closes her fist on a little bit of air),* and it's done – and at the same time ... you know nothing, understand nothing.... My memory is gone. There's no more, no more ... *(Mother touches her head, indicating a* void). Some decisions go through the consciousness, but as soon as they are uttered or implemented, they're gone.

I remember nothing, nothing, nothing, except like this *(Mother picks up a point in the air),* one thing in a thousand. But why?

(silence)

Say, listen. A strange experience it is. All the daily occupations, the most ordinary things – getting up, going to bed, taking a bath, "trying" to eat (which is rather in vain) – are.... It sounds ridiculous, but they are accompanied by a feeling that they can be an occasion of death (there isn't a single thing that isn't an occasion of death, that is, to leave the body), yet at the same time – at the very same time – there's a feeling of immortality. Almost ... it's almost indescribable.... Both opposites are there – not "opposite," but ... (they are only opposite in our language).

(silence
then Mother smiles as if she had just discovered something)

Ah! Ah! ... You see.... Oh, listen, it sounds utterly absurd, but I'll tell you. This consciousness here is as though conscious of the divine decisions; as though there isn't a single trifle that can't be an occasion to leave the body if the Divine decides that the body has to go, nor is there a single moment when one can't have the feeling of immortality if the Divine decides that one should have the feeling of immortality. The SAME thing. Do you understand what I am saying? The SAME thing.

For example, take that image I keep having of you sitting on that bench and staring at me like – yes, as if saying, "What on earth is this!" because I visited Government House (I used to come very often during Baron's time, but I stopped coming after he left), so I came and you seemed to be saying, "What on earth is this?" as ... yes, as if you were thinking, "How quickly one forgets!" or something of the sort[80] – anyway you weren't overly friendly! *(laughter)* At least that was my impression.... But why does it keep recurring like that? ... You see, that encounter ... that occasion was the starting point – the starting point of a great action between us, together. A great action together. So why these trifling little ripples, just when destiny was being shaped?

One could almost say they were there to prove how appearances are illusions.

Yes. Yes.

ALL appearances are illusions – there's something ... something which for me is becoming increasingly concrete and tremendously powerful: the Lord's Will. This conscious will is not like ours, it's something like this *(Mother lowers her outstretched arms).* Inexpressible. It's unlike anything we know. And it is a formidable will -formidable, you understand, in the sense that all appearances, all contradictions, all human wills are zero: THAT alone *(same, powerful gesture of lowering both arms).* That's it, THAT is what I feel going through me, as if I bathed in it. Exactly like that.

There isn't any ... there's nothing here *(Mother touches her forehead),* it's empty, empty, completely empty – hollow. Hollow. I don't think. There isn't any "I," or any .... It's almost like an empty shell, yet with that formidable Force ... *(vast, powerful gesture, arms outstretched).*

(long silence)

The supramental consciousness must be trying to take possession of it .... This *(the body)* is just like a shell.

A shell .... Will it be able to change? I don't know.

(silence)

A constant feeling of ... *(vast, powerful gesture, arms outstretched).*

(silence)

(Smiling) It's profoundly interesting.

(silence)

As if a superhuman Power were trying to manifest through millenniums of impotence.... That's it. This *(the body)* is made of millenniums of impotence. And a superhuman Power is trying to ... is exerting a pressure to manifest. That's what it is. What will be the outcome? I don't know.

(silence)

And the famous day when I saw you there, sitting against the sky ... it's as though the place you were going to occupy in this creation were decided AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT. Truly ... it's truly, miraculously interesting.

And the same goes for everything – everything, absolutely everything. There are MOMENTS when things are decided.

(meditation
the clock strikes the hour)

Time does not exist anymore....

(Mother nods her head)

As if another time had entered this one.

June 3, 1972

Constantly, but constantly, I have things I would like you to know, but I don't have a chance to tell them. The ordinary memory is all gone, do you know, so if it comes, it comes; if it doesn't come ... it's just lost.

Really ... fantastic things.

(silence)

As if I were walking on a very thin and narrow line: on one side, imbecility, and on the other genius! That's how I progress *(gesture of standing on a ridge).*

What does it depend on? I have no idea.

All the old methods are obsolete, but the new ones aren't yet established. Although sometimes, they come all of a sudden: for a few minutes, there's a dazzling flood of light ... something marvelous, the feeling of a power over the entire world. And the next minute, all gone.

Night and day, like that.

Sometimes, for no apparent reason, I am in such a horrible discomfort, I feel it must lead to death, but then ... something says, *"Don't mind,"* as though Sri Aurobindo were watching over me – *don't mind, don't mind....* So I ... *(Mother opens her hands).* And after a little while: gone, it's inexplicably gone.

(silence)

I can't eat anymore – oh, it's so difficult! So difficult. Eating is really the most difficult of all.... I am not really disgusted by food, nothing of the sort, but I just can't put it in my mouth. I can still drink ... for the moment.

There's nothing there, nothing *(pointing to her forehead),* it's empty, empty, thoroughly empty.... And when I remain like this....

(Mother goes into contemplation)

June 4, 1972

(Mother sees Sujata)

... People are so corrupt, you know, that were the Grace to withdraw but one hour, everything would go ... brrm! *(gesture of violent explosion).*

June 7, 1972

What do You bring? ... And how do you feel?

Well, I think I can feel your presence better.

Ahh!

In fact, I feel that alone can straighten things out.

It's the Lord's presence passing through me – through what people call "me." An aggregate of cells which ... *(laughing)* took this form pretty long ago!

Yes, but this form is very....

This form is.... It's most peculiar, you know: that [cellular] consciousness gives an impression of something trying to become fluid. Something is obviously trying to make it manifest a ... an otherness.

Be an otherness. But how? ...

(silence)

The body is comfortable only when it is conscious of the divine Force acting *(gesture of descent through the body),* but otherwise it's....

Any concentration on the body itself causes a kind of strange discomfort, a discomfort which stops only when it is conscious of the Force – of the Force working *(same gesture of descent through Mother),* the Force working, when "That" comes and flows through it. Then the ... I can't say "the old method" is gone, it's not at all that, it's ... something.

(Smiling) There's a phrase that comes to me in English: *the joy of nothingness.*

(silence)

But don't you have any questions?

Personally, for example, before, my tendency was to turn to Sri

Aurobindo or to a Force ... to THE Force – to That, to the Lord, I don't know. Well, but the effect has not at all been the same since I really started to turn to you as a person.

Ahh!

But since I really turned to you as a person, I have felt a more decisive action taking place in me.

Quite possible. Only, the person is.... It's not a human person.

No, of course not!

It's a supramental person. Something the cells don't quite understand yet, but they know, they sense. They feel as if they were thrust forcibly into a new world.

That's what is now pressing all the time like this *(gesture of pressure and descent).* In spite of an apparent weakness (which is purely illusory), there's a ... tremendous Force here.

Yes, certainly.

Mind you, it's a Force seemingly too strong for the body; but when the body stays VERY quiet, like this ... *(gesture, hands open),* and as nonexistent as possible, then all goes well.

Then, you feel ... *(gesture of something flowing through Mother).*

But that Force is ... *stupendous!*

Oh, yes! Yes, indeed, the few drops one can taste seem ... seem just overwhelming.

Overwhelming.

And instantly effective.

(Mother goes into contemplation for forty minutes holding Satprem's hands)

June 10, 1972

(Mother unwinds a garland of "Patience" from her wrist to give to Sujata.)

Do you want patience?

(Sujata:) Very useful, Mother!

(To Satprem:) What did you feel?

When, Mother?

All the time, mon petit!

Well, I feel you are more and more present, close to me – your help, I mean.

Ah! Yes, that's true.
But....
The Help is getting more and more accurate, more and more conscious, but ... I must say it's VERY difficult.

Yes.

But it doesn't matter. Since we have agreed to do it, let's do it. There's no point in complaining. But the Power – the Power is stu-pen-dous, only ... *(Mother points to her body),* this is like a mockery: the slightest thing gets inordinately magnified! Even physically. Physically, it's so strange, I've got insect bites on a spot that's completely covered *(Mother touches her leg);* for a mosquito to reach it is impossible. And, I don't know ... I am told there are no fleas or bugs here!

There are ants, Mother!

Do ants bite?

Yes, Mother, certain kinds of ants do.

Aaah! So that's it: there ARE ants here. Oh, some ants bite!

Yes, yes, Mother! I learned that here, I didn't know myself.

Well, neither did I! *(laughter)* Ah, that's what it is! Well, thank you! *(laughter)*

(silence)

But I would be interested to hear your observations.

I may not be conscious enough. It's very general. I have a feeling you are very much present, and as soon as I call a little, you are right there, the Help is there.

That, yes, definitely.

When I remember how it was just one or two years ago, naturally I can see, I can realize what a tremendous Power there is now.

Yes, there's a difference.

Yes, tremendous. It's tangible.... And, I must add, at times it falls

upon me without my even calling it.

Yes, yes.

It really falls upon me like ... I don't know, like a flood of power.

Yes, yes. One must be, one absolutely must be ... passively receptive. The slightest activity brings back the old way, I don't know. For me, now, it's *(gesture, hands open).*

When I am like that, time flies by. Time doesn't exist anymore.[81] When the old way comes back, a few minutes seem in-ter-mi-na-ble. Something is really happening ... a new way of time.

The other day, you said that when you go within, it isn't like before when you withdrew into an inner state to work – You said you don't go into trance, you are just....

Interiorized.

Interiorized And you added, "As if the physical were becoming double."

(Mother remains engrossed for a long time then comes out with a smile)

I remember (I don't know when it was, whether at night or ... but it was at a moment when I was quiet, when I was alone), I remember telling you, "You see, THIS is the Supramental." "This is IT, I know, THIS is the Supramental." I said that to you.

But when I tried to recall it so as to keep it in the ordinary consciousness (not the "ordinary" consciousness: the intermediary consciousness, like this – *gesture of a bridge* – the one I have all the time), it ... it sort of evaporated. When I am not active, when I am like now, it's crystal clear: that's IT.

(Mother plunges in)

June 14, 1972

(This concerns a serious and devoted person who works at the Louvre in Paris, restoring old paintings. She writes to Satprem referring to a letter he received from André Gide in 1946, when he was traveling in Egypt on his way to India: "I persuade myself that God does not yet exist and that we must obtain him." And she adds, "Thus, from Partial truths to partial

truths, we progress towards the Truth, before which the whole being can only surrender entirely. Only at that point does True Life begin, for we have at last found what the heart, deep down, was unknowingly always seeking." And she asks Mother, "Wouldn't it be better to live in the Ashram to help the Work more effectively?")

I really think she should stay in France.

Coming here is difficult.

Did you read what Sri Aurobindo said about the Ashram? He said that the Ashram symbolized all the difficulties to be resolved, so after a while people coming from the outside are beset with difficulties instead of finding help. It's much better for her to stay where she is.

But you can assure her that I FEEL her very well, and that I am with her, my help is very consciously with her.

June 17, 1972

(Mother gives Sujata and Satprem a garland of "Patience')

One needs a lot, a lot, a whole lot of it.

Yes!

The signs are increasingly clear, but what PATIENCE one needs!

The slightest wrong movement immediately provokes a dreadful discomfort. The merest trifle.

Life is tolerable only like this *(Mother opens her hands upwards).*

The body – the body itself – feels like a little baby cradled in the arms of the Lord. But if it leaves this attitude only for a few seconds, it feels it's like death – instant dissolution. That's how it is.

The shortest hours are at night, from 8:30 at night till 6 in the morning – I don't sleep, but ... *(immense, silent gesture).*

Then it's fine.

(silence)

What about you, what do you say?

I wish all the recesses of my being would open up.

Mon petit, it's patience, patience, patience, patience.

(Mother plunges in, holding Satprem's hands)

Can you feel?

Yes, Mother.

Once I go into that consciousness, it's very difficult for me to come out.

* * *

(As Satprem is about to leave, Mother hands him a note she has just written in English:)

Sri Aurobindo is an emanation of the Supreme who came on earth to announce the manifestation of a new race and the new world, the Supramental. Let us prepare for it in all sincerity and eagerness.

June 18, 1972

(Mother sees Sujata, who has just lost her eldest brother, and she comforts her. This fragment of conversation has been noted from memory.)

What has to be done for each one is done.

Our consciousness is limited *(microscopic gesture),* it sees only a little part. The divine Consciousness is ... *(gesture):* it sees.

What has to be done for each one is done.

If someone has given himself to the Divine and trusts the Divine, the Divine looks after him. And ... (how to explain?) for instance, all that has to be done for you is being done every minute; and if you in turn ask the Divine to look after someone, that too is done. And done for the best. But this best is as the Divine sees it.

You must be in peace. The peace of absolute trust.

Peace has the power to annul the obstacles.

June 21, 1972

(Satprem reads to Mother a few fragments of "Notes on the Way" for the next Bulletin. Towards the end of the second fragment, Mother seems to be elsewhere. Suddenly, she moans and hides her face in her hands. We pray.)

June 23, 1972

(Mother gives Sujata the manuscript of a note she wrote for Auroville.)

> "Jesus is one of the many forms the Divine has assumed to come in contact with the earth. But there are and will be many others. Auroville's children must replace the exclusivism of one religion by the vast faith of Knowledge."

June 24, 1972

(Mother has not been well lately. She listens to Satprem read the conversation of May 6, 1972 for the next Bulletin: "A golden force pressing down on the earth.... An absolutely material Power, but with no need for any material means.... A world is trying to be born into this world ")

What you've written is very good, it's far better than what I said!

> *(Satprem, somewhat flabbergasted:) But it's the exact transcription of what you said, Mother!!*

(Mother laughs, unconvinced)

This way it's turned out very good.

But it's exactly what you said! I just added a few commas and colons, that's all [laughter], and the paragraphs. But that's all!

And that's what I experience more and more clearly and precisely.

(silence
Satprem offers a flower to Mother,
"Supramental Light in the Subconscient."
Mother keeps it by her side)

Do you want to ask something?

I think Sujata has something to ask you.

Good.

(Sujata:) Mother, the other day you told me that for those who have sincerely given themselves to the Divine, for such persons what has to be done is done.

Yes, yes.

And you went on to say, "If such a person asks something for somebody else, that too is done."

Yes, but not so completely.

What is unreceptive in that person distorts the Action.

Take for example someone who is ill and BELIEVES in the reality of his illness; the effect of the Action is lessened in proportion to his wrong belief.

It's hard to explain.

But what did you want to ask?

(With a little mischievous smile:) I wanted to know, Mother, if I, for example, pray to Sri Aurobindo that "Mother be well," does it help you?

But Mother IS well!

Yesterday afternoon, for instance, I vomited – I wasn't sick. I don't know how to explain it.... The way to take food had to change. I mean, this happened to make me understand the attitude I had to have in taking food. But I wasn't sick: it was AS IF I were sick. It was just meant to make me understand the attitude with which to eat. It was like an object lesson – I understood. If I hadn't vomited, I wouldn't have paid any attention.

It's very complicated, mon petit!

So the people around me should have a certain bearing towards me, take certain precautions; and in order to do so they must think and believe certain things, otherwise they won't do it. And that's how things happen quite naturally. *(Turning to Satprem)* I don't know if you follow?

Yes, I do.

Everything is organized down to the minutest detail, but it's not preplanned as we do with our ordinary consciousness: the Force Simply PRESSES down and produces the required result. I could almost say: by any means whatsoever – any necessary means. It's a Force that is PRESSING down upon the earth and making people do the most improbable things, those who seem the worst as well as the best, just to ... to obtain the necessary result.

More and more it is so.

All our notions of good and evil are....

We have to keep reacting to things, precisely the reactions based on "good" and "evil," the human conception of good and evil (it isn't exactly a human "conception," but an approximation of the Harmony) ....

(Mother plunges in and comes back moving her hand, as if waves were going through her fingertips)

Vibrations ... vibrations transmitting the Divine without distortion. That's it. That's what is needed. And depending on circumstances or people, it takes one form or another – you understand?

Yes, Mother, I understand!

Everything we say is said using old ways of speaking.

(silence)

The Action is evident.... And it is the ego's authority which is disappearing – increasingly disappearing. With total acceptance, you know, one that doesn't even need to understand. We always want to understand in the old mental way – there's NO NEED to understand. An acceptance like this *(gesture, hands open).*

Under that Pressure, the old remnants of authority, the remnants of the ego's authority should disappear and be replaced by this *(same gesture, hands open):* a receptivity and obedience (not "obedience," because there is no need to understand): to be impelled exclusively by the Divine. This in place of the ego. The last traces of the ego getting erased, and ... *(gesture, hands open)* being replaced by ... *(same gesture).*

I continually have the feeling (fifty times a day, perhaps) of being a little baby *(gesture, kicking hands and legs),* completely wrapped in and tossed about by the divine forces! *(laughter)* Exactly like that.

There are still.... It isn't completely transparent, naturally, there still remain some old things, the ego's old rule over the body, which causes grating and friction, but otherwise ... otherwise just like a baby!

Like a baby.

June 28, 1972

(Mother first listens to some letters from Sri Aurobindo to Nirod, and in particular the following ones, which catch her attention and amuse her.)

Why not write something about the Supermind which these people find so difficult to understand?

What's the use? How much would anybody understand? Besides the present business is to bring down and establish the Supermind, not to explain it. If it establishes itself, it will explain itself – if it does not, there is no use in explaining it. I have said some things about it in past writings, but without success in enlightening anybody. So why repeat the endeavor?

(October 8, 1935) *On Himself,* XXVI.164

* * *

What disciples we are of what a Master! I wish you had chosen or called some better stuff.

As to the disciples, I agree! – Yes, but would the better stuff, supposing it to exist, be typical of humanity? To deal with a few exceptional types would hardly solve the problem. And would they consent to follow my path-that is another question? And if they were put to the test, would not the common humanity suddenly reveal itself – that is still another question.

(August 3, 1935) *On Himself*, XXVI.178-179

* * *

Strange, it comes in gusts. A sudden gust comes in which everything is clear – the supermind is evident. And the body sees, it even sees what it is expected to do. The next minute, poof ! *(gesture of curtaining)* it's veiled again.

These are like two different ways of being in relationship with the Divine – both are relationships with the Divine: one is the old way and the other the new way. Formerly, you see, whenever I had a difficulty, I would immediately curl up in my relationship with the Divine, and it would go away. But now it's no

longer the same. The relationship with the Divine is itself on a different footing.

So really ... *(Mother gestures to indicate that she does not know).*

My shelter, my lifelong shelter, which helped me get through everything, seems to be gone. Now ... it's no longer the same. Now, that, too, has to be surpassed. *(Mother shakes her head and raises her arms as if to say: but how?)*

(Mother plunges in)

July 1, 1972

Do you like patience?

(Mother hands Satprem her garland of "Patience")

Yes, one needs it, it seems.

What would you like to tell me?

Have you found the new attitude?

I don't know.

I am no longer the same person, I don't know.

All, absolutely all the reactions are new. But I don't find the.... My only impression is that of CLINGING to the Divine every minute of the day. It's the only way out.

That's how the body functions.

The body's experience is that without the Divine, it would ... crumble.

That's all.

It has in fact a growing sense of nonexistence – of the absence of a separate individuality *(Mother touches the skin of her hands).*

But it is well aware that this is only a transitional consciousness – what will be the ultimate consciousness? I don't know.

(silence)

For example, the body asks the Divine, "Give me consciousness." And there's a kind of answer (a wordless answer): "Not yet, you would no longer want to live separated." Like that. If the body enjoyed the complete consciousness of the divine Presence, it would no longer want, no longer want the separate consciousness.

Obviously, there's still a lot of progress to be made.

(silence)

Nothing to ask?
I don't like to speak.

Yes, Mother.

What's left of the personal consciousness feels so stupid! ... But when I am like this *(gesture, immobile in the Lord)...* then, it's nice.

(Mother plunges in)

July 5, 1972

I barely eat anymore. I don't know ... I can't swallow.

But isn't energy penetrating the body?

I don't know. I don't feel weak. But I don't "feel" energy penetrating the body.
(silence) I don't know.... You don't have anything to ask?

If only one could open EVERY SINGLE part of the being to your Light – is it possible?

Of course it's possible!

(Mother plunges in)

July 8, 1972

Any questions?

I always wonder what you do when you plunge in, like now?

(after a silence)

It's not always the same.

(silence)

The body tries to be entirely under the Divine's Influence.

That's its all-consuming preoccupation.

The most external form is the mantra: the body spontaneously repeats the mantra, but that's only the most external form.

It tries. It tries to ... *(gesture, hands open).*

It aspires and tries to receive nothing but the divine Force.

Food is still the big stumbling block. The body knows it must still eat, but it isn't hungry; food just seems.... It eats out of habit and necessity.

It takes very little, though.

(Mother plunges in)

July 12, 1972

I am always late! ... I think we should fix ten-thirty [instead of ten o'clock].

Well, if you say ten-thirty, it'll mean eleven! [laughter]

Yes, yes! *(Mother gives Satprem a little tap on the shoulder.)*

What do you say?

Well, I say that Mother doesn't talk much!

(silence)

Before, you ... you talked more readily.

Yes.

(long silence)

I have a feeling I am becoming another person.

No, not just that: I am entering ANOTHER world, another way of being ... which might be called a dangerous way of being (in terms of the ordinary consciousness). As if....

Dangerous, but wonderful – how to express it?

First, the [body's] subconscient is in the process of changing, and that is long, arduous and painful ... but marvelous as well. The feeling of ... (gesture *as if standing on a ridge).*

More and more, the body's sensation is that faith alone can save - knowledge is not yet possible, so only faith can save.

But "faith can save" still sounds like an old manner of speaking.... How to phrase it?... The feeling that the relation between what we call "life" and what

we call "death" is becoming more and more different – yes, different *(Mother nods her head),* completely different.

Not that death disappears, mind you (death as we see it, as we know it and in relation to life as we know it): that's not it, not it at all. BOTH are changing ... into something we don't yet know, which seems at once extremely dangerous and absolutely marvelous. Dangerous: the least mistake has catastrophic consequences. And marvelous.

It is the consciousness, the true consciousness of immortality – not "immortality" as we understand it, something else. Something else.

Our natural tendency is to want certain things to be true (those we deem favorable) and other things to disappear – but that's not it! It isn't like that. EVERYTHING is different.

Different.

From time to time, for a moment (a brief moment): a marvel. But the very next minute: the feeling of ... a dangerous unknown. There you are. That's how I spend my time.

(silence)

The subconscient is full of, oh, full of fears, of anxieties, of....

That place is disgusting *(gesture rising from below).*

(silence)

The body doesn't even have faith in its own faith! That's right: it feels its faith isn't the real thing, it doesn't have faith in its own faith.

Life ... life used to be simpler with that faith that predominated over all else, but now ... *(gesture of a complete collapse).*

(Mother plunges in)

July 15, 1972

Do you have something?

No, nothing in particular, except that it's difficult.

No questions?

It's difficult.

(silence)

I had some things for *you (Mother feels the objects on the table near her),* it

was in an envelope.

> "One must not confuse a religious teaching and a spiritual teaching. Religious teaching belongs to the past and stops all progress, spiritual teaching is the teaching of the future. It enlightens the consciousness and prepares it for the future realization.
>
> A spiritual teaching is above religions and strives towards a total truth. It teaches us to come into direct contact with the Divine."

It's for a lady who came from I don't know where and wanted to teach in a parochial school. So I replied with that.

There's also the message you gave All India Radio for August 15:

> "The message from Sri Aurobindo is a sunshine radiating over the future."

And for the darshan here [of August 151, do you have a message?

(after a silence)

I could say:

> "Sri Aurobindo's message radiates over the future like an immortal sun."

(silence)

You have nothing?

Last time, you spoke of the difference between life and death. In other words, life is no longer the way it was, but death neither ...

Yes.

(with a gesture Mother dismisses the question)

I'd like to LIVE like that.... I don't know.

(Mother plunges in a long time then comes back)

> "Sri Aurobindo's message is an immortal sunlight radiating over the future."[82]
>
> That's right. That's much better.

(Mother plunges in again till the end)

July 19, 1972

How are you?

Not so well.

Why?

I don't know.

What's wrong? ... The head or the body?

No, it's rather within.

Ohh! That HAS to be all right. Within, we're the masters – we want to be well, we are well. It's only this *(Mother points to her body)* that doesn't quite obey.

(long silence
Mother holds Satprem's hand)

The subconscient is a mass of defeatism. That's what keeps rising to the surface. As we ABSOLUTELY need to change that, the subconscient must be clarified so that the new race can come. We must clarify the subconscient. It's a mire. It's full of defeatism – defeatism, the first reaction is always defeatist. It's absolutely disgusting, mon petit, I've seen it, I am working there ... a disgusting place. We absolutely must ... we must be categorical and vigorous – fearless, you know. Change it MUST.

It's nasty.

And it keeps rising to the surface ... *(gesture from below).*

(silence)

A fantastic energy is *checked* by that, by that foul thing.

(Mother gives flowers to Sujata)

Here. Do you want a garland?

We must.... (To *Satprem)* You have the capacity to ... *(Mother drives her fist down into Matter).* Defeatism belongs to the subconscient – it MUST change, it must. Defeatism is anti-divine.

(silence)

There's but one way: to want what the Supreme Consciousness wants – whatever the consequences in terms of our silly little conception.

Like this *(Mother opens her hands):* to want what You want.

Do I have a relationship with that Supreme Consciousness?

Oh, mon petit! That goes without saying! You do have a relationship – and even a conscious one; not only do you have a relationship, but you have a conscious relationship.

(silence)

I have gone through all sorts of terrible things in my life....

Yes, so does everyone.

Yes, but I think I've had a ... special share.

Don't you think I've had my share too?

Oh, certainly, I think so.

So?

But I had (even when I didn't know you, when I didn't know the Ashram, I mean), I had the feeling there was something behind me....

Yes.

Something that was helping me.

Of course! But of course there was! Of course there was: THAT. Personally, I call it "Supreme Consciousness" because I don't want to say "God"....

Ah, no!

It's full of ... the very word is full of deception. It's not that way, it's.... We are – WE are the Divine who has forgotten Himself. And our task, the task is to reestablish the connection – call it by any name you like, it doesn't matter. It's the Perfection we must become, that's all.

The Perfection, the Power, the Knowledge we must become, that's all. Call it what you like, it doesn't matter to me. That's the aspiration we must have. We must get out of this mire, this stupidity, this unconsciousness, this disgusting defeatism that crushes us because we allow ourselves to be crushed.

And we fear. We fear for its life *(Mother touches the skin of her hands),* for this thing, as if it were precious, because we want to stay conscious. But let's unite with the Supreme Consciousness, and we'll stay conscious forever! That's IT, that's exactly it.

I could put it this way: we unite our consciousness with what is perishable and we're afraid to perish![83] I Well, I say: let's unite our consciousness with the eternal Consciousness and we will enjoy eternal consciousness.

How stupid can one be!

(silence)

But, you see, when you are here, I can express these things because your atmosphere is conducive to expressing them.

We must ... we must put this at the service of the Divine – always. Always. With faith, an absolute faith: whatever happens is what the Divine wants to see happen. The Divine – I say "Divine" because I know what I mean by that word, I mean supreme Knowledge, supreme Beauty, supreme Goodness, supreme Will – all ... all that must be manifested in order to express ... what must be expressed.

(long silence)

We are disgusted with the world as it is – and we have the POWER to change it. But we are such fools that we can't bring ourselves to abdicate our silly little personality to ... to let the Marvel unfold.

And that's all accumulated in the subconscient: everything we have rejected is there, and now it must be brought in contact with the transforming Force ... so that this unconsciousness may come to an end.

(Mother plunges in for half an hour)

Mon petit....

* * *

(The following has already been the subject of several conversations the past year and will unfortunately come up again. It concerns the sales of my books abroad and a subsequent traffic in foreign currencies to which I was impudent or imprudent enough to call attention. But the real problem was that certain people were outrightly and openly robbing Mother. My books were in fact only a small part of a vaster racket that involved all of Sri Aurobindo's works. Much like Don Quixote, then, I was pitching headlong into a battle whose outcome was foreseeable. It may be recalled that the head of SABDA, the book business, is the brother of the man who tried to appropriate Auroville. In reality I was taking on a well-organized mafia. But I was still unaware of it. This anecdote is reported here only insofar as it is symbolic of a larger whole.)

You have nothing to ask?

I had a practical problem, Mother, but it's perhaps too late?

What time is it?

Ten past eleven.

No; what is it?

Oh, that problem really bothers me. It's about my books with All India Press.

Then, mon petit, you should discuss it with André.[84]

Yes, I did speak to André. I don't know what they're doing with my books. You see, they don't give me any statements and don't tell me anything about what they're doing. I don't know what they're doing with my books in Europe – in Switzerland in particular – they don't inform me of anything nor have I any control over what's happening. I wrote a letter to M. [the director of All India Press], a nice, polite letter in which I asked him to keep me posted up with what they're doing with my books – he never replied. So I thought something should be written to M. and that none but you could do it.

It isn't M., it's ... *(Mother tries to remember a name).*

SABDA?

Yes.

I thought of drafting a short note, and André approves of the note. Could I read it to you?

What is it?

I put: "To All India Press."

No, you must put SABDA.

Good. [Satprem reads:]

> "Satprem's books will not be translated, reprinted or subject to any commitment without his formal consent....

That's obvious. Self-evident!

Well, yes, "self-evident," but.... To continue:

> "A yearly statement of the sales must be sent to him at the end of each year, and meanwhile a statement from the beginning up to date."

In other words: in such and such a year we sold so many copies, in such and such a year so many – so I know how many copies they sell.

Very good.

I had already asked – they never replied So the only solution is for you yourself to send them the....

Yes, you're right. But I'll send it through André.

Good. If you sign it, I'll give it to André. So should I put SABDA

instead of All India Press?

Just add "SABDA" after, below the other.

I simply want to be kept informed, you know! They do all sorts of things without telling me.

(Mother remains absorbed)

July 22, 1972

I have some things for you.

(Mother gropes for something on the table beside her and hands Satprem a note in English)

Man is the creation of yesterday.
Sri Aurobindo has come to
announce the creation of tomorrow.

Is that all?

I wrote it in French and I put, "The creation of tomorrow, the advent of the supramental being." Because they are likely to call it "superman" if I don't put "supramental being." The advent of the supramental being.

We are just in between. No longer this, not yet that – the time that's the most....

(brief silence)

* * *

(Thus, I sent to SABDA and All India Press the note signed by Mother. As was to be expected, the reaction was swift: I was accused of being "after money." Mother well knew the hornet's nest I was about to stir up, and the day before she had written me a letter – which I did not understand – to try and tell me to move to a higher plateau, to another consciousness, instead of struggling against crooks. The following conversation is the saddest memory of my seventeen years of meetings with Mother. It was so painful to see her weariness yet have to fight to unmask that falsehood – as if she didn't know it! But we are writing History here and we are trying

to give as factual an account as possible and to describe the characters just as they were.)

What did I write you?

You wrote unjustified things.

Unjustified.

Yes.

That would surprise me.... It wasn't I who wrote. So that would surprise me. What were those unjustified things?

You said my action was distorted.

No – I certainly didn't say that.

Well, that's what I understood.... Later you wrote me [in a second letter], that you trusted me....

Yes, of course!

Well, if you trust me, you must defend me and help me.

Defend you?

And help me.

Defend you against whom?

As a matter of fact, I didn't want to come and see you this morning. I came because Sujata persuaded me to come. She said that if I leave, the worst elements will remain and they ... they won't help you. I came here out of a sense of duty.

Are you that angry?

Yes, Mother. I came here this morning out of a sense of duty, because I think that....

Don't you love me at all?

But, Mother, that's not the point. The point is a practical one.

Practical ?

Yes.

Practical questions are in a total confusion.

Well, that's just the point, Mother. If you trust certain people, you must believe their word and not yield or listen to people who deceive you.

But I don't know what you mean, because ... *(Mother holds her head in her*

hands). I don't understand anymore.

> *Yes, Mother, I do know you no longer understand these material questions. Several times I have explained the situation to you. I told you that I asked SABDA for some information....*

But didn't they give it to you?

> *Of course not.*

But I told them, I wrote them they absolutely must give it to you.

> *Yes; whereupon M. [the director of All India Press] writes you a letter and you reply, "I am very satisfied with your work." Result: he says to himself, "Fine, Ill just continue as before.*

No, I told him he must ... didn't André tell you?

> *But that's precisely what André told me! André said, "Mother told M.: I am satisfied with your work." So everything is for the best!*

But this breaks all bounds!

> *Indeed, Mother!... In the essential truth, I am with you forever, as you know, there is no doubt about it. So far so good But when I deal with Matter, I have to fight using Matter's laws along with whatever truth I may have. As far as Matter is concerned, I saw there was falsehood; I'm fighting against that falsehood, and I'm asking your help to fight it.... Or else one simply withdraws from all action altogether.*

But I know that falsehood! I told MA And that's what baffles me, there's something I don't understand. Because not only did I tell M. that his doings were not proper, but I also told him what he had to do. So I am completely baffled.... Who has ... ? There's something fishy somewhere.

> *Exactly, Mother, these people are very skilled at confusing everything. That's their main power: they confuse the issue.*

But I don't believe M. in the least! I don't believe a word he says to me! I told him.... So they distort what I say? ... No, I am really baffled. Not only did I send word to M. but also to ... what's his name?

> *B. [Sabda]*

Yes, B. And B. said I was quite right. So where is the confusion?[85]

> *Yes ?*

(silence)

What I wrote you is....
Will you read me what I told you? ... To tell the truth (I don't like to say

this), but to tell the truth, it was Sri Aurobindo who came and told me to write this to you. There must have been some reason, mon petit.

Yes. Here's what you say:

> "An individual being, whatever his merit, is but a point in the universe....

That's certain!

Yes, that was the point. Next ?

> "... He really begins to exist only when his consciousness becomes universal through union with the Divine....

That's perfectly exact.

> "Truly we begin to exist only when we let the Divine act through us ...

That's entirely true.

> "... without any ignorance distorting His Action."

Yes, it's quite correct.

Yes. So when you sent me that, I understood that I distorted His Action.

No, mon petit!

Then what does it mean, Mother?

That's not what it means. It means.... Oh, it was so clear when he told me! ... The question was by no means that of an individual: it was a question of the whole, a vision of the whole – that things aren't as they seem to be, behind there's ... *(Mother holds her head in her hands). I* don't know anymore, mon petit. I know that when it came, it was meant on the contrary to tell you not to pay attention to people's mistakes because ... things had to be seen from the standpoint of the whole, within the Whole. That was it. I felt this was the last stage, which would propel you into the Vision, the vision of the whole I mentioned. When I wrote that, I felt you were ready to have that vision of the whole and had to be told just so that you would give your external consent to it. When I was told you were unhappy [with my letter], I was puzzled – I didn't understand. How come? ... On the contrary the feeling was that the time had come for you to rise above all human conceptions and to look at the creation and all circumstances – ALL circumstances – within the Great View, the all-encompassing divine view. Such was my impression.

Yes. But what is to be done, then? Should one withdraw in that Consciousness, seek to attain it and, well, just let the material world unfold as it can with the fakers and liars, or else....

That's what I am myself brought to do now.

But is it what I should do, too? Does it mean I should simply cede the ground to that falsehood?

What falsehood? I know what I said to M. and to B.: I told them (and especially M.) that this was no way to behave, that they should not behave that way. That's what I told him. I told him that nothing concerning your books should be decided without consulting you first.... So I don't understand at all.

Yes.

There's something I don't grasp in all this. I told him quite plainly. What did André tell you? Didn't he tell you that?

No, Mother. But André is straight, André tells the truth. André isn't with those crooks, naturally! Neither André nor I are people who tell lies.

He may not have understood, then. Do you want to call André and we see it together?

Calling André is all right, Mother, but that remains in the realm of words. These people have been told on your behalf – André told them on your behalf – that they had to give certain statements, but they don't do a thing! They don't lift a finger. They don't obey your orders.

They didn't send you anything today?

No, nothing. And also for Sri Aurobindo's books – that's where they're directly deceiving you. They don't lift a finger, they simply do nothing. They won't give the least information about what they're doing – what are they HIDING, these people, Id like to know? ... As long as they're told words, it's completely ineffective. I wonder what action will make them move? ...

(silence)

I know in any case that the letter I wrote you was really Sri Aurobindo insisting on the need to attain that Consciousness, and he told me you were ready for it. He told me that.

Then should I withdraw from action, Mother?

What do you mean by "withdraw from action"?

Well, let things follow their own course. Stop doing anything. Really stop doing anything until the consciousness reaches that state.

No....

Just closet myself, go to the Himalayas and stay put.

"Doing" ... there are many planes of" doing."
Maybe if ... *(Mother props her head in her hands).*

I am tiring you, Mother, I'm really sorry.

You see, one "does" in higher regions. Sri Aurobindo insisted, he said you were ready to get the superman's consciousness – not "superman": supramental, the supramental consciousness. And that's what he wanted to give you. He wanted ... he insisted that you should be preoccupied with THAT, concentrated on that, because you have the capacity. In this domain the numbers are VERY small, so it's important that all those who can do it do it. That's how I saw things.

I understand.

... And how I understood them and wrote them to you....

Yes, I understand what you mean.

... That all the preoccupations stemming from the other consciousness, the old human consciousness, however enlightened it is, are to be left aside for the moment to allow the full emergence into that Consciousness. That's all. That's all I said.

Yes, that I understand.

I told those people what I knew, I told them that they were wrong and had to change their ways. What else could I do?

Yes.

(silence)

What did you ask them?

Listen, Mother, if I should stop involving myself in these questions (which greatly disturb me), do you want Sujata to follow them and be present tomorrow when M. comes to see you? Sujata will be present and you can give your instructions to M. in front of her, and she will do the follow-up. And I won't be troubled anymore.

You see, the trouble is, I don't give [M.] my instructions in person, I give them through André. Perhaps he didn't understand?

But if M. comes before you tomorrow, and Sujata is here, and you give him your instructions, Sujata will follow up. Unless you prefer all three to come, André, Sujata and M.? ...

(Mother puts her head in her hands)

I'm sorry, Mother, I am forced to do a dirty job. But it must be settled once and for all – and not only for me, but for Sri Aurobindo's works as well.... Because André doesn't say anything, but he's like me, he's upset. He is upset with this situation. For he sees these people deceiving and distorting with impunity.

So André didn't say anything?

But, Mother, "saying" isn't enough! If they come before you – André, M. and, say, Sujata, all three – and you spell out your instructions, then he will be forced to do as you say. And it will be all over.[86]

But what instructions, regarding what?

Regarding the accounts they should give you about what they're doing with Sri Aurobindo's books and Satprem's books.

They're not giving any accounts?

But I am not talking of financial accounts! I mean what they're DOING, how many copies they sell....

Ohhh!

I am not at all asking about money but how many copies they sell in India and abroad. Nothing else.

Ohh!

I am not asking for money,[87] *but for the means of knowing exactly, of controlling what they're doing. In other words, they should tell you: we have sold so many copies of Sri Aurobindo in Switzerland, so many in Germany.*

That, I know, they haven't done.

So!... But that's just the way of controlling what they're doing.

Ahh!

And that's what I want for my books – not money!

Oh, then there's a confusion, because from what André told me, I understood it was money.

But who cares about money, Mother! Nobody cares about that – except them.

Ohh! ... Then André himself didn't understand. Or I didn't understand what he said.

(at this point, the attendant comes out of the bathroom to defend M., saying that he gives all his money to Mother;

the Mafia extended to every floor)

This is not at all a question of money, not at all – as if André or I were interested in money! We don't care a jackstraw. But what we do care about is to know what they're DOING.

But of course! At least to me, they should give an accurate report.

Exactly! But they'd rather be caught dead than do that.

I can see that – ahh, I understand! Now I get it.

And that's why they reacted so violently against me when I asked for the information, because they felt somebody was beginning to uncover their scheme.

Ohh! ... But, you know, I have such difficulty speaking....

Yes, Mother, I know, and I hate to draw you into this.

... Because if I can't speak when M. is here, it will look stupid.

(silence)

Listen, will you do me a favor?

Certainly, Mother, I only want Truth to triumph!

Go find André and bring him here.

(Satprem goes out to fetch André. They return together.)

Ah! *(to André:)* What will you say now? ... I don't understand anything anymore! *(André laughs)*

(André:) Well, Satprem would like to know what's happening with his books....

Yes, and he's right.

Yes. And by the same token, it would be good if we could know – if someone in the Ashram could know – what exactly M. is doing with Sri Aurobindo's books.

Yes, quite.

The fact is, nobody knows anything. They're printing books, SABDA tries to sell them here and there – they have excellent promotional methods, but we have no idea what they are specifically. We don't know what's going on. It even goes ... I'll go further, Mother: for the last two years, I haven't been able to put my hand on the corrections made to the film negatives, I mean the offset reproduction of the Centenary edition [of Sri Aurobindo's works].

There were corrections made?

Yes, there were. I know there were because M. told me so. I asked him for a list....

What corrections? Who made corrections?

There's a boy working with him who makes the corrections.

But, look here, this is incredible! On the pretext that I can't see to this myself, they don't even show me!! They make corrections without telling me!

I don't know how serious these are, I have no idea.

Oh, but "serious" or not, they CANNOT make corrections without asking me!

True, Mother.

Good heavens! ... So what can we do now?

(Satprem:) Yes, Mother, you absolutely must have some sort of control over these people. I think the best way would be to call B. [Sabda], M. and André together, and have André spell out all the points in black and white.

Oh, but André isn't combative.

(André:) Yes, I am Mother! [laughter] I am convinced, but....

No! I didn't say "convinced," I said "combative."

Combative? Oh, I am not at all combative, Mother!

I know. That's just what I said.

I am not at all combative, because ... I try to see through their eyes, and then I don't know who's right anymore!

Yes! *(laughter)* That's exactly the point.

(Satprem:) But the two basic things to ask them are their production and their distribution. That's all.

(André:) Yes, right.

Oh, yes! I ask them, you know. But they say I can't see anymore.... True, I can't see – I see, but ... it's a mixed vision. It's interesting (I wouldn't wish it on anybody, because the people who would see with it ...). I see what is true in things from the supramental point of view. And it's extremely interesting. I hear sounds that people don't usually hear, because these sounds have a supramental reality. I can see.... When people talk to me, I see at the same time not only what they think (that's old hat), but what's true from the supramental point of view. All the time it is like that. Both together. Because my body has

no longer the same ... (what's the word?) ... I am strong, but the old type of energy is gone; and the one that replaces it is far more powerful – but I don't like to talk about it. When I do, I appear to be boasting. So I don't say anything. I tell you now so you'll understand.

I am no longer on this side but not yet on the other; I am in between – it's difficult. But I am still capable of controlling what these people are doing.... At any rate, they have no right to do whatever they want with Sri Aurobindo's books. And as for Satprem's books, I had said that he gave them to me personally...

(Satprem:) Yes.[88]

... and that they were under my personal control; but "under my control" doesn't mean they have a free hand!

(André:) Yes, Mother, that's right.... I'll tell you frankly what bothers me. What bothers me is that I know from experience that you're always right because you always see things from a higher plane than we. Also I know from experience that even if at the time I feel you say something that....

(Mother laughs)

... that doesn't match my own thinking, well, you're still right. And that's why I have a lot of trouble being "combative.

But don't you know! I don't "think," mon petit!

Well, yes, Mother, that's the point!

Exactly.

(Satprem to Mother:) Yes, but you do need human instruments to do things, don't you? ...

Yes, yes.

And there are instruments like André who are trustworthy and can do certain things for you.

But, you see, he himself says he isn't combative!

(Satprem:) Yes, that's right! [general laughter]

There you are.

(André:) For instance, you see, when M. (and I believe he's being very honest in that case), when M. tells You how miserable he is, how everybody is after him, how everybody gives him a bad time....

Oh, M. is in a state.... He's like this *(gesture like a wet towel).*

Yes, precisely! So you really hesitate being combative with him.

But that's no reason why he should.... It would be much better to be frank with him, tell him exactly what we expect from him.

(Satprem:) Yes, that's right.

And put it in writing. And I'll tell him that I WANT to know.

(Satprem:) Yes, we have to put it down in a few lines on paper.

(André to Satprem:) Yes, what you did for your books was very good.

And if he doesn't comply, he'll be putting himself in the wrong – but I think he will. *(To André:)* You don't understand?

(André, reluctantly:) All right, I'll draft a note and discuss it with you.

(Satprem:) Ask the same for Sri Aurobindo's books: what are their production and their distribution? And they must keep you informed of reprints, etc.

Yes. That's right.

(André:) And inform you in writing, otherwise....

Yes, not verbally.

(André:) They must supply a written statement, because he always does everything verbally.

Yes, I demand a written statement. I want a detailed and accurate report from him. A complete and genuine statement of what they do.

(Satprem:) M. and SABDA, both of them, isn't it.

Yes.

(André:) Actually SABDA is the most....

Yes, SABDA is....

(Satprem:) That's where the falsehood lies.

SABDA is far more difficult.

(Satprem:) Yes, exactly.

He's become.... B.'s mind is ... *(twisted gesture).*

(André:) Yes, THERE is the knot, because ... (how to put this?) that's where they conceal the most.

Both of you must put this very clearly in writing, and I'll sign it. I'll have to write something myself, so that it doesn't look like a mere signature.

(Satprem:) It can all be said in a few lines.

Yes, it need not be long. I want Satprem to be present when I sign it.

(Satprem) Oh, that isn't necessary at all, Mother!

I prefer it that way.

(Satprem:) All right! As you like [laughter].

So settle it among yourselves, prepare a text and come to have me sign it when it's ready.

(Satprem:) This very evening.

Tomorrow is what day?

(Satprem:) This evening itself, Mother, it's only a few lines.

Today is André's day, so you will come too.

(Satprem:) Yes, well come together.

(To André:) Do you say yes?

(André, resignedly:) I say yes! [laughter]

(Satprem:) It will be settled once and for all.

But you shouldn't at all think that.... *(Turning towards André)* You're doing your best – you said you were afraid of going against my thinking....

(André:) Yes.

But, mon petit, you've got to understand!!

(silence)

I can't explain it in words, you wouldn't understand. I don't even know how to express it.... I just know that even mistakes (what we call "mistakes") and difficulties are the result of the manifestation of the divine Consciousness helping us to progress towards the future perfection through ... (what's the word?) through continuous molding. That's what I see. And that's why....

(Satprem, aside to André:) ... We mustn't be afraid of making mistakes.

(André:) Yes, we mustn't be afraid of mistakes.

Each one has a role and plays his part.

(Satprem, aside to André:) We mustn't be afraid of our own truth, André.

The only important thing is to mix as little personal ego as possible with

the divine vision. That's all.

(André:) Yes, right.

(silence)

It's difficult, I can't speak. But it's so wonderful when you see it! But I can't speak.

When I can say exactly how it is, then I'll say it.... Not quite yet.

You see, the sensation of my body is ... as if I were as big as the world and holding everything in my arms, truly the way a Mother holds her children – except it's a hundred times better than that! But that's it, that's how I live.

I can't explain.... Later.

Later.

All right, so prepare that text. I'll see you both this evening.

(To André:) Mon petit, I KNOW the truth of things, but I am powerless to express it. I can't say it just because I don't have the power of expression. But do as I said.

(Satprem:) Yes, Mother, certainly!

(André goes out)

Mon petit...[89]

(Mother gives Satprem a kiss on the forehead)

July 26, 1972

(In an attempt to bring the book distribution in line, Mother, on Satprem's suggestion, asked a young teacher from the school to be in charge of the copyright department. Mother first speaks of this young teacher.)

He's discovering skeletons! Poor M. [All India Press director], he was so upset!

Naturally, for he isn't the real culprit in all this, you know, it's the other one behind, SABDA.

Oh, that's....

And that's why he is hurt – because he's more receptive. The other one is penned up in his falsehood...

The other one is a NO! *(Mother makes the gesture of something compact.)* Anyway....

* * *

(Mother looks for something near her.)

I had something I wanted to show *you ... (Mother does not find it).* I don't know, I thought I had kept some things for you, but I don't know where they are now.

You know, this *(Mother sweeps a hand across her forehead)* is almost emptiness itself. There's nothing here *(forehead)* – nothing. When I am perfectly quiet and still *(Mother raises a finger upward),* some things come *(gesture above),* some things get done or straightened out – it takes place above. When I am like that, after a while a whole world of things gets done, gets organized, but it's ... (what can I say?) it's another kind of reality, a more ... substantial reality. How is it more substantial? I don't know. Matter seems ... unsubstantial compared to that. Unsubstantial, opaque, unreceptive. Whereas that is....

The funny part is that people think I am asleep! I don't at all sleep. That's how I spend my nights: a Force at work.

And I am conscious ... but it's hard to put in words. Words are ... words distort. Really a new kind of consciousness is developing – how will it express itself ? I have no idea.

So people are convinced that I am asleep, that I am deaf, that ... and on top of it all, I can barely speak *(laughing)* – so I must have become an old.... I hardly belong to the old world anymore, so the old world says: she's finished – I couldn't care less!

Yes, I should think so!

I am telling you because I can tell you things.

But it's probably better this way.

The trouble is, I am becoming an object of curiosity; that's a problem because.... A host of people come flocking here just for that: an object of curiosity.

But there's this odd thing: for EVERYTHING, for everything I do – for instance, I still take my bath, I try to eat (it's the most difficult – VERY difficult), for everything ... *(Mother stops short).*

I wanted to tell you something, but it's gone.

Maybe it was not meant to be said.

Yes, you are obviously impelled by something else.

Yes, yes, that's right. Exactly.

So much so that sometimes, just after doing something, I wonder.... I suddenly ask myself, "Did you do this?" – and I've just done it!

That's how it is.

Yes, I quite understand. But when you act in that other, more substantial matter, how does it find its way into this old matter here? How is your organization up there communicated here?

(silence)

I don't know, there's almost an interdiction to speak; because whenever I try to express something, I suddenly find myself before a blank.

Yes, I can understand why.

Everything conspires to give the impression that I am falling apart.

Yes, but that doesn't matter!

Provided somebody knows it to be untrue is what counts – YOU know.

But still, a good number of people here, though not knowing, feel that way.

Oh?

More than you think.

Ah, the Force is tremendous, mon petit!

Those physically nearest to you are not necessarily those who feel it.

Yes, I know – because they just see this appearance, which is not so.... I tell you: I do things, and I don't know how I do them. There's a kind of.... Oh, but the most fascinating field of experience is food 11 am not hungry, I don't feel like eating, food doesn't interest me by any means, yet they bring me my meal, and I "have" to eat – sometimes I eat (always in small quantity), but since I don't move and don't work, I don't need material energy, so I don't need to eat much, and I don't think I am losing weight *(Mother touches her arms).*

No, apparently not.

Apparently not, therefore....

But you aren't heavy! [laughter]

Oh, I've never been heavy!

But it's truly interesting, because I don't at all feel like eating, I am not interested in it, and yet something FORCES me to eat – not much, but it says, "Eat."

The same with speech. Things are so clear, there is such a clear vision! *(gesture above the head)* When I am silent and quiet for hours, SO MUCH work is being done, and everywhere at the same time *(universal gesture)*.... But I can't express it.

This incapacity to speak is also rather special....

(long silence)

There are so many things I would like to tell you. But a kind of will bars me from speaking. So I....

Yes, I understand the danger of mentalizing things. I really understand. It's dangerous.

Oh, but mon petit, the mind is gone.

No, I mean mentalizing by expressing things.

Yes, exactly. It distorts.
We must be patient.
This *(Mother points to the garlands of "Patience" around her wrists)* is symbolic. Repeatedly it's: patience, patience, patience.
But the others, too, must be patient. And you, you must be very patient.

Yes, Mother.

Very patient – do you want my patience? *(Mother slips her garland around Satprem's wrist).* And she too *(to Sujata):* tell me, do you want my patience? *(Mother gives another garland)* Here.

(silence)

So what do you think could help you? Would you like some silence ? ...

Oh, that's....

... or would you rather ask me questions?

(Mother plunges in)

July 29, 1972

What I told you last time is not to be published – it's all right for the *Agenda. I* mean what I said about the people around me.

Yes, Mother, of course, all that is strictly for "the Agenda.

Everything personal is for the *Agenda.*

Yes, yes, of course.

(Mother unties a garland of flowers from her wrist)

Do you like patience?

I don't know if I like it, but it's useful!

(Mother laughs and gives Satprem a garland)

I have plenty! *(two or three garlands around her wrist!)* What do you have to tell me?

Nothing. I feel the ... churning one is put through.

Oh! ...

Sometimes it feels as if something were ... raging ferociously.

Yes, exactly. As if to demonstrate that you have to go through death in order to conquer death. Exactly. And just as you are about to cross the threshold, suddenly it's all righted.

I thought I was the only one experiencing that, and I was happy to do it for everybody, but evidently some people feel it also – you feel it.

Oh, do I! Dash it all, it's ... I feel something ferociously raging.

Yes, that's right, quite. And it shows there's a sort of ... difference – a mere difference of attitude; a difference of attitude: the body can either fall apart or be transformed. And it's ... almost the same procedure; only the attitude is different. If you have absolute trust in the Divine and feel to what point the Divine is everywhere and in everything, if you want to depend only on the Divine, belong only to the Divine, then it's perfect. But the least conflict ... and it's like the gates of death suddenly yawning.

Yes.

Strange.

Yes. But unfortunately in my case, when this happens, when that fury rages, I am still at the stage where I am literally in a fog, I am completely engulfed in a cloud. Somewhere in the background there is still a sort of memory of the Truth, but at the time I am completely engulfed.

Oh! ...

Entrapped in an opaque cloud ... it's terrible.

But all you have to do is ... feel that divine Presence within you, you know, stronger than everything. One feels It could revive all the dead if It wanted – just like that, you know. To that Presence ... it doesn't make any difference.[90]

My body is learning to repeat unceasingly: what You will, what You will ... *(Mother opens her hands).*

I have no preference: it's REALLY what You will. For a time, I had hoped to be conscious of "what You will" – but now there's only: what You will *(hands open).*

To be conscious of You.
To be conscious of You.

(Mother closes her eyes, palms upwards, and plunges in.
Then her eyes open, immense, immobile.)

August 2, 1972

The "Formation of Death"

On several occasions since the beginning of this year 1972 – and actually even in a conversation of September 8, 1971, where some of Mother's words had a strange ring to them – Mother mentioned the "formation of death" she was up against. Today, again, in the following conversation, Mother speaks of that "formation. "

In occult terms, a "formation "is a strongly "formed" thought, or a concentration of force with a specific goal and a permanent existence of its own. Formations can be negative or positive. In everyday life, for example, wills or desires or long-nurtured suggestions one day come to their happy or sorry fruition. The day, the success, or the "accident" were prepared by the constant repetition of insignificant little thoughts, which eventually exude their cancer or dazzling success. Thus Mother, who for long had had no "thoughts" or "will" of her own, except "what You will," was extremely sensitive and vulnerable to anything coming from the "outside," precisely because there was no more "outside" for her, she was directly and instantly bathed in everything: she was "in" people. "My body is excessively sensitive," she said, "and needs to be protected from all those things coming in. As if it had to work inside, as in an egg." (February 26)

We are here trying to find out what happened on November 17, 1973: the why of things. A "tragedy" does not occur at a particular minute or hour in History. It is the result of all the hours and little minutes that have prepared that particular minute or made it inevitable. As I said earlier, I was thunderstruck on that November 18, 1973. I was certainly the blindest of all the characters taking part in the tragedy, for they all seemed to know in advance that she was going to die – at least those in her immediate entourage. But that "knowing in advance" bears a terrible implication. Here we put our finger on the "formation of death" Mother was imbibing daily -"a perpetual discomfort," she used to say. In those repeated little minutes we can pinpoint the cause of what happened at 7:25 p.m. on November 17,1973.

There is no better eyewitness than Pranab, Mother's "bodyguard" since he

was almost constantly physically present and even slept in Mother's room. Asked about the cause of Mother's departure, this is what he stated in a public speech on December 4, 1973 [in English]:

> "On one side She had to fight the onset of decay and old age and on the other She was fighting against this dirt that we were constantly throwing upon Her. But more the failing body I hold responsible for what happened. Often I have seen that She was trying to counteract these forces but when She saw that She could not concentrate much, She could not talk much, She could not write much, She could not see people, She could not do as She wanted, because the body was failing, and the dirt and dust that we were throwing upon Her was increasing, increasing and increasing, I felt and I have seen also some kind of despair...."

We know that all too well, alas: they thought she was old and disabled But Pranab adds the following, which suddenly gives us the magnitude of the real tragedy – we could almost say the horror Mother had to face in her body. This is what he says, and let us remember we are today in August 1972:

> "This thing which came now [in November 1973], I think She had prepared me enough for it from quite a long time back. Long before, say, in the year 1948, when Sri Aurobindo was still living, She told me, "I am not willing to go, I will not go, and this time there will be no tragedy: but if it so happens that I leave my body, then put my body under the Service Tree." ... And lately, say, AFTER 15th AUGUST 1972, I felt that perhaps what has happened was going to happen. I could not tell anybody and everybody, but to my close associates I said what I was feeling. Afterwards, I felt strongly that it was going to happen, I was counteracting this idea, saying that it should not happen. But behind everything the idea was there."

Thus, day in and day out Mother was imbibing their thoughts of death: she was GOING to die. And for her this was no "thought": things had become "concrete" for her. Her body, the consciousness of her body felt itself in the grip of death.

As in all tragedies in human History, there is not a particular person to blame. Humans only incarnate certain types of force or character-they come, die, triumph and vanish – but the forces remain and continue to animate millions and millions of unknown little humans here and there, who are silently "responsible" and the invisible actors in the drama. There is no one to put on trial here- except millions who are but ourselves. It would therefore be absurd to say that Pranab was the author, or the sole author, of that "formation" ("Everywhere, there are wills that it [the body] should die!" she said), but he certainly fostered it and transmitted it, and because he was physically present all the time, Mother had to breathe that horror constantly. Ultimately there remains this haunting question, the only one perhaps: Could it have been

otherwise?

* * *

Would you like a portrait of Sri Aurobindo?
Blue or all golden? Gold's better!

(silence)

There are two formations like this *(gesture confronting each other),* like two *wrestlers:* one formation is that I will die on Sri Aurobindo's birthday; the other formation is that I am undergoing the necessary transformation to span humanity to the Supramental. Both formations are as ... they're like this *(same gesture facing each other)* and....

When this formation [of death] makes itself felt, an awareness comes that there's hardly any difference between life and physical death, in that anything, at any time, can send you over to the other side. Then, with the other formation, there's a feeling that ... (how can I put it?) the body's frailty is due to a need for the consciousness to change so it can manifest the Supramental.

And I am like this *(gesture between the two).*

But the body has learned to remain quiet in either case.

(silence)

Why, but why am I not told what will happen? I don't know.... I think it's to insure a kind of very passive state.

(silence)

And you? How are you?

> *Well, I would really like to understand the mechanics of the subconscient's transformation. I just don't understand the word "transformation." "Dissolution," is understandable; I mean, some movements come to the surface (sometimes you even see them symbolically the night before), they rise to the surface, perform their little trick, their little mischief, you more or less control them, then they come in contact with the Light, and pff! sink back again....*

(Mother nods)

> *But at the first opportunity, they surge up again, and everything starts anew.*

Horrid. It's just what is happening to me now.

> *But then, how do you ... ? You seemed to be saying that it gets transformed by coming in contact with the Light. But it looks like it isn't transformed at all: it simply sinks into the depths and surges*

up again at the first opportunity.

No, something is transformed, but it's slow, slow, slow....

(silence)

It's like asking a rock to become air!

(silence)

And what I find fascinating is that the more microscopic and tiny it is, the more power it seems to have!

Really! ...

(Mother takes Satprem's hands and plunges in till the end)

August 5, 1972

People know I don't eat anymore, so they've stopped sending anything.

I've got all I need!

Yet I didn't tell anyone! I wonder how they came to know.

I've got all I need, Mother!

Really? ... I don't want you to get thin! *(laughter)*
There are some interesting things....

(silence)

What about you? What do you have to say?

No, Mother, nothing. What are the interesting things?

(after a long, smiling silence)

I see certain things, certain events, certain patterns of wills ... I see them coming like this *(gesture of a screen), I* see them very powerfully and distinctly. And at the same time the sense that: this is how it will be with the Supramental.

But it's difficult to describe.

You can't describe it – it's a STATE of consciousness. It's a state of consciousness, together with the knowledge that that state will be part of the

Supramental.

And all this happens within a VERY profound silence. So I can't express it.

(long silence
Mother touches her hands)

It's like vibrations coming out of my hands, like this *(gesture).* My hands seem so powerful! They feel they can change things just by doing this *(Mother makes a fist).*

But I would rather you asked me questions or told me something, because ... otherwise I instantly enter that state which is so, so vast ... peaceful ... and so powerful – where things are accomplished.

That's how they are accomplished.

But there are no words or explanations – nothing satisfying for the mind.

(silence)

You don't have anything to say?

> *I am still looking for the key to infusing that Power I feet, that Force, that Truth into everyday physical activity. I find it quite difficult.... Yet when I stop all activity, the contact is instantly made, and very powerful and REAL it is, but the minute I go back to being active, everything recedes into the background ...*

Aah! ...

Personally I am not engaged in activity.

> *Matter seems to feel it as something imposed, not coming from within; it isn't natural (in my case, at least).*

But I now feel just the opposite! The body and matter (the part of matter under my control) seem to REFUSE to obey anything but That.

Let me give you an example: I see almost ... (it's an "almost" which sometimes is beyond almost, you understand: the extreme limit of "almost") almost as well with my eyes closed as with my eyes open. See, really SEE *(Mother touches her physical eyes).* When I have difficulty writing, for example, instead of peering and straining, I shut my eyes. And then ... I see.

And the same for everything, for all the senses. To swallow food, if I try to swallow in the usual way, I literally choke, but when I am in a certain state ... I find I've swallowed everything, and I didn't even notice it! And everything is like that.

So ... I seem completely impotent, yet I feel a tremendous power in me.

(Mother plunges in for 40 minutes, then opens her eyes and speaks in English)

It can go on for hours....

August 9, 1972

(A news item originating from Boulder, Colorado, and dated August 8, reports a solar flare covering over 2.8 billion square miles of the sun's surface. Within an hour of the eruption, the effect was felt on earth, causing a magnetic storm that seriously disrupted communications in many parts of the world In terms of magnitude, the current sunspots are the greatest ever recorded since at least 1964 [Indian Express, August 91.)

Did you hear about the explosions on the sun?

Yes.

They say it's falling to the earth ...

Ah?

... and it's going to affect humans. Did you hear that?

I didn't hear it was falling to the earth.

They say it will come to the earth and affect humans.

I think it affects the earth atmosphere, the weather, but that's all.

I don't know.

It affects the atmosphere; for example, radio transmissions are scrambled. The atmosphere is affected, but that's about all.

Is this today's news?

I don't know, Mother.

Because mine is today's latest news. They're rather pessimistic.

But what do you say?

I say that it must be the supramental consciousness – not "consciousness": the supramental SUBSTANCE. And those who are ready will thus have their new body.

That's my most ... optimistic explanation.

Did you actually discern something outside of the official news?

Not quite.

For me, eating is getting more and more difficult – almost impossible. Clearly, something has to replace food.[91]

Almost, almost impossible to eat.

Feeling has nothing to do with it, there's no disgust or anything of the sort: I just can't swallow. It's like this *(gesture of choking).* Result: I take nearly an hour to absorb what would normally take five minutes.

(silence)

So you think these solar eruptions are some kind of precipitation of the supramental consciousness on earth?

Of the SUBSTANCE. The consciousness came long ago, but the thing is.... Because, for example, this body has the same needs it used to have; that's the way it is built: it needs to eat, but it can't eat. So when I was told these eruptions would affect even the human body, I thought: could it be the substance that will create the supramental body?

If the Supramental is to manifest on earth, something of it has to relate to the physical.

Quite!

(silence)

The body is in a curious condition *(Mother touches her fingertips):* it feels a terrible Force – it is full of strength – and it can't do a thing!

It is in a bizarre kind of state.

I can write, but the way I see what I write is different from before.

There you are.

And what's your feeling?

Well, I feel the Force is more and more ... imperative.

Imperative. Yes, it's becoming terribly powerful, in a body which is ... (gesture *of being miserable).* But the body does not feel weak, yet it isn't hungry. It isn't "hungry," that went long ago; but now, recently, it's become almost impossible to eat. How is one supposed to live, then?

So when I was told that this solar explosion was heading for the earth and would affect people, I thought: well, maybe that's what is coming to replace food?

It's *wishful thinking*, I can't say it's a knowledge. It just came to me like that.

Because, according to what Sri Aurobindo said, the supramental body will be immortal and sexless – that is, no procreation. So for those who live, if the earth is still there and they are to go on living, they will have to transform themselves constantly, otherwise they won't be able to last. Hence something has to replace food.

Food carries in itself a seed of *death,* of decay. So obviously, it must be replaced by something else.

(silence)

Do we know how much time it takes for the rays of the sun to travel to earth?

Oh, it's very fast,[92] *Mother. It's already done, it has already entered the earth's atmosphere.*

Really?

Yes, it takes a few minutes.

Ohh!

(long silence)

So the effect of the explosion is already....

Already here, yes. Radio transmissions, for example, have already been disrupted. Those solar eruptions occur in cycles. The phenomenon recurs at fixed intervals – I can't tell you exactly, I don't know if it's every ten or twenty years[93] *....*

Oh! ...

But this one is particularly strong, it seems.

Oh, it's a recurring phenomenon....

Yes, cyclic. But I think its magnitude was quite extraordinary this time.... Very unusual.

(silence)

Do we know what the sun is made of, its substance?

Yes, Mother. It's a substance in a state of nuclear fusion; like a gigantic and incessant atomic explosion.

Oh!

It's in a gaseous state. With constant atomic reactions. It's a million times more powerful than the atomic bombs they have exploded on earth, and nonstop.

(long silence
Mother laughs)

So of course, if those explosions increase or decrease, the effects must be fantastic!

Certainly.... The sun is not really solid matter, you see, it's energy.

Yes, it isn't matter.

It isn't matter, it's energy.

(In an amused tone:) And that's what keeps us alive!

Yes! [Laughter]

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo and all the Vedic Rishis have always likened the Supermind to the sun....

Yes.

So there must be some relationship, a correspondence.

Yes.... I personally find it very ... (what's the word?) significant that this should have happened this year [of Sri Aurobindo's centenary].

Yes.

(silence)

But do we know how long the earth has existed?

Yes Mother, it's been calculated.

Ah?

Yes, it was calculated: I don't know exactly how many billions of years – but it's billions of years.[94] *And they have also calculated the end!*

Ah! And?

I think it's still quite far ahead But it appears the end of the earth is scientifically inevitable – because of progressive cooling and changes in the gravitational field.[95]

Théon used to say that up to now there had been ... that this was the seventh creation; there had been six creations before which were "reabsorbed" – just as you said. And this one was the seventh, but it wouldn't be reabsorbed, it would transform itself. There we are. Instead of that destruction by the sun which so far has ultimately led to the disappearance of the creation, this time the creation would go on transforming itself, to become again the Supreme and manifest Him.

Théon and Sri Aurobindo didn't know each other, you see, they never met each other, they didn't even know of each other's existence. Yet Théon proclaimed... (I don't remember what he called the new world) what Sri Aurobindo calls the "Supramental." What's remarkable – interesting, you know, strikingly interesting – is that without knowing each other, with totally different approaches, they reached the same conclusion.

And we are precisely at the time when ... the other creations had come to an end; but instead of coming to an end, this one will be transformed. How? I

have no idea.

The interesting thing in man is that materially speaking, he is ... a mere nothing, a second lost in eternity – a tangled web of weaknesses – but in terms of consciousness, he has the capacity to understand. His consciousness is capable of contacting the supreme Consciousness. So naturally there are all those who wanted to merge back into that Consciousness, but Sri Aurobindo said: the point is not to merge back into it but to make the world capable of manifesting that supreme Consciousness.

That's ultimately the whole point.

How did they arrive at the same conclusion? ... There must have been a reason for them to know the same thing at the same time, in totally different countries and without ever knowing about each other.

And I met one and the other.

Greatly interesting, obviously.

Greatly interesting, because this physical being [Mother's] was not born in an important position, quite the contrary *(gesture indicating an ordinary background)*.... The only thing I remember well is when I was a little girl (five or six years old, I can't say exactly), a very little girl, seated in a little armchair made especially for me, and I would feel a GREAT Force *(Mother raises a finger above her head)* above my head. And already at that age Oust the way a child can think, you know) I knew "that" was sure to accomplish great things.... I didn't understand anything, I didn't know anything.

(silence)

And now it's transformation instead of pralaya.[96]

(long silence)

According to what was reported, it seems those explosions have liberated particles.... And I thought they said they were on their way to the earth; but from what you say, they're already here?

> *I didn't see this morning's papers. I'm sure there were atomic particles.*

Yes.

> *Generally they're stopped by the density of the earth's atmosphere, so they affect only the atmosphere, not the earth itself.... The most immediate consequences are climatic.*

Yes, it's terrifically hot here! ...

(Mother plunges in.
Pranab comes in and says from the
far end of the room, "It's late."
Mother instantly comes back)

Is it time?

> *Yes, Mother.*

August 12, 1972

Nothing to ask?

Is there anything new?

Oh, it's always new! And you, what's new with you?

Nothing, Mother, I'm a little upset about my lack of consciousness during sleep.... I wonder what on earth I do at night!

(after a silence)

Does anyone see Pavitra at night?

(Sujata:) I see him almost every night.

Oh, you see him.... Me, I see him just as when he was here; and he's busy doing things – a totally conscious and active life. Last night, he was speaking to some people, organizing meetings, he was extraordinarily active.

Besides, he was among people who still have a physical body, who were sleeping, I mean who had come out of their body. He was so conscious! I've never seen anyone so ... so materially conscious, I could say. Exactly as if he were continuing his work. Mainly seeing people, talking to them, bringing them together....

You know that when he died, at the time of his death, he entered me?...[97] I did my best to prevent him from blending [with Mother]: I kept him like this *(gesture as an individual form).* And after he recovered from the shock, he spontaneously came out and started to work. I see him almost every night.

I've never seen anyone remain so much like himself. It's truly remarkable.

(Mother plunges in)

(Sujata:) But, Mother, how does one get rid of sadness? ... I see him very often at night, you see, almost every night, but I am still sad not to be able to see him with my physical eyes.... What to do, Mother?[98]

(Mother smiles) You see him, but there isn't any contact between you?

We work together, Mother, like we used to.

So? So?

Yes, Mother, but when I'm awake like I am now, I....

(Mother laughs) It means you are still quite young!

No, Mother!

Yes, you are.

For my elder brother too, you know, he lived far away, I didn't see him, but now that he has passed away, I know I will never see him again in the same form, so I am sad, very sad, Mother. What can I do?

Well, that's strange!

I don't know, it's like a pain in the heart, Mother. I can't get rid of it, you see. I don't know what to do.

You must go deeper. You feel sad because you are in a very superficial consciousness – you must go deeper, into a deeper consciousness.

You mean in the waking state? When I am awake like now?

Yes, oh yes! It's when you are awake that you must try to reach your psychic consciousness. When you are in contact with your psychic consciousness, there's no more sadness.

(silence)

You're still quite young really! *(laughter)* How old are you?

I am forty-six, Mother.

You have a twenty-five-year-old's consciousness.

Ah!

(Satprem protests:) No, eighteen.

It doesn't matter! It doesn't matter....

August 16, 1972

(Today is the day after Sri Aurobindo's centenary. Hordes of people line up in Mother's corridors.)

This morning I am seeing two hundred people ... two hundred!

How was it yesterday?

I'd rather not say anything because....

According to what I had heard before,[99] according to that, it was a big victory. But nothing was visible. I didn't say anything to anybody. Even so, several people felt it was the beginning of something.

It's a long story.... Some adverse forces had banded together and decided that I was going to die yesterday. And it was true, it happened, there was an attack. In that sense a real victory took place at the balcony. But it was invisible.

Now if this ... (what's the word?) this "news" is true, if it continues to be true, I should last till ... I'll be this way *(gesture in suspense or between two positions)* till my centenary, that is, 1978, then (still assuming this voice is true), the supramental transformation of the body will begin.

Is it true? I have no idea. That's what I was told.

I have no idea.

I am like this *(hands offered upward).*

(silence)

Can my body follow? That's the question.

My body is constantly like this *(same gesture):* what You will, Lord, what You will.... But it must nevertheless undergo a transformation.

And you, what did you feel yesterday?

> *I can't really say, Mother. There was too much turmoil in the atmosphere.*[100]

Oh, yes!

> *Difficult to say.... Sri Aurobindo's Presence, of course.*

Oh, yes! Ohh, very strongly....

(long silence)

I am like this *(same gesture, hands open).*

(Mother plunges in
one can hear the humming of
the crowd outside and loudspeakers)

They told me I had to see two hundred people this morning – two hundred. This morning.

> *Thank God you exist, Mother!*

Mon petit ... *(Mother takes Satprem's hands).*

Next month it'll be better, we'll have more peace.

We'll have more peace....

August 19, 1972

(Mother looks very pale. She has just seen 175 people.)

What do you have to say?

And you, Mother? Would you say something?

I've just seen over a hundred people.

Yes, you're a bit tired.

Not tired, it's ... dazed, you know.
I am not saying anything. But if you have something to ask?

You should rest a little, Mother.

I'll rest. But go on and ask me if you have something.

I have a feeling I am not making the right movement inwardly. I'm not going at it the right way.

Ah! ... You're too active. If you could simply.... More and more I feel that unless one does this *(Mother opens her hands upwards in a gesture of surrender),* and leaves it all to the divine Grace, with an INTENSE faith ... it's just ... impossible. Like this *(same gesture).*

(Mother plunges in then opens her eyes wide and looks at Satprem.

The contemplation goes on, eyes open, unblinking.)

August 26, 1972

Soup! *(laughing)* A rare thing nowadays *(laughter).*

(Mother hands Satprem a packet of soup and some flowers)

How are you?

Quite well, quite well!

Not too harassed?

Ohh, it's frightful ... 150 to 200 people every day – 200 people every day.

The only days when it's less are your days.

Oh, is it!

(Mother sits gazing for a long time)

Nothing to ask?

What do you see, Mother?

(after a silence)

I feel like saying *(smiling):* nothing! Nothing, I see nothing.... There's no longer "something that sees," but I Am, I am a myriad things.

I live a myriad things.

There are so, so many – so many – that it's like nothing! ... I don't know how to say it.

Yes!

(long silence)

The body is becoming aware of the Force passing through, like this *(gesture through the fingers).*

Like this *(same gesture).*

Do you feel it?

Yes! Oh yes, of course!

(Mother plunges in)

August 30, 1972

How are you?

I think I'm well.

Well, so am I! *(laughter)*

(silence)

I can clearly see that instead of thought governing life, it's consciousness. And when the consciousness remains quietly open to the Divine, all goes well. A lot of things constantly come into the consciousness, from the whole world,

it would seem *(gesture of being assailed from all sides):* all the things that negate or oppose the divine Action. They keep coming all the time like this *(same gesture).* But if I can remain quiet *(gesture of offering, hands open),* in an attitude of ... *(smiling)* nonexistence, a sort of ... I don't know if it's transparency – I don't know if one should say "transparency" or "immobility" – but it's something in the consciousness that's like this *(same gesture of offering, hands open).* When it stays that way, all is well; but as soon as it starts stirring, that is, as soon as the individuality comes to the forefront in any way, everything becomes detestable. Devastating, really.

You see, the physical body has a millennium of past experiences that says, "Why, that blissful state is impossible!" – this stupidity is what delays everything. It's as if the cells themselves, the cells of the body which are used to struggling and suffering, couldn't accept that things can be like this *(same gesture of surrender, hands open).* But when it is ... then it's wonderful.

Only it doesn't last. It's not daylong. Constantly, constantly things keep coming *(same gesture of being assailed from all sides).*

But now I see quite well, quite clearly – it's very clear: consciousness replaces thought.

Yes, yes.

And ... (how can I put it?) the difference between the two: thought is something that goes like this *(whirling, restless gesture),* ever in motion ... whereas consciousness is like this *(gesture hands open, offered upward)*. I can't explain it.

(Mother closes her eyes, her hands remain open)

Do you have something to say or ask?

I was wondering what I could do to accelerate the process. Everyday life is beset by so many harassing things.... What can one do to accelerate the process?

If one could remain untroubled, it would make a big difference.

Yes.

A big difference.

You see, my body is beginning – just beginning – to know that the divine side means a life that's ... *(Mother stretches out both arms in the vastness)* progressive and luminous; but there's an accumulation of past experiences which says, "Oh, that's impossible!" – just like that. Well, that stupid "impossible" is what delays and spoils everything.

The basis of the fact is that as soon as the body steps out of the right attitude things get painful: everything aches and is laborious -you feel death and dissolution everywhere. And that's what reinforces ... Matter's stupidity.

So, really speaking, I'd rather not talk, unless it's to answer a specific question.

In my case, I wonder to what exact point I should apply myself ?

(after a silence)

Do you feel you have gone beyond thought?

> *Oh yes, completely. The only thing left is mechanical thought, but otherwise.... I can say I never use the thinking process: I always feel I draw things from above. The speculative mind, for example, is just impossible for me.*

Well, it's good then, you're on the right track.

> *Well, maybe! But practically speaking, one is struggling with everything and feels a bit ... submerged at times.*

As for me, you know, all the things I used to rely on for action seem to be PURPOSELY collapsing (everything, even the smallest things) so I can say: what You will. It's become ... it's become my sole refuge.

I don't remember anything, you know! For instance, somebody says to me, "You'll say this to that person," I sincerely answer yes, but the next minute or so I no longer remember what it was! ...[101] I remember nothing – zero.

Sometimes I can stay for hours in a sort of peaceful and luminous contemplation, and think it's been only a few minutes.

To the ordinary and undiscerning eye, you must accept to look like a .... I am sure that ninety-nine people out of a hundred think I am ... *(smiling)* cracked.

> *No – no, Mother! No, that's....*

It's UTTERLY unimportant.

I can see it in their consciousness, but it makes me smile. You have to accept that.

> *But there are also a good number who see the Light too, you know.*

Possibly. *(Laughing)* Good for them!

(silence)

Often, very often I ask the Lord: how can I help now that I can't see so well, can't hear so well, can't speak clearly and need help to get around? This state is.... Yet the body doesn't sense any decline! It is convinced that if tomorrow the Lord wanted it to resume its regular activity, it could do so. The Force is there *(Mother touches her arms, her muscles),* a terrible force sometimes! ... So why? ...

This state is intentional so that ... *(smiling) so* that people will leave me alone!

> *Yes, Mother, it's true, I really think it's true.*

There you are. Otherwise people would never leave me alone.

> *You would be flooded in no time with truckloads of futile problems.*

Yes, futile! Their problems are all futile! *(Mother laughs)* And how impudent: infidelity in marriage, lack of honesty at work! Things of that sort. Unbelievable – it's unbelievable. People ask me such questions ... *(laughing)* such improbable questions!

All the rules, you know – oh, all the moral rules seem to have been thrown to the winds. So the appearances are.... I'll give you an example: somebody [from the Ashram] opens a "Travel Agency," and when people give him money to buy tickets, he pockets the money and doesn't buy the tickets – what do you think of that? *(laughter)* What next!

(silence)

> *But, you know, I'm sure your condition is intentional, because as I can perceive it in my small measure, I feel you are a kind of colossal power transmitter in your immobility.*

Yes, I know. I know, it's colossal! Yes, a Force that's.... And even in my hands: an incredible power.

(silence)

(Smiling) Often, you know, I look ... (how can I put it?).... You are in the consciousness – you see, you are IN the consciousness – and so I look to see what place you occupy in the consciousness. Well ... *(Mother keeps her eyes closed, smiling).*

Mon petit, I don't want you to feel ... *(Mother makes a gesture of strutting), I* don't mean to compliment you, that's not my intention. But you're always ... you're like a luminous garden ... with a distinct form *(Mother draws a kind of rectangle in the air),* it's luminous and ranges from vivid pink to golden light. Exactly. And that's you – that's how I see you. Always.

There is a vast atmosphere – a vast atmosphere.... A vast atmosphere enveloped in Sri Aurobindo's aura: the blue, the luminous light blue which is his color. I see you in that ... you're like a distinct garden *(same gesture)* with colors ... it goes from vivid pink to ... a luminous, golden atmosphere. A lovely garden. That's what I see – I see it eyes open *(Mother touches her open eyes).* And that's very good.

There remain a few spots of rigidity, I mean (what can I say?) fixities of a personal nature, but ... gradually, gradually, they are disappearing, they are being transformed. There. That's what I see.

(Mother plunges in till the end, then Sujata comes to her)

> *(Sujata:) Mother, my uncle,*[102] *who came to see you yesterday with me, told me afterwards, "I don't know if you could see it, but I saw a Light coming out of Mother's face..."*

(Mother laughs)

So I asked him, "But what effect did it have on you?" He said, "You know, I don't have any personal desire, nothing, I simply wanted to ... bow before that.

(Mother smiles)

September 6, 1972

(Mother calls Satprem and Sujata in at 10:30 A.M. instead of 10:00.)

On your days, the Wednesdays and Saturdays, I see only the Ashram *birthdays,* but we're now more than 2000, just fancy! So it's.... I see the other birthdays on other days and several at a time, but even so quite a few people come on your days – next Saturday in particular, the 9th (a mass of people in the Ashram were born the 9th).

All right, Mother, all right, I get the point! [laughter]

So I'll have to call you at 10:30 instead of 10:00.[103] What about you, are you feeling better?

A little better [a problem with an eye].

The world seems to be engulfed in a sort of violent chaos. They're fighting at the Olympic Games! ... An athlete was killed by bullets.[104] That's how it is.

Yes, they killed an Israeli.

Yes, the Arabs did it.

These Muslims really have something which is ... something that must disappear, Mother. They're so fanatical!

They are very violent.

Yes, fanatical.

Very violent.

I don't know what universal trait they symbolize, but they really seem to be....

Force.

Force.... Well, they spend their time stabbing each other.

(after a silence)

You see, they firmly believe there's life after the body's death – the body's death to them is in no way the end of life.

They only believe in some sort of heaven, that's all.

(Laughing) Yes, murderers' heaven!

(long silence)

Eating is becoming almost – almost impossible. Nor do I have the faintest idea of what will replace food *(Mother sweeps her hand across her forehead): I* don't see anything.

Everything is becoming ... I can't say a suffering, but a discomfort: a discomfort, there's perpetual discomfort, as if my body were made to live through every single thing that must disappear. Nonstop. From time to time, for a few seconds there's ... *(Mother opens eyes filled with wonder),* but not even long enough to be able to define it. And it's very rare. Whereas the other condition is almost constant. Everything – external things, internal things, things in so-called others, things concerning this body – all, all is terrible, terrible, terrible....

That's certainly how Buddha saw things, and why he said that life was a falsehood and had to disappear – but I know better! I KNOW it isn't a falsehood. But it must change ... must change.... But in the meantime....

Only when I am *(gesture, hands open)* absolutely silent within and everywhere ... does it becomes tolerable.

(silence)

I feel a fantastic Power *(Mother touches her fingertips),* but ... also sense a little person full of ... (how can I put this?) containing all the things that must disappear. As if all the negations had accumulated here so that I do the work, and I don't know who that "I" is anymore.

The body, this poor body, is not happy – it isn't unhappy either. It has a sensation of nonexistence. Everything it encounters, the entire organization of things, its entire life is the negation of what it sees as the ... Beauty to be realized. That's all.

(Mother plunges in)

September 9, 1972

(This morning, someone told Mother he saw her in his sleep, and she was walking along in the street.)

I'll walk along in the street when I am hundred years old.

(Mother sits looking at Satprem, smiling, for more than fifteen minutes.)

Nothing to ask?

I very much felt Sri Aurobindo.

Aah!

(Mother plunges in)

September 13, 1972

I wrote this the other day *(Mother holds a piece of paper),* and Z told me, "Oh, this would be good for the New Year!" But it's in English.... Can you read it?

> "When you are conscious of the whole world at the same time, then you can become conscious of the Divine."

My idea is not that being conscious of the world automatically makes you conscious of the Divine, but when your consciousness is vast enough to see and be conscious of the whole world, then you become capable of....

How can I say it? ... I don't want to be too specific. I mean I want each one to understand according to his capacity – you follow? Do you follow what I mean?

Yes, yes, Mother!

A person with a superficial consciousness will understand in that way, but one with a deeper consciousness will understand the real meaning.

Now I'll put it in French *(Mother dictates):*

> Quand vous devenez conscient du monde tout entier en même temps, alors vous êtes capable d'être conscient du Divin.

Is it all right?

Yes, Mother, but "alors" [=then] isn't necessary: "Quand vous devenez conscient du monde tout entier en même temps, vous êtes capable d'être conscient du Divin. "

I purposely put "alors" [then] because otherwise it would mean that by becoming conscious of the whole world, you automatically become conscious of the Divine – which isn't true. It's but one aspect of the Divine. That's why I put "alors."

All right ?

Yes, yes, Mother. But if you read it literally, it means you have to be conscious of the whole world ...

... in order to be capable of becoming conscious of the Divine. That's the idea. But I don't want to put it in those terms, you see. I want each one to ...

... to understand in his own way, from his own particular level.

Yes, because as the Work progresses, true consciousness develops – but I don't want to say that.

But is it in good French?

Yes, yes, it's fine! It's very good! [laughter]

(silence)

And what about your own progress?

Well, I very much wonder!

(Mother laughs) Same here!

(silence)

But it's an incredible situation, you know: either true consciousness or the sensation of an impending and general danger. Everything – eating, taking a bath – is a danger, you see. The only thing that's ... *(Mother opens her arms and hands in a gesture of contemplative abandon).*

Except resting, at least up to now – resting is nice: it's relaxation in the Divine. Both are nice: resting and silence – immobility (provided my body's position doesn't hurt too much), then I think I could stay like that for centuries. Just being employed in ... (What should I say? No work is involved): just letting the Divine go through me, through this body. More and more, when someone is here, in silence, it's ... *(gesture indicating the Force flowing through Mother)* to reach the point where there's nothing but the Divine.

Those two things are very good. The most difficult thing of all is eating. There's ... no, neither disgust, nor dislike, nor anything of the kind (no sensations are involved): a physical impossibility.

A real problem. Something to be found – but what?

I hope you haven't got that problem?

Not for eating, no! But it looks as if progress means becoming

constantly aware of everything that's not good ...

Yes, yes.

... everything that goes wrong or is defective.

Yes, yes, that's exactly it!

But then it's terribly negative, a drudgery.

Yes, but don't *you ... ? (gesture of interiorization)* Do you sleep at night ?

Badly, not well.

Me, I don't sleep at all anymore, but it's ... it's marvelous! The only marvelous moment *(immobile gesture, arms and hands open in total surrender).* It's absolutely like bathing in the Lord, you know: like this *(same gesture).* There's no active sensation, no ... nothing. Nothing. Nothing but ... a luminous peace.

This is certainly what will eventually replace sleep. Sleep, the fall into unconsciousness we call sleep, will disappear and be replaced by *(same gesture, arms open, smiling).*

For the body, it's ... we could say, bathing in the Lord.

There's not even a trace, not the faintest sensation of an individual person – utterly gone. It's a STATE of consciousness.

A state of consciousness.

(Mother plunges in, her arms and hands open)

September 16, 1972

Here's a "Grace" – for both of you.

(Mother gives a white hibiscus)

I had a practical question to ask you.... A thought occurred to me, and Id like to know how you consider it. Two or three years ago, I sent my book, "The Sannyasin," to Europe; I asked P.L. to try to find a publisher for it in Europe. Now it's in the hands of "Auropress." When I sent it to Europe, P.L. asked me, "What terms do you have in mind for the book?" I wrote him what came to me at the time: "This book belongs to India, I owe it to India, and if it generates any profit, that money belongs to India." But in Europe they didn't want it, and now it's in the hands of Auropress.

So the financial question arose again: where will the profits go? Naturally my immediate reaction was: "All the money must go to Mother, it belongs to Mother." Then, my old thought about India came back: "This book must go to India, the profits belong to India." So, Id like to know if this idea has any sound basis, or should I just leave it the way we normally do, that is, all the money from the book will be given to you?

(silence)

Naturally, I make no distinction between you and India....

Yes, yes! That's what I thought *(laughter).*

Evidently. Also, I am sure you will use the money much better than the government people possibly could ...

Oh, indeed!

Without any doubt. But since that thought crossed my mind, I wanted to put it to you.

Well, I can't say, but it seems to me that ... I am the best representative![105]

Yes, Mother, undoubtedly!

(silence)

How is P.L.?

No news.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

September 20, 1972

(Satprem's eyes are still in poor condition.)

So, what about your eyes?

And you, how are you?

Me ... the consciousness is progressing.

(Satprem rests his head on Mother's knees.
She puts her left hand over his right eye.)

If you could stop everything for ten days ... don't use your eyes to read or write – not look at anything, just use your eyes to see what's indispensable, to eat or move about. I don't know, there's a kind of automatic vision that isn't tiring. It's when you "look" at something that it tires you. I wish you had ten whole days of that automatic vision.

You are now my eyes for the work, you understand, so you must keep them in good condition. Myself, I see everything ... through a sort of veil. But I've gained a new perception for it. I don't see in quite the same way; it's as if I saw more inside, I don't know how to explain it. That's increasing. Growing. But it takes long, so long....

September 30, 1972

I've found a very interesting quotation from Sri Aurobindo.

What is it?

This one:

> "The principle of mechanical repetition is very strong in the material nature, so strong that it makes one easily think that it is incurable. That, however, is only a trick of the forces of this material inconscience; it is by creating this impression that they try to endure. If, on the contrary, you remain firm, refuse to be depressed or discouraged and, even in the moment of attack, affirm the certainty of eventual victory, the victory itself will come much more easily and sooner." *(Letters on Yoga, XXIV.1336)*

Oh, this is very, very, VERY good! Oh, it's excellent!
(Laughing) It's perfect for you![106]

(silence)

What's difficult is keeping the consciousness stable.

(Mother approves vigorously)

The minute you stop being active, it's very easy: everything becomes still and concentrated – the Force flows. But the moment you return to some activity, it all goes away.

(Mother nods vigorously)

I don't know what kind of power, or inner opening, would bring that automatic stability ?

In my case, you see, it was a radical action: the mind and vital were simply gone. Therefore the body had to re-create little by little a new mental and vital activity. And it's very interesting, because it happened only when it was needed. So naturally, it's not perfect – speech mainly. That's the most bothersome, for I have trouble expressing myself; but the rest, oh! ... *(pointing to the silent forehead, then arms outstretched and motionless, as if everything were suspended in the immutable Eternal). As* soon as it's like that, it becomes VAST, luminous, tranquil....

And time no longer counts.

(Mother plunges in until the end)

You must rest until you are cured – completely cured.

October 7, 1972

And your eyes?

I can't stop the work; everything is programmed I'm not worried ...

(Satprem reads to Mother some passages from the conversation of August 30 for the next "Notes On the Way.")

That's all ?

Will it do, Mother? ... I've cut quite a few things out, but do you think what's left is all right?

It's very personal.

I've cut a lot already; but, you see, if you remove all the personal parts, nothing much remains....

(Laughing) Nothing at all remains!

For instance, when I answer your question about whether I still use the thinking process, I don't consider myself a "person," I'm simply a human "representative" whose answer may enlighten others. It may help other people.

Oh, certainly!

But that's all I have for the Bulletin, I have nothing else.

It's enough! The November issue is always thinner anyway.

Yes, but also you don't say much. You haven't spoken much about your experience lately.

I can't speak. Besides, I have nothing to say.

!!!

What's here is just.... It's like this *(gesture of offering, hands open)*. Truly that's how it is, I have nothing to say.

A possible formulation would be: constantly, constantly as if on one hand I were telling the Lord, "What do You want me to do?", and on the other hand....

(silence eyes closed hands opened in total surrender)

Yes, like that.

The sensation is one of being as ... as transparent and impersonal as possible so the Divine can pass through and act. And here *(pointing to the forehead),* it's completely silent ... just this *(gesture, hands open and immobile).* That's all. My whole life is that way.

The more the body is able to do this *(same gesture),* the better its conditions of life. Truly. I mean ..." solicitude" isn't the word, we would need a special word .... In English, I could say: *The care the Divine takes of my body* ... (you understand?) is ... beyond all description. And above all beyond all the body's physical shortcomings.

There you are.

But all words belittle – they belittle ridiculously.

I'd like to stop talking.

(meditation)

October 11, 1972

(After inquiring about Satprem's health.)

And in general is it better?

Yes. I don't know, how do you see it yourself?

(Mother laughs) I mean, is it better on the whole? ... Can't you hear?

Yes, yes, of course I can hear! You mean the whole of ...

Of you?

Oh, me.... I don't know, I'm a speck of dust ... that is trying to be a little useful, that's all.

(Mother nods her head)

But I don't know what "me" is. Whenever I see that "me," it seems quite ridiculous and dark.

(Mother laughs)

Everything good in me isn't "me" at all.

That I understand!

So I really don't know.

That's very good.

Yes, but the person I "inhabit," if I may say so, seems so dark, so small, so ... oh, so uninteresting!

Listen, it's the Divine who made us the way we are....

Yes, Mother.

... Our unconsciousness is what prevents us from knowing it, otherwise we would always be in a kind of luminous peace, and simply: what You want, Lord, what You want ... *(Mother opens her hands in a gesture of total surrender).* Like that.

For me – I mean, for this sort of ... for this *(Mother pinches the skin of her arms),* which has lived so many years but doesn't know anything anymore, and can't do anything anymore, there's only ... *(same gesture of surrender, hands offered to the Lord).*

Whatever conscious will is left is used to remain attentive – attentive, absolutely still and peaceful *(gesture of listening to the above).* To try not to obstruct or distort what the Lord ... *(Mother corrects herself)* what the Divine wants. That's all. And not a personal Divine: the Divine Consciousness at work in the world.

We know nothing, we know absolutely nothing, we are totally stupid really, but if we can be like this *(gesture, hands open):* receptive – receptive in a silence ... a silence that worships ... Light, Light ... a perfect Knowledge and

unerring Will....

(Mother opens her hands
long silence)

You have nothing to say?

No, Mother.

Or ask?

> *One always has a feeling of ... yes, of always being full of all sorts of problems. There's a hiatus, an increasingly painful chasm between a life you know is tranquil and vast, and a person who is.... You feel the disparity between the two is getting more and more poignant.*

Yes, that's exactly what I am living through. But then I've learned that there's only one way:

(Mother opens her hands)

That is it. Do you understand?

(Mother plunges in)

October 14, 1972

So the 30th is your birthday?

Well, yes!

What's your birthday wish?

Liberation.

Good. How old will you be?

Forty-nine.

Baah! ... *(as if to say: still a child)*

(Mother plunges in, then she "looks")

Did you see something in me?

I find you are going well.

There was Peace, a luminous Peace *(enveloping gesture)*. I find you are going well.

All is going well, it's good.

October 18, 1972

(This is the season of "pujas," the time of rituals to the Universal Mother.)

Do you want some silence?

Yes, Mother, if you like.... I'm tempted to ask you if Durga won a victory this year?

We shouldn't talk about it. I think it was a REAL victory.

(Mother plunges in till the end. Then Sujata draws near her)

Did I give you the [blessing] packets yesterday?

Of "Victory," yes.

(To Satprem:) Did he get the Victory?

(Satprem:) Yes, Mother, I hope so! [laughter]

(Sujata:) Which victory, Mother?

Which victory? But there is only one, my child.

Which is?

Which is THE Victory ... we can call it what we like: the Victory of Truth over Falsehood, the Victory of the Lord over his creation.

Which means the creation will now go consciously towards the Divine?

Ohh!

Eh, Mother? No? Not yet? ... Not quite yet?

Well, that Victory is still only for a few.

The creation consciously going towards its divine Origin and ready to manifest that Origin is still only for a few. I think it will take centuries until it

becomes general – oh, centuries, maybe millenniums!

But what matters is for us to be the few who are conscious, who consciously ... *(silence, Mother opens her hands)* ... manifest the Divine. That is our victory, for a few of us, which we can and must win and embody – by "win," I mean overcome the material resistance in the body *(Mother pinches the skin of her arm).* That we can and it is our duty to overcome – I mean all the stupid unconscious resistance. That must come to an end. This is our work, and it must be done here *(pointing to the body).*

(silence)

> *You say it will take centuries or even millenniums. But, for instance, would it not go taster by contagion? No?*

We'll see, mon petit! Let's first do what we should do. Let's concentrate on that.

Let's do what we should do.

> *Yes, Mother.*

October 21, 1972

Look how lovely!

(Mother gives Satprem a white lotus)

> *And you, Mother, how are you?*

(after a long silence)

You see, I would either have to describe every single thing that keeps happening, or say nothing at all.

When I say nothing and just stay like this *(gesture, open hands)* ... in an attitude of absolute *surrender,* things go on well. But if the SLIGHTEST thing pulls me out of it, I feel ... as if I were about to die.

Extraordinary.

When I am in that position, I get the feeling that ... life is eternal.

(silence)

And when I come out of it, there's a horrible discomfort. That's my condition.

(silence)

Well, what do you want?

What you want.

(Mother plunges in till the end)

No news? Tell me whatever you like.

David, the young Italian who made a documentary on Sri Aurobindo, now wants to film "The Gold Washer." But he wants to do it in the true spirit, with your help, showing how it inevitably leads to Sri Aurobindo and you.

Oh, very good! Very good.

October 25, 1972

(Satprem gives Mother a flower, and Mother gives it to Satprem.)

It's "Power of Truth in the Subconscient.

How are you?

Physically I'm well, I think.

The governor [of Pondicherry] is coming here to say good-bye, but he hasn't arrived yet. I've asked to be informed of his arrival; you'll just sit over there while I see him, and then you'll come back.

(after a silence)

All possible contradictions are accumulated in the subconscient.

Yes.

And it keeps coming up like this *(gesture gushing out),* all the time, all the time. And ... you feel you are completely stupid, unconscious, obdurate.

All that is ... *(same gesture rising from below).*

But the consciousness here *(gesture around the head)* is peaceful, extraordinarily peaceful ... *(Mother opens her hands):* let Your Will be done, Lord. So "that" exerts a pressure on what rises from below.

As though the battle of the world were being fought in my consciousness.

It has come to a point that forgetting, forgetting the Divine for just a single minute is catastrophic.

How about you, how are things for you?

Well, the cleansing of the subconscient seems just endless, Mother.

Yes, because it isn't one person's subconscient: it is THE EARTH'S subconscient. It's endless. Yet we must....

Stopping that would mean stopping the work. Going on with it means it will take ages.... I don't know ... it's endless.

Although clearly, quite clearly, stopping it would mean stopping the work. As if this consciousness *(gesture around Mother)* were the meeting point and the center of action.

So my sole means is to remain quiet – very, very quiet ... *(Mother opens her hands upwards).* To feel that the individuality is nothing, absolutely nothing – so the divine rays can pass, pass through it. It's the only solution. It must be the Divine who ... who fights the battle.

(silence)

Last time you said, "It will take centuries, perhaps millenniums, before humans consciously turn to the Divine." But....

Maybe not.

One's impression is that this time, something decisive should occur.

Yes.... You know, my impression is that the individuality is like an image to focus the attention (humans need something -they have always needed something on their scale to focus their attention), so the body tries its best not to obstruct the divine Force from passing through, it tries to suppress all its own interferences, but at the same time it sees itself ... as an image humans need to focus their attention.

(At this point, Governor J. enters the room, sits silently before Mother, remains a few minutes in meditation, then does his pranam and leaves the room.)

(Mother plunges in till the end
Sujata comes up to Mother)

(Sujata:) Mother, you know, I saw you yesterday morning between 4:00 and 4:30, and you were giving your blessings to everybody. You were sitting on a very high seat, dressed in a white sari (if I recall correctly), and I was among the first to approach you for pranam. I knelt before you, brought my hands together, and bowed my head. Then you held my head, and suddenly I noticed I couldn't raise my head anymore! And I realized you were forcing my head downwards: you know, with your hands you were pressing, so my head kept going down and down and down. Finally I saw your feet

– I was very close to your feet – and what lovely feet they were, Mother! All white and ... wonderful. Translucent almost.[107]

(Mother smiles and caresses Sujata's cheek)

October 28, 1972

What would you like? ... Nothing?

Do you think I'm soon going to pass into another life?

Another life?

Yes, another consciousness, let's say.

(after a silence)

I wanted to ask you something. You know the mantra I gave you, I don't remember if the last word is Bhagavatee or Bhagavateh?

Bhagavateh, Mother.

Ah, Bhagavateh! ... *(Mother repeats the mantra)* OM Namo Bhagavateh ... like that.

Yes, Mother.

(meditation)

Did you notice how strong the mantra is on the subconscient? It has a great, great power over the subconscient.

I told you what a nuisance the subconscient is, didn't I? ...

Oh, yes!

But, repeating that mantra has a great, great effect on it.

(silence)

One mustn't ... one mustn't ... [get impatient]. If people can have trust....

Eating has become almost an impossibility, mon petit. In my case it's all right because I don't do anything, I am immobile all day, so if I don't eat it doesn't matter too much, but people who work and move and come and go must take care.

(Imploringly) Let me do the work.

I hope ... I hope it will be useful to others.

It's become ... it's become an almost unsolvable problem *(Mother holds her throat):* at times I can't even swallow.

(silence)

I've found but one solution: What You want, Lord, what You want.... And what comes up from the subconscient is constantly met by: OM namo Bhagavateh, OM....

(meditation)

October 30, 1972

(The last birthday)

Ah, happy birthday, happy birthday, happy birthday! ...

(Mother gives some presents)

These are pens....

And these are the chocolates!

(Mother holds Satprem's hands in hers)

Mon petit.... *(To Sujata:)* Naturally the chocolates are for you! The biscuits for him.

(Sujata gives Mother flowers)

> *This is "Divine Grace"... and this is "Power of Truth in the Subconscient."*
>
> *(Mother gives Satprem Sujata's flowers)*
>
> *Yes, Mother, yes, Mother....*

Happy birthday, happy new year.

November 2, 1972

(Mother sees Sujata)

How is Satprem?

Quite well, Mother, I think.

And you, how are you going?

But I wanted to ask you: how is Mother going these days?

Mother isn't "going"! There's no longer any person to "go." Mother goes where the Lord wants her to go.

(silence)

Do you understand my condition? One minute the body feels it is going to die; the next minute it feels immortal. So after that, one can't ... one can't possibly say "how it's going." Do you understand?

Yes, little Mother, I think I do. Only, Mother, it's you who carry us along. So when we feel that things are working out for you, they work out for us also. That's how it is, isn't it?

Things always work out. I am convinced that whatever happens is willed by the Lord. It's only our impression that gets more or less warped by our ignorance.

Yes, Mother.

(silence)

My feeling is that all words, even when they sound very wise, are just stupidities. That's all. It would be far better never to say anything *(Mother puts her hand over her mouth).* It belittles things so much, so, so much....

November 4, 1972

The whole subconscient is ... *(gesture of something rising up en masse).*

(silence)

And then ... how can I put this? ... It isn't sensation or knowledge, it's a

kind of ... *(Mother feels the air between her fingers)*, you can't even say conviction: it's a certitude – a certitude in the perception – that Bliss is there ... right there, WAITING FOR us, but a whole world of contradictions that have been repressed in the subconscient keeps rising up from the subconscient to prevent us from feeling it. So ... you could say it's a battlefield, but in a perfect calm.

It's impossible to describe.

Impossible to describe.

When I remain still and enter that Consciousness, time flies with fantastic speed, in a kind of ... luminous calm. But the slightest thing that pulls me out of it seems to pull me into hell. Exactly.

The discomfort is so great one feels one couldn't last a minute or a few minutes like that. So one ... one calls the Divine.... You feel like curling up in the Divine.

And then it goes well.

(Mother plunges in but after a while she seems ill at ease)

November 8, 1972

For a moment – just a few seconds – I had the supramental consciousness. It was so marvelous, mon petit! ... I understood that if we were to taste that now, we would no longer want to exist differently. We are in the process of ... *(gesture of kneading dough)* of changing laboriously. And the change, the process of change seems.... Yet you can grasp it in a kind of indifference (I don't know how to express it). But it doesn't last long. As a rule it's ... laborious. But that consciousness is so marvelous, you know! It's most interesting because there's a sort of EXTREME activity within complete peace. But it lasted only a few seconds.

(silence hands turned upwards)

And you?

Is it a total consciousness?

It's fabulous! Like a harmonization of all opposites. Yes, a total, fantastic activity together with ... perfect peace. But these are mere words.

(silence)

Is this consciousness material?

The action is a material one – but not done in the same way, of course.

(silence)

What helps make the contact with "that"? ... What exactly makes you go across there or be there?

I don't know because I am constantly – my WHOLE consciousness, including that of the body, is always turned to the ... *(gesture of offering)* to what it feels as the Divine. And without "trying," you follow?

Yes. Yes.

(Mother plunges in)

November 11, 1972

(Mother does not look too well.)

We'll need a message for the November darshan.

(Mother remains silent then writes with her eyes closed)

Beyond all preferences and limitations,
there is a ground of mutual understanding where
all can meet and find their harmony:
it is the aspiration for a divine consciousness.[108]

(With a charming smile) Nothing to ask?

(Satprem shakes his head
Mother keeps her eyes closed)

November 15, 1972

(Mother seems very impersonal and far away.)

So?

I have a feeling I sometimes see you at night.

(Mother nods: yes, yes)

And you, the work, Mother?

What?

Your work?

"My" work....
Poetically, I could say: a few seconds in heaven and ... hours in hell.
It's better not to speak about it.

(Mother moans while in trance)

November 18, 1972

I wish I could disappear to do the work better.

(Mother remains within the whole time)

You'll be better over there [at Nandanam].

November 22, 1972

What do you wish?

Well, you know, I always wish to ask you how things stand.

Oh! Better not speak about that.

Yes. I understand it's a process ...

Oh! ...

... that's infinite and....

Yes. Either I say everything or nothing at all. And saying everything is.... You know, there's both a constant effort and ... *(Mother opens her hands)* every minute a discovery. So describing it would be endless, and also uninteresting.

Well, I'm not so sure about that! I'm not so sure!

Therefore....

(silence)

The body consciousness is beginning to be wise, it too is saying with a great, great ... more than sincerity, "Let Your Will be done." People and their opinions and their way of seeing things seem so very ridiculous to it!

Yes, I can understand that.

Let Your Will be done.

Yes, to your vision, we must be swimming in an utterly absurd world ...

Absurd, an absurdity!

That I can understand very well: this whole physical world is absurd. Without a doubt.

And even the people! ...

Yes!

... whom you thought were wise, or people who have known you for so many years – their reactions seem so absurd!

So ... *(Mother opens her hands)* let Your Will be done.

Naturally the body understands very well (it never doubts that His Will will be done: it is ALWAYS done), but let us be ... let us not be an obstacle to that Will or a complication: let us allow things to be done luminously and peacefully – consciously, luminously, peacefully ... all-encompassingly.

Let us not be part of the obstacles. Let us be ... *(Mother opens her hands)* let the supreme Wisdom pass, pass through ... something that is not an extra obstacle. That's all.

(Mother plunges in)

November 25, 1972

(The day before, Mother came out on her balcony for the November "darshan.")

How was it yesterday, on the balcony ?

(Mother returns the question) How was it?

I don't know.... Seemingly quite good, in any case!

Where were you?

At the door of Sujata's house, downstairs. And for you, how was it?

(long silence)

(Smiling) The apprenticeship of personal nonexistence.
I don't know....
It's difficult.

Yes.

A growing sensation that without the Divine there's no existence.
Forgetting the Divine even for a minute is becoming catastrophic, you see.
Now and then, for a few seconds, the true beatific consciousness comes – but only now and then and for a few seconds. That's all. Otherwise, I am like this *(gesture, fists clenched to stand firm in the struggle).*

(silence)

And you?

I have a lot of difficulties with my outer consciousness. I seem to be unable to open it up.

(Mother vigorously nods her head)

And so it's very painful, you know, everything is very painful.

That's it, exactly that! One quite feels the inability of the outer consciousness to participate in the experience ... to be up to the mark.

Yes! Exactly, absolutely.

Well, that's my continuous condition.

How to ... ? And then once a day – once, twice, for a few seconds *(tone of amazed wonder):* "Oh! ..." And it's gone.

Is this ... this body to be left and another one built? I don't know.... It doesn't fit with.... I have not been told that it has to be that way.

No.

Although I haven't been told either that this body is capable of transformation. So I don't know.

But Sri Aurobindo did tell you that you would do the work.

(In a dubious tone:) Yes, he told me....

Because if you left, what would we do here? Truly, we are completely useless, there's nothing else to do but leave. Because the only place....

But it has no desire to leave.

Yes, I know, Mother.

It doesn't know, that's all. And ... I can't exactly say I suffer but there's constant discomfort.

There's obviously discomfort for you, but for us, the only moments we feel truly alive are those spent with you.

Oh, mon petit ... *(Mother takes Satprem's hands).*

It's true, the factual truth. I know the Grace it is to be here.

(long silence holding Satprem's hands)

That is the conviction the body needs to have: that INDEED it serves some purpose.[109]

Oh, but of course!... But of course, it does!

(silence)

You see, being here, with you, is the only moment when one feels ... ah, this is IT. IT, you know.

(Mother plunges in still holding Satprem's hands)

November 26, 1972

(A Note by Mother in English)

Before dying falsehood rises in full swing.

Still people understand only the lesson of catastrophe. Will it have to come before they open their eyes to the truth ?

I ask an effort from all so that it has not to be.

It is only the Truth that can save us: truth in words, truth in action, truth in will, truth in feelings. It is a choice between serving the Truth or being destroyed.

December 2, 1972

(Mother has just spent an hour and fifteen minutes eating her "breakfast.")

Do you have something?

No, nothing in particular, Mother.

Then I'll give you only ten minutes. Something strange is happening which I don't understand – and it's getting stronger and stronger: it took me more than an hour to eat my breakfast, yet when I started I told myself: I must finish this in twenty minutes. And I really thought I had finished in twenty minutes !

Time ... I have completely lost the sense of time.

I was convinced I had finished in twenty minutes and it took me more than an hour – to eat nothing!

I take a bite or a sip, and then ten minutes, twenty minutes go by *(gesture showing the glass or spoon in midair while Mother goes off)* ... I don't know where, I don't know what.

But what's extraordinary is the disparity: usually I don't think about the time, but since it was your day and it was already late, I told myself: I must finish in twenty minutes – and it took me more than an hour!

There's something there I must understand. Clearly, the standard of time

changes. But it's very impractical.

But is this consciousness you go into ... (what's the word?) active or immobile?

(Mother closes her eyes for a moment) I feel I am in a light. A light that's.... If I go into it, it will last an hour!

The same at night: I don't sleep; at first, as I lie in bed, I have a pain here, a pain there.... Then I enter the consciousness where pain disappears, and suddenly I wake up (I am not "asleep," I am in ... a light, a formless light), with the impression I've been in bed an hour, while in actuality it was five or six.

I just go into ... *(Mother closes her eyes)* oh, I tell you it can last ... I have but to do this *(Mother closes her eyes)* ... I could keep you here for an hour and not know it!

But today I am so late I shouldn't keep you. I regret it; but something has to be found.

But is this light active? Or are you just....

Oh, yes! It does PLENTY of things.... But not, not in the usual way. It's....

(Mother closes her eyes for a moment)

Did you feel something?

Yes, Mother![110]

Well, that's how it is. And hours go by unnoticed. One day I must take you there with me.

Yes, Mother.

Not today. But one day when I am not late, we'll go there together, and perhaps you'll know. Yes. One must be patient, mon petit.

(Satprem hands Mother a garland of "Aspiration")

Oh, how nice it smells! What day is today?

Saturday.

What date is next Wednesday?

The 6th, Mother.

The 6th, there will be a lot of people probably....

And the 9th there's also a meditation.

So we'll have to postpone it for the week after. What date will that be?

December 13.

(To the attendant:) Put as few people as possible on the 13th.

(The attendant:) I don't put anyone!

I want to try an experiment.

(The attendant:) I won't put anyone ... extra.

Good. So let's be patient!

(Satprem rests his forehead on Mother's knees)

It's completely, completely new.... Something completely new, which I don't understand.

We'll see. I would be interested to do it with you and see your sensation. But we must wait a little.

Au revoir, then.

December 6, 1972

(The night of the 5th, a violent cyclone struck Pondicherry. At Nandanam, in the middle of the devastated garden, a white hibiscus bloomed. Satprem places the flower on Mother's knees.)

A "Grace" flower bloomed in the thick of the cyclone, Mother.

(silence)

(One can hear the axes hacking away at the broken branches of the great yellow flame tree called "Service," which spreads its foliage above Sri Aurobindo's tomb.)

The tree that gave me all my "Transformation" flowers [from Satprem's garden] is broken. The "Service" tree also: some of its branches have been torn off.

Usually it didn't come this way....

The consciousness must have sunk a lot ... quite a lot.

(silence)

Some curious things are happening: the consciousness is clearer and vaster than it has ever been – a vast, vast vision ... and very precise: I know things happening at a distance (without thinking: they just come). But my memory is ab-so-lu-te-ly gone. I don't know – half an hour later, I've already forgotten

what I did. Absolutely forgotten.

(silence)

The consciousness of the Presence – the Presence everywhere, in everything....

(Mother plunges in then comes back to give Satprem the "Grace" flower)

Mon petit....

I would like the Grace of belonging exclusively to you.

December 9, 1972

(Mother caresses the flowers Sujata has just brought her.)

I still have my cold....

(Satprem:) But you look better, Mother.

Yes. It isn't really a "cold."

Yes, I am sure.... I felt there was a cyclone ... a real cyclone within.

(Mother laughs) There WAS a cyclone within.

(silence)

Obviously, everything is designed so that the only ... (I can't find the word in French) *reliance,* the only support is in the Divine. But I am not told what the "Divine" is – how do you like that! ... Everything else is collapsing, except the ... the ... the what? The Divine ... something – what? ...

One feels it. It can't be described or defined in any way – absolutely not.

(silence)

It's like an attempt to make you feel there isn't any difference between life and death, There. That it is something else than life or death – neither what we call death, nor what we call life – it is ... something.

And that ... is Divine.

Or rather it is our next step towards the Divine.

December 10, 1972

(Mother sees Sujata, who reads her a letter from Satprem.)

December 10, 1972

Mother,

For the past several nights, my body seems to have been physically tortured all night long. I keep tossing and turning in pain. Also I feel as if my stomach is being clawed. I am afraid that if this goes on, I am actually going to fall ill. In the morning when I come out of it, I feel as if my body were full of poison.[111]

May I become entirely and exclusively your child.

Satprem

For me life is a torture if I am not exclusively turned to the Divine. That's the only remedy; otherwise, it's true, life is a torture. Existing becomes intolerable.

The only remedy is to be like this ... *(gesture, hands turned upward in contemplative silence)* ... when time ceases to exist.

December 13, 1972

Weren't we supposed to have a meditation?

A meditation?

Yes, Mother, you said you wanted to try an experiment with me. You said you wanted to take me with you into that consciousness....

Would you like to?

Yes, if you'd like to!

Well, personally, I am always there. So.... What's difficult for me is to become conscious of the world as it is.

What did I tell you last time?

You said you wanted to try an experiment. You wanted to take me with you into that consciousness to see my sensation.

Ah! Very good. Now?

Yes, rather!

Give me your hand.

(Mother takes Satprem's hand for a moment then plunges in for a full hour)

How do you feel? ... Did you feel something?

First, a lot of power, a lot, as always. But only towards the end did I feel a kind of ... something eternal – I don't know. Do you think I followed you a little?

(Mother nods her head) Yes, quite well. Quite well.

December 16, 1972

(Mother gives Satprem an egg)

I have nothing.... I've become poor!

Then the world is poor!

(Mother laughs) How are you?

Quite well, Mother, yes, quite well.

Inside, I know.

What does the world look like to you from that other consciousness ?

(Mother does not seem to have heard the question)

As I told you: I am happy – are you satisfied?

Oh, yes! Certainly!

Well, there you are; it's true. I find you are making progress.

Ah, God willing!

Shall we go there together?

Yes, Mother! But Id like to be able to follow you.

(Mother smiles, making a gesture of pulling Satprem with a rope)

Hem! ... I'll pull you!

Good, then!

(meditation then Mother opens her eyes as if she were about to speak)

What is it, Mother?

(Smiling) I saw you: you had become very young. Like a twenty-year-old.

(Mother plunges in again)

December 20, 1972

Do you have anything to ask?

I had a question about Sri Aurobindo. I was wondering what stage he had reached when he left – what stage in the transformation? For instance, what difference is there between the work you are doing now and what he was doing at the time?

He had accumulated a great deal of supramental force in his body, and as soon as he left he.... He was on his bed, you see, and I was standing beside him, and all the supramental force that was in him passed quite concretely from his body into mine – so concretely that I thought it was visible. I could feel the friction of the passage. It was extraordinary – extraordinary! It was an extraordinary experience. It went on for a long, long time like this *(gesture of the Force passing into Mother's body)*. I was standing beside his bed, and it passed into me.

Almost physical – it was a physical sensation. It lasted a long time.

That's all I know.

But what I want to understand is at what stage he was in the inner work – for example, cleansing the subconscient and all that? What difference is there between the work he had done at the time and where you have reached now, if you will? I mean, is the subconscient less subconscious or ... ?

Oh, yes! Certainly, certainly!

But that is the mental way of looking at things, you see – I don't have it anymore.

Yes, Mother.

(silence)

Perhaps the difference lies in the general or collective intensity of that Power, that Force?

There is a difference in the POWER of the action.

He himself – he himself has a greater action, a greater power or action now than when he was in his body. Besides, that's why he left – because it had to be done that way.

It's very tangible, you know. His action has become very tangible. Of course, it isn't something mental at all. It is from another region. But it isn't ethereal or – it's tangible. I could almost say material.

I've often wondered about the right inner movement needed to go into that other region. There are basically two possible movements: a movement inwards in the direction of the soul, as it were, and a movement of annihilation of the individuality, in which you are in a sort of impersonal vastness.

Both are needed.

Both ?

Yes.

(Mother plunges in)

December 23, 1972

Time sense is completely topsy-turvy – when I think five minutes have passed, it's an hour, and when I think an hour has passed, it's five minutes! It's completely, completely.... And I am puzzled, I am truly puzzled as to what causes it. Another standard of time. And it doesn't follow my conscious will: I'll start eating, thinking, "I want to be finished in twenty minutes" – and it takes me an hour! On another occasion, I don't think of time: I finish in twenty-five minutes. I don't understand.

From an outward point of view, I am starting to look crazy!

!!!

At night (I have long nights, but I don't sleep), I feel it's over in one minute! ... I go to bed saying to myself: ah, this will last a while – and it's over in five minutes, it seems to me.

Another time, I want to go fast, and it takes ... almost an hour. I don't understand.

Do you still have activities at night?

Yes, but they are not "dreams," you see. I mean ... it's not that kind of thing at all.

Sometimes I am identified with some people, and I thoroughly feel – I don't feel it's "another" person: I feel it's myself. And sometimes it's people I don't know. There are all kinds of things.

The consciousness is VERY vast. It isn't limited to one person or even a few persons: it is very vast.

(silence)

But I am perplexed by what's happening with clock time.... I thought it was not quite nine o'clock, and I was told it was already ten. I have no idea how that happened.

I start my breakfast telling myself: Ah, I'll eat fast, I am late – it takes me an hour!

But I don't say anything because people are so stupid they would say I am going crazy. That's not it ... I simply live in another consciousness.

It's probably necessary for your body to live in a kind of timelessness.

Oh, yes! I feel, I know – I know positively that my body is being accustomed to something else.

Because, certainly, the sense of time must bring wear and tear.

(silence)

So my one external resource – EXTERNALLY – iS to say the mantra: OM Namo Bhagavateh (it's an external part of myself that says it); but inside, I am like this *(Mother opens her hands upward in total stillness).* And now if I remain like that, hours may go by, and I won't know it.

What's the time?

Half past ten, Mother.

If you wake me ("wake me" is a way of speaking, of course!) at eleven, I'll give you an example!

Yes, Mother!

Would you like to?

Yes, of course, Mother.

(Mother plunges in for forty minutes,
Satprem slightly touches her hand to call her back)

Did you feel something?

I feel very comfortable.

(Mother laughs and takes Satprem's hands)

Yes! The trouble is that everything else is rather unpleasant!

December 26, 1972

(Mother sees some teachers from the school. Towards the end of the meeting, Pranab enters Mother's room in his customary manner, heads straight for Mother, and launches into a violent diatribe against some French television reporters – whom Mother had received the day before – because they filmed Sri Aurobindo's tomb "in spite of his orders." Mother tries to calm him down.)

When they [the reporters] cannot get something from one person, they go to somebody else – and it works. In any event, I won't see them anymore.

(Pranab explodes:) If I meet them again, I'll smash their cameras.

I don't want any violence or nasty scenes here.

(Pranab retreats to the other end of the room, muttering angrily)

(Mother sits with her head in her hands) I have worked all my life so people would become a little conscious. But this violence....

(Mother turns to one of the teachers with a kind of distress in her voice)

People say that I am old, that I can't speak, that I am senile, but the consciousness has never been so clear.... One minute of silence and....

(the teachers leave the room silently,

Mother remains alone with her bodyguard and the attendant)

December 27, 1972

(Champaklal hands Satprem the French and English texts of the Christmas message so Mother can put it in her own handwriting.)

(Satprem.:) You've put:

We want to show to the world
that man can become a true
servitor of the Divine.
Who will collaborate in
all sincerity ?

(Champaklal, in English:) Mother, shall I give you paper? Mother will write now? To send to Press?

(Satprem:) Is it necessary?

But I can't write....

(Champaklal is upset)

... I'd better write it.

(Mother spends twenty minutes copying the message by hand, then she holds out her hands to Satprem and plunges in)

December 30, 1972

(Mother distributes presents)

So, a new year is coming....

Do you have a feeling about the new year?

(after a silence)

Things have taken an extreme form. There's a sort of lifting of the whole atmosphere towards an almost ... inconceivable splendor, but at the same time, there's a feeling that one can ... die any moment – not "die," but the body could dissolve. Both things together make up a consciousness in which... *(Mother shakes her head)* all past experiences seem puerile, childish, unconscious. And this ... is stupendous and wonderful.

But the body, the body has a single prayer – always the same:

Make me worthy of knowing You

Make me worthy of serving You

Make me worthy of being You

There.

I can barely eat anymore, and I am not hungry. I feel a growing strength in me ... but new in quality ... in silence and contemplation.

Nothing is impossible *(Mother opens her hands upward).*

(silence)

So if you don't have any questions to ask.... If you want silence ... conscious silence ...?

But am I making the right movement, I'm not sure?

Well, when you want to come into contact with the Divine, what movement do you make?

I place myself at your feet.

(Mother smiles, takes Satprem's hands and plunges in for half an hour)

Did you feel something?

I was offered to the Sun.

January 1, 1973

(Message for the year)

When you are conscious of the whole world at the same time, then you can become conscious of the Divine.[112]

January 3, 1973

(After the work)

(Sujata:) Mother, I have something to ask you, I have a prayer.... Satprem is very tormented, you know; so I pray that you will take his torment away.

Why tormented?

(Laughing:) That's his nature, Mother!

(Satprem grimaces)

You know, me, I have but one solution – always the same for anything: this *(gesture, hands open)*. To abolish all personal existence, to be like this *(same gesture),* something that lets everything pass through and is ... set in motion by the Divine. That's all. Then everything is fine.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands, and plunges in with a sweet smile)

January 10, 1973

Good morning, Mother!

(Mother hands a basket to Satprem)

This is mouthwash! And these are eggs.
Now what do you have to tell me?

Me, nothing.

Nothing?

No, it's difficult. A difficult period ...

For me too.

Yes.

(silence)

So ...

Where does that come from?

... we can go in the silence if you like?

Yes, Mother, certainly! But I was asking where it comes from.

(after a silence)

In my own case, I know: it's because everything that needs to be transformed is rising from the subconscient, and it's in-ter-mi-nable.... It keeps rising and rising and rising....

And with each little thing looms the possibility of catastrophe. So you live in a constant suggestion of catastrophes – I know where it comes from, I know what it is, but it isn't pleasant.

No.

And there's a new kind of malaise. Something new. As I was telling you, there's a new and wonderful joy that comes! But it comes the way you disclose something, you know ... *(Mother dangles an imaginary lure between her fingers):* "See, this is what you could have." Exactly like that. "It could be like this," and brrrt, it's gone!

So really, I'd rather not talk about it.

Yes, Mother.

(Mother plunges in for twenty minutes, then goes out of her room and comes back)

Would you like to stay a little more?

You'll be late, Mother, no? It's already eleven.

You were called in late.

That doesn't matter!

Have you got some work to do?

No, Mother, not at all! But You have some work to do!

Oh, me ... *(Mother raises her arms).* I live in a constant contradiction – constant, constant ... With all sorts of suggestions: "This way, you could die; that way, you could die...." So I simply reply, "I don't care!" Then it calms down.

My consolation was that I thought I was doing this for everybody; that once I had done it, it would be done – but evidently a lot of people are in the same difficulty.

Yes, but when you have finished, it'll be finished for them too.

Let's hope so....

(silence)

To comfort me, there is a kind of assurance from above, that if I reach my centenary, I will start going uphill again. But it's still far off. How many years left?

Five years, Mother.

Oh, mon petit! Five more years in this hell! ...

We'll try to go with you to the end.

Oh, you.... *(After a silence)* You will go to the end.

Oh, Mother.... But I can go. to the end only if you go there also!

(Mother laughs silence)

But you know, at the same time, I am aware of the divine forces going through like this *(gesture through the body).* I try to obstruct as little as I can. And it gives some extraordinary results: constantly, there are ... what people call "miracles."

But to me, things are not yet as they could be – as they SHOULD be.

The possibility of suffering, for example – suffering from pain, suffering ... a purely physical fact (all the nonphysical things are: *Mother makes an immutable and peaceful gesture to indicate the inner states*), but something purely physical: really, the capacity for suffering must disappear. Not that I don't want to suffer, but ... it isn't a nice gift to give people!

Five years....

The years are long, long, long, long....

It's like this: two or three hours can go by in a second, and half an hour can last for hours. Everything, but everything is upside down.

(Mother gestures: what to do? silence)

And then – oh, I haven't told you: yesterday or the day before, I don't remember, all of a sudden, for two or three minutes, my body was seized by the horror of death – the idea of being put like this *(gesture of being tossed into a hole)* in a tomb was so horrifying! Horrifying.... I couldn't have stood that more than a few minutes. It was HORRIFYING. Not because I was buried alive, but because my body was conscious. It was considered "dead" by everybody for the heart had stopped beating – yet the body was conscious.

(silence)

That ... that ... that was a horrible experience.... I was displaying all the signs of "death," you know, the heart wasn't working, nothing was working – but I was conscious. The body was conscious.

(silence)

We must ... we must warn people at least not to rush to ... *(gesture into a hole)*.

Yes, Mother.

Oh! ...

No, we won't let that happen, don't worry. We just won't let it happen.

(silence

Mother hold Satprem's hands, she smiles)

You are sweet.

Oh, Mother!

(Mother looks at the table beside her) I would like to give you something that you like.

I would like your presence with me, always.

Oh, that ... more and more!
(To Sujata:) How are you, mon petit?

Quite well, little Mother.

Yes?

Yes, Mother

Yes, Mother

Yes, Mother.

January 13, 1973

(Mother receives Satprem and Sujata fifty-five minutes late.)

Nothing to be said.... It's chaos! The Supermind has obviously nothing in common with our regular time.

(silence)

I feel I am being pulled in opposite directions by the old world and the new....

(Mother shakes her head and plunges in)

January 17, 1973

We need a message for February 21, Mother.

Do you have it?

No! [laughter] Z proposes two texts from Sri Aurobindo, but I feel it would be better to have something from you.

Yes. Do you have something?

Well, no, Mother! Won't you rather say something yourself?

(after a silence)

Plus on avance, plus le besoin d'une présence divine devient impérieux et ... inévitable. [The more we advance, the more the need of a divine presence becomes imperative and ... inevitable.]

"Inevitable" isn't the word, it's....

"Indispensable"?

Yes, that's it, indispensable. Is it all right ?

Yes, Mother.

(Mother writes the message in French)

February 21 ....

1973.

(then she signs it)

How do you want to put it in English?

We should put: "The more we advance on the way, the more the need of a divine Presence becomes indispensable – imperative and indispensable."

(Mother writes the message with her eyes closed)

A dot on the "i" here [Satprem guides Mother's hand]. That's all. And just put a period at the end, and your signature.

Is my handwriting all right?

Yes, it's quite good, Mother, it came out very well.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

(Sujata:) Mother, you are going to see the Dalai Lama tomorrow, aren't you? Satprem would be very interested to know your impression – what you have felt.

What day is tomorrow?

(Sujata:) Thursday, Mother.

On Saturday then? I'll tell you if I had any particular impression.

January 20, 1973

(On January 18, Mother received the Dalai Lama. It should be noted that Mother had long ago admitted a number of Tibetan refugees to the Ashram and Auroville.)

Anything to say?

I'd be curious to know what you felt with the Dalai Lama?

A truly benevolent man. Buddhist benevolence, you know, and he practices it marvelously.

He seems to have no ... *no selfishness* in him (there's no word for it in French). I mean, a constant concern to do the right thing.

(silence)

Very active [mentally] – there wasn't much of a deeper contact. That's all.

He was happy with his visit, I was told. Did you hear that too?

Yes, I heard he was happy.

Didn't you see him?

No, Mother, no.[113]

He is a young man....

Though I had seen him in a "dream" a few months ago.

Ah?

Yes, we met. Why, I have no idea.

Very benevolent – he's very benevolent.

I was told something (I don't know if it's true), he is reported to have said, "Sri Aurobindo and the Mother are the most important personalities in the world today" – I don't know if it's true.

He seems to have been pleased with his visit. He was very happy to see the school and the children.

But on the plane where I live ... he doesn't seem to be very conscious THERE.... I don't know. I don't know, but in any case he has a very light presence, very light – he doesn't impose himself at all.

I sensed a very strong man – very strong. And harmoniously strong; his right arm was bare, you know, it gave the feeling of a strong and quiet force. But ... I didn't have much of a deeper contact.... I can't say.

That's all.

What about Tibet, did you see anything – do you see anything for that country?

I told him Tibet would become independent again. He asked me when. I said, "I don't know."[114]

Sri Aurobindo's idea was an independent Tibet within a sort of great federation with India. But when will that happen? I don't know.

Tibet was locked in a lower form of Tantrism; the Chinese probably came to free them from their imprisonment ...

Yes.

... in that lower Tantrism. When that cleansing is over (with much damage, unfortunately), maybe they'll be free again?

(Mother nods her head)

He gave me this *(Mother shows a Tibetan Buddha in brass).* It's a Buddha. Is there something written there [under the statue]?

Yes, Mother, there are some inscriptions.

I think it's Tibetan.
Very nice.

Yes, it has a good face.

(silence)

You didn't see him?

No, Mother, I only saw pictures of him. Something akin to Pavitra, was my impression.

Oh, really!

Yes, in the same "line," if you will.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(Account of the Dalai Lama's visit. The Dalai Lama's questions were put to Mother by Kireet, the Registrar of the Centre of Education, who in turn conveyed Mother's answers back to the Dalai Lama.)

(original English)

(Dalai Lama:) It is my dream to have the perfect economic development of Tibet, the perfect organization, the efficiency that we find in Communism, but all this based upon, founded upon the Buddhistic qualities of Compassion and Love, so that the people in power do not degenerate into corruption. What is Mother's view of this dream, and whether such a thing will be realized in Tibet?

It is not a dream. It will naturally be. But the time it will take, I do not

know. This is something like what Sri Aurobindo has said about the Supramental.

Truth, Love, Compassion will give a basis to the new creation. It is not birth but the value of men that should give the right to authority.

If the teaching of Sri Aurobindo can spread over the world, and if there is the full manifestation of the Supramental, then the Supramental will be the power of the liberation of Tibet.

It is bound to come, it will come; but if it goes as it is going now, it will take hundreds of years. But if the Supramental is manifested, it may come quick. Quick does not mean ten or twenty years – that would be almost miraculous.

(Kireet:) But the Supramental is now working very powerfully.

It is, it is working. It will be manifested with enough power when the right people have the authority.

For the moment, it seems that the opposition, the falsehood attacks with full power before dying. Never, never have men lied as much as they are doing now. It seems the old habit comes spontaneously. But it must be broken.

We are at a very ... what we could call an unpleasant moment of the history of the earth. It is interesting because the action is very powerful, but I can't call it pleasant.

But I have told you that already; I wrote it.[115]

(Kireet:) Yes, Mother. The Mother has given the message.

(Dalai Lama:) As for myself, I have no desire to continue in power in the Government. For I -feel that the Government involves so much of conflicts of parties, and the necessity of taking sides with one party against the other....

One can govern without taking sides. That is the mistake of all the governments; they reduce their capacity tremendously.

But beyond the mind, there is a higher and deeper consciousness – they would find a Consciousness in which one can make use of all the capacities. It is a question of the consciousness being broad enough, so that each capacity can be put in its place in order to make a general harmony.

(Dalai Lama:) There is good will, there is sincerity among people all over the world, but the number of such people is not large. Will they be able to have an effect to change the conditions of the world?

It is bound to change; it is bound to change. Only, if the people are sincere it will shorten the time; it will go faster if the people are sincere.

The first and indispensable step is to stop all falsehood. Falsehood is all that contradicts in us the Presence of the Divine.

January 24, 1973

Do you have something? ...

No.

The farther I go, the more contradictions I discover in myself – sharp contradictions. They look like impossibilities.

No, not impossibilities – it probably means you have to go deeper or higher to their meeting ground. That's how it works: the opposites get increasingly vehement until we find the point where they ... where unity is established.

One must go deeper and deeper, or higher and higher – it's one and the same thing. It's the same thing.

(silence)

All our old ways of understanding things are WORTHLESS – worthless.

All, all our values are WORTHLESS.

We are on the threshold of something truly marvelous, but ... we don't know how to keep it – it comes like this *(gesture imitating a passing bird)....* We just don't know.

Never, never before have I had such a sense of ignorance, of impotence, of ... of being a jumble of frightful contradictions, and I know, I KNOW – deep down, beyond speech – that it's because I don't know how to find the place where they ... they harmonize and unite.

I can do absolutely nothing, I know absolutely nothing – in fact, I am nothing but a ... false appearance, that's all.

I don't remember anything, I even forget what I have said before.... Everything is ... *(gesture of crumbling).*

And strangely, almost at the same time, there's torture and bliss at the same time. There you are.

(Mother coughs silence)

Only, what's odd is that human nature as it is constituted seems to understand torture more readily than bliss.

There's a curious phenomenon: because books [by Mother] are published, I am put in contact with things I said before, and of course when I said them I was very convinced, but now ... I tell myself: how could you say that!

Well.

There is "something" ... *(Mother opens her palms upward).*

(long silence)

There is only one, one will left: may the Divine express Himself without deformation through this body. This is constant, constant, constant, constant....

Tell me, what is the mantra?

OM....

OM Namo Bhagavateh?

Bhagavateh, yes, Mother.

(Mother plunges in.

The clock strikes an eternal hour)

January 31, 1973

(Long silence, Mother shakes her head several times as if at a loss, she tries to speak and plunges in again.)

The same identical circumstances, occurring at the same time, can cause a marvelous bliss- marvelous, as I have never felt before – or sheer hell. The very same circumstances, and at the same time.

For hours on end it's enough to drive you mad, and for a few ... (maybe hours, maybe minutes – the sense of time isn't the same, but anyway ...) a wonder. A wonderful Presence.

It doesn't really depend on circumstances: the circumstances are always the same, and yet....

And in this new consciousness, time has a completely different value: I feel I have spent a few minutes, and I am told it's been almost an hour. That's how it is.

(silence)

So it's as you want. If you want to meditate....

Personally, I have a strange impression. In the past, years ago, I used to feel that a part of my consciousness was vast, was ... this or that; but now I understand fully well what you mean by an "old piece of bark" (you know, "There's only an old piece of bark left"), I feel I am only a mass of flaws, of imperfections, of dark elements and so on, but the other part of myself completely eludes me. There is only this sort of facade full of unpleasant and clashing and false

things. While the other part, the other "me"... I don't know, it eludes me completely. I know it's there, but I am mainly conscious of all this that's in front of me.

(Mother plunges in)

February 3, 1973

Time is no longer the same.... And I can't eat anymore. Well.... What's going to happen, I don't know.

Very good things!

(Mother laughs and takes Satprem's hands)

You're sweet.

But I'm sure, Mother!

Of course! So am I! *(laughter)*

(Mother shuts her eyes, and feels with her hand the flowers near her)

What is this one?

"Grace," Mother....

Then it's for you.
Oh, that....

(Mother opens her hands upwards and plunges in)

I can't speak. Can't speak anymore, can't eat anymore.... And time goes by like lightning.

(Mother plunges in again)

February 7, 1973

(Regarding a text given by Mother for the next "Bulletin")

There is only one solution for falsehood:
It is to cure in ourselves
all that contradicts in our consciousness
the presence of the Divine.

(December 31, 1972)

I am very keen on this! It's very true – very true. It may not be easy to understand, but it's VERY PROFOUNDLY true.

All in us that veils or distorts or prevents the manifestation of the Divine is the falsehood.

It means a whole lot of work!

That's what I am doing all the time – every day and all day long, whenever I don't ... even when I see people. It is the only thing worth living for.

February 8, 1973

(This is an extract from a meeting with a few teachers from the school. We owe these recordings to the kind cooperation of one of them.)

What is the best way of preparing ourselves? For one clearly feels that all this is going to require a rather extensive preparation.

To broaden and enlighten your consciousness, naturally. But how to do that ? ... How do you broaden and enlighten your consciousness? If each one of you could find his psychic being and unite with it, all problems would be solved.

The psychic being is the Divine's representative in the human being. It's true, you know: the Divine isn't something far-off and out of reach; the Divine is within you, but you aren't fully conscious of it. You have rather ... so far it is acting more as an influence than a Presence. It must become a conscious Presence, so at each moment you can ask yourselves how ... how the Divine sees.

That's how it is: first, how the Divine sees; then, how the Divine Wills ... then, how the Divine does. It has nothing to do with going off to inaccessible regions: it's RIGHT HERE. Although, for the moment, all the old habits and the general unconsciousness have put a sort of lid on it, which prevents us from seeing and feeling. We must ... we must lift that, lift it off.

Basically, we must become conscious instruments ... conscious ... conscious of the Divine.

Normally it takes an entire lifetime, or even several lives in some cases. But here, in the present conditions, you can do it in ... a few months. Those who have an ardent aspiration can do it in a few MONTHS.

(Mother remains concentrated for a few moments)

Did you feel anything?

(One of the teachers:) Was there a special descent?

There is no "descent"! That's another wrong idea. There is no "descent." It's something that is ALWAYS here, but you just don't feel it. There is no descent, that's a completely wrong idea.

Do you know what the fourth dimension is?

We have heard about it....

Have you experienced it?

No, Mother.

Oh, but it's precisely the best example modern science can offer – the fourth dimension. The Divine is the fourth dimension for us. It ... belongs to the fourth dimension. It's everywhere, you see – always everywhere. It doesn't come and go: it's always there ... everywhere. It's we, it's our stupidity that keeps us from feeling it. There's no need to go off anywhere ... no need at all, none at all.

To be conscious of your psychic being, you must be able to have felt the fourth dimension, felt it once, otherwise you cannot know what it is.... Oh, Lord!

It's been seventy years since I've known what the fourth dimension is – more than seventy years.

(silence)

Indispensable, it's indispensable. Life begins with that. Otherwise, you are in falsehood – in a hodgepodge of confusion and ignorance.... The mind! The mind! The mind!

Otherwise, to be conscious of your own consciousness, you must mentalize it. It's dreadful, dreadful!

There you are.

This new life isn't the continuation of the old one, is it Mother, it has to spring up from within.

Yes! Yes!

There is no common ground between the two....

There is – there is, but you aren't conscious of it. You must ... you must ... it's the mind that prevents you from feeling it. One Must BE, you see. All you do is mentalize everything – everything. What you call "consciousness" is thinking things out; that's what you call consciousness. But that's not it at all! That's not consciousness. Consciousness ... should be wholly lucid and WORDLESS.

(Mother closes her eyes)

Like that ... everything becomes luminous and warm and ... STRONG!
And peaceful ... a true peace, which is not inertia or immobility.

Mother, can we give this as an objective to all children?

All ... no! They are not all the same age, even when they are the same physical age. Some children are primitive. One should.... You see, if you yourself were fully conscious of your psychic being, you would know which children are psychically developed. Some children have only an embryonic psychic – the age of the psychic varies enormously. Normally, it takes several lives for the psychic to become completely formed, and it's the psychic that passes from one body to another; that's why we aren't conscious of our past lives – because we aren't conscious of our psychic being. But sometimes, at some MOMENT the psychic being participated in a particular event, it became conscious; and that creates a memory. Sometimes you may find you have a partial recollection of something, the fleeting memory of a circumstance or event or thought, or even of an action.... It's because the psychic was conscious of it.

(silence)

What would you, I am nearing my hundredth year – it's only five years away – and I started my effort to become conscious when I was five. It's a fact. That's telling you.... And I am going on, and it is going on. Now, of course, I have come to doing the work in the cells of the body, but the work started long ago.

I don't mean to discourage you, but only to tell you it isn't done in a wink!

The body ... the body is made of a substance that is still very heavy. It is the substance itself that must change for the Supermind to manifest.

That's all I can say.

February 14, 1973

(Regarding the poor translation of Sri Aurobindo's texts in the "Auroville Gazette." Mother had asked Satprem to check a few issues and try to rectify the situation with the collaboration of his friend Luc in Auroville. This triggered off reactions which were unmistakably ... sharp.)

... But, Mother, I've seen it: all the translators, whether French, English, German or whatever, have a translator's COLOSSAL ego; the minute you touch their translation, it's as if you were ripping their little selves apart. Whether it's Y, T., CS. or any of the people I have dealt with, translators are simply not-to-be-touched This is the truth. Well, let's leave them alone. A veritable grace is needed to make them understand.

But I myself wasn't satisfied with my translations.

It's very difficult, Mother! I am well aware of it. But the minute you touch a translator, it's like touching dynamite!

(Mother laughs) Let's just leave it, then.

Yes, Mother, it's hopeless. I'll inform Auropress that your note is cancelled.[116] *Amen. She [the translator] will have to change from within – you have to change us all from within, that's the crux of the matter.*

I think (that's what she told me) that when she finds something difficult, she'll ask me. She said, "If I have doubts, I'll ask you."

But the trouble is, most often they have no doubts!

(Mother laughs)

No, no, Mother, I say this in all humility, because I've been doing this work for ... eighteen years now; and I see how many years it took me, how many blunders, and how much help Sri Aurobindo gave me until I really started getting into the proper spirit. So I have compassion for these people, I quite understand why they make mistakes. What annoys me is how they can be so sure of themselves. 'Tis a pity.

Sometimes people understand a poor translation better than a good one.

Yes, Mother, possibly!... But still, sometimes it plainly doesn't make any sense.

I can't personally read through everything, it takes too much time.

Manage with them the best you can.

Bah, bah, listen! Nothing short of a grace could do something!... For me, it means more responsibility, more complications, it means an extra load – I'm by no means looking forward to it, you know.

Well, once in a while, if it really makes no sense at all.... I think we have to be a little....

Yes, Mother, I also feel we should forget about it – people must understand from within, and that will be that.

I am hearing (through Nirod[117]) certain things that Sri Aurobindo said, and he says that even he contradicted himself a great number of times ...

Yes, yes, Mother!

... and that, of course, the two or three different approaches are all true. So we can afford to be as ... as wide as he is!

Truly speaking, his comprehension of things was very supple – very supple. Listening to certain things he said, I felt I had understood very little of what he meant. Now that I am more and more in contact with the supramental Consciousness, I see how supple -supple and complex – it is, and how it is our narrow human consciousness that sees things ... *(Mother draws little boxes in the air)* fixed, cut and dried.

Yes, of course.

So.... we are under the mind's sway, and the mind is rigid like this *(same little boxes in the air).* But I see that as soon as you go beyond the mind, it's ... it's like waves on the sea.

In a word, we have everything to learn. We try to understand in the mental way, so we understand nothing. We simply demarcate things *(same gesture of drawing boxes),* and that's what we call understanding.

When we have thoroughly put everything in boxes *(same gesture),* then we say we have understood!

(Mother plunges in)

February 17, 1973

(Mother remains absorbed for a long time, then shakes her head ....)

Oh! ... I have to cope with everything that contradicts the Divine in the past

and the present, and it's.... In this body. I mean, all the past is surging up from the subconscient, and now even everything that was repressed.... It isn't something I "feel" or "experience," but it's a perception. The perception ... yes, of how all our notions of good and evil, right and wrong are futile for the Divine vision, absolutely futile – unreal.

All human notions are so narrow and limited, so partial and tinged with moral preferences.

As if I were being shown everything in the consciousness that opposes the ... immensity – the divine immensity. Everything is so narrow, so small....

(silence)

What time is it?

Ten-forty.

Would you like to stay?...

(Mother plunges in)

February 18, 1973

(Extracts from a meeting with the schoolteachers. One of them complains that the first signs of violence are showing up in the children.)

Violence is necessary as long as men are ruled by their ego and its desires. But violence must be used only as a means of defense when you are attacked. The ideal towards which humanity is moving and which we want to realize is a state of luminous understanding in which each person's needs as well as the harmony of the whole are taken into account.

The future will have no need of violence because it will be governed by the Divine Consciousness, in which all things are harmonized and complement each other.

For the moment, we are still in a stage where weapons are necessary. But it should be understood that this is a transitory stage, not a permanent one, and we must strive for the other one.

Peace ... peace and harmony will be a natural outcome of the change of consciousness.

You see, in India there reigns the Gandhian concept of nonviolence which has replaced physical violence with moral violence, but it's far worse!

But if you dare speak against Gandhi, everyone will immediately ... oh!

You don't need to mention his name, you can explain to the children that

replacing physical violence with moral violence is no better. Lying down in front of a train to stop it running is a moral violence that can ultimately cause more disorder than physical violence.

There would be a lot to say.... It depends on each case. I myself very much encouraged the practice of fencing because it gives you skill, control over your movements and discipline in violence – I very much encouraged fencing at one time. I learned how to shoot; I used to shoot with a rifle, because it gives you steadiness and skill and a very good eye; and it forces you to remain calm in the midst of danger. All these things are.... I don't see why one should be *hopelessly nonviolent,* it only makes a spineless character.

Turn it into an art! An art for cultivating calm, skill and self control. There's no need to cry out indignantly as Gandhi would. It's useless, useless, absolutely useless – I am not at all in favor of it! One should master the means of self-defense, and one should cultivate them in order to do so.

Above all, make them understand that moral violence is just as bad as physical violence. It can even be worse, that is, at least physical violence forces you to become strong and control yourself, whereas moral violence is.... You may be like this [apparently quiet] and harbor the worst moral violence in yourself.

February 21, 1973

Mother is ninety-five.

February 28, 1973

(For the last ten days, the "conversations" have been spent in silence and contemplation – I have the impression that Mother wants me to understand something by another means. But what? Furthermore, the attendant is now almost constantly in the room. She no longer bothers to pretend being in the bathroom. She breaks in on the conversation, offers her own comments – of course, since Mother "can't hear. "... People go in and out of Mother's room as they please, and continue their own

conversations. The atmosphere is quite changed This is perhaps why Mother tries to establish another type of communication with me, another kind of link. But silence ... is very silent. And I did not realize what was fast approaching before my very eyes.)

So? ... How are you?

I don't know too well.

Not too well?

I don't know.

(Mother laughs)

One feels one doesn't in the least know what path one is treading.

Neither do I! ... Neither do I.

But I know it's on purpose. I am not worried, because I know it's on purpose. We have a mental way of knowing, which is worthless – truly worthless. As Sri Aurobindo said, it goes from falsehood to truth – whereas the Supramental goes from truth to truth. And it has nothing to do with the mental approach. That I know. When I am completely still, with no one here and none to disturb me, then ... *(Mother closes her eyes)* a certain condition comes ... and you feel that if that developed, it ... *(Mother smiles silently)*. You enter a luminous immensity ... devoid of any questions.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands and plunges in)

March 3, 1973

We have nothing for the next Bulletin, no "Notes.

(silence)

One would like to know if one is on the right path ...

What path?

Your path, the path to the new consciousness.

(Mother indicates that she does not want to talk)

For the moment, the real Force – the real Force – is in silence.

(Mother plunges in)

March 7, 1973

How are you getting on?

Well, I really can't say.... You must know better than I.

(Mother laughs) Personally, I keep hearing: peace, peace, peace....

(Mother plunges in, holding Satprem's hands in hers)

March 10, 1973

What do we do about the Bulletin, Mother ... the "Notes on the Way"?

Do you have something?

Almost nothing, just two small pieces.

Go ahead, read them.

(Satprem reads)

Is that all? ...

Yes [laughter].... Obviously, you don't feel like talking anymore.

No. I can't talk, it doesn't come out clearly.

But that's not true! It does! It comes out very well.

If you have a question, we can try.

I don't know, whenever I try to come into contact with that Consciousness, I always sense a sort of luminous immensity, as you say....

Yes.

But I feel it's stationary, you see; I am in it and could stay in it forever, but....

Exactly. That's my own sensation too.

But is it enough to let That permeate one? Isn't there anything else to be done?

Yes, I think so. I think it's the only thing to do. Personally I keep repeating, "What You will, what You will, what You will.... Let it be as You will, may I do as You will, may I be conscious of what You will."

And also: "Without You, it's death; with You, it's life." By "death," I don't mean physical death – it might happen, it might be that if I lost the contact now, it would be the end – but that's impossible! I feel that ... I AM THAT – With some resistances the present consciousness may still have, that's all.[118]

And when I see somebody ... *(Mother opens her hands as if she were offering that person to the Light),* regardless of who it is: like this *(same gesture).*

(silence)

It's funny, I constantly feel like a little baby curled up – curled up in ... (what term to use?) an *all-embracing* divine Consciousness.

(Mother remains immobile)

And the slightest contradiction that enters the atmosphere causes me such discomfort, I feel I won't be able to stand it.

There, that's how it is.

Just now I had gone off like that, you see, but I suddenly felt uncomfortable and that pulled me back. It isn't expressed mentally, it is neither an idea nor even a sensation, it's ... I don't know what it is. It is like a negation, a painful negation. Which really makes me feel an acute pain, and I am pulled back into this physical consciousness.

(Mother plunges in, then seems uncomfortable.

Champaklal comes and rings the bell)

March 14, 1973

(Extracts from a meeting with the schoolteachers. The subject is the school squabbles and rivalry among groups of teachers.)

I can't make head or tail of these things.... I can no longer be of any help, you see, because all these mental combinations don't make any sense to me anymore.

A spirit of confusion has entered the school, I find.

They all mean the same thing, but they use different words, and the words ... clash. Personally, I know they have very similar aspirations, but each one speaks in his own language, and the languages are at cross-purposes, so they quarrel over nothing. That's the situation!

I think the best would be for everybody to keep quiet for a while.

I too never had any problems with the people around me, but now we seem to speak different languages.

(silence)

But the effect on me is odd: I have the impression that I am ill -there's nothing wrong with me, I am in good health, yet I have a constant impression of being ill.

The truth is, it's the transition from the ordinary mental consciousness to the supramental consciousness. The mental consciousness panics in the presence of the supramental consciousness. The vibration is so different I feel one could die every minute. Only when I am very tranquil do I....

The old consciousness (which isn't at all a mental consciousness, but anyway ...), the old consciousness keeps repeating its mantra – there is a mantra – it keeps repeating its mantra, which makes a sort of backdrop, a contacting point. It's very peculiar. But beyond that, there's something full of light and force, but it's so new that ... it causes almost a panic. And if it does that to me, with the long experience I have ... if it has the same effect on others, I think we'll all end up lunatics! Well.

I think we have to remain very tranquil if we don't want to lose the thread!

(There follows a long discussion by the teachers)

But our language is ... there's like a cloche over it, a mental cloche it doesn't want to free itself from. It is truly a difficult time. I think we should be very, VERY TRANQUIL – very tranquil.

(Mother turns to one of the teachers and to all the teachers)

I will tell you my old mantra. It keeps the outer being very tranquil: OM, Namo, Bhagavateh.... Three words.

To me they meant:

OM: I implore the Supreme Lord.

Namo: I obey Him.

Bhagavateh: Make me divine.

(silence)

This, I found, has the power to calm everything.

March 17, 1973

I had a question I wanted to ask you.

What is it?

I was wondering about the difference between.... You remember, in the past you used to go into trance, into the inner states. I wanted to know the difference between the trance you knew in the past and the one now?

Completely different.

So it isn't a "trance."

No.

No, it's another type of consciousness. The difference is such that I wonder ... sometimes I wonder how it is possible – at times, it is so new, so unexpected it's almost painful.

Aah!...

So I ask myself, "What?" And externally I see but one solution: externally – I repeat OM Namo Bhagavateh. Constantly – that's for the outer being. And inside ... *(gesture, hands open in immobile contemplation)* ...

(silence)

... an extraordinary silence. I think I've been in it for a few minutes, but sometimes it's an hour.... And the opposite too: I feel time drags on and on, and it's been only a few minutes. Which means that time is different. But then, if the value of time changes.... Our time is based on the sun, you see, but there, it is another reference.

So, in other words, you don't actually go out of Matter?

No, not at all.

It's a new condition IN Matter.

Yes. Yes, yes, exactly. And ruled by something other than the sun don't know what.... Probably the Supramental consciousness.

(silence)

At mealtimes, for example, sometimes I think I have eaten very fast, and it has taken me more than an hour. Other times, I feel it took a long time – it took just a few minutes. So if you look at that from an ordinary standpoint, you feel that ... people will think you're crazy. So there's a sort of recommendation: silence, silence, silence, silence....

Not too much with me, please!

(Mother laughs)

I wanted to know if personally ... if personally I was in the right direction.

(Mother is absorbed for a few seconds)

The answer was immediately *YES,* but it wasn't I who gave the answer.

(Mother is absorbed again and comes back almost immediately with a movement of suffocation)

You see how it is: now, as soon as I try to know something, I feel such a suffocating heat I think I am going to die. There. Do you understand?

Yes.

That's how it is.

Yes, Mother. Yes, one shouldn't "try to know," that's the point.

(Mother plunges in)

March 19, 1973

(A note from Mother)

Here we have no religion.

We replace religion with spiritual life, which is truer and both deeper and higher, that is to say, closer to the Divine. For the Divine is in all things, but we are not conscious of it.

This is the immense progress that men must make.

March 21, 1973

What's up?

I saw you last night.

(In a delighted tone) Aah!

Oddly enough, I was trying to devise – to invent or construct -a new bed for you, as though yours wasn't comfortable. A bed that would allow you ... yes, to be a little more comfortable. I've no idea what it means!

I do. It's very good! *(laughter)*
Very good.

(silence)

What's the time? ... What would you like?[119]

Whatsoever you like.

No! ... *(laughing)* I am at your disposal!
You don't have anything to say?

I've noticed I am becoming extremely sensitive. The least disturbance in the atmosphere and I get blows.

Oh, me too! And to such an extent that it makes me ill.

Yes, quite annoying it is. But there must be a radical remedy, I mean something that shelters you completely. That would be....

Personally, my solution is to curl up materially in the Divine. Only it's difficult. It's.... It can be done, but all this *(zigzagging gesture in the air)* makes a constant disturbance.

(Mother plunges in holding Satprem's hands)

March 24, 1973

Good morning! ... Do you eat caviar?

Caviar!

It is a very good food....

I'm sure!

I used to eat it, but now I can't.... Not so long ago I used to eat it, but it made my eyes swell.[120] So I've stopped. How long since you last ate caviar?

Oh, at least ... thirty years!

(Mother laughs) Try some, and see what you think.

Right, I will see!

(silence)

I brought you a flower from the garden: "Surrender of Falsehood."[121]

Oh! ...

(Mother immediately takes the flower and puts it on her forehead, where she holds it a long time, silently)

I take it in the largest and most profound sense....

(silence)

Nothing to ask?

No – may falsehood disappear.

Look.... As I understand it, when Falsehood is gone (even in a single person – when not a vestige remains ...), there must be Light, Peace ... *(Mother stretches her arms out)* ... Vastness ... perfect understanding ... the TRUE vision of our world and things, and union, a conscious union with the divine Consciousness.

(Mother plunges in)

March 26, 1973

(Excerpts from a conversation with the teachers. One of them complains about the "lack of coordination.")

Coordination! ... But that's because people are accustomed to using the mind to organize things, that's all they know: organization as devised by the mind. While we here are trying to change that pattern. We seek a change of government – but the new government isn't very well-known yet, that's the difficulty.

Maybe I want to go too fast.

I see clearly ... I tend to go too fast, possibly.

March 28, 1973

(That day, Satprem had the inner perception that a new phase was beginning, that Mother was "withdrawing" more and more within. Effectively, a few days later, on April 7, she stopped seeing almost everybody, except the few regular disciples.)

Are you eating enough?

Yes, Mother.

What news?

Are things progressing?

I suppose so.

I turn my consciousness towards myself as little as possible, because ... the sensation is VERY unpleasant.

Things are tolerable only when I am turned exclusively towards the Divine and the material consciousness repeats, OM Namo Bhagavateh ... Like that. Like a backdrop to everything.

OM Namo Bhagavateh ...

You know, a backdrop you can use as a physical support.

OM Namo Bhagavateh ...

(Mother plunges in for 40 minutes)

March 30, 1973

Excerpts from a meeting with the teachers.

(At the end of a long and distressing conversation that exposes the grudges of a particular individual against her neighbor, then angry remarks, then finally a request for "blessings" for a new trucking company, with a photo of the truck on the back of which Mother is asked to write something, one of the teachers announces that an epidemic of chickenpox and mumps has broken out at the school among the students and teachers, and that one of them has typhoid fever. Mother listens to all that.... This will be the last meeting with the teachers.)

I hope you're not bringing any of that here?

(the teachers laugh, uncomprehending)

Have you taken all the necessary precautions? ... Otherwise it would be a real catastrophe.

(silence)

I hope you took every precaution not to bring me any of it here?

(silence, one of the teachers explains that the incubation period lasts from 3 to 4 weeks)

If you haven't, it's really a crime *(there is almost anguish in Mother's voice),* because.... There's nothing to explain. It's a crime. I am not AT ALL protected.

March 31, 1973

So, what would you like to tell me?

First, how are you?

I can't hear you. Are you asking how I am? ...

Yes-you "can't hear"!

But what does it mean? I can only be well when ... there's no I.

I have been asking myself a question.

Ah?

About that new consciousness. I can grasp (or guess) its contemplative or passive aspect, but not so well its dynamic or active aspect. I don't quite see how it ACTS-I understand the contemplative part, but how does it act?

I don't know. I have no idea.

But do you act or are you simply in ... ?

Yes, I act. But what exactly do you mean? ... Yes, I act!

For example, when you are inside, in an inner state....

But I act much better than when – I appear to be inside, but that's not so. Everybody makes the same mistake.

Yes, but I fully understand.

When I am concentrated in that way, it's not that I am inside, I am in another kind of consciousness.

And it's vast, vast, vast, vast – vast.

Yes, but it's the active side of that consciousness that I don't....

But it doesn't have any side! It's a consciousness *(gesture of pressure from above)* .... It has no side, it isn't passive or active – it's a consciousness ... *(same gesture of pressure)* a consciousness pressing on the world.

(silence)

You see, you're trying to translate it mentally, which is impossible – impossible. You have to enter that consciousness ... then only will you know what it is. There's no active or passive, no inside or outside – all that is replaced by something else ... which I can't describe.... There are no words for it.

But for instance, personally, whenever I try to go there, into that consciousness, my main impression is of nonexistence.

Ah, no!

Individual nonexistence, I mean.

No....

It's wide, it's vast, but there's no more person, no more individual.

No. That's not it.... For me, all that is the past ... *(silence)*.
Yes, I quite understand what you mean....

(Mother plunges in)

April 7, 1973

(The last few days, Mother saw very few people. She remained absorbed within. The previous meeting, on April 4, was spent in complete silence. Mother gives me flowers, holds my hand in hers and remains silent for a while. She is so white ...)

I seem to be gathering all the world's resistances.... They come to me one after another, and if I weren't.... If I stop calling the Divine for a single minute, intimately feeling his presence within me, the pain is unbearable, mon petit! To such a point that I now hesitate to speak of "transformation" to people, because if that's what it is, one really has to be a hero.... You see, there's something in the body that would almost howl nonstop.

Yet it looks to me that there is something VERY simple to be done to make it all right.... But I don't know what.

(silence)

Sometimes I wonder, "Does the Lord want me to leave?" I am quite ... *quite willing,* you know, so that's not the point; but does He want me to stay? ... No answer. No answer except "Transformation." And that is ....

I truly, truly sense there is something to be done that would make everything go right – but I don't know what it is.

(long silence)

What about you?

Well, I was asking myself many questions about you ....

Ask, I don't know if....

No, no, I mean questions concerning You.

Me?

I sense there's an increasingly faster movement that's ... that's absorbing you.

Yes, yes, it's quite true.

You see, I have a solution for the transformation of the body, but ... it's never been done before, so it's extremely ... hard to believe. I cannot, I cannot believe that that's it. Yet, it's the only solution I see.... The body has a wish to go to sleep and awake ... ("sleep" in a certain sense, of course: I remain perfectly conscious in consciousness, in the movement) and awake only after it is transformed ...

(Satprem, wordlessly:) Sleeping Beauty!

... but people will never have the patience to stand it, to take care of me. The task is colossal, a herculean task; they're nice *(Mother points to the bathroom),* but they're already doing their utmost, and I can't ask for more.

That's the problem.

Yet, it's the only solution to which the consciousness assents: "Yes, that's it."

For, you see ... there's a certain state – yes, a state like this *(Mother closes a fist), sell-absorbed,* in which you are ... at peace. But who? Who? To ask that of the people who take care of me is almost impossible.

I don't know, but lately I've had a sort of feeling that you were going to "withdraw" in some way; that you were more and more absorbed and that, well, you would have to have less and less contact with the outside world for a certain period.

Yes. Yes, but then everyone will think it's ... it's the end, and they won't take care of me anymore.

Oh, come on! Of course not!

(Sujata:) Oh, no!...

(Satprem:) That's not possible! People will understand. At least a few will.

What?

A few people will understand – and especially those who are here with you.

They are the ones who can understand.

Yes.... I'm sure they do.

But I can't ask them.

Well, we can tell them – I can tell them.

Yes.... Will he[122] believe you?

(Perplexed:) ... Well, I think so!

(Sujata:) In any case, they're right here, they're listening.

(Satprem:) But I feel this strongly. Plainly you wish to have less and less contact with a host of external things which are of no use to your real work.

But we must, we must ... *(Mother gasps for breath, she moans, silence).*
He is going to come. If you stay here long enough, he'll come, and you can tell him.

Pranab? ... All right.

I could – perhaps I could say to him, "I have asked Satprem to explain to you..." And you'll explain to him in detail.

Yes, yes, Mother, certainly.

I can tell you they're absolutely wonderful already; they do their utmost, that's why I don't dare ask him. You'll tell him I told you so.

Yes, Mother.

(silence)

I appear to ... *(smiling)*, I appear to be *"fanciful*," totally whimsical: I say yes, and the next instant I say no. So people get the impression....

No, no, Mother! No, no.

But my head, my consciousness is clear, clear, clear.... But I can't talk anymore.

(long silence)

Tell me when he comes, because I want to tell him right away.

Yes, Mother.

(Mother is about to plunge in but notices she has flowers for Sujata on her knees. Sujata comes near her and gives her a lotus)

What is it?

A white lotus, Mother.[123]

Ah! ... *(Mother gives the lotus to Satprem)* Here.
What do you prefer: to have my hand [to meditate] or not?

(Satprem:) On the contrary, I like very much that you hold me, Mother!

You like it?

Yes, hold me TIGHT.

Good.

(Mother plunges in)

What do you feel: am I drawing some force from you or giving you some?

(Satprem, a little flabbergasted:) But you fill me! You ... you make me wide, you overwhelm me!

Oh, good.

But, Mother, it's a real....

Yes, it's in the consciousness, I know – it depends on the receptivity.

Why, it's a fantastic Grace!

(Mother plunges in again, then comes back rather abruptly and says in a voice from above)

If I ask you to come more often, would you be able to?

Anytime, Mother, at any moment!

Every day.

Yes, Mother.

Around eleven o'clock, like now.

Yes, Mother, certainly.[124]

Naturally, she comes with you if she wants to.

(Mother plunges in again)

(Enter Pranab. The attendant briefly explains to him that "Satprem has something to tell him on Mother's behalf." She had in fact listened to the whole conversation. Instant outburst of anger from Pranab. He shouts from the other end of the room.)

(Pranab, in Bengali:) Nonsense! Nobody can fool me. I know everything.

(Then in English, quoting a Bengali saying:) Our bed is sea, what do we care for this dew?

(Mother comes out of her concentration, she speaks to Satprem:) Tell me if you're tired.

(Satprem:) No, Mother, but Pranab is here.

Oh, he's here! Call him.[125]

(Pranab, in a dreadful tone:) Yes, Mother?

I have.... I can't speak.

(Pranab:) Don't speak Mother! [The attendant laughs.]

I have asked Satprem to explain to you what is happening – why I must make a change....

(Pranab:) Mother, I am not interested, Mother.

No?

I am not interested – whatever happens, happens. I am there to stand up to the last – whatever happens, happens.

(Mother tries to speak,

Pranab cuts her short)

I am neither reasoning nor doing anything. And I don't want to listen also, Mother. [The attendant laughs.] I understand fully. And let me go on with my own light – own conviction, own faith, own strength, own will. [Pranab raises his head as if he were talking to a crowd] And I don't want to listen, Mother, anything from anybody.

But you don't want to know? ...

No, Mother, I don't want.

(silence.

Mother is perfectly still, her hands folded on her knees)

(Pranab:) It's perfectly all right. I have come with something, I stand by something, and if it does not come, I don't mind – I am a sportsman, Mother. And I don't want to listen to any explanation. Because whatever explanation is given, if the object for which I came does not materialize, it is the same thing to me.

No, it's because there is an attempt to transform the body ....

That will happen – when it happens, we shall see, Mother .... Why to predict?

(Satprem:) No, no, meanwhile, for this work, she may have to go as if in an inner sleep....

(Pranab:) Let her go! What is there!

(Satprem:) So then we have to....

(Pranab:) That she has told me. Long before Mother has told me. It is not a new thing, Mother! You had told me, explained to me.

Then, it's all right.

(Pranab:) I don't want to listen to anything, Mother. Let it happen – what will happen will happen, and we shall do the best. That's all.

(Satprem:) No, the thing is that people should not disturb her too much.

(Now Pranab explodes. Half standing, half kneeling, his fist on one knee, he pours out a torrent on Mother)

WHO is disturbing her? If anybody is disturbing you, Mother, amongst us, he can be off! [The attendant laughs] Nobody disturbs.

(Satprem, appalled:[126]) No, no!...

(Mother tries to say something, Pranab cuts her off)

Mother, don't, don't tell anything. You go on: eat, sleep and work, and don't try to make anybody explain me. I know what it is, what everything is. Better everybody keeps quiet!

All right. All right, then.

I don't want to hear anything from anybody.

All right, then.

(Pranab goes to the other end of the room. He shouts for the benefit of Dr. Sanyal, Champaklal, Mother's attendant and Vasudha, who are all present.)

(Pranab:) I have my faith, I have my conviction, I have my purpose, and even if I am in the dark....

(Satprem to Mother:) Shall I come tomorrow at eleven, Mother?

(Pranab:) All that humbug, I don't like.

Yes, mon petit, you'll leave a little before [Pranab's arrival] ... that's all.

(Satprem:) Shall I come at eleven or a little before?

A short while, till 11:25.

(Satprem:) Right, Mother. Understood, Mother. Good-bye, Mother.

(Pranab:) All those who like fuss, let them continue with the fuss.

(Satprem stands up to leave,
Mother takes his hands.
Her voice is like a child's)

So. Thank you.

(Pranab:) There are many people to do fuss – I think most of them.

(Sujata lays her forehead on Mother's knees)

Mon petit....

(Satprem, in a choked voice:) Good-bye, Mother.

(Pranab:) In thirty years I've seen enough – enough of humbug!

* * *

(Satprem leaves the room. He holds the white lotus tightly in his hands. Something terrible has just happened, he does not know what. It was not a man who was standing in that room.... On his way out, he meets Sujata's brother and spontaneously, as if he suddenly saw it all, tells him, "One day they are going to close Mother's door on us.")

April 8, 1973

(The next day, as agreed, I came to see Mother. From now on, the attendant was barely visible anymore, but she secretly recorded our conversations.[127] *The whole time of this meeting is spent in meditation. I keep having the feeling that Mother is trying to build another kind of bridge with me. Towards the end.)*

Will I see you tomorrow?

It seems there are "still too many people"....

All right, Mother.

And....

(Mother plunges in again)

April 10, 1973

Pranab declares to P.B., one of the Ashram's trustees, "Get ready for Mother's departure." P.B. has Satprem asked what it means.

April 11, 1973

(Mother looks for Sujata.)

Is she here?

(Sujata:) Yes, Mother!

(To Satprem:) How are you?

Quite well, Mother.... Mother, you have to give us a message for the Darshan [of April 24].

(after a silence)

This is what comes to me:

Beyond man's consciousness
Beyond speech
O thee, Supreme Consciousness

Unique Reality
Immutable Truth...

(Mother hesitates and corrects herself)

Divine Truth.[128]

(Mother plunges in)

April 14, 1973

(Mother is very short of breath, she seems to be in pain.)

My nervous system is being transferred to the Supramental. It feels like ... you know, what people call "neurasthenia"[129] – they have no idea what it is; but the entire nervous system is.... It's worse than dying.[130]

Yes, Mother.

But I think ... I think I can transmit the divine Vibration.

Oh, yes, definitely!

Will you tell me if you feel it?

But, Mother, being with you is fantastic – it's being ... it's a torrent ... it feels like a purifying fire, it's.... It widens you, it fills you – that's IT, in a word!

So, would you like to stay [to meditate]?

You know, Mother, ever since you've become supposedly powerless, I have started to feel the supreme Mother. When you had all your powers ....

But I know it's my body ... this body.... Look, I have accepted – the Lord asked me if I wanted to *undergo the transformation,* and I said yes (I would have said yes in any event), but it's ... to the ordinary human consciousness, I am going mad.[131]

Yes, I understand, Mother. I understand.... Anyone else would have left umpteen times, rather than sit through all this I really understand.

What about you, are you all right?

Yes, yes, Mother!

What do you feel when we sit like this [in meditation], is it all right ?

Oh, Mother, I feel at the very Goal of my life!

Good. What's the time, tell me?

It's 10:25.

So up to ... I don't know, 11:00 or 11:10 ... I'll keep you with me.

Yes, Mother, keep me!

(Mother plunges in)

ADDENDUM

A Grain of Rice?

To the ordinary human consciousness, I am going mad." What happened on November 17, 1973? Or rather, what is happening?

I have pored over Mother's every word for so many years, I have LIVED them all with a pounding heart – or a broken heart. What actually happened? And why? ... I can never accept the idea that she left because the attempt failed – we may as well say that evolution has failed, or that she quit the game, or that it was too difficult – nothing was too difficult for her, she fought like a lioness. To say – as they all said – that "the body failed" because it was too old, or due to one thing or another, demonstrates that they never felt or even grazed that Power: "That" can revive a dead man and all the dead ... without its making any difference. So ... what happened? There was one moment when Mother lost the contact with her body, or rather, when THAT lost the contact with Mother's body. Did she not say (on March 10), "If I lost the contact – but that's impossible!" Another day in 1971 (on December 4), she had said, "Only a violent death could stop the transformation, otherwise it will go on and on and on .....

Therefore, there can be only two solutions to the mystery – I was about to say "murder mystery," but can one call it by any other name? What other term could better elucidate the enigma? Assuredly, Mother had that horrid entourage, but it was in no way exceptional, neither in good nor in bad: the people around her exactly represented the average humanity and the ordinary physical consciousness, for which what she was doing was just questionable dreams and hallucinations. They all believed her old, senile or even "insane," and on the brink of death – but could the beliefs of human pygmies get the better of that Consciousness? Of that Power? Of that Will? Could the attempt fail because of our belief or disbelief?

Thus she was alone among them – she was soon to be truly alone, from May 19 onward, exactly thirty-five days after the present conversation. I still hear Mother's son artlessly asking me, a few days after that May 19, "How will we communicate with Mother now?" "There will be NO MORE communication," I replied. He was flabbergasted – not I. WHO could she "communicate" with? But as I said, I was positive that the experience would continue with or without communication: Mother was going to sever the nutrient link to the old physiology – they did not let her. There remained cataleptic trance, the fairy tale, Sleeping Beauty – they did not want it. I can still hear the voice of the Brute: "No, I don't want to.

So? ...

Did she decide to leave? No one will ever convince me that Mother "decided," or that she was old, or insane, or incapable.

Did "the Lord decide"? Well, of course, it is He who decides in any case. But He also uses human instruments – otherwise this world would have never existed – and these human instruments have a freedom of choice, they are not mere puppets in the hands of "God" Or rather, to be more precise, they have a choice between being the Divine's puppet or the devil's – and maybe BOTH ways conspire to lead us to an unforeseeable goal.

Hence, humans decided They said no to the trance, no to the experience, no to the fairy tale; they could not stand it anymore – it had to stop.

A particular fact has haunted me for the past seven years, a particular passage in Pranab's speech which he delivered a few days after Mother's departure. (Once again, I am not accusing anyone: I am chronicling History; I would like to report the facts, the words, the characters as accurately as I can – I am Mother's scribe, that is all ... and I love her, because it's lovely to love.) Now, in that speech, we find a small remark, the kind of remark one makes in passing, as the most "natural" thing in the world. Pranab is describing the "last days." You call them the "last days" AFTERWARDS, when the story is over – in the meantime, it's just life as usual:

(original English)

> "At night [on November 14], She said, 'Make me walk.' We were very hesitant, but as She insisted, we lifted her up from the bed. She could not walk, staggered a little, almost collapsed. Seeing this, we put Her back in bed. We saw that Her face had become absolutely white and the lips blue. Then we decided that whatever She said, we must not take Her out from the bed again to walk. She took about 20 minutes to recover; She started saying, 'Lift me up again, I shall walk.' We refused. She asked why we were refusing. We said, 'Mother, you are in such a weak condition that it will do you harm.' Then She said, 'No, lift me up.' We did not. She began to plead, sometimes shout. All this continued until fifteen minutes past one. At that time we thought we would give Her some sedative, so that She might rest quietly. Then we gave Her SIQUIL as the doctor had prescribed. It took Her about 45

> minutes to become quiet and She slept from 2 to 4 o'clock, but after getting up She started saying, 'Pranab, lift me up and make me walk. My legs are getting paralysed; if you help me to walk again, they will become all right.' But we did not listen. She went on entreating till about 6 o'clock when She fell asleep."

Yes, she fought like a lioness – till the very end Is this the plea of someone "who has decided to leave"?

This was on November 14, three days before the "end"

> "On the 15th," Pranab reports, "at night again ... She wanted us to help Her to walk, we refused to do that. We said, 'Mother, you should not walk.' She immediately obeyed us.... From that day She became absolutely obedient."

How long had they been giving her SIQUIL? And what is SIQUIL, in the first place?[132] *A doctor friend of mine had explained to me: "It's a dangerous drug." But I could not believe in that kind of thing, it was simply too horrible.*

Seven years later – it took me seven years – one day in September 1980, as I was passing a small local pharmacy on my way back from Madras, I decided to get to the bottom of it. I went in, asked for SIQUIL, pulled out the "directions" from the box and ... read, dumbfounded:

> "Studies have revealed that over-sedation is not always necessary to benefit such psychotic symptoms as agitation, delusions, hallucinations or delirium. SIQUIL greatly simplifies home management of emotionally deranged patients, many of whom might otherwise previously have been hospitalized. These patients adopt a more realistic behavior, become less of a burden to their families and are more easily approached for training purposes and eventual rehabilitation.... SIQUIL is especially indicated in the treatment of severe acute and chronic mental disorders, such as schizophrenia, mania, depression, delirium, senile psychoses and psychoses caused by organic brain disease."

So, that body ... whose cellular consciousness had been prepared, refined, trained by decades of yoga....

There is simply nothing to say.

They had had enough. They were unanimous.

I now recall a "dream" I had twelve years earlier, in which Mother seemed dead "because she had eaten a grain of rice." What kind of "rice" was it, that minuscule particle capable of breaking her body?

Yet, even if we find the physical cause of her departure, we will not have found the true reality – for the Divine uses everything, including our human errors, to turn it into his unforeseeable Honey.

I recall Sri Aurobindo: "the Eternal's dreadful strategy."[133]

Indeed, Mother's "end" is not the end. "Wait till the last act," she had

said.

But still....

April 18, 1973

What would you like?

Stay like this.

(Mother takes Satprem's hands and goes off immediately)

April 25, 1973

(For the last ten days, all the meetings have been spent in contemplation.)

How are you getting on?

It's not easy.

No – it's more than difficult.... I am sorry, I thought I was suffering for everybody – but I see it isn't the case.

(silence) What would you like?

I'd like you to keep me.

Yes, but materially? You mean keep you like now?

(Mother takes Satprem's hands and prepares to meditate)

Yes, Mother.

Are you comfortable?

Yes, Mother, very!

You shouldn't have any ache anywhere.

(Mother plunges in for half an hour, then suddenly moans[134])

Sometimes, I feel like howling.

(silence)

What do you feel?

Like a fire melting into your Fire – into what you are.

But what do you feel?

I don't know – the great Power.

Why do I feel like howling?

Well, I wonder if it's not me giving you pain.

No, mon petit! All the time I feel like that – it's not you, not at all.

Something ... It isn't really painful, it's just ... I think – I think it's something so new that the body is frightened. That's the only explanation I see. I start howling, but ... it's no use – the only thing to do is stop howling and change.

Something which ...

Yes, that must be it: something so new that the body doesn't ... know how to take it.

(silence)

You don't perceive anything in particular?

No, Mother, what I feel is first that great Flame merging with yours, and then a kind of vast immobility – a powerful immobility.

Ah, that's it! That must be why! Yes, the body must be getting alarmed. Yes, that must be it.

(Mother plunges in,

Champaklal rings the bell)

Is it time? ... Oh, mon petit....

(Satprem rests his head on Mother's knees)

April 29, 1973

(Mother sees Sujata. Sujata enters Mother's room after sitting a long time outside, in front of Mother's door, engrossed in the English translation of the "Sannyasin." Mother takes her hands.)

Your contact is most pleasant, my child, I can tell you that.
Most pleasant.

April 30, 1973

Do you want to ask anything? ... Tell me....

I don't know.... One would like to have the certitude one will pull through all this....

(Mother raises her arms silence)

Certitude of what?

Of the outcome of the battle.[135]

(Mother raises her arms)

The ultimate outcome is obvious.

Yes, Mother, it's obvious. But sometimes, when one is in the thick of it, one really doesn't know, one doesn't understand what's going on....

No, you mean whether we'll see the outcome of the battle in this body – is that what you're asking?

Yes, in this life.

If we'll see the outcome of the battle IN this body?

Yes, in this body and in this life.

(Mother plunges in)

May 3, 1973

(One day – it was on May 2 – while walking in Auroville's canyons as I did every evening, I decided to force the Mantra into the body.)

Would you like to.... [meditate]? Or do you have something to say ?

I'm endeavoring to force the Mantra into the physical mind.

(Mother starts repeating the Mantra – thirteen times – until her voice is nothing but a halting breath, like a child's whimper.[136]*)*

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

OM Namo Bhagavateh

(then she sinks into a deep contemplation for half an hour)

What is the time?

Ten past eleven, Mother.

(Satprem rests his forehead on Mother's knees)

May 9, 1973

(Today Mother is very late, she has Satprem and Sujata called in before the other disciples. She immediately takes Satprem's hands. It is heartrending.)

Something's wrong. Something's wrong. I see you....
Something's wrong.

What's wrong, Mother?

I feel like screaming.... But....

(silence)

I am eating less and less, so I am constantly uncomfortable – and so weak![137] Yet, I feel so strong! ... But there's.... That's how it is.
When I am still, I have such a power – an almost limitless power.

Yes. Yes, it's very tangible.

Like that.
But when I am in my body, I feel so uncomfortable....

Yes, Mother, I understand.

And then everything takes up so much time! I haven't seen anybody this morning. They're all here [waiting at the door]. What can I do, mon petit?

Oh, Mother.... We love you, Mother.

Eh?

We love you.

What?

We love you, we have much love for you.

I don't even know what you're saying!

I'm saying that I love you.

Oh, mon petit....

(Mother plunges in holding Satprem's hands.[138]

Then Champaklal's bell rings, twice, three times.)

What is the time?

Eleven o'clock, Mother.

Ten o'clock?

No, Mother, eleven.

Thank you, mon petit.

Oh, Mother....

Thank you, mon petit.

We need you, Mother.

Thank you.
Oh! ... Oh, thank you, mon petit....

Ah, Mother, what Grace to be here with you.

(Satprem rests his forehead on Mother's knees)

Good-bye, Mother.

May 14, 1973

And you? ... How are you?...

And you? [laughter]

All the time I have to keep a grip on myself not to howl.... From time to time, there's a marvelous moment – but it's short! Most of the time I am like this *(gesture clenched fists),* to keep myself from howling.

(silence)

What do you like: holding my hand or not?

(Satprem takes Mother's hand)

What do you prefer?

This way is good!

(Mother plunges in,

Champaklal rings his bell insistently)

Oh, they are ruthless! ...

May 15, 1973

(Mother sees Sujata)

Your hands are so cool!
Do you have something to tell me?

I love you.

You're sweet *(Mother caresses Sujata's hands).*

We all love You.

Me too.
But me ... *(vast gesture, above).*

(Mother keeps caressing Sujata's cheeks silence)

My God .... My God....

(Mother presses Sujata's cheeks)

Good-bye.

Good-bye, Mother.

May 15, 1973

KRISHNA IN GOLD

(A vision of Sujata's on the afternoon of May 15)

(original English)

A place similar to the Playground. A few people, here and there, are talking or going about.

I am standing somewhere in the middle of the ground, in front of Mother's door.

From the main gate enters a vehicle – half-cart half-cab – drawn by two bullocks. It comes to a stop a few feet away from me. The driver makes the bullocks kneel down. Out steps a gentleman. The cart is driven away.

The gentleman is dressed in white, Indian-fashion (dhoti, punjabi). He is round-faced and fair-skinned. Reminds me of a Zamindar [landlord] from the North. In fact he is the new Proprietor coming to take possession.

The doors behind me are locked He has the keys.

But he is not supposed to open one particular room: the one I thought was Mother's. But he goes straight there and unlocks that door.

He enters. I too, as if I had the right to do so.

We weave our way to the bottom of this room. I have a vague impression of a small window on the end wall. And in the left corner, is a richly decorated high throne. Seated in it is a Divinity.

He is quite small in that huge throne (about two feet or so).

He is made of solid gold.

At his feet are signs and objects of worship.

As we approach him, a sort of intense prayer or aspiration takes hold of me. We stand in front looking at him – my whole being is one intense prayer or invocation. The Divinity comes alive. He smiles slightly, then steps down.

He barely reaches my breast and seems to me like a little boy of eight or ten.

The three of us come out of the room. The scene has changed Now it is a countryside. A vast, unlimited expanse stretches in front. A few plots are cultivated, but most of the land is untended.

We walk. We walk on a narrow ridge by the side of a cultivated rice-field, which is to the right of us. It is green. I am nearest to it. The gentleman is the farthest. The Divinity is between us. He has a funny walk. He is so heavy (being made of solid gold) that he seems to lurch from side to side. I feel concerned and hold his arm to help him. I feel a tenderness also as for a child.

Then I turn my face towards him to reassure him. But instead of me looking down it is he who looks down on me! I am really astonished to see how tall he has grown during this short walk of but a few steps! Now it is I who reach hardly his shoulder. He seems to have grown to a lad of 13 or 14.

As I took up, he looks down at me and smiles. Ohh, what a smile! Utterly sweet and full of mischief. It contained a world: "You see, I am quite all right. Now you will see what fun we have!"

We walk on. To our left, sitting cross-legged, head bent, is M. [a disciple very learned in Sanskrit texts]. As we advance, I think, "What a pity, we shall pass right in front of him, but he would not even know WHO passed by!" But as we near, he raises his head and sees. I feel glad for M.

We walk on. Now the scenes change fast. We meet more and more people. Trees. Roads. Still more people. Wherever we go there is trouble, disturbance, confusion. As if the Godhead were sowing disruption everywhere. The Zamindar gets annoyed. He had brought out the Divinity to show people what a fine fellow he was!

Everybody should have great respect for him, obey him, for is he not the Proprietor? But the God had just the opposite effect! He should no longer be abroad. He must be put back where he belonged, and relocked.

So we return to the sanctuary. This time I remain outside. The Zamindar takes the God inside. And tries to shut the door.

But the Godhead will not be shut in.

I can see the gold God growing, growing.

The ceiling falls in. The god's head and chest go through the ceiling. He rips oft the walls and throws bricks everywhere. The Zamindar has disappeared under the debris.

The gold God grows. Taller and mightier. And will brook no resistance. With His mighty hands, He pulls down the walls of His old sanctuary.

When I woke up, I called Him "Krishna in gold."

May 19, 1973

The last meeting

(Sujata gives Mother a pale yellow, slightly golden hibiscus with a red heart. Mother holds the flower without seeing it. That day, I don't know why, I was full of questions.)

What is it?

It's "Ananda in the physical."

We badly need it!

Yes, Mother!

And you?

I was thinking about something Sri Aurobindo wrote.... In "Savitri," he clearly says, "Almighty powers are shut in Nature's cells." [IV.IIL370.]

In ... ?

In Nature's cells.

Ohh! ... Oh, that is interesting!

ALMIGHTY powers.

(silence)

He doesn't say anything else?

No, not on that subject.... The consciousness of the cells seems to be awakened but not the power.

(Mother did not hear well)

You said the consciousness of the cells is ... missing? No?

No, the consciousness is there. The consciousness of the cells is awakened, but the power isn't.

Ah! ... You said "awakened"?

Yes, Mother. Because had the power been awakened, there wouldn't be any weakness in your body.[139]

No.

But it is THERE, Sri Aurobindo says it clearly: it is THERE, inside, within the very cells.

Yes, there's no need to seek elsewhere.

But how to awaken it?

Through faith, our faith.

If one knows that and has trust.... But you see, my physical, my body is deteriorating very rapidly – what could stop it from deteriorating?

Mother, I do NOT believe it is deterioration – it's not. My feeling is that you are physically being led to a point of such complete powerlessness that the most complete Power will be forced to awaken....

Ah! ... you're right.

That Power will then be COMPELLED to come out.

Or else I could ... I could leave this body, no?

Ah, no, Mother! No, Mother, it must be done NOW.

(silence)

It must be done now.... You see, I am certain its NOT disintegration, not at all. It is NOT disintegration.[140]

(Mother nods approvingly)

You know, I have always seen that the other pole springs up from the most extreme opposite. So the supreme Power must spring up from the sort of apparent powerlessness you are in. By no means is it a disintegration.

(long silence)

What would you like now?

To stay with you, Mother, naturally.

Like this? *(Mother takes Satprem's hands)*

Yes, Mother.

(Mother plunges in for about ten minutes)

For me, you see, the question is food. More and more I find it impossible to eat. Can this body live without food?

Mother, I truly believe that you are being led to the point where something else will be FORCED to manifest.

I can't hear.

I think you are led to the point – the point of helplessness or powerlessness where something ELSE will be forced to manifest.

Ah.... Maybe.

As long as that point ... of impossibility has not been reached....

Oh, it's almost the point of impossibility.

Yes, Mother, yes, that's also what I feel. I feel you're reaching that point, and something else is going to emerge.

(silence)

It is not at all the end; quite the contrary, it will soon be the beginning.

I was told that the beginning would take place when I am a hundred; but that's a long way off!

No, Mother, I don't think it will take that long. I don't think so. I really don't think so. Another type of functioning is going to set in. But the end of the old has to be reached, and that end is the terrible part!

Oh ... I really don't want to say *(Mother shakes her head)*, I don't want to insist, but ... truly ... *(Mother speaks with her eyes closed, all the pain of the world is in the shake of her head).*

Yes, Mother. I understand, Mother, I understand Yes....

The consciousness is clearer, stronger than it has ever been, and I look like an old....

Yes, Mother, it's "normal," if I may say so. We're going, you're going to pass into something else, I sense it – it isn't faith in me that speaks, it's something else deep down, that understands.

(silence)

I don't speak out of "faith," Mother; it's really like something telling me: that's THE WAY.

(Mother plunges in, she moans softly, leans forward and seems to be looking for something, then takes Satprem's hand again and goes off.)

What time is it?

Five to eleven.... Good-bye, Mother.

(Then the door was shut)

And Now

Then the door was shut.

She was to live for another six months, 182 days.

Two days before the "end," she kept repeating, "I want to walk ... I want to walk...."

Before my eyes, they drove twenty-five screws into her coffin. There was a ray of sun on the nape of her neck; her hands were tightly clasped together – there was such strength in those hands! Such power in that supposedly dead body. And then that fierce concentration.

She wore a white silk dress and a small blouse with gold buttons.

The long saga unfolds before my eyes – so many years with that young girl's laughter rippling through everything, and the silences of snow, the beating of wings through boundless space, and the solid fire enfolding the body like concrete love. So many mysteries. "Death is the problem given me to resolve."

Already night and silence have fallen over the little actors, their good and evil, their sorrow and petty affairs. Tomorrow this scribe, too, will return to the flame of love whence he came, and she, to the sweetness of the Ganges. But what about men? What about History? Still millions and millions of men destined to die? Still sorrow upon sorrow? When will there be undying love? When a lovely earth?

Is it once again put off?

"A new way of dying ought to be possible," she said in 1963. She spoke so much to me about "death" – Savitri, too, went into death to release Satyavan. But what is death? ... That coffin? This tomb of gray marble where they go to place their flowers and light their incense, while going on with their petty affairs? But there, within ... a mighty silence, there is a body molded of power, whose every cell has repeated year after year, second after second: OM Namo Bhagavateh, OM Namo Bhagavateh....

So, is that all? Is this the end of the story?

But Krishna in gold has shattered the chains of the old sanctuaries; rolling and frolicking, he strides along the roads of an old, laggard world, sowing chaos and dissension and confusion everywhere – the inanity and illusion of everything: science and religion, ideals and medicine to patch up the old distressed carcass; everything is crumbling and collapsing; people speak a thousand languages but no one understands anybody; the heads of states look like clowns and clowns look like seers, and everything is the same in black or white, in Chinese or Russian or American. But Krishna winks: "Just wait..." The bomb? No. It would be too childish. The end of all illusions, the end of the human illusion – this is more serious and very upsetting. What if everything was a deception? Medicine and the Holy See, Aristotle and Euclid and the perpetual duplication of the molecules of deoxyribonucleic acid – what if

things did not work that way at all? ... An earthquake more earthshaking than all the Hiroshima bombs put together. The mental boat shipwrecked once and for all, and man flung on an unknown shore? ... The periwinkle out of its shell.

The world looked so complex and awesome and mathematical in that shell. No more shell, no more "mathematics" just ... just what?

The most revolutionizing revolution in the world.

Alexander and Lenin and Pompadour (and Einstein and the latest Nobel Peace Prize laureate) were so awesome ... in a shell. But without the shell, it's something else.

A stupendous SOMETHING ELSE. "I am on my way to discovering the illusion that must be destroyed so that physical life can be uninterrupted.... Death is the result of a distortion of consciousness. "

What if everything were "distorted" in the mental waterhole we live in? What if all our science of life, our every step, our distance, our time, our eyes were all false? The eyes of a ladybug, then of a periwinkle, then of a man – and then the eyes of tomorrow.

Krishna in gold is breaking the old shell – the shell of good and evil, hope and despair – the shell of life and death. What if there were no more "life" and no more "death"?

Quite a staggering new look.

But unrepentant men go on reciting the Gospel of the periwinkle and burning incense on gray- marble tombs and making babies and more babies, while Krishna in gold is pulling down the ceiling – how are they going to awake from it all?

In that tomb, some thousands and millions of cells are repeating the Mantra, tirelessly, relentlessly – a new vibration is wearing down the partition walls of the world. Alone in that mighty silence, a small human form with her hands clasped together repeats the prayer of the world, repeats the cry of the earth, repeats.... They did not want her alive – she is conquering death.

The veil of illusion shrouding an unknown reality.

She is wearing down death from within.

When our illusions are wholly gone, "that" will come. "I am walking a very thin line...." The world is walking a very thin line. Will it fall on this side or that side?

It is perhaps time to decide what we want.

My gaze is so intense, my heart so grieved that, at times, I seem to penetrate that tomb. And I seem to discern something very still staring at death straight in the face, and an indomitable will – waiting.

Waiting for our prayer to join hers.

Mother, what do you have to say to these human offspring?

On that November 18, 1973, she said something. I was stunned, aching from head to toe amid those hundreds and thousands of people staring at a "dead body." The fans were droning, the neon lights were glaring; there was a scent of incense and jasmine in the air; they were making her coffin with all dispatch. But my heart was filled with such an enormous "This-is-not-possible," as if the entire earth and all the sorrowful men of this earth were crying out in my heart. So then, this was the "end," as it always was – as at Thebes and Babylon and Buchenwald. It was the end. And we start all over

again. It was so overwhelmingly not-possible. Never, ever will I go through it again. Never, ever will there be "another time" with its sorrow and prayers and fruitless pain of being. There were a thousand men in my heart, all alike, who had waited and waited for THAT MOMENT. And there was no moment. We will have to come again in another life and learn again about Euclid and the law of gravity, and sorrow and "happiness" – and end up in a hole again? I was so broken, shattered on that November 18 – there was only a splitting headache and a blank look staring and staring at that procession of dead people. But, suddenly, I had the most stupendous experience of my life. I who had so much complained to Mother of never having any "experience"! I was in no condition to have an experience, or concentrate or pray, or will anything – I was nothing but a headache, an aching body, a kind of frightful nonentity staring at a small white form. An unintelligible masquerade. It was false, screamingly false. A dream. Not real.

All of life was not-real.

Then she lifted me in her arms. She lifted me above my headache, lifted me above that crowd, above all those meaningless little bodies. And I was in a sound-burst. I entered a stupendous peal of bells – vast as the universe, exceeding all universes, all lives, all bodies, and yet WITHIN – A colossal ringing that swept away the worlds, swept away the pains, swept away the whys and the hows; I was one with that formidable SOUND ringing over the universe:

NO OBSTACLE, NOTHING WILL STOP

NO OBSTACLE, NOTHING WILL STOP

NO OBSTACLE, NOTHING WILL STOP ...

... ringing and ringing. The whole world was ringing in a torrent of rapturous, irresistible, triumphant joy. NOTHING WILL STOP.... It was the inevitable new world.

Here.

Done.

My whole body was trembling.

June 21, 1981

Land's End

Completed (in French) July 12, 1981 with love

[1]Pomegranate flower.
[2]This certainly refers to Bhutto who had gone to America as Pakistan's Minister of Foreign Affairs and was called back last month to be nominated President of Pakistan.
[3]How blind I was! in fact, I remained blind almost till the end. I could not bring myself to believe in the evidence.
[4]Original English.
[5]"Library House," or west wing of the Ashram, which they left on February 8, 1927, to move to "Meditation House," in the east wing. These two houses, along with two others ("Rosary" and "Secretariat"), form the Ashram compound.
[6]According to Sri Aurobindo, "The twelve powers are the vibrations necessary for the complete manifestation." (Cent. Ed., XXV.359)
[7]"The Virtues," written in 1904.
[8]Mother later ordered the list of the twelve powers or "qualities" in the following sequence: Sincerity,. Humility, Gratitude, Perseverance, Aspiration, Receptivity, Progress, Courage, Goodness, Generosity, Equanimity, Peace.
[9]The experience of joining the vision of the whole together with the vision of all the details.
[10]See *Agenda XII,* October 30 and December 25, 1971.
[11]Mother later added the following clarification to her note: "No two consciousnesses are alike among human beings in time and space. The total sum of all these consciousnesses is a partial and diminished manifestation of the Divine Consciousness. That is why I said 'progressive perfection,' because the manifestation of the consciousness of details is infinite and will never end."
[12]Italics indicate words Mother spoke in English.
[13]It may interest the reader to know that according to Sri Aurobindo, these colors generally have the following significances, though the exact meaning may vary "with the field, the combinations, the character and shades of the color, the play of forces": red = physical; orange = supramental in the physical; yellow = thinking mind; green = life; blue = higher mind; violet = divine compassion or grace; gold = divine Truth; white = the light of the Mother, or the Divine Consciousness. (See also *Agenda IV,* May 18, 1963.)
[14]March 30, 1935. *(Question:) Sri Aurobindo is bound to be wholly supramental and is being supramentalised in parts. If that is true-and it is-well, he can't die till he is supramental-and once he is so he is immortal.* (Answer:) "It looks very much like a *non-sequitur.* The first part and the last are all right-but the link is fragile. How do you know I won't take a fancy to die in between as a joke?" *(Question:) Some people say that yourself and the Mother would have been supramentalised long ago if only we had not kept you down. Is it really true?* (Answer:) "I can't say there is no truth in it." (Cf. *Bulletin,* August 1975.)
[15]Mother was more than half an hour late that day.
[16]He was running in a sort of mobile darkness shot with pale milky-white streaks of light, through which he was escaping.
[17]Owing to the confusion in Mother's room, it seems there is also confusion between the suddenness with which Mother's mind was removed and the slow emergence of the new mind "through successive revelations."
[18]Original English.
[19]Sixty.
[20]Meaning, we guess, that for Mother there are NO LONGER two.
[21]Tisserant, the Cardinal of France, had written to the Pondicherry "Mission" to quiet them down.
[22]The "Correspondence" of 1935 was at the time being read to Mother.
[23]This sentence was said in English.
[24]This last note is dated February 19. If there were any others between the 19th and the 23rd, they have disappeared.
[25]Mother's translation from the French.
[26]The "formation of death" surrounding Mother, which she already mentioned on the occasion of the 21st of February, seems to have become more defined. In fact, both Satprem and Sujata remember being struck by a comment Mother made the previous year, on September 8, 1971: "The body has had moments of agony as never before in its whole life – in connection with death, which has never happened before." That remark had a strange ring to it. Mother had often mentioned before that there were a lot of desires for her body to die: "A considerable number of desires for it to die, everywhere – they are everywhere!" (May 10, 1969). But the threat or formation of death seems to have drawn closer, taken shape since that date. As if it had entered the physical realm.
[27]About $100,000.

[28](Note of February 22) "All day long on the 21st I had a strong feeling that it was everybody's birthday, and I felt an urge to say 'happy birthday' to everyone. A very strong impression that something new was manifesting in the world and that all those who were ready and receptive could incarnate it. In a few days, probably we will know what it was."

[29]This is the beginning of the fraud. N. later declared himself the "proprietor" of Auroville, because all the land was purchased in the name of "his" Society and not in Auroville's.

[30]The recording of this conversation has been kept in the Ashram, most probably never to be seen again. Satprem used to keep all the tapes of his conversations with Mother, but since this particular conversation concerned Auroville's architect and R., at the time he thought it better to entrust the tape to Mother's new attendant after transcribing it.

[31]See conversation of January 29, 1972.

[32]The recording of this conversation was kept by Mother's new attendant. Something strange was beginning to happen in that room, but neither Satprem nor Sujata understood what it meant.

[33]This "Note" is the last one Satprem ever received from the disciple to whom Mother was sending her answers. A strange wind seemed to be blowing over those who were connected with the work Mother was doing with Satprem; though not acting in collusion, they all seemed bent on obstructing that work, as will become apparent later. Perhaps this was the beginning of the "tidal wave" Satprem had seen in his dream.

[34]*Collected Poems*, V.161.

[35]Unfortunately, nothing came of it. The narrow-mindedness of the Paris "Study Center" discouraged Malraux once and for all. The bridge that Y.L. and Satprem had so painstakingly built since 1955 with Satprem's first letter to Malraux was instantly shattered. Strange how on all sides Mother was surrounded by such a global incomprehension of the deep significance of *the* History, as if all this were merely a parochial story, or even an "ashram" story. For the record, we publish in the *Addendum* Satprem's first letter to Malraux in 1955, along with Malraux's reply.

[36] *Essays on the Gita*, XIII.367-368.

[37]Actually, Satprem was only given the recording with Sujata, not the other one.

[38]Satprem claims no scientific accuracy!

[39]Sri Aurobindo is known to have fasted for 10 days while imprisoned at Alipore's jail in 1908-1909, and a second time for 23 days at a stretch, in 1910, soon after his arrival at Pondicherry. Of this second experiment he said later, "I very nearly solved the problem."

[40]Mother even told Satprem that when she had once fasted for ten days, she had found the fragrance of flowers to be "nourishing." See *Agenda VI,* November 27, 1965.

[41]In fact, Sujata was beginning to come up against the invisible wall put up by Mother's entourage, who thought Mother was seeing too much of Sujata. What is clear through this conversation is that Mother felt the need to remain in daily contact with Satprem. The scene that follows has something so poignant about it, as if Mother already sensed that the connection was going to be severed. This is just a prelude.

[42]These were the exact words of the attendant, whose name will come up again. Mother would often ask, "Where is Sujata? Where is Sujata?" and the unvarying reply was, "She's not here." Actually, we understand it now, Mother would have liked Sujata to become her personal assistant after Vasudha, but she knew the importance of Sujata's work with Satprem, so she never asked. Had this been otherwise, the subsequent course of events would have changed.

[43]As an illustration we are tempted to publish here a letter Mother wrote to Sujata's father, Prithwi Singh, way back in February 1951. Barely two months after Sri Aurobindo's passing, certain inmates of the Ashram were already showing their true colors: "My dear child," Mother wrote, "I am not aware of having said anything that could give you the slightest pain- so I advise you not to listen to what people say. Most of them take a very great pleasure in disturbing others, and when they have nothing nasty to repeat they invent."

[44]Mother often called for Sujata for typing and filing her notes, messages, translations, etc., or else for conveying something to Satprem. Apart from typing work, Sujata also looked after Mother's toiletry and perfumery.

[45]Mother was never allowed to live her experience. A few days after she left her body, in a speech before the assembled disciples, Pranab, Mother's "bodyguard," ingenuously declared: "According to the advice of Dr. Sanyal, we were to give Her about 20 to 25 ozs. of food every day. It consisted of a little vegetable soup, milk with some protein compound, paste made of almonds, mushrooms, artichokes or things like that and some fruit juice at the end.... All those who were in the courtyard below [Mother's room] must have heard how we had to fight with Her to make Her eat a little." [Original English] This fight over food (to mention only one) created a sharp conflict in Mother's

body; she was torn between their suggestions – "If you don't eat, you're going to die" – and the thrust of the Experience.
[46]Later, Mother added the following: "The Divine we seek is not far away and beyond reach: He lies at the very core of His creation and what He expects from us is to find Him and, through personal transformation, become capable of knowing Him, uniting with Him, and finally manifesting Him consciously. To this we must dedicate ourselves, it is our true raison d'être. And our first step towards this sublime realization is the manifestation of the supramental consciousness."
[47]Mother later corrected "superman" to "supramental being."
[48]On January 14, 1967, for the first time, Mother had spoken of this possibility of cataleptic trance – five years earlier.
[49]This last sentence was intended for those who were all ears and were not supposed to be listening.
[50]In particular one of N.'s nephews. This undesirable person did not hesitate later to lodge a false complaint with the Supreme Court of India to have the recalcitrant Aurovilians expelled from Auroville and his uncle installed as Auroville's legal proprietor.
[51]Mother's memory is not that bad, after all!
[52]See *Agenda VIII*, August 2, 1967.
[53]We would like to know how they "persuaded" her. I cannot help thinking of the vision I had eleven years earlier *(Agenda II,* February 11, 1961), in which Mother had "died" because she had eaten -a grain of rice."
[54]On May 19,1973, six months before Mother left, Pranab closed Mother's door on Satprem, and on everyone else as well, including Sujata.
[55]Stricken with cancer, Vasudha could no longer serve Mother actively but came and saw her every day for a few moments. Her exit was a real tragedy. Had she been there, nothing would have happened – she knew and she understood. For so many years she had discreetly kept watch not only over Mother but also over the privacy and secrecy of our conversations with Mother, making sure that no one disturbed us and above all encroached on the time Mother gave us. I can never express enough gratitude to her – and my infinite regret. There was *someone* in that pack who understood and that someone was taken away from Mother – why?
[56]Which was not the case, since in Pranab's own words, "it [Mother's passing] looked to me as if a candle was slowly extinguishing."
[57]This last sentence ("It was not meant to be the New Body") was later deleted for the official version of the message, probably in part because of Satprem's reaction.
[58]See conversation of January 29.
[59]The descent of February 21 (the "frightening pressure to compel the necessary progress"). See conversation of March 8.
[60]Pralaya: the end of a world, apocalypse.
[61]By mistake, Mother said "overmental being," which is probably what prompted Satprem to ask the next question.
[62]A few days earlier, apropos a biographical datum, Satprem had asked Mother in exactly which year she had experienced the full government by the psychic being. Mother had replied: in 1907, at Tlemcen. Mother's first visit to Tlemcen actually took place in July 1906.
[63]See *Agenda II,* February 4, 1961.
[64]Original English.
[65]Nixon.
[66]Watergate began two months later, on June 17. But Nixon was triumphantly reelected in November.
[67]During the Darshan of April 24.
[68]This is the second or third time this year that Mother mentions this to Satprem (see conversation of February 23: the "formation of death").
[69]The new house at "Nandanam."
[70]Some Aurovilians (who have since left Auroville) had staged parts of Satprem's novel.
[71]I must admit I left in the middle, I couldn't stay till the end.
[72]Strangely enough, although I did not mention the scene in the book, it had remained deeply etched in me, and that's what Mother remembered: she remembered my own memories! One day, I had found myself in the midst of a huge tangle of fallen trees (when a giant tree falls, it uproots dozens of trees all around it), within a kind of green cataclysm redolent of torn earth and destruction, and in a silence of the end of the world.
[73]Noted from memory.
[74]Mother actually said Hong Kong, but she was certainly talking of Haiphong and the resumption of American bombings over North Vietnam, followed by the blockade ordered by President Nixon.
[75]Geiger tree.

[76]Gerua: ocher color of the sannyasins.
[77]"He discovered the two worlds, eternal and in one nest." (*Rig Veda,* I.62.7)
[78]In 1949, after the departure of Governor Baron. Mother has already mentioned that episode in the conversation of September 1, 1971, *Agenda XII.*
[79]Not "mocking" at all – very angry.
[80]What a fabulous memory Mother has! ... Twenty-three years before, she had passed in front of me a few seconds, and she even remembers what was never expressed. The whole scene has remained vivid: I was furious with Mother because I thought she was "betraying" Baron by paying a visit to his successor (who had used the worst intrigues to oust Baron).
[81]That same morning, Mother sat for forty minutes with a glass of fruit juice in her hand. This conversation started one hour late.
[82]Original English.
[83]Mother was in fact fighting not only with the subconscient's defeatism, but also with that "formation of death" in the atmosphere.
[84]André = Mother's son. Only after Pavitra's passing away, in 1969, did Mother try to involve him. A weak man, constantly swayed by everybody. He was Mother's son but also, one forgets too often, his father's son.
[85]Most probably, Mother's messenger, André was afraid of saying things straight out.
[86]What an illusion!
[87]So much so that the Ashram is still today pocketing my royalties from India and a few other countries – not without having first expelled me from the Ashram, of course!
[88]In a letter to Mother dated June 13, a month earlier, I wrote, "My royalties from all the countries of the world have always been given to you to the last cent, but I would like to make sure that my royalties from India are also given to you directly and personally, and not lost in corporate accounts..."
[89]As was to expected, all this conversation and the instructions signed by Mother came to naught: the businessmen went on with their business as before. The only result was to spark angry reactions, which fell on Mother, and on Satprem ... in time.
[90]Perhaps because the difference between life and death is not what we imagine!
[91]In simple terms, we could say that all living matter on earth is "assembled" by the sun's energy (including and especially what we use for food); that same matter is then "disassembled" to release and provide us with that SAME energy. The question is, could one directly absorb those SAME energy particles without going through the intermediary process?
[92]Eight minutes.
[93]Eleven years.
[94]Four and a half billion years, according to the current estimate.
[95]It is said that in five billion years the sun will become a "red giant" and burn its planets. The cooling period would come much later.
[96]The destruction or end of a world (apocalypse).
[97]See *Agenda X,* May 17, 1969.
[98]Sujata was Pavitra's personal secretary for thirteen years, from 1949 to 1962, and continued to work with him daily up to the end.
[99]Conversation of August 2 (the two rival "formations").
[100]Ten thousand people in a carnival atmosphere amidst incense sticks and stalls reminiscent of Lourdes. Not to mention the "embellishments" to the Samadhi, the "embellishments" to Sri Aurobindo's room, whose floor – where he had walked so much that he had left on it the imprint of his footsteps – has been covered with glue and blue linoleum.
[101]But if the slightest trace of deeper truth exists in what Mother is asked to say, she remembers it perfectly!
[102]Later this person was greatly instrumental in pleading Auroville's case with the government of India when the impostors tried to jail the Aurovilians and deport them from the country.
[103]Which means 11: 00 instead of 10: 30!
[104]In fact, a dozen Israeli athletes were killed by Arab terrorists.
[105]The money simply ended up in the pockets of the manager of Auropress. From all sides they swindled. It is frightful.
[106]Mother is alluding in particular to Satprem's eye troubles.
[107]The feet are the symbol of matter.
[108]Original English.
[109]That is what Mother needed so much. When they closed Mother's door on me, they condemned her to death. It is the plain truth. But not one understood that, or even tried to. Not one. What was their heart made of then?

[110]Always that same massive power which seems to rise from within and seize the whole being in a kind of solid fire.
[111]I now wonder whether I was not, in my own measure, beginning to learn the painful lesson of oneness, which starts with all the ambient ill-will. Now I understand fully well that there must be no more "person" in order to withstand all that. If there is "somebody-who," it is painful – and dangerous.
[112]Original English.
[113]Satprem had no fondness for crowds, and that day the entire Ashram had thronged the place. The Dalai Lama had expressed the wish to see Mother alone, but the Ashram's dignitaries were literally glued to him and stayed in Mother's room throughout the meeting. It was hard to have any "deeper contact" under those circumstances.
[114]Mother replied, "All depends on the world's receptivity to the supramental consciousness." We publish in the *Addendum* an account of the Dalai Lama's questions and Mother's answers.
[115]Message of November 26, 1972: "Before dying, falsehood rises in full swing. Still people understand only the lesson of catastrophe. Will it have to come before they open their eyes to the truth? I ask an effort from all so that it has not to be. It is only the Truth that can save us; truth in words, truth in action, truth in will, truth in feelings. It is a choice between serving the Truth or being destroyed."
[116]Mother had sent a note to the *Gazette* to the effect that all translations of Sri Aurobindo's texts had to receive the Copyright Bureau's approval before publication.
[117]Correspondence with Sri Aurobindo.
[118]This "if I lost the contact" and "that's impossible" leads us back again to the same perplexing question. And we recall Mother's words: "Only some violence could stop the transformation, otherwise it will go on and on and on...." (December 4, 1971, *Agenda XII*)
[119]Mother means contemplative silence, naturally.
[120]All salted food, the doctor said.
[121]Double red laurel flower.
[122]Satprem had heard, "Will THEY believe you?" But Mother did say "he" = Pranab.
[123]The white lotus of the divine Mother (the pink lotus is Sri Aurobindo's flower).
[124]The next time, after the intervention of Mother's attendant ("There are still too many people"), and perhaps other persons from Mother's entourage, the "every day" was reduced to three times a week, then two, then none.
[125]The rest of this conversation took place in English. The entire conversation, including the beginning in French, is available on cassette.
[126]Appalled at what is being thrown on Mother.
[127]Mother was well aware of it and had even said to her son, "She records when she isn't supposed to."
[128]This is Mother's last message.
[129]Mother may have used this term in its original Greek root meaning: "strengthless nerves." Unless she meant "neuralgia" in its broader sense.
[130]We recall Mother also saying, "When people come into my room with ill thoughts, all the nerves are tortured."
[131]See the *Addendum.*
[132]*SIQUIL* is the Indian brand name for triflupromazine hydrochloride, which is manufactured in India by Sarabhai Chemicals, and by Squibb in the U.S. (under the brand name VESPIUN).
[133]*Savitri*, I.II.17.
[134]Coincidentally, Mother's former assistant, who has a cancer, enters the room at this moment.
[135]I was thinking of my own personal battle in the subconscient, not of Mother's battle, of whose outcome I had not the least doubt.
[136]The recording of Mother repeating her mantra is available on cassette.
[137]That day, I felt that the movement was going to accelerate and a time would come when a radically different way would have to be found-perhaps the supreme Pressure of death is necessary to release the "almighty powers shut in Nature's cells" that Sri Aurobindo mentions in Savitri? As though the supreme Power could only be released by the supreme contradiction of power-and Death shall reveal its mask of immortality.
[138]During that meditation, I was trying to pass all my life force into Mother's body.
[139]But everybody around would be flattened! "Smashed egos." What I failed to understand was this infinite Compassion veiling itself ... to avoid casualties.
[140]I was fighting with all my strength against the suggestion of death that was in the atmosphere. That day, the "formation of death" was palpable.